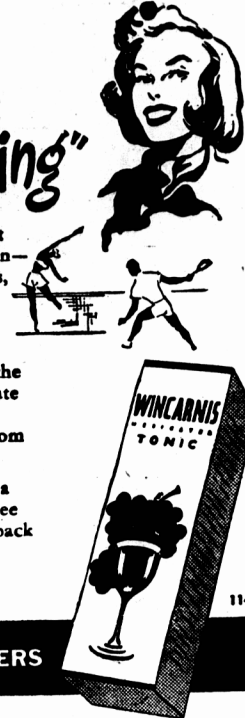


### "Get that Wincarnis feeling"



Just watch for the slightest sign that your body is run down—then act at once with Wincarnis, a tonic that quickly helps rid you of that full and heavy feeling.

Wincarnis helps strengthen the nervous system and invigorates body tissues and organs. Pleasant tasting and free from harmful drugs.

Get a bottle of Wincarnis, a Medicated Tonic today—see how quickly it helps you back to your peppy condition.

AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS

#### CENTRAL GUARDIAN

CRASWELL for Photographs.  
**JIMMIE'S TAXI** Phone 523.  
 CONFEDERATION LIFE INSURANCE.  
**HOWARD McINNIS** Fitted Footwear at 175 Queen Street.  
**DR. L. I. DUFFY** will be away from his office until November 1st.  
**BE READY** to say "Yes" when the canvasser calls to ask you to be a Blood Donor.  
**TWO FLIGHTS WEEKLY** to the Magdalen Islands, P. Q. Phone: Maritime Central Airways Limited 2061 or 540.  
**GABARDINE** and Covert Topcoats. Best quality in Fawn, Navy Blue, Green, etc. Just arrived at Jack Cameron's.  
**NOTICE** — As we are very far behind with orders it will be necessary for us to close our mill Saturday, the 16th, until further notice. Wm. Condon & Sons.  
**SUPPORT** the Canadian Red Cross Free Blood Transfusion Service. Enroll when the canvasser calls at your home and help to save a life. Perhaps your own.  
**UIGG, HAZELBROOK, CROSS ROADS** — Services for Sunday, October 24th. Uigg 11 A. M. Hazelbrook 8 P. M. S. S. 2 P. M. Cross Roads 7:30 P. M. Lic. Byron Howlett, Minister.  
**THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA** — Marshfield Charge. Services next Lord's Day as follows: Highfield 11 A. M. Mount Stewart 3 P. M. Marshfield 7:30 P. M. Rev. E. C. Eves will be in charge of all services. Rev. Donald Nicholson, Interim Moderator.  
**NEW LONDON W. M. S.** — The New London W.M.S. of the United Church held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. John MacLeod Thursday evening, Oct. 15th. The president presided and Mrs. Rutherford Colton led the devotional period using the theme, "The Word of Truth." Prayer for our adopted missionary in Korea was dedicated by Mrs. Marshall Constable. The president took charge of the business and roll call was answered by twelve members and one visitor with a verse on Truth. The

for Prompt Relief from BACKACHE  
**BLADDER DISORDERS**  
**KIDNEY TROUBLE**  
**RHEUMATIC PAINS**  
 OR  
**RHEUMATIC TWINGES**

**DeWitt's Pills**

60c  
 \$1.00  
 GET THE \$1.00 ECONOMY SIZE TODAY

#### Second Chance

By  
 Rosamond Dujardin

Her voice brightened affectionately at sight of Lisbeth. She exclaimed, "Child, it was sweet of you to drop in. But don't come any nearer, because I'm germ. Who's your young man?"

Lisbeth tried to stare with undisguised indignation at the creature who had deceived her so flagrantly. She said, "But — but, Cassy, I thought—that is, he told me—"

"Wait a minute." In spite of himself, Jon Hyerton felt color rising beneath his skin. "I didn't say—"

"You most certainly did! You said you knew Cassy and you were coming to call on her and it was a small world. You know you did! And I believe you!"

"I didn't say I knew her! I said I was coming to call on her, and I was — I am —" He broke off, turning to face the amused woman on the chair. "Please, please, please, Miss Devine, I'm not trying to put anything over. I'm Jon Hyerton, of Chicago. Celia Hyerton's son."

