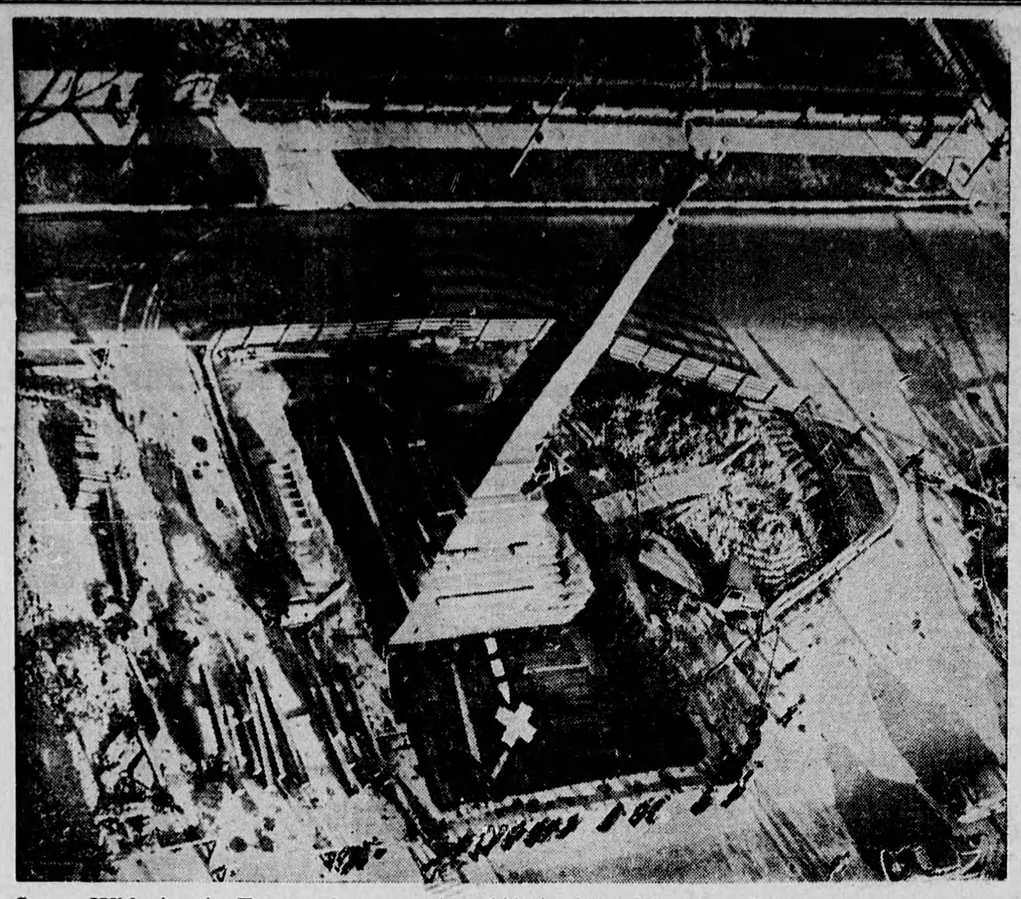


Street Widening in Toronto has caused a shift in Miss Victory, a huge monument commemorating South African war battles in which Canadians participated. Inch by inch, the monument is being moved on rollers along the path shown by the dotted line to a new base 21 feet away. The monument was erected in 1905.

Three Minutes of Fiction Fun

SHORT SHORT STORY

The Rainbow Special

By

T. M. RIDER

The woman who had been gazing wistfully at Madame Bluce's window display finally entered and asked—of all things— to try on the Rainbow Special, Mady Clark's pleasant smile wavered. That gaudy, multi-colored dress with its golden sash had been displayed because party time was near and Madame Bluce felt some girl might like it for a gay affair. Of course, the woman was small and thin enough to slip into it. But she had a sweet face, the kind that made you think of a mother in lavender and lace.

Mutely, Mady showed her to the dressing room, then walked over to the sweater counter.

A minute later the customer shyly opened the dressing room door.

"It's beautiful!" she cried. "I know Tom will remember me as I used to look. You know how husbands are. They just don't realize a woman doesn't grow any younger with time."

So that was the wrinkle. She was trying to become a spring chicken for her husband's sake. Somehow it didn't seem right for a nice old lady. Mady couldn't help thinking that some day she might get married and she'd grow old, too. Then, would she have to suffer the experience this woman was suffering?

Mady walked over to the woman and said, "I've just thought of a special dress for madam. A pale blue creation that would be chic with costume pearls and matched earrings."

"Pale blue? Oh, no! My husband loves colors that are bright and alive. You see, he's an artist, and a brilliant one, too."

She spoke in a proud voice and smoothed the Rainbow Special with work-worn hands. Mady asked hesitantly, "I don't mean to pry, but is your husband ill? Perhaps a floral dress—"

"Tom ill? You wouldn't ask that if you saw him. He's big and husky, and he always says my cooking's making him fat." She beamed until she noticed Mady staring wonderingly at her hands. Then she said quietly, "I've worked at washing dishes in a restaurant for the past 10 years and I'm proud of it because—well, because I'm doing it for my husband. But I guess you're too young to understand that love means more than roses and kisses.

