"She says she loves Grape-Nuts Flakes! Who's he?"

"Listen, Horace, everybody knows that Grape-Nuts Flakes are a super-delicious, nourishing breakfast cereal."

"You mean that they're gloriously crisp, curly, golden-brown and have a heavenly malty-rich, nut-like flavor?"

"You guessed it, chum. And Grape-Nuts Flakes supply such good nourishment as carbohydrates and proteins, useful quantities of iron and phosphorus and other food essentials. Better tag along with your mother next time she goes marketing and get yourself some Grape-Nuts Flakes."

For Late Green Onions Sow Seed in Fertile Soil

When the Tops of Onions Grow Limp and Fall Over, the Bulbs Are Ready to Harvest.

Green onions can be grown from seed in six to eight weeks. Victory gardeners who have been unable to get enough onion sets or plants, can use seed to grow a late crop, for use in salads, or at the boiling size.

To produce spring or bunch onions, seed should be sown in shallow drills a foot to 18 inches apart, in well fed soil. Sow thinly and allow the seedlings to grow until they are large enough to serve, then thin out alternately as used until the plants stand two inches apart in the row. At this stage they will make good sized bulbs which are excellent for boiling. Growth will be speeded if a dressing of plant food is given six weeks after sowing, using a pint to 50 feet of row.

If you wish to grow onions for winter keeping, there is a chance that with a late fall fair sized bulbs would be produced by varieties such as Yellow Globe Danvers. The onion is a long season crop and is sown much earlier than this as a rule.

Home gardeners may find leeks a worth-while crop. This is a variety of onion which does not produce bulbs, but large stems which the British prefer for flavoring cooked dishes. They are better if transplanted, and the practice in England is to make holes with a dibber nine inches apart in the row, and drop a leek plant in each hole. They do not fill the hole but depend upon water being washed in by rains. The leeks may be left in the ground until it freezes hard.

19TH CENTURY V-MAIL

Photographing letters to diminish their weight for airmail is not new—it dates back to 1870 when letters were photographed to a small size on thin paper such as a pigeon could carry.

BOMBING COMPENSATION

DUBLIN —(CP)— Nearly $41,600,000 compensation has been paid out to Eire for bomb damage caused by foreign aircraft.

Queen's Canadian Fund News

Veterans Organizations of Niagara Falls, Aid Fund

Over $2,000 has been raised for the Queen's Canadian Fund by the Veterans' Organizations of Niagara Falls, Ontario. The bulk of this money was collected on the three Tag Days held on Saturdays set apart each year for the International Magna Charta Parade.

The receipts of the Tag Day organized this year by the Imperial Unit, the Canadian Legion, the Canadian Corps and the Ladies' Auxiliary Branch No. 51 Canadian Legion amounted to $662.15. T. W. Robb of the Imperial Unit, James Woods of the Canadian Corps and D. Crouch of the Canadian Legion presented the cheque to Mayor Inglis who, on behalf of the Queen's Canadian Fund, thanked all who had played such a helpful part in raising the money to help the people of Britain.

H. P. Atack, Secretary-Treasurer of the Veterans' Organizations writes to the Fund's chairman. "It is the intention of the committee to make this annual collection for the Queen's Fund as long as there is need."

Citizens of Niagara Falls have contributed nearly $6,200 to the Fund through the Evening Review of that City.

For spirit and enthusiasm in support of the Fund, great credit is due to those scores of children who contribute loyally and regularly to the Fund. The desire among Niagara Falls children "to help the youngsters in England who are being bombed" is keen.

Numbered official receipts for over one hundred subscriptions have been issued by The Evening Review to the Memorial School Penny-a-Week Fund. These young people give their pennies every Friday, and by their sacrifice and generosity have donated over five hundred dollars to the Queen's Canadian Fund.

Send your Queen's Canadian Fund subscriptions to The Royal Trust Company at Charlottetown.

Maritime Casualties

CANADIAN ARMY
Overseas
Missing
Canadian Armoured Corps

Seaman, Rupert Frederick, Lieut., Dr. Rupert F. Seaman (father), 190 Euston St., Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Nova Scotia and P. E. I. Regiment

MacMillan, Wilbert Anthony, Pte., F59950, Mrs. Betty A. MacMillan (wife), 29 Alley St., Charlottetown, P. E. I.

DIED (Drowned)

Royal Canadian Corps of Engineers

New Brunswick Regiment

Fownes, Burton Harold, Pte., G27791, Mrs. Eddwina Fownes (mother), Hopewell Cape, N. B.

