

Ladies... Here's A Tip, If He's A DEMON FOR COMFORT! HE'LL APPRECIATE THIS GIFT! Most men have an obsession... they go into a state of frenzy at the thought of tight and binding shorts. Here's how to truly win his admiration... just let him slip into a pair of these shorts and he'll know that you're the most considerate little woman in the whole wide world. The Men's Store MOORE & McLEOD Limited The Store of Ten Thousand Gifts

WOMEN OF BRITAIN INSPIRED BY A HEROIC TRADITION

(Written by Winifred Holmes for the British Ministry of Information) One rough, wind-whipped September morning, just over 100 years ago, the packet-boat "Porfiriar" with 63 souls on board, struck an outlying rock of the treacherous Farn Islands off the Northumberland coast. A crash—a surge of waves over the decks and 43 men and women were washed overboard and drowned. On another island of the group, a young woman cleaning the lenses of a Longstone Light, high up in a tall white lighthouse perched precariously on a rocky promontory, looked out to sea and saw the wreck. She rushed down and saw the light-house keeper, her father, and together they launched their small boat and rowed out through the storm to the survivors' rescue. Only special strength and skill and great courage could have taken them through the heavy sea safely, but they managed to reach the foundering ship and pick up four men and one woman who were clinging desperately to the wreckage and bring them back in safety to the lighthouse. Another journey brought more survivors whom the girl nursed back to strength. And so Grace Darling won the gold medal of the Lanes and became one of the most popular heroines of our school-time history books. Today we love the story of her and her father's actions because they show the same qualities of courage, skill and endurance every day and every night. Each morning hundreds of girls and women in Britain put on their uniforms of Red Cross nurses, Ambulance Drivers, Auxiliary Fire Service, Air Raid Wardens and auxiliaries attached to the fighting services. The W. A. F. S. is attached to the R. F. W. S. E. N. S. to the Navy the A. T. S. to the Army—and sally forth through bombs and gunfire to their duties. They do it without thinking consciously of the great tradition of being heroic; it is everyday life for us now in England. But sometimes out of it all stands forth a deed of special bravery, such as that of Grace Darling's, which wins special honours. There is Peggy Prince, for instance, a girl of 22 who lives in the sea in Sussex. During the war she drives an ambulance and is a member of the Red Cross and paddled canoes by the sea. On August 14 a British bomber crashed into the Channel and sank in three minutes. A motorboat carrying the crew was nearby and the crew, but others struggled helplessly in the water. Peggy, seeing the accident from the land, set off at once in her canoe, accompanied by a soldier, but arriving at the spot where the bomber had sunk they could see no sign of life and returned to shore. Peggy, however, was not satisfied and paddled out once again. This time alone—to have a last look. She was rewarded by finding one man, the sergeant wireless operator, clinging to a buoy. She managed to pull him, exhausted as he was, into the tiny canoe thus saving his life. For this she has been decorated with the O. B. E. Then there is 21-year-old Mary Corish, a London music teacher who volunteered to escort children going to Canada. When the "City of Benares" was torpedoed she rushed down to the cabins of the children in her charge and got them to safety. The National Unity party and Germans and Italians of military age who were in Canada at the start of the war and who might be expected either to try to get out or make trouble. The public knows little about them. Unless they are of great prominence or win a little temporary notoriety by an escape or an attempt at an escape the public never knows their name. These persons live under constant guard behind the high barbed wire fences of Canadian internment camps. They are there because they were captured fighting in the forces of the enemy or because they are civilians considered a menace to the security of Canada or Great Britain. Some of them—officials won't say how many—are women. They have separate quarters from the male internees. In the camps planning means of escape is the major pre-occupation of the bolder spirits. Otherwise they pass the time working, reading, talking, playing games, writing or studying. Transfer of several thousand prisoners from Britain to camps in Canada boosted the scale of the Dominion's internment operations far beyond what was anticipated at the start of the Second Great War. During the First Great War the peak of internment saw only some 2,000 held in Canada. The various groups are segregated in different camps. The combatants because international treaty prescribes certain treatment for officers and men who are prisoners of war, and the civilians for convenience. It is the combatant group which has furnished most of the excitement in connection with internment. In this group there have been 16 attempts at escape. All but one are back in custody and the one, Ernest Mueller, is dead, shot when he resisted capture in the North-western Ontario bush. Two attempts at escape from the Canadian internment camp at Kananasnik ended with capture of the men. Prisoner's Pay Officer prisoners of war cannot be required to work and are entitled to their army pay from the Canadian government which in turn bills the British government. The British government balances off the pay of German officer prisoners in Germany by the German government. The officers do not get the cash but credit is given them on the books of the camp. Out of their credits they must buy clothing and any luxuries which are admitted camps under regulations. Combatant prisoners without status can be required to work but not on anything contributing to the prosecution of the war. They must attend to their own needs, do their own cooking, and keep their quarters clean. For that, they get no pay for their work, such as road-building, wood-cutting and farm work, they get 2 cents a day, again in credit, not cash. Civilian prisoners are not protected by international agreement but in Canada they are treated much the same as non-officer combatant prisoners. They get 20 cents a day for work other than camp

