

TOO SOON A BRIDE

By MARJORIE B. PEREGRINE

Lola Brewster wins a high school education by working as a housemaid, but is dragged back into the sordid shanty life of her family by her mother's illness. Jerry Hughes, whom she loves, sees her there and she sends him away. She obtains a job as singer with a small-time orchestra and makes good. She writes to Jerry to call him back to her.

CHAPTER IV

Lola had written—Dear Jerry: forgive me for being so hateful. I was tired to death, and ashamed. Things aren't so bad for me now. I have a job singing at Riverview for three weeks. When it's over, I think I am going to get away from the shanty. So please come and hear me sing, or write to me care of general delivery, Lola.

That night, she could hardly wait to put on her new dress. A little

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ture was running in her head. It went, "Jerry is coming tonight, Jerry is coming tonight. Dear, dear Jerry."

She slipped the dress over her head and smoothed it gently over her hips. It was a stunning thing of white taffeta with broad diagonal stripes of satin that called attention to her exquisite young figure. The neckline was low and square in front and slashed deeply in back. There were no sleeves to hide her perfect arms.

She hurried to the orchestra stand, earlier than usual. Jerry was coming. He had to come!

Eagerly, Lola watched for him. Her heart leaped every time a man appeared at the portals of the ballroom and sank when she realized he was not Jerry.

Intermission came. Lolo stayed where she could see the surging crowd. Carol had an admirer. So did every other girl. A terrible, aching loneliness came over Lola. Of all the gay, happy throng, she was the only one alone.

Finally, it was midnight. Soon the orchestra ceased playing. Lola crept from the platform into Carol's arms.

"Maybe your letter was delayed. Perhaps he will come tomorrow." Lola shook her head. "No," she said. "He isn't coming. Not ever. The shanty drove him away. I hate the shanty. I hate it!"

But in the morning, she awoke to take up the weary battle of household routine. Her mother clung to her, drinking in every word of Lola's success.

The doctor came. "She's better," he told Lola as she walked with him to his car. "Not recovering. That isn't possible. But easier."

"Could we move her? Take her away?" Lolo asked. "You see, my sister and I want to leave the shanty."

"I don't blame you," the doctor remarked. "I'm sorry. But you'll have to stick it out. A move would probably kill her. Your mother's heart can't stand any excitement."

Lola's second week with the orchestra approached an end. Chase Wiley wanted her to have another new dress for the second Saturday.

"You know 'em dead in that," he said, touching her bare arm lightly as his eyes devoured the revealing details of her taffeta frock. "Get another, just as hot."

Lola hesitated. He read her thoughts.

"You won't have to throw these dresses away," he said. "They'll all be new at our next stop. I'm sold on you, Lola. I want to take you with me."

To go with Chase and the orchestra! To be free of the shanty!

"I can't leave my mother, Chase," Lola said, mouth quivering.

But she did buy a new dress of glorious copper lace. All day, it lay under the bed at the shanty, waiting for Joel Brewster to leave, so that Lola could try it on for her mother.

At last, Pa went swaggering out, dressed in his one good suit. Lola waited until his footsteps had died away. Then she hurried into the partitioned box that served as a room for herself and Carol. Her sister was already putting on a pert green taffeta. In a moment, Carol picked up the lamp on the rickety dresser.

"You look perfect, Lola," she said. "Come on, let's show Ma."

Then entered the sick woman's room together.

"Beautiful!" gasped Ma Brewster. She patted Lola's hand, then jumped, startled. The front door had slammed. Heavy feet clumped across the floor. Pa Brewster stood gloomily in the doorway of the bedroom.

"I thought I smelled a rat when I left this place just now," he sneered. "And look what I find. My daughters dressed like a pair of peacocks!"

He lifted a heavy hand to strike Carol. She wrenched away, her eyes blazing, but his hand shot out. His stinging slap struck Carol's cheek as Lola's shrill scream rang out.

"Stop it! Stop it! Oh... oh! You've killed Mother!"

Ma Brewster was buried two days later. Pa seemed strangely subdued. Not even when Lola and Carol left him standing by the open grave, after the brief burial ceremony, did he seem interested. Watching his bowed figure, Lola felt a brief pang of pity. What was going on in his heart?

