

What a Life!



Harry was handsome—
Harry was bold—
Harry was left right
out in the cold.
Harry perspired,
like all his pals,
But Harry offended and
lost out with gals.

Both tonight with LIBBY'S
FROM HEAD TO TOE
—IT STOPS B.O.

REMEMBERING

Little ghosts come thronging close
But I am not afraid.
For they are lovely memories
Of the sunshine Mother made.

For one's her tender loving smile,
Her sweet face, flower-fair,
And once the beauty of her voice
Like music on the air.

And one's her happy litting laugh,
The rattle of her gown,
And one's the touch of her dear
hands

As light as thistle-down.

These little ghosts are everywhere
In loveless arrayed,
Sweet and happy memories
Of the sunshine Mother made.

—Constance I. Heckbert.



Corporal Mary Helena MacKenzie, of the Women's Division, R. C. A. P., of St. Stephen, N. B., was married recently in Montreal to Order Russell Edward Ganong, son of Canada's 8th Division Commander, Major-General H. N. Ganong, but instead of setting up a home, she went back to her job as a Cook, Photographer at the Air Force Station at Moncton, N. B. Said Mrs. Ganong: "We need stenos, both to relieve boys so they can remember to aircrew, and to replace those who have already left." The reason she gave for originally leaving a civilian job in a St. Stephen bank to join the R. C. A. P. was: "I just wanted to do it—I thought I'd be of more use as a sten in the Air Force than in the bank." Mrs. Ganong is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robert MacKenzie, of St. Stephen, and a niece of Dr. C. J. MacKenzie, President of the National Research Council. Her husband, whose home is also in St. Stephen, has just returned recent from overseas, where he put in two years on Active Service, and is now at Brockville, Ontario, completing an Army Officers' Training Course.

Strange Victory

By FRANKLIN MELORNY
Author of "Call Back Love"

Paige looked at the stars from her window. If this was being in love, it was happiness that was nearer pain than joy. She had been afraid to trust herself to wait for him down stairs. She had been afraid all evening. She had said that she was tired, because she needed to be alone to cope with all the turbulence he had roused within her. It had been difficult to speak, even in monosyllables. But when he asked her to stay, she had stayed, because she had been weak, and strong at the same time.

She was suddenly aware that she was watching for the barn light to go out, and that it had gone out long since.

He had been away for more than an hour. He was out there—somewhere in the darkness—with Marcia. Her lips moved. "Send me back to me, Marcia, make him free . . . He did not come, and at length, she undressed and climbed into bed, leaving the lamp lit in the hall outside her room. The old clock downstairs struck two. She heard his step at last. He stood for an instant at her door. "Paige," he called softly. There was an urgency in his voice. She lay without answering and without moving—crucified by doubt and longing. He did not call again. Carefully, soundlessly, he closed her door.

Toward dawn she fell asleep. When she awoke, the sun was streaming in the window. She rose swiftly and flung on her robe, her heart heavy with the feeling that he had already left for town.

Annie was dusting the living room when she went downstairs. "What time did Mr. Herron go, Annie?"

"About six o'clock," said Annie, and added sadly that he had not even stopped for breakfast.

"Did he say he'd be back this evening?"

Annie shook her head. "He didn't say."

CHAPTER XXII

It was a long day. The telephone rang just once—young Carter, Herron's secretary, who volunteered the information that he had just come back from Norfolk, and that Mike Herron had just left for there.

"Oh," said Paige. "How long will he be gone?"

"Couldn't say. A few days. They're outfitting his ship for the trial cruise."

"When will that be?"

"Around the end of August. He'll probably take Erica, and that means you'll go too, and I'll see that you have a swell time," he promised jubilantly. "When are you coming to town?"

"I'm not," she said, and with a few clipped words rang off before he could pursue the subject.

Erica came in as she hung up the receiver. "Who was it, Mike?"

"Mr. Carter."

"Oh—some of miss Mike, don't you? He was a help around the place."

Paige bent suddenly and kissed her. Erica was pleased and confused at the unwonted demonstration.

"Why'd you do that?"

"I just happened to feel like it."

"Oh—you're not sick, are you?"

Erica giggled. "I didn't mean because you kissed me. I meant because you didn't eat any lunch, or anything, and you look sort of funny, as if something was on your mind."

"I never felt better," Paige proclaimed. "What would you like to do?"

"Try to get those same horses we had last week and go for a ride," suggested Erica.

"Grand," said Paige. "Just what I need."

