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ELLEN'S DIARY

(Continued from Page 2)
of armchair comfort. It will not be a pleasant world to live in, if James and I should ever... an folk could manage without our help and counsel.

Jock returned the fairly short distance by car more than once during the day to keep in touch with the welfare of that last litter of piglets, really too many in number for the most ambitious or well-meaning mother to care for alone. "Interesting creatures, aren't they?—just like puppies" some city children agreed, when recently, they looked into a pen where our earliest litter nursed comfortably if briefly. "And each to his own place— isn't that wonderful?" So Jock interested and discerning as his father in the matter of young stock, came to attend to these small fry's dining, as he said "to get them through today— after that they will be older and stronger and able to do for themselves."

The "even tenor" of our day at home was quiet and unhurried though today some work was done in anticipation of our busier days which lie just ahead. But even this was done in such a way that

we might neglect it at times to loiter near a window or open door and there to feast eyes on the glory that belongs especially to September. To see a harvest field still rich in stooks, golden on a hill top where presently will be only forlorn stubble; to watch the efforts of an angler casting from a bridge, a sport so soon to be denied fishermen; to follow Mr. C. of the house on the hill and his helpers as busy as beavers, laying a new cover of plank on a worn waste gate on the dam; to note the mailman's horse approaching by Pat's maples beyond the hill where already the colors of Autumn are commencing to be spread and to catch the green of the aftermath in the meadows, only very faint to be sure, in the continued dryness of weather but misty and set there to remind one of the "hope eternal" of Spring-to come.

And now the old clock ticks for me alone and an inquisitive cricket who stealthily has entered my office-of-sorts sings a friendly, and rather rollicking night song. The clock ticks slowly as though too weary to continue its routine, but only as a reminder to me, that before he went upstairs to join Jamie a short time ago, James said: "Be sure you wind the clock, Ellen!" Until tomorrow— Diary Goodnight.

"Sonia Goes East"

By Molly Thorp

"I hate giving you up to him," she said, "but he didn't even pretend to be sorry for me. Very selfish I call that, don't you, Sonia? Philip's bungalow had a wide terrace at one end, from which a broad flight of steps descended into the lake. If there was any breeze it would be felt there, cooled by the water. Mr. Gedge was not well enough for people to be asked to dine, and went to bed early. Philip and Sonia had their coffee on the terrace and sat talking and watching the moonlight coming and going on the lake.

It was easy to talk in that quietness and easy to be silent. Sonia, at twenty-four, was fairly familiar with the effect on young, and not so young men of her blue eyes and pale golden hair in moonlight. Philip kept it severely out of his conversation. Because he felt her loveliness, he expected the more of her. It was worth while to be at one's best with him.

He took her for an early ride round the lake on Sunday morning. She rode the quieter of his two ponies, who was by no means so passive as the Macfarlane's All Baba, and took accidental digs in the ribs as a welcome sign for breaking into a canter. Sonia found his canter easy and began to enjoy herself. After a prolonged scamper, she gradually persuaded him to walk, while Philip caught her up.

"That was lovely," she said, rather expecting encouragement. "I was afraid it'd go faster if I came up behind you," said Philip. "With the road as slippery as this I congratulate you both on being right side up."

The Earth Swayed

The cold weather set in, fresh and sparkling. A very busy time began in the factory. The rice crop was good and harvest time coming. Sonia's zealous supervision had put some life into the work. The place looked tidier. The carts and gear were in good repair and the draught bullocks in condition for the work of harvest. The factory accounts were beginning to balance themselves. Sonia cherished a scheme for a small sugar-cane contract with the Shahdia Mill for next year.

She and Uncle Justin spent Christmas with Philip. The time was too gay for them to see much of each other, but those evenings in the rains had brought their friendship to a stage in which it was pleasant to drift.

A day came in January which began just like other days, clear and sunny. The only unusual circumstances that Sonia could remember afterwards was the restlessness of Uncle Justin's forerunner.

"Look at Matty," he remarked, at lunch. "She always goes on like that when a storm's coming." "It doesn't feel in the least like it," said Sonia.

"No. She usually knows, though." He went out into the compound after lunch and Sonia sat down in her own room to write letters. Suddenly her chair seemed to heave. Looking round to see if one of the dogs was under it, she saw her big wardrobe, across the room slowly toppling forward. While she stared, it fell with a solemn crash. The whole room was heaving now, the walls groaning and straining. The floor rocked under her and she almost fell before she got to the verandah doorway. As she clung to it, the pillars in front crumpled up, bringing down the roof with a crash, at her feet.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION

FLOUR AND BREAD PRICES TO BE INCREASED

Government Withdraws Subsidy to Consumer

CANADIAN housewives will soon be asked to pay higher prices for flour. The Milling Industry of Canada would like to tell why.

Nearly six years ago the price of flour was fixed at the low prices then ruling, based on wheat costing 77¢ per bushel when milled for use in Canada.

Since then, the price of wheat has advanced step by step, but the Government has paid the difference in the form of a consumer subsidy in order that you might buy flour and bread at no increase.

Wheat has actually risen to \$1.58½ a bushel so that for some time past the Government has been paying more than half the full cost.

Now the Government has dropped the subsidy and the price Millers will pay for wheat through the Government Wheat Board will be more than double what it was originally. That is why the cost of flour will be increased.

Furthermore, the cost of bags, other supplies, labour and transportation has increased substantially during the control period.

Canadian Millers, however, knowing the importance of flour in the family diet pledge themselves to keep the price as low as they possibly can.

The prices of practically all ingredients in bread have also risen sharply and your Baker must take this into consideration when calculating his new prices.

The Flour Milling Industry of Canada

relief she saw him coming towards her, with Nursinigh Lal and one of the peons. Beyond them, the office was a heap of debris. The bullocks had got loose and were stampeding senselessly with their tails stuck out. Some of the factory coolies were running and shouting trying to round them up.

"Thank God you're all right, my dear," said Uncle Justin making a statement, not an exclamation. "No, it's nothing only a knock on my arm from a falling beam. Is everyone outside do you know?" They hurried towards the back of the house, where a crowd of servants and their wives and children were standing, looking helplessly at their collapsed houses. The ground was settling with a few last quivers. Streams of mud oozed from wide cracks.

Hosain came running and fell on his knees at Uncle Justin's feet, with his forehead to the ground. "By God's mercy, you are safe, Husoor. All is destroyed." "Come on, Hosain," said Uncle Justin. "Call out and see if everyone is here." His calmness made Hosain realize that his own turban was half off his head. He straightened it and began calling the names of all whose houses had fallen. As they answered, they came crowding round. Even the children were quiet. All the patient frightened eyes were on Uncle Justin.

(To Be Continued)