

By BLANCHE ROBERTS

CHAPTER V. (Continued from List week

She punched the light switch and flooded the living room. There was naked evidence that Joe had been in the place. Using a skeleton key was a snap for him, she knew. The empty snede bag lay dis-carded on the divan, its contents

scattered over the room, thrown by frate hands. Diess r drawers had been pulled out and the closet was hats and shoes were everywhere. There was nothing in the bedroom left untouched. Even the mattress lay on the freet. Honey didn't wait to pick up any

of the things, however. She hardly gave them a thought after the first glance. She dre sed hurriedly and packed a suitcase and left. She ran down the steps to the second floor and paused to listen, and hearing no footsteps, she continued her flight. Outside ir the chilly night air that swept in from the Pacific. she made her way quickly along the sidewalk, staying close to the buildings and watching carefully all



buttoning make this dress ever so alenderizing, and the neat cuffs add a crisp finish!

This pattern, easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has com-plete illustrated instructions. Pattern 4826 comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48. Size 36 takes 3% yards 39-inch.
Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Lightcenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

out and she went in to buy a tick-et for San Francisco. But before the man could get it for her, she changed her mind and ducked on take her to the airport. It had only taken a second as she stood before the ticket window to realize that Joe would go by air and be waiting for cisco, and that was the very last thing she wanted to happen.

she relax and take a good breath. sengers before settling herself com-fortably to do 2 bit of thinking. She leaned back and closed her lide

over tired and sleepy eyes. "Honey Monroc," she told herself will be safe," she altered, remem-bering that Dan had said something about arresting her for stealing the

possibility, "my life won't be worth 2 cents. He will hunt me down. Nothing will stop him until he finds me. But if I make San Francisco

. . .

However, destiny ruled that Honey should not arrive at her port of haven so soon—so easily. The air liner started bucking strong head fog was unusually heavy along the coast. It was a fight every mile of the way for the pilots, and then they lost the radio beam they were traveling on. As if that were not enough trouble in itself, something went wrong with the motors, mak-ing a forced landing imperative. "Buckle your safety belts," instructed the pretty hostess on the ship, hurrying from one passenger to the next and waiting to make

CROSSWORD PUZZLE					17	W. Persian post 11. Catch sight of 17. Knows (archaio) 18. Chide 21. Tropical tres 22. Lamb's pen					27. Bushes 22. Office superintendess 35. Virginia willow 37. Hindu alter 39. Franch staport			
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Answer to This Puzzle Will Appear Nest West



She was just ir time to buy the remaining vacancy and catch the northbound plane. She had never been in the air before but such ; minor detail did not bother her now. She was willing and glad to ily at the moment. Not until the twin motors roared and the ship moved swiftly from the ground, did Honey smiled at her fellow pas-

with firm conviction, "you almost grabbed off too, much when you took over the Sylvester diamond. After all, life is worth more than any iewel in the world-even that one. But a promise is a promise," she argued with herself and sighed wearily. "I wonder what happened in Dan's apartment? If Joe gets arrested, I will be safe—I hope I

"But if Joe gets away," she

sure that the order was carried out. Seconds ticked by while the passengers looked at each other, trying to smile, yet with fear lurking in heir eyes. . . .

Then the lights went out and some one screamed.
Suddenly, Honey's heart stood still as a thought shot through her mind. The diamond. She had for-gotten it in the excitement of fasten-ing her safety belt. Quickly she grabbed the small-parcel from her purse and dropped the precious box

into her coat pocket.

