

Buy Victory Bonds "SALADA" TEA

Modern Etiquette By Roberta Lee

1. Is it necessary to send a reply when one receives an invitation written on a visiting card?
2. When a wedding engagement is broken, what should the girl return to the man?
3. Do the women leave the table before the men at an informal dinner?
4. Who are the only persons one can ask to fill in for a dinner party at the last minute?
5. When one is introducing Mr. Jones to Mr. Smith, is it proper to say, "Mr. Jones, my friend Mr. Smith?"
6. How should a divorced man and woman act if they should by chance meet in public?

ANSWERS

1. It is not absolutely necessary, although a hostess is always grateful to receive a reply. 2. All gifts of jewelry, including the engagement ring and photographs and letters. 3. No; at an informal dinner the men and women usually leave the table together. 4. Ask only a very intimate friend, as it is a fact for the asking. The host friend will accept, as he never knows when he may want to ask you to do the same thing. 5. Not if Mr. Jones is also a friend. This expression implies that Mr. Smith is only your friend. 6. A courteous bow is all necessary.

MORNING BLUES DIS-APPEAR when breakfast includes Maxwell House... the choice blend of Latin-American coffees that stimulates and cheers you. Start the day well with Maxwell House.

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ISSUE 48-1945

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The Vitamin B₁ Tonic
Contains Vitamin B₁ and Essential Food Minerals
Extensively used for headache, loss of sleep, nervous indigestion, irritability, anemia, chronic fatigue, and exhaustion of the nervous system.
60 pills, 60 cts.
Economy size, 120 pills, \$1.50.

DARK LIGHTNING By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER III
"I'll have to be going soon," Gary reminded her. "I've been enough trouble to you. And I'm going to pay back everything, you know—the nurse and the doctor and all. It may take me a couple of years, but I'll pay."
"Of course," Mona Lee was too wise a woman to begin protesting that he owed them nothing.
When they propped Gary Tallman up in bed at last and let Slim come up to shave him, he looked out the window at the green world where a lazy rain was falling, and then brought his eyes back to Adelaide. She was scribbled on the foot of the bed, holding the bowl of hot water and laughing at Slim's earnestness as he scraped— and with breathless suddenness Gary saw Mexico sliding off the end of the continent and plunging itself into the Panama Canal—and he never missed it.
He was in love and it hurt.

Then there was the morning when they let him put his feet on the floor and stagger over to a rocking chair and sit there feeling giddy while the mattress was turned. That was the morning that Mona Lee Mason came in with her amazing suggestion. "Harvey says, Gary, that if you want to sue me for damages on account of your injuries, you can probably collect from my insurance company."
Gary's voice rose to an angry yell. "See you? See you? What Harvey you'd say that?" she said. Mona Lee looked at him with eyes that misted a little. "I told Harvey you'd say that," she said. Two weeks from the day of the accident, they let Gary go downstairs. His arm was still in a sling, but he could stand alone.
The front door banged open and three people barged in. Grace, with a little but over one eye and heavy mascara on her lashes, and her husband and a man Gary had never seen before.

"Hello, you'll," Grace kissed her father on the forehead, flicked a gloved hand at her mother, took an olive out of the dish. "Hello, Wreck. How are you?"
"You know Ol— and this is Bob Ferguson, Mr. Tallman, Bob. Mom's orphan."
"Pull up chairs, gang," Harvey Mason gestured hospitably.
"Can't do it, Dad. We're having dinner at the Dutchman's. And then we're going dancing. We came for Adelaide. Get some clothes on, Adie, and let's go."
"I'm not going," Adelaide said. "I've come home with the milkman and met the rooster at the gate every morning this week. I'm tired. I want to read a good book."
"Oh, I see," said Ferguson, nastily. "It's a book."
"Have a pleasant evening—with your book!" said Bob Ferguson meaningly, as they went out. Gary was so happy he was a little drunk though he knew how brief this happiness was, and how soon it would be ended. But he had tonight.

They played dominoes, because Gary could play with one hand. The white spots on the blocks
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The Versatile Muffin



When you're short on desserts, remember the muffin. When you're looking for a prop for your stage, remember the muffin. Having quiring little sugar, hot Bran Muffins offer a nut-brown goodness, whether served with your favorite jelly, with creamy cottage cheese, or with peanut butter spread.