They were gone all afternoon. As they turned in at the gate lodge toward twilight, Paige's pulses beat faster—perhaps he had telephoned or wired en route. She hurried on to the cottage, leaving Erica to a prolonged reunion with her dog.

She ran up the garden path, and then as she glimpsed the slim figure of a woman at the living room window. It wasn't Annie, and it certainly wasn't Alice Thornton. The curtains parted almost immediately and a face appeared. Paige uttered a sharp choked cry. Either she had suddenly taken leave of her senses, or Erica's pretense of a haunted house had some foundation—for she could have sworn that it was Marcia looking out at her. There—she was gone. It could be nothing but a prank of her imagination. It took all her strength of will, however, to mount the shallow steps and enter the house. She started back. The woman was waiting for her on the

HEALTH

A CREATIVE SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN LIFE ASSOCIATION AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES OF CANADA

(INSERT STEREO)

As the present moment the Canadian people have available a cheap and palatable source of minerals and vitamins, those elements so vital to maintaining health. This source of potential health is the year's crop of vegetables. Despite certain periods of anxiety, the crop has been an excellent one, well beyond expectations. It is up to the Canadian housewife to see that the supply of vitamins and minerals really arrives at the place where it will do the most good. This she can only do if she uses the modern up-to-date cooking methods.

Here are some interesting facts which things happen to vegetable vitamins before you eat them and this is true chiefly of the B vitamins and vitamin C. First, some vitamin is destroyed, lost for good. Second, part of both vitamins and minerals dissolves in the cooking water. Third, a lot of what is left of the vitamin C also vanishes if you leave your vegetables sitting around in the warming oven before serving.

Now, the longer the cooking period, the greater the actual destruction of vitamin; the more water you see, the greater the loss by dissolving in the cooking water. So here are your rules for conservation of vitamins and minerals.

1. Cook all vegetables as lightly as possible.
2. Cook them as quickly as possible.
3. Serve them as soon as they are cooked.

In other words, time your cooking so that the last job before serving the meal is putting the final touches on the vegetables and do it fast.

And here is something you may not know—there is one vegetable that benefits by the soda treatment, the humble navy bean. A dash of soda for keeping that fresh colour, is of course, the most efficient way of destroying most of the C content of any green vegetable. But try a little soda with your boiled beans (they, remember, are green) and you get the opposite effect. This is because the addition of the soda softens up the tough bean coat and reduces your cooking time, so that you gain more than you lose. Navy beans, by the way, are an excellent source of vitamin Bland a not to be despised meat substitute.

By writing to the Health League of Canada, 111 Avenue Road, Toronto, you can obtain a free, up to date Vitamin Chart and a booklet "Canadian Vegetables for Every Day."

ADD WOMANS PAGE DRAPERIES RUGS CAN CHANGE ROOM

Have you ever visited the home of some friend or neighbor after an interval and immediately become aware of a salutary change since your last visit there? The living room or perhaps the entire interior had somehow pulled itself together and come alive. You asked yourself: "What has been going on here?" Evidently the answer came or your hostess voluntarily divulged the secret. It was new draperies, new walls, new floor coverings— one of these or a combination of them.

threshold of the living room—a flesh and blood Marcia, younger, closer vision, and a little less mellow than Marcia must have been, but nevertheless the heart-stopping image of the picture that stood on Erica's table.

She spoke. Her voice was deep and hungry, but with an edge of petulance. "I was beginning to give up hope of anyone ever loving me," she said. "I'm Constance Barlow—Erica's aunt."

"Oh!" said Paige. She remembered, now, that Mike had spoken of a younger sister living in India. "I'm Erica's governess," she offered a little faintly. "You looked so much like Marcia that it unnerved me for a moment."

"You knew my sister?"

"No—I didn't. Just from her pictures," Paige stammered. Her face burned.

This was an encounter in which the newcomer undoubtedly held the upper hand. Her cool glance said, I don't believe you're a governess, but if you are, your familiarity is in poor taste. Aloud she said, "My boat came in this morning. I telephoned Mr. Herron's office. He'd just left town but I was told that Erica was living out here."

"Yes . . . she's coming in a moment."

"So terribly sad," Constance murmured. "She was only a baby when I last saw her."

"Then I'd better prepare her," Paige said. "Your resemblance . . . it would be wrong to shock her."

Before Constance could reply she beat a hasty retreat toward the kitchen, where Annie welcomed her volubly. "Ach, so glad I am you come. The lady she was here all afternoon, asking me questions—Erica's picture of her mama, isn't it?" she digressed in wonder.

"Yes," said Paige. "What did she want to know?"