Jon Turns Out To Be Son Of Cassy's Friend

minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Nineteen cards and five boxes were sent, and ten calls were made on the sick and bereaved during the month. Mrs. Ray MacLeod gave a list of the articles in the Layettes, as well as the two quilts which made up the two boxes, which were sent to Dr. Fraser of Korea since the last meeting. The members renewed their subscriptions to the Missionary Monthly. The program consisted of two inspiring readings: Living for Others, by Mrs. J. M. Campbell and My Words Shall Not Pass Away, by Mrs. G. Wren. The collection amounted to \$10.70. Mrs. Harold Mayhew invited the members to meet at her home for the November meeting, when Mrs. Leigh Brown will be leader, and the text word "healing." The meeting closed by a general Thanksgiving repeated in union.

**MRS. SARAH McLEOD**

The following names were omitted from the obituary of the late Mrs. Sarah McLeod:—

Letters of Sympathy

Mrs. J. B. McLeod and Family, Regina.  
 Miss Alice and Gladys Pearson, Carleton.  
 Mrs. Mary McLellan, Amherst, N. S.

Cards of Sympathy

Mrs. Chas. Waugh and Vera, Summerside.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank MacKenzie, Summerside.  
 Miss Betty McKinnon, Summerside.  
 Miss Minnie Steele, Summerside.  
 Mrs. Charles Arsenault, and Preston, Summerside.  
 Mr. Heath Delaney, Kentville, N. S.

"Celia Hyerton!" There was no mistaking the delighted recognition in Cassy's tone. "My dear boy this is the most wonderful thing that's happened to me in years!" She rose to cross the pleasant, cluttered room toward him, scattering ashes as she came. She took his two hands in hers and stood there looking up at him fondly, her eyes suspiciously bright. "If it weren't for this cold, I'd kiss you! Celia's boy... Why Lisbeth," she addressed her other, and slightly embarrassed, guest across a plumb shoulder, "I'm your mother and the dearest friend I ever had. And I haven't seen him since he was an adorable baby with dimples and yellow curls—"

"Hey, Miss Devine! Have a heart, Jon begged.

And Lisbeth said, laughing, "No wonder you didn't recognize him." And then she said, her direct blue gaze on Jon. "I guess apologies are in order. Please forgive me for imagining—for accusing you—"

"It doesn't matter." Jon helped her out, grinning and trying to decide, not very successfully, why merely looking at her shoulder engendered such a warm glow of pleasure in the region of his heart. "Ring for tea, Lisbeth." Cassy commanded, relinquishing Jon's hands at last and waving him to a seat. "And sit down, yourself."

So Lisbeth rang for tea, and then sat quietly on a low couch beside Jon while Cassy asked questions and he supplied the answers. It seemed that he was in New York with his father on a trip that combined business and pleasure. In another week they were sailing for Bermuda. His father was anxious to see Cassy, too, but for the next few days he was all tied up with conferences.

Something came into Jon's face when he spoke of his father. He hadn't been there before, a sort of glow, restrained, but apparent. It was very apparent.

Lisbeth thought, "He must be awfully fond of his father. He feels about him — a little — as I feel about Mike."

Dear Mike who had been dead so many years now, his joyous laughter still, the fierce flames of his brief rage cooled to ashes, Mike, who lived on in the heart of his daughter, although she couldn't remember him at all as a real, flesh-and-blood person, but only as a picture, a faded snapshot that she would always cherish. Snapshots of a tall boy in breeches and puttees, wind in his hair, sun in his eyes, and behind him a partial view of a plane's life and its spectacular finish... When Lisbeth's thoughts came back from the dim past, Jon and Cassy were speaking of Jon's mother. Celia, who had been Cassy's girlhood friend, and who had died three years ago after a lingering illness. She sounded like a lovely person, gentle and gracious and brave.

With tea the conversation lightened, became more gentle. Outside, the early February dusk pressed down, but within was warmth and smellow lamplight and friendly talk and laughter. Lisbeth had put aside her little cap, and her hair caught fire in the diffused glow of the light. Jon Hyerton couldn't keep his eyes from it, could scarcely keep his attention riveted on what Cassy was saying lest he miss some word of Lisbeth's some cadence of her husky-timbered voice.

But when Cassy exclaimed, prodded by a sudden memory, "Lisbeth, have you heard about 'Bob Ferris'?" Jon stared at his mother's friend, his dark brows knit, not because he felt any personal interest in what had happened to the discredited broker whose misappropriation of funds had been front-page news for some time, but because apprehension, quick and stark, and leaped into Lisbeth's eyes at the mere mention of his name.

(To Be Continued)

#### Explains Why Domestic Lumber Below World Level

OTTAWA, Oct. 20—(CP)—Lumber prices in Canada are below export levels because the Federal government compels producers to allocate 40 per cent of their production to the domestic market, the Prices Commission was told today.

The question arose after an earlier witness and a member of the Commission agreed that there were limits to the practice of maintaining a differential between domestic and export prices.

