



Miss Helen L. Woodworth, Bear River, N.S., finds Fleischmann's Yeast unobtainable for bread, rolls, and buns.

Wins Baking Prizes at '52 Bear River Fair

There's plenty of friendly competition in the home-baking section of the Digby County Fair at Bear River, N.S., and a consistent winner is Miss Helen L. Woodworth, of Bear River. In yeast-raised baking especially it's been nip and tuck, and Miss Woodworth credits her yeast with giving her the edge. "Ingredients are

careful about the yeast I use," says Miss Woodworth. "For years I've been baking with Fleischmann's. I always find Fleischmann's Yeast is good and lively. I know I can depend on it."

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False Face

By E. C. Buley

CHAPTER VI

"I mean to keep an open mind," she said. "Easy for me, dear; but difficult for you. My last word to you is that you should listen, if ever Peter turns up again, and desires to explain. Don't send him away unheard."

"I'll promise you that much, aunt," Marcia said kissing her. "You've been awfully sporting about it. Now the subject is dropped, and I'll go and see the horses. A spot of hunting, and then a spot of winter sports and dancing. And a notice to the papers, announcing that the marriage arranged between; etc., etc. One thing about that, dear; it is quite in the fashion, isn't it?"

But Miss Deborah only shook her head. There was nothing old-fashioned about her; she lived with the times and enjoyed every new aspect of life as it was presented to her. But Marcia was taking the blow very hard. She had too much money, and had her own way about everything; and had still remained sweet and unspoiled. But what would happen now?

"I'm going to be a bright young thing aunt," Marcia went on as if answering her question. "Peter was the only man I could have married, without a sneaking suspicion that I was a bride because of my possessions. Now, if I marry, I shall take care that I get a good bargain in husbands."

"There was a lot to be said for Peter," Miss Deborah said mildly. "I know how you feel about men. Marcia, I always had too much money myself to fall in love; and here I am, my dear."

"Darling!" Marcia cried, and the two women embraced again. Marcia, after the fashion of youth, had never given a thought to the single state of her aunt and companion. Beyond the cir-

cumstance that she was a very wealthy and rather self-indulgent spinster, Marcia had not sought to penetrate. But now she could glimpse herself, thirty years in the future, as another aunt Deborah, nursing in secret the tragic loneliness that can come to a woman from the possession of too much money.

The days that followed accustomed Marcia to her hurt, if they did not reconcile her to it. She rode to hounds regularly; and was forgiven some wild and inconspicuous thrusting, in view of the publicity given to her broken engagement. She had to endure the hints and innuendoes of the suspicious, to which her hasty visit to America had given colour.

It would have been easier to bear if she could have despised Peter Marchant; but it stuck in her mind that Peter's behaviour, even at its worst, had in it something of the heroic. Because she hated the men who fawned upon her and pursued her for the sake of her wealth, Marcia found it hard not to worship Peter, who had truly loved her, but had refused to be bought. The girl had not yet hardened her heart, nor even discovered how soft and affectionate she was, behind her veneer of modernity.

It was aunt Deborah who discovered the paragraph in the newspapers; and who gallantly undertook the task of showing it to Marcia. It was headed "English Artist's Mysterious Death," and it told of the discovery in the river Seine of a body, which had been identified by documents in the clothing, as Mr. Peter Marchant, a young English artist of considerable promise.

"Dead!" Marcia exclaimed. "I don't believe it. It is not so. Aunt, tell me that it is not true."

"My dear," the old lady said gently. "It is hard to believe, even for me. But it seems to fit with what we already know."

"But I mean to know more," Marcia said. "I say that Peter Marchant was never on the 'Berlinia.' I'm going to Paris myself, to inquire into this."

"Inquiries certainly ought to be made," Miss Deborah agreed. "Peter Marchant was an orphan, and I never met a more kind man. Certainly, more should be ascertained. But Marcia, dear, such inquiries ought to be entrusted to somebody skilled in such matters. It seems to me that Mr. Partlett

"Of course," Marcia agreed. "The telephone!"

