A Hearty Breakfast Dish

for husky young appetites!

NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT is the *builder-upper* breakfast special for growing youngsters! They love its grand nut-like flavor — and thrive on its hearty whole wheat nourishment. This is the original Niagara Falls product—tender-baked from 100% Canadian whole wheat with all the beneficial bran and wheat germ.

BAKED BY THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

FATALLY INJURED

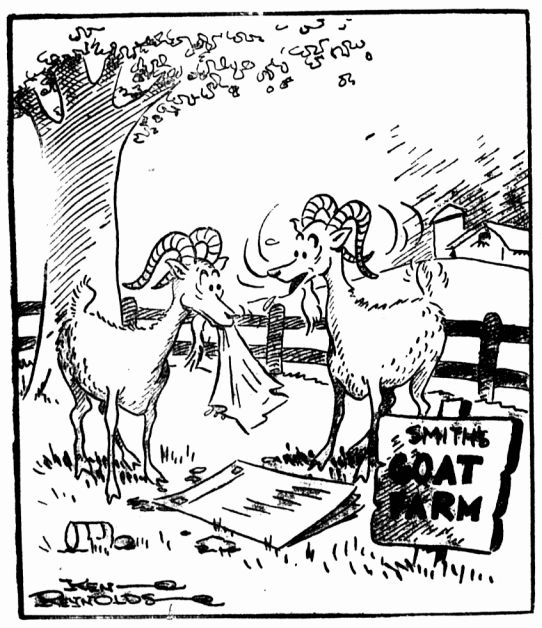
NEWCASTLE, N.B., Oct. 14 — (CP) — Samuel Rubenstein, 35, a merchant at Chatham, died in hospital here yesterday less than two hours after a highway accident near Newcastle. He was a truck passenger, returning from a hunting trip with several companions, when the vehicle was side-swiped by a log-laden truck as the latter swerved to avoid a pedestrian. A log splinter struck Rubenstein and punctured a lung.

WOOD STRENGTHENED

A half-inch thickness of plywood is many times stronger than a half-inch board.

QUICKIES

By Ken Reynolds



"This should go for waste paper — but I just can't resist the Guardian Want Ads!"

Eyestrain picks its victims young! Remember this—and see that your children have plentiful, soft light for study and reading. And remember General Electric Lamps "Stay Brighter . . . Longer".

Use GENERAL ELECTRIC LAMPS

MADE IN CANADA L-65

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

In Memoriam

MR. ARCHIE GAY

It is with sincere regret, we report the sudden passing of Mr. Archie Gay, (aged sixty-four years) at Elnora, Alberta, on September 17, 1945. The deceased had not been in good health for several months, following a shock. Recently he was able to walk about his farm, and it was thought he was much improved. On the above date, the end came suddenly, as he entered his home at eventide.

The funeral which was held at Elnora, on September 20th, was very largely attended, and many former residents of Dundas were present. The remains were tenderly laid to rest amid a profusion of floral tributes, speaking their silent message of love and esteem.

The late Mr. Gay who was a prosperous Alberta farmer, was loved and respected by all who knew him. It was truly said of him "He was never too busy to lend a helping hand to those in need and to encourage with tender words of sympathy, those cast down by life's burdens. He was a devoted Christian, and his life was a living testimony of the power of Christ, in his followers.

The late Mr. Gay visited Prince Edward Island, about two years ago, when he renewed many friendships of former years. He was accompanied by his wife, formerly Miss Minnie Robertson, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Robertson, (Poole's Hotel, Montague) and the late Allan Robertson of Mount Hope, P.E.I. He was the son of the late Abner Gay and Catherine (MacDonald) Gay, Dundas, and a grandson of the late Howard Gay and Eliza (Jones) Gay, Pownall, P. E. I.

There are left to mourn—his beloved wife, for forty-one years, and two daughters, (Alberta), Mrs. Samuel Priestly and (Eva) Mrs. Robert Ogden; also three grand children, Shirley and Eldon Priestly and Marvin Ogden, all of Elnora.

Besides his immediate family, four sisters have the sympathy of friends viz: Mrs. Catherine Anderson, Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. Van Warner, Aburndale, Mass.; Mrs. Hannah Blair, Newton Highlands, Mass., and Mrs. Margaret Yourker Newtonville, Mass. Several sisters and brothers predeceased him, including, Samuel Gay, High Sheriff of Las Vegas, Nevada, for thirty years and who passed away suddenly, while hurrying to a train a few years ago.

