The Second Mrs. Draper

By Noel Pierce

CHAPTER XXVI

The driveway was like a long flat black ribbon down which Jim found himself running with no breath left. He went over to the blue Amil-car and swung his legs heavily over the side. He hit the Bluff Road very fast, the Yacht Club lights blinking like cats' eyes in the black distance. He could taste the blood inside his mouth where his teeth had cut in where Dorian had struck him.

In the distance the town lights glimmered and Jim realised he had swept off the country road onto the highway. He drove on and on because he wanted Kitty and his father to have gone up to bed. He did not want to see them tonight. Peace lay like a dead small bird in the baffled recesses of his mind. And he thought: "In spite of the 'little self' Dorian spoke of happening to feel bruised and wild, it's my own pain and I've done myself into it, and I shall get through with it somehow."

The warning wail of the siren sounded, and the motorcycle was throttled down. It swerved over to the sandy shoulder of the road. The one-man force of local constabulary went over to the Amil-car and looked down at the figure behind the wheel. Probably another "drunk."

"Listen, you. What the heck's the idea doing seventy-five on the Turnpike? Well, for the love of Pete, it's Jimmy!"

"Hello, Hank."

"What were you chasin'? The devil?"

"Something like that, Hank." He put out his hand for the ticket. Hank stuffed it back in his pocket. "Nope. You never broke a law. Not since you were ten and you and little Morry Rutherford painted old Lady Hancock's summer house pink." He guffawed, by himself. Jim's face was twisting. Hank bent lower and peered at him.

"You sick, Jimmy? Look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Sometimes people do. But I'm trying not to let mine scare me. Have a smoke, Hank?"

"Sure." He scraped a match on the wheel's rim and lit two, watching Jim. "Want to tell me what socked you?"

After a minute Jim said, "All right. My girl."

"Roughed you up, did she, huh? Listen, Jimmy. You stick to her. Never was a time when I didn't need any of the socks I got from my wife. But we'll be drinkin' to thirty years of it, come next Michaelmas. I wouldn't swap that for bein' the Commissioner himself."

"Thanks, Hank. I'll stick if she'll have me."

"You bet. Gnight, now."

"Good night, Hank." Jimmy turned the Amil-car around toward home. Hank waited until the tail light had flickered off down the road.

The drawing-room lights were still on and in the cool air of very early morning he smelt wood smoke. No sound within except the snap and crackle of logs. He thought, "How they must love one another to make it feel like this." For the house held it everywhere, pervasive and constant in the large halls and rooms. Jim pressed his hands over his skull, trying to ease the pounding strain. But he could not, and he knew that he must go in to them as he was.

Kitty felt, without hearing, the footsteps stop upon the rug. She turned and at the sight of him instinctively, one hand went up to hide Rupert's face against hers. She did not want him to see his son-in that instant. The choking desperate trouble about Jim pierced through and through her. She knew that she was the cause. Many things flashed through her mind like rockets. Compassion for Jim. Boundless, tender and sure. Then great fear for him. None for herself. Then the name of Dorian exploded. And most of all, in the split second, she thought of the man in her arms. Save it from Rupert's knowledge ... protect the friendship of father and son ... keep Dorian's heart whole for his boy. A cool head, wise counsel, solve a problem stark and timeless as the Greeks.

"Come in," she said simply. He came further into the room. Rupert turned around, jovial and expansive.

"Well, night owl!"

"Hello, Dad."

He didn't look again at Kitty. She was glad of that. She wanted to have time to arm himself; and she was moved both by his humility, and by something instinctively brave about him. She loved him very much. Admired him now for the few minutes in which he talked lightly with his father, regaling them with a very amusing version of a meeting he had with Hank, the constable.

"—And so, Dad we've got to send Hank and his Missus a very handsome trophy for their anniversary. Can't think why the old boy didn't give me a ticket."

"Probably." Rupert smiled "because he saw you were a lovelorn fellow, speeding on wings."

Jim stammered a little, laughing very hard. With the laugh that cut Kitty to the heart still on his lips, he got up, said good night, and went to his room.

She had a dreadful sorry feeling that she was seeing him leave for his room for the last time. In his decency and his wish not to bring them trouble here, he might go away at once. Frantic to avert this, she could only wait until finally Rupert put the grate over the fire.

