

FRESHEST

So fresh, you hear the flakes rustle out of the box! Oven-crisp in milk! Freshest of all cereals! Delicious any time—morning, noon or night!



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Big flakes of sweet-toasted corn! Fresher, tastier! And nourishing... here's the "power" of corn for you. Delicious main dish of happy breakfasts!



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MOTHER KNOWS **Kellogg's** BEST!

The Neighbors

By George Clark



"Your bills for reducing are on our budget. Why can't I spend something to get my hair back?"

The Golden Girl

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST LADBROKE BLACK

continued XXII

Gloria arose, very quiet and coolly poised.

"In the circumstances, it will be impossible to have you remain with me any longer. Cecile will pack your trunks this evening."

In that moment Gloria scored heavily. Frances raised her small head haughtily.

"You are quite right; it is entirely impossible. Good afternoon—Mrs. Moreland."

She half turned and then looked back with a smile of cold hostility. Carelessly tucked under one arm, as if forgotten, she carried a folded newspaper, an unusual thing for her. She dropped it on the table.

"I gather that you have not seen this?"

Gloria's horrified eyes clung to the starting type.

Buglar Kills Miss Harriet Endicott Escapes with Booty Victim's Nephew Pursues in Fast Car.

Frances Payne's voice came again.

"I fear you are not very well informed as to your husband's whereabouts. He took the road, alone and probably unarmed, at two o'clock in pursuit of a murderer and has not been heard from since. Strange that no one notified you."

Gloria's eyes raised only for a moment to rest on a face white with its own anguish, but relentless in hatred of her.

"Get out!" she said sternly, and Francis went, beaten again in a moment of triumph.

The door closed. Gloria had not seen that Frances while she was reading those headlines had quietly possessed herself once more of that incriminating envelope, but even if she had known she would scarcely have cared just now.

What happened between two o'clock in the morning and the hour when she and Edson had found Jack? And where had he gone now?

A few hours later she knew. She came back to the hotel to find evening papers shrieking their news in hysterical headlines. Young Jack Moreland, nephew of the murdered woman, had caught up with the murderer in a lonely spot and had killed him. He had walked into a police station in town shortly before noon and had given himself up. Details were lacking because he had collapsed immediately and was delirious, but there had evidently been a stiff fight, as Moreland had a bullet wound in the chest and another in his arm.

Gloria pushed the paper aside with a shudder. She saw him again beside her in the car, with one hand creeping up to the shoulder that he had held so stiffly, his face pale and drawn.

"Don't mention to anyone that you have seen me today. Promise!" And she had promised.

"I want to go to him!" she choked. But she could not go. She had no right. She had thrown away her right to be with him.

"Mademoiselle perhaps is ill? Cecile looked anxiously at the scarcely touched tray which Gloria had pushed away from her. "But that so tender bit of little bird—if mademoiselle will but try him?" "Thank you, Cecile, you are very thoughtful."

"Ah, but it is the pleasure to serve Mademoiselle! It is of a pleasantness to be alone with mademoiselle."

Cecile discreetly vanished and Gloria sat soberly thinking. Three or four newspapers lay near her. She pulled one of them toward her to look over it again. Jack's picture, very young and handsome, looked at her from the first page, with photographs of Beechwood and of that rough lonely spot where the second tragedy had taken place. Motor police, diligently scouring the country, had discovered it before midnight on Friday, with the trampled weeds and the trail which led through the strip of woods, up a rocky slope to the rim where it dropped away suddenly, at the edge of an abandoned quarry. At the bottom of the quarry they had found the body of a man.

Parsons! The name haunted her. There was no doubt of his identity. Miss Endicott's secretary and the butler had both identified him as a man who had "done business" with Miss Endicott, although the business was not mentioned. The proprietor of the garage where Parsons had hired his car had identified both car and man.

The social prominence of the Endicott and Morelands only added to the morbid interest in the case, which flared again when word came from a bustling mid-western city that Jack Moreland had been for several months on the payroll of a certain automobile factory, a cheerful worker in overalls. In the eyes of the public Jack Moreland was a hero, but in the eyes of the law he had killed a man.

Through all the turmoil he lay weak and ill, slowly coming out of delirium. Two bullet wounds, unattended for hours, were taking their toll of him.

Gloria pressed her hands over her aching eyeballs. To sit here in her rooms was maddening. She decided to order the car and go out somewhere, anywhere, but Edson was not to be found.

Later in the afternoon Cecile appeared, more than usually demure. "Monsieur Edson had asked to speak with mademoiselle."

"Very well, Cecile. I will see Edson here."

Edson came in, very trim in his chauffeur's livery. He was excited and too boyish not to show it.

"Miss Stantun, I thought maybe you'd like—you'd be interested to know that Mr. Moreland has been acquitted. Coroner's jury, you

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Canning, N.S.

of self-defense, and the District Attorney says he won't ask for an indictment."

