

TAKES A CHANCE WINS BACK HEALTH

Mrs. C. Wallaceko, 1, eth-brid g. Alia, says: "I took a chance and tried another remedy for relief of stomach upsets and sore back. This time I took Sarnak. After only two bottles, my backache was relieved and I no longer am troubled with stomach upsets. If you suffer from rheumatic, neuritic, or arthritic pain, sciatica or backache or from some stomach, kidney or liver disorders, nutritional anemia and nervousness, try Sarnak for one week, prove that Sarnak can help you. \$1.35 at all drug stores.

Just plain stew? ...extra delicious SERVED WITH Aylmer PURE Catsup Your family Deserves AYLMER Quality

WARSAW, Poland, Jan. 31 (AP)—The death of Henryk Jablonski, Poland's first post-war Ambassador to Moscow, was announced today.

So easy!

Gives floors a bright, long-lasting wax shine without any polishing!



Stays bright!

Glo-Coat is water-repellent. It keeps the damp-mopped again and again with clear water without washing away the protective wax shine!

KENNEDY'S

- ODDS AND ENDS SALE
1 Rack of DRESSES—going at .... \$1.00
1 Rack of DRESSES—going at .... \$2.00
1 Lot of PULLOVERS—going at ..... \$2.00
1 Lot of SWEATERS—going at ..... .50
1 Lot of Rayon HOSIERY—going at .. .50
1 Lot of SNUGGIES—going at ..... .50
Also:
1-3 OFF ALL WINTER DRESSES & COATS
No Refunds — No Charges
KENNEDY'S LADIES' WEAR
166 Queen St. — Next Door to Bus Stop

Victims of Oil-Fed Fire Which Hospitalized Parents



Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2

and I worried a bit that perhaps a frost would come to kill the barley or at least delay its growth. The potatoes had been planted—the 'blues'—McIntyres, they were, and a few rows of Early Rose for earlier eating. You remember, Ellen? We nodded, recalling among other things, the moments of rest which came to us at the planting on another farm, if one was so smart as to have her share of the furrow planted while the plow covered it, and opened a new one in its continual round. "The blossoms were out in the orchard when he chuckled 'dressed in my second best, I came that evening to beard the old lion' in his den. He was in the kitchen with the others—they were all there but Maria. And we talked of the weather and the cropping and I kept telling myself: 'Speak up now, and get this over with. Nothing's as bad as it seems!'"

"And finally, I got up courage enough to say: 'Mr. — Could I speak with you in private a minute?' And she bustled about and got another light, about this time of evening it was and we went in to the parlor. "And what then?" niece prompted. "Oh, I stated my case, stumbling somewhat over the words — funny how they get stuck in your throat sometimes. And at other times they just tumble out! But at any rate, he wasn't too long in catching the drift of it. 'But can you keep a woman?' said he. And I said: 'I don't know, but I'll try my best. I should get along very well'. And, he was never a bad old fellow — he smiled and said: 'Well that's all anyone can do — his best... I'm willing enough. Go now, boy and see what the lass herself thinks of it. She's a good girl and we'll be missing her when she leaves us.' And I'll tell you, I wasn't long in finding Maria..."

Until tomorrow — — Diary — Good-night...

While temperature dropped to 35 below zero, a fire roared through a two-room tarpaper shack on outskirts of Sudbury, Ont., claiming lives of three children and sending their father and mother to hospital with serious burns. Dead

from fire that began when stove exploded are: Gilles Mathieu, five, top right; his four-year-old brother, Gerard, and his sister, Rita, two. At left is baby Roger, only child to be rescued. Above is all that remains of bed in which charred bodies were found.

Cradle For A Princess Gift Of "Mothercraft"

A doll's cradle—one big enough to hold a large-sized "mama" doll—soon will be on its way to the royal nursery at Buckingham Palace and Princess Anne. The cradle is the gift of the Ottawa branch of the Canadian Mothercraft Society.

It also represents hours of painstaking work by one of Canada's new citizens, Stefan Scowadek who came from the Ukraine two years ago and now lives in the capital.

Canadian Wood As it is made from Canadian wood by a new Canadian "we think this gift has a special significance" said Mrs. Mackintosh Bell of Ottawa. Mrs. Bell is chairman of the Ottawa branch of "Mothercraft"

whose organizations in many parts of the Commonwealth gives instruction in pre-natal care.

The Canadian Mothercraft Society, with headquarters in Toronto, is under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth to whom the gift will be sent "for her first granddaughter." It may be some time before five-month-old Princess Anne of Edinburgh, daughter of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, will be able to play with the gift. However, she will have a lot of fun when she begins rocking dolls in it.

