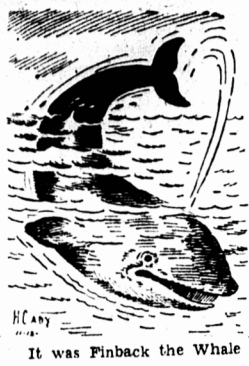


RELIEVE
ATHES&PAINS
BY RUBBING IN
1944
MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT
35¢

FALL
SO-ED SERIES
COMMENCING
NOV. 13th
Discussions - Recreation
Glee Club
For information: Phone 95
8:00 P.M. - Y. M. C. A.
BANQUET ROOM

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES
By Thornton W. Burgess

ALL AT SEA
An open mind will always be
From set opinions wholly free.



It was Pinback the Whale

—Honker the Goose
Down from the Far North over
great forests, big lakes, mighty
rivers, lonely farms, small villages,
even big cities, Honker the Goose
had led his flock on their way to
the Sunny South for the winter. To
the older members of the flock it
was all an old story. They had seen
all these things many times, for
each year since they were born
they had made this long journey
down in the autumn and back in
the spring. But to the young Geese
making it for the first time, every-
thing was new and wonderful, some-
times so wonderful as to be al-
most breath-taking and hard to
believe.

It was just so now for they had
reached the seashore. In one di-
rection was water as far as they
could see. They had flown
over great lakes, but never one like
this. They flew and flew and flew
with the land on one side and the
water on the other, but they were
to an end of the land. It kept on
and on. Some times it was green
some times it was blue and some
times it was dark grey. Some times
they flew near shore and some
times they crossed great bays and
the shore was so far away they
could hardly see it.

It was far out in one of these
bays that Honker let them down
on the water to rest with other
flocks already there. Then they
found out something they didn't un-
derstand at all. This was queer wa-
ter, unlike any they ever had
known before. They couldn't drink
it. It didn't taste good. No, sir, it
didn't taste good at all. One after
another they tasted it and if a Goose
could make up a wry face I suspect
each of them would have done just
that. That water was salt. Of
course. They were at sea.

There was a lot of visiting
among the resting flocks and a
lot of gabbling. But there was no
food out there, nothing to eat, for
the water was very deep. And that
water wasn't good to drink. So the
young Geese were glad when
Honker gave the signal to take
wing and they were once more on
their way. At times they were so
far out over the ocean that they
couldn't see the shore, and had
it not been for their wise old leader
they would have felt lost and
wouldn't have known which way
to go. From this lost feeling on
the part of folks out on the ocean
out of sight of land, of this feel-
ing of uncertainty, of not knowing

which way to go or just what to
do, a familiar saying has come.
When folks, no matter where they
may be, are confused and in
doubt what to do they are said
to be "all at sea". The young Geese
were all at sea actually and also
in their feelings.

From time to time they saw
other flocks of their own kind and
many Ducks. Some were on the
water, but more were flying. All
the time, or at least most of the
time, the Gull folk were to be seen,
some times resting on the water,
but more were often sailing, now
low over the water, now
high above it, with only now
and then a few lazy flaps of
the wings. The young Geese mar-
veled at the ease with which they
sailed through the air and envied
them. How could any one become
tired using their wings so little?
Their own wings had to be kept
steadily to keep them in the air,
not to mention drive them ahead.
Yes, sir, they envied the Gull folk.
Once they saw the round head
of Barker the Seal above the wa-
ter. Then he dived, and they saw
him no more. They wondered who
he was, where he had come from,
where he was going, how he dared
to swim so far from land and why
he did it. They didn't dream that
he lived in the water as other
animals live on land.

Once a strange thing happened.
They were flying low, just ahead
of them a little way the water sud-
denly opened and there came to
the surface what they took to be
a giant fish, a giant among giants,
it was so unbelievably big that
some of them almost fell out of
the air in their astonishment, for
an instant forgetting to keep their
wings moving. From the head of
the giant what looked like a jet
of water shot into the air. It was
not water, but vapor. It was Pin-
back the Whale.

Slow Boat
From Marseilles
By Michael Hastings

continued
Instead of firing again, Prinz
tried to strike him over the head
with the butt of the revolver. But
the others had regained their
courage. Prinz was caught by the
arm. Then he went over, crashing
heavily to the floor. He rolled
and kicked desperately, but could
not get free. Jan clung to him like
an octopus, his head wedged higher,
until his hands were able to take
Prinz by the throat. One of the
others twisted at Prinz's wrist
and the automatic fell from the
tortured hand.
Jan tightened his grip. With his
free hand, Prinz punched him in
the face; but Jan did not let go.
Instead he half raised Prinz and
then smashed him down on the
floor again. His head struck with
a loud bump.

