

Like colors in precious stones...

... these powder shades attract you

There's opal, ivory, turquoise and porcelain white. The

Charles of the Ritz

consultant studies... selects... weighs. You watch... fascinated while she dissolves your rainbow of colors into one pretty, individual shade just for you. All this happens in the brief seconds you have your face powder "Made-to-Order."

S. A. McDONALD'S

\$1.45 and \$2.90

Rural Adventure

By Cameron Dockery

Quickly she signaled the orchestra leader. As had been previously arranged, he led his companions into the strains of an old German lullaby. Lotus sang the touching verses slowly in her warm contralto. The unusual type of song seemed to have a soothing, mellowing effect on the crowd. They demanded more, but when the song was finished she stepped down from the platform and made her way to the entrance ostensibly for a breath of fresh air.

As she passed the two men they started at her and she gave them a casual smile, then stood by one of the windows, drinking in the less smoky air of Gallatin Street.

Behind her she heard the low murmur of voices, then someone whispered, "Mith, oh Mith!" and a hand plucked at her skirt.

It was the undersized dark fellow. He grimaced at her eagerly. "My friend and I enjoyed your thing. We would like you to join us for refreshments," he lisped. Lotus followed him to the table.

"This is real nice of you boys," she said, hoping the infection of good breeding and four years of college English classes didn't creep into her speech.

Suddenly the golden-haired bald man arose and offered her a chair. As he shoved it beneath her, she felt as though his pale eyes were boring into her brain. He sat down himself then removed a long cigarette holder from his heavy mouth and leaned across the table, staring at her.

"How did you happen to sing that song?"

She laughed. "Oh, that! Well, I get kind of sick of singing this thing all the time. Besides that's one of my favorites—my old man used to sing it to me."

They gaped at her. "German, isn't it?" the blond one said.

"I don't know, maybe—my old man was a German."

"Oh, that's very interesting. And your name, is it German, too?"

"No, I don't believe I know it."

"Don't you?" she pretended to be offended. "It's Kirkman, Mith—Rosa, Kirkman."

The blondist watched her intently. "How would you like to make some extra money, Miss Kirkman?"

"Are you kidding?"

"No, I'm quite serious." He dipped off a check sharply. "We would be willing to pay you two hundred dollars for a month's work."

"This sounds interesting. What would I have to do?"

"Nothing complicated, just collect a little information for us. You could do it during your evenings here."

She pretended suspicious. "Say you boys are in a fix, are you?"

The golden-haired bald man looked amused. "No, Miss Kirkman, we are not from the police." He lowered his voice. "On the contrary, we are most interested in finding out if the police are watching the Cafe Duval. That's what you are to do—keep your eyes open for suspicious actions on the part of the customers or employees."

"You're not working for Chile, are you?"

"Who we are working for and what our purpose is need not concern you."

"Suits me. How will I give you the dope?"

"One of us will be here every evening. One more thing, Miss Kirkman, you understand that this arrangement must be kept confidential or it will be of no use to us?"

"I wasn't born yesterday." She winked slyly, hating herself as she did so.

Chloe gave Lotus a peculiarly searching look when she announced the next afternoon that she was going on a stopping expedition but at the suggestion that she accompany her, she shook her head languidly.

"Get out soon warm and I really have nothing to shop for. Pedro and I will pass the time together tonight."

Chloe reached up and gave the parrot's tail feathers a playful peck and he retaliated by emitting an indignant squawk and scattering his food over the flagstones.

Suddenly a thought seemed to strike Chloe.

"Rosa, I wonder if you would mind visiting the little tobacconist on Royal Street and purchasing some of my small cigarettes for me. OLD FRENCH BRAND they are called. He closes during the siesta hour but see you hurry you can catch him."

How her moods did change! Now she seemed almost impatient for the girl to be gone. Deserted except for a negro striding along the bricked balcony with a huge basket of laundry on her head.

The air was warm but Lotus stepped out briskly, anxious to reach the newspaper office. Too briskly to notice the runty figure that sidled out of a shadowy doorway and softly kept pace with her on the other side of the street.

She was mentally mulling over the details of her message to Mr. Lawrence when oddly an instinctive feeling that she was being watched made her stop before a window display of bedroom furniture. She was too wise to turn around and look for the source of the gentle pad-pad that invaded her consciousness but a quick glance into one of the mirrors on sale in the huge window showed her the short dark figure of her spying acquaintance of the previous evening. The man whom the blondist had called Paul.

So, in spite of her innocent pose she was under surveillance!

A little bell tinkled over

Island Lady "Gold Star Mother" Honors Heroes

"He has come back," so said Mrs. Charles H. Ross, Mattapan, Mass., representative of Gold Star Mothers of N. E. as the Honda Knot docked at San Francisco Oct. 10th, with the first returning war dead. Mrs. Ross was formerly May Andrews of Wheatley River, P. E. I., where her mother still resides, learned only an hour before the ship's arrival that the remains of her son Cpl. Wesley Ross was aboard. At the salute honoring the arrival of the heroes were Mrs. Ross, Judge John J. McMahon, San Francisco, Major General Willis Hale, Fourth Air Force under whom young Ross died in action and their group photograph appears in the Boston Daily Mirror of Oct. 11th. Mr. Ross is also an Islander, his former home being in Cherry Valley.