When Rupert was asleep she closed his door noiselessly and went to her dressing room and put on a pale velvet wrap. She went out and walked up to the third floor and knocked on Jim's door. Sound in the room of locks snapping on a bag. She was sure now, and she said: "Let me in, Jim."

He opened the door. The pictures were gone off the desk and two battered Gladstones with foreign labels and a Yale seal half scratched off, had been pulled out in the middle of his room. He had been packing. Kitty walked through them as if they weren't there, and when Jim saw that she was ignoring the fact something in his face eased itself. He seemed to breathe. "Sit down. I'll make room for you." He heaved a pile of shirts and ties on the bed.

"Gracious! What a lot of trophies you've managed to collect." She smiled with great difficulty, fighting for the calm to communicate itself to him, and keep him from flight. "Have you got any old duds, Jim, that I can have for the Village Rummage Sale?"

It was all she could think of, and she seized upon the clothes. Some of them he had already folded hurriedly in the Gladstones. She took them all out, chatting. Warming, bringing some calm, reassurance that he was an intrinsic part of everything that mattered.

"These white flannels can go to the Village sale. And the rest... (she had emptied both packed bags now)...I'll put away tomorrow. You need some of that pine scent for your closets. I got some for your father and I'll do yours tomorrow. It goes well with the tweedy things." She got up then, exhausted, smiling at him across the room. Her eyes held his for a moment in utter silence. "Good night. Will you go to sleep now?"

"Yes," he said. "Thank you for ... everything."

She heard the bed move where he had dropped down on it. She went back to her room, discovering when she got there that she was holding a new tweed jacket and two shirts she had given him for his birthday. She pressed her face down upon them.

(To be continued)

Refresh Yourself WITH A

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BATH

Feel a bit tired? Then take a restful, soothing Palmolive Bath. Yes, whether you prefer a leisurely tub, a tingling shower, or a quick partial bath at the wash basin, you'll find that a Palmolive Bath soothes your nerves . . . relaxes tired muscles . . . leaves you feeling thoroughly refreshed!

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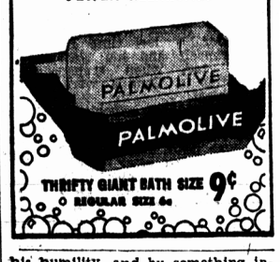

THRIFTY GIANT BATH SIZE 9¢ REGULAR SIZE 4c

Fashion Horoscope

T. M. Reg. ☆ by Colette

If you are a suburbanite—

—Do

Do get the new Norfolk suit.

Don't overlook this new soft, feminine version.

Chicago Sun Syndicate

Don't feel out of the fashion picture even though you go to the city only once a month or once a year. The return of the Norfolk suit, with soft, feminine, less masculine tailoring, no longer just a rough and ready rustic suit, but now definitely ready-for-town trips as well as country neighbor luncheon cocktail or tea occasions.

The new Norfolk suit is really a must for the suburbanite of fashion.

Lenten Meditations from The Times, London

SPIRITUAL LAW

Popular theology is still slow to realize that God's dealings with mankind are controlled by law. The misunderstanding began in remote times, when the Jewish people derived their ideas of kingship from oriental monarchs, whose privilege, it seemed, was to be above all fixed principle, and to shape their judgments merely by the mood of the moment. The law shaping the decrees of God is no less exact for being self-imposed; its source is His divine Being, and by it His absolute power is not limited but expressed.

Our Lord taught patiently to convince His hearers that the acts of the heavenly Father are regulated by the immutable law of His nature. Therefore it could not be a matter of uncertainty whether the faithful disciple would be rewarded, whether prayer would be heard, whether, even a sparrow could fall unnoticed. The Father's law governed all His doings, and all the spiritual world beyond human vision. On one occasion Christ found with pleasure and frankly expressed surprise, a man who already understood this truth, who accepted the operation of law in the spiritual world as a necessary fact. He was a soldier, a non-commissioned officer of Herod's army, presumably attached to a garrison at Capernaum, where he occupied a house of his own. Already he had shown greatness of character: a Gentile, he had helped the Jews in building their synagogue; a slave-owner, he showed tender concern for a slave. His reply when our Lord offered to come and heal the sick slave will be remembered. "Experience has shown me," he says in effect, "the value of law and obedience in human life. As a soldier, I both receive and give commands, and they are fulfilled. They are still in accord with law if the orders are unusual and their results exceptional. So it must be in the spiritual world. No need for your journey to my house; give your command, and at the word some angel of healing will hasten to my slave." At this "Jesus marvelled", declaring that never among God's chosen race had he found faith of the high quality which this Gentile showed. "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee," he added to the centurion.

