

BAD BREATH - ME?

76% of all adults have bad breath!

And scientific tests prove conclusively that in 7 out of 10 cases COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER instantly stops oral bad breath!

SAVE MONEY! Compared to other leading brands, a large tin of Colgate's gives you up to 30 more brushings, a giant tin up to 46 more brushings—for not a penny more!

SMOKERS! Colgate's Tooth Powder is one of the easiest ways to guard against tobacco stain and tobacco breath! Get Colgate's today!

COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER

25c 40c

CLEANS YOUR BREATH AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Escape From Heartbreak

By Margaretta Brucker

CHAPTER VI

Valerie sank down on the bed and buried her face in the rumpled bedclothes. No tears came. There was a dry bitter agony in her throat, a hopeless desolation in her heart.

She was alone penniless—and a prisoner at Mike's if he wished to make her stay. Where could she go and what could she do without money?

She scarcely slept that night. She tossed and turned, cold with fear, sick with apprehension.

Toward daylight she fell into a pounding on her door and by dawn only to be awakened by a Mike's voice shouting, "Get up!"

Tumbling out of bed, she dressed with shaking fingers. She combed her hair and applied her make-up. Her face was pinched and ghastly this morning, her eyes enormous and frightened.

Money or no money, she decided, she must try to get away. Another day here and her spirit would be completely shattered. She needed money, but the lack of it must not destroy her courage. She was young and strong—could walk for miles, if necessary, in search of work. She would willingly take anything to make a start. These thoughts guarded her confidence.

Yes—she would defy Mike and leave here at once.

Putting on her coat and hat, she picked up her suitcase and opened the door into the next room. Mike's wife sat there, bent over a ragged garment she was patching. She glanced up at Valerie, then quickly shifted her eyes. "You better get to work," she said.

At that moment, Mike appeared. He looked Valerie up and down. "Where you going?" he demanded.

"Home!"

The word sprang to Valerie's lips involuntarily. It expressed a wish which made her faint with longing. If only she could go home! If only she could see Penny—see the girls at Prescott's. If only she could be back in her simple bedroom with all the things with which she was familiar. Instead, she was here in this despicable place.

"Get off that coat and hat and to work!" Mike said sharply.

He stood blocking her exit. His wife said not a word. Valerie, glancing at her, saw that there was no use in appealing to her. The woman was plainly cowed by Mike.

All Valerie's new-found courage suddenly left her. She turned on her heels and returned to her room—set down her suitcase and removed her coat and hat.

Four days passed, during which she found no opportunity to elude Mike. He never left the place. The back doors were locked, and it was impossible to escape through the front.

As each day passed under the strain of long, hard work, Valerie became convinced that this was no ordinary restaurant. It was a meeting place for the men who frequented it—men who came with a definite purpose.

What was Mike's reason for keeping her here? She must be part of some plan being hatched by him and his regular companions.

The thought made her all the more determined to get away, but Mike was always on the alert, watching her when he was not present, his wife's eyes were upon her.

She discovered there was a basement, and wondered hopefully whether there was an exit from there, but Mike surprised her as she attempted to investigate.

"You mind your own business—or else!" he threatened.

Then, one evening, as she stood in the kitchen and advanced toward the new customer who had set down a glass of water and placed a menu before him he looked up.

He was a slight young man with keen gray eyes and a long, thin nose. Valerie recognized him instantly. The man she had seen in Pete's back in Pelton on the day she had left for New York.

"I'm home," he said.

She had met him as though she had met someone from home. Unconsciously she smiled. The young man merely gave her a cool glance, then dropped his eyes to a notebook on the table before him.

"Cup of coffee," he said briefly. "No harm done," he said.

When she brought his coffee, she did not put the cup down at once, she stood beside him trying to frame an appeal which might excite his interest.

"Well, Valerie, she let the cup slip from the saucer, spilling its contents over his notebook.

He uttered an impatient exclamation. Then, catching sight of her frightened face, he smiled.

"No harm done," he said.

However, the incident unnerved Valerie, shook her resolution. To hint that she was a prisoner here would sound melodramatic. Who would believe her?

When she had brought the young man a second cup of coffee, she went to one side of the room and watched him. Not once did he look in her direction.

Presently, he rose and dropped some change on the table. A few minutes later, he was gone.

Mike approached Valerie. "What did he come for?"

"Coffee."

Mike swore, and left her. She was sure that for some reason, he feared the young man. Idly, she wondered why, but was too absorbed in her own troubles to bother about that. The young man had been her first possible chance to gain help and because of her silly pride she had been afraid to appeal to him.

He was gone, and she had no reason to hope that he would ever return.

However, he did return. He

HOUSEHOLD USE No. 27

FIRST AID

EVERY WASH DAY!

Use a little Javex in washing machine or rinse water to make your linens and cottons dazzling white. Stubborn stains disappear like magic!

