



MR. I. A. McPHAIL

Mr. James Stewart, C.B.E., General Manager of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, announces the appointment of Mr. I. A. McPhail as an Assistant General Manager.

AVOID GLARE

To save the eyes and avoid harmful glare, light should come over the shoulder and care should be taken not to cast the shadow of the body, or any part of it, on the work at hand, authorities say.

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Men's Work Boots, Dress Suits, choice of colors, Heavy Cloth Windbreakers with zippers, choice of colors, Gray Work Socks, Boys' and Men's Heavy Work Breaches, Work Caps, cloth and fur, Work Gloves, Men's White Dress Socks, Men's and Boys' Ski Pants, Ties, limited quantity Girls' Fur Lined Storm Boots.

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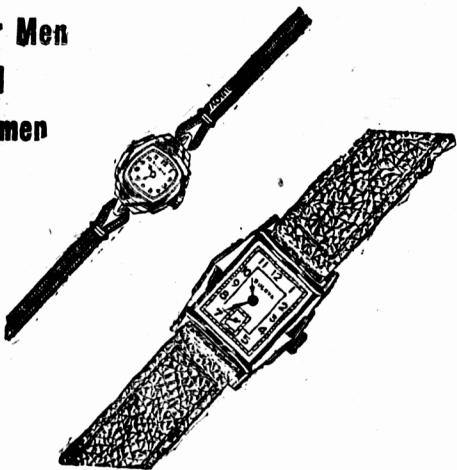
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WELLNER'S JEWELLERS SINCE 1888

BEAU

By Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith

CHAPTER II

"So you're Carolyn," Beau murmured. "Scotty's told me about you."

"Has he?" she stammered, completely losing all her sang-froid.

"I've been trying all fall to get him to come home with me over the weekend," said Scotty. He slapped Beau on the back. "See what you've missed, you old hardboiled egg."

He is hard-boiled, thought Carolyn.

"Yeah," murmured Beau Bell, his black eyes holding hers, "I see."

"Do we eat or do we go on for ever exchanging soulful glances?" inquired Rosalie, making a face.

"Pleasant little person, isn't she, if one has a yen for wasps?" murmured Beau Bell as he and Carolyn followed the other couple down the stairs.

Carolyn smiled. "You seem to be good at snap judgements."

"I've had to be," he said. "You get your eyes open soon, if you're thrown out to forage when you're a pup."

"I suppose so," she admitted dubiously.

"I keep forgetting you and Scotty teathed on a platinum spoon," he said with a grin.

"You sound as if that put us beyond your pale or something," she said, not disguising her resentment.

"I suppose one doesn't absolutely have to grow up to be a stuffed shirt if one's born into the social register," he replied lazily.

"Nor does one absolutely have to be a boob if reared on the wrong side of the railroad tracks!"

He winced. "I asked for it, didn't I?"

Carolyn was dismayed. She had no idea why she had felt impelled to cut at him. "I'm sorry," she faltered. "I'm almost never that rude."

He looked down at her and she caught her breath.

"No wonder Scotty thinks you're wonderful!" she cried before she thought and then blushed painfully. "I mean—I mean—"

Beau Bell laughed. "You wouldn't flatter me, would you?"

She knew by his eyes that he was letting her down easily. He had known she was not flattering him. Her cheeks stung. She felt very young and naive. When she graduated from finishing school the preceding June, Carolyn had fancied herself extremely sophisticated. Now, however, she felt completely bereft to pose. She had a humiliated feeling that to Beau Bell she seemed a child and a gauche one at that. It was not that he was so much older than other men she had gone out with. She doubted if he was more than twenty-five and she was nineteen.

Only he knew his way around and she suddenly realized that she did not.

"You seem to be used to girls making bolts of themselves about you," she accused him in an exasperated voice.

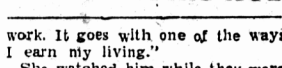
"There's a glamour about the hero of the hour," he admitted with a grin. "Women are susceptible to it. Unfortunately it melts like an ice cube when the juice goes off. You'd never guess how your sex appeal suffers when you trade your football suit for brown coveralls."

"You sound bitter."

"Who, me?" he cried in astonishment. "Lord, no! It doesn't mean a thing to me. I know where I'm going I'm on my way. All this hero-worship is part of the day's

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Put a few drops of Va-tro-nol up each nostril and feel the work right where catarrh misery is... bringing quick, soothing relief from mucus.



work. It goes with one of the ways I earn my living."

She watched him while they were at dinner and later at the dance in the armory, and she was compelled to believe that he had told the simple truth. People swarmed about him. They would not let him alone. Girls fought for a chance, a glance, a dance with Beau Bell.

"How do you do it?" asked Carolyn. "Keep your feet on the ground, I mean."

"They were waiting for the orchestra to start the first dance. The huge, barracks-like building was hung with bunting, scarlet and white, the variety colors. Carolyn was wearing a long white moire dress and slender silver sandals with tall red heels. Beau Bell looked at her and flushed.