The cradle is about 2 1/2 feet long—plenty of room to rock a "mama" doll—and is made of beautifully polished walnut.

Dorothy Dix Says—

Continued from page 2

miles shouldn't make a difference in their sentimental feelings toward us. What's the matter with the girls? SOLDIER

ANSWER: Well, Soldier Boy, I expect the trouble is that most of the girls are not very gifted letter writers and after they have written you a few times and after they miss you, and how they are looking forward to your coming back they have about written themselves out. It isn't that they have forgotten you or are any less interested in you. It is just that it is an effort to write and they put it off, forgetting how anxious you are to hear from home. A good way to get them going would be to send them a list of queries. Say please tell me about so-and-so, or this and that, and who's going with whom and all the other gossip you can think of. After all, that is the kind of letter that all of us like to get, because we can read what is happening in the world in the newspapers, but what we want to know is what is taking place in our home town.

DEAR MISS DIX: I have two married children who have children. I have made a good job of raising my own children and they are all right, except for one thing. They resent advice as to how to feed their children, saying that I don't know anything about children's diet. Should I take all of this abuse or should I talk back to them, reminding them of the many kind deeds I did for them when they were little? A DISAPPOINTED MOTHER

ANSWER: I am afraid there is nothing you can do about it except let your children rear their children in their own way. That's the way you did your own, you know. Remember, you didn't take very kindly to your mother's advice on the subject.

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

They're Simple—and Simply Delicious with MAGIC MAGIC RAISIN SCONES Mix and sift into bowl, 1 1/2 c. once-sifted pastry flour (or 1 1/4 c. once-sifted hard-wheat flour), 3 tps. Magic Baking Powder, 1/2 tsp. salt. Cut in finely 4 lbs. chilled shortening and mix in 1/2 c. washed and dried raisins and 1/2 c. lightly-packed brown sugar. Combine 1 slightly-beaten egg, 1/4 c. milk and a few drops almond flavoring. Make a well in dry ingredients and add liquids; mix lightly with fork, adding milk if necessary, to make a soft dough. Knead for 10 seconds on a lightly-floured board and pat out into greased pie plate (7 1/2" top inside measure) and mark into 6 pie-shaped wedges. Bake in hot oven, 425°, about 18 minutes. Serve hot with butter or margarine. Yield—6 scones.

Outpost in China

By Val Gielgud Continued CHAPTER XVII

At long last the gorge broadened out again into a small valley, and Leslie knew and thanked God that he was in time. Wu's tent was still pitched his men's mounts still picketed. The General himself lay according to his quaint custom in his plated deck-chair, reading a book by the light of the great fire, and sipping at a tumbler filled with creme-de-menthe, which happened to be his favourite European beverage. At intervals he held the tumbler up against the firelight, to appreciate the colour.

As Leslie Dale came staggering up, Wu put down tumbler and book—which proved surprisingly to be a Manual of American Education—and held out his hand. "I am always happy to see you, Mr. Dale," he said. "I was expecting a visit from you, when I heard of your return to Tan Fu."

A soldier brought forward a second chair, and Dale slumped into it wearily. "I did not wish to give you the trouble of paying a visit to Tan Fu yourself on my account," he said. "So you came here," said Wu smoothly. "I appreciate your courtesy." And he waited with pursed lips for Dale's next move.

PARLEY WITH A BRIGAND More than anything else in the world, Leslie Dale wanted food. Normally Wu would have offered it as a matter of course and hospitality. On this occasion he did not. And Dale knew he must not lose "face" by asking for it, nor by such a request humiliate his host. He did his best, therefore, to sit reasonably straight in his chair, and fight his various acute physical discomforts.

Actually, he thought, the situation for all its seriousness, was pretty laughable: one grimy, ragged, exhausted Briton, practically weaponless, sitting out in the open trying to persuade a Chinese bandit with perhaps a thousand armed men at his back, not to pursue his unlawful occasion, while the said bandit drank creme-de-menthe of all drinks—and talked as though Dale were paying him a Sunday afternoon call!

"I am the happier to see you, Mr. Dale," pursued the General politely, "because I fear I have been unable to discover in Mr. Havelock those virtues which made your friendship the most agreeable of possessions."

