

**No end of surprises with MAGIC!**

**PEANUT BUTTER PINWHEEL LOAF**

Mix and sift into a bowl, 3 c. one-cupped pastry flour (or 2 1/4 c. one-cupped hard-wheat flour), 3/4 tsp. Magic Baking Powder, 1/2 tsp. salt. Cut in finely 7 lbs. chilled shortening. Combine 1/2 c. milk and 1/4 tsp. vanilla. Make a well in dry ingredients and add liquids; mix lightly with a fork. Knead for 10 seconds on lightly-floured board and roll out to 1/4" thick rectangle, 8 1/2" along one side. Cream together 1 lb. butter or margarine, 1/2 c. peanut butter and 1/2 c. lightly-packed brown sugar; sprinkle on rolled-out dough. Beginning at an 8 1/2" edge, roll dough up like a jelly roll and place in a greased loaf pan (4 1/2" x 8 1/2"). Bake in a hot oven, 400°, about 45 minutes. Serve hot, cut in thick slices, or cold, cut in thin slices, lightly spread with butter or margarine.

**ATTENTION HOG PRODUCERS**

FOR HIGHEST RETURNS AND PROMPT, EFFICIENT SERVICE, SHIP YOUR HOGS AND OTHER LIVESTOCK THROUGH OUR TRUCKERS EVERY WEEK.

YOU ARE INVITED TO VISIT THE LOCAL PLANT AND SEE YOUR HOGS BEING KILLED, WEIGHED AND GRADED.

TRUCKER/AGENT	LOADING DAY
Carleton-Albany Vicinity	Vernon Mutiari Tuesday
Niagara	Alden Orr Tuesday
Hampton	George Dunford Tuesday
Alberton	Alberton Coop. Tuesday
Annandale	J. G. MacDonald Tuesday
Bodford-Tracadie	Herb Mullen Tuesday
Belle River-Wood Islands	S. Beare Tuesday
Bloomfield	Bloomfield Coop. Tuesday
Bradabane	Elmer Wilmore Thursday
Canoe Cove	Archie MacKinnon Tuesday
Carleton Place	Norman MacKinnon Thursday
Carleton-Portage	H. E. Phillips Tuesday
Freeland	Hasen Howard Tuesday
Conwall	Lloyd Vessey Tuesday
Corhead-York	R. N. Dawson Tuesday until noon
Crapaud-Westmoreland	Borden Boswell Tuesday
Dunstaffnage	John McRae Tuesday
Iona-Eldon-Pt. Prim	Ellerlie Coop. Tuesday
Meville	Fin Campbell Monday forenoon
Ellerlie	Les MacDowell Thursday
Elmira-East Point	Carl Graham Tuesday
Fredericton-Gaspereaux	Borden Bagill Thursday
Murray	Herb MacEwen Mas Thursday
Harbour North	Casey Thursday
Hunter River	Tignish Coop. Thursday
Kennington	Ralph Lea Tuesday
Montague	Walter Crane Tuesday
Morel	Eddie Sbas Tuesday
Stewart	Wellington Coop. Tuesday
Murray River - Murray Harbour	Wellington For efficient trucking service Monday to Friday phone 296 or 1214.

We will pay any farmer truckage on his own hogs delivered to our pens on Grafton Street provided there is no advertised trucker that area.

**WHY NOT PATRONIZE THE CHARLOTTETOWN PLANT? AN INDUSTRY ON PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, GIVING EMPLOYMENT TO ISLAND PEOPLE, AND OPERATED IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF OUR LIVESTOCK PRODUCERS.**

**CANADA PACKERS LIMITED**  
CHARLOTTETOWN P. E. I.

**HOG PRODUCERS**

BEAR THIS THOUGHT IN MIND: IT IS THE VOLUME OF HOGS SHIPPED OFF THE ISLAND THAT SUSTAINS THE PRICE ON THE ISLAND.

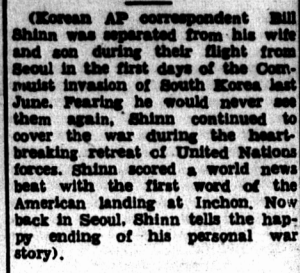
SO IT IS TO YOUR ADVANTAGE THAT YOU CONTACT SWIFT'S LOADER IN YOUR VICINITY, WHO IS A PART OF OUR WEEKLY SHIPPING SYSTEM THAT ASSURES YOU OF IMMEDIATE KILLING AND PROMPT RETURNS. TRY US WITH YOUR NEXT SHIPMENT FOR YOUR OWN SATISFACTION. THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF OUR AUTHORIZED LOADERS AND TRUCKERS:

