"That's CANDY"

A girl filling out forms, checking and re-checking them, hour after hour, an unending succession of forms. She tires, slows down, makes wrong entries. Now she pauses, reaches into her desk and takes out a box of GANONG'S (G.B.) CHOCOLATES, samples one, then another and another. Now she is smiling. A dab of powder and a touch of lipstick completes the transformation and she resumes her swift, attentive, accurate work.

"That's CANDY"

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND CERTIFICATES REGULARLY

Ganong's GB Chocolates

GANONG BROS., LIMITED ~ ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Lord Mayor Sends Thanks for Canada's Overwhelming Generosity

Thanks Queen's Fund for Promise Of Continued Aid

A message of thanks to all those who have contributed to the Queen's Canadian Fund and relieved the distress of British war victims comes to the chairman of the Fund from Sir Frank Newson-Smith, Lord Mayor of London.

Sir Frank cables—

"In all respects the Lord Mayor's Air Raid Distress Fund has been one of the greatest charitable efforts of the War, and no words can express the gratitude of the people of Britain for the kindly and overwhelming generosity of the Dominion of Canada in relieving distress following enemy attack on the civil population of Great Britain.

"I am deeply conscious of the unremitting labour you and the members of the Committee have so readily undertaken. In this they have forged another link between Canada and the Mansion House, and I readily accept your generous promise of assistance in all that affects our civilian front."

Send your Queen's Canadian Fund subscriptions to the Royal Trust Company, Charlottetown, or any branch office.

Donations for the Fund's special "CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS" appeal should be earmarked for that purpose.

In Memoriam

MR. CHESTER SIMPSON

Many friends were deeply grieved to learn of the passing of Mr. Chester Simpson which occurred in Prince County Hospital on Saturday night, December 4th., where he had gone a short time previous for treatment. The deceased was 74 years of age and had been in failing health during the summer with an incurable disease which gradually grew worse but amid all his days of suffering and weakness he was submissive and patient to the Divine Will. The deceased had been a prosperous farmer in Upper Malpeque until a few years ago he disposed of his farm and settled at Lower Malpeque where he was most highly esteemed by his many friends. The funeral was held from the United Church on Tuesday afternoon and was largely attended by many friends from both town and country testifying to the high esteem in which the deceased was held by all who knew him. The service was conducted by Rev C. J. Crowdis assisted by Rev. Mr. Billson of Summerside, in prayer and reading of the scripture The choir was assisted by Mrs. Arthur Roper and several other singers from Charlottetown. Rev. Mr. Crowdis' message was taken from Isaiah 40—31, which was most comforting to all sorrowing hearts be paid a fitting tribute to the great patience and submission of the deceased thro' all his sufferings and weakness. The hymns sung were O God Our Help In Ages Past, Jesus Saviour Pilot Me and Forever With The Lord. Mr. T.W. Bentley of Charlottetown sang with deep feeling, Sometime We'll Understand. Mrs. Keith Rogers, Charlottetown, presided at the organ during the service. When the benediction was pronounced many viewed for a last time all that was mortal of an old friend and neighbor. The remains were bourne to their last resting place in the adjoining cemetery. The pallbearers were, Messrs. L. D MacNutt, S.K. Donald, Charles Lockhart, Elmer Taylor, Ernest Bryenton and Kenneth Owen. The many beautiful floral tributes bore silent testimony to the respect in which the deceased was held. There are left to mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband and father his sorrowing widow, nee Mable Dennis, and four daughters Ella, Mrs. Harper MacNeil, Charlottetown; Marion, Mrs. Ellsworth Bagnall, New Glasgow, N.S.; Jean, Mrs. Winston Mayne, Toronto; Dorothy, Mrs. Everett Bearisto, Malpeque, also one sister, Mrs. Henry Crozier and one brother, Rev. A. N. Simpson, Norwalk, Iowa, besides a wide circle of relatives and friends to whom deepest sympathy is extended. —V

