

**RED ROSE** QUALITY  
MEANS MORE  
**CUPS PER COUPON**  
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**Bridal Wreath**  
THE PROUDEST NAME IN DIAMONDS

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Bridal Wreath Diamond and Wedding Rings

**YOU GET 5 FULL GLASSES FROM EVERY BIG BOTTLE**

**Sussex PALE DRY GINGER ALE**

Wartime limits the supply of Sussex; but Sussex QUALITY remains the same.

**Sussex GINGER ALE**  
"THE QUALITY KIND SINCE 1885"

**NOTRE DAME ACADEMY**  
Honor Roll for October.  
Commercial Course  
Lorraine DeCosta, Mary McLellan, equal; Louise Dolron, Teresa MacCormack.  
Grade X—Joan Weir, Joan Sherren, Noreen Noonan.  
Grade IX—Shirley Sherren, Velma Howat, Maureen Brown.  
Grade VIII—Kathleen Noonan, Mary McWade, Olga Carmondy.  
Grade VII—Florence Peters, Mary Burke, equal; Roberta Sutherland, Patricia Mooney.  
Grade VI—Mary Creighton, Ena Marjorie Murphy, Lorna Noonan.  
Grade V—Barbara Walsh, Myra Murphy, Florence Callaghan.  
Grade IV—Betty Smith, Shirley Dillon, Joan Hennessy.  
Grade III—Patricia Wynne, Elizabeth Covic, equal; Helen Patricia Macdonald, Joyce Whitlock.  
Grade II—Bernard Connolly, Pauline Noonan, Patricia Macdonald.

**PARKDALE SCHOOL**  
Honor Roll for the month of October.  
Principal's Department  
Grade X—1, Ivan Mitchell; 2, Marjorie Muth and Brendan Bell, equal; 3, Colleen Gaudet.  
Grade IX—1, Robert Bell; 2, Violet Lewis and Warren Gregory, equal; 3, Blain Swain.  
Grade VIII—1, Noreen Smith; 2, Shirley Gregory; 3, Marjorie Arling and Thelma Coles, equal.  
Vice Principal's Department  
Grade VII—1, Eleanor Bell; 2, Stirling Moore; 3, Doris Gallan.  
Grade VI—1, Vaunda Buel; 2, Elizabeth Cook; 3, Delight Bell.  
Grade IV—1, Faunda Buel; 2, Harry Cook and Joyce MacCallum, equal; 3, Alice MacDonald and Leonard Driscoll, equal.  
Miss Mabel Auld's Department  
Grade IV—1, Gesl Vogt; 2, Sylvia MacKay; 3, Maureen MacIntyre and Foster Burke, equal.  
Grade III—1, Etta Sutherland and Gloria Godkin, equal; 2, Ena Bertram; 3, Shirley McKay.  
Miss Doyle's Department  
Grade II—1, Roddie Hickox; 2, Thomasina Brown; 3, Lorraine Bell.  
Grade I—No exams.  
Principal: Millar MacFayen; Vice Principal: Mabel Auld—Assistant, Mary Doyle—Assistant.

**EARTH QUAKE IN PERU**  
LIMA, PERU, Nov. 3.—(AP)—A short, strong earthquake tremor rocked Lima and nearby cities today.  
**163 SHIPS IN OCTOBER**  
WASHINGTON, Nov. 3.—(AP)—United States merchant shippers in October delivered 163 cargo vessels, only three more than in September, the Maritime commission reported today, adding that the October output was "disappointing." It fell below the August record of 164 ships.