BRAN MUFFINS
3/4 cup shortening 3/4 cup milk
1/4 cup sugar 1/2 cup sifted flour
1 egg 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup bran 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Stir until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) 25 to 30 minutes.
Yield: 8 muffins (2 1/2 inches in diameter).
Victory Bran Muffins: Omit sugar; beat shortening and egg together thoroughly.
Corn Syrup Bran Muffins: Substitute 3/4 cup corn syrup for sugar; reduce milk to 1/2 cup.
Note: When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add 1/2 teaspoon soda.

DECIDEDLY Mild DEFINITELY Enjoyable

Picobac The Pick of Tobacco

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline Clark
We threshed last Friday. And that completes the round-up of summer chores. At least I think so, but I'm not sure because there is some red clover that we hope to harvest but the continued wet weather has put it down so that I didn't spoil it by asking which he would rather be doing—one shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth.

We had the threshers this time for only one meal and for it I had good help. You see partner was promoted—he helped me with the meal instead of with the threshing. I didn't spoil it by asking which he would rather be doing—one shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth.

And in the house what have I don't? Not very much, I'm afraid. We have been so unsettled, what with the weather and Partner being away. But I have managed to chase a few spiders around—and their number is legion. They were very happily settled down in what they probably hoped were their winter quarters. That also applies to mice. After being free of mice here for months suddenly they were everywhere. One night young John even found one sitting on his bed. He said he couldn't say attempt to catch it because he was afraid of waking us.

Nevertheless I hardly think he slept with the mouse.
Naturally I am taking means to reduce the number of our unwanted guests. And do you know, in spite of modern inventions, the best mousetrap I have used to date is the old-fashioned kind with four holes, one on each side. I don't even bother to put bait on the hooks—just drop a few crumbs where I plan to set the trap and then just set it down on top of the crumbs. And if any of you dislike setting spring traps as much as I do you will know what a relief it is to deal with a trap that won't scare you with a sudden snap.

Is this a trivial subject to write about, do you think? I don't think so. Mice around the house can do a lot to mar the happiness of a home. They are annoying and unsanitary. Who wants to eat food or use dishes that mice have been running over? And if mice are in the house how can anyone be sure where they will go? And what woman can guarantee to stay good-tempered if she finds rodent trademarks over her freshly washed tea towels?

Or it may be that she is alone in the house and trying to like it. She knows there is absolutely nothing to be afraid of, no prowling knights of the road are likely to come her way. She ignores the sound when boards start to creak or when furnace pipes emit a crackling noise. Those are sounds to which she has become accustomed by surprise when suddenly across the stiffness comes a scurry of feet. Where did the sound come from—was it overhead, in the walls, out in the kitchen, or, mercy me, was it mice running across the floor of the room in which she was sitting? But then again, was it mice? Could mice make all that noise? If she were sure it were mice she wouldn't be frightened but it could be rats or squirrels... or, perchance, thought, a skunk might have got into the cellar. Thinking such thoughts is not conducive to quiet, happy evening. It leaves the nerves with frayed edges; it

lowers one's self-respect and finally it makes one feel utterly ridiculous when watchful pussy makes one flying leap and then proudly ambles across the room with one small mouse tightly held between her teeth.

So be warned my friends and the very first time you see or hear a mouse get right down to business. If you don't—well, that mouse may soon be twenty. I don't know the rate of increase but I do know that in three days I caught eight mice.

And now, if you will excuse me, I will set my trap for the night and let me to bed. Boards have already done their cracking but I don't intend to hear the scurry of little feet.

Abraham Gesner, a Canadian geologist, invented and developed the process for making kerosene in 1852.

HE'S COMING HOME

NO NEED to tell him how eager we are to welcome him back.
NO NEED to remind him that our plans for his welfare are as far-reaching and generous as any in the world.
BUT THERE IS NEED to prove that now, with the life-and-death struggle ended, we are as determined and wholehearted as ever in our resolve to give him the best break in the world.

WE WILL BE WATCHING the outcome of this Ninth Loan Drive. He knows that on it depends the success of our plans for his rehabilitation and employment.

There can be only one answer. And that is the overwhelming support, by every Canadian, of Canada's Greatest Victory Loan.