(Patriot please copy.)

OLD FODDER PLANT

Alfalfa was brought from Persia to Greece in 500 B.C.

FLU COLDS THROAT DISTRESS BAD COUGH

When your throat rattles and your chest feels oppressed due to a heavy cold, use a modern medicine—one that is fully reliable — treat yourself with **Polson's Cough Syrup,** it helps you in this way—to clear the throat of phlegm—to stop hacking and coughing—to ease chest-tightness and remove soreness from the bronchial tubes.

You will find **Polson's Cough Syrup** very soothing; it is strongly antiseptic and destroys bacteria in the mucus that so often clogs up the throat and nose. There is an abundance of soothing medication in **Polson's Cough Syrup** which enables it to work effectively on Colds. Let this specialized medication help you to clear your breathing organs of distress—to abate nasty discharges—to bring faster relief to hacking and sneezing To get real help for your Cough or Cold, rely upon **Polson's Cough Syrup** which is available in any good Chemist's shop, 35c per bottle.

POLSON'S COUGH SYRUP

Young April

by Dorothy Chadwick

The pretty hand-painted soup plates had been cleared away and Matsu in his starched white shirt front and black bow tie was hurrying back and forth from kitchen to dining room with plates of roast duck which he set with a flourish before each guest. Aunt Bea smiled at Caroline across pink roses and asparagus fern; she cast a loving look toward Phoebe who glowed in her place of honor at the head of the long table. The child was lovely tonight, positively dazzling in her square-necked white frock—and a little dazzled too, bless her heart! Oh, to be young, to be eighteen again, thought Aunt Bea with a tiny pang of regret that melted quickly away in her enjoyment of the moment.

She loved giving successful parties, and this was was a success, she thought, looking from animated faces to face about the table. At Phoebe's right sat Peter Rosicki a dark flame of a boy blown this way and that by gusts of talk and laughter, but with no real eyes for anyone but Phoebe. Miss Palmer watched Peter's long slim musician's fingers and wished she had money enough to help him toward a real career—it was an outrage that the boy should have to spend his young days working in his father's cornfields when he ought to be closeted in some quiet room with his violin. Well, there was a chance if she read the signs correctly the millionaire's niece Henrietta was already more than a little interested in the young violinist. A remarkable family, the Rosickis, thought Miss Palmer, glancing toward Ruth who, sixteen, sensitive mouthed and quiet, sat on the other side of Phoebe drinking it all in with big eyes, saying but "Yes, please" and "No, thank you," in her clear voice. And Mr. Rosicki down by Caroline was a lamb if there ever was one. Gray-haired and genial, he was telling funny stories which somehow never turned out to be really funny at all, but at which everybody laughed because he was so nice.

Loving them all Aunt Bea cried "Ruth, dear, let Matzu fill up your nut basket!" And then, "Caroline I don't know when I've enjoyed a dinner so much."

Her sister laughed. "You're not very modest, Bea—it's all your own doing."

"Nonsense!" Miss Palmer waved her hand which held a ripe olive. "It's the people that make a party, and its certainly not my fault that your guests are the most delightful people in the world!"

Joining in the general laugh Mr. Overton thought to himself that his sister-in-law's tendency toward overstatement was an endearing trait, growing as it did out of her intense loyalty to those she loved. Sometimes, since he himself was a reasonable man and a lover of logic and moderation, it annoyed him to be told that he was the most remarkable boat builder in existence, that Phoebe outrivaled any screen star for beauty, and that Caroline was a paragon of all wifely virtues. But he had to admit that it was warming. Bea's genius lay in her ability to give special pleasure to those about her, and she had added greatly to his own pleasure tonight by having produced Guy Austin for the party. He looked up and caught the glance of the financier.

"Before the evening's over," Mr. Austin told him, "I'd like to go out to the shop with you and take a look at the sloop you're building."

John nodded, looking forward to the moment when they might slip away to the shop and talk boats. He was building the sloop to Austin's order. It was to be the yachtsman's surprise for his niece Henrietta on her next birthday, and no expense had been spared in making the craft extravagantly beautiful. All winter it had grown slowly under John's hands; it was by far the finest thing he had ever created and his pride in it was intense. He was pleased, too, by Austin's faith in his ability.