WOUNDED

Nova Scotia and P. E. I. Regiment

Hartigan, Daniel Roland, Cpl., F89299, Mrs. Mary Hartigan (mother), Box 671, North Sydney, N. S.

Rhynold, John Joseph, Pte., F52170, Mrs. Margaret Rhynold (mother), Canso, N. S.

New Brunswick Regiment

Weaver, Kenneth Albert, L.-Cpl., G13064, George H. Weaver (father), 332 Duke St., West Saint John, N. B.

INJURED

Royal Canadian Army Service Corps

Wright, Joseph Spencer, Pte., F56002, Mrs. Mary Derman (Sister), Upper Newport, N. S.

MISSING

Canadian Armoured Corps

Weatherbee, Douglas Percy, Tpr., F45957, Percy Weatherbee (father), 7th St., Trenton, N. S.

Regiment De Quebec

Godin, Germain Emery, Sgt., E12085, Mrs. Dulcina Godin (wife), Pointe Verte, N. B.

Nova Scotia and P. E. I. Regiment

Higgins, Thomas Edward, Pte., F50193, Mrs. Johanna Higgins (mother), R.R. No. 5, Truro, N.S.

New Brunswick Regiment

Bosse, Leonard, Pte., G63338, Mrs. Alphonsine Bosse (mother), St. Jacques, N. B.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE
Overseas

Missing On Active Service After Air Operations

Brown, Richard Cyril Joseph, FO., J20148, Mr. A. P. Brown (father) 207 Quinpool Rd., Halifax, N. S.

Buckingham, John Alexander, Sgt. R189537, Mr. Ambrose Buckingham (father) 18 Armsrong Ave., Cornerbrook, Newfoundland.

Hupman, Arnold Freeman, PO., J19421, Mrs. A. F. Hupman (wife) Rockland, N. S.

Smith, Henry Ryerson, Fl.-Lieut., J4553, Mr. H. W. Smith (father) Willow St., Truro, N. S.

LABRADOR
Killed On Active Service

Bell, Henry Hedley, LAC., R183298, Mrs. J. F. Bell (mother) 47 Stanley St., Halifax, N. S.

Cole, Clarence Nathan, Cpl., R65379, Mrs. C. N. Cole (wife) 58 Rigby Rd., Sydney, N. S.

Hume, Donald William, PO., J37490, Mrs. D. W. Hume (wife) 68 Hawthorne St., Dartmouth, N. S. (Native of Uigg, P. E. I.)

Leard, William Godfrey, LAC., R174974, Mrs. G. R. Leard (mother) Fortune Cove, Howlan, P.E.I.

Stephenson, Harold Archibald, LAC., R127526, Mrs. H. A. Stephenson (wife), 55 Prince Albert Rd., Dartmouth, N. S.

Tanner, John Charles, PO. J43174, Mrs. J. C. Tanner (wife) 66 Hawthorne St., Dartmouth, N. S.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. JESSIE GILLIS

The death occurred on Saturday morning, July 15, at her home in Central Bedeque of Mrs. Jessie Gillis at the age of 73 years.

She had been in failing health for the past year but death came after a few weeks illness. Her husband Murdock Gillis predeceased her many years ago.

She is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Silas Farrow and Mrs. Artemas Farrow and one brother Leonard Schurman all of Central Bedeque.

The funeral was held on Monday afternoon with a short service from the home then at the United Baptist Church. Interment in the church cemetery.

The faster a chicken grows, the less feed is required to produce a pound of gain. In a few months after hatching, differences in body plumpness becomes greater, and a plump body is necessary for the production of prime broilers.

The staff of the Dairy Products Division, Dominion Department of Agriculture, is responsible for the grading and inspection of dairy products in Canada. Inspectors are located at convenient strategic centres through the Dominion.

Fly 7¼ HRS. To NEW YORK

LEAVE CHARLOTTETOWN 7:00 A.M. 6:00 P.M.

Phone 1403

NORTHEAST AIRLINES

As Long as I Live

By EMILIE LORING

(Continued from page 2)

After fifteen minutes at the drawing table she flung down her brush and accused aloud;

Thanks to keeping one eye on the clock and one ear on a voice shouting;

Hey! Look out! What in thunder - you're making a mess of this drawing, Joan Crofton. The Bard Agency will think you're slipping when it sees that sample of your work.

She tore the sketch into bits. Time to stop anyway. She pulled off her smock. Went to the window. Moonlit fields swept away to foothills which in turn crouched at the base of shadowy purple mountains. How peaceful. It was hard to believe that across the ocean General Trouble was marshalling his dangerous forces and stalking like a war lord from country to country.