MR. ARTHUR LEIGH OWEN

The residents of Hamilton are deeply grieved to learn of the passing of Mr. Arthur Leigh Owen at his home in Hamilton in the early hours of Sunday, Dec. 5th., at the age of 70 years. The late Mr. Owen was a life long resident of Hamilton and was the son of the late Arthur and Mrs. Owen. Mr. Owen had been in failing health for some time, suffering from a heart affliction and in spite of medical skill and tender nursing he succumbed to a fatal attack and was called to His Eternal Home where there is no more suffering nor weariness. The deceased was of a jovial and cherry disposition, a hearty handclasp at all times for his many friends who will sadly miss him, but it is in the home where the loss will be most keenly felt where a kind and loving husband and father will come no more. The funeral service was held on Thursday afternoon and after a short service at the home the remains were conveyed to the United Church at Malpeque where the service was continued where a large congregation was assembled. The service was conducted by Rev. C. J. Crowdis, taking his text Amos 5—8. Turning the shadow of death into the morning. His message was most comforting to all bereaved friends. The hymns sung were Jesus Lover Of My Soul, Safe In The Arms Of Jesus and Abide With Me.

The Masonic brethren then took charge of which the deceased had been a valued and honored member of King Edward Lodge A.F. & A.M. of Malpeque. This service was most impressive after which the remains were bourne to the Malpeque cemetery and tenderly laid to rest under the Masonic order. There are left to mourn his sorrowing widow, four sons and two daughters. The sons are Stewart of Montreal; Cedric and Arthur at home; Allison of Charlottetown. The daughters are Mrs. Harold Lyle, Summerside, Mrs. Donald Maltby, Shediac, N.B. A son, John a member of the Air Force predeceased his father some three years ago. Two brothers, Nelson at Hamilton, Keir Owen of Oakland, California. The pallbearers were: Messrs. George Crozier, Ray Lockerby, Donald Morrison, L. D MacNutt, Wilfred Gillis and J. M. Gillis. The sympathy of many friends is extended to all friends in their sad bereavement. Miss Saunders from Charlottetown presided at the organ throughout the service.

Breadner Assumes Duties Overseas

LONDON, Dec. 13 —(CP Cable)— Air Marshal L. S. Breadner has arrived in London to assume his new duties as Air Officer Commanding in Chief of the R.C.A.F. overseas, in succession to Air Marshal Harold Edwards, it was announced Saturday.

Air Marshal Breadner former Chief of the Air Staff, flew direct from Canada to an airport near London. It marked the first time such an flight had been made, said the R.C.A.F. The trip, in a Liberator bomber, took a little more than 13 hours.

Air Marshal Breadner was accompanied by Air Vice-Marshal N. R. Anderson, who is replacing Air Vice Marshal Wilfred Curtis as Deputy Air Officer Commanding in Chief. Also accompanying him were Group Capt. G.C.P. Graham and Wing Cmdr. R.R. Morrow of R.C.A.F. headquarters, Ottawa.

SPRING BROOK W. I.

The Spring Brook W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. Wesley Paynter Thursday evening, Dec. 2nd, with the President presiding. Meeting opened by singing the Institute Ode, followed by repeating the Creed in unison. Roll call was answered by eight members with exchange of Christmas gifts. Minutes of previous meeting were read, approved and signed. It was decided to have bazaar and pantry sale and the following committee were appointed to meet and price the articles. Mrs. Hillard Meek, Mrs. Isaac Jollimore, Mrs. John Bearisto, Mrs. Alfred Coles and Mrs. Arch Pidgeon.

School comm., reported paper towels and toilet paper needed for the school. New school comm., Mrs. Alfred Coles. New Sick Committee, Mrs. Isaac Jollimore. It was decided to buy treat of oranges or apples for the school children.

"Thoughts by the Way," was read and discussed. Next meeting to be at Mrs. Bearisto's Roll call to be answered with a New Year's Resolution. Collection amounted to $1.70. Five members paid dues.

Meeting closed with the National Anthem.

ORWELL COVE W. I.

The December meeting of the Orwell Cove Women's Institute was held on December 3rd at the home of Mrs. William Brown with nine members and five visitors present. The meeting opened with the Institute Ode, followed by roll call which was answered by an exchange of Christmas gifts. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The members decided to have a new step built at the hall and the hall lamp repaired. They also decided to obtain yarn from the Red Cross to begin their usual knitting for the armed forces.