"Perhaps I should have faced Joe," she thought grimly as a new fear of disaster enveloped her. "If the ship cracks up, I will die anyway." She shuddered at her the ship cracks up, I will die anyway." She shuddered at her the ship cracks up, I will die anyway." She shuddered at her the ship cracks up, I will die anyway." She shuddered at her the ship cracks up, I will die anyway." She shuddered at her the ship cracks up to the ship crac

At that moment there was a terrific splash of water as the big liner struck the ocean instead of land. Honey fell forward, hitting her head the worry and a lot of the work And they are no more than every (Continued next week.) farmer's wife should have. Not all t once perhaps, but it should be the



Three Pairs Make A Good Handful—In a little over eight hours no less than three sets of twins were born at a Rochester hospital—five girls and one boy. Seen from left to right in the nurses' arms are Donna and Dianne, Linda and Kathleen, Diane and Louis.

so often we get fooled! Doing the weekly wash with one eye on the clock is quite an adventure. Shall

we, or shall we not get through? A few more heavy pieces to go through the wringer and then . . .

siz-z-z... the machine stops dead. Just as that happened last week

Partner walked into the kitchen.

"Well." I said, "do you see how de-pendent we are? Look at that wash-

ng machine - it is no more use

right now than an ordinary tub.
And the vacuum cleaner — it is

Country power cuts come at a different time from those in town—but I suppose even country districts

are not all the same. Ours are from 10 to 11 a.m. and from 1.45 to 2.45 p.m. so that we really suffer little

inconvenience. Tonight, however, was a different matter. We had an

inscheduled black-out just as Part-

ner was going to the barn. It was funny to see him start out with a

antern. And the kitchen-faintly

lit by the dim glow of a coal-oil lamp! I wondered how we lived

that way for so long. But we did, and I haven't a doubt we could do

t again should the necessity arise.

Yes. I think we could stand any in-convenience except being cold. And

that would be a hardship, not an

How sad it is, this

even less use than a broom!"

W Gwendoline P. Clarke

A prince is born! That was the | work to suit the hydro hours. An news flashed over the air-waves just as I sat down to write—and I must confess it has put everything else contess it has put everything else out of my head. What rejoicing there will be throughout the Empire. Princess Elizabeth has such a very warm place in our hearts. And she seems closer to us now because, in common with all mothers, she has experienced the pain and joy of childbirth. We know very well she would be spared any unnecessary suffering but the very nature of her ordeal precludes the possibility of it being entirely without pain. And so we are all glad the little prince is born and hope that the baby and

his Royal parents will spend many happy years together. Actually my first thought this morning was of the Princess. I was watching the dawn and wondered of it came as a good omen because I can't remember having seen a lovelier sunrise. Not that there was a lot of colour, as a matter of fact, there was very little, but above the sun's first rays the sky was such a wonderful blue, inter-spersed with billowy white clouds, faintly tinted at their lower edge with shades of rosy pink. And yet, in such a little while, the first glory of the dawn had faded. The blue was less vivid, the fleecy clouds quite ordinary, and the sun just about as usual. By the time I fed the chickens there was nothing overhead to attract attention. But there was underfoot. It was actually

aim of every farmer to give his wife

the tools to lighten her job. He

might, in the end, save on doctor

and hospital bills. Unfortunately

as we know only too well, this is

not always possible during a depres

Even hydro cuts did not bother me last Tuesday because I baked pies and roasted a joint the night before. It meant working until midnight but that was better than

worrying about power cut-offs next morning while we were threshing.

power cuts add zest to housekeep

To tell you the truth I think these

ing! It is fun trying to arrange one's

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

growing old! City Life When Uncle Zeke got back to slippery. There had been enough frost after the rain to make the ground slightly icy here and there. It seemed so strange. Such a little while ago we were complaining about the heat! Tarleton Junction he swore he was through with New York for life.
"I'm crossin' the street and mindin' my own business," he told his cronies round the old cracker bar-But so it is - and rast Tuesday saw the end of our season's work when the last of our grain was threshed. And believe me, we are leans out and hollers, 'Hey, Pop, as long as ye're down there, how about checkin' my oil?'

rel, "when a varmint comes lickety split around the corner on two wheels and knocks me down. Do ye think he apologized? No siree! He

A Lot of Dishes

The average bride may not know, but when she says "I do," 340 ons of dirty dishes are staring her in the face. She doesn't have to do them all at once, of course. But her years of housekeeping she will wash them all eventually.