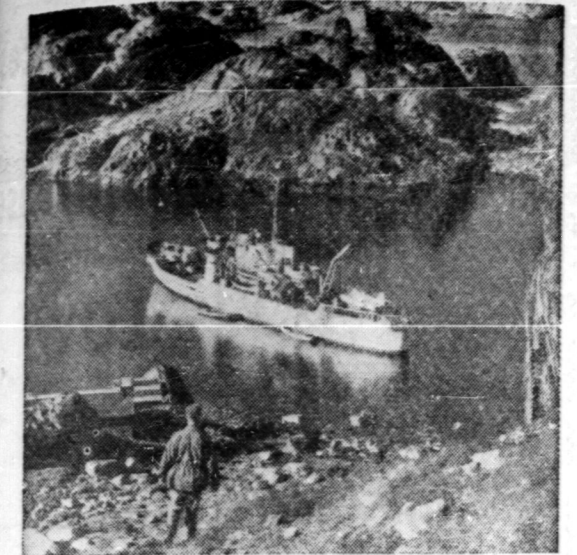
Sign **YOUR** name for Victory

HOTEL METROPOLE
All Beautifully Furnished With Running Water.
Rates: \$1.50 up
NIAGARA FALLS
OPPOSITE C.N.R. STATION

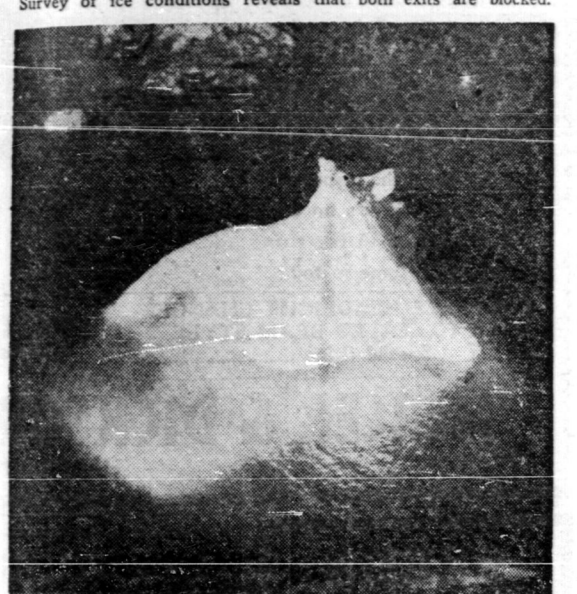
Good News! for folks with sniffly **Head Colds**
Quick relief from the sniffly, sneezy, stuffy distress of head colds is what you want. So try Vicks Vapo-Rol—a few drops up each nostril—reduce congestion, soothe irritation! And prevent many colds from developing if used in time. Try it! Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

COAST GUARD CUTTER RUNS ICEBERG BLOCKADE



FOR FROM CIVILIZATION, the coast guard cutter Storö lies in a narrow channel off Skjoldungen, Greenland. The cutter had been on a mercy mission, to rescue 11 men caught in a landslide survey of ice conditions reveals that both exits are blocked.



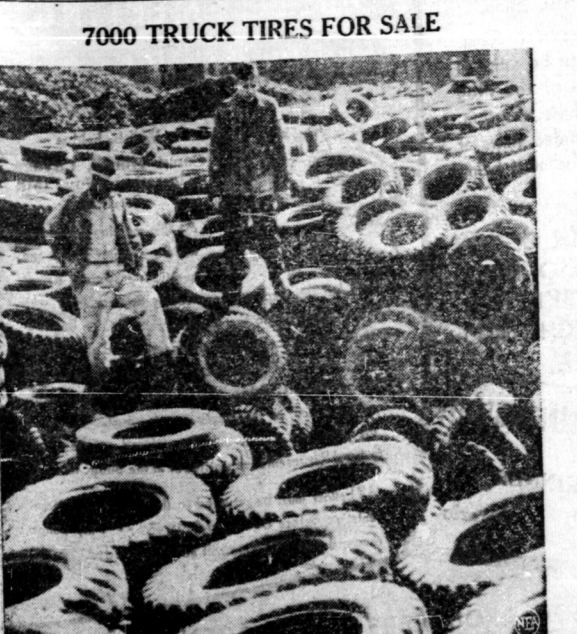
MORE DANGEROUS than surface parts of the icebergs themselves are the submerged ledges of the giant cakes of ice. This view of one of the icebergs shows the underwater ledge extending 40 to 50 feet toward the shore.

TWINS DO A TWO-IN-ONE JOB



Red-haired Michael Leroy, left and Marvin Patrick Quinn, identical twins, are saving RKO a nice piece of money in making the movie, "From This Day Forward." The law limits to two hours the time a baby may appear before the camera, so the youngsters take turns in the role and help speed the filming. That's Joan Fontaine, star of the movie, cuddling them above.