How the stars shone! Their reflections sprinkled the platinum sheen of the river with golden coins. Years and years and years ago those same stars had twinkled above the Indians who roamed the valley. Curious how purple shadows turned at night. Shadows! That was a queer shadow in the garden. It skulked. Was it a man? Had he been near the house? She pushed up the window.

What do you want? she called.

No sound but the creak of dry branches as they waved in the breeze. No motion in the garden except swaying vines. She must have imagined she saw something. Since the crash at the door -

That was a thought. The boy who had dropped the eggs perhaps had brought others to replace them. Could she catch him and assure herself that he was not seriously injured?

She flew down the stairs. Dashed through hall and kitchen. Snapped on the porch light. Stared at the stone step incredulously. It had been washed and was as clean as when Lopez had departed . In the middle of it was a basket containing a jar of cream entirely surrounded by brown eggs.

It had been the grocer's boy, Joan thought as she deposited the basket on the kitchen table. The poor fellow had made good still believing that the order he had to deliver belonged at this house. She would stop at the store on the way to town in the morning, ask if she had hurt him and tell him of the mistake.

Oh, Jo!

She snapped out the kitchen light and ran into the hall in answer to her father's call. He stood at the open front door.

Why have you come back? she demanded.

For you. Didn't think I'd let my second-best girl walk in this icy slush to a party, did you? Get a hustle on, or you'll be late for dinner.

Watch my smoke! She suggested slangly and ran up the stairs.

Do you think Viv is seriously in love with Jerry Slade? David Crofton asked as cloaked and hooded in a green velvet evening wrap, Joan sat beside him in the sedan. He added;

If she isn't she gave a masterly imitation today. She couldn't keep her eyes away from him - and he couldn't keep his eyes from you, Jo.

What can I do about it. I've told him time and time again that I don't love him, but it makes no more impression than a finger pressed on a rubber ball. He bounces right back for another refusal.

Perhaps you will see someone soon whom you will love. You might tell Slade that you're in love, that will convince him, for when you fall in love, Jo, you'll plunge in up to your neck, my dear. Hope I won't be jealous when it happens, David Crofton added gruffly.

Joan tucked her hand under his arm and pressed her cheek against his sleeve.

You won't be jealous when the right man comes along. You'll be glad to have your girl as happy as you and mother are.

Your mother! The first time my eyes met hers I said to myself: 'As long as I live, I'll love you,' and I will.

Her father's impassioned declaration dropped into Joan's heart and glowed like an imprisoned star. She said fervently;

I won't marry until I can say that to myself about a man. Your marriage comes pretty near being a collectors item. I wish there were more husbands and wives in the world like you and mother.

The famed Lamp of Aladdin wasn't a patch on the modern Money lamp for results, Joan reflected as she descended the curved stairway at Silver Birches. Up-to-the-minute white drawing room. Crimson accents. Shaded lamps. Long windows. A vista of star-spangled sky. Silver bowls of freesias. Tongues of scarlet green, purple, and yellow flames in the fireplace. Above it a priceless Van Dyke. Before it the hostess, a snowy haired woman. Smart coiffure. Brilliant blue eyes. Firm skin. Delicate make-up. Black lace frock straight from a fashion flash. Pearls. A rope of them.

She was talking with David Crofton. Joan's heart glowed with love and admiration. She adored the hint of elegance in her father's dress and manner.

Mrs. Shaw extended her both hands and welcomed her in her slightly husky voice;

Now, here you are, my dear! When your father and mother arrived without you, I suspected you had side-stepped coming until they explained that you had stayed behind to finish some work. Dan, come and meet Joan Crofton. She is now a resident. You may be able to convert her to your political views.

If Senator Shaw smiled at everyone as he smiled at her, no wonder his constituents had sent him to Washington, Joan decided, as she met his dark eyes twinkling with amusement under shaggy brows.

You know Babs Shelton, Miss Crofton?

Joan returned the smile of the dark-haired girl in the white frock, who was the town librarian. She had liked her the first time they met, had had a feeling that they would speak the same language.

Craig, come here!

Joan's mind turned a couple of hand springs and landed right side up with a breath-snatching thud as the man talking to her mother turned in response to Mrs. Shaw's summons. It couldn't be! It was! Craig Lamont. Craig Lamont with a dark red bruise encircling one eye.