THE Gift Wife By RUPERT HUGHES

"Too bad, old man," he said, "I'm rather fond of the liquid myself, but I take it in sips." "Don't waste time sympathizing with me," Jebb broke in; "think of the child." "You know, I believe we've heard of her from another source." "You have! You mean she's found?" "Yes, we've just heard that she was lost. We got a circular note from the American consul in Vienna. He had had word from the Austrian police." "My friend von Hellwald put them on the track. Have they heard anything?" "No. They've just begun to pretend to look. And here's the circular." He took from a pigeonhole a sheet of paper. "You see, it says 'Wanted, information of Cecilia Baxter.' " "It is! It is! That's her!" "Jebb insisted. 'And not Cecilia, but Cynthia.' " "Rosen tossed the circular to Jebb. " "O Lord! Jebb groaned, 'they've missed the name.' He looked furtive. "And got the description wrong! She doesn't look useless, useless." "Suddenly Rosen was startled by a new idea: " "You say the child's real name was not Baxter, but Thatcher?" "Yes, Thatcher." "Any relation to that pigeonhole for a card, 'to John Thatcher, of Berlin'?" "That's her father." "Is that so?" "Yes. How did you get his name?" "It was like this. A few weeks ago, when I was in London, I was in the outskirts of town came in here with a Gladstone bag—" "A Gladstone bag?" "Yes, same as the one you carried, now that I come to think of it. The Turk—Hafiz Mustafa was his name—he took to America as he was a little khan and read English a little. He came here with a Gladstone bag full of papers. He told a long cock-and-bull story about some American gentleman who had left them with him and never came back. The Turk came here to see about it. He wouldn't leave the bag, but he let us look through it. There were a lot of blueprints and mechanical drawings with the name of John Thatcher on them. I made a note of the name and promised to keep it in mind." "Where can you find the fellow?" "I can't wait to see him. Where is he to be found?" "His name is Hafiz Mustafa and he keeps a little khan out near the Adriatic Gate, close to the Mosque of Mirima. Better go to the foot of the case and take one of the Golden Horn steamers—they run every fifteen minutes—get off at Avian Serai, this side of Eyub, and then go west through the Green Bazaar. While you're up there you ought to see the wonderful cemetery of Eyub and the old landwall." "I don't want to see any cemeteries. I want to see that Turkish wrestler with the Gladstone bag. Good afternoon." CHAPTER IX "At last the effendi is on the job!" Mrs. Thatcher was sitting in a ponderous Turk at the door of a shabby khan. The man had all the look of a retired athlete, whose sinews and muscles had degenerated into swaddles of fat. He recognized Jebb on the instant, and he was big enough to put his hands on his own account; but Jebb could not say a word of it. Hafiz Mustafa bustled about making coffee and preparing a narghile for his honored guest. He spoke what English he had with a strong flavor of the B-wery, in those days when he had picked up his smattering. "How do you like my little khan, eh? He is not so worse, I think, than the one I had in New York City, eh? For long time I had a how they say?—a bash-house on Washington Street. Yes, set lots of the long green in America and buy that little bash-house from an Osmanli who is home-seeking for Stamboul. Bine-by I got at last I sell out for big pile of dough and come home. Eet ees not such a much business here, but I can't see and think. Eet ees a small walk out to the beeg fields where the tombstones is nice to see on and smoke and dream the nice long dream. And she is out there, my little hanim what I bring from America." "You brought your wife from America?" "Evet, effendim—I mean, sure, Mike, I bring her. She is dancer in music hall on Bowery." "Not on your life, Bo. She is pure American blood; comes from the great city of Westchester. I see her dance one night, I think she is mos' beautiful theeng what ever ees—she wear the leetle trunks and she seek tights and the spangles. She ees enjoy it. Bine-by, she ees love me, too, and we get married. She says she ees sick of that terrible bash-house she buy me. One day she is make coffee in those beeg boiler they have in America and the water spills over, and she is tar-rible—how do you say?—scalded. Her pretty face is tar-rible burned. 'But she is still beautiful to me, and her body is still the body like a sarall from Circassia. But after that she hates to go out in the street." "I tell her, 'You come home to Stamboul where honest wives is wear the vidirma—the veil, effendim. The veil is very kind thing. It keeps all women the same. Eet is more equally than the hat." "Her name in Westchester was Anne Metchel, but I forget her new name—Osmanli name—"

KNOW YOUR COUNTRY This Canada of Ours! GOLD Value 1913 803,000 \$ 17,000,000 1929 1,928,000 40,000,000 1932 3,044,000 71,000,000 1939 5,095,000 184,000,000 Volume of production in 1939 was two and a half times greater than 1929 and over six times that of 1913. Owing to the increase in price, the dollar value has shown even larger expansion. Gold production is one of the chief sources of strength in our international position.