Gloria stood up. She had a queerly intangible feeling, as if she were floating about the room.

"Oh—thank you, Edson, I am very glad." Her hand on the back of a chair steadied her. "I was afraid—there being no witnesses—only his own word—"

"Yes, miss, I was worried about it myself, being mixed up in it that way. I never in my life did so hate to drive away and leave a man!"

To be continued

Dorothy Dix Says

Continued from page 2

wants to be the pursuer and not the pursued, and that he is very apt to lose interest in a girl after he has captured her. Especially if the capture is too easy and he is too certain that he couldn't lose her if he tried.

If you will look over the married women of your acquaintance, you will find that the most devoted wives never have the most devoted husbands. The wives who make slaves of themselves to their husbands are servants and not Lady Loves. The wives who do the kissing have the back of an ear or the top of a head presented to their lips.

It is the wives who keep their husbands guessing, the wives who demand a lot of attentions from their husbands, the wives who make their caresses rare enough to be treats instead of daily chores who keep their husbands lovers.

All of which must mean something or other.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a most unhappy girl of 18 and my unhappiness is caused by the constant quarreling between my mother and father. There is never a day that there isn't a fight between them over the silliest trifles and the most unimportant things. Then they make up and all is forgotten by them, but not by me. Their quarrels have made me lose all interest in life. I have got so nervous that things fall from my hands and I am on the verge of a breakdown. I sometimes think of taking my own life to be out of it all. My parents say that their quarrels are between them and have nothing to do with me, but they are ruining my life. What can I do?

A DAUGHTER

ANSWER: A great many parents besides yours think that their quarrels are their private affairs and that if they get any fun out of a cat-and-dog fight they have a right to take their pleasure as they find it. So they do not hesitate to stage the most disgraceful scenes before their children.

Apparently they have no conception of the suffering they are inflicting upon their children and the injury they are doing them. They do not seem to realize how it tears a child's heart to tatters to see the mother and father it loves hurting each other so cruelly. They do not seem to sense the shame and degradation that fills a child's soul at having the reverence it feels for its parents torn from it and having them degraded before it.

But any neurologist will tell you that no misfortune can happen to a child worse than being brought up in a quarrelsome home. It wrecks them in body and mind and as long as they live they suffer from the shocks that their parents gave them when they were young.

Inasmuch as children have to pay not only with their happiness but with their health and with the failure of their lives for their parents' quarreling, it does seem that fathers and mothers might deny themselves the kick they get out of fighting for the sake of the helpless little creatures they have brought into the world.

DEAR MISS DIX: What do you consider the obligations that an engaged couple owe to each other?

ENGAGED



NOW! With handy LIPTON TEA BAGS enjoy Lipton's delicious new blend!

ANSWER: I should say politeness and consideration of each other's feelings and such attentions as their hearts prompt. I do not think that an engaged couple have a right to enslave each other or police each other. An engagement should be an option rather than a closed contract.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: Should two children aged 10 and 7 be left alone at night while their parents go out to meetings, bridge parties, etc.? I say they are not old enough to be left alone. My husband says they are. He goes out frequently. It is very seldom that I go out any other night except Thursday to my bridge club.

A PERPLEXED MOTHER

ANSWER: I think it is a terrible thing for a mother and father to go off and leave two small children alone in the house. A thousand catastrophes could happen for which you would be responsible if you left them alone when too little and ignorant to know how to take care of themselves.

I certainly think your husband should be willing to stay at home one night a week with the children, but if he isn't, your duty is plain. Stay with them unless you can get some reliable person to take care of them.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

NEWS! DEEP-CLEANING OXYDOL WASHES OUT DIRT LEFT IN CLOTHES BY LEADING WASHDAY SUDS!

"I PROVED IT TO MYSELF," says Mrs. Guy C. Wallace



Prove it Yourself! Clothes **LOOK CLEAN—FEEL CLEAN—SMELL CLEAN—** Because they **ARE CLEAN—** with OXYDOL!

*In actual washing demonstrations, women are seeing for themselves how much graying dirt deep-cleaning Oxydol can get out of clothes already washed with leading no rinse suds! And this is a fact more and more women are proving for themselves at home: when you use Oxydol as directed, clothes wash deep clean... sparkling clean! You can see clothes are clean... whites wash dazzling white, colors brilliantly bright! You

can feel clothes are clean... so soft to the touch and easy to iron! You can even smell clothes are clean... wind-blown fresh and sweet! That's because Oxydol reaches deep down into fibres for dirt—cleans clothes all the way through! Yet, Oxydol is truly safe! Deep-clean clothes stay brighter and new-looking longer! Try deep-cleaning Oxydol yourself—next washday. At your dealer's in the familiar Oxydol package.

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