

Malty-rich Goodness!

THERE'S morning magic in that delicious, sweet-as-a-nut flavor of Grape-Nuts Flakes—the result of a two-grain blend of sun-ripened wheat and malted barley.

And don't forget the good nourishment you get from Grape-Nuts Flakes—nourishment we all need these days. Buy Grape-Nuts Flakes from your grocer.

Grape-Nuts FLAKES

A Product of General Foods



NEW YORK—Mrs. Norma S. Kunstler holds picture of her six-year-old son, Stephen, whose custody she relinquished to her former husband in the WAC. Court approved her decision, since the WAC will not accept women who have minor children.

Karin Ellis

(By Michael Jackson) Author of Popular Stories in National Magazines

CHAPTER IX

Ellis was asleep in the chair when Emily left in the morning. As she returned that evening, he must have heard her tread on the stairs, for he greeted her at the door. "Hello, Emily," he said. "Hello, Jefferson."

began to laugh and cry in a sort of tremble. "Darling, darling, darling," she said. And then they were both talking at once in hurried and mumbled words, each taking all the blame, asking the other for forgiveness.

Nor did they. They were not without small differences, but they were easily able to adjust them. Ellis was not only an exciting and interesting husband, but a gay one. Emily was content.

Aaron Roth's was enjoying the best business of his existence, and Mrs. Emily Ellis, energetic young assistant treasurer and secretary to the president, hoped soon to achieve a private office.

had jeopardized the steady business at all. It isn't as if you're risking anything," Emily roared and smiled. "It's the chance of a lifetime. What do you think, Mr. Roth?"

"I still don't like it," he said. Emily went back to her desk. Shortly before closing time Roth nodded for her to come into his office.

Because, after all, it had been Emily's idea, Roth said that he would name it after her. "I don't want my name on any part of it," he told Miss Kendrick, Les Fairman and Emily, laughing. Here's the idea, he told the group.

There had been a slight tightening in the stomach when he first slid into the confined seat up in the nose of the kite—one feels so alone. The stillness of the African night had been broken by the sound of a pair of mighty hercules engines, and "for beer" taxied around the perimeter track until it reached the head of the runway and paused.

"OK, here we go, boys." With these words Sqdn. Ldr. Laude Herbold stepped forward, the throttles and "Wimpy" roared down the runway and took off on the first leg of the northeast tip of Sicily.

For a moment, as the plane stuttered and trembled speeding down the runway, "New Boy" had thought "Life" so comfortable down on Terra Firma—what the devil am I doing up here? But the quiet voice of the pilot over the inter-com saying "OK, Don. On course now," and the reply of Don Elliot, the navigator from Springhill, N.S., "Right, Skipper, we stay on that course until we hit Ustica Island," calmed the freshman.

Occasionally earphones came to life as one or other of the crew wanted to flick his switch to "speak" and talk too. Then came his chance. Far ahead to his left he could see a white light on the surface of the sea, and over went his switch while he tried to speak calmly.

A HOSPITAL SHIP To his utter embarrassment the tiny white light he thought was a dingy turned out to be a brilliantly illuminated hospital ship. "Why don't I keep my big mouth shut?" he thought.

A dark mass loomed up below and turned out to be Sicily, but the Wellington flew on. "New Boy's" heart jumped into his mouth when, suddenly, a bright light illuminated the aircraft. It was a flare, but where it came from no one knew. Then the navigator's voice came over the inter-com: "Skipper, we better change course."

Around swung the Wimpy as the pilot guided it to a new course, with Italy somewhere in front. The bomb almer, PO. Reg Strong

COME OUT AND HELP!

"War Work" on the Farm is Healthy . . . Enjoyable . . . and Vital to Victory

MANY people today are working on farms for the very first time in their lives . . . and loving it!

Cannot you, too, devote part of your holidays or your leisure to this patriotic war work? Our farmers must produce more food than ever before, yet their need for helpers is acute.

Why not form a friendly group to help produce food for victory? You probably have several friends or associates who would gladly work with you for such a cause.

Don't fear that you will not suit the work or that the work will not suit you. Even quite inexperienced help is really wanted. And you'll get lots of good food, fresh air and healthy exercise to set you up for fall and winter. Farming is grand work. Don't hesitate—volunteer now.