The Sec'ty read a letter from the T. B. League and they decided to make a donation to this cause and also to the Kinsmen's Milk for Britain Fund.

The program committee then entertained the members with humorous readings and a contest. Prizes were won by Mrs. J. A. MacLeod and Mrs. F. E. Rooney.

Mrs. Angus Nicholson invited the members to her home for the next meeting at which roll call will be answered by an auction sale. The meeting was then adjourned and a dainty lunch was served by the hostess.

Mr. Winkle Goes To War

CHAPTER IX

Mr. Winkle was sure that his misery was greater than that of any of his fellows.

Filled with rules and regulations to say nothing of the Articles of War, Instruction On How and Whom to Salute, How to Have the Proper Attitude, Military Obligations, The Responsibilities of Group Life, Military Courtesy, Sanitation, Care of Clothing and Equipment, and The Positions of a Soldier, he was afraid to move a finger for fear the War Department would not approve.

When the War Department, as represented by Sergeant Cwsidekrowski, failed to approve, Mr. Winkle reported to the Mess Sergeant.

Almost always there he found Freddie, who had virtually taken up residence in the kitchen. Jack appeared, too, as well as Mr. Tinker. They washed dishes, swept the floor and peeled onions and even the traditional potatoes. Once Mr. Winkle was given a bag and a stick with an iron point on its end and told to pick up papers and cigarette butts around the grounds. He was certain that this was no kind of work for a respectable married citizen of the United States.

Not even when he was doing things right could Mr. Winkle satisfy the War Department. On the exercise field he kept up with the other men, though he knew his face was flushed and he breathed hard. Then, abruptly, the muscled exercise Sergeant would call: "Hey you there — John!"

Mr. Winkle realized he was being addressed.

"What's your name?" the exercise Sergeant demanded.

"Winkle," replied Mr. Winkle quite as if his nameplate, pinned on his chest, did not announce the fact.

"All right, John" he was advised, "when you feel you're three-quarters done, stop. That's an order. You know what an order is, John?"

Mr. Winkle said that he did.

"So I don't want to waste time picking up any guys who pass out" the Sergeant instructed him.

Mr. Winkle noticed that he was the only man told to take it easy. Mr. Tinker wasn't told anything, but kept right on with the others, even though he puffed.

At bayonet practice he could find no satisfaction in jabbing at the swinging stuffed figure. He simply could not conceive of himself ever thrusting that wicked blade into another human being, no matter how much a German or a Jap deserved it.

He shuddered when it was explained that it was often difficult to withdraw the blade from a body, and sometimes it had to be twisted out.

Certainly he didn't lunge at the figure the way Jack Pettigrew did. Everyone knew that when Jack thrust his bayonet into it, he was sticking Freddie with it When Freddie sliced with his bayonet, you could take your choice whether he thought of the figure as Jack or the Alphabet. Mr. Tinker swung viciously, and the figure then became a Jap. But Mr. Winkle had no ferocity at all.

The Lieutenant was patient with him, explaining, "Some day you may be in the position where you either get the other fellow first, or he gets you. Think of it that way. Now, try again. Jump at it! Lunge Kill it!"

Mr. Winkle jumped. He lunged. He killed it with a blow that hardly penetrated the figure. The Lieutenant shook his head and called the next man.

The bayonet and exercise incidents gave Mr. Winkle an attack of imagination, the first he had had since being made into a soldier. He became convinced that he could never compete with the others. He wouldn't be as hardened as they he wouldnt be sufficiently trained, and this would be his own fault. When the test came on the battlefield, he would not be in condition, nor would he be enough of a killer even to protect himself.

He saw himself in retreat before the enemy. He couldn't keep up. finally he could go no farther. Mr. Tinker and Jack offered to carry him, but Mr. Winkle wouldn't have it, knowing they would be caught with him. He made them go on, leaving him, and then an enemy soldier appeared. The man raised his rifle high, the bayonet gleaming. It started to come down into Mr. Winkle, who had a last thought of Amy and who knew that the blade would afterward have to be twisted to get it out of him.

