All Kinds of Meats Better with French's PREPARED MUSTARD

Worry of FALSE TEETH

Slipping or Irritating?

Don't be embarrassed by loose false teeth slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, talk or laugh. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This pleasant powder gives a remarkable sense of added comfort and security by holding plates more firmly. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. It's alkaline (non-acid). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.

DUNCAN, B. C. -(CP)-Kenneth Joseph Elliott of the Cowichan Indian tribe belived the first British Columbia Indian to receive an appointment to the Civil Service School of Draughting in Ottawa.

With All My Love

(By Virginia Bowes)

(Continued)

• • •

CHAPTER III.

Instead of calling her father Clare drove down into the center of town, parked her car, and took the elevator to the sixth floor of the National Bank Building, where he had his offices. She pushed through the door marked "Stephen Calridge, Attorney at Law," with its list of 10 or 12 other names representing younger associates of the firm. The middle-aged woman at the reception desk and switchboard looked up and beamed.

"Good morning, Miss Calridge. You're quite a stranger in here." Her spinsterish eyes ran thirstily over the slim figure, the healthy bronzed skin, the smartly tailored linen sports dress.

"It has been quite a while, hasn't it?" Clare said. "Is father busy?"

Miss Evans smiled at the formality, and at Clare's continued progress toward the studded leather swinging door of Mr Calridge's private office. "Go right in," she said. "I'm sure it's all right."

Stephen Calridge was at his desk dictating to his secretary when Clare entered. He stopped in the middle of a sentence and with a hearty "Well, well! This is a pleasant surprise," heaved his heavy body out of the leather cushioned swivel chair and came around the corner of the desk to take his daughter's arm.

"I though I'd let you take me to lunch, Dad," Clare said, patting his hand on her arm affectionately. She turned then to the girl at the desk, who had risen and was briskly organizing her notebook and pencils and a sheaf of letters into a neat little pile. "How are you, Betty?" she asked pleasantly.

"Fine, Clare," Betty Crowell answered with businesslike brevity. "And you?" Without waiting for an answer, she added, "I hear you're taking up flying."

Clare looked at her father, thinking it curious that he should have discussed the matter with his secretary so shortly after it had been first mentioned. Mr. Calridge nodded sideways at his secretary. "Betty is interested in flying, you know. She happened to mention just this morning that she's been taking lessons out at the new airport for the last several weeks. Goes out before work two or three mornings a week."

"Why — how interesting," Clare said. "How do you like it, Betty?"

"I think it's worth knowing something about," Betty Crowell said. "It's a comparatively young industry and there's no telling how great its future will be."

"Oh," Clare said. She knew what was implied in the remark, and she had got over being provoked by Betty Crowell's jealousy. She was supposed to blush and feel very uncomfortable before her father in comparison to this brilliant, efficient and farseeing young businesswoman. She turned wide, innocent eyes on the girl. "And the instructor is just the type you always did admire, isn't he, Betty? Tall, dark and handsome."

Betty tossed her dark hair indifferently and allowed a smile to touch her lips. Then, as if she had no more time for foolishness of this sort, she picked up her things, nodded a formal adieu and left the room.

"That young lady will get by," Stephen Calridge said appreciatively. "Keen as a knife edge."

Clare nodded agreement, then she leaned against the desk and looked up at her father. "Well, how about this luncheon I came down here for?"

Her father looked at the brass-bound nautical clock on the bookcase. "I'm afraid I can't, my dear. It's quarter to 12 and I have a date with Bronby at the club for quarter after. It will be a very dull business session or I'd ask you to join us. Was there anything in particular on your mind?"

Clare was disappointed, but an even better idea immediately occurred to her. "Maybe Betty can join me," she said. "I just wanted to talk about my new career—flying, you know. I'll ask her on the way out." She picked up her purse, kissed her father on the cheek, and walked to the door. "See you at supper," she called back as she pushed into the outer office.

Betty Crowell was at her typewriter, already beginning to copy her shorthand notes. Her eyes remained on the notebook for a moment after Clare stopped beside her desk. She finished a sentence, then looked up inquiringly.

"Will you join me for lunch?" Clare asked. "Dad has an appointment, and I'd rather talk to you about flying, anyway, as long as you are already taking lessons."

"Glad to. Can you wait about 10 minutes?"

"Surely." Clare found an empty chair and sat down to wait.

The sight of Betty Crowell and Clare Calridge together had been a common one a few years before. Practically inseparable from the time they entered Broadwood School for Girls at the high-school freshman level until they were graduated from the two-year college and finishing course, theirs had been a twosome during vacation times at home familiar to every fashionable party, to every affair at the country club, to all the better eating and dancing places in town. But a few months after their graduation Mr. Crowell had become involved in tremendous financial scandal, and lost all his fortune and subsequently died just in time to avoid almost certain conviction and imprisonment.