This soldierly faith is an example of permanent value. To realize that the workings of Providence are actuated by fixed law, and not by caprice, will check many misguided forms of prayer. It will restrain attempts to sentimentalize away those stern warnings which abound in our Lord's teaching. Yet not less will it bring comfort and hope to many with secret misgivings lest the promises of the Gospel are limited to elect souls, and must lose their efficacy for people dismally aware of their spiritual failures and ignorance. It makes all the difference to be sure that these divine promises of forgiveness, of love, of continuous help are fixed for ever by unalterable law, the law of God's Being.

Garden SEEDS

Send For FREE CATALOGUE

Arthur Vesey YORK, P.E.I.

Gypsum, Lime and Alabastine Canada, Limited

Substantial Increase In Net Profit Before Taxes Practically Absorbed By Additional Tax Provision

Sales volume continued to increase, but increasing labour and material costs resulted in a decreased margin of profit.

Operations for the year, after allowance for all charges, including $296,539.46 for depreciation and depletion, but before income and excess profits taxes, resulted in a net profit of $666,680.20 or $1.51 per share. Tax requirements amounted to $417,000.00 or 94 cents per share, leaving a net addition to surplus account of $249,680.20 or 57 cents per share.

Working capital position remained satisfactory and funded debt was reduced by $72,500.00 during the year.

Press Comment on Stadium Disaster

LONDON, March 11—(CP Cable)—A number of London morning newspapers today carried editorials on the Bolton football stadium disaster which cost 33 lives Saturday, castigating irresponsible fans and urging more drastic police control of sports crowds.

The Daily Mirror, labelling the tragedy a public crime, said it was caused by irresponsible action by selfish people determined to see a football match at whatever cost.

The Daily Sketch demanded a fixed legal capacity for every football ground, as for theatres and public halls.

Such a tragedy must never happen again, declared the Daily Mail, urging that the police should not merely assess the blame but devise remedies.

The News Chronicle said the tragedy should make would-be gate-crashers think twice in future.

The Daily Express said the accident was partly explained by the agility and ingenuity of the would-be gate-crashers, noting that many football fans trained in surmounting obstacles at army battle schools.

In Memoriam

MRS. HERMAN DYMENT

In the passing of Mrs. Herman Dyment (nee Inez Gorrill) aged 49, on Feb. 7th, the people of Northam feel that they have lost one of their dearest and best. Their grief and sadness is also shared by the residents of the surrounding districts. Much sympathy is being felt for the bereaved husband and family and other relatives.

Deceased was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gorrill of Northam. In 1920 she married the friend of her school days after he had returned from serving his country in the first "Great World War." After their marriage they lived in Montrose for quite a number of years, but nine years ago they returned to Northam, with their family of seven, all of whom are still living: Wendell, recently returned from Overseas service; Marion (Mrs. Michael Senick) Montreal; Eleanor (Mrs. Eric Goss) Ottawa; Laura (Mrs. Henry Birch) Port Hill; Wilna (Mrs. George Millar) Birch Hill; Kathleen and Joyce at home.

Mrs. Dyment's quiet, peace-loving disposition was much admired by her friends and made her a general favorite, so, when several years ago, disability following a paralytic stroke, prevented her from attending the United Church Ladies' Aid, and the Women's Institute, she was genuinely missed, as she was a very efficient and much-loved member of each.

Beside her husband and family, she is survived by four brothers and two sisters: Roy and Lloyd, South Hanover, Mass; Edward, Hamilton, Ont.; Ernest, St. Eleanors; Stella (Mrs. Alfred Ramsay), Weston, Mass.; Veda (Mrs. Frederick Enman), Rose Hill, Lot 16.