(To Be Continued)

Share in London Robot Blitz Peril

Aiding in Rescue Work, They Accumulate Many Thrilling Personal Experience Stories

By FRED S. FERGUSON
President, NEA Service

The executives of a big industrial organization held an unusual meeting in London recently. They did not meet to discuss post-war business plans or conversion and

Americans frequently don fatigues to aid in rescue work after robot bombs smash homes in London.

there was no debate or discussion as to when the war might be expected to end.

They met to discuss the best ways and means of guaranteeing continuance of the business by safeguarding the lives of the executives from the fury of the German flying bombs. It was decided that it was a dangerous policy to endeavor to continue on a "business as usual" basis, with all of the top men on the job daily.

In this organization all of the directors and other executives have taken their regular turns as fire-watchers during the entire period of the war. From this it may be judged that the common end of carrying on the industry and thus contributing this organization's proper share to the war effort has not been accompanied by any class consciousness as between bosses and employees. All have done their part, but the uncertainties of the flying bomb presented a new condition.

TAKE NO CHANCES

For the good of all, it was decided, the company could not take the chance of having all of its executives wiped out by one bomb. A system of rotated absences was consequently adopted, and until the danger is passed one or two of the key men will always be out of the flying bomb area, ready to return in event those on the job are killed or injured.

This is an example of the type of planning and readjustment British industry and all business is carrying out to strengthen the home front defenses against the new menace. From top to bottom men and women are "stick-

Horror-stricken, a British soldier inspects the havoc wrought in a hospital ward by a robot bomb.

ing it out," regardless of their jobs. A waiter in one badly shaken restaurant grasped a table for support as shattered glass came showering from the windows when a bomb hit a hundred yards or so away and jarred the building like an earthquake while Tom Wolf, Colonel "Bill" Abel, of the Canadian Army, and I were having lunch.

"I hope they are not following me," the waiter said, as the dust cleared. "This is the second time I've been bombed out in two days." Along with the other waiters, he began straightening up tables and rearranging the scattered silver. Then the serving of luncheon proceeded. On the theory that he needed it, we bought an extra drink for the waiter.

While these dispatches have had to do with the British civilians in the flying bomb area, American soldiers and civilians stationed in London are naturally enduring the same conditions. There have been casualties among Americans and the bombs that hurtle over in the night have no more respect for American sleep than British. Many a newspaper correspondent or Red Cross worker reports for duty red-eyed after a sleepless night or a restless one in a shelter.

AMERICANS HELP

There are acres of American army offices of various kinds scattered over London and many an officer eases himself down at his desk for a day's work after a night of alternately diving under his bed or dashing into an interior hall rather than hole up in a shelter. Many officers and correspondents share apartments, and virtually all have accumulated one or more personal thrilling stories to relate. Meanwhile American soldiers have been quick to turn their hands to rescue work when bombs have dropped near them.

Hotel dwellers — and all hotels in London are crowded — endeavor to develop more or less regular night schedules for bomb sleeping. It's still broad daylight in London and southern England at 10 p.m. in these days of summer with double daylight saving time. By 11 o'clock it is dusk and by 11.30 or 12, it is reasonably dark. So it is around 11 o'clock that the hotel customers start their journey for sleep and safety.

CARRY BEDDING

You meet them on the "lifts," in their bathrobes, carrying their pillows and bed covering under their arms. They are headed for the hotel shelter in the basement, or perhaps a cot in a hallway on a lower floor. Most of the inside hotel corridors—those away from outside windows—are lined with cots.

Or you may, as I did, sleep on the floor of the room of a friend who was fortunate enough to be located on the second floor instead of the sixth. In the early days some hardy souls endeavored to stick it out sitting up and dozing in chairs in the hotel lobby all night. As the bombing continued, however, they surrendered and joined the stretched-out sleepers any place they could stretch out.

Nothing, it would seem, can stop young America and young England from carrying on their sports. When the bombing was at its daylight worst cricket games were not interrupted, and American army officers and men could be found in the heat of a softball game in a park within a few hundred yards of where a bomb had just hit. It didn't seem to make sense, but there was the game going on.

LONDON — (CP) — The John Llewellyn Rhys Prize, awarded in commemoration of airmen killed in the Battle of Britain, for the best book of the year, has been posthumously awarded to Lieut. Alun Lewis of The South Wales Borderers for his volume of short stories, "The Last Inspection."

DESTRUCTIVE RODENTS

It is estimated that rats destroy as much food every year as 200,000 farmers can produce.

CHARD, England — (CP) — William T. Dominy, a former mayor of this Somersetshire town recently celebrated his 104th birthday.