Carol pulled her away. "Come on," she said. "I've rented a furnished room. We're done with the shanty forever."

Perhaps Carol was right. In the next few days, Lola couldn't rest

sure. Somehow, the shadow of the shanty still hung over her.

Jerry hadn't written. He hadn't even come to Ma Brewster's funeral. It was this last callous neglect that convinced Lola there was no feeling left in his heart for her.

A week had passed. Lola stood on the edge of the Riverview band platform, singing. The crowd applauded. She sang again, her voice thanking the people of Riverview for their approval.

Commotion started at the edge of the dance floor. A man broke through the dancers, waving his arms. The smile on Lola's face froze into a fixed, frightened grimace. The man was Pa Brewster. He was shouting.

"Let me at her! That's my daughter. And she's coming home to run my house!"

Lola swayed and would have fainted, but a strong arm steadied her—Chase Wiley's arm.

"Back up," he whispered. "The cops have got him! He's drunk. They'll lock him up."

Lola looked. Chase was right. The park police were boosting her father off the floor. He was still shouting. "She ain't of age! She's mine and I want her home!"

In the dressing room, Chase Wiley faced Lola.

"Is it true you're not of age?" "Yes," Lola whispered. "Why?"

"I can't take a minor along with the orchestra if her parent objects," Wiley said. "It's all off, Lola."

Lola clutched at him as if her life depended on holding Chase Wiley. If she let go, the shanty would reach out and catch her again.

"You've got to take me, Chase," she moaned. "You've got to!"

Chase Wiley took both her hands. He looked down into her lovely face, watching the terrified trembling mouth.

"Of course I'll take you," he told her, a queer dangerous light in his eyes. "But there's only one way. You will have to go as my wife."

(To be Continued)

Lazy Motorists

Writes the Toronto Globe: New York is not the only city which suffers in this way. Toronto has its share of motorists who seem to think it necessary to advertise their presence to all and sundry by means of honking their horn. If traffic is blocked, if a car is a split second slow to start at a traffic signal, if a friend is seen on the sidewalk, or for other one of a dozen reasons, down comes a hand on the horn, and everybody for blocks away has to suffer.

The careful courteous driver has little need of a horn, and it is only in a case of emergency that it is necessary for him to use it. As a form of greeting, as a warning to pedestrian traffic that the driver is about to turn right against a red light, or as a sign that he is impatient or angry, there is no excuse for the use of this noisy signal.

Much horn-blowing is the result of the motorist being too lazy to slow up when he should, too anxious to get ahead, or because he is just downright thoughtless and selfish.