"Why are Canadian prices lower than export?" H. A. Dyde, Commission counsel, asked Henry Mackin, president of the Canadian Western Lumber Co. of Vancouver.

"Because the producers are obliged to supply 40 per cent of their output to the Canadian market," Mr. Mackin replied. "They quote prices on the domestic market which will earn them their export quotas."

"I might as well be frank with you. We don't want this Canadian price to get too damned high. But we're not going to be a Santa Claus and sell our lumber in the world markets below Baltic producers," he declared, however, that the United Kingdom as well as Canada had received Canadian lumber below world prices.

"The records of prices submitted to the Commission have shown a small pre-war differential between domestic and export prices in most cases. During the period of Canadian price controls, however, export prices rose far above the domestic level."

Since the end of controls the Canadian price has risen, but not to the world level. The difference, according to some witnesses' figures, is as much as \$20 a thousand. Occasionally witnesses have told of greater and in some cases substantially lower differentials.

liged to supply 40 per cent of their output to the Canadian market," Mr. Mackin replied. "They quote prices on the domestic market which will earn them their export quotas."

"I might as well be frank with you. We don't want this Canadian price to get too damned high. But we're not going to be a Santa Claus and sell our lumber in the world markets below Baltic producers," he declared, however, that the United Kingdom as well as Canada had received Canadian lumber below world prices.

"The records of prices submitted to the Commission have shown a small pre-war differential between domestic and export prices in most cases. During the period of Canadian price controls, however, export prices rose far above the domestic level."

Since the end of controls the Canadian price has risen, but not to the world level. The difference, according to some witnesses' figures, is as much as \$20 a thousand. Occasionally witnesses have told of greater and in some cases substantially lower differentials.

minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Nineteen cards and five boxes were sent, and ten calls were made on the sick and bereaved during the month. Mrs. Ray MacLeod gave a list of the articles in the Layettes, as well as the two quilts which made up the two boxes, which were sent to Dr. Fraser of Korea since the last meeting. The members renewed their subscriptions to the Missionary Monthly. The program consisted of two inspiring readings: Living for Others, by Mrs. J. M. Campbell and My Words Shall Not Pass Away, by Mrs. G. Wren. The collection amounted to \$10.70. Mrs. Harold Mayhew invited the members to meet at her home for the November meeting, when Mrs. Leigh Brown will be leader, and the text word "healing." The meeting closed by a general Thanksgiving repeated in union.

**MRS. SARAH McLEOD**

The following names were omitted from the obituary of the late Mrs. Sarah McLeod:—

Letters of Sympathy

Mrs. J. B. McLeod and Family, Regina.  
 Miss Alice and Gladys Pearson, Carleton.  
 Mrs. Mary McLellan, Amherst, N. S.

Cards of Sympathy

Mrs. Chas. Waugh and Vera, Summerside.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank MacKenzie, Summerside.  
 Miss Betty McKinnon, Summerside.  
 Miss Minnie Steele, Summerside.  
 Mrs. Charles Arsenault, and Preston, Summerside.  
 Mr. Heath Delaney, Kentville, N. S.

"Celia Hyerton!" There was no mistaking the delighted recognition in Cassy's tone. "My dear boy this is the most wonderful thing that's happened to me in years!" She rose to cross the pleasant, cluttered room toward him, scattering ashes as she came. She took his two hands in hers and stood there looking up at him fondly, her eyes suspiciously bright. "If it weren't for this cold, I'd kiss you! Celia's boy... Why Lisbeth," she addressed her other, and slightly embarrassed, guest across a plumb shoulder, "I'm your mother and the dearest friend I ever had. And I haven't seen him since he was an adorable baby with dimples and yellow curls—"

"Hey, Miss Devine! Have a heart, Jon begged.

And Lisbeth said, laughing, "No wonder you didn't recognize him." And then she said, her direct blue gaze on Jon. "I guess apologies are in order. Please forgive me for imagining—for accusing you—"

"It doesn't matter." Jon helped her out, grinning and trying to decide, not very successfully, why merely looking at her shoulder engendered such a warm glow of pleasure in the region of his heart. "Ring for tea, Lisbeth." Cassy commanded, relinquishing Jon's hands at last and waving him to a seat. "And sit down, yourself."

So Lisbeth rang for tea, and then sat quietly on a low couch beside Jon while Cassy asked questions and he supplied the answers. It seemed that he was in New York with his father on a trip that combined business and pleasure. In another week they were sailing for Bermuda. His father was anxious to see Cassy, too, but for the next few days he was all tied up with conferences.

