"Why are your teeth so much whiter than mine?"

"I use New-Formula Pepsodent Dental Cream"

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"PEPSODENT TEETH" are WHITEST because they're CLEANEST!

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Deadline Lady

By

Georgia Craig

Ann looked up at her, startled by the abruptness of the words. And for a moment Ann was still, while the color flowed over her face in a crimson tide, only to ebb and leave her desperately white.

"Terribly," she confessed and her face went down against Sarah's knee, and the tears came in spite of her efforts to control them.

Sarah stroked her soft hair for a moment and then she asked sternly, "You are "terribly" in love with Mr. Driscoll, and yet you were going to marry Lyn?"

Ann said unsteadily, "Lyn — knew I didn't love him — but — he didn't — m - m - mind. He didn't know I was in love with T-Tracy, of course, b-but he said — I'd — learn to love him—"

"Then he's not only a fool, he's a double-starred idiot," snapped Sarah.

Sarah studied her anxiously, and then she rose and drew Ann up with her and said briskly, "Go upstairs to bed and to sleep."

"I—don't feel as if I'd ever sleep again," said Ann huskily.

"Now, don't you go dramatic on me, my good girl," protested Sarah sternly. "You'll drink a glass of hot milk with a sedative in it and you'll sleep like a baby and in the morning things will look better. One of the most valuable things I've learned in my seventy years of living is that things never look quite so dark after a good night's sleep. Up with you now, and scoot! I'll bring you the hot milk!"

It was a few nights later that Ann was alone in the living-room. Sarah was dining somewhere and helping with plans for a Bond Rally, and the servants had long ago gone to bed. The hour was close to eleven, and Ann was listening subconsciously for Sarah, as she herself sat curled up in a deep chair beside an open window.

She had not heard a car in the drive, but suddenly there was a gentle knock at the open window beside which she sat, and she jerked to her feet in sharp alarm, just as a voice that would always tug at her heartstrings said quickly, "Don't be frightened, Ann — it's only me!"

"I'm looking for room and board for a pal of mine." Tracy went on quickly, indicating a little dog.

"Come around to the door, Tracy —we'll find him something to eat," said Ann, and felt a little warm rush of tenderness at the thought of Tracy's gentleness and kindness to all small and defenseless things.

She was standing at the front door, hold it open when Tracy reached t. As he stepped across the threshold he looked down at the anxious-eyed puppy and said confidentially, , "We're in, pal — we're in! I think this is your new home!"

There was milk in the icebox and Ann warmed it a little before she fille a bowl and put it down on Martha's shining clean linoleum.

"Poor little scrap!" she said as she watched the starving puppy eat. "Where did you find him?"

"In a vacant lot down the street, where some person 'too kind-hearted' to kill a dog tossed him out to starve," said Tracy grimly. "Ordinarily, I'd have staked him to a hamburger and let him alone; but he's such a little guy—I wasn't even sure he could eat. I bet his mother's worried to death about him — that is, if she's alive and hasn't been tossed out to starve, too."

After awhile the puppy could eat no more.

Ann bent swiftly and gathered the small stinging body into her arms and held him close, and looked at Tracy across the small body that was quivering now with delight.

"He's very becoming to you," Tracy told her mildly and lit a cigarette with a hand that shook just a little. "Thanks for feeding him—I guess he and I had better get going."

"He's going nowhere — why should he? He's at home!" Ann said firmly.

Tracy studied her for a moment, a gleam of tenderness in his eyes, but a hint of warm laughter in his voice as he said mildly, "I'm afraid to bet he's got fleas."

"So what?" Ann said serenely playing with the puppy's floppy, satiny ears.

Tracy said quietly, "You're a very swell person, Ann Clayton!"

Ann gave him a soft glance that flickered away before he could be quite sure it had been there at all, and she said lightly, "Well, but, of course—are you just finding that out?"

"I've been suspecting it for quite a time! Tracy told her levelly.

Ann looked up at him for just a moment. He made an involuntary step towards her, caught himself and said his voice not quite even, "We'd better clear away the remains of the pup's feast, or your cook will hate him!"

"How right you are!" said Ann in a tone that tried hard to match his.

On Sunday morning the newspapers carried the story of the announcement of the Board of Directors of the beautiful new Children's Hospital, that Dr. Mallyn Frazier, brilliant young gynecologist, had been appointed as Head of the Staff and would assume his duties on the first of the month, two days hence.

Ann, reading the account, smiled rather wryly. So Lyn had secured his precious appointment, and now she, Ann, was quite free of him

On Monday at the office Tracy merely greeted her as he greeted the other reporters; he was as brusque and as hard to please as always; but there was a look in his eyes, at unguarded moments, that made Ann's heart sit up on its haunches and whimper like a starving puppy. It seemed so cruel, such a wicked waste, that they should have to deny their hearts and their loves, just because Lissa had helped Tracy over some rough places in his life. But she told herself quite honestly that Tracy would not have been Tracy if he had not felt that obligation keenly, and its claim on him.

She was going out to lunch one day when Lissa fell into step beside her, looking cool and serene in a blistering hot summer sun, in a powder-blue linen trimmed with a few ridiculously placed enormous white buttons and a white cartwheel of a hat.

"Nick's place is unthinkable on a day like this," said Lissa lightly. "Why don't you go somewhere where they have air-conditioning —the Magnolia Room, perhaps? Will you join me in a salad and something tall and pleasantly iced?"