"It's never been any trouble up to now," he said and swept her out upon the dance floor.

He danced beautifully. Dancing with him, thought Carolyn, you knew his body did exactly what he wished it to do. I could be crazy about him, she told herself in a panic. Nothing like that had ever happened to her before. It was a headlong attraction which made everything he did and said strike her as terribly important.

"His may have been indifferent to all the other girls who have lost their heads about him, but he is not indifferent to me," she told herself, feeling a little giddy and wildly happy. The music had ceased. He proceeded to ignore her for the next two hours. He danced with all the other girls. He cut in on them. He did not come near Carolyn.

She had never been so humiliated in her life. She was convinced that he knew he appealed to her strongly and that he was determined to nip her in the bud. To have him recognize her plight and coolly sidestep it burned her up.

"If he comes near me now," she told herself furiously, "I'll wither him with a glance."

It was the only way to save her pride, she thought. Then she saw him cutting across the dance floor to tap her partner on the shoulder and her heart soared. She was trembling when he took her into his arms. She could not have said the shivering things she had planned to say, not to save her life. They danced in silence, but Carolyn felt as if she had never been alive before.

"You've neglected me," she murmured when the orchestra stopped and he let her go, reluctantly she thought.

"I'm the only guy on the floor who has."

Her cheeks were blazing again. Above all she did not mean to reproach him for keeping out of her way. It was true she had not suffered for partners. She had had a decided rush and she had intended to act as if she talked to notice how Beau avoided her. Instead she had blurted it out like a school girl who knew none of the rules. She made a desperate effort to cover herself.

"It's quite all right. I haven't missed you," she stammered, trying to sound bright and airy and failing to achieve anything like that result.

He looked down at her gravely. "Have you seen Scotty and the Wasp in the last hour?" he asked.

"No," she replied in a startled voice. "Why?"

He smiled. "One of the gang told me just now that Scotty drove off in his car a while ago, toward the Campus Pig—a dive beyond the campus limits which features rotten liquor and a crooked roulette wheel. Scotty's been warned to lay off the place or get kicked out of school."

"Oh!" cried Carolyn. "He's been doing so well here. It would be a shame if he—"

"Sure," said Beau Bell. "The kid has good stuff in him if he had half a chance."

"Rosalie likes to do deckless things."

"From what I can see," snapped Beau Bell, "she's the world's worst influence for Scotty."

Carolyn again looked startled. "You're right for the second time but Mother will expire if they don't marry."

Beau's lips curled. "Because she's high up in the society picture?" Carolyn nodded. "Rosalie makes fun of everything Scotty would be to believe in. When he's had three drinks, he agrees with her. Come on, after them."

She followed along beside him, as meekly as if she were mesmerized, she thought angrily. Carolyn had never been of a meek turn.

"Lead me your wagon, Lumpy," Beau said to a woody youth outside the entrance to the armory.

"Help yourself, big boy!" exclaimed Lumpy, looking flattered.

Beau helped Carolyn into the "condemner." He did not bother to open the door for himself, he stepped over. He never wasted a motion or a word if he could help it, Carolyn observed.

The Campus Pig was a furdive-looking place. However, the parking lot in front was crowded. Among others Carolyn detected Scotty's sport coupe. Her heart sank. He had been so eager to go to the state university. He had seemed happier there than he had seemed in years. Now apparently he was off again, doing the sort of thing which had got him into trouble at every other school he attended.

"Wait here," said Beau curtly. (To Be Continued)

25th. Wedding Anniversary

On Friday evening December 19, 1947, the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen G. Holroyd was invaded by a friendly group of about one hundred residents of Winsloe and vicinity who had decided to honour those leaders in community life on the 25th Anniversary of their wedding.

The bride and groom of other years had been invited by a neighbour to attend a celebration in the Eastern end of the Province, en route some car trouble developed which necessitated returning home. On their arrival, much to the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd, they found their house ablaze with lights and the guests assembled awaiting their return.

The meeting was called to order by Archibald C. Duffett who spoke feelingly regarding the part played in community life by Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd. He then called on Mrs. Wallace Road, who read the following address:

Dear Steve and Annie—Your neighbours and friends in this area, deemed this to be a most fitting time to pay you a visit and congratulate you on having arrived at the 25th milestone in your journey through life together.

It was 25 years ago this evening since you were joined together in Holy Matrimony, and during that time you have had your joys and sorrows. You have watched your family grow to young manhood and womanhood; you have followed their courtship and marriage in the case of two of them and now you have grandchildren visiting you frequently.

Old friends have passed away and others have moved from the community, while new faces have come in to take their place. Through it all you have remained the same—you have retained your youthful outlook on life. Anything pertaining to the welfare of the community has always had your wholehearted support. Your home has been open at all times and no one ever went from your door without a good word for you.

When there was sickness or trouble in any home, the both of you always assisted, and many were cheered by your visits and help. No other couple in the community have done more for the general good or been in any home, the both of you, than yourselves. We wish you to accept this gift as a memento of this occasion, and it will, we trust, convey to you both some idea of the regard in which you are held. It is the sincere wish of the whole district that you may be spared to celebrate your Golden Wedding Anniversary and that we may have the pleasure of being with you again at that time.