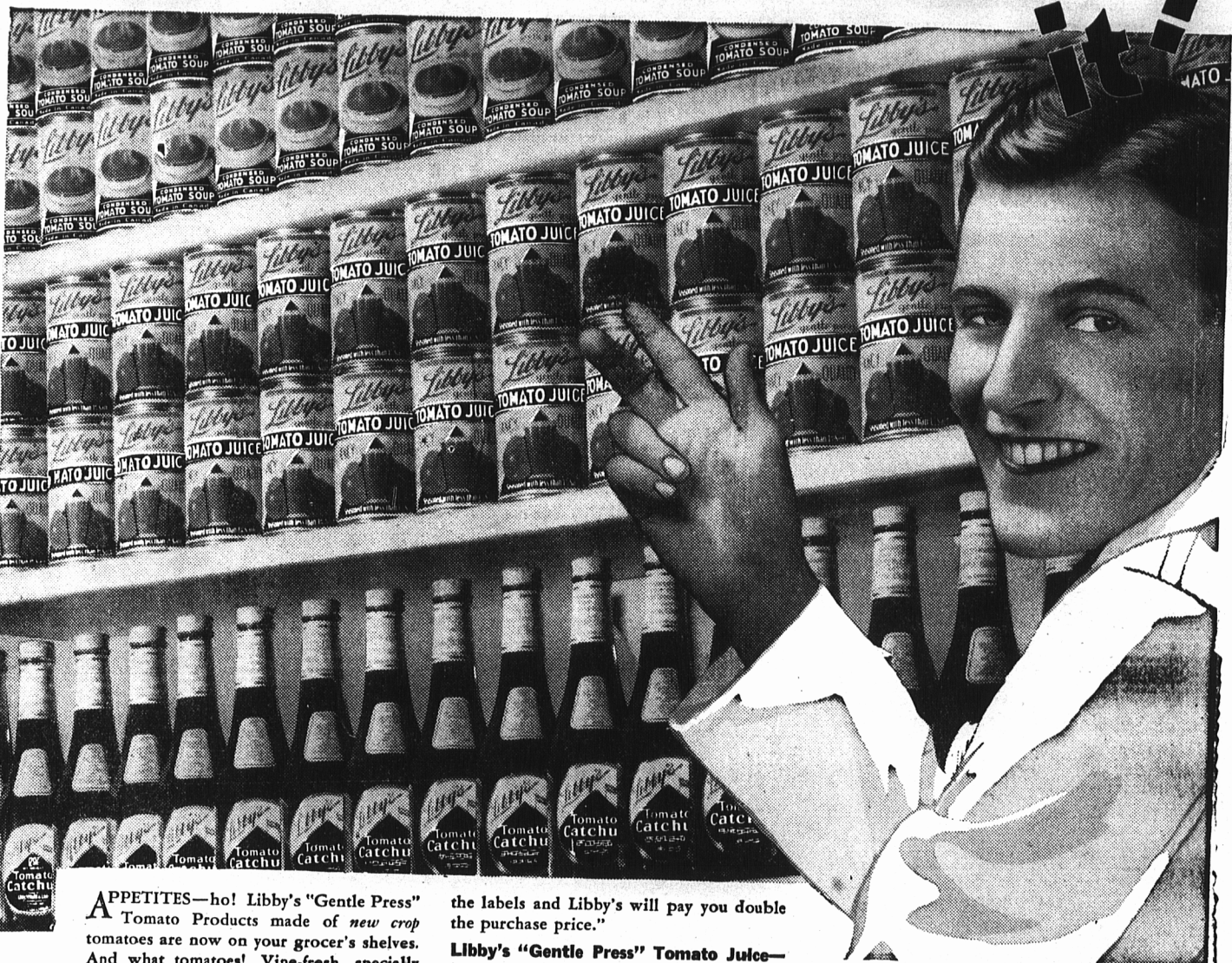
"All about the other house, and why we are living like this and what kind of a man is Mr. Herron."

"What did you tell her?"

"I say so little as possible," said Annie, setting her lips. "Aber I would like to say, is none from your business? Her suitcases Karl brought to Mr. Herron's room. So much suitcases there is no place to put them."



Come and Get it!



APPETITES—ho! Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Products made of new crop tomatoes are now on your grocer's shelves. And what tomatoes! Vine-fresh, specially grown for Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice, Tomato Soup and Catchup. Babied along by expert care from the time they are scientifically-selected seedlings until they attain the full midsummer goodness—plump, sleek beauties.

