

FRESH PACK NOW AT YOUR GROCER'S



Burgess Bedtime

(Continued from page 9)

He would find any spade support in North's hand, and also could not know that North's diamonds were good enough for a slam in that suit, he had to turn conservative and bid only five spades. When this got around to North, the latter felt, with reason, that his own opening bid had been too light for him now to take further action.



This Side Of Glory

By Gwen Bristow Author of "Deep Summer" "The Handsome Read," etc.

When Eleanor went into her own room even the simple processes of changing her clothes reminded her of how well she was accomplishing the task she had set out to do. It was good to feel herself in luxurious clothes again, a dress of crisp brown taffeta with a hat to match, boots and gloves of champagne-colored kid that looked as if they had never been worn before. It was good to drive into town in a smart little car, to be successful and to know she looked it.

The two looked prosperous. The shops were full of customers and the streets full of cars. In the park girls strolled under parasols that matched their dresses, gay and fluttery in the sunshine. Everybody seemed to be in good spirits. The soft rustle of the palms in the park seemed to whisper, "Thirty-cent cotton." Thirty-two cents. Eleanor corrected her musings as she drew up in front of the drug store and honked for the services of the soda-jerker, thirty-two cents and still rising, while everybody, from herself to the drugist rejoicing in the increased ability to buy merchandise, was profiting by it.

When the soda jerker appeared she told him to bring her a box of face powder and a glass of lemonade. As she put her lips to the straw Eleanor noticed Isabel Valcour with a blue linen parasol on her shoulder, wandering along the sidewalk. Eleanor had not seen her for a long time.

Two dirty little urchins wandered along the pavement from the other direction. They caught sight of Eleanor sipping lemonade. With quick shrewdness their eyes took in Eleanor herself, her sparkling car and the parcels piled on the seat. Looking elaborately away from her the taller of the two thrust his hands into his pants pockets and began to sing as he strolled ahead: "She's the army contractor's only daughter."

Spending it now. Spending it now. Isabel glanced up, started, and burst out laughing. She turned around instantly, lowering her parasol to cover her mirth, but her shoulders were quivering as the singer, sensing a kindred spirit, sidled up to her with a practiced, "Lady gimmys nickel to go 'a show?"

"Surely, I'll give you a nickel to go to a show," said Isabel. Eleanor could hear the suppressed amusement in her voice. Opening her bag Isabel bestowed nickels on both of them. As they scampered off down the street Isabel disappeared into the drug store. Eleanor pressed the horn.

She was ashamed of her irritation. But as she drove toward the plantation she was calling Isabel names, and it was not until she was out of town and driving once more along the oak-lined river road, her fields stretching on either side of her, that she could calm her temper.

CHAPTER XX

Wyatt was waiting for her. Eleanor was surprised to see him, for he rarely came to the house. He greeted her more grimly than usual. "Mrs. Laura, I don't want to scare you or anything, but you'd better start getting pickers together early. Some of the hands are getting sick."

"Sick? What's the matter?" He examined his dusty shoe. "Well ma'am, I don't rightly know what it is. They're calling it the Spanish influenza. I never heard of that. Thanks for telling me. I'll have the doctor come over. But I don't think you need to worry for we won't be picking for a good while yet."

"No'm, but there seems to be a lot of it around. I thought you'd better know." She thanked him again, and Wyatt took his lugubrious departure. Eleanor went to the telephone and rang Bob Purcell. "Could you drop around sometime tomorrow, Bob?"

"Surely. What's the matter with you now?" "Nothing, but some of my darkies are getting a new form of the misery."

In the morning Bob visited the quarters, and then came to her in the house. He was wearing a mask consisting of several squares of gauze tied over his mouth and chin. His eyes looked grave. He told her to wear a mask too, since she was with the Negroes so much, and to keep the children inside the boundary of the lawns. Nobody knew whether or not this ailment was dangerous, but there was no good in taking chances.

During the next few weeks Eleanor had Bob Purcell come to get there as often as she wanted him, for he was working from day-break till dark. His face was thin with fatigue. "What started this thing?" she remanded of him one morning.

"I don't know," said Bob. "Have you heard what some people are saying, that it was German spies in this country?" He shrugged. "That might be credible if it hadn't appeared almost at the same time in China and Sweden and the Fiji Islands—and Germany too."

"What can we do to keep well?" Bob took a long tired breath. "Eleanor, I don't know what it is nor how to prevent it nor how to cure it. Nobody knows. If you get it, go to bed and stay there till you get well."

Her hands held each other tight. "And it's nearly time to pick cotton! What can I do?" "Good Lord, Eleanor, this isn't a problem of cotton. It's life and death."

(To be continued)



Exciting Dishes at Down-to-Earth Prices are Easy with Canned Salmon

You can work wonders with Canned Salmon because it's good so many ways. Tempting, hearty hot dishes to set before a hungry family... prepared-in-a-jiffy salads... party sandwiches or delicious quick-snack sandwiches— Canned Salmon offers exciting variety at low cost. Canned Salmon is all food, no waste. Pound for pound, Canned Salmon is one of your best food values.

