

Any-time is coffee-time with NESCAFÉ

a grand cup of coffee with no waste of precious vacation time

It's easy to make one cup of coffee with Nescafé. Just put a teaspoonful in a cup, add piping hot water and stir.

And it's just as easy to make Nescafé in larger quantities. Here's all you do: for each cup of coffee put one teaspoonful of Nescafé in your coffee server. Then add an equal number of cups of piping hot water and stir. There's no waste, no messy grounds. Cup for cup, Nescafé costs less than ordinary ground coffee in can or jar.

TRY NESCAFÉ TODAY
Two sizes—4 oz. and the 12 oz. economy jar.

This Side Of Glory

By Gwen Eristow
Author Of "Deep Summer"
"The Handsome Road," etc.

"Make it two thousand for the lot and we'll call it quits."
"Here's the list of prices you offered, so you can add them yourself if you like. And here's a pen."
"Yes, ma'am," he said with exaggerated meekness. "Now what's the first name, please?"
"Kester," she told him.
"Oh, I make the check to him? All right, anything you say. There'll be a couple of boys around with a truck in the morning. And don't you get smart and slip a couple of pieces back in the garage, either."
When he had gone Kester shivered with relief and ordered a highball. Eleanor went jubilantly to him with the check. "Endorse this now," she exclaimed. "I'll send it right to the bank. Kester, aren't you delighted?"
"I'm delighted he's gone," said Kester dryly. He wrote his name. Eleanor picked up the check. For a moment she stood still, looking down at him, then she crossed to the desk, where she put the check into an envelope to be mailed to the bank for deposit. "Aren't you even glad I got some money for us?" she asked.
"Of course I'm glad," he said without turning.
"Then what's the matter with you?"
"Do I have to pretend besides I enjoyed your haggling like a pawnbroker?"
"Somebody had to haggle," she exclaimed, "and it was evident you weren't going to."
"You were very good at it. That nest of tables you got eighty dollars for isn't worth more than fifty."
Eleanor walked across the room in front of him. "Then you might have said so. All you've done this afternoon is stand around with your lip curled. One would think trying to pay your debts was a matter beneath a gentleman's dignity." She stopped, drew a breath and let it out audibly. She went to him and put her hand on his shoulder. As she was tingling with anger she waited a moment, then spoke slowly and carefully. "Kester, please don't make me angry. My nerves are in the same state as European culture, and if I lose my—"
He turned impulsively, put his arm around her and drew her down to sit on the arm of his chair. "I know, darling. Mine are too." He gave a sorry little shake of his head. "Odd, isn't it—we're just as bad as the Europeans. The minute people start fighting for civilization they start behaving as if they never heard of it."

CHAPTER XII
They left the jewels at the bank

Birds Slow Her Down



BIG BEN

Millions of starlings on their annual southward migration this year took London by storm. They swarmed over Big Ben, roosted on the hands of the famous old clock, and jammed its mechanism. Not until they heard the evening radio broadcast did the Britons know that Ben was running slow by four minutes and 40 seconds.

as security, and the money they received for the old brandy they put aside to be used for living expenses. Though they had a breathing space Eleanor felt like a patient who was barely breathing. There was still no answer to the question of what they could plant next spring to give them the twenty thousand dollars they had promised to pay the bank in the fall.

In spite of her resolution, suspense made her temper uncertain and she was no always easy to live with. Kester urged her to go out. Their friends were entertaining again, saying you couldn't stay under a pall forever. Kester's Cousin Sylvia came around to sell them a pair of tickets to a dance being given at the Hunt Club in town for the benefit of the Buy-A-Bale movement, which had been begun with the hope that if everybody with any money to spare would buy a bale of cotton at the standard price of fifty dollars the market would be eased. "Such a worthy cause," Sylvia urged, "and nobody is going to lose anything by it, because all the brokers say that as soon as the war is over the need for cotton in Europe will send the price to twelve cents a pound. So anybody who buys a bale now will make ten dollars by holding it."
"Really?" said Eleanor.
"Yes indeed." Cousin Sylvia was fluttering about the parlor. "Have you bought your bale yet?" Eleanor gasped.
"We have all the cotton we need. Cousin Sylvia," answered

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Kester. He looked as if he wanted to giggle.
"But my dear boy, it's the principle of the thing!"
"We can't afford principles," Eleanor said curtly.
Well, if they couldn't buy a bale today, would they at least take tickets for the dance? Such a worthy cause. Eleanor was moved to wrath when Kester bought the tickets. But she liked dancing, and agreed with Kester that she needed entertainment, so she was glad when the evening arrived and they dressed and went to the Hunt Club. It was there that she met Isabel Valcour.