**LACO MAZDA**  
Look for this name  
**LACO MAZDA LAMPS**

**All That Glitters**  
By Frances Parkinson Keyes

"It's like you to think of me that way, sweetest," Zoe said at last. "I think perhaps I'd better tell you how I really feel, just as you've told me how you really feel. I didn't come home because I was fed up with France. I was happy there, so far as I could be happy anywhere by myself. I came home because I felt I had to see Bob because I had to be with him. And when I got here he didn't seem to want to stay with me unless there was a crowd around. He wasn't disagreeable; he was just indifferent. It was an awful shock to me though. Like a fool I'd always taken it for granted that whenever he'd be tickled to death to have me, that he'd be sort of sitting around waiting for me. So then because I was disappointed. I fell, then I was disagreeable, hateful. And we quarrelled. Violently. That's why Bob went back to Washington. The same night, the same morning rather. It's also why I decided to stay on for a few days and let the coat go by. I thought probably Hunter's Green might be as good a place as any to think things over in. It's done a lot for you."  
"Well, there you are. I've been thinking things over by myself, and finally Welby said some things to me that set me thinking harder than ever. If I could just convince Bob that however he looks at it, that will be all right by me, just so long as we're together again and love each other again."  
Zoe went back to Washington the next day. She had wired Bob that she had to be at his hotel in time for dinner. She wanted to get to her room and freshen up before he came in.  
The clerk at the desk responded rather halfheartedly to her brief but agreeable greeting. Yes, they had saved a suite for her, he said, in accordance with her instructions.  
"When Mr. Morton comes," she said, "don't bother to have him announced. Send him right up."  
She had just slipped into a dressing gown when there was a knock at the door and she flew to open it. Bob came in, slamming the door after him, and stood with his back against it, still wearing his hat. He spoke to her and his words were heavy with fury. "Why didn't you tell me you'd come back here to be with Giles Arnold?"  
She was almost overcome with amazement, but strangely enough she was neither frightened nor revolted by the way he spoke. The quietness with which she answered was unforced. "Bob, I haven't the remotest idea what you're talking about. I didn't come back here to be with Giles Arnold. I came back here to be with you."  
"That's your story. But you haven't given a hang for nearly two years whether you ever saw me or not. Then, by some curious coincidence, you show up here the same day Arnold does."  
"I've never once written Giles since I left South America. He's never written me. The fact that he was on the same train with me coming down from New York was a coincidence. I didn't know he was there until we bumped into each other going to the diner."  
Bob took hold of her arms with both his hands. Then he began to shake her. "Do you really want me to believe you didn't come here to be with Giles Arnold?"  
"Of course I want you to believe it."  
"All right. Prove it to me. I want you to go away. And I don't want you to come back either. Not so long as Giles Arnold's here. If you go away, I won't shoot my mouth off about you and Giles Arnold. But if you stay, I'll sue you for a divorce and I'll name him as correspondent." He folded his arms and stood looking at her truculently. There was no doubt whatsoever that he meant what he said, that he would fulfill his threat. She made a last desperate attempt to appeal to his better nature. "But, Bob, if I went away like that, it would be different. I mean, not just personally, but professionally too. I would just be staying away on purpose instead of representing the bureau abroad. It would be the end of everything."  
"That's all right too. Doing that the idea I wouldn't like this to be completely final. I would, I'd rather come the other way. Washington anyway. And you could write about Washington now on a more. You've been away too much and too long. Your name doesn't mean a thing to anybody as a correspondent on news in the Capital. Any more than you mean a thing to me as a woman."  
**CHAPTER XXV**  
William Ruthven looked at Zoe searchingly from under his green shades. You say Bob wants to cut out the world kaleidoscope column and you're willing he should. I'm rather surprised. Still Bob may be right. But why don't you stay here for a while and concentrate on Capital Kaleidoscope?"  
"Bob thinks I've been away too long, that I've lost touch."  
"Well, he may be right about that too."  
Zoe sat still, rather expecting him to make the offer which was not forthcoming. "When he said at last '—when I spoke to you about becoming a foreign correspondent for us there was an opportunity. I don't need to tell you that the place I had in mind for you was filled. But of course it isn't as if you would have any trouble getting a job."  
The room clerk at the hotel handed Zoe several messages. The French Embassy had called and would like to have her call back. Captain Arnold had called and would like to have her call back; but there was no message to say that Bob had called and she would like to have her call back. She unlocked her door and went into the empty suite. She picked up the telephone and called the operator for the front office. "I forgot to tell you when I stopped find I have to check out. I'll be in New York for a few days. Shall I give the hotel address?"  
"Yes, if you please, Miss Wing."  
(To Be Continued)