"My Tom's worth anything, any sacrifice," the lady continued, and brushed at her cheeks with sudden remembrance. "And I must hurry. He's waiting outside in the car and I know he's growing impatient."

That was the last straw! Mady shook her head despairingly.

"Erma, is that you?" a deep voice suddenly boomed from the doorway. "I got tired of waiting and crossed the street."

The woman gasped and hurried over to a tall, dark-haired man. "Oh, you shouldn't have, Tom. I was coming right out."

Why, the lady was actually quivering as though she had committed some heinous crime by making him wait a few minutes! Mady glared at him. So this was the husky artist! He was husky enough to swing a pick and shovel. Well, why didn't he, instead of making his pitifully small wife slave for him? If this was love she'd steer clear of it!

"That new dress does things to you, Erma!" He placed his huge hands on her shoulders and held her off at arm's length. "Ah, those colors, my dear! They're soft, yet warm and alive. I can't wait to get hold of some paints and brushes."

"Now, Tom, you shouldn't work so soon after the operation. You know what the doctor said."

He nodded thoughtfully and sighed. "Guess I can wait a little longer at that. But say, my vision's improving every minute. I just crossed the street myself. And only this morning you looked so—so colorless. But now, I swear you look just—just like you did before I went blind ten years ago, Erma." ....

Erma's answering smile was as bright as the sun. Mady felt her heart begin to pound furiously. The artist was recovering from an eye operation and probably would never see colors normally again!

STUFF AND THINGS

Jarvis always serves this way—he used to be a tennis star!

British-Built 'Brain' Beats U.S. Invention

British inventors have come up with a new two-ton mechanical "brain" hailed as 25 times smarter than its smartest American counterpart.

Dr. M. V. Wilkes, Director of the Cambridge University Mathematical Laboratory, said the University-built memory monster was nearly finished.

"It may make discoveries in engineering, astronomy, and atomic physics," he told a reporter. "It may even solve economic and philosophical problems too complicated for us.

"There are many vital questions we wish to put to it."

Dr. Wilkes said the machine could handle 500 numbers ten decimals long. He said the best American "brain" built in Philadelphia for the American Army, handled only 20 such numbers.

The Cambridge "brain" has been nicknamed "EDSAC," because its full name, the natural scientist explained, is "electronic delay storage automatic calculator."

Too Healthy

I hear your aunt's very rich. Does she enjoy good health?"

"Yes—gloats over it."

Alberta Oil

For some time, unofficial forecasts have suggested that the development of the oil fields of which Edmonton is a focal point would be "the biggest thing yet" in Alberta, and in economic effects might well become one of the Dominion's biggest also.

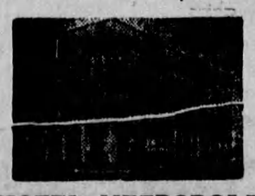
Not only is the oil comparable to the Oklahoma and Texas products, but responsible geologists are now convinced, although they are cautious in going on record publicly, that the whole area tributary to Edmonton will prove as extensive and as productive as either the Oklahoma or Texas fields.

Speedy Voyage

Record for the New-York-to-Capetown run is held by the liner Queen Mary.

The Queen Mary's log, made available by the owners, shows that in March to April, 1940, on its first voyage from New York to Australia to embark troops, the liner reached Capetown in 11 days, 20 hours, 27 minutes, averaging 25 knots for the 7,250-mile crossing via Trinidad.

ROOMS BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED $1.50 up



HOTEL METROPOLE
NIAGARA FALLS
OPP. — C.N.R. STATION

Sunday Morning In England–1947

A letter from England to the New York Herald Tribune:

You probably get all sorts of reports about Britain, but I wonder how many you receive from one of the "great unknown," such as myself.

My background is a fairly average one. A country boy, bricklayer, came to the big city (250,000) for a better job, joined the army 1939, demobbed and now back on the travel again. My pay amounts to £6 ($24) a week; so now you know my angle on life.

* * *

A complete "scenario" is impossible, but here's an impression of today, Sunday, Sept. 28, 1947. Our summer is still holding on. This morning broke fine and warm. The milkman calls as usual (7 a.m.). Two pints for four of us. Can you imagine him making that little tap-tap on the tiled paths as he drops his bottles all along the street of little two-storied houses with enormous hedges in place of railings? Father-in-law makes the cup of tea this morning, which we drink in bed, and then turn over till the paper comes at 9 a.m.

I got up then. I want to check my "pools results" on yesterday's matches. You probably know we have here 1,000,000 football fans and 3,000,000 who "do the pools." Breakfast and then we get our daughter off to church. Wife and I will probably go this evening, as it is Harvest Festival. The kiddies were decorating the church yesterday.