7000 TRUCK TIRES FOR SALE

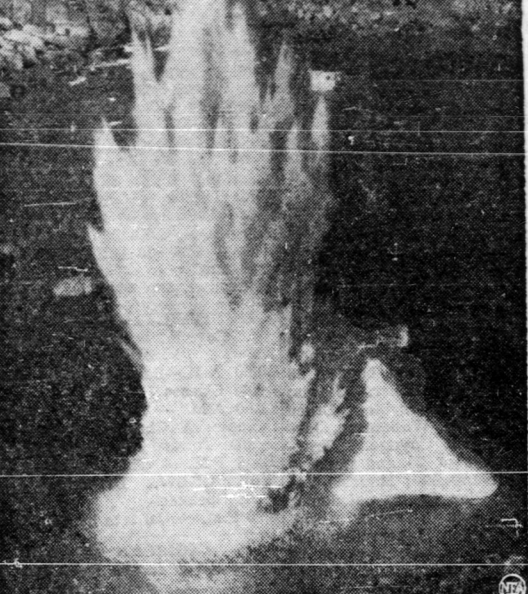


Declared surplus property by the Columbus, Ohio, Army installation, these used Army truck tires, more than 7000 of them, will be sold to the public. Their sale is expected to ease shortages.

JAP SHRINE IS SUICIDE CENTER

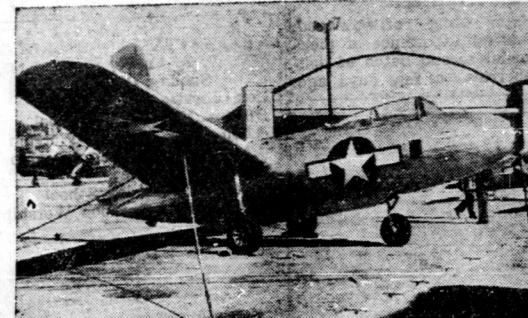


The Japs spent thousands of yen building the memorial, above, on Mount Camoon at Hong Kong, but never completed it. Intended to remind the Chinese of Japanese might, it was used instead by hundreds of Nips as a spot to commit hara kiri. Sgt. J. C. Roussell of the Hong Kong police is showing British naval officers plans for the shrine.



TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION OF TNT sends water shooting 200 feet into the air. First charge just nicked the ledge of ice, but later blasts created a passage large enough to free the stranded ship.

GLIDER CARRIES BOMBERS' FUEL



One of the new developments in military flying equipment displayed in Air Technical Service Command's "Air Fair" at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, is the XF-1 fuel glider, above, designed to carry 400 additional gallons of fuel to extend range of bombers.

UNTIL THE BOYS COME HOME—

Keep writing



Contributed by

DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY

PRESSURE MAN



Sir Walter Citrine, above, British president of the World Trade Union Congress, is expected to ask all democratic nations to sever relations with Argentina when W.T.U.C. meets in Paris.

Good Way To Treat Sore, Painful Piles

If you suffer agonizing torture from sore, painful, itching piles, here is a chance to try a simple, home treatment with the promise of a reliable firm to refund the cost if you are not satisfied with the results.

Simply get a bottle of Hem-Roid from any drugstore. This is an internal treatment whose action is directed to the removal of the cause of pile formation—to small blood vessels in the rectum and anal area. As the treatment is continued the swelling and inflammation are relieved, pain subsides and the sore, painful pile tumors heal over, leaving the rectal membranes clean and healthy. Get a bottle of Hem-Roid today and see for yourself what an easy pleasant this is to rid yourself of pile misery.

NOTE: The sponsor of this notice is a reliable firm, doing business here in a chance to try a simple, home treatment with the promise of a reliable firm to refund the cost if you are not satisfied with the results.

Due to existing conditions in the United States, where strikes have interrupted gasoline production, there is "considerable uncertainty" regarding future gasoline supplies to the United Kingdom, he said. In addition, the dollar expenditure on oil purchases is very considerable and we must seek to reduce it.

The present gasoline ration ranges from four to seven gallons a month, dependent upon the horsepower of the holder's motorcar.

Britain Continues To Ration Gasoline

Gasoline rationing in Britain will continue and "for the present" there will be no increase in the ration. Fuel Minister Shinwell told the House of Commons.

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The present gasoline ration ranges from four to seven gallons a month, dependent upon the horsepower of the holder's motorcar.

NETI SARGE WEATHER YOUR MINARD'S SOLDIERS RUB OUT TIRED ACHES MINARD'S LINIMENT