**Rough, Cracked Lips Soothed**  
Painful Chapping Prevented

Rough, chapped lips are painfully sore and slightly—the cracked surfaces easily infected by dangerous germs. Get relief the quick, sure way with Lypsyl. Its wonderful emollient action instantly soothes the wounded membranes and seals them against germs and impurities. It softens the painful, cracked surfaces, keeps them pliable, hastens natural healing. The first application gives wonderful relief. For quick return to normal appearance, get Lypsyl now. Use it regularly to soothe and protect your lips. Sold everywhere in handy stick form.

**LYPSYL**  
Natural and Safe for Men and Women

**Sharp Decline In Egg Grading Station Receipts**

A sharp decline is noticeable in grading station receipts, there being a 30 per cent reduction in receipts compared with previous weeks.  
Dealers cannot meet the demand. P.E.I. grading stations are paying for ungraded eggs delivered:  
A-Large . . . . . 45-7  
A-Medium . . . . . 43-4  
A-Pullet . . . . . 35-42  
B . . . . . 35-40  
C . . . . . 30

Dealers are quoting for graded receipts:  
A-Large . . . . . 48 1/2  
A-Medium . . . . . 47 1/2  
A-Pullet . . . . . 40-5  
B . . . . . 45  
C . . . . . 35

Certified producers are receiving for carton egg:  
A Large . . . . . 52  
A Medium . . . . . 50  
A Pullet . . . . . 47

**35,000 CADETS IN THE MAKING**

WINNIPEG, Man., Nov. 3.—"By the end of the school year we hope to have attained our objective of 35,000 cadets," said Wing Commander D. R. MacLaren, president of the Air Cadet League of Canada, who has just returned to Winnipeg after a coast to coast inspection trip during which he attended annual meetings of many of the units. As a result, he said 24,500 boys were enrolled in 34 squadrons with 1,600 civilian volunteers as commanding officers and as members of local committees.  
Visiting Newfoundland on Trans-Canada Air Lines business, he is superintendent of passenger service. Mr. MacLaren met with the Minister of Defence and other leaders of that Dominion and helped organize an air cadet unit for Newfoundland. It had, he said, a potential membership of 500.  
Canada was assisting in the organization, financing the headquarters organization and supplying the Newfoundland boys with uniforms and equipment.  
Bennett, a moving spirit in the Newfoundland cadets, Mr. MacLaren found an airman who had been associated with him in the last war.

**MT. STEWART SCHOOL**

Honor roll for October:  
Grade X (Sr.)—1, Jim Feehan; 2, Hammond MacKenzie.  
Grade X (Jr.)—1, Rowena Mercer; 2, Carl Macdonald.  
Grade IX—1, Peters MacLeod; 2, Ethel Leard; 3, Billy Mercer.  
Grade VIII—1, Rita Johnson; 2, Lillian Smallwood; 3, Wanda Jay.  
Grade VII—1, Pearl Mitchell; 2, Frank Pigot; 3, Ora Leard.  
Grade VI—1, Paul Jay; 2, Etta Coffin; 3, Doreen Mercer.  
Grade V—1, Margaret MacEachern and Floyd McAssey (equal); 2, Robert McAssey; 3, Estelle Macdonald.  
Grade IV—1, Pauline Cummins; 2, Myra Griffin; 3, Gladys and Ivan Leard (equal).  
Grade III (Sr.)—1, Gloria Feehan; 2, Eileen Affleck; 3, Jacqueline Cummins.  
Grade III (Jr.)—1, Margaret Ross; 2, Barbara MacKaskill; 3, Margaret Griffin.  
Grade II—1, Alice Garhnum; 2, Joyce Jay; 3, Eileen Lacey and Kimble Jay (equal).  
Grade I (Sr.)—1, Travers Doyle; 2, William Griffin.  
Grade I (Jr.)—1, Etta Pigot; 2, Olive McAssey; 3, Floy McAssey and Joan MacIntyre (equal).  
Perfect attendance: Ethel Leard, Natalie Jay, Margaret MacEachern, Floyd McAssey, Robert McAssey, Myra Griffin, Pauline Cummins, Clara Mercer, Gloria Feehan, Billy Lacy, Jacqueline Cummins, Eileen Lacey, Carlene McEachern, Alice Garhnum, Kimble Jay, Joyce Jay, Etta Pigot.  
Principal: A. Ryan.  
Assistant: Helen Cummins and Jean Feehan.