She was assisted by Mrs. O. W. Campbell who presented the bride and groom with a chest of silver and a pair of silver candlesticks. Mr. and Mrs. Holroyd expressed their appreciation and thanks to the assemblage and hope that all those present would be around to assist them in celebrating their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to a general sing-song, cards and refreshments. About 1:30 A. M. the party broke up and each departing guest was presented with a generous portion of the beautifully decorated wedding cake which had adorned the center table in the living room, and was also a present to the happy couple.

Rubber Boots For Misses and Children

Bright finish Net lined Solid heels

Misses sizes 11 to 2 --- 2.89

Children's sizes 8 to 10 --- 2.39



PEMBROKE, Wales — (CP) — The island of Skomer, Skokholm and Grassholm where important colonies of sea-birds are found, have been classified as a national reserve.

SUNDERLAND, England — (CP) — Eleven pearls — one of which will be mounted in her engagement ring — were found in a tin of Norwegian sandwich spread by Helena Angliis.

HAMSTERLEY, Durham Eng- land — (CP) — Millions of trees to provide wood pulp and pit props have been planted on Hamsterley Moor formerly a favorite grouse-shooting moor.

Leading auto makers switch to new kind of tire

Call Super-Cushion by Goodyear greatest tire advance in 15 years

Bigger, softer tire runs on only 24 pounds of air... gives incredibly smoother ride, amazing new comfort, safety and mileage.



EVERY day more and more new 1948 cars are rolling off the production lines equipped with a new kind of tire.

Auto engineers who tested this new tire... the Super-Cushion by Goodyear... said: "We want this tire for our new cars... now!" Here's why:

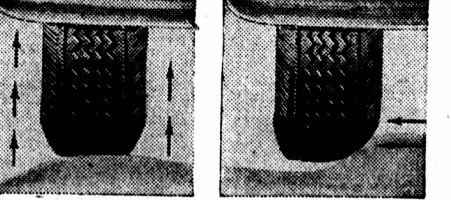
First tire to lick lateral shock

After the tests these engineers were openly excited. "It really absorbs lateral shock," they said. "No tire ever did it satisfactorily before!"

Springs and conventional tires absorb up-and-down shock. But until Goodyear produced the Super-Cushion, lateral (crosswise) shock was one of the few things yet to be licked in the modern motor car. Pillowy Super-Cushions soak up crosswise jolts.

To you, the motorist, this means a sensationally new luxury ride... far less fatigue... less wear and tear on your car from engine to body bolts.

Super-Cushions blot out shocks, help prevent rattles, lengthen the life of your car.



Until Goodyear produced the Super-Cushion, lateral (crosswise) shock was one of the few things yet to be licked in the modern motor car.

Super-Cushions soak up both kinds of shock, give an unbelievably smooth ride, better car handling, cut wear and tear on your car!

An incredibly softer ride—easier, safer car handling

The Super-Cushion is a bigger, softer tire. It holds more air, but runs on only 24 pounds of air pressure... instead of the usual 28 to 32. It gives a softer ride, an unbelievably smoother ride... not only on bad roads but even on good roads.

Super-Cushions bring you indescribable new ease and security. Your car hugs the road better... seems to float through traffic. On a small car Super-Cushions give you the ride and feeling of security you get in a big car... they make big cars ride even better.

Super-Cushions are safer—give more mileage

Super-cushions literally flow along the road. You get safer steering, easier handling... especially on curves. Since they're softer, they "roll with the punch," are harder to cut or bruise, have extra blowout resistance.

Table showing Super-Cushion Tires are BIGGER! with columns for Conventional Size and Super-Cushion Size, listing various tire sizes and their replacements.

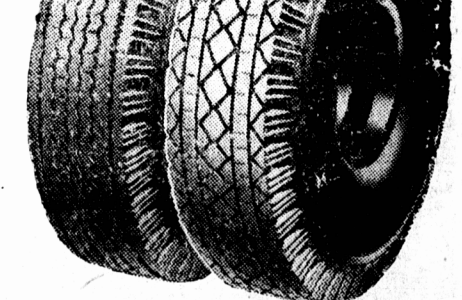
The Super-Cushion is an altogether new KIND of tire. Leading car makers found it made an astonishing improvement in motor car operation. Then they said:

"We want this tire for our new cars—now!" In 1948 Super-Cushions will be standard equipment on a large share of Canada's best-known automobiles.

Super-Cushions run cooler, build up less pressure, give greater mileage than the finest standard tires.

Super-Cushions on new cars

Your new car may have Super-Cushions. If so you are already enjoying an incredibly smoother ride. If you have yet to order your new car take a tip... insist on Super-Cushions... a new kind of tire for a new kind of ride.



Super-Cushions run on only 24 pounds of air as against 28 to 32 pounds in most tires.

The new Super-Cushion by GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES. THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND