

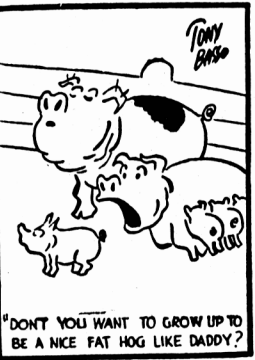
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DON'T YOU WANT TO GROW UP TO BE A NICE FAT HOG LIKE DADDY?

OLD WAY BEST

HALIFAX (CP) - Modern science took a beating recently when it was found that a mechanical wind-gauge wouldn't work atop the Halifax post office because of some quirk in the building's construction. So they hoisted an old piece of cloth on the flagpole. When it flaps wildly, weather forecasters know the wind is blowing strongly.

BIRD EPIDEMIC

KIRKWALL, Orkney Islands, Scotland (CP) - Outbreaks of fowl diseases on three of the Orkney Islands caused the death of 3,000 birds.

Lonely Parade

By Fannie Hurst

He had taken her to tea with his incredibly aged mother in the beautiful but rotting old chateau some forty miles out of Paris, which his family was about to lose. Even as his surreptitious embraces had warmed her in the chilled ancestral pile, he had relentlessly pressed her for an admission of what he was beginning to suspect; her lack of the vast personal fortune which he considered the birthright of every American girl. Subsequently, he had fallen back into the limbo of passing young men, but of all that not inconsiderable group, his image had survived, to wander, a light silhouette into the nostalgia of her twilight.

A few months later, de Franc had married an English girl of no lineage and vast fortune. According to the illustrated weeklies, she had been a chunky girl with healthy cheeks. The superb old rotting chateau had since been restored, with Franc, now an attaché in the French Embassy in London, dividing his time between it and a home in Portland Square, presented by her parents to his wife as her wedding gift. There had been men since, strangely always younger than herself. Half dozen marriages, the result of her talent for the right people, had more than brushed her by. They had jostled her by, leaving her rudely aware of defeat by a hair's breadth. The case of John Baldwin had been the last, and perhaps the most illustrative. The years of growing intimacy with Sierra had opened the double doors of the handsome house on Madison Avenue. Repeatedly, she and the Charlottetown had gone to dinner with Sierra and her father in the great square box of a dining room, and once for three weeks Kitty had lain in a vast spare bedroom adjoining Sierra's, recuperating from a scalp wound, the result of a fall down a dark flight of rear stairs, during one of her forays into Fourth Avenue antique shops. Her head had been bandaged, but even then there had been something peculiarly appealing in the small kitten's face peering below the swathings. Apparently John Baldwin had thought so. For pleasant evening hours he had sat beside her bed (mighty smart girl, Sierra had picked up for a friend) playing rummy with her on the counterpane. Mighty smart girl. Cute as a whistle too. Thoughts that never even crossed Sierra's mind had crossed Kitty's even at this time, brilliant meteoric daring

40 years trouble ended—Now Regular



"After 40 years of trouble with constipation, I tried KILLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. Now I'm as regular as should be. I take half a cup with milk and fruit twice a day. It's delicious!" writes W. G. Young, 840 Nelson St., Ste. 30, Vancouver, B.C. This is just one of many satisfied letters from ALL-BRAN users.

Want relief from constipation due to lack of bulk in your diet? Just eat ALL-BRAN daily, drink plenty of water. Double your money back if results don't satisfy—send empty carton to Killogg's, London, Ont.

thoughts that died almost at birth. After all, sadder implications of tragedy had hung over the house then. Its mistress, even though stalling the strange hinterland of mental aberration, her outlandish memory of a toasty crisp ALL-BRAN, she knew her, still had absentee hold there. Besides, the benign elderly parent of her friend was scarcely legitimate prey to her fancy.

But strangely enough, in a mild relaxed way, she had actually fancied him those days of her convalescence. There was something about the tragic activity of a man with weather ground into his face and soil into his hands, that gripped her. The halcyon days of seeking with pickaxe and placer pan gone, the second half of his life entrapped him in a strange unknowable world that gave him the wistful quality of a blind man groping in a wintry garden for flowers. He thought must be there, and yet—only the dry brittle rattle of lifelessness everywhere met his touch.