SAN FRANCISCO — Kneeling before a flag-draped casket, one of six that may have contained the body of her own son, a Boston gold star mother representative of the war-bereaved of all New England, offered fervent prayer yesterday for all mothers of all heroes.

As she entered the tiny dark tobacco shop on Royal Street having almost passed it by, so insignificant it was, tucked in a narrow crevice between two office buildings. In response to the summons a wizened old man in a black skull cap and a thin necktie: suit emerged from a back room and peered at her nearly through his eyes.

(To Be Cont. next)

HÖVIS BREAD

Contains 25% Prepared Wheat Germ

Nourishing Flavourful

"BUY A LOAF TO-DAY"

at anchor off Marina Park during impressive outdoor memorial exercises.

Yesterday, this mother who gave two sons to her country's service—one to die, and the other to outlive the severest combat of the Pacific zone—carried through, to attend the even more poignant indoor memorial where the six anonymous caskets lay in state within reach of her hand.

"If only," Mrs. Ross said later, "all the New England mothers could have seen this as I have seen it—the honor, the reverence, the devotion—it would ease their grief as it has eased mine."

The six sealed caskets contained bodies representing every branch of the armed services—Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Army Air Forces, Coast Guard—and civilian Americans first to die beneath the flaming horror of Pearl Harbor and in the ensuing Island attacks.

Post Honor Guard

At the head of each casket stood a guard of honor, each one a veteran wearing his battle-starred ribbons, each representing his branch of service.

Guarding the casket, symbolic of the civilian dead, was a high-ranking American Legion veteran of World War I.

Wreaths of flowers banked the caskets. Each bore a gold-lettered white ribbon from its donor, and in the central place of honor was the Presidential floral tribute, marked: "The Commander-in-Chief."

But more impressive, more stirring than the splendor of the flowers and the color and dignity of the military guards, were the individuals who passed for hours, in long, reverent file, before the six caskets that might well contain the bodies of their own.

Wailed On Shore

On the previous day, Mrs. Ross had watched from the shore with yearning eyes and heart as the ship that bore her son's body lay

sons of World War II.

She knelt on the floor of the vast rounds of city hall where for more than an hour thousands had thronged each balcony and stairway and all available space, participating with mingled grief and pride in this city's final, majestic and moving tribute to the dead whose bodies it had received on its shore Friday from the Army transport Honda Knot.

The Boston mother who knelt in prayer was Mrs. Charles Ross of Blake st., Mattapan, mother of Cpl. Wesley Ross, 21, first Hyde Park boy to die for his country in the Pacific area on remote Christmas Isle.

On the previous day, Mrs. Ross had watched from the shore with yearning eyes and heart as the ship that bore her son's body lay

Schwartz COFFEE

"The Cup You Can't Forget!"

Drip or Regular Grind, Get a pound at your grocer's today.

An elderly Gold Star Mother in deep mourning knelt before a casket, pressed the cross of her rosary to her lips, and was led away, weeping bitterly, by a youthful sailor who could have been her grandson.

Kneel Together

An aged couple knelt together, propped for each other's hands, and passed along the line with striking faces.

Young women, who might have been the wives or sisters or sweethearts of those who lay beneath the Stars and Stripes, knelt or stood, some with streaming eyes, others with controlled grief.

High-ranking officers of the armed services bent their knees in tribute to those who might have served under their command.

Groups of WAC's and Red Cross workers, their uniforms bearing overseas ribbons, joined the seemingly endless line.

It was estimated that within a few hours after the services, more than 50,000 had viewed the caskets or passed to pray, and outside the massive white building the line still formed.

The complete anonymity of these caskets and their content gave striking drama to this tribute of the living who remembered the dead.

United in heartfelt honor to the dead at yesterday's memorable tribute were those of all faiths, and these faiths were represented at the memorial by three outstanding clergymen.

Music throughout the ceremony was furnished by the San Francisco Municipal Orchestra.

The bodies of the New England dead will be transported on train made up of converted hos-

(Continued On Page 12)

BUYS AND WHYS BY Barbara Brent

A weekly advertising and information service for today's woman

TORONTO, Oct. 23rd—I went shopping recently for a birthday gift watch, and received my acquaintance with America's two traditionally favorite time-pieces, Lord and Lady ELGIN. Both were as tastefully beautiful in design as ever... but what a marvelous surprise to learn about a revolutionary ELGIN development, the most important watch-making achievement in over 200 years! It's the new DuraPower Main-spring... a unique spring made of a special alloy which CANNOT rust! Since most main-springs are caused by rust, you can see what a marvelous advantage the new ELGIN DuraPower Main-spring gives you... eliminating 99% of all repairs due to main-spring failure! That's why I urge you to let your next watch (and your gift watches) be ELGINS, for only an ELGIN has the exclusive DuraPower Main-spring! You can identify it easily by the symbol "dp" on the dial... a "direct promise" that the common cause of many watch repair bills is eliminated!