Two and a half million dishes are about what the average homemaker can count on washing - a good figure for her husband to renember when he envies his wife's

TESUNDAY SCHOOL

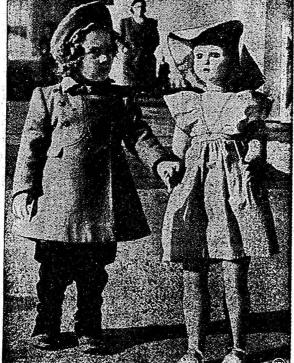
By Rev. R. Barclay Warren History in the New Testament Acts 1:8; 4:1-4: 13:2-3; 16:9-10; 28:6. 30-31.

Golden Text: Go ye therefore, and teach all nations .- Matt. 23:19.

The disciples had forsaken Him and fled. Peter denied Him with curses. Jesus was condemned and crucified. Before sunset his lifeless body was removed from the cross and laid in a cave. Surely His was a lost cause and He would soon be forgotten.
But no; sometimes But no; something happened. On

the third day He arose from the dead, nevermore to die. He com-forted His weak disciples. Before His ascension into heaven. He gave specific instructions. In lerusalem they tarried and prayed. On the feast day of Pentecost the
-third Person of the triune God. the
Holy Spirit, came in His abiding
fulness into their hearts. Jesus had
withdrawn His physical presence but the Holy Spirit had come to them individually. With pure hearts and holy zeal they went forth to preach salvation from sin by repen-tance and faith in the risen Christ. Many in Jerusalem believed. They joined the others in telling the Good News. The message was taken Acts- records the thrilling story died a martyr's death. But the Church prayed and believed and

lustre finish was a jealously guarded



Just Dolly and Me-Off for a stroll along Brighton Beach, England we see 2 year old Carol Francis and Susie. Susie is. a doll, lifesize, and not only can walk but also move her head and arms in a very realistic manner.

ANNE HIRST

DEAR ANNE HIRST: I bouestly don't know where to turn, so I am s'ing your advice. I've been married two years, and I've never bee



How Can 1? By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remore stales

from the nickel trimmings on the days of a gas range?

A. Dip a soft cloth into vineg and rub over the nickel while the surface is warm. Polish with a soft

Q. How can I give instant relief

A It is claimed that a solution

of equal parts of epsom salts and baking sods will usually give relief.

Q. How can I clean a tile

A. Use a cloth dampened in tur-

pentine. Then dry with a clean cloth. Do not wash the tiles with

soap and water, as this often splits the enamel and destroys the glaze.

Q. How can I avoid a flattened appearance in the tucks of a gar-

A. The tucks will not have this

flattened appearance if the iron is placed on end and the tucks run

over it. Hold the goods firmly

with the tucks running downward.

Phony-etic Spelling

The maddening intricacies

English spelling are highlighted in

I came beneath a pine tree bough When I was searching for my

cough.

I could not reach the pine cones.

though, The branch was high and I was

"Ah, me," I cried, with rueful

laugh, "Would that I were a tall

slough Forgetting what I'd come to

dough, Bossy was standing by her

trough; Did I mistake, or did she scough

1

898

it blough.

ment after ironing it?

my husband lores me, for he proves it. I also love him deeply. But his mother seems trying to make trouble. Every time we makes up all sorts of stories that

"I thought the world of my inlaws-went to see them often, and tried to be helpful when I could. I don't know what I've done to be treated this way! (Maybe it's because she sees her son so happy that she gets so mad?)
"One night I could take no more.

and walked out of her house. My husband followed me. I want to stay away from there forever. Do you think my hubsand should continue to go? I'm so afraid she may stir up so much trouble that she will draw him away from me and mr babr! "Every job he got after the war

"Every job he got after the war in claimed was too hard for him. I'ut he thought of our future, and never listened to her. Now I'm afraid he may get disgusted, and there will be trouble.

