Beauty Recipe

famous for 30 years



A Time-tested and Proved Recipe for a Flawless Complexion

To make the darkest, roughest skin soft, clear and velvety-smooth -– to end blackheads, enlarged pores and other skin defects — try this recipe. Mix one ounce of pure cream of milk (pre-digested) with one ounce of olive oil. You can have it prepared by your chemist, but making a small quantity is expensive. You can get it cheaply — already prepared in Creme Tokaion (Vanishing non-greasy). This actually contains pre-digested dairy cream and olive oil combined with other valuable nourishing and tonic ingredients scientifically blended in correct proportions. Crème Tokalon restores youthful freshness to the skin in a most amazing way. One woman writes: "After only 3 days' use of Crème Tokalon my skin became so clear, so fresh, so lovely, I could hardly believe my eyes. Try Crème Tokalon (White non-greasy), the time-tested and proved recipe for a flawless complexion. Successful results flawless complexion. Successful results guaranteed with Crème Tokalon or money refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and

'WE POLES ARE STILL FIGHTING

Countess Wodzicka Continues Her Story

HERE are many stories of prepared to betray his country. Hitler Countess Wodzicka. "I told himself. you mine last week. But that does not mean to say that Poland is dead.

"The outstanding thing about Poland is her national spirit. From the First Partition of Poland in 1772 until the recognition of the Republic of Poland by the Treaty of Versailles in 1919 we Poles had no land to call our own. Yet we retained our racial integrity. So the occupation of Poland by Germany and Russia will not mean the extinction of Poland.

"In France Hitler found Petain to put at the head of his puppet government. In Norway he found Quisling. But in Poland he has found no one who is

As You Were

MUCH water has flowed under bridges since 1914-1918. In those times girls were still shysome of them-but Khaki boys were pretty much then as now. I temember, one day about midway in the Great War, my service duties took me walking down an unfrequented lane somewhere in England. I was enjoying the temporary escape from people and traffic when round a curve swung a company of young soldiers in charge of a juvenile officer. They were marching along quietly, but, catching sight of me, the officer gave a sharp order and the men broke instantaneously into a lusty rendering of "The parson is waiting for me and my gal," and every man of that company, as he passed, rolled a pair of glad eyes at me. Was I embarrassed?

Khaki boys are Khaki boys still, but in these latter days girls can take it.

—М.H.M.

MUSTARD MUST BE MIXED - COLMAN'S Mustard M.18

escape from Poland," said is forced to do his unpleasant work

No More Scottish Brides

"To-day, thanks to General Sikorski's quick-witted move in co-operating with Churchill after the Fall of France, Poland is an active ally in the war. An army corps has been assigned to defend an important sector of the Scottish coast. And apparently we Poles have a lot in common with the Scots. At any rate the Scottish girls and the Polish men seemed to get on rather well, and there was a record number of marriages in this particular sector. But now, unfortunately, the Commanding Officer has stepped in and announced that in future no more marriages are to take place. He explained to his men that if they were really in love they could prove it by waiting for their sweethearts till after the war.

"A few ships of the Polish navy escaped from the Baltic and are cooperating with the British Fleet, and thirty-six vessels of the merchant marine are helping to keep the food lines open for Britain. And besides this there is a scheme in hand for training thousands of Polish troops in Canada.

The Polish Air Force

"But I suppose the Air Force is the most important part of our Polish war effort. It has grown considerably since the war began, and when we were in England my husband and I naturally saw a great deal of it. There are now about 2,000 fully trained pilots in the British Isles alone, besides some 10,000 members of the ground staff. One of the most renowned pursuit squadrons in the R.A.F. is the Kosciuszko Squadron, which was originally formed by Americans in 1920, during the war with Russia. Every member is a veteran pilot with a record of more than a thousand hours in the air, and many of the pilots of this squadron fought in Poland and France before coming to Britain.

"And inside Poland the struggle is still going on, though it has to be an underground one, and it is here that the women of Poland are playing their part in the struggle for freedom. In spite of German restrictions on newsprint, over a hundred anti-Nazi newspapers are being published and distributed, although any such activity is punishable by death.

The News Gets Out

"But Poland's women are chiefly asserting themselves by organising a courier service from Poland to the outside world, so as to supply to the Allies information of military importance. I mentioned before that every person who escapes from Poland is expected to carry dispatches. But besides this, Polish women have banded together to ensure a regular service between Poland and

the outside world.

"The fact that men are easily hoodwinked by women is usually ascribed by men to men's innate chivalry. But though the members of the Gestapo are in general lacking in this quality, Poland's liberation."

The Debutante

 M^Y heart is throbbing with a thousand loves,

For all the lovely things this world can show-

The giddy dance of all that in it moves, The whirling to and fro;

The ceaseless rhythm of the heated blood

Within my veins, that like a rising flood Gives promise of destruction and delight In its headlong flight.

I LOVE the movement of exulting throngs

That flit and flutter in a coloured world; I love the constant beat of common songs From bursting hearts out-hurled.

I love the stamp of feet, the waving arms.

The laughter tearing through the burdened air

In some gay dance-hall, broken by alarms

semi-frights-a passing fit of " scare ";

The bubbling liquor and the ready wit-Oh! Oh! the joy of it.

HO there, the orchestral Fiddles and drums,

Cymbals and clanging horns, keep to the beat!

Lo, there the debutante! See where she comes

With her rhythm-drunken feet! Play up the saxophones, whistle and blare,

Give her the welcome she's looking for there.

You at the piano! Talk with your hands As her spirit demands!

I BATHE in ecstasy! My head is light! Passion is on the prowl! I feel his breath

About my ears like a winnowing blight That whispers "death."

O lovely death in life! I wait you here Amidst the joys of laughter and hot cheer.

Here at the very peak of the adventure

Could lay me down and die.

MY sight is failing, weary grow the feet:

Soft languor wraps me in a thousand charms;

The moonlight beckons and the night is sweet-

I sink within his arms!

The distant music of the blaring band Still reaches me, as in his searching hand

I place my own and quaff the proferred

And drink the poison up. -H. E. Gunter

my country women by sabotage, by assisting in the distribution of anti-Ger-

man propaganda, and by their wellorganised messenger service, are doing a great deal to make life uncomfortable and even dangerous for Hitler's army of occupation and to hasten the day of