And now, years later, it remained for Leonore Boardman, at least fifteen years older, twenty years treader, her graying blond hair refusing to take more dye, to accomplish what she, Kitty, under John Baldwin's very roof for weeks, had failed to maneuver. Kitty Mullane, having travelled the precarious road from Kerry Patch, had been able when that bright and scheming little head of hers had lain under John Baldwin's very roof, to do little more than succeed in wheeling him into making what turned out to be an extremely profitable investment in copper for herself and Charlottetown.

Their pooled savings, placed in the hands of John Baldwin, whose rule of behavior was opposed to making investments for women, had resulted in the boon that had started them well on the way toward the ultimate of Twenty-one East. But the scheming little head of hers had lain on the pillows in the Baldwin home, the results were not worthy of her. In the two months following the death of Mamie Baldwin, while Kitty's mind had unconsciously been allowing itself a decent interval, Leonore Boardman had accomplished what Kitty had heard for the first time from Sierra with a mocking persiflage that belied that shock was rocking her to her very core. Lying there in her nest of cushions at twilight, it was memories of de Franc which almost invariably swept her emotions. But her mind deplored John Baldwin, whose life (to say nothing of her own) she would have been glad to have rehabilitated more successful than could Leonore Boardman. Toward the several quiet opportunities that had similarly jostled her by, Kitty's mind had now fallen into regret. Where am I drifting? she argued to herself, mostly aloud. I have the natural knack to deal in everything but the real thing. With Charlottetown, who is born to be what she and Sierra, who loves the lives of others more than she loves her own? This kind of life seems to be more than I can handle. I'm tired already, and the struggle has just begun. I want marriage and a silky world. I want beautiful leisure and beautiful people. Riviera—expensive beauty—

(To be continued)

Seaman-Jardine Wedding

The Presbyterian Church, Charlottetown was the scene of a pretty wedding, on Saturday, the first day of October when Georgie Jardine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Jardine, and James Donald Seaman, son of Dr. and Mrs. Rupert F. Seaman, were united in marriage by the Rev. G. Carlyle Webster, assisted by the Rev. T. H. Russell Somers. The young bride given away by her father, was lovely in her wedding gown of white taffeta brocade. She carried a bouquet of cream roses and maiden hair fern. Her only sister, Mrs. Lorne Bonnell, was matron of honour, the Rev. Donald MacLeod was groomsmen. The ushers were Dr. Lorne Bonnell and Mr. Tom Rogers. The bridal chorus from Lehen-grin, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March were played by the church organist. The soloist was Mr. Gordon McCallum. A reception for immediate relatives of the bride and groom was at "Oakwood" where a profusion of autumn flowers lent added beauty to its spacious rooms. The young couple left immediately afterwards on a brief honeymoon—motoring to places in Upper Canada and the United States. They will reside in Charlottetown.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. OSWALD GRAHAM

Cambridge community suffered a distinct loss when one of its finest citizens, Mrs. Oswald Graham passed away at her home on Monday, September 19th. Death came as a merciful release after a long and painful illness of six months duration.

Mrs. Graham was born in Cambridge on October 24, 1878, Elizabeth Ann Butler, the daughter of Captain Benjamin Butler and Levina (Munroe) Butler. She grew up in Cambridge and after her marriage to Oswald Graham also of Cambridge continued to reside in the same community. She is survived by her husband and one daughter, Alice (Mrs. D. Hieher) of Oak Valley, one granddaughter, Bernice Hieher and one sister Emma, (Mrs. Clow) of Lexington, Massachusetts. One son, Everett made the supreme sacrifice in World War II in March 1941.

The funeral was held in Cambridge Hall presided by a brief service at her home. The minister, Rev. Charles D. Henderson conducted the service and chose for his text "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." (Luke 2:29). The choir of Peter's Road Church led in the singing of her favorite hymns—"The Lord is My Shepherd," "Beneath the Wings of God," "Take Comfort Christians" and "Does Jesus Care." Interment was in the family plot in Peter's Road cemetery.