His friendship with the yachtsman had come about by accident. One day last summer Austin, sailing his racing sloop down the bay to the Westhampton regatta, had come to grief on an unchartered sandbar opposite the boat shop. John had gone out to help, had repaired the damage done to the delicate hull the two men had talked boats together for over an hour, and by the time Austin sailed on toward Westhampton the friendship had a good start. Since then the older man had dropped in at the Overton home on various occasions, frequently bringing with him his young niece who, after a short period of critical regard by Phoebe, Ruth and Peter, had been admitted to the charmed circle represented by those three.

And last November Austin had given John an order for the sloop. Phoebe's father sighed contentedly, glancing down the table at the glowing face of his daughter. He was getting a big price for the boat; enough at least to start Phoebe in college next year.

"Well, Ben Prentice, what do you think of us all?" Miss Palmer asked the young man who, diagonally across the table from her, glanced from face to unfamiliar face with eyes which fascinated Aunt Bea with her peculiarly burning intense blueness.

"Never mind the rest. What do you think of me?" murmured Henerietta Austin, her pert blond head swaying nearer Ben's. All through dinner her scarlet lips had been issuing remarks calculated to keep the young man's attention centered on herself, though she turned occasionally with just the right amount of deference toward lawyer Speer on her other side, causing that rather dour-faced individual to beam with pleasure. And at the same time all this was going on, Henerietta showed marked anxiety to catch the eye of Peter Rosicki and to hear everything he said.

Aunt Bea was pleasantly conscious of Guy Austin on her right, large, fifty and amiable, nibbling steadily at his basket of nuts and when these were gone, at Aunt Bea's basket of nuts, and as steadily producing in a quiet voice remarks that plunged them all into hilarity. She was just as acutely, but less pleasantly aware of Mr. Prentice at her left elbow. Twice she had found herself wishing vaguely for a pin with which to prick the patronizing smugness of this red-haired, sharp-featured individual.

And now the birthday dinner was approaching its highest point. The crisp salad enlivened by the tang of Roquefort dressing had come and gone, and after a cursory petent glance about the table Miss Palmer signaled to Matzu and once the room was plunged in darkness, and a moment later the little waiter emerged from the kitchen bearing aloft a pink and white birthday cake ablaze with candles. As he set it before Phoebe Aunt Bea rose and waving her arm like a baton led them all in the old song:

Happy birthday to you!

Happy birthday, dear Phoebe—

Hap-py birthday to you!

It was the magic moment. Phoebe, her throat a[illegible] raised down the length of the table into her mother's and [illegible] eyes and met their loving look feeling as she always did at this moment particularly close to them. John Overton, smiling at his daughter felt with a pang that Phoebe had grown up; and Caroline felt it, too, and her eyes blurred be-

Continued on Page 6

LITTLE LULU

Visits the South Pole

by Marge

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople

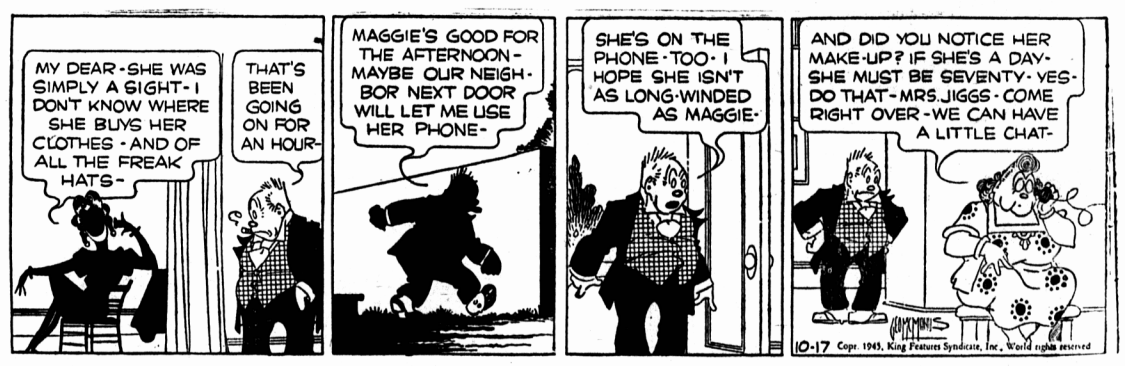
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher

CIVILIANS!!

BRINGING UP FATH[illegible]

By George McM[illegible]



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwina

TILLIE THE TOILER

A PLUG FOR PUBLICITY

By Webster