**TAKE THAT TIRED LOOK OFF YOUR FACE!**

Ne Vision—had been—May be what You Need To Put Fun In Your Step and Fresh Sparkle In Your Eyes.  
If that constantly tired feeling has got you looking down, get out of it as well as acting that way—try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the morning as if you had not so weary makes you too listless to eat, that stales your energy, so often causes a lowering of the iron level in your blood. This condition may also have a further reaction on health, for without sufficient iron your body may not be able to get the full advantage of the vitamins and proteose food elements in what you do eat.  
Don't let this state of affairs go on, and until you are really of safety go on and Pink Pills today from your druggist—see how good it feels when you pep up with more iron in your blood.



**Fur Trimmed Coats**

**FIRST... ON THE FASHION FRONT**

First on the fashion front ..... first on the service front ..... first in beauty ..... first in comfort ..... a handsome, warm FUR TRIMMED COAT. In your choosing for service, for beauty, for distinction of style, for superiority, be sure to see the distinguished line of fur trimmed coats we are now showing.

Black Boucle Coat with Silver-fox collar made on Princess lines, chamolis lined. Size 18. Price ..... **\$75.00**  
Black Boucle, Silver-fox collar. Size 16 ..... **\$95.00**  
Another Black Boucle material, Silver-fox collar. Size 38. This coat has a beautiful 90 per cent silver collar. Price ..... **\$98.00**

**MOORE & McLEOD limited**

**Out Our Way** By J. R. Williams

HEY! HEY! CAREFUL! YOU DROPPED TH' BLUEPRINT ON TH' FLOOR—DON'T STEP ON IT!  
OH, I THOUGHT HE WAS GOIN' TO STOP HIM FROM WRECKIN' THAT CHUCK WITH A YARD OF GASPIPE ON TH' WRENCH!  
HE MUSTA COME UP TH' PAPER ROUTE, BECAUSE TH' CHUCK'S WORTH A HUNDRED BUCKS AS TH' BLUEPRINT ABOUT ONE BUCK! A DUCK THINKS A DUCK!

**Our Boarding House** With Major Hoops

LOTS OF POST-MORTEMS ON THAT EPIC YOU WON WITH A TRICK FOOT-BALL, COACH SOE GREWSOM CALLS THE PLAN AS GLICK AND STAGE COACH HOLDUP!  
THE RIVAL COACH GAVS A BARKER SOLD HIM A RUBBER-STRINGED BALL AT THE 1904 ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR, AND YOU HANE THE SAME NOSE AND BALLOON SOWLS—QUITE A COINCIDENCE!  
BAH! THERE ARE SPOILSPORTS WHO'D WHISPER THAT THE RAGING LION HERCULES STRANGLD WAS A TOOTHLESS CIRCUS PET!  
UM! WONDER IF A MUSEUM WOULD BUY TH' IMMORTAL PIG-SKIN?  
THEY SAY YOU CAN'T DO THAT!