"When a mother makes trouble-listened of peace. I think it is time.

instead of peace, a to stay away from her. WORRIED" instead of peace, I think it is time Mother and Son JUST the other day I printed a

letter from a man whose wife had divorced him because of his mothgiraugh."

Just then a wind came hurtling er's interference. Too late were his eyes opened to the sort of woman his mother really was, and through, The branches cracked, so herce This blast, so shrill it made me he was honest enough to admit it.
Let us hope your husband will cough. And on it went with angry sough wake up too I put my treasure in my mough And started home across the No one can blame you for not

wanting to visit your mother-in law, to encounter further snide remarks. Whether your husband continues to go, is for him to say * He probably will be better satis-fied to make his own decision. I suggest you let him alone, and see what happens. He did not listen to her advice as to his jobs,

you know.
Of course it is always possible that a daughter-in-law, noticing such a tendency in her husband's mother, may become overly-sensi tive and read innuendoes into-re marks that are innocently meant.
Also after have have gone there less frequently, you and she both
may feel less antagonistic and an
amicable truce may be arranged.
It has happened. It is sad when a mother deliber-

ately (or tactlessly) criticizes her son's wife. If he is loyal to his wife, she will lose her son. It your case, she will lose her grand child too. How shortsighed, ever wicked, can such a women be!'
Hold on to your faith in your husband's sense of fairness. I. believe you will not be disappoint. . . .

A mother can help make her son's marriage beautiful, or shecan wreck it. If you find your-self inclined to interfere, let Anne Hirst guide you to a wiser course. Just write her at 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toron-

Dressing The House

PIMPLES AND

BLACKHEADS

Quickly helps to clear up these blemishes eaving skin soft and smooth. Proven over

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Laura Wheeler Twenty-two motifs! Have a whole One interesting stratagem, used by the Communists, was reported in Rome recently when a crowd of et of linens, all with the old-fashioned-girl theme. You'll enjoy embroidering them, love owning them! 30,000 gathered to hear Palmiro Togliatti, Red leader, in his first speech since he was shot July 14. The Communists distributed thous-It's easy to embroider these enchanting motifs! Pattern 898; trans-fer of 22 motifs 1x1½ to 6x10 in. Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS ands of pairs of glasses to give the crowd a more intellectual y SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS Send your order to Box 1, 123

Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont Modern Etiquette By Robert: Lee

Q. When making a call of con-dolence, is it all right to remain for an liour or two?

STYLE NUMBER

A. Not unless one is a very in timate friend and has been request ed to do so; the call of condolence should otherwise be made as brief Q. Is it proper always to leave a portion of food on the plate after inishing a meal?

Q. If a girl knows that a young loes not have money, would it be all right for her to buy two tickets and invite him to the thea-A. No; this is not good form and most certainly would not make a good impression on the man. A. Most certainly not. While

one should not be guilty of actually "polishing" his plate, it would be definitely wasteful and senseless to Q. Who should propose the toast to the bride and bridegroom

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that SORE

THROAT

RUB IT WITH

MINARD'S

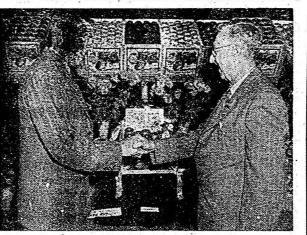
"KING OF PAIN"

INIMEN'

.... GREATEST OF ALL THE FALL FAIRS



Slicking Up a Coming Champion—Harold Ready, of Destord, Manitoba, is seen putting the finishing touches on his fine short-horn steer just before it won the title in its class. Quaker Ful-O-Pep fitting helped produce that fine condition



Sweepstake Winners at Royal Winter Fair-Earl Hislop (left) and W. L. Hamilton shake hands as they congratulate one another on winning Sweepstake on Northern Spy Apple box. Who wouldn't be happy with such fine-looking fruit in prospect?