**SOURIS-BAY FORTUNE** CLIFFORD PETERS  
**BRISTOL** GORDON J. McEWEEN  
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**MOUNT STEWART** ALVIN BURKE  
**MOUNT STEWART** MICHAEL McHILLAN  
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**JOHNSTON'S RIVER** JOSEPH MURNAGHAN  
**ROCKY POINT** ROY CAMPBELL  
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**BRADALBANE** HAROLD MacLEAN  
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**STANHOPE-COVESHEAD** KENNETH MacDONALD  
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SHOULD YOU NOT HAVE AN ADVERTISED TRUCKER IN YOUR VICINITY, TRUCKING WILL BE PAID BY ANY TRUCKER OR FARMER DELIVERING HIS OWN HOGS AT OUR STOCK PENS, RAILWAY WHARF, CHARLOTTETOWN.

**Swift Canadian Co. Limited**

**Korean Newsmen Find Family Safe in Seoul**



(Korean AP correspondent Bill Shinn was separated from his wife and son during their flight from Seoul in the first days of the Communist invasion of South Korea last June. Fearing he would never see them again, Shinn continued to cover the war during the heart-breaking retreat of United Nations forces. Shinn scored a world news beat with the first word of the American landing at Inchon. Now back in Seoul, Shinn tells the happy ending of his personal war story).

By BILL SHINN

SEOUL, Oct. 25 — (AP) — I shall never forget the dramatic moment when AP correspondent O. H. F. King gave me the news about my family.

I found my pregnant wife, Sally, and my 3 1/2-year-old son Johnny, alive among the numerous dead in the wrecked city of Seoul. Our reunion joy can hardly be expressed, so great is our excitement, happiness and thanks.

When I returned to liberated Seoul from Pusan I went to a house in the American Embassy compound where correspondents were staying.

I did not go to my former home because it was one of the first houses in Seoul to be hit by Red shells the night of June 27, only two days after the Communist invasion of South Korea started.

I was washing up at the correspondent's billet when King surprised me from behind, shouting: "Bill!"

He searched his pockets and gave me a typewritten sheet of paper. It was a story he had filed that day that he had learned my family was safe in a suburb of Seoul.

I could hardly believe it at first. Then I forgot the hunger and fatigue I had been feeling after the three-day journey from Pusan. Ignoring the curfew, I walked out in the dark to find Sally and Johnny. Finally, among the burned and destroyed homes, I found the small straw-thatched house that I was looking for. Sally and Johnny were there eating supper with Sally's father and mother. They could hardly recognize me in the dim candlelight.

Only after I called "Sally" did my wife scream. "Bill!" In the dark room I could see Sally's eyes flooded with tears.

Johnny was unmoved, as if I were an unwelcome guest.

I myself did not know what to begin to say.

After a few minutes we started saying: "God saved us."

"How could you manage to keep yourself and Johnny from the Communist dangers?" I asked Sally.

She replied: "I was visited by Reds myself but told my lies in order to live. We would have all been killed if we had stayed two more hours at our home in Seoul."

On one occasion Sally hid my younger brothers under the floor and told three visiting Reds: "I am left alone without being able to do anything because I am pregnant. My husband, who is a chauffeur, is missing."

**IN MEMORIAM**

CULLEN—In loving memory of a dear Mother who passed away October 27th, 1949.

A day of remembrance sadly recalled  
Without farewell she left us all,  
To be with us in the same old way,  
Would be our greatest wish today.

Forever in Our Memory.  
Daughter Helena and Son-in-Law George.

**IN MEMORIAM**

CULLEN—In ever loving memory of our dear mother, Mrs. Joseph Cullen, who passed away October 27, 1949.

You can only have one Mother,  
Patient, kind and true  
No other friend in all the world  
Will be as true to you.

For all her loving kindness  
She asks nothing in return  
If all the world deserted us  
To our Mother we could turn.

You often said we'd miss you  
These words have proven true,  
We lost our best and dearest friend  
Dear Mom when we lost you.

Sadly Missed by Her Husband and Family.

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of our dear mother, Mrs. Joseph Cullen, who passed away October 27th, 1949.

Our family life is broken  
Your heavenly crown is won  
Your busy hands are resting  
Your work on earth is done.

But God is good, He gave us strength  
And courage to bear the blow  
But what it meant to lose you,  
No one will ever know.

Always Remembered by Her Daughter and Son-in-Law, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Malone.

**Slow Boat From Marselles**



Prinz made his way down to the saloon. As he neared it, he could hear an excited chatter of voices. It was just as well, he thought that some of them had lost their heads. That would make it all the easier to explain the disappearance of Stefan Litwin. Strange things happen in fog. A man falling overboard was one of them.

Perfectly calm, his expression betraying no emotion, he entered the saloon.

"Quiet, please!" he called.

