

START THE DAY THIS New WAY



You'll be 'up and coming' everyday—once you've tried popular VITA-B Cereal. Delicious—energy-giving and so economical!

NEW ECONOMY PACKAGE
One Pound 10¢
3 Pound Size 25¢

It's OGILVIE-It's GOOD!

Ellen's Diary
(Continued from Page 8)

Eddie was a rummy. Moran was a calloused sailor-of-fortune; and the "Queen Conch" was only a thirty-six feet of power boat. But among the three they managed to run the yacht blockade with a cargo of souls that was hotter than brimstone.

"To Have And Have Not," a Howard Hawks production and Warner Bros. latest adventure romance which opened last night at the Capitol Theatre with cast headed by Humphrey Bogart, is the story of that run. And of the men and women living between the horns of "iners of the Gestapo on Marinique."

More than a tale of adventure, "To Have And Have Not" is also the love story.

GRAPEVINE RUMOURS

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT ITS QUALITY?

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT ITS RICHNESS?

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT ITS FLAVOUR?

It's The Best Grape Juice Value in Canada

Everybody's talking about Jordan's... tasting it, testing it, praising it. For here's a grape juice to every taste... made from delicious grapes specially developed by Jordan... superb in quality... matchless in full-bodied flavour... rich and wholesome pleasure-drink that retains all the essential properties of the natural grape.

TRY A BOTTLE TODAY... IT'S CANADA'S CHOICE

JORDAN GRAPE JUICE

JORDAN WINE COMPANY LIMITED, JORDAN, ONTARIO

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds



FISH MARKET

"Certainly it's fresh-see, I'm wrapping it in today's 'Canadian West Ad'!"

Living & Leisure
THE WOMAN'S REALM

SERVICE
Small service is true service while casts. Of humblest friends bright creases score nos. one. The day, by the shadow that it casts. Protections the lingering dew drops from the sun.

HOME EDUCATION
Junior's Report Card
By Trella Dick

It just had to come and see you about Junior after he brought home this dreadful report card. Mrs. James held out the offending card and surveyed the teaching with an almost ballroom glare from beneath her worried brows. "I simply can't understand after all the attention I've given him."

"I'm glad you come," I wish you had come sooner," Mrs. Bentley teased said earnestly. "I wish too, that you had come in school time so you could see Junior at work."

"Of course," Mrs. James was already somewhat mollified by the other's cordiality—"the card really isn't so bad. He has good grades in all his subjects, but I don't like those low marks in conduct—even if they aren't so important."

"Not important?" The teacher stared at her as if she had not heard aright.

"Well, not important compared to his arithmetic and geography and—"

"My dear Mrs. James," interrupted the other, "let me assure you that those conduct marks are fully as important as the other grades—fully," she repeated emphatically. "They show me the child's progress in citizenship—his attitude toward others—his self-control—his ability to discipline himself and to accept the schoolroom discipline in the proper spirit."

Mrs. James looked at her in alarm. "Don't tell me Junior's lacking in all those things. Why that makes him sound like a—like an outlaw. Junior's not a bad boy."

Miss Bentley smiled reassuringly. "No," indeed, he's not. But he hasn't yet learned that the schoolroom is no place for playing. He learns his lessons quickly and then he plays and annoys those around him. I've moved him several times but that is no solution. I've been seriously thinking of giving him some extra work to do."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. James, "don't do that! It takes all my evenings now to get his problems done, and to hear him spell his words."

Miss Bentley looked at her in amazement. "Do you mean to tell me Junior works his problems at home?"

"Certainly—every night—and does his spelling. I insist on that much. Then I know—"

"Now I know," Miss Bentley interrupted a trifle irritably. "I know just why Junior has been something of a problem. He has—"

plenty of time for his work in school. Mrs. James. He's been used to for play because you 'insisted' on his doing his work at home."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. James. "Why that makes me the cause of those low marks on his card."

Miss Bentley nodded. "All unwittingly and with the best of intentions, you were."

"It's no wonder," she's irresponsible in school," she continued. "I've tried to teach the children to use their time thriflyly here—not waste it. He needs to form work habits for the hours he is in the schoolroom—not for the preceding hours after school. When parents insist on the child's studying at home, they defeat our efforts—unless of course, the child is older than the average and needs extra time. But Junior isn't. I wish Mrs. James would try letting him do his work in school. It may take a little time for him to settle down to good work habits but now that I know the cause of his trouble, I can help him to do this."