* * *

This morning I shall ride around the city on my bike. I've been here fifteen years, but it still fascinates me. From the top of my street I can look across the park and see the gray walls of Portchester Castle that stands on the creek. And to the left are all the ships of Portsmouth and Gosport Harbor, and to the right the long ridge of the green South Downs. Up above the sky is blue, the sea cadets march by in step with their bugle band, motorists whizz down to Southsea beach with the last drop of basic petrol (but after tomorrow) and there are crowds waiting for the bus to take them over the hill for a last picking of blackberries. Sunday morning in England—autumn, 1947. Only in southern Austria, where I spent two months in 1945, can there be a more quietly happy people. Don't worry about "crises," it's like water on a duck's back!

A. H. BAILEY

Portsmouth, Sept. 28, 1947.

Loyalty

"Oh, I adore Nature," exclaimed a stout but soulful lady at a dinner party recently.

Groucho Marx was among those present. Turning to his neighbour, he said softly. "That's real loyalty when you consider what Nature has done to her."

Bring 'Em Back

Thousands of Hindus and Moslems in refugee camps dotting the frontiers of India and Pakistan have a new slogan: "Bring back the British!"

In Lahore, where a reign of terror has taken many lives and destroyed much property, flowers have appeared on the statue of Queen Victoria.

In Amritsar a young native army officer told an American correspondent that "freedom has brought us nothing but mob rule."

Choosey

A bachelor is a man who wouldn't take "yes" for an answer.

What's the Use?

Just as you think you can make ends meet at last, somebody moves the ends.

GENTLE LAXATIVE ANTACID

TAKE PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA TONITE

WAKE UP FRESH, FULL OF LIFE

GENUINE PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

GIRLS! WOMEN! TRY THIS IF YOU'RE NERVOUS, CRANKY, TIRED-OUT

On 'CERTAIN DAYS' of The Month!

Do female functional monthly disturbances make you feel nervous, fidgety, cranky, so tired and "dragged out"—at such times? Then *do* try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This fine medicine is *very effective* for this purpose!

For over 70 years thousands of girls and women have reported benefit. Just see if you, too, don't report excellent results! *Worth trying.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Backache?

Backache is a friendly warning from Nature—urging you to do something about it at once. It's the same when your shoulder is painful, or your joints become stiff. When other folks have had these complaints, many have got relief by taking Kruschen. Kruschen helps because it is a combination of several mineral salts which aid sluggish organs of elimination thus helping to remove the causes of painful backache and rheumatic pains. Health improves and vigour returns. So give Kruschen a trial in your own case. Start today and for the next month take Kruschen regularly. Simply take a small morning dose of Kruschen in tea, coffee or hot water. At all Druggists: 25c and 75c.

KRUSCHEN

It's the little morning dose that does it!

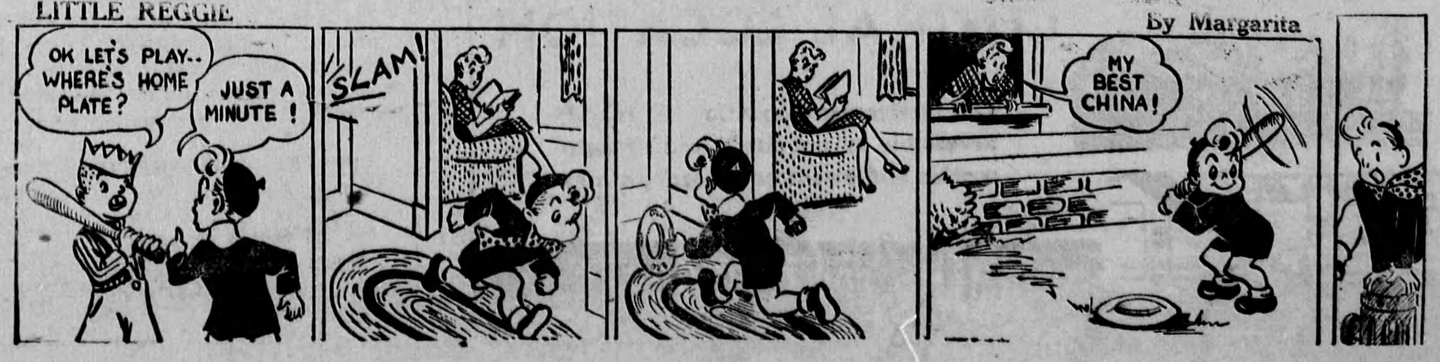
New...

FLEISCHMANN'S TRADE MARKS REGISTERED ROYAL FAST RISING DRY YEAST

ACTS FAST! STAYS FRESH!

Standard Brands Limited
Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg - Vancouver

Keeps in the cupboard

Wonderful news! New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast is here—ready to give you perfect risings, delicious breads in super-speedy time. No need to keep it in the icebox—New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast stays fresh in your cupboard for weeks. Always there—ready for work when you need it. Just dissolve according to directions. Then use as fresh yeast. IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—order a month's supply of New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast from your grocer. Once you try it—you'll always use it.

LITTLE REGGIE By Margarita