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**Tomorrow is Forever**  
by Gwen Bristow

"Then tell him to bring a few, and don't make him brush his hair, or he'll dislike me before he sees me." He and Dick exchanged a look of understanding. As Dick went out, Kessler turned to Elizabeth. "I hope I am not upsetting a domestic arrangement, Mrs. Herlong, in asking that he come in. But your two older children are so entertaining that I couldn't help wanting to see the other."

"Aren't you nice!" exclaimed Cherry.

"Thank you for saying so," answered Elizabeth. "Of course, their father and I think they are, but we love having other people agree with us."

"I'm sure other people do. You should be very proud, Mrs. Herlong." He glanced around him. "When one sees a home like this, one knows who is responsible for it. I don't mean the physical furnishings of your house, attractive as they are—I mean its atmosphere. It's not by chance one achieves such confidence and vitality."

He spoke sincerely, obviously meaning what he said. Elizabeth felt a glow of pleasure. It was like what she had felt when she sat on the balcony yesterday afternoon, before she heard the children talking in the den. She wondered what Kessler would say of them now if he had heard that conversation.

She said, "I hardly know how to answer such a compliment, Mr. Kessler. Has it occurred to you that perhaps we have too much confidence, a good deal more than is justified by the world we live in?"

"Oh yes," he replied instantly. "That's true of nearly all Americans—at least, it seems true to anyone who comes to the United States from Europe. But surely," he added smiling, "you can't hold yourself guilty when a man long surrounded by terror comes into your home and feels encouraged at the thought that this and not the other, is the normal state of living."

His words made her feel better than she had felt all day. Now that the two of them seemed to be back on a normal basis from which a friendship could start, it occurred to Elizabeth that perhaps Kessler, fresh from Nazi Germany but evidently not at all could tell Dick more clearly than she ever could something about the issues at stake in this war he was going to be asked to fight. Much as she loved Dick she could not disguise from herself the fact that she was more superficial than she would have been had she been occupied with girls and football that he was glad to accept clichés that relieved him from being occupied with more troublesome matters.

Dick was a nice boy, but mentally was a rather lazy one, and neither he nor his father was quite capable of coping with him. Spratt was inclined to believe he would begin to take life seriously when the time came. Elizabeth thought the time had come for it. Sometimes it happened that a friend was better at this than the parents who had spent so many years being more indulgent than they should have been, or who at least had emphasized details of socially acceptable behavior at the expense of the much harder job of making a boy think for himself.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the opening of the door from the hall. Spratt and Dick came in with Brian, who had a glass-topped box of specimens under his arm. "This is Mr. Kessler, Brian," Spratt said. "He wanted to meet you so he could know the whole Herlong family."

"How do you do, sir," said Brian, all in one word, and held out his hand. Fortunately Kessler was sitting down instead of leaning on his cane, and so could give him a handshake. Brian stood uncertainly, one foot curled around the opposite ankle.

"Your brother tells me you are interested in natural history," said Kessler, "and I asked him to tell you I should like to see some of your specimens. Is that what's in the case?"

Brian nodded. "Butterflies. Want to see them?"

"Look out," warned Dick, and Cherry said simultaneously, "You don't know what you're getting into, Mr. Kessler." Faying no attention to them, their guest already had his head close to Brian's as they bent over the butterfly tin together. Dick poured a cocktail for his father, and saying, "You'll need another one too, Mr. Kessler, if you let him get started," he refilled Kessler's glass. Kessler appeared to be deeply interested in Brian's butterflies. Brian was chattering.

"...that blue one is easy to get, they're everywhere except where it's too cold for them. The name is Lamp—Lampides something. I forget, but I've got it written in my notebook. This is a monarch butterfly, they fly north in the summertime like birds. The copper and black on a victory, than thousands like it, it's a victory."

Spratt sat down by Elizabeth. "Good fellow, isn't he?" he said under cover of the other dialogue. "Yes indeed. But we mustn't let Brian wear him out."

"One of these men who's interested in everything."

Elizabeth glanced at Kessler, almost ready to believe that her impression of self-consciousness on his part had been mistaken. Certainly their exchange of remarks before Brian's entrance had not suggested it. When the maid came in to announce dinner neither Kessler nor Brian heard her. They were deep in conversation, sitting on the floor with his case in hand, his time listening instead of talking.

"...one of the ugliest objects in the world, but strangely fascinating." Kessler was saying to him. "It looks like a man with his hands spread out, but they are tremendous hands, many times larger than his body. The first time you look at one you feel a cold shiver run down your spine."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Spratt demanded. Brian started and turned his head. "The skeleton of a bat, Mr. Kessler says if we can get hold of a bat he'll help me mount the skeleton."

