

LIKE MAGIC!

Delicious creamy mashed potato in one minute!

This creamy, delicious mashed potato is so easy to prepare! French's Instant Potato is made from top-quality potatoes—pre-cooked for you! Just follow these easy directions and in 1 minute it's ready—best mashed potato you ever ate!

NO WASHING! NO PEELING! NO COOKING! NO MASHING!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

Wait until dinner is ready to serve; then bring some salted water to a brisk boil, add milk and French's Instant Potato according to simple directions on package. Stir for a few seconds until potato has thickened, add butter and whip until light and fluffy.

PARKDALE SCHOOL, GRADES 4, 5



Front Row—Robert Seaman, Sylvia McGee, Dixie Kerwin, Ian McDonald.
 Back Row—Gwen O'Brien, Freddie Hickox, Frank Gormley, Margaret McDougall, Agnes Sherrin, Beverley Good, Robert Gregory, Marie McIntyre.
 Centre—Kenneth Coles, Donald Gallant, Velma Coles, Barbara MacGregor, Lorraine Gallant.
 —Photo by Burke

The Golden Girl

By **AGNES LOUISE PROVOST AND LADBROKE BLACK**

Continued

"Gorham?" He puzzled for a moment. "Oh, yes, I remember him now. He's a broker. Wonder where Fran looked him up? I may drive and look him up. I'll probably be gone for several days."

He bent over and kissed her lightly and went out again. He seemed preoccupied quieter than usual. Miss Endicott's eyes followed him, grey shadows of anxiety lurking behind their calm.

"A few days of absence will suit me very well," she reflected firmly. "He will soon forget her. Youth can always forget."

In her own room, Gloria curled in a chair by the window and stared out with a troubled frown. She heard a car go out of the drive and caught a glimpse of Jack Moreland hitting up a very considerable speed as he turned into the highway. He usually did drive that way, and his expert handling of a car was one of his undoubted accomplishments.

Dusk came and with it her dinner tray. She ate alone as she always did, and the maid returned. Presently the maid came again. Miss Endicott wished to see Gloria in the library.

Miss Endicott was once more seated in the straight-backed chair. As soon as she caught sight of the straight line of the Emilion's nose she knew that disaster had come to her.

"Miss Staunton, I shall not need your services after today. You will find your check on the table made out for a full week. Perkins will see that your luggage is taken to the station in time for the 7:43 tomorrow morning. Perkins will serve your breakfast early. That will be all."

In her own way Miss Endicott had won. Gloria went out, dismissed, and marched back to the little room that was to be hers for only a few hours more.

Her head was obstinately high, but she felt rather small and her spirits were sinking very low indeed. She had lost her temper and her manners as well, and all that she had accomplished was to make things a little worse than they had been.

She flung herself into the business of packing and tried to forget tomorrow as soon as she got back to New York, she would start looking for another job.

It had been a bad day for everybody. Miss Endicott had received a blow; Gloria Staunton had been dismissed in disgrace from a position that she badly needed; Jack Moreland all unaware of the trouble he had started was putting the miles rapidly between him and the girl who had just refused him, and Frances Payne free at last from Wayne Gorham's observant eyes angrily twiddled her gloves off and hurled them aside.

"Well," she thought bitterly, "I wanted to find out what was keeping Jack away, and I did! No wonder he has been too absorbed to look me up. Charming scene—The poor old Endicott was furious. Froze into the ancestral dignity and ignored the whole thing even"

when the girl was coming straight toward us across the lawn." Frances dropped into the nearest chair and sat there with an angry line between her delicately plucked brows. She had gone to Beechwood to remind Jack and Miss Endicott of her existence, and particularly to get an invitation for an indefinite visit. It would be ghastly slow, but it would be a good way to catch up on expenses and get in touch with Jack. Only Jack had been too absorbed in some other girl even to learn of her presence, and the invitation had not been forthcoming. Whether that was because of Miss Endicott's agitation or for some other reason Frances could not be sure.

She settled back comfortably in her chair. Her good humor was returning. Things might be worse. She was beginning to see some entertainment ahead.

Of course Wayne Gorham with his sharp black eyes had not missed anything. Well, his alleged business with Jack had vanished in a hurry, at any rate. Her lip curled again, lazily. Wayne was a climber—he had probably had plenty of practice in overlooking unpleasant things himself. He'd be glad to take her around until she was on her feet again, for the sake of what she could do for him. An extra man was always useful.