SANDWICHES can be just two slices of bread with something in between... or they can be filled with PARIS PATE! Delicious PARIS PATE is a delicate mixture of fine ingredients in the best French tradition. And, need I say?... the French have a flair for this sort of thing! Your PARIS PATE sandwiches will be the talk of your bridge club... PARIS PATE, the most-used sandwich-spread on your kitchen shelf! Ask for PARIS PATE next time you go market-ing... for rare good taste—there is no substitute!

HERMIE'S A S.M.A.I.L. - KLEKTROLITE for you... LITE—the cigarette lighter that really lights—come rain, shine or roaring wind-storm! LECTROLITE is different from any lighter I've ever known. There's no flame—just a steady, wind-proof glow. No flint to wear down—no wick to fall—no wheel to jam or sooty mess to tinker with! LECTROLITE is compact, convenient and feather-light... just the right size for your purse or your husband's pocket. "Light up" with LECTROLITE—every time!

MY NEW LOVE is the magnificent TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES "North Star". From the tips of its powerful wings to its spacious, attractive interior—it's a beautiful sight to see! Its four Rolls-Royce engines speed UK-bound passengers across the Atlantic in a mere matter of hours—to Ireland—Scotland—England... and such a wonderful trip! T.C.A. has thought of everything for your comfort and convenience and the cost is so much less than you might think!

NEAREST THE WEEK—any week—for putting variety in your menus is to do it with HEINZ Condensed Soup! The perfect bases for many tempting, time saving dishes—HEINZ Soups are made the small-batch way—fresh flavour deftly brewed into each soup. Use HEINZ Soups in dozens of dishes... dressings, meat loaves, rarebits... the recipes in "57 Ways to Use Heinz Condensed Soups" simply write to me, Barbara Brent, 1411 Crescent St., Montreal, P.Q. for your free copy. And when you cook with HEINZ Soups—remember—added milk or water gives you 20 ounces of soup for the price of 10 ounces—or, four ample servings!

KEEP SMILING! It's all ways good strategy. You can more easily meet the little difficulties of the day "Fresh Up" with 7-Up! It's a drink that's so bright and cheerful you'll feel like smiling after the first sip. 7-Up has a blithe and merry goodness... a fresh, clean-tasting flavour that is the very essence of freshness. And it's a wonderful family "Fresh Up". The youngsters will love it... your husband will welcome a cool glassful of 7-Up after a hard day at the office. Make it a family affair... buy your supply at any store displaying the cheerful 7-Up sign!

FISH-N-CHIPS... family favourite in thousands of Canadian homes—and very specially good when you try our fish and potatoes in MAZOLA! For versatile MAZOLA Salad Oil gives that out-of-this-world flavour to fried foods. And with your crispy fried fish-n-chips—serve a MAZOLA-flavoured salad... delicious dish the rear around! Yours for the asking—three rich-in-flavour MAZOLA recipes... Stuffed Celery Fingers—Eggs Mayonnaise—French Dressing... simply write to me, Barbara Brent, 1411 Crescent St., Montreal, P.Q.—for your free copy of MAZOLA Recipe Sheet M.A.

Spic and Span

Cleans Painted Walls, Woodwork, Linoleum with 1/2 the work!

No Rinsing! No Wiping!

NEW! IT'S PROCTER & GAMBLE'S! IT'S THE NO RINSE-NO WIPE CLEANER!

NEW! PAINTED WALLS AND WOODWORK COME CLEANER...EASIER!

NEW! MAKES LINOLEUM GLEAM!

You've Never Seen the Like! IT'S TWICE AS EASY! Think of it! A cleaner so wonderful it needs No Rinsing, No Wiping! You simply dissolve some SPIC and SPAN in hot water (3 heaping tablespoons to a gallon)... wring out a soft cloth well (until it doesn't drip)... and just whisk away the dirt! You don't rinse, you don't wipe dry!

"NO RINSE" "NO WIPE" SAVES HALF YOUR LABOR!

Ontario Women Hail Spic and Span

In city after city, Procter & Gamble's wonderful new cleaner, SPIC and SPAN, has proved a sensation. Needing No Rinsing and No Wiping, SPIC and SPAN gives a combination of benefits that no soap in the world and no other cleaner can equal. Delighted housewives everywhere say SPIC and SPAN saves half the work of cleaning.

Make SPIC and SPAN Your Daily CLEANING PLAN!

IT'S SMART TO BUY 2 PACKAGES! AT YOUR GROCER'S AND OTHER DEALERS!

WITH NO RINSING, NO WIPING, SPIC and SPAN makes cleaning so easy you'll use it every day—for cleaning the refrigerator, woodwork, bathroom tile, soot back of stove, dozens of things. What's more, SPIC and SPAN makes the next cleaning easier—because it leaves a protective coat that seals out dust and dirt. And it's safe for paint, safe for hands!