"You certainly put things in my light," Mrs. James replied. "And I think I'll have a talk with those who had conducted market here where I help him get some more work leaving him alone."

"Well, both help," responded Miss Bentley with a pleasant smile. "Thank you so much for coming. Parents and teachers can smooth out so many difficulties by setting together. See how much this little talk has helped us both to understand Junior."

Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 46th Street, New York City.

KIND AND CHARMING

Two young men at a big function made a bet that the host and hostess were so tired of murmuring "propaganda" that they took in very little of what was said to them. One of the young men, a handsome fellow, pointed out. As he reached the distinguished couple he bowed and said: "I murdered your mother this morning." "To meet you," said the host, beaming the sea beam. "This is my wife."

The charming young man scarcely had time to straighten his face before he bowed over the hostess's face and said: "I murdered your father!" he said.

"What kind!" murmured the tired woman. "Charming of you."

GEM OF HAPPINESS

Canadian Mining Journal writing on late, says: Jade, like the other gemstones, is of irregular shape by means of sawing, drilling or grinding, and for this reason is called a "rough gem." It is a root-treasure. Its tools have to be fed continuously with a mixture of water and fine sand. The hard water of jade makes this technique easier and it is the tools which remain fixed in the carrying which is turned as required. The carver does not clamp down a rough piece of jade and proceed to work upon it; he clamps down the tools and brings the jade block to them. The most delicate operations which demand the utmost nicety of judgment and skill.

Cook's Corner

PEEL LOAF CAKE

A nice expression of the sort of cake you cut in slices or strips and serve as finger-food. The peel is evenly and well suspended... and of course it governs the flavor of the cake to a great extent.

1 cup sifted cake flour
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup butter, silvered candied peels
7 tablespoons shortening
1 cup fine granulated sugar
4 egg-yolks
3/8 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring

Measure an sift together three times, the flour, baking powder, salt and mace; add the peels and mix until all the bits of peel are separated and coated with flour mixture. Cream the shortening and gradually blend in the sugar; cream well together. Beat the egg-yolks until thick and light, add creamed mixture, a little at a time, beating well after each addition.

Combine the milk, vanilla and almond flavoring.

Add the dry ingredients to the creamed mixture, alternating with the flavored milk, and combine after each addition.

Turn batter into a buttered and lightly floured loaf pan (4 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches, top inside measure). Bake at rather slow oven, 325 degrees, about 1 1/2 hours.

HOUSEHOLD USE No. 30

JAVEX DEODORIZES AND DISINFECTS
—AS IT CLEANS!

Javex cleans, whitens, deodorizes, removes stains. And it's death to germs! Liquid Sunshine for the laundry, kitchen and bathroom.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST

Javex
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT

Don't Make This Mistake When Child is Constipated

Don't upset a child already upset by constipation with nasty-casting laxatives. The new corrective made especially for growing youngsters, made so pleasant to take—acts so gently and naturally without causing those reactions that are so distressing to child and parent. The formula is child won't object to take. Make laxative-taking a joy for the child. Get Children's Own Tablets today at your druggist.

Don't Make This Mistake When Child is Constipated

Both hours of harmonized and delicious fragrances give life to her bathroom and pleasure to her tubbing. In delightful scents...

A—Dusting Powder, New Geranium Soap and Bath Oil, \$3.00
B—June Geranium Bath Soap and Dusting Powder, \$2.25
C—Both Oil, Bath Oil and June Geranium Soap, \$3.00
D—Blue Grass Flower Mist and Dusting Powder, \$3.50
E—White Orchid Flower Mist and Dusting Powder, \$3.25

PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS

Johnson & Johnson
DRUGGISTS
FLOOR 23, 146 Kent Street

If The Bough Breaks

By LOIS MONTROSE

CHAPTER V

Alone with Alladin, her white cockatoo, Tam remembered carefully what she had told her sister Annabelle and what she had concealed. Perhaps it had been a mistake to mention the Toc-Toc, but Annabelle would never trouble to find the wayward little street called Ringold Place. All this part of the city—the intimate narrow streets, tree-lined and the slender brick houses with green or faded turquoise shutters and iron railings and marble doorsteps scrubbed lastly by colored men, and old gas lamps, and cobblestones, and the sky blushing clean behind low gray church towers and a hurdy-gurdy grinder. The Toc-Toc was a small shop looked waggish—all this part of the city had been unknown to the Desjardins. He had come to the Academy of Music of course, and the Art Alliance, and somebody had once visited an exhibit at the School of Industry.