The impact nearly made Prinz
lose consciousness. The room swam
about him, and there was a buz-
zing in his ears. His mouth came
open as his tormented lung de-
manded more air; but it did not
help. Thin fingers, like wire ropes,
tightened upon his throat, sank in.
Blood spurted from a scratch. His
swollen tongue protruded. A blue
tinge deepened in his face. His
eyes seemed to bulge until they
threatened to burst out. A gasping
rattle sounded. Then, mercifully,
one of the others struck him with
the automatic, using it as a club.
He slipped away into darkness.
But still Jan held. His face was
white with passion. Long before
they were able to drag him off,
Prinz was dead.

Then Jan stood up, trembling,
and moved towards the door. But
before he could reach it, it was
flung open. Dr. Rutter stood in
the doorway. There was a revolver
in his hand, Jan, taken at a dis-
advantage, moved back. Rutter
threatened him with the gun.
"Prinz!" he called. Then, sharp-
ly, he demanded "Where is Dr.
Prinz?"

Acting under some mass im-
pulse, the men drew aside so that
Rutter could see the lifeless figure.
It sprawled in a tortured, un-
natural attitude. Rutter took a
step towards it. His face went
white. In contrast, the darkness
glasses took on a deeper shade.
When he spoke, his voice had the
whispering, husky quality of a
rising wind.
"So," he said. "You have killed
him. Who was responsible? He
shall hang for murder."

This last word came as a slap
across the face to Jan Kiermik.
"Murderer!" he cried. "Who are
you to talk of murder? You're a
murderer yourself!"
Rutter turned on him menac-
ingly. The others shrank before
the malevolence which seemed to
emanate from him. But not Jan.
Trembling, pale-faced, he stood
there. Challenging.
"You killed him!" Rutter ac-
cused.

"I executed him," snapped Jan.
The answer inflamed Rutter.
"You!" he cried. "You executed
him! You—from a slave people.
You dare to murder a German—
and then utter execution!"
There was a low angry murmur
from the others. For the moment
they lacked leadership. No man
was ready to charge against
the levelled revolver. Each one
knew that Rutter would not hesi-
tate to shoot. Ruthlessness was
stamped upon his face.

"Murderer!" cried Jan. "That's
what you are! A common murderer!
One of these days they'll put a
rope round your neck and hang
you—as they have the rest of your
criminal pack!"
"Silence!" roared Rutter.
He raised his revolver. His
fingers itched to press upon the
trigger, but Jan faded into a blur-
red figure which then merged in-
to the swaying mist of the back-
ground. Hoping to see better, he
took off his glasses, casting them
impetuously aside. "You killed
Stefani!" cried Jan.

Rutter fired, but the bullet went
wide. Across the saloon there was
the tinkle of breaking glass. A
light went out. Only one; but it
seemed to Rutter that all were
out. There was darkness before
him. For a moment he hesitated,
then he turned swiftly and blun-
dered to the door. He groped for
it and the revolver dropped. He knew
that there was no time to spare
for recovering it. He fled.

They heard him going up the
companionway, crying out: "Zakas!
Lacoste!" There were heavy,
blundering steps.
For a second there was silence
in the saloon; the silence of be-
wilderedment.
"Zakas! Lacoste!"
The words were fainter, coming
to them like the despairing cry of
a lost soul groping in a wilderness
inhabited only by fears.

Jan moved. Before any of the
others realised what he was doing
he was through the door, racing
in pursuit.
"Murderer!" he cried. His voice
was like that of an old stern god
of vengeance.

Then Vanya crossed to the door.
Her father called to her, warningly.
"My dear! Where are you go-
ing?"
There was a triumphant, proud
gleam in her eyes as he replied:
"Where I belong."

But before she could pass
through the doorway, Oliver was
with her. The tension vanished
from his face, leaving only a great
relief.
"Rutter!" he cried. "Where is
he?"
"He's gone. Prinz is dead. Then
Rutter surprised us, but just as he
was going to shoot Jan he turned
and fled, crying out for Zakas and
Lacoste to save him."

"I heard somebody crying out,"
said Oliver. He didn't say how it
had increased his fears, how it had
given him fresh speed, "I'll go on
deck and see that all is well. Rutter
may be dangerous."
To be continued

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

MAJOR HOOPLE

THERE YOU ARE, TWIGGS!
A LARGE-SCALE
PRESENTATION OF MY
IDEA TO SHOW THE
DAIRY PEOPLE!
RATHER CLEVER
NAME FOR THE
ITEM, EH?