AT YOUR GROCERS

Javex

DIRTY'S WORST ENEMY

Snake Rites Are Blamed For Death

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Sept. 4 (AP)—Snake-handling rites of a religious sect were blamed today for the death of a Tennessee man as Virginia officers investigated the death of a woman, who was bitten in demonstrations Saturday.

Lewis E. Ford, 32, lay preacher of the Daily Pond Church of God near here, died last night about an hour after being bitten by a rattlesnake in a religious service. His widow, Mrs. Jessie Ford, announced she would not members of the faith to take part in snake-handling rites at his funeral.

Wise, Va., authorities reported that the wife of Rev. E. O. Kirk was bitten on the wrist in a snake-handling demonstration Saturday afternoon. She gave birth to a child yesterday. The child died a few moments later and Mrs. Kirk died an hour afterward.

Virginia authorities said Mrs. Kirk became ill almost immediately after being bitten but refused medical aid. She was taken to a doctor at the child's birth and neighbors said she died singing hymns.



Standing at salute during the French National Anthem, is left to right, the French Minister to Canada, Count Jean de Hautecloque, Prime Minister Mackenzie King, the Governor General of Canada and Charles de Gaulle. In the background are members of de Gaulle staff who accompanied him to Ottawa.

Starting to School

It seems like only yesterday I stood beside his tiny bed and watched him wrapt in baby sleep—

Today I see a lad instead.

So proudly marching off to school; And longing watch him as he goes.

I pray no evil may defile— That good o'er ill may interpose.

And as he seeks to learn each day The lessons marked by teacher's rule, May One watch over him, who loves All little boys who start to school.

And may the prayers and lessons taught From Holy writ, at home begun, Remain with him 'till life's long school.

Has closed and Christ shall say "Well done!"

Aug. 26, 1945. —J. Hazel Fraser. Central Bedque.

OLD SHOES CAN BE REJUVENATED

Simplest rejuvenating trick to wipe the tired look off the face of shoes is achieved by renewing bows or buckles. You can also replace worn-out or antiquated top patterns with stylish ornaments, obtained from and put on by your shoe-repairman.

You can have winter shoes perforated or have toe-windows built in to give your feet cooler and more attractive summer homes. Dye baths to change light-colored shoes dark will also wipe out stains or faded tones and will make surface bristles or scratches much less noticeable.

Your home test can bring you SOFTER, SMOOTHER SKIN in just 14 days!



Compare your complexion with your shoulders. You'll find your shoulders look 5 or more years younger. Why? Because shoulder pores are kept clean by your regular Palmolive Soap baths—and so, able to breathe freely. But face pores, clogged with dirt and make-up, can't breathe freely and soon your complexion loses its fresh softness and ages before its time. That needn't happen to your complexion. Palmolive offers an easy way to keep it radiantly lovely.

You can look younger in 14 days!

Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive, and each time, with a face-cloth massage Palmolive lather into your skin—for an extra 60-seconds! This easy Palmolive Massage stimulates the circulation, clears the pores to help your complexion regain its fresh softness.

It becomes softer, smoother in just 14 days!



came back several nights later. When Valerie went to take his order, he had spread a newspaper out before him.

Without looking up from it, he muttered, "What are you doing in a joint like this?"

Valerie was so startled that she almost dropped her tray. Then, she saw Mike emerge from the back and eye her sharply.

The young man added, "It's hot this time of year, and see that it is not this time of year."

His manner gave the impression that he was absolutely indifferent to her, but Valerie's hopes soared. He had asked her why she was here—was interested in her!

She brought his coffee, set it down slowly without speaking.

He said, "You ought to get out of here. Why don't you?"

Valerie kept her back toward Mike, who still stood watching her.

"I can't," she whispered.

"I've a car outside. Can you get your things—join me in ten minutes?"

For a second Valerie could not answer. Dared she try? Could she slip past Mike—avoid his wife?

"Yes or no?" The young man flashed her a quick glance.

"Yes," she breathed.

(To Be Continued)

FRIZZELL - MacDONALD

At a very pretty candle-light ceremony at the home of the bride in High Bank, Marjorie Tirrell Macdonald and Raymond Alexander Frizzell were united in marriage on Saturday July 21st by the Rev. A. A. Duke.

The bride, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Macdonald was radiant in a floor-length princess style gown of white satin. She wore a fingertip veil caught back by a crown of pearls, and a matching necklace of pearls, and carried a shower bouquet of American Beauty Roses and fern.

Her bridesmaid, Miss Alice MacKendze wore an attractive gown of aqua and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

The bride's mother wore a dress of navy blue and corsage of Tallis man roses. The mother of the groom wore a dress of powder blue. Her corsage was of snapdragon and fern.

The groom, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Frizzell of Charlottetown is serving in the RCNVR.

The best man was Gnr. Fulton Adams who has recently returned from Germany where he has been a prisoner of war since Dieppe.

The Wedding March was played by Mary Donald Deans. Appropriate vocal selections were sung by Mrs. Hensley Frizzell of Halifax, sister-in-law of the groom.

Among the guests was Mrs. S. A. Frizzell of Vancouver, B.C., sister of the groom.