The house was very quiet when Gloria left the next morning. Fresh clean sunshine streamed in at the east windows. Perkins, in spite of his years of Endicott training, looked almost sympathetic and hovered near for one or two not quite necessary services. Rose, the maid who usually brought her solitary meals, was dynamic with suppressed curiosity. With the tray she also brought an envelope addressed to Miss Staunton. It contained without comment the check which Gloria had forgotten to take with her the night before.

Outside the air was lovely with the sweetness of early morning. Kelly rushed at her as she went to the car and she stooped to pat him with a sudden ache in her heart. Why, she loved Beechwood! It hurt to go, it hurt terribly, and being sent away like this was only a part of it.

The car slipped out of the familiar drive, past the banked rhododendrons, leaving the silent house behind. On the left lay the waters of the Sound with little waves flashing in the morning sun and rippling against the white hulls of graceful yachts at anchor. Beauty and dignity and luxury sliding behind her. Ahead lay a grubby train ride and after that, very soon after that, the tooth and claw struggle for existence again. The dreary search for a new job without any references from the old one.

To be continued

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

whence loved members have been borne to their rest in the beauty of May days—the mother, whose bright promising life had once touched ours at Alderlea, who on a recent day, hearing that far summons that may not be denied, left husband and children and home to cross alone, to another land. One, we like to think of perpetual cheery-bloom and always velvety green meadows, through which silvery streams wind, where the leaves of the trees on the slopes fade not because they are evergreen and all is so lovely because it is "a fair land, a goodly heritage" to come to. And there one by one through the years, the loved ones shall come to keep trist and there they "never grow old." Homes benefit we again remember as the May month slips away, those recently saddened and those where after many years "his room" or "hers" is still a sacred place.

And now the plea of a hungry—and extremely patient farmer: "You couldn't get a fellow a bite to eat, could you, Ellen?"

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night

That Body Of Yours

Continued from page 2

enjoy. Write today for Dr. Bartor's helpful booklet entitled "First Aid in Emergencies." Send 10 cents and a 3-cent stamp, to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Bell Syndicate Inc., in care of this newspaper, Post Office Box 30, Station G, New York 19, N. Y., and ask for your copy.

"I'm just going to have my cup of tea... Come and join me!"

Yes, as a friendly pick-me-up nothing beats a good cup of tea. Make a cheerful, appetizing brew every day—say around four o'clock—when those mid-afternoon droops set in.

And tea with a friend or two—

—is such a simple, friendly easy way to entertain. Make this popular Canadian custom your refreshing, delightful habit—regularly. At home, or in any restaurant.

TEA TIP
Always bring freshly drawn water to a furious boil, and pre-heat the pot.

Every day AFTERNOON TEA

Your Friendly Pick-Me-Up

son read an interesting item on Temperance. Devotional leader next month Mrs. Nan Cooper and Study Book by Mrs. Rody MacPherson.

Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Robert MacPhee. A delicious lunch was served by hostess assisted by Mrs. Alexander MacPherson and Mrs. Rody MacPherson.

COALS TO CHURCHILL

MELFORT, Sask. (CP)—A. R. Cadwell, field representative of the Hudson Bay route, urged farmers to take greater interest in the use of Churchill for grain shipments. He said Scottish anthracite coal may be coming to Canada via Churchill, for use chiefly where coal is not mined here.

happy. I know she still loves my husband and he loves her, although he is a good husband to me. But I do not really love him and I would be happier away from him. Now what shall I do? Tell him that I know he is miserable with me and give him a divorce and let him marry the woman he loves, or shall I stumble on wasting the best part of three lives?

Dorothy Dix Says

Continued from page 2

A CONSTANT READER

subject is that the wise and moral thing to do would be to divorce your husband and thus straighten out the snarl with which Fate has entangled your life. I see no reason why three people should be miserable keeping up the convention of a marriage that is no real marriage when they might all be happy if it were broken up.

EUROPEAN VISITORS

GRANBY, Que. (CP)—Mayor P. Horace Boivin, president of the Quebec union of municipalities, was visited recently by several European mayors. Included in the group were Mayor Eero Rydman of Helsinki and Mayor Fernand Collet of Geneva, president of the Swiss union of municipalities.

ANSWER: Page Solomon. But my plain and practical light on the subject is that the wise and moral thing to do would be to divorce your husband and thus straighten out the snarl with which Fate has entangled your life. I see no reason why three people should be miserable keeping up the convention of a marriage that is no real marriage when they might all be happy if it were broken up.

KILMUIR W. I.