Ann was startled. She hesitated. Why should Lizza ask her to lunch? Her first instinct was to refuse bursquely and go her way. But Lizzas eyes, and a queer little quirk to her lovely mouth that made Ann wonder. Now why the *diskens should Lizza* crave her company? It was a thought that would bear looking into, and so she said pleasantly, "The Magnolia Room sounds enchanting."

(To Be Continued)

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Here are the CONTEST RULES

1. Use entry blank or PRINT on plain sheet of paper with your name and address.
2. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each must be accompanied by a Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies Box Top (or facsimile thereof).
3. Mail your entry postmarked not later than September 15th, 1947, to The Quaker Sparkies Contest, Box 100, Peterborough, Ont., or Saskatoon, Sask. The first correct entry drawn from all entries by the Judges, T. M. Hawkins, Advertising Manager, The Studebaker Corporation of Canada, Limited; B. T. Huston, Editor, Canadian Grocer; John Stuart, Jr., Advertising Manager, The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited—will be awarded the prize. *Decision of the Judges shall be final.*
4. Special prize of $300.00 will be awarded to the grocer who sells Quaker *Sparkies* to the Prize Winner. In case of Chain Stores, the grocer's prize will be awarded to the Branch Manager.
5. The winner will be notified by mail. Contest is limited to Canada. Employees of The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited, their advertising *agents or their families are not eligible.*

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Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! CLIP ENTRY BLANK NOW!

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QUESTION	ANSWER
1. What is the date of Confederation?	.....
2. Name the largest city in Canada.	.....
3. Which city is farther North—St. John, N.B. or Halifax, N.S.?	.....
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PRINT additional entries with your name and address on one side of a plain sheet of paper and attach to this entry blank. *Remember to enclose one box top (or a facsimile) for each entry submitted.*

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If you win, your grocer gets a prize too. Be sure to fill in his name!

NOVA SCOTIA AIDS DRAMA DEVELOPMENT

By JOE KING
(Canadian Press Staff Writer)

HALIFAX, Aug. 11 -- (CP) -- Nova Scotia is going all-out in its encouragement of development of dramatic talent through the newly-formed dramatic library and advisory service division of the department of education.

Director of dramatics for the department is 41-year-old Donald Wetmore of Truro, N.S., a veteran of the stage, whose job is to assist in the spread of dramatics and the development of talent. During the summer, Mr. Wetmore conducts classes in dramatics at Dalhousie University and during the winter he is engaged in a full program of theatrical activity backed by a large library in Halifax under the direction of Mrs. M.C. Vernon, librarian of the Halifax central library.

The library has more than 3,000 plays apart from a separate division for children and scores of books on every phase of the theatre, from material that interests those behind the footlights to working knowledge for the men behind the sets. The library is constantly being expanded and keeps tab on the latest releases from the New York and London stages.

The dramatics director and librarian work hand-in-hand with theatrical groups throughout the province and aid in the formation of new groups. Plays for reading and production are loaned free-of-charge to amateur groups and Mr. Wetmore frequently tours the province aiding in the development of rural theatrical societies.

The encouragement given the theatre in Nova Scotia has received such a wide response that J.L. Robertson, secretary of the *provincial committee of the Dominion Drama Festival*, recently said that "never before in my experience has there been such a widespread interest in drama in the province."

FATALLY INJURED

GRAND FALLS, N.B., Aug. 13—(CP)—Fred Rivers, 58, died yesterday of injuries suffered when he fell to the concrete floor of a potato house while working at Enishone.

BREAKS NECK IN FALL

HALIFAX, Aug. 13—(CP) Lerdner Inkpen of suburban Tim berlea died in hospital here toda of a broken neck. It was though he had fallen down the stairs his home Saturday. R.C.M.P. ar investigating the accident.

A sister, Mrs. L. Bersey, and tw brothers live in Sydney.

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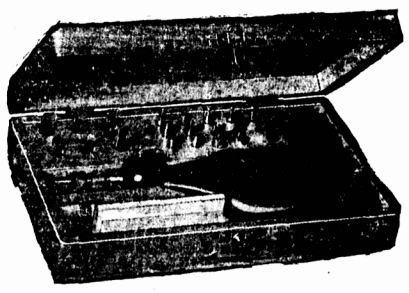

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QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds

"My wife is trying to make me mad and leave home—so she can rent my room with a Guardian Want Ad!"

ANNOUNCEMENT---

Clarke Produce Association Limited, Charlottetown, under the Management of Frank B. Clarke, wish to take this opportunity to announce having taken on the Provincial Distribution of a complete line of Farm Machinery represented in Canada by the Truck and Tractor Equipment Co., Limited, Toronto.

THE JUDSON LIME & FERTILIZER SPREADER

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* PARAGON SPRAYERS.
* STOCKLAND HYDRO SCOOPS
* Other items include Grease Guns, Improved Tractor Seats, Storm Hats for tractor exhausts. Sally Saws, and additional equipment. This saw is portable and can easily be operated by one man. The blade can be changed quickly, and easily sharpened.

Visitors to the Provincial Exhibition are cordially invited to inspect the numerous articles on display at the north side of the cattle barns. Mr. G. Arman Reynolds, representative of the Truck and Tractor Equipment Company, Limited, will be on hand to discuss the various types of farm machinery.

Numerous dealers will be appointed in various parts of the Province to handle this equipment.

To date Walter J. MacDonald, Souris, and Claude MacNeill, O'Leary, have been selected for these areas. Further appointments will be made by Mr. Clarke in the near future.