The home of the bride was tastefully decorated with beautiful roses from the MacDonald home,stead at Murray Harbor.

A delightful buffet lunch was served after congratulations had been extended to the bride and groom. A toast was proposed by the Rev. Mr. Duke and responded to by the groom.

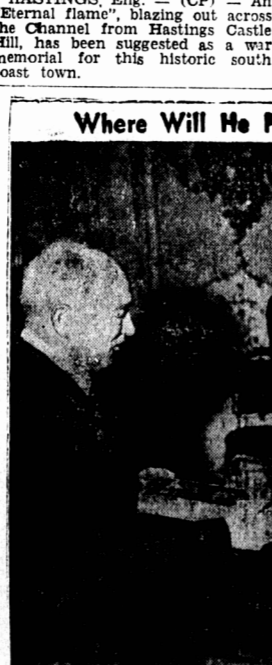
The wedding gifts, numerous and beautiful testified to the popularity of the young couple.

The bride is employed in the office of K. J. and K. M. Martin, Charlottetown.

BRIGHT MEMORIAL

HASTINGS Eng. — (CP) — An "eternal flame", blazing out across the Channel from Hastings Castle Hill, has been designated as war memorial for this historic coast town.

Where Will He Put the Ribbon?



With five rows of campaign bars and medal ribbons already crowded on his battle jacket, Lt.-Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., famed Third Army commander, will have difficulty crowding in the ribbon for his latest award—Czechoslovakia's Order of the White Lion and the Military Cross. Above, President Beneš, left, makes his presentation during the general's recent visit to Prague.

WALTON REARDON WEDDING

A wedding of interesting to friends and relatives in Moncton during the Maritime week was solemnized in St. Bernard's church Monday morning when the Rev. Simon Brennan united in holy matrimony Margaret Patricia Reardon and Eugene Frederick Walton, son of Mrs. Isaac Brett and the late Clement Walton, both of this city.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was charming in a floor-length gown of ice blue satin with aqua lace insertions, and a halo of matching shade and carried a bouquet of Better Time roses.

The bridegroom was Miss Agnes Reardon, sister of Mrs. Isaac Brett, and the late Clement Walton, both of this city.

During the ceremony soft music was played by Mrs. J. W. McCarthy, organist of the church, and during communion the singing of the register Charles Flynn sang Roswig's "Ave Maria." "A Sacred Beautiful" and "On This Day, Oh Beautiful Mother."

The ushers were Hugh Reardon, brother of the bride, and Wilfred Reardon, brother of the groom.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, 67 Wesley street, to some fifty relatives and friends.

The bride's table was covered with a lace cloth and centered with a three tier wedding cake flanked by crystal candelabra.

The bride and groom were attended by Helen Brau, Mrs. Edna Greenhill, Mrs. Marjorie Black, Mrs. William Oliver, Mrs. Lester Teed, and Miss Helen Brau.

The toast to the bride was proposed by Rev. Simon Brennan and responded to by the groom.

The bride and groom were a two-piece brown triple sheer suit with matching accessories and carried a bouquet of sports coat.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton left by car for Charlottetown, P.E.I. and upon their return will take up residence in Charlottetown where the groom is an employee of the C.N.R.

The bride was formerly on the teaching staff of the Queen Street School—Moncton Transcript.

PROTEST DISCONNECTION

SYDNEY — (CP)—Thousands of galahs perching on telephone wires in the Wongsahinda district in north-western New South Wales are breaking the wires by their combined weight. Then they all talk at once.

Summer Complaint

Few people, especially children, escape an attack of summer complaint during the hot weather.

Summer complaint begins with a profuse diarrhea very often accompanied by vomiting and purging. The matter excreted from the stomach has a bilious appearance, and that from the bowels watery, whitish, ill-smelling, or even odorless.

When the children show any sign of looseness of the bowels the mother should administer a few doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry so as to bring quick relief.

This medicine has been on the market for the past 94 years. Refuse substitutes. They may be safe. Get "Dr. Fowler's" and feel safe.

The T. Mitchell Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



THE PARLOR HERD

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopie



Such is life in the forest primeval.

JOE PALOOKA



COME ON!



By HAM FISHER



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

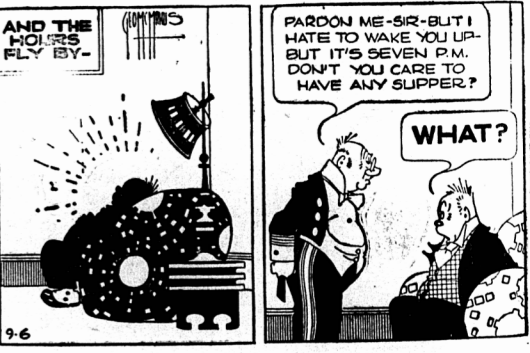


TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By George McManus



By George McManus



TILLIE THE TOILER

By Webster



SCORE ONE FOR MAC!

By Webster



By Webster