His daughter took the affair as a bitter personal disgrace and, had it not been for her mother's complete physical breakdown, would have left home and friends and been glad to never see them again. As it was, she had to find work, and Clare, without being asked, had maneuvered a job for her in Mr. Calridge's office. She had studied secretarial work at night and finally, after her mother's death, had been made Stephen Calridge's personal secretary She lived in town, in her own small apartment, but she never saw any of her former friends or went to any of the places where she had used to go.

(To be Continued)

NO BUSSES; TRAIN'S TOO TALL — You'll need a stepladder to say farewell if you're seeing someone off on this new triple-deck railroad train now in service on the Frankfurt-Dortmund line in Germany. This young gallant puts a suitcase into play, and still fell somewhat short of seeing his lady fair off in the grand manner.

DOUBLE WEDDING

Acorn - MacQuarrie
Allen - MacQuarrie

On Friday evening June 8, the marriage of Annie Kathryn MacQuarrie, R. N., of Hampton and Cyrus William Acorn of Pownal, and that of her sister Muriel May MacQuarrie and William Elmer Allen of Melanson, N. S., were solemnized at Pleasant View, the attractive home of their parents Mr. and Mrs. Boyd MacQuarrie.

The ceremony was performed by Dr. W. A. MacQuarrie of Hopewell, N. S., uncle of the brides.

Annie's bridesmaid was her classmate, Miss Isabel Butler, R. N., and Mr. Clifford Chandler acted as groomsman.

Miss Margaret MacQuarrie was her sister Muriel's bridesmaid and the groomsman was Mr. Robert Allen, brother of the groom.

Very sweet and pretty the two young brides were in their shimmering white satin gowns, which were fashioned with lace yokes, full skirts and bouffant backs. They wore finger-tip veils of embroidered net draped from a coronet of orange blossoms, and carried bouquets of American Beauty roses, tied with white ribbons.

The bridesmaids, carrying bouquets of yellow roses were charming in floor-length gowns of corded nylon taffeta. Isabel's, ice-blue, Margaret's lilac in bolero style with matching headdress.

The brides' mother wore a navy blue sheer with matching shoes and corsage of Talisman roses.

Mrs. Allen was dressed in a blue nylon taffeta with corsage of pink carnations.

The house was tastefully decorated for the occasion with tulips, narcissi and other spring flowers. The nuptial vows were spoken beneath an arch of apple blossoms.

Annie was given in marriage by her father, and her uncle, John MacQuarrie, gave Muriel in marriage.

The wedding music was played by Mrs. Arthur Inman and Mrs. John MacQuarrie sang very sweetly, "Oh Promise Me."

After the ceremony, dainty refreshments were served, buffet-style, to about sixty guests.

Mrs. E. H. Monkley of Summerside, gracefully presided over the tea-table which was centred with a crystal vase of narcissi, and on either side of this was a two-tier wedding cake, artistically decorated with silver leaf and silver confection and topped with a small glass containing Lilies of the Valley.

The young people received many useful and beautiful gifts including gifts of money at their wedding and at showers at Hampton and Pownal.

Mr. and Mrs. Acorn will reside in Toronto, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen will make their home in Melanson, N. S.

Very many good wishes of relatives and friends go with the young couples to their new homes.

Skinny men, women gain 5, 10, 15 lbs.

Get New Pep, Vim, Vigor

What a thrill! Bony limbs fill out, ugly hollows fill up; neck no longer scrawny; body loses half-starved, sickly "bean-pole" look. Thousands of girls, women, men, who never could gain before, are now proud of shapely, healthy-looking bodies. They thank the special vigor-building, flesh-building tonic, Ostrex. Its tonics, stimulants, invigorators, iron, vitamin B1, calcium, enrich blood, improve appetite and digestion so food gives you more strength and nourishment; put flesh on bare bones. Don't fear getting *too* fat. Stop when you've gained the 5, 10, 15 or 20 lbs. you need for normal weight. Costs little. New "get acquainted" size *only* 60c. Try famous Ostrex Tonic Tablets for new vigor and added pounds, this very day. At all druggists.

CONGRESSMAN DIES

TOWANDA, Pa., Aug. 8—(AP)—Representative Wilson D. Gillette (Rep. Pa.), 71, a member of Congress since November, 1941, died today at his home. Cause of death was bronchial pneumonia. He had been ill for several months.

Forbids Shooting Of Niagara Falls

TORONTO, Aug. 8 — (CP) — Criminal charges will be laid against anyone trying to shoot Niagara Falls or the Whirlpool Rapids there in future, Premier Frost announced yesterday. Anyone aiding such attempts will also be charged.