The funeral Sunday afternoon from the home to the Presbyterian Church in Tyne Valley was one of the largest ever seen in this vicinity. Services at the house and Church were conducted by Rev. Mr. Meadus of Port Hill. Among the hymns sung were two of deceased favorites "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" and "Shall We Gather at the River?" Mrs. Cecil Birch very effectively sang "Under His Wings." Interment was made in the United Church Cemetery.

Beautiful floral tributes, those silent reminders of God's love and thoughtfulness also bore with them the love and esteem of the organizations to which she belonged and of her relatives and other friends.

The pallbearers, all cousins of the deceased were: Prowse Gorrill, Walter and Charles Newcombe, Ernest Grigg, Hinson Williams and Ira Ramsay.

Valleyfield W.M.S.

At the February meeting of the Valleyfield Auxiliary W. M. S., Mrs. Murd A. MacLeod and Mrs. Marcus Munro had charge of the worship, and also of the study period. The "Programme IV" worship service, using suggested hymns and meditation was followed. From the study on Africa "Education is for Living" the leader each gave brief summaries of the beginnings of Education in Angola, as found in "Currie of Chisamba." From "Angola Now" this study was continued: Articles on the Bush and Regional Schools were read by Mrs. W. A. Bruce; Station and Vocational Schools by Mrs. Stirling; Meaus School for Girls by Mrs. Jack MacPherson, Mrs. W. A. MacLeod and Mrs. Herb MacKenzie. Parts of the story of Kanjila as told in both study books was given by Mrs. John MacLeod. Mrs. Stirling presided during the business period, and stressed the importance of Christian Missions. She voiced the feeling of other members by saying we are glad to have a share in this blessed missionary work. The Secretary read the minutes and called the roll which was responded to by giving a verse from II Cor. 7. Correspondence was read and discussed. Treasurer received the offering, also 10c from each member for expense fund. Mrs. M. D. Martin read an article on Christian Stewardship and also checked on calls made by members. World Day of Prayer Programme was discussed and leaders appointed. Meeting closed with prayer for our missionaries, hymn and benediction.

THE DEAD SHALL LIVE

Dedicated to Mrs. Thomas Hughes Hope River, P. E. I., late of Boston, Mass.

Farewell to thee, dear Mrs. Hughes
Your soul has winged its way—
Across the far expanse to God
Out in the Astral Way.

Your soul released and spirit free
Wings o'er ethereal seas—
To sinless planes of God's domain
Waft on the heavenly breeze.

To there unite with those who've gone
Beyond our mundane plane—
Of sorrowed friends and aching hearts
Her mansioned Home to gain.

Farewell dear friend so missed by us
Our souls and hearts shall mourn—
Your passing from this mortal life
To God's eternal Bourne.

No longer shall we hear your voice
Nor see your pleasant smile—
That brought the sunshine of your life
To us from P. E. Isle.

Where waves shall break along its shore
In ebb and flow of tide—
And winds shall moan their litanies
For its dear friends who've died.

On native, or on foreign soil
In princely price or paupered poor—
For caste is but the "guinea stamp"
And only noble souls endure.

The seas give up their dead in time
The earth shall yield its dust—
But souls shall soar to heaven's heights
To meet their God in trust.

So fare-thee-well, beloved friend
Out in the Astral Dome—
Across the far expanse with God
In His Eternal Home.

—Peter A. Reilly

32 Westland Avenue,
Boston, Mass.

HOW TO SAVE

There is always a way to save if you really want to do so. Many waste money year after year, and wonder why at the end they have not anything.

This article demonstrates how it can be done, (that is save and spend). For instance take house rent for example, you may be paying $30.00, $40.00, $50.00, or more per month for a few rooms. Even $30.00 per month for 10 years amounts to $3600.00 and $50.00 runs into $6,000 for the same time.

To solve this problem, what must be done? What is the first step to take? The first is, secure the land to build on.

The mistake many make, is that they put off from time to time and fail to secure a place to build. When a man owns a lot, (and it is paid for), he is in a position to go farther, and commence building. "Procrastination is the thief of time", and many because they fail to make a beginning, keep on paying rent, and eventually, the fact stares them in the face, that in the last few years they have paid enough to build a snug home.

This article would be incomplete if the reader did not know where to secure the best building lots obtainable.