BAKED SALMON PIE

- 4 cups (2 lbs.) Canned Salmon
1/4 cups crushed crackers
2 eggs, lightly beaten
2 tbsps. evaporated milk
1 tsp. salt
Dash pepper
1/2 tsp. scraped onion
2 tbsps. butter and melted
3 medium potatoes (cubed and boiled)
1 cup medium white sauce
1/4 cup fine bread crumbs

Flake salmon; mix lightly with crackers, eggs, milk, and seasonings. Melt butter in 8-inch shallow baking dish. Line with salmon mixture; pack firmly on bottom. Building sides high with large salmon flakes. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 15 minutes. Add hot drained potatoes to the white sauce and turn immediately into salmon "shell" in baking dish. Top with bread crumbs, brown lightly in hot oven. Serves 6.

HERE'S ECONOMY

No Shrinkage—No waste
Pound For Pound
Canned Salmon
Is One of Your
Best Food Values

ASSOCIATED SALMON CANNERS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Heavy Traffic Expected For Holiday Weekend

MONCTON, N. B., Aug. 31—What seems certain to become a record civilian Labor Day holiday week-end traffic is shaping up in Canadian National Railways Ticket Offices throughout the Maritimes. Thousands of reservations for sleeping and parlor car accommodation for week-end travel have been pouring in during the past week from all sections of the Atlantic region, reports Frank L. Dougan, general passenger agent of the C. N. R. While they present a problem for us, and in some cases there may be delays in travellers getting confirmation of their reservations, we expect to be able to handle every one comfortably. Complicating the handling of the heavy week-end travel, he said, two boat specials were operated out of Halifax last night and two others this morning to take 1,800 Aquitania passengers to western points. These trains required some 70 sleepers and diners. Every effort is being made to get as many of these cars back to Halifax by Friday. The regular Ocean Limited had

Guerrillas Ready To Make Peace

WITH THE GREEK ARMY ON THE GRAMMOS FRONT, Aug. 30—(CP)—Mailed Communist guerrillas fought fanatically today to defend a small, horseshoe-shaped pocket on the Albanian border. The horse-shoe's open end is in Greece, and is about two miles across and three miles deep, with one end based on precipitous Mount Kamenec and the other on saw-toothed Steno Ridge. Founded by artillery and Greek-manned United States Navy planes,

Guerrillas Ready To Make Peace

the guerrillas hung on desperately to keep open routes of retreat for their comrades trying to escape the Greek army's mop-up of the Grammos mountain bastion. Many guerrillas already have escaped into Albania. The Greek guerrillas sent a message to the United Nations Secretary-General, Trygve Lie, Aug. 15 saying they were willing to make peace with the Greek government, the "free Greek" (guerrilla) radio announced tonight in a broadcast heard in London.

Sales Total \$79,200,000

OTTAWA, Aug. 30—(CP)—Sales and purchases of securities between Canada and other countries in June totalled \$79,200,000, compared with \$29,400,000 in May and \$50,000,000 in June, 1948, the Bureau of Statistics reported today. The net purchase balance on the June transactions was \$5,800,000, the largest since May, 1943. The large increase in that month's volume of trade was due principally to transaction with the United States; purchases exceeded sales by \$5,200,000 the Bureau said. Dominion bonds and debentures were the most important group in the transactions. Total sales and purchases with the United Kingdom were the highest since the beginning of the year, producing a net purchasing balance of \$400,000. Total transactions with other countries advanced slightly, purchases exceeding sales by \$200,000.

Considerate Wife Can Help Husband With Weak Heart

NEW YORK, Aug. 31—(CP)—Don't scare your husband to death girls, just because he has a heart condition. Whether or not a man lives as a useful and contented citizen after surviving a heart condition depends largely on his wife, says Charles Yale Harrison, author of "Thank God for My Heart Attack."

Harrison has a cardiac condition so he knows what he's writing about. He also has an understanding and devoted wife, Eva, who is cheerful and doesn't insist on babying her husband too much. Just to prove it, shortly after his release from hospital, she threw a party. "I thought it was wise," she said, "and I was right. Charles began to look himself again."

Harrison is a gregarious type and Mrs. Harrison often has friends in. Naturally she doesn't invite people who would irritate or annoy her husband. "But that doesn't mean they don't have friendly arguments sometimes,"

U. S. STUDENTS TO SWEDEN

STOCKHOLM—(CP)—A group of 20 United States students are living with Swedish families this summer in order to meet and associate with Swedish youth of their own age. Their visit is sponsored by "Exposition in International Living," a U. S. student exchange organization.

Considerate Wife Can Help Husband With Weak Heart

Mrs. Harrison is unlike one who she knows who won't let her cardiac husband out of the house even to vote. "Actually I think she likes his dependence on her. But he goes around looking scared all the time. A cardiac isn't an invalid."

The Harrisons' favorite indoor amusements are playing cards or checkers, and listening to their stack of records.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Harrison are gourmets so they never have "just anything for dinner."

Since Mrs. Harrison is a public school teacher in New York they plan their whole week's menus in advance on Sunday nights. Harrison frequently does the cooking.

One rule they believe in and strictly adhere to is to-bed-before-midnight. Heart sufferers are told to get lots of rest and, as Mrs. Harrison has to get up at 7 a.m., she doesn't mind at all.