U.S. Has Bond Of Sympathy For Canada. MONCTON, N. B., Dec. 1.—There has been a marked increase in traffic moving over railways in the United States due, in a great measure to the quickened tempo of America's defence programme and providing munitions for Britain and her Allies, declared H. A. Carson, general manager of the central Vermont railway at St. Albans, Vermont, a subsidiary of the Canadian National Railways, when passing through Moncton this afternoon on the Ocean Limited on his return to St. Albans, via Montreal. Mr. Carson with Mrs. Carson has been on a visit to Halifax to see their son who is a signaller in the Royal Canadian Navy. Mr. Carson was formerly located in Montreal and later in Toronto, before being appointed general manager of the Central Vermont Railway. Another son is a cadet in training at the University of Toronto. While in Halifax Mr. Carson inspected the railway and dock facilities at that port and was greatly impressed by the efficiency of the combined water and railway terminals and the ease with which traffic can be moved through the port. He was also impressed with the natural advantages of the harbor and the splendid hotel facilities provided by the Nova Scotian Hotel which is an integral part of the combined rail and water terminals. This was Mr. Carson's first trip to the east. Mr. Carson, in referring to war sentiment in the United States, stated it is decidedly pro-ally and the majority are impressed with the necessity for providing all aid to Britain and her Allies in the struggle with the totalitarian powers short of sending troops. 50 MILES DAILY TO HELP TROOPS LONDON, Dec. 2.—(C P)—Every day, rain or shine, Mrs. Madge Nicholson sets out from her home in East Anglia in a camouflaged van on a tour of Britain's bleakest marshlands to cheer the troops stationed along the North Sea.

make a little profit we give the boys a free tea. Saturday to order the removal of news-stand from a street corner... PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1.—(AP)—Judge L. Stauffer Oliver refused on

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Southampton Given worst Raking of War

SOUTHAMPTON, Dec. 2 (CP) — Using tactics similar to those in the "total" raid on Coventry the night of Nov. 14-15 waves of German bombers gave this port town its worst raking of the war last night and early this morning. The Germans attacked the town for more than seven hours and it was feared the casualty list would include a number of dead. Townsmen called it "blitz fire raid" and she is out there, "if ever there was indiscriminate bombing we have had it here." The German bombers showered incendiaries and high explosives, causing considerable damage to commercial property, private houses, churches, hotels and public institutions. The guns put up a heavy barrage as the raiders circled the town. Many buildings in the centre of the city were wrecked and damage was caused in other areas. When the raid was at its height 70 patients at a hospital were moved to a building in another part of town without a single casualty. The hospital was gutted. Churches destroyed included Anglican and Roman Catholic, one Unitarian church and one Baptist. Among the buildings smashed were a theatre, a newspaper office, a lending library and a large number of shops. Four air raid precautions workers were killed by a bomb near their post and one officer was killed when a police station was hit. ARTHUR'S FAREWELL And slowly answered Arthur from the barge: "Cromwell charge thee, fling away ambition! Charge thee, fling away ambition! too much with us. The world is ill, too much with us. The life and son. The new fleet with ferret eyes Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold. As when a Gryphon through the Fluting a last wild carol ere her death. Pursues the Arimaspa, who by Creens in this petty pace from day to day. I dread him not, nor all his giant crew. I smote the sledged Polacks on the ice. Whittow year Volseians in Coriell And left a name at which the world grew pale. A'one I did 'Cet thee to a nun-let me have men about me that are fat."

The Cough That Sticks The Cough That Hangs On

This is the kind of a cough it is hard to get rid of, the kind that bothers you during the day and keeps you awake at night. Why not get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and see how quickly it will help to relieve you of this coughing condition? It acts promptly and effectively, going to the foundation of the trouble, loosening the phlegm, soothing the irritated air passages, and stimulating the bronchial organs. "Dr. Wood's" has been on the market for the past 43 years. Price 35c a bottle; the large family size, about 3 times as much, 60c, at all drug counters. The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.