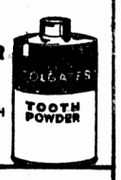
WHAT D'YOU KNOW—
76% OF ALL ADULTS HAVE
BAD BREATH!

And scientific tests *prove conclusively* that in 7 out of 10 cases
COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER
instantly stops oral bad breath.

SAVE MONEY! Compared to other leading brands, a large tin of Colgate's gives you up to 30 *more brushings*, a giant tin up to 46 *more brushings* — for not a penny more!

SMOKERS! Colgate's Tooth Powder is one of the easiest ways to guard against tobacco stain and tobacco breath! Get Colgate's today.

COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER
25c 40c
CLEANS YOUR BREATH AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH



COLGATE'S Nylon TOOTHBRUSH
Special Value 29¢
Nylon bristles shaped to protect gums

Was Pilot Officer

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Dickie, Charlottetown have received official word that their son, Warrant Officer First Class Robert James Dickie, who was killed in action while on active service, February, 21, 1945, had been granted his commission as Pilot Officer, R.C.A.F., the day before he was killed, February 20.

This War—Four Years Ago

By The Canadian Press

JUNE 27, 1941—Britain adopted the letter "V" as a rallying sign for those who opposed Hitler and the Axis. British ambassador Sir Stafford Cripps arrived in Moscow accompanied by economic and military missions. German forces advanced toward Minsk in White Russia.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

(Continued from Page 2)

light are silent now. Judy's music, not continuous now is the only sound. She is becoming a bit impatient with the instrument and almost glares at me as if I were the cause of her annoyance. "But Judy" I try to encourage her "you didn't borrow it on my account." "I suppose" she says in a weary, discouraged voice. "I'll learn easier when I get the book." Her words remind me of something — altogether delightful. This, as Pat would say is a "foine avenin' "to unwrap the books I got in the city last Saturday. And if the sandman continues to dust James tired eyes so that he will never miss me, I might read a few chapters of one before I blow the last light out tonight at Alderlea.

Until tomorrow — Diary—Goodnight.

MARRYING SAILORS

In ten days, six of the crew of an American freighter in Sydney have married Australian girls. At a double wedding at Redfern Presbyterian Church, Sydney, Francis Murphy, 24 of Geneva, Ill, married, Miss Audrey Fullard, 18, stenographer, of Enfield. William A. Waley, 24, of Duncan, Okla., married Miss Valrie Parsons, 20 clerk of Matraville. The couples met when the ship was in port four months ago. Waley joined the merchant marine after he had been injured at a paratroop training camp. Murphy was in the United States Navy before joining the merchant marine.

Less sugar is needed to sweeten cooked fruit if sugar is added after instead of before cooking.

The Wild Bird

By Elizabeth Vernon

CHAPTER XII

Kit picked up Ginnie, making his way along the row of seats, past the dim staring heads to where the lights of the whispering attendants gathering like fireflies, led him to a door and to a long passage. Very pale she was, very still as if asleep, the curls damp on her forehead and, carrying her so easily, glancing down at her, he felt such tenderness as he had never known. He knew now how much he loved her.

The manager of the cinema was opening the door of a small office room in which was a settee. He proffered brandy. "Thank you. Please bring me some water," Kit said, "I can see to this."

He laid Ginnie down on the bench. He splashed her face with the water they brought him. He turned everyone from the room. And now, feeling her pulse, he watched the long eyelashes flutter at last on her cheek.

She opened her eyes. "Better now?" he asked and took her hand.

Before she realized where she was or why, she looked at him. At once, with such clear happiness she smiled. And it was as if with that smile unconsciously she showed him her heart to takeup or to throw away. An instant later, the troubled secret look had returned. She struggled to rise.

"Lie down," he said gently, and he put to her lips the glass containing the brandy.

She obeyed and drank, choking a little. He saw that as she looked round the room she was still confused. "I'm so sorry I fainted," she said, "I'm very sorry."

He smiled at that earnest apology. "Haven't you been well, lately, Ginnie?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. Quite well. I'd like to get up now and go—home."

"No, not yet. We have rung up your aunt. She is coming with the car to fetch you."

"Please," she whispered, "you won't tell Aunt Lou I was rude to you, will you?"

"No, Ginnie." He smiled. "I can deal with your rudeness when it occurs, myself. Why were you rude?"

She didn't smile nor look up.

"Oh, I'm just—capricious, as I told you," she said in a hard little voice. He could have laughed.

She raised her head. His eyes met hers and, startled, he saw fear there. Why on earth, Kit wondered, should Ginnie Riven be afraid?

"Please," she whispered, "I'd rather not see you very much any more."