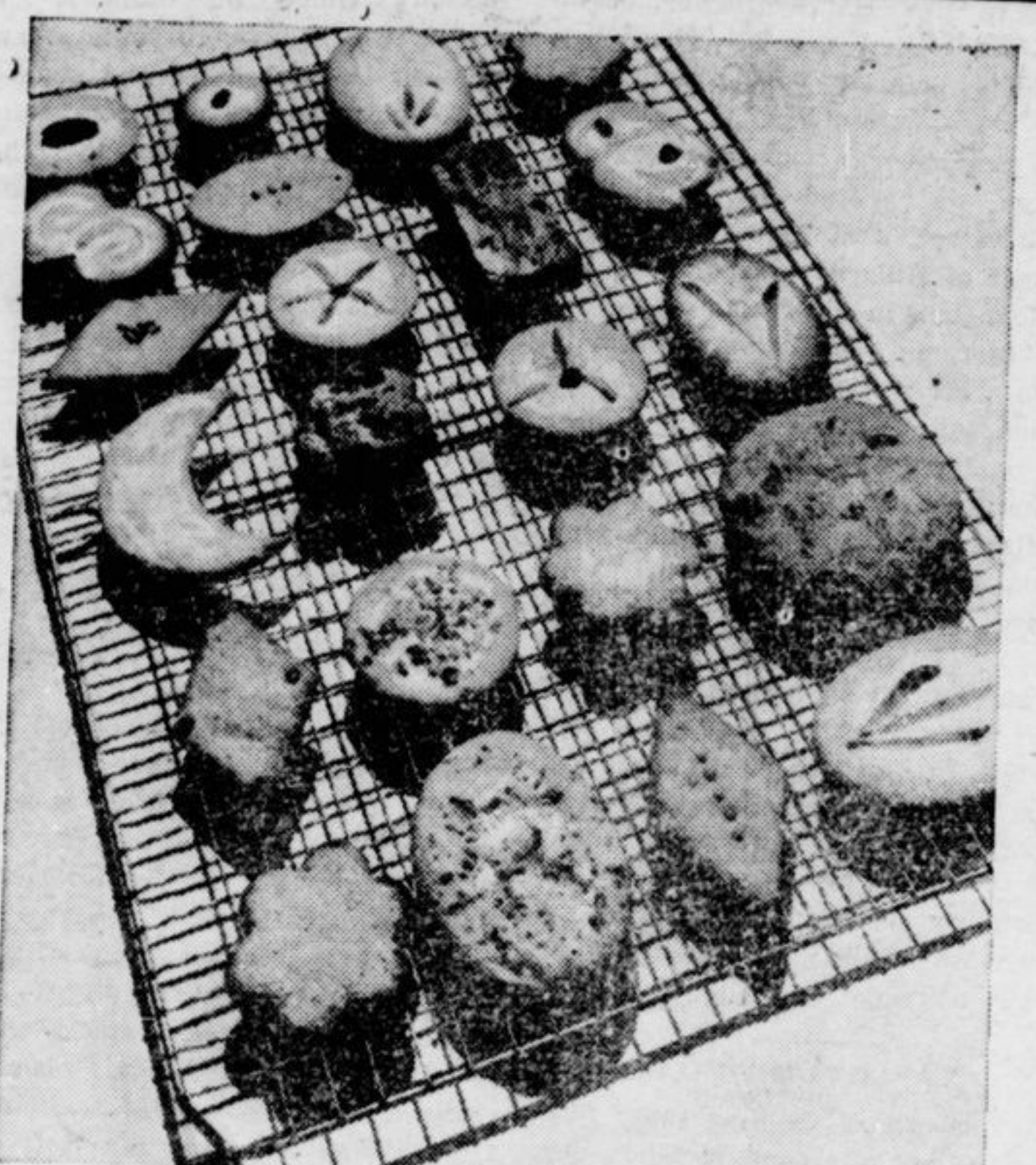
Moss Makes Peat And Farmer Glad

CANAL WINCHESTER, O.—Call Farmer Elmer Reinhard a mossback if you like, but it was moss that pulled him through the depression. Four years ago, looking over a dismal 15-acre tract of swamp land he owned, he discovered it contained peat moss 17 feet deep. He now operates one of the few peat mines in Central Ohio and receives \$2.50 a cubic yard.

Valuable as such for lawns and shrubbery, peat has been in unusual demand this year because of the drought. It protects against ravages of prolonged dry weather.

Woman's World

By Mair M. Morgan



Fall Fashions In Small Cookies

Autumn fashion shows are now the order of the day and fall fair exhibitors are preparing to show new fashions in little cakes and cookies that are to be the highlights of the bridge teas and luncheons for the coming season. A variety of small cookies is most enticing to serve as the cake course at tea or with the dessert at luncheon or dinner. Even the ladies on so-called "reducing diets" can't resist them, and of course little cakes are always a favourite with the male sex.

Coconut Orange Cookies

2 cups sifted cake flour, 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup oatmeal, 1 cup butter, or other shortening.

Coconut Ice-Box Cookies

4 cups sifted cake flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 1/4 cups softened butter or other shortening, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 2 eggs unbeat, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 cups coconut, premium shred.

ending, 4 teaspoons grated orange rind, 1 1/4 cups sugar, 2 eggs, unbeat, 3-4 cup coconut, premium shred, 4 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour once, add baking powder, salt, and cinnamon, and sift together three times. Add oatmeal, cream butter and rind thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each egg; then coconut and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, mixing thoroughly after each addition. Drop from a teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet, spacing far apart. Bake in hot oven (400 deg. F.) 10 to 12 minutes, or until done. Makes 4 dozen cookies.