But what lay beyond and about Broad and Pine Streets Tam was first to discover, when she was late here, in regard to Chestnut Hill, as if she had gone to Montmartre.

But a pattern had begun the moment she took rooms in Lattimer Street. The second day, while arranging the apartment, she had heard a piano overhead. She sat back on her heels beside a trunk and listened ardently to Brahms. Then came Bach and one of Mozart's sonatas. The front door bell rang and the piano was furiously silent. She pushed her door ajar, thinking it might be the man with the Rumbling down the stairs who had the thin, melancholy fellow who had realized that he had been divulging that someone ecstasy at the piano. She observed him more closely: ruffled brown hair, a nose she pressed against, and white strong throat, and sulky eyes of an evasive color. "Was it me?" she asked. "No," he said. "It was a colored man who wanted fifty cents to get his father out of the mosque. I never heard that one before, did you?" The conversation grew casual, even gay. Only a few days later she asked her carelessly to come along with him to the Toc-Toc. He played the piano and she played the piano. And so she watched him play his hands across and almost vicious upon the keys of the tiny upright in the restaurant. She was always at her good breeding which conveyed itself to strangers, to remain aloof.

And of course there was always a figure. If he disliked anybody he fixed them with his eyes and played very softly. It was a way he had of intimidating people.

But one night when he was late and Tam was sitting in her booth waiting to order dinner a young man appeared with great confidence and a splendid back-ground of highballs. He was in evening clothes, and he was, she knew, a member of the world she was trying to escape. He didn't however recognize Tam as close beside her, but his hand on her knee and ordered two Martinis. "How am I doing?" he asked. "Still go on from here?" "Instead of turning to get from one corner of his mouth, "You aren't doing so well. And I think you'll go on from here."

"Huh?" said the young man

"Good-bye," said Tam. "Listen, darling," he said "how about it? We'll leave this rotten place and go to a club. I don't know how I got here anyway. What do you say?"

"Oh, come on," said the stranger laughing, he tried to pull her up and suddenly was surprised by a swiftness of the waiter's hand on his shoulder. The red carnation fell from his lapel and was trampled in the confusion of his abrupt exodus. In a few moments the waiter returned, and although he was breathing a little swiftly he asked calmly enough for her order.

"Thank you," she said, although she was ungrateful. "But how did you know I'd never met him before?"

"I didn't," he said. To her further astonishment he murmured to himself. "A man makes no noise over a good deed, but passes on to another as a vine to bear grapes again. In season. Then he had the quality handed her the menu and remarked with stiff precision, almost as if his mind were clicking in his head together. "The bluefish is very good tonight, Miss."

"Thank you," she said, with such remote deference that she was mute, almost intimidated. She was glad when Mademoiselle Pierrille came to her table to eat a hasty sandwich before starting to play.

He had a dazed expression; he was far from being gossamer thoughts from this coarse-fibered word. He glanced at her indifferently, and he said, "I'm glad the look was bounced. Those stupid people—total lights from St. David's, Chestnut Hill, and the Main Line—why do they wander in here? They make trouble because they think we're just a couple of Bohemians and anything goes. I don't mind the blimp rotarian quite so much."

"Tam, do you know what kept me from going to the first faint murmuring of a symphony. I began to write one of the movements. I—Tam, since you came I've been thinking all the time. I can't go on here much longer. It robs me of all that roars and sound. Do you know what I mean? Do tell me you know what I mean. Lips parted with awe. She said breathlessly: "You will be great—you will be a Chopin."

"Who in heck would want to be a Chopin in this day and age? Really, I'm thinking of the future. I am hearing the music of machinery and electricity and war set in the schools and motor horns and you give the Chopin. Petis, Valise! He had the soul of a drawing room at twilight. Her eyes shone in an ill-fitting suit but wearing confidence like a halo. "I'm sorry I have to go now. Really, I'm thinking of the future. I play jazz tonight; with that vigorous movement in my ears I starve first. Wait around until I'm through will you?"