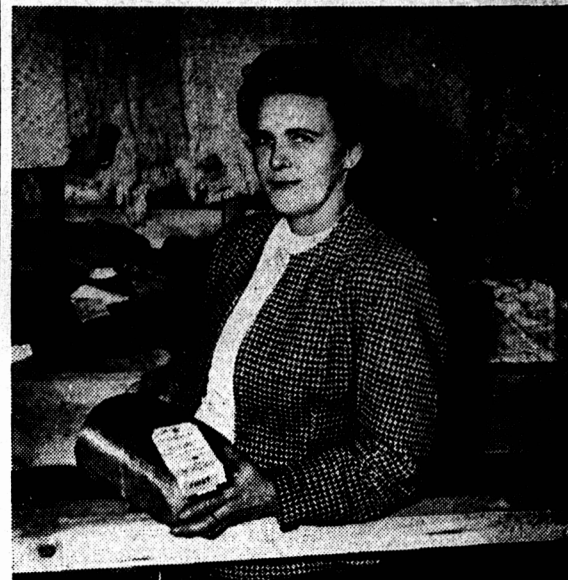
"That seems a pity," said Leslie Dale shortly. He did not like leaving the lead in the game in Wu's hand, but it seemed to him essential to find out exactly what game the bandit was playing.

"It is a great misfortune indeed," Wu went on. "It has led to some misunderstanding—even, I fear, to the suspicion of ill-feeling. That such a thing should arise between myself and English gentlemen is of course ridiculous. Misunderstanding and suspicion are alike detestable to the man of virtue."

"Mr. Havelock of course is a young man, without great experience of the world," said Dale. "If you would explain the difficulty which has arisen."

He broke off, for Wu was smiling broadly; a thin cruel cat's smile. He looked blandly up at the sky, which was clear.

"I fear," he said slowly, "that Mr. Havelock was insufficiently ground-



Mrs. Louis Goldie, popular resident of Gagetown, N.B., is an enthusiastic user of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Scores with Home Baking at Queen's County Fair

Yes, the prize tag on the loaf says "First"! And that's only one of the honors Mrs. Louis V. Goldie won with her baking at the 1950 Queen's County Fair at Gagetown, N.B. She can well be proud, for Queen's County boasts some mighty keen home bakers, and Fair competition is pitched high. Speaking of her success in baking, Mrs. Goldie says that the first step is to choose the

right ingredients. "Your yeast must have plenty of pep—and that's why I recommend Fleischmann's Yeast. With Fleischmann's Yeast, my doughs are light and my finished baking is tender and digestible." Right across the plate! It's results that make Fleischmann's Yeast the choice of prize-winning cooks, and the favorite of 3 out of 4 Canadian women.

ed in the important science of economics at this English University. As you know, I paid great attention to that branch of my studies both at Canton and San Francisco. The matter is really one hardly worth consideration of virtuous persons—like you, Mr. Dale and myself. It concerns the entirely petty sum of some thousands of dollars. My own economic unit is at present starved of funds. There is a superfluity at the disposal of your firm's representative in Tan Fu. You will agree that it is the merest economic common sense that an appropriate transfer of purchasing power should be made?"

Leslie Dale made no immediate reply. He observed with satisfaction that the General had waved his guards out of ear-shot at the beginning of their conversation; and that therefore he need not be haunted by face-saving considerations of good manners on Wu's account.

"General," he said, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees. "I'm going to talk straight to you. You know that I tell you the truth. You know that in the past you've been able to trust my word. I've given you a straight deal. And until I left Tan Fu, you gave Harwood and Greer the same straight deal. Young Havelock has been a fool. He's paid you money. In doing so he may have done what you demanded. He's also misled you. His

appointment is cancelled. I've come back as agent-in-charge, and you know that you won't get a penny piece from me!"

"YOU CAN CUT MY THROAT!" Wu held up a deprecating hand, but Dale went on:

"No listen to me, General. You can of course cut my throat here this morning. I'm practically unarmed—and I'm much too tired and hungry to put up a scrap or try to boot for it. Then you can attack Tan Fu. You can probably take the place. But you'll get nothing out of it!"

"The contents of your firm's go-downs are of value," murmured Wu. "Very considerable value." Dale agreed. "That is precisely why my last orders were that in the event of any attack being opened by your men, these go-downs should be fired. Their charred economic necessities. I might add that Mr. Patrick James—whom you also know as a man of his word—will see to the effective carrying out of those orders."

The General twisted his long moustaches meditatively. "There is much good sense in your words," he said at last. "It would distress me greatly should any evil befall you, Mr. Dale. Men of virtue and intelligence are rare in China, notably among foreign devils."

To be continued

MY HEART DID A FLIP-FLOP AT THAT AWFUL WHISPER! HOW CONVENIENT... THE BIG NEW BATH-SIZE LIFEBOUY! AND IT'S WONDERFUL TO KNOW THAT LIFEBOUY LATHER KEEPS ME FRESH, CLEAN AND DAINTY... GIVES ME ALL-OVER PROTECTION AGAINST "B.O." FROM HEAD TO TOE... LIFEBOUY STOPS "B.O."