Walnut Cake With Raisins

1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 2 eggs, yolks and whites, beaten separately, 1/2 cup sweet milk, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder. At the last add 1 cup seeded raisins and 1 cup nut meats broken. Ice with maple or white icing. — Mrs. N. H. Peterson, Box 100, Bruce Mines, Ont.

ATTENTION!

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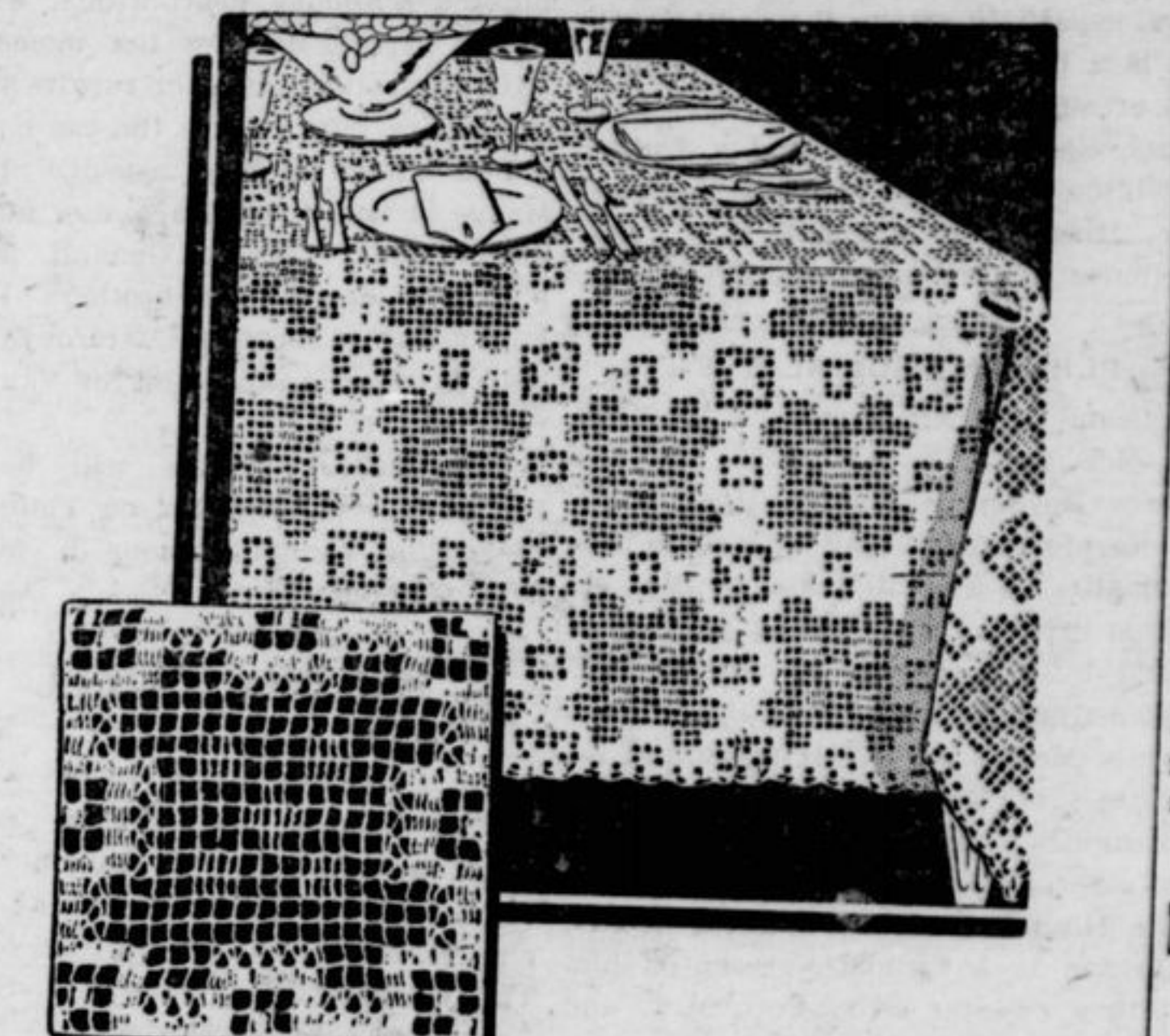
CALGARY.—Increased trade between Canada and the United States has placed a heavy burden on the work of customs office staffs, it was noted in a resolution adopted at the annual convention of the Amalgamated Civil Servants of Canada here recently.