The undersigned has a number of very desirable building lots, some in the City, and some outside. The City, lots are located East of School Street, and the outside, head of Prince Street. Think it over, get in touch with the undersigned. The lots mentioned are all nearer the heart of the City than most any offered.

ADAMS & CO.
179 Queen Street
Real Estate Dealers are our authorized agents, see them, or call at the Head of Prince Street and connect personally with Von Clure Gay.
3-5-2-5-61.

STUFFY NOSE?

Nose plugged up? Head cold threatening? Just smear NOSTROLINE in each nostril. Feel clogged mucous loosen, stuffiness vanish, breathing passages come clear. Relief is instant. NOSTROLINE clears head, stops discharge, relieves catarrh, head colds. Convenient. Pleasant. Adults and children. 50c—

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NOSTROLINE
CLIFTON, BRISTOL, ENGLAND

Why VICKS VAPORUB Is So Good For Relieving Miseries of Childrens Colds

More than two generations ago—in grandmother's day—mothers first discovered Vicks VapoRub. Today it is the most widely used home-remedy for relieving miseries of children's colds. And here is the reason . . .

The moment you rub VapoRub on the throat, chest and back at bedtime it starts to work two ways at once—and keeps on working for hours—to ease coughing spasms, help clear congestion in cold-clogged upper breathing passages, relieve muscular soreness or tightness. It promotes restful sleep. Often most of the misery of the cold is gone by morning! That's why VapoRub is so good to use when colds strike. Try it!

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

COOK'S for Photographs.

EXPECTED DAILY a car of Laprairie Red Brock, No. 1. The Rogers Hardware Company, Limited. 3-8-8-11-12.

RECRUITING FOR R.C.A.F. — Flying Officer D.B. Gunn, R.C.A.F. has arrived in the City from Summerside to conduct a two-day campaign for recruits for ground duty with the R.C.A.F. His headquarters is at the City Hall.

PRE-NUPTIAL SHOWER — Miss Edith Craswell was the guest of honor at a miscellaneous shower at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Athol Burns, Grafton St., on Wednesday, February 6th. The many beautiful gifts she received were opened by her cousin, Mrs. Velma Chambers, and the verses read by Miss Hilda Gillis. The bridal chair and wedding arch was artistically decorated by Mrs. Lloyd Ward. The bride to be graciously thanked all her friends for their kindness and thoughtfulness. Lunch was served by the hostesses and a friendly evening was spent in games.

AT ROTARY — Lieut.-Col. R. H. Duvar, V.D., who was a commandant of Canadian prison camps during the war, told members of the local Rotary Club some of his experiences with German and Italian prisoners of war at a dinner held yesterday at the Charlottetown. Guests at the luncheon included W. G. Hogg, Charlottetown; Frederick Tergunne, Halifax, and Rev. C. Adair, Toronto. Messrs. T. B. Rogers and James Murley were co-chairmen.

CRASWELL - JUDSON — A very pretty wedding took place on March 1st at Zion Manse of Minnie Edith Craswell, only daughter of Mrs. Craswell and the late Walter Craswell of Charlottetown, to John Lewis Judson, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. George R. Judson of Dundas Centre, P.E.I., with the Rev. G. Carlyle Webster officiating. The bride wore a powder blue suit with black accessories, and corsage of pink carnations. Her cousin Miss Sadie Worth was bridesmaid in a brown suit, with brown accessories. Her corsage was yellow daffodils. Mr. Dale Judson, brother of the groom, was best man. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Athol Burns. Assisting in serving were her aunt, Mrs. Charles Worth and her cousin, Mrs. Willard Muttart. The following day the newlyweds left for their home in Dundas Centre. Mrs. Judson travelled in blue suit with black seal coat. Previous to her wedding she was presented with a beautiful cabinet and silver candle sticks by her fellow employees of F. W. Woolworth Ltd.

Miss Audrey Gillis has left by plane for Boston on a two weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lawson spent the week-end in Saint John with their son J. A. Lawson, Jr. They will then proceed to Montreal, Toronto and Coppercliff, Ont., where Mr. Lawson will visit his brother.

Mrs. Milton R. Dingwell has returned to her home in Bay Fortune after spending the winter months in St. Peterborough, Florida.