"Oh Why not, Ginnie?"

"I don't think we get on very well."

"Don't you?"

She met the smiling, narrowed gaze. "You see," she said in a sort of desperation, "I don't I—like you very much. . . ."

There were steps and voices in the passage. The door opened. Mrs. Richard Fosdyke sailed into the room.

• • •

"Well," came Jerry's clear young voice. "I can't see what you're making a fuss about, Ginnie. It might be a darned sight worse, I can tell you."

He and Ginnie were seated with Etienne in the private sitting room of the suite. They were alone. Jerry looked strained and on edge. As well he might, reflected Etienne, since the theft of the pearls was discovered, though not the thief. Etienne himself looked tranquil.

"After all" —Jerry lit a new cigarette from the stump of the old— "it would be a pretty good marriage."

Etienne gave a little smile from which mirth was absent.

"You see," said Ginnie after so long a silence that the others might have supposed she had not heard. "I don't like Kit Stone."

"Oh, yes, you do,' replied Jerry with brutality. "You're a bit in love with him. I don't see what you've got to complain about."

"I tell you,' Ginnie said, "Kit Stone doesnt like me—"

Jerry rose jerkily. "He asked us down for the weekend, didn't he? I suppose he did that for my beautiful eyes? He rings you up, he takes you out. And now there's another invitation for you and me to go for the weekend—"

Etiennne had not moved from his chair. Indeed, he was engaged in lighting a cigarette. But Jerry's voice changed a little as he went on: "Well, perhaps you'll tell Ginnie then, Etienne, that if Uncle Dick say's she'd better marry this fellow she'd better marry him. She'll never be any good to us. I don't know," Jerry's eyes fell on his sister, motionless in the window, and his words faltered a little, "that I want her to be. And if she was married to Stone I'd feel she was safe. I'd feel happy about her. Perhaps I could go and stay with her sometimes and —and be at peace." He stopped for a moment, turning away, biting his lip. "Oh, well, let that go—anyway, I think it's a darned good let-out for her, don't you?"

Etienne paused. "I think that it should be," he said.

"Well, well, well,, well!" The door opened. Uncle Dick entered and Aunt Lou. Both were smiling but their glances were as wary as usual. Aunt Lou's eyes like marbles shifted from face to face.

"And what are you talking about?" she asked.

"We were," said Etienne calmly, "discussing Ginnie's possible marriage to Stone."

"Possible,' repeated Uncle Dick, "Possible. . . ." If she can't bring that off—" his face turned purplish as he looked at Ginnie. "You'd better bring it off, my girl. You don't know how lucky you are to have the chance. No, you don't know."

But Etienne saw that she did know. She had forgotten no word of his warning. It had had its effect. And he saw too—no, he felt in the depths of his heart—how much she longed for Christopher Stone for his arm between herself and the world.

• • •

Fold on fold the magic of Wanderslay had fallen across Ginnie's thoughts, quieting them. In silence she sat on the long stool in before the fire and gazed into the gray ash and the red heart. She put from her all fearful things. She was content to exist in the minute. There was no future and no past.

The hours after dinner. The arty was assembled in Lady Mary's sitting room. Lady Mary herself was at work on the finest of petit-point, her eagle glance unfrowning above the tiny stitches. Her son lay back in his chair, not smoking, his hands linked behind his head, the most distant smile on his lips, Jerry's restless hands were occupied as he talked with the heavy ivory paper cutter.. He and Lady Mary were discussing the little streets of Paris. Claire Shelton joined in, her words coming with wit and vivacity. It seemed that she was a distant relative of Lady Mary's. She stayed here quite often—a poor widow whom people invited for long visits. But she didn't look "the poor widow."

"Dear me, the long arm of coincidence!" she had said on Ginnie's arrival. "I always seem to appear when you are due."

"Not always. Only twice," had come Lady Mary's "no nonsense" voice. And there had been the smallest pause before Claire Shelton had gone gaily on to some other topic. The only other guest was an elderly gaunt silver-haired man with a brown face and pleasant smile. His name was Oliver, and it seemed that he was in the most rarefied, highest reaches of finance, where the Government circles of the day listened to his word.

How strong was the magic of this old house, of these quiet people! Its calm entered Ginnie's heart, where it had no place. It made everything else like a dream. There sat Jerry, exercising all his charms on his hostess. He was a common thief. He had robbed Lady Mary. But that fact for the moment didn't seem real.

The footman entered to take away the coffee cups. The small disturbance caused a pause in conversation.

"I think," said Lady Mary, "we might have some bridge."

"Ginnie," said Kit lazily, without moving, or unblinking his hands, "I said when you were here last I'd show you over the house. Would you like to see it now?"