The pallbearers were neighbours of the deceased, Clyde Kerwin, Archibald MacLeod, John Davidson, Andrew Graham, James Lannigan, Edward Lannigan.

Floral tributes included those from her sister Mrs. Emma Clow, The Ladies' Aid of Peter's Road Church and a group of women with whom she had laboured in church work. Her many friends remembered her bereaved family with many cards and letters of sympathy. Mrs. Graham will be greatly missed not only in her home but also in the community and especially in her church. She had been a life-long member and regular attendant of Peter's Road Presbyterian Church. Her church occupied a large place in her life. She attended the services of worship Sabbath by Sabbath without fail. She laboured diligently for its well being with her hands as well. For years she was president of the Ladies' Aid of the Church. Now that her labours are ended here on earth we may rest assured that she is still rendering praise and glory to God in celestial mansions above.

CARD OF THANKS

The family of Mrs. Oswald Graham of Cambridge, P. E. I., wish to extend their sincerest thanks and appreciation for the many acts of kindness which they received from friends and neighbours during the illness and death of Mrs. Graham. Special thanks to the Nurses, Doctors and staff of the P. E. I. Hospital, to the Clergy who visited her in the Hospital and in her home; to Mrs. Annie Gillis for her help and to all who sent letters and cards of encouragement to her and who sent messages and cards to the bereaved.

LIFE can Begin AFTER 40, IF.

Around 40 our energy lessens. But, experience has taught us to do our work with less effort. The years ahead should yield the greatest accomplishments, the most enjoyment and happiness. They can, too, if we secure the relief and bladder disorders such as Backache, Headache, Rheumatic Pains, Lassitude, Loss of Sleep and Energy which so often attack those around 40. For over half a century, Dodd's Kidney Pills have been helping men and women to keep kidneys and bladder in good order. If you are nearing 40, or past it, for the sake of your health and a happier future use Dodd's Kidney Pills today!

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- Men's Pullover and Coat Sweaters \$3.95 to \$8.95
- Men's Trench Coats \$6.95
- Men's Fall Top Coats, reg. to \$34.50 \$19.50
- Boys' Wool Zipper Jackets \$3.95
- Boys' Long Pants \$2.00, \$2.95 & \$3.95
- Boys' Suits ... \$10.00, \$12.95, \$16.95
- New House Dresses ... \$1.79 to \$3.95
- Ladies' Coat Sweaters \$2.95 to \$4.95
- Wool Flaid Skirts \$4.95
- Rayon Slips \$1.95
- Girdles \$1.95
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- Children's Sweaters \$1.95
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SUMMERFIELD C. W. L. MEETING

The regular monthly meeting of the Summerfield Sub-division of the C. W. L. was held in September at the home of Mrs. James B. Croken with a very good attendance. The meeting opened by the President reciting the League Prayer.

Mrs. James B. Croken was a delegate to the Diocesan Convention held in Charlottetown and on her return gave a splendid report.

It was moved and seconded that we buy a book on the History of the C. W. L. composed by Mrs. Frank Murray. It was also decided we send for a book on the

Rules and regulations of the C. W. L. It was moved and seconded that Mrs. Reginald Smith be presented with a gift from the Ladies of the C. W. L. Plans were made for the Banquet which was held on Sept. 14th and was a very good success. Meeting adjourned, and a dainty lunch was served by the hostess.



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You can't keep youngsters out of the kitchen . . . so why not give them a corner all their own! A private snack-bar, located just inside the back door, featuring jumbo jars of their favourite after-school treats. Of course, this is going to invite traffic. But your good Gold Seal Congoleum rug can take any amount of coming and going! With its wear layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel equal in thickness to 8 coats of the best floor paint applied by hand . . . Gold Seal Congoleum is lastingly pretty, and it cleans up bright as new with the swish of a damp cloth. Just remember! For all-round economy that only real Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs can give a look for this seal. It carries the famous money-back guarantee of satisfaction! You'll be surprised how much quality you can buy for so little money.

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