

**New Skin Beauty**  
**in Just 14 Days**  
PROVED BY 24 DOCTORS IN 1933 TESTS



**KEEP THAT LOVELY SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION**

**NEW GLASGOW SCHOOL**

Following is the report of New Glasgow School for the month of September:

Grade X-1. Allison Stevenson; 2. Mary Larkin.  
 Grade IX-1. Eleanor Larkin; 2. Ian MacLeod; 3. Huntley Dinning.  
 Grade VII and VIII-1. Irene McCoubrey and Robert Ferguson (equal).  
 Grade VI-1. James Larkin; 2. Beverley Dickleson; 3. Erroll Stevenson.  
 Grade V-1. Earle Larkin; 2. Blis Dickleson; 3. Roma Dickleson.  
 Grade II (a)-1. Jean MacLeod.  
 Grade II (b)-1. Donna Bryson; 2. Allison Bulman; 3. David Stevenson.  
 Grade I (a)-1. Donald Hill; 2. Melvin Larkin.  
 Grade I (b)-1. Betty Stevenson.  
 Grade I (c)-1. David Bryson.  
 Highest average in senior grades, Allison Stevenson, 84 percent.  
 Highest average in intermediate grades, James Larkin, 85 percent.  
 Highest average in junior grades, Donald Hill, 91 percent.  
 —Teacher: May MacKinnon. (Patriot please copy)

**VICTIM OF ACCIDENT**

**GRAND FALLS, N.B., Oct. 24—**(CP) Victim of a week-end accident near his farm at Comau Ridge, Daniel Fraser died in hospital after he was found unconscious on the road. It is believed he fell from his wagon while bringing a load of potatoes to Grand Falls. He suffered a fractured skull when a wheel of the wagon passed over his head.

**WAR MEMORIALS**

**BELGORD —(CP)—** A monument will be erected to Russian Army General Joseph Apanasenko, who was killed while defending the city. In Grel, a monument will be erected to Maj.-Gen. Leonid Guryev, a hero of Stalingrad.

**All That Glitters**  
 By Frances Parkinson Keys

Alfredo and Helen had hesitated to commit them to anything that evening, fearing fatigue on their part, however, there was a reception at the Chinese Legation to which they might go later on if they all felt in the mood when the time came, or his parents would be delighted to have them pass at least an hour or so upstairs, before they retired for the night.

"I'm afraid you'll have to make a whole succession of choices," Helen explained, because everyone wants so much to see you and entertain you—the Mexican press and the foreign correspondents and—

"And the Embassy crowd and country club set and the big businessmen?"

"Yes, that's it—do you ever forget anything, Zoe? You can't go to all these parties if you're to have any time for visiting with us and do any sightseeing at all. It's a shame you can't stay longer."

Bob found himself spending considerable time, without Zoe, in the company of Guy Grenville who promptly arranged a stag luncheon in his honor, with the flimsy excuse that as a bachelor he was inadequate as a host to a lady of Zoe's caliber. Alfredo was invited and went to the luncheon also, and there was no preliminary discussion of it including that it was regarded as unusual in any way. But during the idle hour after their departure Helen spoke to her sister-in-law with the first signs of actual distress that she had betrayed since the visit began.

"I never see Guy any more at all, Zoe. He's stopped coming here to call entirely. And when we meet by chance he acts as if he hardly knew me. You must have noticed."

"Yes, I noticed. Well, don't worry about it, Helen. Any more than you can help. Unless you want to make an issue of it."

"How can I make an issue out of it?"

"It might be rather difficult. But I suppose there'll have to be a showdown some day, between you and the old lady. Incidentally, do you care anything about Guy?"

"Yes, Zoe, I do. Not the way I care about Alfredo, of course. But I care about Guy from seeing him, I think about him a lot. And the more I think about him, the more I want to see him. All the rest of the week Helen was gratefully aware of Zoe's sympathy and support.

Zoe's decision to go to Midnight Mass at the parish church instead of to a party at the American Embassy on Christmas Eve made a most favorable impression upon Dona Amelia and it was the consciousness of this that caused her to make a similar decision the Sunday after Christmas.

She sat quietly between Helen and Maria Michaela, and the turmoil in her own mind diverted her temporarily from the currents that flowed around her. Then suddenly she knew that she was caught in them.

For some time, she had noticed a sort of muffled sound, unconnected with the progress of the services, rising above the prayers and chants. The same reportorial instinct which had caused her to notice the unusual in her surroundings roused her to action. She leaned over and whispered to Helen. "Let me by, Sweetness. I've got to get out in the air for a moment, I suppose it's the incense or something. No, please don't move. And don't let any of the others come either. I'll be back in a minute. And meanwhile I'd much rather be alone."


Several other persons went down the aisle at the same time as Zoe, when they reached the rear of the nave, where the outside noise was more noticeable, their numbers increased, but not suddenly enough to attract the attention of the worshippers nearer the altar. It was not until she had reached the swinging leather door that Zoe knew beyond any shadow of a doubt that a riot was going on.

It radiated from the improvised dais beneath the stone cross, where a brawny young man, clad in a red shirt, dark trousers, and a jaunty cap, was gesticulating violently, while he shouted rather than spoke. Closely packed around him were fifty or more men, also wearing red shirts, who were echoing his shouts. The newcomers began to jostle the red-shirted man, and as these increased in number and intensity, the scuffle spread. Before it had actually reached the proportions of an uproar, a shot rang out, and a thin man fell flat on his face before the dais and was crushed and trampled in the onrush toward the church. Zoe, caught in the crowd that was surging forward, heard the crackle of shots on every side of her.

The churchgoers were coming out rapidly now. Zoe was fighting her way toward the facade in an effort to get inside. She had almost reached the leather door when Alfredo came out of it, with Helen on one side of him and Maria Michaela on the other. Immediately behind them, Zoe could see Don Luiz, Dona Amelia and Lupe. The others, mercifully, were still inside. "Go back!" she shouted. "I'll be with you in a minute. Turn in her direction, and with a look of recognition, understanding, she saw him smile and nod. He half turned, pushing Helen gently behind him toward his father and mother, who were already regaling the shelter of the leather door. Then she saw him try to put Maria Michaela behind him also. Even in that dreadful moment, she was conscious of the quietness and gentleness of this last act.

The next moment, he and his sister were both lying on the pavement. The scarlet stain from Maria Michaela's white dress spread over Zoe as she knelt beside them. The girl was dead already. But Zoe

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5-25

**WHY HAVE SORE FEET?**

**JUST RUB IN MINARD'S KING OF PAIN LINIMENT**

heard Alfredo say "Elena—alma de mi alma!" twice before he died. (Helen—soul of my soul!). (To Be Continued)

**TILLIE THE TOILER — HIDDEN EFFORTS!**

By WEBSTER



**GOSH, I WONDER IF ALL THE ARMIES ON BOTH SIDES HAVE GOT A ROOKIE AS AWFUL AS I AM**

**MAC, LET ME GIVE YOU SOME INSTRUCTION IN DRILLING**

**OKAY. BUT LET'S GO WHERE NOBODY WILL SEE US**

**OH, DEAR, THERE'S NO PLACE ON THIS LITTLE ISLAND WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE**

**AND I CAN'T BE SEEN LETTING A WAC DRILL ME**

**I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO BEGIN WITH INSTRUCTION IN CAMOUFLAGE**

10 27  
 RUSSELL COBURN