Libby's patented "Gentle Press" method of processing brings to you that garden-fresh flavour that distinguishes Libby's Tomato Products from all others. Libby's confidently say to you: "Try all three of our 'Gentle Press' Tomato Products, and if you don't say they're the best you have tasted, return the labels and Libby's will pay you double the purchase price."

Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice—is an excellent source of Vitamins A and C, which Science tells us our systems require every day, if we want to stay young longer—have sound teeth—elastic blood-vessels—better digestion—clearer complexions—and more vitality.

Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Soup—is made from tomatoes fresh from the garden, and NOT from canned tomato pulp. You'll note the difference in the flavour.

Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Catchup—made with Libby's exclusive "Gentle Press" process. An "appetizer" which wins favour by its flavour.

QUICK AND EASY CAN OPENERS FOR JUICES

One simple flick of the fingers opens a V-shaped vent in the top of the can for easy pouring. It enables you to leave the unused contents of the can right in the opened can itself, keeping it in your refrigerator for use as required. Libby's will mail you this opener for two Libby's "Gentle Press" Tomato Juice labels and 5c in stamps or cash to cover mailing charges. Mail this coupon today. Limited supply compels Libby's to reserve the right to cancel this offer without further notice.

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Libby's "gentle press" TOMATO PRODUCTS

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She looked worried. "What we have ready called to her. But Erica had all hands. "Darn the woman," Paige mumbled angrily. "This is nothing explained quickly and put her arm around Erica's trembling body. Erica was white. "I thought it was my mother at (To be Continued)

HOLLYWOOD STARS On The Cook's Day Out



JOYCE REYNOLDS—lovely San Antonio, Texas girl, who is winning high acclaim in Hollywood, and who is prominently cast with Joan Fontaine and Charles Boyer in Warners' "The Constant Nymph" prides herself on her growing master of the culinary as well as the histrionic art. Here's her way of broiling steak.

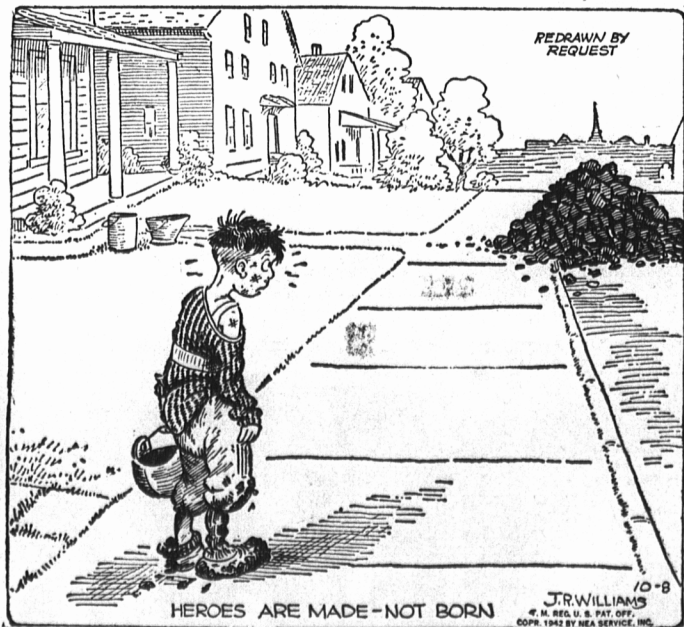
BROILED PORTERHOUSE
2 lbs. porterhouse steak cooking oil

Wipe steak and spread a small amount of cooking oil over surface. Place under large flame for fifteen minutes. Remove from oven and salt generously. Turn on other side and continue cooking, lowering the flame slightly. Remove when fat is slightly charred, sprinkle with salt and serve.

Buy **BEST YEAST**

Best for Baking! Best for Health!

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HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN

EGAD BOYS! I'M SEEKING A SUITABLE SLOGAN TO ADVERTISE MY PHOSPHOR-ESCENT SHAVING CREAM! IF ONE OF YOU CAN COIN A CATCH-PHASE, I'LL REWARD YOU WITH THE POST OF SALES MANAGER FOR ALL TERRITORY WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI!

I'VE GOT ONE AS NATURAL AS SOUP ON YOUR SLEEVE

"THE RAZOR KNOWS NO NIGHT WITH HOOPLE'S LUMINOUS LATHER!"

HOW'S THIS: "DON'T RISK A STAB IN THE DARK—SAVE YOUR FACE IN THE BLACKOUT WITH HOOPLE'S GLEAM CREAM!"

PUT THIS DOWN: "TRY A HOOPLE SHIMMER SHAVE AND GET LIT UP!"

ALL VERY ILLUMINATING