

PROUD WINNER OF WESTINGHOUSE WASHER



Mrs. Marion L. McKay, 558 Hoyt Avenue, Stellarton, Nova Scotia, receives the grand award. Mrs. McKay won a Westinghouse Washer in the grand "Quix" Soap Powder Contest now being conducted. With Mrs. McKay "Quix" Soap Powder Contest now being conducted. With Mrs. McKay are Mr. A. R. Rice, Canadian Packers Limited representative; Mr. F. Romans and Mr. C. P. Smith of Canadian Westinghouse Company Limited. Second grand award of a Westinghouse Food Mixer went to Mrs. T. Manning, 46 Henry Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Entry in the Contest is by sending in name and address, together with one box-top from "Quix" Soap Powder or a wrapper from "Maple Leaf" Toilet Soap. A daily award of a Westinghouse Electric Iron is made and all names are saved for a monthly grand award. Next grand award for a Washing Machine and Food Mixer will be held August 4th, 1951. Entries should be sent to Box 3333, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The Jade God

By Mary Inlay Taylor (Continued)

"You're right. No one would. That's why it wouldn't do me any good to shout out suspicions at this day. The issue's dead. I don't intend to induce any man to step down from his place and disgrace himself for a nobody!" "Wouldn't he?" She leaned back in her chair, her eyes brave. "I don't see why. He's got nothing to lose." "Nothing to lose?" he repeated, astonished. "No, nothing! He lost everything years ago when he let a young man suffer for him. He's worse than a murderer. He's a coward."

Burleson's face changed; his grayness seemed to deepen but his eyes burned brighter; he studied the girl, moving his fingers along the arms of his chair again. She met his look unflinchingly, her head up. "Any man's a coward who lets another man take his punishment," she declared. He nodded. "Admitted," he said dryly; "but sometimes there are extenuating circumstances." She shook her head. "No!" He made no reply; he sat for a long while, apparently thinking; once or twice he glanced toward the windows. It was dark outside except for the fantastic lights in the street. All the while, he was aware of the young girl at his table. She had stretched out a slender hand and picked up an old pen and was scratching it aimlessly about, without ink, on a bit of paper. He saw her fingers shake. She was so young that she seemed no more than a child to him, and she had offered to face an old disgrace with a convict—because she loved him. It was only fancy, of course; she had not known the young man long! But he tested her again. "You think you love this fellow?" he asked her dryly; "this convict?" he barked the word at her.

She tried to answer quietly, but her courage failed her, she broke down. "It's killing me to think of him—facing all this—and he wouldn't take me with him! It's terrible to face it—and to be alone, too!" she sobbed, and suddenly she stretched her arms out on the table and laid her head down on them, weeping violently. He watched her intently, the young head prone, the slender young shoulders shaken with sobs. Grief had her, grief—poignant, insistent, consuming—as the child's first tears over a dead canary. Suddenly he rose and put his hand gently upon her head. Her soft hair was like a child's, too. He remembered his dead little son. He was a lonely old man, after all! Youth and the thrill of its appeal, its demand for happiness.

That Body Of Yours

Continued from page 2 make up for it when you can. There are a couple of these suggestions that most of us should study and follow closely. First, the matter of our spare time. We all have things we most like to do and our spare time will greatly reward us if we follow these things. This is particularly true of our annual vacation when, after thinking about it during the rest of the year, we actually, insofar as we are able, do these things we like best, even if it may mean some physical tiredness which, after all, can be soon overcome by rest later. Second, in the matter of sleep. If we can get four hours sleep and four hours of relaxation of body and mind, we'll be able to do our job the next day. Remember, a few hours lost sleep can be made up the next night and it is not letting yourself get too tired before you rest that really makes an hour of sleep or rest before midnight equal to two hours after midnight.

He began to penetrate the armor of his age and his worldliness. Then she broke out again. "Someone did it—and I don't see how he can think of it, think of leaving Mark to face his sins, and sleep at night!" "Maybe he doesn't, Pam," he said dryly. "Come to think of it, I don't believe he does!" "He ought to die!" she cried fiercely. "He ought to have died long ago!" "Good God!" said Burleson below his breath, and turned away. (To be continued)

A Country Garden

Continued from page 2 four inches or more in size, are help well above the broad attractive foliage. In addition to their use in the garden they make excellent plants to force in pots for indoor bloom.

Begonias delight in a rich soil and I find that quite a large pot seems to be best for them. A garden visitor said to me the other day—"After the perennial Phlox what will be left in the garden?" I answered that Dahlias, Glads, Begonias and Annuals of many varieties, also Roses and Fall Asters would be in the garden until frost.

The Bedding Dahlias are now blooming where the Tulips bloomed in June; this is the difficult part of gardening... color in the garden from May until October.