Mrs. Ed Farquharson was hostess to the Kilmuir W. I. on Thursday evening April 27th. In the absence of both the president and vice-president, Mrs. Farquharson presided. The meeting opened by repeating the Institute Ode in unison. Mrs. M. N. MacGowan was appointed Secretary pro temp. Minutes of last month's meeting were read and approved. Six members and six visitors were present to answer roll call with a suggestion on ways and means of raising money.

Several practical suggestions were made: this led to lively discussion. The collection of the meeting was sixty-five cents, one fee being paid. Receipts from cake sale, turned in by Mrs. M. N. MacGowan and Mrs. Colin MacDonald totaled \$6.75. Proceeds from the distribution of remnants amounted to \$3.97. Twenty-four names, at ten cents each, were turned in for the Copenhagen quilt. Proceeds from this amounted to \$2.40. It was decided to leave the collection bottles for

U. N. I. C. E. F in the stores until the next meeting.

Correspondence included an interesting letter from the president of the adopted Institute in England, acknowledging packages sent to them at Christmas time. Letters re Home and School Association, Jubilee Endowment and Rural Beautification were read and discussed briefly, and which are to be carried over. It was decided to accept the offer made by the Maple Leaf Milling Company and orders would be taken. A message from the president and a thank-you note were read. Mrs. D. Stewart and Mrs. Colin MacDonald, members of the Branch executive of the District Convention, received notice of meeting to be held at Heatherdale Hall on May 12th.

Mrs. Cyril Johnston invited the members to her home for the next meeting, to be held on Thursday night, May 25th. Roll call will be an exchange of house-plant slips. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostesses, assisted in serving by Mrs. Colin MacDonald.

NAPOLEON and UNCLE ELBY by Clifford McBride

UNCLE ELBY, CAN I HAVE A CORNER OF TH' BASEMENT TO BUILD SOMETHIN' IN?

CERTAINLY, WILLIE, ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE A LAD BUSY. MAY I ASK WHAT YOU INTEND TO BUILD?

A RABBIT HUTCH. I MADE A TRADE FOR TWO RABBITS.

GOOD HEAVENS! NOT THAT! NOT TWO RABBITS!

WILLIE, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SIT UP ALL NIGHT WITH A GROWING OLD SICK RABBIT? IT'S MIDNIGHT AND YOU'RE A GROWING BOY. HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.

POOR LITTLE BASCAL, YOU'RE BREATHING PRETTY HARD.

It's Thrifty!

IT'S MELLOW—IT'S FRAGRANT—IT'S SPARKLING—IT'S FAMOUS!

Coax out the full flavour of your salads with any of the three Heinz Vinegars.

HEINZ Vinegar

WHITE-CIDER-MALT

CRISPY!

JUST HEAR IT—SNAP! CRACKLE! POP! WHEN YOU POUR MILK ON!

Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

NOURISHING!

WITH VALUABLE MINERALS AND PROTEINS, TOO!

FAVORITE!

SURVEYS SHOW CHILDREN PREFER IT 10 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER RICE CEREAL!

Something different! Frosty, Lime Lushus!

Layers of glittering green and frosty white jelly. Just dissolve Shirriff's Lime Lushus and divide in two. Cool one half to jell most quickly and when set, beat this until frothy, gradually adding two tablespoons milk. When other half is partially set, fill all glasses with alternate layers. Garnish with green cherry.

Remember only Lushus has that extra rich, extra fresh flavour—"Bud" Shirriff's has the flavour "Bud" Shirriff's Lushus costs no more.

SHIRRIFF'S LUSHUS THE "BUD" FLAVOURED JELLY

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW By Fagoly & Shorten

YESTERDAY WHEN "COMMUTER CHARLIE" LEFT HOME 30 MILES IN THE COUNTRY, IT LOOKED LIKE RAIN SO HE WENT TO WORK PREPARED—

BUT THIS MORNING WHEN HE CAUGHT THAT TRAIN OUT IN THE STICKS THERE WAS NARY A CLOUD IN THE SKY.

FUNNY HOW THAT CLOTHESLINE IS ABLE TO HOLD UP ABOUT A TON OF DIRTY STUFF WITH NO TROUBLE AT ALL—

BUT JUST HANG UP A FEW POUNDS OF CLEAN WASH AND DOWN COMES MEGINTY!

Thanks to a READER, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Thanks to MRS. R. THOMPSON, 1804 NODDIN ST., COLUMBUS 8, OHIO