



COLD GOT YOU ALL STUFFED-UP?

Do This Quick for Relief!

If you are sneezing and sniffling from a cold... all stuffed-up, with your nose and throat raw and sore—combat this distress, as thousands do, by gargling with new Pepsodent Antiseptic.

The reason it's recommended is this: Standard laboratory tests prove new Pepsodent Antiseptic kills millions of germs that go with colds. The very type of germs that many medical authorities say often heighten the misery and prolong the effects of a cold.

Isn't it only common sense then, to gargle with new Pepsodent Anti-

septic at first sign of a cold! What better way to combat millions of germs that swarm on mouth and throat surfaces as far back as you can reach... back where illness often strikes first!

To treat a cold this sensible way: Get plenty of rest, avoid exposure, dress warmly, drink plenty of liquids... and gargle frequently with new Pepsodent Antiseptic. See if you don't relieve discomfort almost at once!

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

M. V. PRINCE NOVA

SCHEDULE CHANGES EFFECTIVE NOVEMBER 4. The Connecting Link Between Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island

1945 NOVA SCOTIA - PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND FERRY SERVICE WOOD ISLANDS, P.E.I. CARIBOU, N. S.

LUNCHES SERVED (5 Miles from Pictou)

SAILING SCHEDULE (DAILY INCLUDING SUNDAY) ALL SAILINGS STANDARD TIME

Leave Wood Islands	9 a. m.	1 p. m.
Leave Caribou	11 a. m.	5 p. m.

NORTHUMBERLAND FERRIES LIMITED

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

HELLEN'S DIARY

(Continued from Page 2)

James is bound to ask me: later: "And are the Y's gone yet?" and "How are the Y's along?" the more thoroughly to gauge the approach of Winter. We spoke of the sick, those ill at home or in hospital and also of service lads from the community still overseas. We discussed recent weddings and "never saw the like of" the epidemic of showers. We talked of the daughters in college or absent in other places. We talked with interest of newcomers to the district and we also remembered those who had gone away from us with regret. I suppose our Aid is typical of almost any gathering of women in any Island farm community and our interests are almost identical with

theirs. Marthas, we are—and Marys working for the welfare of Church and district; for school and home.

As I said it was rather dark when I walked along the lane homing. No welcoming beacon shone from any window and the strange silence of a place asleep hovered above it all. James had retired. His work boots wrinkled and worn are beside his old arm chair, his cap and jacket tossed to the couch beside. Stillness is mine. And now a bed creaks—on—on—on. James turning—a weary body seeking a more comfortable pose. Be still, beating heart of mine! "Ellen" he calls fretfully "Didn't you hear that clock strike?" I did—the witching midnight hour. Until tomorrow — Diary—Good night.

Young April

by Dorothy Chadwick

CHAPTER XX

In the following days Miss Palmer found herself thinking about young Ben Frontice a good deal like father, like son? She herself had been most favorably impressed by the boy on the few occasions when she had seen him. And yet there was that stubborn-looking brush of hair of his; that very direct pair of eyes; that uncompromising manner. Aunt Bea sighed. Maybe Ben would turn into another Edwin Frontice. And if he did, heaven protect the woman who married him.

Observing her niece she came to the conclusion that Phoebe was in a very doubtful frame of mind toward the young man herself, though the child offered no further confidences. And considering everything Miss Palmer felt that the best thing for Phoebe to do would be to stay away from Ben for a while. She encouraged Phoebe to prolong her visit, and with this in mind she wrote a long letter to Caroline. "I hate to, but I suppose I'd better be going home," Phoebe was saying one evening when a week had passed.

Miss Palmer looked up from the jig-saw puzzle—she adored puzzles and cared less than a snap that no one did them any more—and said cheerfully, "But if you hate to go why go? You know I love having you."

"But I don't think I ought to keep you hanging around when you're so busy, Aunt Bea. And you keep giving me dinners in your restaurant."

"Nonsense," Bea paused to pounce on a piece that had been invisible for ten minutes and was right under her nose all the time. "But if it would make you feel better, you could help me."

"How?" "In the restaurant. The girl who usually comes to help with the salads and desserts for dinner has just left. I've got to find another, so if you think you'd like to do it yourself, you can."

"Oh, Aunt Bea. You know I'd love to." Phoebe's visit was prolonged indefinitely, and late each afternoon she walked across Washington Square to the restaurant on West Ninth Street. Sometimes she sat at the cashier's table by the door collecting dinner checks and counting out change from the dimes and quarters and nickels in the red lacquered cash box. But usually she was in the kitchen fixing salads for Maitre who hovered impatiently with his tray waiting for her to fill his order, handing out desserts to Maitre and George, watching Anna rule the waiters with an iron hand and a sardonic quirk on her eyebrows and her lips.