YOU'VE DRESSED IT LIKE A
SPRAINED WRIST, MAJOR!
I DON'T SEE HOW ANY
BUSINESSMAN COULD RESIST
THE PROJECT UNLESS YOU
CHILL HIS FEET WITH A
GRUESOME FIGURE!

The Hoople
HOT POT
HOOPLE
HOT POT

A STEAMING POT
O'COFFEE AT YOUR
DOOR EVERY MORNING
(IN THE EXCLUSIVE
THERMAL JUG)
GET THAT EXTRA
HALF-HOUR SLEEP!

BIG
SCALE
STUFF

EGAD, MARTHA! I'M OFF TO SELL
MY HOT-POT-OF-COFFEE IDEA
TO THE DAIRY PEOPLE! HEH-
HEH! YOU MAY NET RIDE WITH
ME ATOP A COACH-AND-FOUR
TO VIEW THE GRAND PRIX TURF
CLASSIC IN PARIS—AND SIT
LIKE A QUEEN CHAT-
TING WITH
THE AGA
KHAN!

HM! YOU ALWAYS BUY
ALL THE BARRELS YOU'LL
NEED BEFORE YOU FIND
THE OIL!—SPEAKING
OF KHANS, HAVE YOU
GOT ENOUGH MONEY
TO BRING HOME SOME
TUNA FISH?

KHAN SUCH
KINGSIBE!

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS

HEY! WHO'S
OBSTRUCTIN' TH'
VISION DOWN
THERE?

OH, HE'S IN THE
BATHROOM! I
KNEW SHE WAS
ON THE PORCH,
BUT I WASN'T
SURE ABOUT
HIM!

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

By Fago'y & Shorte

BOSSO TOLERATES
NO SMALL-TALK!
WHATSOEVER AROUND
THE OFFICE BETWEEN
9 A.M. AND 5 P.M.

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
BREAK IT UP! CAN'T
THE CHATTER! THIS
IS A BUSINESS! YOU
KNOW, NOT A
COFFEE KLOTCH!

HOW'S YOUR
LITTLE GIRL NOW,
MR. CARBUNCLE?
IS SHE—L—

BY THE WAY, DID I
EVER TELL YOU FOLKS
WHAT HAPPENED ON
OUR TRIP TO THE
GRAND CANYON LAST
SUMMER? WELL,
TO GO BACK TO
THE BEGINNING—

Thanks to
MRS. LOUISE ZIMMERMAN,
707 WALKER AVE.,
OAKLAND 10, CALIF.

**WE THINK YOU SHOULD
KNOW ABOUT *IT**

*POPULAR MUSICALS

Piano Duo Baptist Girls' Chorus

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21st IN F. W. C. HALL

Sponsored by Baptist Women's Auxiliary.
Tickets from members of Auxiliary and Chorus

ADULTS 75c STUDENTS 50c

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Milk Producers and
Vendors Association will be held at BIRCH COURT on
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14th AT 8 O'CLOCK.

A Large Attendance is Requested.

PERCY G. GAY,
Secretary.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Upper part
of a boot
5. Thick slice
8. Tibetan
priests
10. Money-
drawers
12. Wing-like
13. To spice or
flavor
14. Brawny
16. Hawaiian
bird
17. God of
pleasure
18. Border
19. Ostrich-like
bird
20. Crown
21. Encounter
22. Cylinder
for thread
25. Bends over
26. Firm
27. Dip lightly
into water
28. Part of
"to be"
29. Damage
30. Mineral
spring
33. Personal
pronoun
34. Routed
another
way
36. Bear
38. Flower
receptacle
39. Steps over
a fence
40. Bands
worn
around the
waist
41. Observes
42. Trees

DOWN
1. Intrinsic
worth
2. Accumulate
3. Refuse of
grapes
4. Postscript
(abbr.)
5. Vapor
6. One who
lies
7. Man's
nickname
(poss.)
8. Flowered
9. Young
sheep
11. Muzzles
13. Slide
15. River (Russ.)
19. A bold fish
20. Fish
21. Swab-like
implement
22. Diaperes
23. Fathers or
mothers
24. Coin
25. Game of
chance
27. Venture
(poss.)
29. Pools
30. Stem
31. Obnoxious
insects
32. Fruit drinks
34. Govern

Yesterday's Answer
35. Inner,
colored
layer of iris
37. Perish
40. Board of
Ordnance
(abbr.)