Instructions have been given to Provincial Police and the Crown Attorney of Welland County to prevent such attempts as that made Sunday by William (Red) Hill Jr., who plunged 165 feet to his death over the Horseshoe section of the cataract.

Barbara Brent's BUYS AND WHYS
A WEEKLY INFORMATION SERVICE

MONTREAL, Aug. 9th.—Yours—for successful, economical pickling . . . that's the *big gallon jug* of HEINZ WHITE VINEGAR! Heinz White Vinegar comes in several sizes, but at pickling time, the gallon jug is the thriftiest buy of all! It saves you more than 2½c a cupful! And, of course, Heinz White Vinegar assures your pickling success. It's packed by the firm who made pickles famous—it's factory-sealed for your protection . . . you *know* it's good because it's Heinz! ***Another pickling "must" is that grand free recipe booklet*** — *"Pickling Success"*. If the gallon jug you buy doesn't have it attached — ***simply write to me for it*** — Barbara Brent, 1411 Crescent St., Montreal, P.Q.

There's Nothing Cuter Under The Sun than a baby in a sunsuit, is there? And babies are *specially* adorable when their hair curls in ringlets all over their heads. Is your baby's hair straight? Then you'll be delighted with this wonderful way to make a curly-head of your straight-haired tot. It's not done with magic—but with NESTLE BABY HAIR TREATMENT. To find out how to use it, ***simply write to me*** — Barbara Brent, 1411 Crescent St., Montreal, P.Q. — ***for your free copy of "Curls for Your Baby"***. Nestle Baby Hair Treatment—tested and commended by "Parents' Magazine"—is a wonderfully *gentle* lotion. Diluted according to instructions, a $1.50 bottle will last four months! Ask for Nestle at drug counters everywhere.

It's Years Since a kitchen appliance has caused so much comment as has the new FRIGIDAIRE "Wonder Oven" ELECTRIC RANGE. And I can understand it, because this new, wonderful oven permits you to bake a cake and broil a steak (or pair up many other food combinations at *different* temperatures) . . . at the *same* time in the *same* oven! You see, this new range has an oven that becomes either *two* ovens or *one* extra large oven in merely seconds . . . for it has a movable Divider heating unit with a slide-out door. Many other exciting features, too . . . such as the Cook-Master Oven Clock Control and *faster, thriftier*, 5-speed Radiantube Cooking Units. Learn more about this model and the other Frigidaire Electric Ranges at your Frigidaire dealer's . . . soon.

Summertime Is Partytime—particularly for your youngsters. And something they'll *love* for their party is a cake you've baked with SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR. Their eyes will grow big and they'll fairly gobble it up, for Swans Down cakes are just *naturally* party successes—with young and old alike. Confetti-light—melt-in-your-mouth and completely, utterly delicious. You make no mistake when you choose Swans Down Cake Flour for your cakes! You see—Swans Down is sifted over and over again, until it's 27 times as fine as ordinary flour. For special occasions or just for a special treat, first thing I think of is baking a Swans-Down-delicious cake!

The Number Of Swims and warm-weather week-ends is limited. That's why I'm going to tell you again about TAMPAX and how you can keep so care-free and confident *every* day, you needn't miss a single one of them. By using this modern, *invisible* sanitary protection, you needn't take "time out" *any* time because of this intimate feminine problem. Shower or tub in the morning . . . a "sunning" at noon, and wear your briefest swim suit, since Tampax, worn *internally*, eliminates the need for bulky pads, belts and pins and makes you feel so comfortable "those days" will sail by like any others. Made of pure absorbent cotton compressed into slim applicators, a whole month's supply of Tampax will slide into your purse! It comes in three absorbencies—Regular, Super and Junior.

Cucumber-Cool — And Twice As Tasty . . . this delicious, lemon-flavoured dessert! It isn't extravagant and it is so good when you make it with SUNKIST CALIFORNIA LEMONS . . . the finest, juiciest, tangiest grown! This recipe for *Lemon Frozen Cream* makes 1 quart for 6-8 people . . .

LEMON FROZEN CREAM

2 eggs, beaten until lemon-coloured
1/2 c. sugar
Add sugar gradually to egg until mixture becomes a thick custard-like consistency. Combine with:
1/2 c. light corn syrup
2 c. top milk (or 1 c. milk add 1 c. coffee cream)
1/4 c. Sunkist lemon juice
1 tsp. grated Sunkist lemon peel.

Freeze in refrigerator tray at lowest temperature until stiff. When frozen, remove to a bowl and whip until light and creamy. Return quickly to freezing tray. Finish freezing. This one stirring is all that is needed. Hold at middle control for serving

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