On account of its long flowering period the modern Dahlia occupies an honored place in the garden, and no other autumn flowering plant can compare with it in variety of form and range of colour. The Dahlia has had more than one rise and fall in public esteem since the days when it was a novelty fresh from the warm sandy meadows of Mexico. The countless thousands of our modern varieties of Dahlias are all derived from a handful of seeds that in 1789 were sent by Cervantes of the Botanic Garden of Mexico City to his friend and colleague the Abbe in charge of the Royal Gardens of Madrid. Some years later the Abbe named this Mexican wildflower in honour of Dr. Andreas Dah, one of the leading botanists of the day, who had been a great pupil of the great Linnaeus. He was very proud of this flower that bears his name, but he had visualized a very different future for his namesake, being of the opinion that the tuberous roots should become a highly satisfactory alternative for the potato as a food plant.

More Lovely grows the earth as we grow old, More tenderness is in the dawn-ing spring, More bronze upon the blackbird's burnished wing; And richer is the autumn cloth-of-gold; A deeper meaning, too, the years unfold, Until to waiting hearts each living thing For very love its bounty seems to bring, Entreating us with beauty to behold.

Or is it that with years we grow more wise And reverent to the mystery profound— Withheld from careless or indifferent eyes— That broods in simple things the world around, More conscious of the Love that glorifies The common ways and makes them holy ground? —H. Coleman.

The historic Christchurch Priory, with a length of 333 feet, is the longest parish church in England



It develops their delicious flavor and juicy sweetness. That's just how Sugarroasting brings out the flavor of Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes... makes them crisper, more appetizing. Grape-Nuts Flakes supply nourishment for quick energy... they're economical, too. SUGARROASTING MAKES GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES the 2 BONUS CEREAL BONUS #1. SWEET-AS-A-NUT FLAVOR! BONUS #2. EXTRA QUICK ENERGY! A Product of General Foods 65-177

Ellen's Diary

Continued from page 2 dustry and vision, lofts in the new barn received their first riches of hay this afternoon. Jamie was among those present when the farmers tested by an initial lifting the recently installed gearing there—hay-fork, cables and track. James himself did not catch the actual drop of it because he officiated as driver of the mare in the lift. "You'll always remember this day," he commented to Jamie at lunch-time this evening "because you saw the first hay drop on the new lofts." With a nice rustle it fell and was settled, the farmers well pleased with the condition of that saved today.

Lunch-time came late to us and though we both agreed "this child should have been to bed long ago" we found it pleasant to have him about. As a party we three had just returned from helping Rob and Carolyn with their belated choring, it having been deferred until dusk in the insistence of the field-work. And never was there a day which favored better the hay-making than this one which offered brilliant sunshine and a "making" breeze. The loads are taken now from the far fields of the farm, wagons hurried along behind the tractors not altogether happily but after the manner of a small one dragged from his play to be washed and combed and put into clean attire.

We think that one day before the close of haying we shall persuade James to hitch "our own mare" to one of the wagons so that together as in the more leisurely days of yore we shall repair to a hayfield, perhaps, to pick up bits of last rakings. And when we have at last gathered it from the wandering and wide-spaced windrows, James reminding us to "trap it down well, Ellen—we wouldn't like to have it fall off on the way home!" he will rake the sides neatly with his pitch-fork, tossing up the last wisps to us on top. And then passing us reins and fork he will follow them up as he has so often done though less supple than once, to settle himself comfortably in the driver's soft seat, measuring at a glance the depth between us and the ground, snuggled in the depths at his back. And once more, looking out upon our world about from such heights, to the tune of the cicadas and amid the scent of haying, we shall again ride a creaking hay-wagon down the lane that leads to home. Until tomorrow—Diary—Good-night.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my dear Mother, Mrs. Thomas Noonan of Richmond, who died July 31st, 1950.

As long as I live I will cherish her name; In memory I see her ever the same; Still in my heart she is living yet; For I loved her too dearly to ever forget; A beautiful memory dearer than gold; Of a mother whose worth can never be told; Alive and unseen she stands by my side; With her forever my love will abide.

Lovingly Remembered by Her Daughter Doris, and Granddaughter Patricia Anne.

IN MEMORIAM

In memory of our dear Granny Noonan who departed this life July 31st, 1950.

We loved you in life and we love you in death. Sadly Missed by Her Grandchildren Carole Anne, Terrill and Rosalind Blanchard.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Corporal Lawrence J. Murray, who passed away July 31st, 1948.

We often talk of days gone by When we were all together, A shadow o'er our life has cast Our loved one gone forever.

Always Remembered by Wife and Family.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my dear Mother, Mrs. Thomas Noonan who departed this life July 31st, 1950.

Dear Mom, thou hast left us Thy sufferings are o'er; At the dear old home no longer Can we gather as before.

More and more each day I miss her; Friends may think the wound has healed But little do they know the sorrow That lies in my heart concealed.

We are left, we are lonely No one here can ease the pain Till our cares on earth are ended And we meet you once again.

Fondly Remembered and Sadly Missed by Her Daughter Florence and Son-in-Law Henry Blanchard.

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