WHAT YOU SHOULD DO
Consult any special local committee or office established to deal with farm labour placements in your city or town; or
Write to the Director of the Dominion-Provincial Farm Labour Program at the Capital of your province; or
Get in touch with your nearest Employment and Selective Service Office.

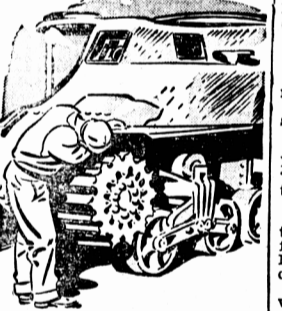
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FRUIT PECTIN

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MAKE IT LAST



CHEW EACH STICK LONGER



Chewing has a real value. Everybody that chews gum knows that chewing helps relieve nervous tension—helps keep you refreshed while you work.



She placed her sealskin coat on the desk, pulled a chair up to Roth and told him what she had seen. "You ought to bring out a three dollar powder," she finished. He laughed. "Emily, what you see don't mean nothing. Soldiers today are like drunken sailors. They buy anything."

"Maybe. But there must be many like him. Women, too." She grasped Mr. Roth's thin arm. "There are lots of people who'll buy anything so long as it's the most expensive."

Roth shrugged his shoulders. "Everybody knows that. That's an old business proverb." He was amused at Emily's seriousness. "Things are crazy now," he went on. "Pretty soon everything comes back to normal, and all this foolishness will stop. We're doing all right."

"But, Mr. Roth," Emily pleaded, "couldn't you bring out a new powder to cash in on all the profit that's going around?" Roth nodded. "Sure, I could do that, but we haven't got any that quality stock in. And it would take too long to fix up. By that time this foolishness will be over."

"You don't need any new stock," Emily said. She came back to Roth's side. "Here's my idea. Take some of the stock you have. Get a very nice container, call it a new name and there you are. You won't need any advertising. You'll hardly need display cards. It'll go beautifully. And then if it's only a flurry you can pull out when it's finished and you won't

be any longer without the war tax." "I'll take that," Emily, forgetting why she was there, rushed back into Roth's office without knocking. "Mr. Roth," she said, "I have a splendid idea for you."

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Bomber Flight Over Italy

By FLT. LT. LESLIE POWELL, SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA, Aug. 17 — (CP) — "New Boy" breathed easier and relaxed his grip in the edges of the gun frame as the R.C.A.F. Wellington became airborne and soared up into the star-filled sky.

The last few minutes had been nervous ones for "New Boy" perched in the front gun turret and off for his first operational trip.

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Out Our Way

HE'S SO DUMB HE'S A LAUGHING STOCK—SO I'M TRYING TO LEARN HOW TO COME THROUGH!

WELL, IF HE DOES THAT IN THE NEXT ONE I'LL BE EASY FOR HIM—THAT PER DOG—TRICK?

THE BUMP OF WISDOM

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

EGAD! WE ARE WINNING THE WAR, PRECISELY AS I PLANNED IT AFTER PERL HARBOR! IF GENERAL MARSHALL KNEW THAT, HE'D PROBABLY REWARD ME WITH A SEAT IN THE ALLIED WAR COUNCIL—I MUST WRITE TO WASHINGTON!

YOU'RE NOT AMBIGUOUS THE WORD "SEAT" EITHER—SITTING IS A GAME AT WHICH YOU'D OUTSCORE WHISTLER'S MOTHER!

GEEKING OF THE WAR EFFORT AS USEFUL AS THE VENUS DE MILO WOULD BE ON AN ASSEMBLY LINE!

THAT GENT HIM TO BED EARLY!

HISTORY BEING MADE IN ANCIENT CAPITAL

Dominated by the baronial Chateau Frontenac, world-famous Canadian Pacific hotel, Quebec City is the scene of the present history-making conference between Prime Minister Churchill, President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Mackenzie King. The foreground of this picture shows part of Lower Town, the old section of the city which abounds in atmosphere and the mighty St. Lawrence River. The meeting between the allied leaders is the first to be held in Canada.

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople

Announcing the Appointment of

B. H. HUGHES

179 Queen Street Charlottetown, P.E.I.

as General Agent for Prince Edward Island

FIRE, AUTO, SICKNESS and ACCIDENT

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