"I have to go to Professor Dudley's this evening."

"That's all right," he said. And he wandered toward the beastly little piano Tam observed his loose-jointed figure, his stooping shoulders, his broad-shouldered manner, with warm fascination. If he only his mother, a cool, efficient business woman, under derided him more. Mrs. Anna Pierrille wouldn't allow him to play at the piano after breakfast, a bourgeois woman. She was afraid he would disturb the other people in the house.

A daring idea came to Tam. She would buy a piano, one of those new little spinnet spinnets for him. He couldn't, of course, bring his huge old concert grand into her crowded sitting room. But she would buy the upright on the installment plan—a system into which she had cautiously delved recently. "You come and work as late as he wished—nobody was below and Mrs. Pierrille couldn't, in all conscience, object."

As she went out he smiled at her. "So, good night. Some of These Days You're Going to Miss Me, Honey. It was curious how the little drive to the black and white keys into a bawdy homesickness, a strident pathos, expressing his desire for the white face upturned to music nobody else could hear."

Domestic Gorge, the proprietor of intermediate nationality, said good night to Tam with respect for a bow from the unidentical waist. Since the moment Tam had appeared he had given her respectful consideration.

Miss O'Shanter, he had known as once, was gentle. He stammered to her therefore and liked her patronage and he kept puzzling over the name O'Shanter. What had he heard of? That old bartender, of course, who later ran the Palais Duchesse—too, of course, this woman—why couldn't be connected with him.

"So, good night. Mademoiselle Sierrina," said Tam, using his playful nickname for her with an affected accent. "I hope you have not respected a bow from the young man this evening."

She stopped and said, hesitatingly, "No, because the waiter was so quick. He seems unusual."

"He is not unusual," said Gorge. "I've known him since he was a boy for three years now. Dependable."

"What does he study?"

"Oh, let me see—can I remember? Chemistry, perhaps. He claims that he teaches too, of his year to the degree of a doctor. So he says. But I trust no one."

His eyes followed her as she walked out. That one," he observed to the bar tender, "let her come here? Why does she come here?"

Concocting an old-fashioned bartending anecdote, "The name of Nat Pierrille, I guess. Women are funny."


(To Be Continued)



HOW TO SAVE MONEY ON COSMETICS

Poor health, a pallid complexion and dry, rough, unattractive skin often result from lack of vitamins A and C in your diet. Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice is an excellent source of these vitamins. Drink it every day—the vitamins will help protect your health and promote quick healing of skin blemishes. They are the scientific way to radiant health and naturally lovely complexion which goes with it. Libby's is a grand appetizer, too, for the goodness and flavour of fresh, ripe tomatoes are captured in every glassful.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if you don't agree that Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Products—Juice, Catchup, Chili Sauce and Soup—are the best you've ever tasted.



Libby's Gentle Press TOMATO JUICE

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY OF CANADA, LIMITED • Chatham, Ontario

LUMBER WANTED
For Kings County Hospital

SEALED TENDERS to be marked "TENDERS FOR LUMBER" and addressed to the King's County Hospital, Montague, P. E. I., will be received up to December 20th, 1945, for the following quantities of Spruce Lumber:

Section A. 400 pcs. 2" x 10" x 15.5' D2E
200 pcs. 2" x 10" x 8.5' D2E

Section B. 36 pcs. 2" x 8" x 9' D2S
180 pcs. 2" x 8" x 15.5' D2E
90 pcs. 2" x 8" x 9' D2E

Section C. 6000 L.F. 2" x 6" D2S2E
1250 pcs. 2" x 6" x 9' D2E

Section D. 4800 L.F. 2" x 4" D2S2E
180 pcs. 2" x 4" x 15.5' D2E
800 pcs. 2" x 4" x 9' D2E

Section E. 7-8" Spruce T&G 16,000 F.B.M.

Section F. 7-8" Spruce Sq. Edge 11,500 F.B.M.

to be delivered in Montague, at a place to be designated, on or before the 15th of March, 1946.

Tenders may be made for one or more sections or for the entire lot but the price for each item shall be separately stated.

The Lowest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

JESSIE MCKENDRICK, Secretary.
The King's County Hospital.