Something came into Jon's face when he spoke of his father. He hadn't been there before, a sort of glow, restrained, but apparent. It was very apparent.

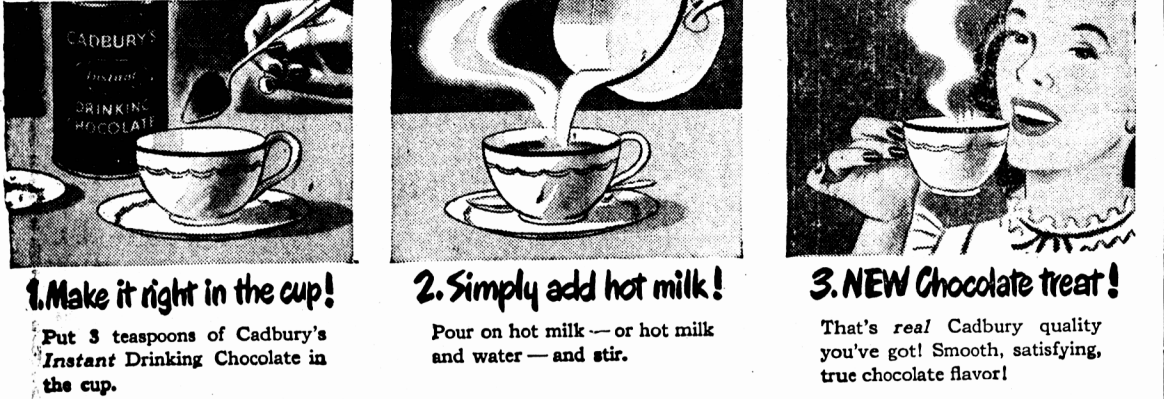
Lisbeth thought, "He must be awfully fond of his father. He feels about him — a little — as I feel about Mike."

Dear Mike who had been dead so many years now, his joyous laughter still, the fierce flames of his brief rage cooled to ashes, Mike, who lived on in the heart of his daughter, although she couldn't remember him at all as a real, flesh-and-blood person, but only as a picture, a faded snapshot that she would always cherish. Snapshots of a tall boy in breeches and puttees, wind in his hair, sun in his eyes, and behind him a partial view of a plane's life and its spectacular finish... When Lisbeth's thoughts came back from the dim past, Jon and Cassy were speaking of Jon's mother. Celia, who had been Cassy's girlhood friend, and who had died three years ago after a lingering illness. She sounded like a lovely person, gentle and gracious and brave.

With tea the conversation lightened, became more gentle. Outside, the early February dusk pressed down, but within was warmth and smellow lamplight and friendly talk and laughter. Lisbeth had put aside her little cap, and her hair caught fire in the diffused glow of the light. Jon Hyerton couldn't keep his eyes from it, could scarcely keep his attention riveted on what Cassy was saying lest he miss some word of Lisbeth's some cadence of her husky-timbered voice.

But when Cassy exclaimed, prodded by a sudden memory, "Lisbeth, have you heard about 'Bob Ferris'?" Jon stared at his mother's friend, his dark brows knit, not because he felt any personal interest in what had happened to the discredited broker whose misappropriation of funds had been front-page news for some time, but because apprehension, quick and stark, and leaped into Lisbeth's eyes at the mere mention of his name.

(To Be Continued)



1. Make it right in the cup!  
 Put 3 teaspoons of Cadbury's Instant Drinking Chocolate in the cup.

2. Simply add hot milk!  
 Pour on hot milk—or hot milk and water—and stir.

3. NEW Chocolate treat!  
 That's real Cadbury quality you've got! Smooth, satisfying, true chocolate flavor!

# Yes! NEW- and so easy to make!

# CADBURY'S

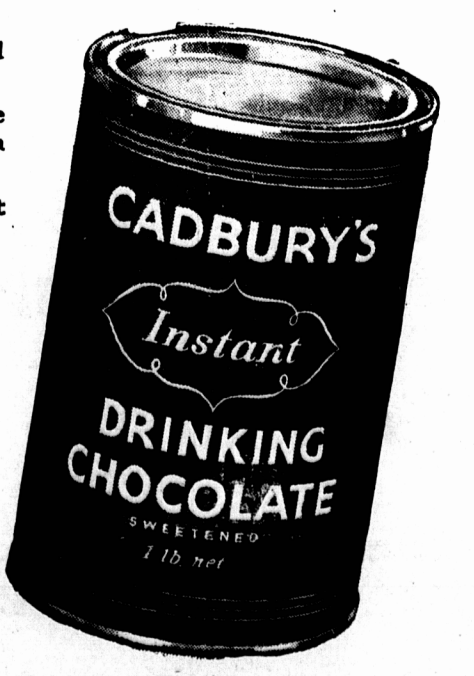
## Instant DRINKING CHOCOLATE

It's quick! It's easy! And it's delicious!