COATS —

25 PER CENT Discount off all this season's COATS — for instance:

The $15.95's are reduced to $11.96
The $16.95's are reduced to $12.71
The $18.95's are reduced to $14.21
The $26.95's are reduced to $20.21
ETC.—ETC.—ETC.

Last season's COATS are selling below cost.
REVERSIBLES reduced to $7.95-$8.95-$9.95 and $10.95, formerly up to $22.50

SKIRTS, Light and Dark shades. Formerly $2.98 and $3.98.— Selling for 1.49

A few BLOUSES left at 1.49

Last season's DRESSES reduced below cost.

JACKETS— Reduced to 4.95

PLAID SUITS— Reduced to 5.98

SUMMER TURBANS, formerly 69c and 95c.—Reduced to 19c

English School Girl Looks at The U.S.A.

BY PENELOPE CROSSLEY

BRIDGENORTH, Shropshire, England- - In practically every way America is far more advanced in her modern conveniences than England. She can design kitchens, bathrooms, dressing rooms to absolute perfection in a tiny space. In her kitchens she has such devices as dishwashers and washing machines which make America a labor saving country. The only drawback about these things is that pretty nearly everything that America makes never lasts. It is only made for a year or two and then it gives out.

When the average American woman buys a dress she carries it through to the last detail, while the English woman usually has no thought about the fun of collecting an ensemble.

The thing that I love about American women is that they wear gay and attractive things in their hair, such as birds and ribbons—and often they experiment with their hairdos so that one never seems to get tired of them.

I think Americans can be summed up as "all dressed up and somewhere to go."

HOSPITABLE PEOPLE

The spontaneous hospitality shown to complete strangers struck me at once and made me admire and love the Americans. These wonderful people take you into their homes, feed you, clothe you, and give you everything that makes life comfortable. The English on the whole are slower in the beginning, but they are deep in the endurance of friendships.

One of the things I am sure drives every American mother crazy is the constant telephoning by her children to their companions who have been together all day and after their separation rush to the telephone to continue their conversation and can only be dragged away by a radio program which cannot be missed as it is an important subject for conversation the next day.

American life is arranged for living in groups; English life is broken up more into families.

REMEMBERS MILK SHAKES

I know that one of the first things my mother, brother and I will do the minute we go back to the United States is to visit the corner drug store and have a chocolate milk shake.

English girls are giggly and "childish" compared with Americans their own age. They do not begin their social life until they leave school and often when they meet a man they cannot entertain him or are thrown off their balance by unexpected admiration. Americans are used to this and are not gauche because their social life has gone parallel with their school life. They can talk easily with men at 16, while their English sisters are still shy schoolgirls.

Yet the all-round scheme of studies in an English school does ultimately deepen the mind, I think. The studies are kept parallel until a choice is made in the higher forms. Not being allowed to go out with boys until they are seventeen, the English are schoolgirls until they leave, whereas American girls have school life in the term and a whirl in the vacation. They have their amusement planned for them more and seem therefore to lack the resourcefulness of making their own amusements which English girls do very successfully.

After four years of American schooling, from 12 to 16, I found on coming back that the English boarding-school life seemed restricted and isolated from "the world". My old classmates had left me behind in my studies by one year and I found the work much stiffer.

I am deeply grateful for my American schooling, but I am genuinely glad to be back in England for I want to link up with my old friends.

LAKE VERDE SCHOOL

Honor Roll for June.
Grade X.—1, Eleanor Curley.
Grade VIII.—1, Annie Callaghan; 2, Margaret Curley; 3, Mary Wood
Grade VI.—1, Agnes Boylan.
Grade V.—1, Reta Duffy.
Grade IV.—1, Mary Kelly; 2, Teresa Curley.
Grade III. (A)—1, Corrine MacKinnon.
Grade III. (B)—1, Joseph Curley; 2, Marguerite Duffy; 3, Jack Duffy.
Grade II. (A)—1, Bernard Lacey; 2, Charles Duffy; 3, Francis Kelly
Grade II. (B)—1, Basil Lacey.
Perfect Attendance for June:—Eleanor Curley, Francis Kelly, Basil Lacey.
Highest Attendance for School Year:—Basil Lacey.
Gertrude Gill—Teacher.

RICHMOND, England —(CP)— Howard Marryat, aged 72, died in this Surrey town. He skippered a small submarine tried out in 1905 and believed to be the forerunner of the present-day one and two man submarines.

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds

"I lost a watch—those Guardian Want Ads sure get results!"