Just made his decision regarding the Grand Champion class and Lloyd Mack, of Rockwood, seems hardly to have realized as vet, that he has won.

GLENAFTON FARM

Championship Ribbons in Background, Smiles in Front-Winning prizes and championships in no novelty to the noted Glenatton Farm in Alliston, Ont., as is evidenced by the display of rib

bons, also the Premier Breeder and Premier Exhibitor shields seen in the picture. Some of the men responsible seen broadly smiling over their remarkable success. Ful-O-Pep feeds also

share in the credit-



First-Prize Winners, All of Them-The Rabbits. We Mean-Seen in the above picture are two Checkered Giants exhibited by Mr. Price of Montreal, and two New Zealand Whites owned by Gaston Baril of St. Cap de la Madelaine, Quebec. All four won high honors at the Royal Winter Fair.

courtesy of

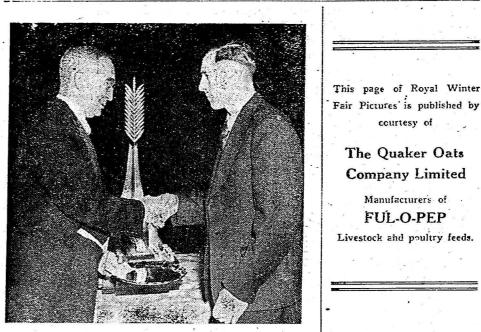
The Quaker Oats

Company Limited

Manufacturers of

FUL-O-PEP

Livestock and poultry fee



Wheat Trophy-In this picture, "Reward" Wheat brings exhibitor a real Reward. Snapped at the Royal Winter Fair we see I. F. Pringle of the Canadian National Railways presenting the Canadian Wheat Trophy to Sidney John Alsop, of Red Deer,

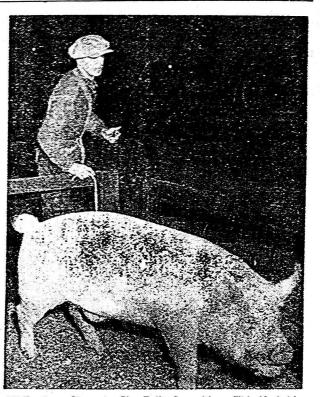


Your Ful-O-Pep Reporter "Signs Off" For The 1948 Fall Fair Season

more your Ful-O-Pep Reporter has been travelling the highways and byways of the Province of Ontario covering Fall Fairs large and small and trying to make pictures which we thought would be of interest both to those who attended and also to those who could not be there

Some of those Fairs ran into unfavorable weather, which naturally cut down attendances somewhat But, on the whole, we think we are safe in saying that this was one or the most successful seasons ever known. Seldom if ever before has the interest shown been as intense. and never has the general quality of the stock and products shown been so high. Ontario can be honestly proud of its Fall Fairs and the part they play in raising our Agricultural Standards.

Now with the climaxing event of the season-the Royal Winter Fair at Toronto-passed into history, on behalf of the sponsors of these pages, QUAKER FUL-O-PEP Stock and Poultry Feeds, your Ful-O-Pep Reporter "signs off" for the season and wishes to young and old, to city "slickers" and rural folks alike - - - - - - -



All Ready to Show the City Folks Something-This Yorkshire Boar, seen at the Royal Winter Fair, is less than 9 months old, but his Ful-O-Pep feeding gives him the sturdy appearance of a much older animal. George A. Wilkinson of Alliston, Ont., the owner, is seen in the background.



Runners-Up Congratulate a Winner-Disappointed, no doubt, but still able to look happy, the two runners-up in the beef cattle class shake hands with the winner, seen in the center of the picture taken at the Royal Winter Fair



"Chairing" the Owner of a Grand Champion-Lloyd Mack, of Rockwood, Ontario, is seen being chaired out of the judging ring at the Royal Winter Fair after exhibiting his Grand Championship Aberdeen-Angus steer-Ful-O-Pep fed, of course.