The resolution requested the Department of National Revenue to look into the question of adequacy of customs staffs and to secure the opinion of collectors respecting the sufficiency of their staffs.

Another resolution urged that all temporary employees in the civil service be placed on the permanent staff.

Other resolutions adopted urged a minimum wage of \$100 a month for all full-time men civil servants, additional allowance for civil servants in the Prairie Provinces, due to higher cost of living; an eight-hour day with a 44-hour week for all civil servants.

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Raise Status Of Domestic Work

Course in Victoria, B.C., Is Conducted By Former Londoner.

VICTORIA — In the movement of Canadian women to better conditions for household workers, as advocated by the National Council of Women and the National Council of the Young Women's Christian Association, a pioneer in this work has been Victoria, B. C. where the Y.W.C.A. general secretary is a former London Ont. general secretary, says Louis McKay in a publication.

Mrs. W. E. Cushing, probably better known in London as Miss May Best, has supervised some of these training courses in household work suggested by these two representative bodies of women.

The fourth course, concluded in the spring of 1936, lasted for three months, and included field work as well as technical training. Of particular interest in the province of British Columbia is the fact that the provincial Department of Education co-operated in these courses, both in Victoria and Vancouver, where the associations have been pioneers.

The first course in Victoria — to give the early history — was conducted by a committee of volunteer women of the city, most of whom were graduates in domestic science and had had practical experience in directing help in the homes. During the fourth and most recent course, the co-operation of a number of city women was also secured for supervision of practical work in the homes for one day in the week.

One afternoon meeting was held for these "hostesses" to include them further in the training.

Since the girls have graduated, an effort has been made to keep in touch with them through meeting as an alumni group for talks and discussions.

Mrs. Cushing, commenting on the course, stated that there had been no difficulty in placing students capable of some responsibility and skill.

Next 25 Years See Mining Boom

H. M. Farrington, M.E., writer of the Five Minute Talks on Canadian Mining Talks on Canadian Mining, now appearing in the daily press, believes that the coming twenty-five years are to be the years of Canada's great mining expansion, and he is concerned lest the financial racketeers should continue to figure so very largely in mining promotion. Mr. Farrington says: "There are thousands of would-be mines which have failed to get anywhere because of ignorance of practical mining and practical promotion. Now, promotional ignorance is falling before the rod of security laws, but the financial racketeer stays just inside the law and continues to high-pressure the savings of our people, not to build mines, for which purpose the money is often raised, but often merely to pay huge telephone bills and unconscionable profits for the promoters." "But I believe," he continued, "that my series of Five Minute Talks on Canadian Mining which is appearing in the daily press of Ontario will have some small effect in opening the eyes of the people of Ontario as to how they are being defrauded and stop in some measure at least, these various traffic that not only rob the small investor of his savings; but also hold back Canadian mining because of the unfortunate atmosphere created."

"I am English born," said Mr. Farrington, "but for twenty years I have been developing Canadian mining, and I think it is high time that the public should know the rackets and how to avoid them." Mr. Farrington has now gone to the North again to inspect some promising property and will not return for ten days or so. Mr. Farrington is an outstanding engineer of some thirty odd years of experience, and twenty years of actual Canadian mining experience in Canadian mines.

Autumn

There's a tang of autumn splendor, In the countryside today. For the sun has turned to crimson And the meadow is sweet with hay. The brook we watched in the spring-time

Still lingers through the copse. The linnets sing its vibrant song. As the farmer tends his crops, There's a tarty little swallow. That has no time to slug. For soon her little birdings Must take to vagrant wing. The antlers in my garden Have bowed their heads in grief. The fall and stately hollyhocks, Know that their stay is brief. The maple's has turned a myriad hues; Hiverent birds have flown; The poppies say have withered And the bees have ceased to drone. There's a tang of autumn madness That permeates the air; And it mingles joy with sadness For 'tis summer's dying fare. E. Anne Pomroy, Plage Laval, Que.