On their first pay day, which was a Saturday, they were given passes to town. They stood in line before the orderly room, and entered one by one to receive their salaries. After practice under the tutelage of the Alphabet, who watched critically from the side of the Lieutenant's desk, they saluted, wheeled, and marched out again.

Mr. Winkle was astounded and Mr. Tinker, with most of the others was aggrieved at the amounts they received. After deduction for laundry, dry cleaning, expenses at the Post Exchange, the barber shop, movies, insurance, camp newspaper recreation fund a contribution to the old soldiers' home and several items Mr. Winkle didn't altogether understand or remember, his envelope contained seventeen dollars and thirty cents.

Mr. Tinker did a little better because he had no wife to whom went twenty-two dollars of his pay, to make up with the twenty-eight contributed by the Government, the fifty that would be sent to the homes of married men. But still Mr. Tinker complained that he used to make more in a week than he now made in a month.

"But you weren't getting ready for the Japs then" Mr. Winkle reminded.

"Yeah," said Mr. Tinker, "that's right."

They squandered a dime of their affluence on a bus to town. Everyone not on duty was going, with the exception of Freddie.

"Private Tindall," the Alphabet lectured him, "because somehow you worked it so you owe the Government money on pay day, you're also confined to barracks."

"Nuts" Freddie repeated. Though still not broken, Freddie was beginning to realize that he was up against something that might not be beaten.

Jack Pettigrew sat with them on the way in. He was clad in a brand-new uniform, for the one he had first been issued no longer fitted him. His shoulders had begun to broaden. They boy had come a long way from the night he sniffled in his bed.

(To Be Continued)

RIVERDALE CHURCHILL W. I

The regular monthly meeting of Riverdale Churchill W. I was held at the home of Mrs. John A. MacKinnon with five members and several visitors present. Meeting opened with singing the Ode and repeating the creed in unison, the new president, Mrs. Guy MacLeod presiding. Roll call answered by an exchange of Christmas gifts. It was decided that $2.00 be given to the Sanitorium, also fruit for the school children at Christmas. It was also decided to purchase an Aladdin Lamp to be used in school when required. Members were to meet at the home of Mrs Robert MacKinnon to make a quilt.

Next regular meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Fred Buchanan, roll call to each member paying 15c. Meeting closed with singing of the National Anthem Lunch was served by hostess.

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(ALWAYS WITH OUT LINEN) UNTIL I DISCOVERED THAT KLEENEX SERVED THE PURPOSE AND SAVED LAUNDRY BILLS (from a letter by F. E. Jr.)

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50% More Pulls than before at the same low price!

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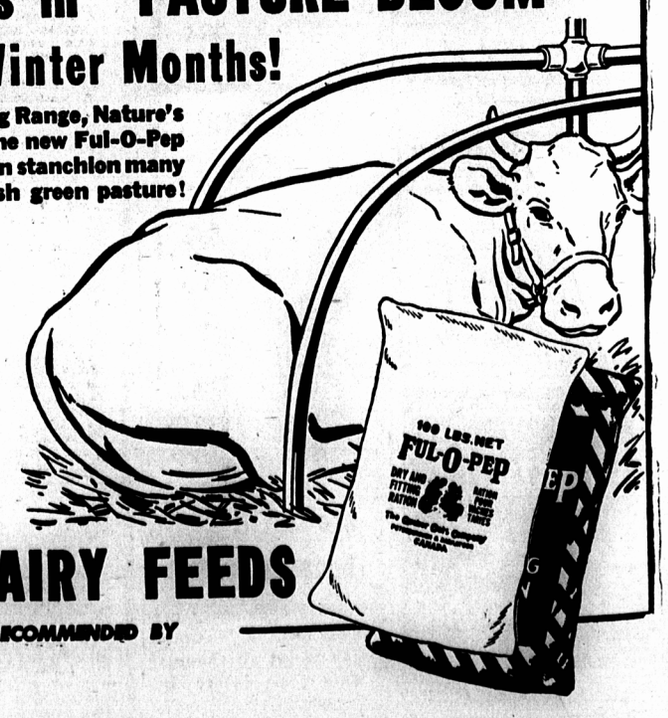

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