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Tomorrow's Promise

By Temple Bailey
Continued

He drove on and Vicky sat down on a rude wooden bench to read her letter from Francis. A line came to her every day. She did not often write to him, but she was glad to get his letters. They were never love letters, but they breathed his need of her. "Anne is a precious child, but she is not enough."

Vicky sighed as she folded the letter. She knew she was wise, but wisdom was not easy. She could not have defined her reasons for not marrying Francis Ordway, but she had no doubts as to the rightness of her decision.

She returned to the house to find her mother still in the kitchen. "Sit down, my dear," Mrs. Hewitt told her, "and read me the news while I peel apples for the pies."

Vicky liked to read the news to her mother. Things that Congress was doing, and the President and the marriages and deaths. They talked over each item, argued a little, were interested in wedding gowns and guests, and found now and then in the death notices news of some friend who had passed on.

But today there was no news of friends, yet as Vicky glanced down the line her eyes caught a familiar name and she looked again:

"Patterson: At Cairo, Egypt, Margot, wife of Charles Patterson... Margot, wife of Charles. Then Charles Patterson was free!"

"Mother, Vicky said breathlessly, "listen to this!" She read the notice. "Oh, Mother, I wonder if this means happiness for Anne."

Anne was giving a breakfast party for Betty Lanvale. Betty had come down with her young husband and her adorable baby. "The baby," Betty had told Anne during the second week after her arrival. "is utterly superfluous in a place like this. He doesn't know he has a mother. Bates wants me with him and the crowd every minute. We dance so late that I'm dead in the mornings. Now and then I run in, and pat Bates, Junior, on the head and say 'Darling!' And that's all he knows about me. The things he loves are his bottle and that starched white ruse of his."

Anne laughed. "It isn't half so bad as it sounds."

"It's worse. You don't know, Anne. You're not a mother."

"If I were, I'd live for my baby and not for the crowd."

"Much you know about it. If I didn't live for the crowd I'd lose Bates. He hates domesticity."

Anne laughed again, but her heart had been shaken for all about her babies were being brought up that way. The mothers, most of them, were nothing but little dancing derbies. And the fathers! Golf and parties. There didn't seem to be anything else that interested them except, possibly, the whippet races and roulette.

Anne had thought life would have no more fears for her, but now she was afraid because the things that had seemed a part of her life when she lived with Vicky were becoming less and less important as she was

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caught in the swing of frantic frivolity.

At the moment the Lanvale breakfast was on her mind, and a dance at the club on St. Valentine's Day. And there would have to be other things later, until all her social debts were paid.

She was waiting for her guests. The tables were set in the grove which surrounded the house. They had umbrellas over them of striped mauve and white and on each table was a white bowl filled with violets.

Her father, who stood beside her on the porch, asked, "Happy, Anne?"

"I'm not sure."

"Why not?"

"Oh, sometimes I think it isn't all—real, Daddy."

"I know. Would you rather go home?"

"Not unless we could have Vicky with us."

"Vicky can't come until June."

After a moment he asked, "What about Garry? Aren't you and he rushing it a bit?"

"There's nothing in it, Daddy. Not really."

Yes, Anne wondered, as she went down to meet the first arrivals, if she were really telling the truth about Garry. She didn't want to marry him. She didn't want to marry anybody. But Garry was great fun, and she would miss him if he weren't there.

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After breakfast they played contract. There were marvelous prizes.

Betty Lanvale said on leaving, "Everybody is talking about you, Anne. I should think your heart would turn."

"Perhaps it is. Perhaps it will turn all the way round, and then I shall be sensible again."

Betty moved on, and after a time Anne was alone with Garry. "What do you say to a swim?" he asked her.

"I'd love it," and Anne went off to come back as a nymph in green.

A green rubber cap covered her bright hair, a green wrap was slung about her.

The shadows of the afternoon were slanting across the water. It was cool and delicious to be floating under the amethyst sky. They were silent until Garry said, "In a few days I shall be going back, Anne."

"Back where?"

"Home. There are some income tax matters that the bank can't fix up without me."

"Oh, stick around, Garry, until after St. Valentine's. I want you at my party. I have a new gown—pink with lace paper frills like a Valentine, and silver hearts strung all over it."