SHAMROCK AND VICINITY

Mr. William Matheson, Granville, and Mr. Norman Curtis, Albany, spent the week-end at Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Cairns, Chamrock.

Mr. and Mrs Stanley Mayhew, Lady Fane, spent Saturday in Summerside.

Miss Mary Murtagh, teacher in Shamrock school, spent the week-end at her home in Newton.

Mrs. George Mayhew and little daughter Jennie, Shamrock, spent Wednesday in Summerside.

Miss Kathleen MacDonald, teacher in Lady Fane school, spent the weekend at her home in Victoria.

Many friends of little Robert Waddell, Lady Fane, are sorry to hear of his illness.

Miss Gertrude Fall, Shamrock, was a weekend visitor to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fall, Westmorland.

Miss Minerva and Violet Cairns, Lady Fane, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Martin, Mount Tryon, on Friday.

Mr. Roland Green who has recently returned from overseas is visiting his sister, Mrs. Gordon Cotton, Lady Fane.

Mr. Carl and Miss Doris Mayhew Mount Tryon, were visitors to Shamrock on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Cairns, Lady Fane, spent Thursday in Summerside.

Mr. Lloyd Mayhew, Mount Tryon is taking a six weeks course in Charlottetown.

Mr. Everett and Manfort Nicholson, Hearstville, were the guests of Mr. Chester MacLennan, Shamrock on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Emmett Mulligan, Shamrock, and Miss Berndette Mulligan, Kinkora, were recent visitors to Emyvale on Sunday.

Produce

MONTREAL, March 11 —(CP)— Produce prices quoted here today reported by the Dominion Department of Agriculture follow:

Eggs: Packed for export A-large 37; A-medium 35; spot free cases; A-large 36 1-2; medium 34 1-2; A-pullets 31; B 31-32; C 27.. Receipts: 1,206 boxes..

Butter: Wholesale Que jobbing pasteurized fresh and storage, No.. 1 36 1-2; No.. 2 35 1-2; current receipt Que No.. 1 pasteurized 35 3-4 Del Mtl; No.. 2 34 3-4 Del Mtl; first grade creamery prints job price 38; solids 37.. Receipts: Nil.

Cheese: Current receipts, western and Que, colored 22 1-16, white 22 f. o. b. FSP; wholesale colored 22 13-16-23 1-16 white 22 3-4-23. Receipts: 4 boxes.

Potatoes: 75 lb bags No.. 1 Que, PEI, NB 1.95, No.. 1 small NB 1.. 80; 100 lb bags Maine B 2.40, Minnesota, North Dakota,

Stock-Taking SALE

On hand we have a line of Ladies' Jumpers in the popular shades of Black, Brown, Grey and Blue, sizes 12, 14 and 16 only. Regular $4.95, Clearing at **$3.39**

HANDBAGS—Latest styles. Reg. $2.98. Clearing at **$2.39**

STRIPED BLOUSES—$2.98, Going at **$2.39**

FABRIC GLOVES—In Purple, Paddy Green and Red. Selling at **75c**

VELVET BEANIES—All shades. Regular $1.98. Clearing at **95c**

Also broken lines of DRESSES all at REDUCED PRICES.

THE SMART SHOPPE

221 QUEEN ST. PHONE 1686-J

MARGARET DOUGAN, Prop.

Thousands of Missourians jam streets and crowd windows of Fulton, Mo., to cheer arrival of President Truman and former Prime Minister Winston Churchill. Churchill, who gives his famous V-for-Victory sign, will speak at Westminister College on Anglo-American world policy. Seated below is Westminister's president, Dr. Franc McCluer.

Papa Llama bids Junior farewell with a touching farewell kiss. The little family is about to be temporarily parted, but not for long. The famous Primley Zoo in London is closing down and the animals were transferred to Chessington Zoo in Surrey, where their new home is located.

EXTRA FRESH BREAD!

INSIST ON FLEISCHMANN'S ACTIVE FRESH YEAST

Fresh active yeast goes right to work!

No lost action—no extra steps. Gives sweeter, tastier bread flavour—light, smooth texture—perfect freshness! IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—always use Fleischmann's *active*, fresh Yeast with the familiar yellow label. *Dependable* for more than 70 years—Canada's tested favourite.

Always fresh—at your grocer's

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