

Bake a Better Cake with Magic Baking Powder

Dependable for Three Generations

Escape From Heartbreak

By Margaretta Brucker

CHAPTER XVII

"Hello," Duke said. "What are you doing here?"

Valerie, recovering her composure, said archly, "Can't you see?"

Duke laughed. "Well in any case, it's a pleasant surprise." He leaned over the counter. "Look—I'm busy till one o'clock, but then, as my assistant takes over what about a dance later?"

Valerie felt herself tingling with excitement, but she feigned cool indifference.

"I couldn't possibly—I can't leave my job."

"When do you get through?" Duke persisted.

"Not for a long time."

"Well, you shouldn't go home alone. Then, without explaining this statement, Duke walked off with two men who had been waiting for him.

Valerie turned to find the other check girl staring at her in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Gee!" the girl gasped enviously. "Where did you meet him?"

"He's a friend of a friend of mine," Valerie replied with a careless shrug.

She felt sure that Duke planned to meet her later and offer to take her home, but she told herself that she mustn't let him. Dot would be simply furious.

How was she to avoid him? She tried to think of some excuse for leaving early, but she could think of no valid reason. Besides, it would be unfair to leave the other check-girl when they were so rushed.

In the end she stayed on until two o'clock. Then, the manager came and said that the other girl could manage alone until closing time.

Valerie counted over the money she had made in tips—decided she could be extravagant and take a taxi home.

Outside as she had expected, she found Duke waiting.

"At long last," he said mischievously.

He took hold of her arm and gently propelled her toward his car—opened a door invitingly. Valerie hesitated. It seemed silly to refuse to step into the car.

"Just regard this as a taxi or your own car," Duke coaxed. He drew himself up stiffly. "Where to, madam?"

Valerie laughed, and gave in. "Home, James," she said, climbing into the car.

When Duke had slipped into the driver's seat beside her he drove for several blocks without speaking.

Then he asked suddenly, "Why don't you like me?"

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CLEANS YOUR BREATH AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

"Who said I didn't?" Valerie countered.

"Actions speak louder than words. You must admit you've acted as though you didn't."

Valerie shrugged. "I don't think about you at all."

"What a pity," said Duke, with a sigh.

He refused to take her straight home, but suggested she was just a short run through the park.

"There's lots to see in New York," he hinted, and lots to do.

"For one who has leisure," Valerie agreed.

"Busy these days?"

"So you're training to be a model?" Duke glanced at her. "I might help you, you know. My dad's advertising agency is getting ready for a big campaign for Nomad cigarettes. Maybe you know."

"Yes—Do tell me."

Duke frowned and was silent a minute. "I haven't had the nerve to tell Dot, but she's not going to be as the model, after all. The original plan for the campaign has been thrown out, and Dot's the wrong type for the new set-up."

"Oh, that's a shame! Valerie was genuinely dismayed. "Dot was counting so much on that job. She'll be terribly disappointed!"

"I know, but it can't be helped. That's the way things go in the modeling game." Duke paused, then went on. "But look here, I've been turning something over in my mind. I believe you'd be just the type for this new stuff they're planning. How would you like for me to suggest you to my dad?"

Valerie gasped. "Me?"

"Sure. A new face always makes an appeal. I'd be your discoverer."

Valerie's heart skipped a beat. For an instant, she visioned her picture in every national magazine—saw it smiling, down from billboards. She'd be made overnight! In one step, she'd be in line for top-flight work!

Then she checked such dizzying thoughts. Why, of course, she couldn't accept Duke's offer! She couldn't take the job that Dot had expected.

"No," she said flatly.

"Because of Dot?" Duke asked.

She nodded.

"On your point but, after all, Dot doesn't qualify and she ought to be fair enough to prefer seeing you get the chance than some stranger."

"I couldn't," said Valerie.

"When will you be through with your training?"

"In about four weeks."

"Well, look—let me see if I can fix things with Dot. I think I can. In the meantime say nothing and work hard. Maybe I can arrange it."

"Thank you, but—well, I wish you wouldn't," Valerie said.

When she reached home and let herself into the apartment, she was thankful that Dot was asleep and couldn't ask her questions that might have proved embarrassing.

She was filled with a feeling of guilt. Though she tried to convince herself that there was no harm in letting Duke bring her home, she was unsuccessful if she had turned him down, that would have been the end of Duke Maxwell. Now—she she had even listened while he suggested that she take Dot's place in the Nomad job. It was disloyal—all wrong.

Before she fell asleep she vowed again that she would have nothing more to do with Duke.

(To Be Continued)

NEW LONDON W. I.

The New London W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. Mont MacEwen on Friday evening, Sept. 7. In the absence of the secretary, Mrs. Geo. Cole was appointed to act in her place. Meeting opened by singing Ode and repeating the Creed in unison. Roll call was responded to by 13 members. The minutes of last meeting were approved as read. Business arising out of the minutes was with regard to the Honor Roll being placed in our school. Mrs. Leigh MacEwen was to consult the teacher on this subject. A further discussion was held on remembering our returned boys. It was decided to give each by the same gift. A committee of Mrs. Mont MacEwen, Mrs. Geo. Cole and Mrs. Nelson Roberts was appointed to meet with the men and decide on gifts. Sick committee reported one call. New Sick committee, Mrs. Leigh MacEwen, Mrs. Claude MacEwen, Mrs. Harold Dunning, School, Mrs. Lorne Campbell, Mrs. Mont MacEwen. Program, Mrs. Geo. Cole. Mrs. Wilbur MacKay. An executive meeting of the district convention is to be held at the home of Mrs. Harold Dunning. A new bucket was needed for the school. It was moved and seconded that the school First Aid Kit be replenished. It was also moved and seconded that we remember a sick member with a gift. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Leigh MacEwen. Roll call to be answered with articles for an auction sale. Auctioneer Mrs. Ruth Cotton. Collection taken up amounted to \$2.16. Meeting closed by singing the King. Lunch was served by the hostess and committee in chairs.