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson

GRASPING AN OPPORTUNITY
Today's declarer made a slight
slip in the play, but it is doubtful
that many defenders in East's
position would have seized the op-
portunity thus presented.

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ A J 9 3
♥ 10 9 6
♦ A J 5
♣ J 8 7

♠ K 8 7
♥ 6 2
♦ A 4
♣ Q 9 6 3

Q 10 4
7 3 2
K 10 9
5 4

The bidding:
South West North East
1 ♠ 2 NT Pass
3 ♥ Pass 4 ♥ Pass
Pass Pass

Prospects looked so dark to West
that he decide to lead the club
queen as a "desperation" opening.
Declarer held up the ace but won
the club continuation, then led to
the spade ace and returned a low
heart to his king. West won and led
back a low spade. Declarer ruffed
East's ten, led the heart eight to
the nine, and ruffed another
spade. He then successfully finessed
to the jack of diamonds, leaving
this position:

♠ J
♥ 10
♦ A 5
♣ J

♠ K 8
♥ Q 9 6
♦ J
♣ 8 7 6 5

♠ 7
♥ 10
♦ K 10 5
♣ 8

At this point declarer threw
East in with the club—and every-
thing depended on East's return.
The average player in East's po-
sition would simply exit with the
trump. Observe, however, that on
this lead West would be squeez-
ed! If he gave up the spade king,
dummy's jack would be good; if
he relinquished a diamond, de-
clarer's three diamonds would be
winners.
East did not fall into this trap!
He returned the diamond, and now
South was helpless.
Incidentally, South could have
executed a squeeze against the
best defense if he had led the
high trump in dummy instead of
his own hand.

**Champion - Younker
Nuptials**

The Presbyterian Manse at
Clyde River was the scene of a
quiet wedding on Tuesday eve-
ning, September 12, at 7:30 p.m.,
when Heier Freda, only daughter
of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Younker,
Brookfield, became the bride of
Wallace Frederick Champion, son
of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cham-
pion, Malpeque. The ceremony
was performed by Rev. Donald
Nicholson of Clyde River.

The bride looked charming in a
floor-length gown of ivory satin
featuring long fitted bodice draped
in bustle effect in back, long
lily pointed sleeves and sweet-
heart neckline, and wore a dou-
ble strand of pearls. Her finger-
tip veil was held in place by a
matching halo and she carried a
bouquet of ruby snapdragons and
maiden-hair fern.

Immediately following the cere-
mony a reception was held at the
home of the bride's parents where
a sumptuous wedding supper was
served to about thirty invited
guests.

The large dining-room was ar-
tistically decorated with pink and
white streamers and summer
flowers. The candle-lighted bride's
table was centered with the
bride's and groom's three-tier
cakes decorated with a miniature
bridal couple. Bouquets of pink
and white roses provided a
beautiful accent of color.

Those who assisted in serving
were friends of the bride—Mrs.
Blair Andrew, Mrs. Vernon Mac-
Rae, Miss Bernice Wood, Mrs.
John Fattis, Miss Grace Wood
and Mrs. Claude Younker.
The toast to the bride was pro-
posed by Rev. Donald Nicholson
and responded to by Mr. groom.
Nuptial music was played on
the piano by Miss Lou Champion
and Mrs. Toombs, aunts of the
bride and groom and by Miss
Joyce Nicholson.
The bride's mother was becom-
ingly attired in an ankle-length
gown of plum moire taffeta and
matching accessories and wore a
corsage of white mums, while the
groom's mother chose for the
occasion a gown of sapphire and
black taffeta with matching acces-
sories and wore a corsage of gold
mums.
The popular couple received
many lovely and useful gifts.
Before her marriage the bride
was a successful school teacher
and taught in several schools in
the Province.
For travelling Mrs. Champion
chose a suit of burgundy gabar-
dine with feather hat and other
gray accessories and wore a
platinum fox cape, a gift of the
groom.
The happy couple left amid
showers of good wishes and rice
for a honeymoon trip through
the Maritimes, visiting friends in
New Glasgow, N. S.
On returning Mr. and Mrs.
Champion will reside in Malpe-
que.

NAPOLEON and UNCLE ELBY by CHITTY McRINA

MY MOTHER TOLD ME NOT TO
PLAY HER WEEDS BUT I WENT
AND DID IT AND THOSE BIG
WORMS ALL THE MARBLE
AND I'M AFRAID TO GO HOME.

EVER TELL YOU FOLKS
WHAT HAPPENED ON
OUR TRIP TO THE
GRAND CANYON LAST
SUMMER? WELL,
TO GO BACK TO
THE BEGINNING—