"Do you really want me, Anne?"

She hedged a bit. "I want you at my party."

To be continued

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That Body Of Yours
Continued from page 2

(gynergen) once a week for five years; Dr. L. G. Moench in Year Book (Chicago) reports two patients taking it for 4 years; and Dr. Fuchs and Blumenthal report a patient taking it for 8 years, yet none of these patients suffered from side effects.

However, as physicians are reporting cases in which ergotamine tartrate and other ergot preparations are affecting the heart, Drs. Fuchs and Blumenthal report two more cases in which the heart was affected by use of this drug despite the fact that there was apparently no physical reason to expect or suspect any effect on the heart.

Now, as 99 out of every 100 migraine patients can safely use ergotamine tartrate. It would be unfortunate if any of them thought it wise to suffer the tortures of migraine rather than take a chance on their heart. A check-up by their physicians would enable the 99 to get the benefit of this valuable drug.

CARDIFF, Wales, Dec. 25 — (Reuters) — Earth tremors were felt at Llandrinod Wells, Radnor County, about 55 miles north of here early Saturday.

Presentation At Vernon River

After High Mass on Sunday, December 3, the parishioners of Vernon River grouped together to bid "Good-bye" to Reverend Father Sylvère Gallant, who had been curate for the past fifteen months.

The trustees of the parish and the president and secretary of each society came forward as a group. Mr. Owen Callaghan read the address and gave Father Gallant a substantial purse on behalf of the parishioners. Mrs. Joseph MacIsaac presented him with a pen and pencil set from the C. W. L. Mr. Thomas MacKenna presented Father Gallant with a Remington typewriter from the Holy Name Society. Mr. Vernon MacIntyre presented him with a sum of money on behalf of the Choir, as a token of their appreciation of his special work with them. Miss Jean O'Donnell presented him with a Stole and a Spiritual Bouquet from the Children of Mary, whose director he was. Master Norbert Fraser presented a box of chocolates to him from the Altar Boys.

After the presentations, Father Gallant in a very moving way

thanked the parishioners and expressed the wish that he might be back to visit them in the near future. Father Gallant said that he would be leaving by Tuesday morning for Cheticamp, Cape Breton, where he is to take up duties as assistant priest.

The address: Rev. Father Sylvère Gallant, Rev. and Dear Father:

It was with feelings of regret that we listened to the official announcement "Father Gallant is leaving Vernon River." Though the rumor had been current for some time, we had hoped it might only be a rumor. But alas for vain hopes!

A little over a year ago, you came amongst us, a complete stranger, but by your pleasant personality and congenial manner you soon won the respect and affection of every one of us.

As our curate, you were always ready to oblige and assist us in our religious duties. To the aged, infirm and sick you were encouragement and consolation.

To the young people a leader and an example. To the children a dear, fatherly friend. To the choir you were ever ready to lend your vocal talents as well as to direct and assist in the training of future candidates. Nor can we overlook the assistance you so freely gave to our social action. By your

untiring efforts and talents you have helped the parishioners of Vernon River in every avocation of life.

And now, dear Father, before we close we ask you to accept these small gifts, not for their value, but only to assure you of our loving and good wishes. We hope that in your new field of labour you will be blessed with health and strength and that God may shower you with abundant blessings, and that you may always remain the priestly character you have been whilst amongst us.

When you stand before God's Holy Altar as an "Altar Christus" we ask you sometimes to remember the people at Vernon River Parish.

We hope that you may sometimes come back to visit with us either in the church or in our home, and you may rest assured that you will always find a generous welcome.

And now, dear Father, we say "Au revoir" and "God Bless You." Signed on behalf of the parishioners of Vernon River.

Mr. Owen Callaghan, Mr. Joseph MacIsaac, Mr. Herman Gill — Trustees.
Mrs. Joseph MacIsaac, Mrs. Brendon Curran — Catholic Women's League.
— Mr. Thomas MacKenna, Mr. Jos-

eph MacDonald—Holy Name Society.
Miss Jean O'Donnell, Miss Margaret MacIsaac — Children of Mary.
Mr. Augustus Callaghan, Mr. Vernon MacIntyre, Mr. John Green — The Choir.
Master Norbert Fraser, Master Billie Cain — Altar Boys.

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