Caroline's letters arrived almost daily, and there were long ones from her father which were somehow comforting though he never mentioned any trouble. But Ruth didn't write—except for the short note telling Phoebe that her father had left the hospital and they were moving into Aunt Bea's house—and Phoebe was a little hurt. Then one day Ruth came into New York to see her.

Aunt Bea happened to be out

shopping, and the two girls sat facing each other feeling a little strange in the apartment living room. Phoebe asked Ruth how her father was.

"Well, he's still in bed, but he's getting better all the time. This pneumonia is nice."

"Do you suppose you'll be able to keep warm there in winter?" "Oh, I think so. It's got beaver-board, you know, and a little stove. We'll get along all right."

They looked at each other in silence. "Ruth, why don't you tell me about everything?" Phoebe asked finally. "You've only written me one letter."

Ruth looked down at her pocket book and smoothed it. "I know—I—I couldn't seem to write. I did start a lot of letters, but—oh, Phoebe," she said suddenly, "aren't you engaged to Ben any more?"

Phoebe jumped up and went over to the window. "No—no."

"But just the same," Phoebe persisted stubbornly, "he shouldn't have done it in the first place. He didn't have to have anything to do with it if he didn't want to. How do you know? Maybe his father paid him for doing it."

Ruth's face flamed. "How can you say a thing like that! You know it's not true and I just won't sit here and let you say such mean things about Ben."

"Well, if he was doing such a noble thing," Phoebe whirled around from the window, her cheeks bright too, "why didn't he tell me? Why should he hide such an important thing as that for days and days?"

"Because he was afraid to tell you, Phoebe. Ben is perfectly miserable without you. You ought to see him. He looks like a wreck."

Phoebe gazed down at her tightly clasped hands. The idea of Ben looking like a wreck was hard to bear. "I'm sorry," she said at last in a small voice. "But—I can't help it."

"You mean you don't love him any more?" "I don't know."

Ruth looked at Phoebe's watery brown head. Strangely, her eyes filled with tears. "Well, I guess," she said, "you still must, or else you'd know."

There was pandemonium in the kitchen. The restaurant was full and tables called and flushed and rushed in and out through the green swinging doors and stammered almost unintelligible orders to Anna. And into all the confusion walked Henrietta Austin.

Henrietta had arrived to talk for hours about Peter who was still on tour with the orchestra. She sank into the chair Phoebe used when she had a minute to sit down, and looked around with relish at the excitement.

"Oh, Phoebe, I thought of the most marvelous plan. So I can marry Peter. I mean you know I've been half mad because Peter won't marry me unless I live on what he makes, and Uncle says I can't marry Peter because I couldn't begin to live on twenty-five dollars a week. Of course nobody considers me at all. And so I've decided to throw down the gauntlet to Uncle."

"Throw down the gauntlet?" Phoebe had no idea what Henrietta was talking about, and she felt tired and a little cold, and her mother's letter had depressed her that morning by its hint of financial difficulties at home, and all in all she wasn't just in the mood to be a match for Henrietta's exuberance.



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AGNEW STRASS

BOATING HOUSE

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sobey, of London, live in what might be called a "boating house"—a seat motor coach without the motor and with good tires on all six wheels. In it they can roam where they will go. They were bombed out of their house at Margate, so Mr. Sobey bought a smart blue motor coach, took out the seats and sold them, installed a neat little kitchen stove and set up their home at Lewis, ham, southwest London. Next spring they may move their "boating house" into the warm, sunny places of Hampshire.

BE DISCRIMINATING IN COLOR CHOICE

The right colors are the most complimentary, yet too few people choose the colour which flatters them most, picking instead the color they respond to emotionally. Here are some color suggestions by the Lux Educational Bureau which will help you look your best. Pale blondes—should choose pale or medium shades, such as clear blue, black, grayed blue, pale yellow clear pink. Red-haired girls—should choose

bronze green, grayed green, navy blue, warm browns, black and white combinations	and black with ivory. Gray haired women—look smart in navy blue, rose gray, grayed green, grayed blue, violet, red, pink rose beige and black with white.	deepest olive green dull pink pale peach clear red or grayed rose.	investigating treatment of war wounds has evolved a technique of dressing wounds with a cod liver oil-sulphanamide paste and a sulphanilamide impregnated pad. The method was given an extensive clinical trial in Burma and is being adopted as a routine treatment.
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TILLIE THE TOILER

TILLIE YOU MUSTN'T BE SO OBSESSED WITH JOURNALISM

EXCUSE ME, HUSH

ARRRINS

TILLIE, THERE'S A BIG FIRE OVER ON THE SOUTH SIDE

WILL GO RIGHT NOW, MR. WADE

WHY, HENRI?

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DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN FREEDOM OF THE PRESS?

By Webster