"Yes. I would. Thank you very much," she replied with that stiff politeness that came now when she spoke to him. But she could smile as if she had nothing on her mind or heart.

They rose to their feet. "Perhaps Mr. Riven would like to look over the house too,, Kit" suggested Lady Mary.

"No," Kit's voice was still lazy, "we won't disturb you four. Ginnie doesn't play."

He crossed to the door and opened it for her. As Ginnie left the room she was conscious of Claire Shelton's smile It was like a breath of winter. But it didn't disturb her. Her mind carried heavier burdens than that of the older girl's hostility.. What harm could Claire Shelton do her? None at all, or so Ginnie believed. . .

The door closed on that pleasant group round the fire. And now because she was alone with Kit her heart rose unbelievably, unbuoyed by hope or by anything but the happines of being with him even for these last few minutes.

(To Be Continued)

BOOT-WEARING DOGS

Have you ever heard of those Australian sheep dogs that wear boots? Well, Australia, as you probably know, is a great sheep-raising land and sheep dogs are a great help in herding the flocks as they are in our own western sheep raising lands.

During part of the year, in Australia, the prairies, where the sheep graze, are covered with a pretty wild flower called bindi-eyes. It is a beautiful flower, but it causes a great injury to dogs' feet, because its leaves are toothed and quite sharp.

Since the shepherds must have the help of their dogs all the time, they hit upon the idea of making soft leather boots for them when the bindi-eyes come along. Oddly enough the dogs seem to sense this kindness on the part of their master and they don't object to the boots at all. Indeed, they come right up to their masters to have their boots put on at the times when this is necessary.

—Norman C. Schlichter in Dumb Animals

HERE'S RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION

When Constipation Is The Cause

When you have the kind of indigestion that makes you feel miserable from head to toe—try the Carter way to get relief.

Take Carter's Pills tonight. You see, Carter's remove this cause of indigestion without upsetting your stomach or preventing you from getting the good out of the food you eat.

For Carter's job is not to just sweeten your stomach or counteract acidity. You see, Carter's Pills go to work when constipation is causing your indigestion. They get at this cause of the trouble. And that's the sensible way to get the relief you're after.

Next time indigestion strikes—get Carter's Pills at any drugstore—only 25 cents. Take them as directed. You'll get the kind of relief from sluggish indigestion that will make you feel good again all over!

Official List of Casualties

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE OVERSEAS

Missing On Active Service After Air Operations:

Casson, Frank Albert, WO., Seaforth, Ont.

Krampp, Robert John, F.-Sgt., Walkerton, Ont.

Milne, James Arden, PO., Toronto, Ont.

Riffle, Franklin Anderson, Fl.-Lieut., Connecticut, U. S. A.

Sourisseau, George Adrien Zacharie, FO., Norwood, Man.

Previously Missing On Active Service — Now For Official Purposes Presumed Dead:

Bailey, Norman, FO., Toronto, Ont.

Baillargeon, Joseph Louis, FO., Windsor, Ont.

Campton, Clifden Homer Foch, F.-Sgt., Montreal, Que.

Carter, Daniel Newton, PO., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Davies, Lorne Graham, F.-Sgt., Biggar, Sask.

Fernandez de Leon, Mario Alfred, PO., Guatemala, Central America.

Fitzpatrick, Lambert Joseph, Sgt., Vancouver, B. C.

Goring, Francis Carlyle, FO., Sarnia, Ont.

Guernsey, Lorne Stanley, PO., Digby, N. S.

Harrison, Robert William, FO., St. Boniface, Man.

Lambert, Edward Roger, FO., Victoriaville, Que.

MacAllister, Harvard Darrell Frederick, Fl.-Lieut., Montreal, Que.

Morrison, Archibald Frew, F.-Sgt., New Westminster, B.C.

Murphy, David Matthew, F.-Sgt., Glace Bay, N. S.

O'Kelly, Miall Bourchier, PO., Vancouver, B. C.

Perry, Nelson Robert, F.-Sgt., Seely's Bay, Ont.

Pope, Henry Milton, FO., Toronto, Ont.

Rae, George Arthur, PO., Prince, Sask.

Richardson, David Ballantine, F.-Sgt., Toronto, Ont.

Venn, Arthur James, PO., Todmorden, Ont.

Whiting, Donald Stuart, PO., Centralia, Ont.

Whyte, Gordon Edward, PO. Toronto, Ont.

Williams, Ronald Leonard, FO., Foxwarren, Man.

Wolf, Homer Lynn, Fl.-Lieut., Washington, U. S. A.