In a moment she was at the telephone, ringing up the very respectable firm of solicitors to which the conduct of her affairs was entrusted. Mr. Partlett had an agent in Paris, who was the very man; and who would receive instructions by telephone.

"I want to know at once," Marcia said. "Please let there be no unnecessary delay in reporting to me. Mr. Partlett, I don't believe a word of it, I may say."

But the report, when it arrived in the person of Mr. Partlett himself, was a confirmation of the worst that could well be said of Peter Marchant. His belongings had been left in the hotel where he booked accommodation, on the same night as the "Berlinia" had arrived at Cherbourg. The body had been in the river for some days; but the police theory was that death had followed a few nights of wild dissipation; and was probably due to Marchant having blundered into the river when drunk and incapable. The passport and papers were beyond doubt those belonging to Peter Marchant.

"Then Peter Marchant is dead?" Marcia said dully.

"I am afraid there is no doubt about it, Miss Seanes," Mr. Partlett said, with grave sympathy.

"Pleasant for me, isn't it?" Marcia asked, in her most flippant tone. "You see, I am the person responsible; and everybody will be saying so."

To be continued

Those Good Old Days



Lord Alexander, Britain's defence minister, found an old acquaintance in Sergeant R. W. Barton of Ottawa, left, when he recently visited the RCAF fighter wing at North Luffenham, England. In 1949, when Lord Alexander was Governor-General of Canada, he met Sergeant Barton at Coral Harbor, on the northern top of Hudson Bay. The sergeant became Alexander's host, arranged a seal-hunting expedition, and received as a memento of the occasion a cigarette lighter engraved with the Alexander family crest. So, when they met at Luffenham, probably the first question they asked of one another was: "How did you like seal-hunting?"

Augustine Cove W.I. Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Augustine Cove W.I. met at the home of the president, Mrs. Donald MacDonald the meeting opened with the "Ode" followed by repeating the "Creed" in unison.

Roll call was responded to by seventeen members paying their dues. Minutes of last regular and annual meeting were read and approved. The president, in a few well chosen words, thanked the members for their co-operation during the year. Reports of the secretary-treasurer were then read and approved. A discussion about holding a bean supper took place, and it was decided to hold one at the home of Mrs. Priscilla MacFadyen.

Correspondence was read and discussed. It was decided to meet at the home of Mrs. Kenneth Dawson to pack woollens to be made into blankets. It was also decided to have extra lights put in the school rooms, also new coat hooks and window blinds. Mrs. Donald MacDonald and Mrs. Alban Gaudet were appointed to see that the blinds and hooks were put up.

The following new officers were elected for the ensuing year: president, Mrs. Vernie Webster; vice president, Mrs. Kenneth Dawson; secretary treasurer, Mrs. Eldon Dawson; auditors, Miss Margaret Murphy and Mrs. Priscilla MacFadyen; directors, Mrs. Harry MacFarlane, Mrs. Elmer Dawson and Mrs. Austin Cameron; buying committee, Mrs. Donald MacDonald and Mrs. Alban Gaudet. Red Cross convener; Mrs. Kenneth Dawson.

The following monthly committees were then appointed; sick and program, Mrs. Kenneth Cameron and Mrs. Donald MacDonald; lunch, Mrs. Kenneth Cameron, Mrs. Donald MacDonald, Mrs. Priscilla MacFadyen and Mrs. Harry MacFarlane. Mrs. Vernie Webster kindly invited the members to her home for the next meeting, roll call to be answered by an exchange of Christmas gifts.

The meeting closed by singing "The Queen," after which a dainty lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by the committee in charge. It being the wedding anniversary of one of the members, a beautiful four layer cake was made and presented by a sister member. Collection amounted to 40 cents.

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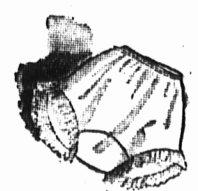
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