CROYDEN, England — (Reuter)

Closing of a number of munitions factories here is easing the domestic servant problem. When Mrs. Winifred Paine advertised for domestic help a dozen applications were at her house within an hour of the advertisement appearing in a local paper.

Trenton Gets Large C.N.R. Boxcar Order

MONTREAL, Que., Sept. 18—Five hundred new Allsteel box cars each of fifty ton capacity have been ordered by the Canadian National Railway from the Eastern Car Company, Trenton, N.S. It was announced today by D. McK. Ford, vice-president purchases and stores for the railway. The customary Maple Leaf will be painted in light green. These cars will be of the latest design and production of them is expected to commence as soon as the present C.N.R. order for five hundred similar units is completed.

ROSE VALLEY Y. P. U.

The Rose Valley Y. P. U. met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Nicholson, Kensington, on Thursday evening, Sept. 6. Lorna Keating acted as secretary and Mrs. George Dixon presided. The meeting opened with call to worship. "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past" was sung. Psalm 111 was read responsively. Prayer was offered by Rev. D. J. Morrison; scripture lesson John 17 was read by Mrs. Ben Cousins. A quartette, "Jesus Wants Me For A Sunbeam" was sung by Misses Iona and Lorna Keating, Joyce and Sheila MacLean. Prayer was offered by Chalmers MacLeod. An address was given by the pastor. "Will Your Anchor Hold" was sung. Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved. Roll call was answered by a favourite hymn. Rev. Mr. Morrison invited the group to meet at the Manse for the next meeting.

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(To Be Continued)

CUT DOWN ON TAKING LAXATIVES THIS WAY

See How Regular You Can Be Every Morning

Try taking Carter's Pills this way: Start with 3 and set a definite time every morning. When you get regular every morning cut down to 2. After a few days, try 1.

Then try taking Carter's every other day. You may even find you can keep regular without any laxative.

You see, Carter's are so tiny you can cut down the dose—from 3 to 1—to fit the needs of your individual system. Without disappointment.

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No Nylon Stockings Available This Year

MONTREAL, Sept. 18. — (CP)—H. G. Smith, Administrator of the United States Tariff Commission, said today there will be no possibility of nylon stockings becoming available this year. Nylon yarn will begin to reach Canadian manufacturers in October, but as it will take three-and-a-half months before the industry can turn out stockings, it would appear that retailers will not receive deliveries until after the turn of the year.

In Memoriam

MISS CATHERINE HUMPHREY

The funeral service for the late Miss Catherine Humphrey was held from the home of her nephew, Mr. Robert S. Humphrey, Kensington, on Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 17 and was very largely attended. The officiating clergyman was Rev. J. A. McCowan. A mixed choir sang "The Lord's My Shepherd"; "By Cool Stream's Shady Rill"; and "Traverse With The Lord"; and Mr. Russell MacKay sang in solo "The Blessed Lights of Home."

Friends who loved "Aunt Kate" sent many beautiful flowers. The pallbearers were: Messrs. James Stavert, Erskine MacMurdo, Percy MacMurdo, Justin Woodside, Patterson Walker and Harry Simmonds. Burial was in the Kensington Cemetery.

The death of Miss Humphrey occurred on Monday afternoon at the home of her nephew, Mr. Robert Humphrey, with whom she had lived for many years. Miss Humphrey had been suffering with a heart condition for several years so her death was not unexpected. She lived her long life in Kensington and vicinity. Where she was dearly loved by all, especially by little children who found in her an unusual understanding of childhood needs.

The deceased was a life long member of the Kensington Presbyterian Church, a member of the choir, a member of the Women's Missionary Society of the church since it was organized on Thursday, January 29, 1891, the first chartered member, and she regularly attended the meetings until a short time before her death.

Her declining years were made happy by the kindness shown her by the Humphrey home, which kindness she repaid with a devotion bestowed on the children and love on the niece and nephew.

Miss Humphrey was born 85 years ago in Kelvin, the daughter of the late Andrew B. Humphrey and Katherine Stewart Humphrey, and was the last surviving member of a family of eight children. Her

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L. B. STEVENSON,
District Manager,
140 Richmond Street

FAREWELL PARTY

On Thursday night, August 30, members of the Albany Baptist Church and Sunday School and a few other friends met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Gamble in honor of their daughter Florence, who left the following week to begin nurse's training at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal.

The evening's entertainment opened with a hearty sing-song, followed by a reading by Mrs. John Walker, and a number of cowboy songs by Mr. Keith Campbell, formerly of the Royal Canadian Army, a hilarious skit "A Darky Hour at Home", consisting of an impromptu pro-

QUICK CHANGE

"Where, or where can I buy underwear?" is everybody's question, even the children's of 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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