It's Cadbury chocolate—and you know how good that is.

And now you have that wonderful true chocolate flavor in an instant drink, made right in the cup, in a matter of seconds!

Don't delay! Try it today! Ask for this newest treat-in-a-cup at your grocer's NOW.



IT HAS OTHER GRAND USES TOO!

- MAKES AN INSTANT CHOCOLATE SYRUP!
- A QUICK CHOCOLATE ICING!
- A CREAMY FUDGE!

You'll find these recipes on the tin

# TRADE IN SALE

## 10 DAYS ONLY

Your out-dated Coat is worth money on this Sale.

No matter the condition or style of your old Fur Coat we will give you a liberal allowance if traded in during the next 10 days.

Save yourself many dollars on the purchase price of a new Fur Coat.

### TRADE IN SALE



ISLAND Furriers

#### Poulos-Blacquiere Wedding

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Ann's Church, Hope River, on Saturday, Oct. 9th when Mary Winifred, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Blacquiere of Toronto Road, was united in marriage with Arthur John, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Poulos, St. John, N. B.

The double ring ceremony was performed by the pastor, Rev. Earl Dalton, in the presence of friends and relatives.

During the nuptial Mass beautiful hymns were sung by Mr. Angus Dolron, accompanied by Mrs. Frank Martin on the organ (sunt of the bride), who also played the Wedding March.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, looked very charming in a floor length dress of ivory satin, with beaded yoke, fitted bodice and full skirt; her fingertip veil was held in place by a coronet of imitation pearls. She carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses and baby breath; her only ornament was a pearl necklace, gift of the groom.

She was attended by her sister, Miss Valerie Blacquiere who also looked lovely in a floor length dress of heavenly blue crepe with sweetheart neckline, braided waist and full skirt. Her matching veil was held in place by a beaded coronet, and carried a nose gay bouquet of mixed flowers. She wore a gold necklace, gift of the bride.

The groom was ably supported by Mr. Johnnie Blanchard, of

Charlottetown, a friend of the groom.

The bride's mother chose a black crepe ornamented dress and wore a corsage of pink roses. The groom's mother chose a grey crepe dress with wine accessories, and wore a corsage of red roses.

Following the ceremony the bridal party, accompanied by about twenty friends and relatives, motored to Charlottetown, where a reception and a dainty wedding breakfast was served at the Old Spain. The table was prettily decorated with fancy china, linen, and flowers. After several hours pleasantly spent motoring around the city and parts in the country visiting friends and relatives, the parties returned to the home of the bride where a delicious dinner was served to about seventy guests, from five to eight p.m.

The bride's table was centred with a three-tier wedding cake, adorned with a miniature bride and groom. A double cluster of candies and autumn flowers also decorated the table.

Mr. Johnnie Blanchard, the best man, proposed the toast to the bride, which was responded to by the groom.

Assisting at the table were Mrs. Robert Rogers, Mrs. Frank Martin, Mrs. George LeClair, also Mrs. Peter Dolron and Mrs. Ernest Gallant.

The remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in music, songs and dancing.

The following Monday the happy young couple left by motor for Natick and other parts of Massachusetts, on a short visit to friends and relatives in various parts. For travelling the bride chose a grey suit, with black accessories, and wore a corsage of yellow roses. Upon return they

will reside in Saint John, where the groom holds a prominent position.

Previous to her marriage, the bride was tendered a miscellaneous shower at the home of Mrs. George LeClair, where many beautiful gifts and money were received.

(Painted please copy)

### WILL "COUNTING SHEEP" HELP YOU TO SLEEP?

If sleeplessness is caused by being overtired, nervous, run-down and worried — it takes more than "counting sheep" to help you sleep. Though you toss and turn hour after hour, you can't "wake" yourself to sleep!

Many find that taking a tonic regularly is beneficial—and helps them rest more easily at night. And Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is first choice with thousands! For the Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, iron and other needed minerals it contains are sometimes just what your system lacks. And Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does so much to build you up—by increasing appetite and improving digestion.

So if worry, anxiety, a run-down condition or the strenuous pace of modern living is upsetting your nerves so you can't relax and rest—try taking Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for a while. The name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance.

#### BLACKHEADS

Blackheads simply dissolve and disappear by this simple, safe and sure method. Get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store, sprinkle on a hot, wet cloth, and apply gently — every blackhead will be gone.