Pale, anxious faces turned towards him. One woman, who had been indulging in hysterics, suddenly became silent; much to the relief of Vanya Milany, who had been trying to calm her.

"There is no cause for anxiety," said Prinz. "The ship is proceeding on her way. As you know, there is a thick fog, and we came upon some wreckage low in the water. It was necessary to reverse the engines. The danger is past."

A sigh of relief seemed to expand across the saloon.

"... and the best thing that you can do is to go to bed."

Prinz turned round sharply to indicate that he had nothing more to say and that he did not welcome any questions. As he moved towards the alleyway tongues broke loose into excited chattering.

With annoyance he became aware of somebody at his side. It was Jan Kriernik.

"Dr. Prinz," he asked eagerly, "have you seen anything of Stefan Litwin?"

"Stefan Litwin," repeated Prinz, with a frown.

"Yes, you remember him—the quiet man who came with me to your house along..."

"Yes, yes," said Prinz quickly. "I remember him. But what about him?"

"He is not here. I cannot find him."

"I will look for him," said Prinz. "If he is not to be found on deck I will have a proper search instituted—and shall come to you to take part in it. Now go to your cabin and get some sleep."

His voice was harsher, more official. Prinz stepped back, seeming to suddenly remember his position.

"It is very kind of you, doctor," he said meekly.

"You shall know—if anything is wrong," said Prinz. And with that

promise, he hurried away. He returned to the cabin, satisfied himself that Rutter's breathing and pulse were normal, and then went in search of the captain. He noticed that the fog was lifting slightly.

Zakas was in his cabin, sitting hunched in his chair, arms placed on the table. His face was ashen, and there was almost a wild expression in his eyes as he looked up at Prinz.

"What are we to do?" he cried. "Keep our heads," snapped Prinz. "What happened was accidental. True, if the facts came out, there would be trouble." He added, significantly: "For all of us. But that need not be. We acted swiftly. All that we have to do is to remain perfectly calm."

"I am not accustomed to murder," Zakas moaned.

Prinz's eyes narrowed.

"You will not talk of it as that; just bear in mind that the man had agreed to run the risk—for a consideration. It was worth it, for him. What was his life? Was it so valuable that he would hesitate to wager it for a fortune? Have not other men done the same?" He gave an exclamation of disgust. "Come, man, take a

firm grip on yourself. It is all over. There were no witnesses. So far as everybody else on board is concerned, Stefan Litwin came up on deck when the ship gave a lurch. Presumably, in the fog, he fell over the side. It so happens that some of the passengers did come up as far as the deck. I have that from Lacoste. I do not think any of them actually ventured far—but that does not prove that Stefan Litwin was just as timid. We are safe enough captain. You're sure you understand the story that we must tell?"

Zakah nodded his head. He gained courage from Prinz's ruthlessness.

"And the body went over the side," he muttered. "I hope that nobody saw you, doctor."

"Nobody saw me," said Prinz. "After that, I returned to the cabin and removed all traces of what we had been doing. Now tell me—what about Oliver? Did he hear anything?"

Zakas drummed his fingers on the table nervously.

"There was a splash," he said. "I was busy questioning Oliver about the engines stopping. He explained—then came the splash. He wanted to investigate; but I vowed that I had heard nothing.

Pedro was on the bridge. I nudged him and he said that he had not heard anything unusual. We delayed Oliver long enough. But he was not satisfied until he had and gone to peer over the side handed over the wheel to Pedro himself. By that time, it was too late."

"So he was inclined to be difficult," said Prinz thoughtfully. "Yes," said Zakah, "he had the air of a suspicious man eager to discover some proof."

"Indeed," said Prinz softly. His eyes narrowed.

(To be continued)

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**SAVES SO MUCH WATER!**

**SO THRIFTY, TOO!**

**WHICHEVER WASHING METHOD YOU USE... with - or without - rinsing**

**NEW HEAVYWEIGHT TIDE DOES A BETTER WASHING JOB THAN ANY OTHER PRODUCT YOU CAN BUY!**

**Just wash-wring out-hang up!**

**New stepped-up washing power!**

WAIT till you see how clean new Heavyweight Tide gets hard-to-do things like work shirts and overalls! Because of its new stepped-up washing power, every grain does more work. Yet with all this power, it's safe for all colored washables! Try new Heavyweight Tide without rinsing and save time... work... water. Save money, too! There's so much more washing power, every package goes much farther.

YES, just take your wash out of Tide's amazing new suds... wring it out... hang it up dazzling clean—without rinsing. Procter & Gamble's new Heavyweight Tide keeps the dirt suspended in the sudsy water. When you wring out the clothes, the dirt runs out with the washwater, and the clothes are CLEAN! They dry soft and fluffy... iron easily. Think of the time, work, and water you save!