"If your mother doesn't mind," Kessler amended.

**Prisoner of War in Germany**



Mrs. Catherine Gallant of Ruskville who has been informed that her son Pte. Brian B. Dalton had been missing since June 7, is now reported a prisoner of war in Germany.

"Tom" as he is familiarly known is 21 years old, joined up at the outbreak of the war, and has been missing for a couple of years. By information he is safe and well.

**Now in Italy**



Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Gallant, Hope River have received a telegram from their son, Private J. E. Gallant, of his safe arrival in Italy.

**Returns to Unit**



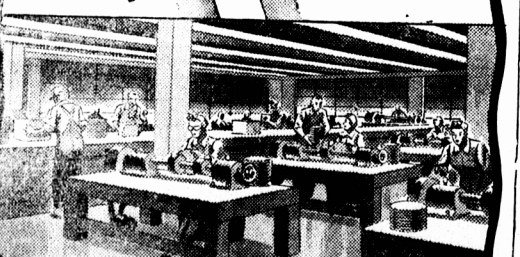
Pte. Harold Dewar Ballam, R.C.A.M.C. shown above has returned to the mainland to resume his duties after spending ten days leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ballam, Mt. Abion.

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**Freda Peters Rustico Wins \$200 Bond**

(Ottawa Journal) Lions Club Bingo Tuesday night attracted some 6,000 fans who jammed the Auditorium, buying bingo cards on their way and nervously smoking cigarettes to ease the tension.

Freda Peters, of 36 Selby Street Westboro, was the winner of the largest sum of the evening, a \$200 war bond. The games were interspersed with laughter and home-moved through an evening of fun and entertainment, with the ever-lurking chance of winning a valuable prize.

A feature of the bingo, the mystery prize, provided the most tense five minutes of the night. Mrs. Fiore Racine, of 144 King Street, turned up on the winner. She was brought up on the stage and presented first with a pair of gloves and rabbits, which caused her to look dubious but she brightened when given a pair of silver fox fur. The name was delayed time and again when over anxious players, not understanding that every number on the card had to be covered, kept jumping on their feet after completing a line.

In one game, 13 cries of bingo came simultaneously from would-be winners seated in nearly every section of the auditorium. A trophy of bedroom chair, finally awarded to L. E. Lebel, 587 King Edward avenue.

Miss Peters who is with the British Army Staff of the Civil Service is a daughter of the late Joseph Peters, Rustico.

**Kinsmans Milk Fund Appreciated**

Miss Mary Macdonald, Supervisor, Women's Institutes has received the following letter of appreciation which will be of interest to all supporters of the Milk Fund.

"I have received a letter today from the President of our Kinsman Club of Charlottetown, telling me of another contribution. This is from your organization. This is one of the many contributions of your organization. I am told, is for children in Britain.

Because I undoubtedly have already written you telling you that the Women's Institutes of Prince Edward Island are for this particular cheque for \$100.00.

As you have known of your support of the Milk Fund since its inception, and the contributions the Women's Institutes have made to the cause of the Milk Fund, I have made this contribution and genuine interest in the Women's Institutes of Prince Edward Island has been known to our Club throughout our Association. I have done when I visited Charlottetown a little over a year ago. Since that visit I have spoken at meetings arranged in all parts of the Dominion.

As nearly all of these I have taken the opportunity of telling the people of the support the Women's Institutes of the Island have given us. I have, of course, used that illustration as an example of the cooperation and support of other organizations in our efforts. You can understand, therefore, that it is very gratifying to know that that interest and support continues.

Of course, the real satisfaction that comes to all of us, and to those in the Women's Institutes of Prince Edward Island, is the knowledge that little children who want a drink of milk—who need milk every day—are getting it now because of the interest and the activity, and the sacrifice in some cases of the people of Canada.

The letters of thanks from little children and from their parents, and from hospitals and municipal authorities in Britain, continue to come in to us in great bundles. All of them ask me to tell the people of Canada "our thanks for all the lovely milk they have sent us."

I would like every member of your organization to tell the people of Canada "our thanks for all the lovely milk they have sent us."

Yours very truly,  
H. ROGERS,  
Chairman, National War Services National Headquarters,  
Toronto, Ont.  
November 9, 1944.

LONDON. (OP) — Fifteen million of the 18,500,000 people now working in Britain receive holidays with pay, a Ministry of Labor handbook reveals.

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