Previously Missing On Active Service — Now For Official Purposes Presumed To Have Died While Prisoner of War:

Wilson, Edmond Kenneth, PO., Oshawa, Ont.

CANADA

Died From Natural Causes:

Quinn, Stanley Heber, Sgt., River Hebert, N. S.

Previously Missing On Active Service — Now For Official Purposes Presumed Dead:

Barker, B. C., Sgt., Lowestoft, Suffolk, England.

Birrell, A. J., Sgt., Dumfries, Scotland.

Davidson, C. P., Sgt., Ashford, Middlesex, England.

Jenkins, W. N., Sgt., Trexegar Mons., Wales.

Langley, L. M., Sgt., Derby, England.

Laws, Sgt., Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

Metcalfe, P. D., PO., Lancaster, Lancs., England.

Mitchell, E. C., PO., Swindon Wilts., England.

Rockcliffe, A., PO, Southport, Lancs., England.

Willetts, L. P., Sgt., Nottingham, England.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE OVERSEAS

Killed On Active Service:

Knight, Wilfred Leslie, FO., Sarnia, Ont.

Smith, Matthew Muirhead, Sgt., Toronto, Ont.

Thomson, Andrew Robin, Sgt., Toronto, Ont

Previously Missing Believed Killed —Now Reported Killed On Active Service:

Doherty, Samuel Arthur, F.-Sgt., Toronto, Ont.

Previously Missing On Active Service — Now For Official Purposes Presumed Dead:

Bailey, Elmer Lincoln, PO., Toronto, Ont.

Cameron, George, PO., Ponoka, Alta.

Cohen, Ashton Irving, PO., Ottawa, Ont.

Coltman, Paul Everett, PO., Toronto, Ont.

Cully Victor Charles, PO., Cobalt, Connecticut, U.S.A.

Currie, David Fraser, PO., Mr. J. A. Currie (father), Montague, P. E. I.

Gardner, John Edward, PO., Victoria, B. C.

Gracie, William, PO., Vancouver, B. C.

Grout, Roy Gordon, PO., Edmonton, Alta.

Prosofsky, Alfred Wilfred, PO. Regina, Sask.

Snell, Dennis Edward, PO., Winnipeg, Man.

Yunker, Bernard, Fl.-Lieut., Balgonie, Sask.

"We consider it a privilege..."

Extract from the Annual Report of Dominion Textile Co. Limited, presented to Shareholders by G. B. Gordon, President and Managing Director.

ALTOGETHER one thousand and sixty-five men and women left us to join the colours, and of those there remain over eight hundred now in the Services awaiting discharge or transfer to different theatres of operations.

Plans are well under way for the reabsorption of these men and women into the various company occupations. There is, of course, a legal obligation on the part of all employers to reinstate their employees, now veterans, in jobs not less favourable than those they would be holding had they remained in civil employment. Your company's policy in this regard is to go as far as possible beyond the legal requirements. It is from no mere sense of duty that we will take back these men and women into the company's service. It is rather that we consider it a privilege to welcome them back. From this group will emerge those with qualities of courage and leadership who will eventually guide your Company's affairs and help maintain its leading position in the textile field.

We regret very deeply that twenty men will never return, as they laid down their lives in Active Service.

DOMINION TEXTILE CO. LIMITED

DOROTHY DIX SAYS.—

(Continued from Page 2)

often prevent an attack by keeping herself well-groomed and being pleasant to live with. Nagging aggravates the malady.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a man of 54 years old, violently in love with a girl of 18. Her mother objects to our marriage on the ground that I am too old for her daughter and could not make her happy. Do you think such a marriage would be happy?

C. D. H.

ANSWER: Not a chance. The bridge between youth and age is one that few have ever negotiated safely, but it has now become impossible because the girls and boys of today have scrapped practically every custom and tradition of the past, and they have not an idea or a thought in common with the middle-aged.

Consider the question dispassionately, my friend, and ask yourself what bond of congeniality there can be between a man of 54 and a girl of 18. You have seen the show of life and want to settle down, but the doors of the show are just opening for her and she wants to see everything in it. You want to spend your evenings by your own fireside. She wants to step out and go to gay places of amusement.

What would you talk about if you were married? You know nothing that she knows. You are interested in nothing that she is interested in. You have no memories or experiences in common and you would bore each other to death. Marriage between youth and age is disastrous to both parties, believe me.

DEAR MISS DIX: My hair is frightfully thin and I am horribly sensitive about it. I have tried every known ointment, but nothing seems to help. It has made me very self-conscious. What would you advise me to do?

MISERABLE.

ANSWER: I would buy a transformation and make no apologies about wearing it. If all of your trouble is confined to your hair, you are lucky. That's easy.

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