For a week everybody had been talking about Isabel Valcour, and Eleanor had looked forward to making her acquaintance. Isabel had grown up in Dalroy, but she had married a German—an excessively rich German, they said—seven years before, and since then she had lived abroad, apparently not remembering the United States at all until she had had to flee the war. The afternoon before the Buy-A-Bale dance was to be held Violet dropped in at Ardith for a cup of coffee with Eleanor and reported that she had just been to call on Isabel, who had moved into her deceased father's old house on the river road. "Utterly incongruous, my dear," said Violet. "Cosmopolitan, better looking than ever, dressed in clothes that are going to be in style sometime next year—how she's going to pass her time till the war's over I don't know."
"Where's her husband?" asked Eleanor.
"In the army?"
(To be continued)

CITY'S CHURCHES SEE ONLY FIFTH OF FLOCK

UCKLAND, N.Z., Aug. 16 — (CP) — A census of members of various churches in Auckland shows that only one in five actually goes to church on an average Sunday.

Statistics from the civil census revealed that this city's 30,000 Roman Catholics had the highest proportion of churchgoers — 75 per cent. But the smallest proportion was among adherents to the largest denomination. Only four per cent of Auckland's 100,000 members of the Church of England were in church on a typical Sunday.

Thirty-two per cent of the Presbyterians and 26 per cent of Methodists went to church that day. The census notes that many New Zealanders who take little interest in church affairs are not prepared to say they have no religion and for census and other purposes class themselves as Anglicans.

FRESH dee-licious!

ALWAYS ASK FOR Kellogg's

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Mother Knows A Best!

DOG-CATCHING MADE EASY
KITCHENER, Ont. — (CP) — Snooper, a cocker spaniel, knew where to go after he broke loose from home the other day. He trotted right down to see Herbert Strehel, Kitchener's dogcatcher. Snooper had been left at the Humane Society shelter a few days before and took a liking to Strehel.

"SALADA"
TEA & COFFEE
Outstanding Quality • Delicious Flavour

More people drink NESCAFÉ than any other instant coffee!

LAD FROM "DOWN UNDER"
WINNIPEG — (CP) — Casual and unconcerned, three-year-old Graham Saunders from Australia hopped out of a plane here to begin a three-year stay with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J.G. Saunders. He is living in Canada while his mother recovers from a serious illness. His dad, Vernon Saunders, is a former Winnipegger working for the Australian government.

PELICANS EMIGRATE
WATROU, Sask. — (CP) — Sixteen pelicans from Long Lake, near here, won't see Canada any more. Captured recently by special permission, the birds were sent to zoos in Dublin and London.

"OLD HOME WEEK"
SPECIAL SHOWING
TUESDAY - WEDNESDAY - THURSDAY - FRIDAY

As an added convenience to our friends who live in Rural Areas our store will be open during the MORNING and 2 HOURS during the EVENINGS.

OPEN: Mornings - 8:30 to 12; Evenings - 6:30 to 8:30

Westinghouse
FAWCETT
Pipeless Furnace

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RANGE

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Equipped with either Gas or Electric Motor.

GREAT NEW SERVEL
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REQUIREMENTS
Many of our Friends who reside in Rural Areas require to buy:
• A NEW KITCHEN RANGE
• A NEW WASHING MACHINE
• A NEW REFRIGERATOR
• A NEW PIPELESS FURNACE
or other HEATING UNIT for their home.
• ANY OTHER ARTICLE OF FURNITURE

TIME
You will undoubtedly have your mornings free and an additional couple of hours after supper—between afternoon and evening programmes at the Fair Grounds—Plan your visit to the City to include a visit to our Store during the hours indicated above.

OPPORTUNITY
In an effort to serve both our customers and our staff in finest fashion during Old Home Week we have agreed to close during the afternoons and open for two hours after supper. In this way both you and our staff can mix business with pleasure.

INVITATION
We have on display our complete line of Ranges—Coal, Oil and Electric; the complete line of Connor Washing Machines; the Servel Kerosine Refrigerator; a Fawcett Pipeless Furnace. You are cordially invited to visit our store and see these articles of prime necessity in every home.

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