MEAN TO TELL ME IF I EAT THIS CRISP BREAKFAST CEREAL, I CAN DO WITHOUT MY "REMEDIES"

"Before I discovered All-Bran I was always suffering from either constipation or harsh cathartics, and I don't know which was worse. Now I know a better way is to *prevent* it. For common constipation, due to lack of bulk in the diet, eat Kellogg's All-Bran regularly and drink plenty of water. All-Bran supplies the needed bulk and also intestinal tonic vitamin B_1. It's great to be 'regular' again." All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in London, Canada. Sold by all grocers.

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GET YOUR OUNCE OF PREVENTION EVERY DAY

Lost Kingdom . .

by OREN ARNOLD

CHAPTER 1

The postmaster at Blanco Canyon peered over his spectacles in order to study Robert Barry.

"Looks like you'd oughta come in every week, young feller," he remarked. "Here's a passel of it. More'n all the rest put together."

Bob smiled in acknowledgment, but his interest was centered on the armful of mail. There were nearly 20 magazines; two or three, concerning archaeology and prehistoric people, the postmaster had never heard of before. Several Sunday editions of New York newspapers added bulk. And neatly tied by the postmaster for convenience was a stack of letters three inches high. Bob took these and grunted "Hunh" in surprise.

They were mostly long business envelopes, with typed addresses. They were not entirely unexpected, but—

"Yes! Yes sir!" Bob remembered to be cordial. "Guess I ought to, at that. But I have to ride horseback for 20 miles just to come in to Blanco Canyon. Can't you and Jim Farley arrange to send me rural delivery?"

They laughed over the joke and Bob went outside. He stored the bulk mail in his car, then thumbed the letters. He opened the first one, and for the next half hour sat on the running board of his sedan and read his mail, oblivious of Arizona's autumn unshine which still retained much of its summer power.

* * *

Eight of the letters were answers to a long classified advertisement which he had mailed to New York newspapers a month ago. Of these, one instantly excited him:

"Dear Dr. Barry:

You have advertised for a partner to explore the ancient cliff dwelling on your ranch. That sounds great; I think I am the partner you need. I will leave New York day after tomorrow, and so should reach Blanco Canyon, Arizona, by Tuesday, accordnig to the schedule.

I note your warning that we will be isolated in a wilderness, miles from any town. That won't matter. I know older people think we younger ones can't be happy without a crowd, but I will prove it isn't so. My father was like that, too. You may have heard of him—Elworth C. Lane — because he went to Harvard too. Class of 1898. Father didn't study archaeology, though. (You see I know you are a Harvard graduate because my lawyers reported that. I had them investigate you before writing.) Also I expect to do some of the work. I mean, something besides just putting up the money. I know a little about archaeology already. And I'm reading books.

You can investigate me to be sure you are satisfied as to my financial rating. (My lawyers said you would probably want to do that.) I enclose cashier's check for $5,000, for good faith, and will pay the remainder when I arrive.

Cordially yours,
M. M. LANE.

P. S. I will wait for you at the leading hotel in Blanco Canyon."

Bob re-read the letter hastily, and in some alarm. He hastened back into the postoffice.

"Say, Mr. Withers," he called to the postmaster, "when does that motor stage get in from Tucson?"

"Tuesdays and Saturdays. Today's Tuesday you know."

"Yes, but what hour?"

"Due 'bout 1 o'clock. They have grub here, you know, then go on to—"

"One o'clock! Jiminy! Well, it's lucky I came in today, else—"

" 'Smatter, Mr. Barry? Bad news? You got to leave?" The postmaster was a friendly soul.

"No, no! Nothing like that. Just happens a man, a man named Lane, is coming out from the East to see me on business, and is due in today. I didn't expect him so soon. In fact, I didn't expect him at all, until I could write around some. He sort of took me off my feet. But his letter reads sensibly enough, I suppose. He went on—"

Delight To A Scientist

Bob Barry halted his talk. The inslination of a man who has been alone for weeks at a time is to be highly sociable in town, but after all this was private business.

"—oh it's just a little land matter," he evaded, and grinned good-naturedly at the postmaster.

He began thinking rapidly. If this fellow Lane believed in action, as he obviously does, maybe I'd better snap into it myself, Bob reasoned. This cashier's check proves it. "What a break!" he whispered to himself in elation. It was better luck than he had dared expect. The other letters, in response to the advertisement, were mostly cagey, cautious. But here was money actually in hand, far more than he needed. He could go ahead, at once, with a project that had intrigued him for almost a year. His scientist's mind was clicking delightfully now. He gave immediate thought to organizing the party which could explore the cliff dwelling in the Montezuma mountain range.

"We'll need a cook," he reasoned. "I'll go see old Three Horses."

We Need A Cook

Three Horses was an Indian who seemed to have lived forever, and who loafed eternally now around the village of Blanco Canyon. He was wise in his way.

"Need good cook," Bob Barry explained, patiently. "You ketchum me good cook, Three Horses. Savvy? Cook beans, bread, meat, everything outdoors. Me go long camping trip. You savvy? You send me Indian who can cook white man's grub. All right?"

Three Horses wouldn't be rushed. He had to be primed with a cigar, a bag of candy, and the purple silk neckerchief which Bob wore jauntliy around his collar. But in the end he promised.

"Have the cook come to my shack over there," Bob pointed toward the distant hills. "And next time I see you, it's a dollar for you. Good cook. White man's grub. Hurry."

Bob next thought to begin buying provisions, but he decided to wait. Maybe this fellow Lane would have some ideas. At any rate he would be the financial backer, with a half interest in the entire proceeding. Courtesy at least demanded that he be consulted, since he was due so soon.

What's Lane Like?

Bob spent the remaining hour wondering what sort of fellow Lane would be. His letter sounded a trifle—well, youngish. Hope the man isn't a dudish type. Or spoiled rich. That wouldn't do so well in the outdoors. Bob wanted a partner who could work up an energy as well as an enthusiasm for this exploration trip. That old cliff dwelling—a remarkable prehistoric castle up 600 feet on the sheer side of a rock wall—was probably the most important ruin in North America. It would take long, lonely weeks, but Bob felt that he might excavate it thoroughly and solve the age-old problem of what became of the cliff people. They were, indeed, a forgotten race, a lost kingdom. No scientist knew what became of them. Any scientist would gain fame and wealth if he could learn the answer. It fascinated Robert Wilson Barry, called Bob.

Dust down the highway heralded the coming of the motor bus, on time. Bob walked to the postoffice, where it would stop.

The driver threw out a bag of mail, and stood by the door to assist one passenger out. Bob strained to catch a first glimpse of his man, M. M. Lane.

No man got off, however. Bob felt let down. He'd have to wait until next Saturday now, and he had been thoroughly aroused about it all. His face turned long in disappointment.

But then the lone passenger, a girl, came up to him.

"Pardon me," she addressed Bob, "but is there—a hotel? The town is much smaller than I expected."

A suspicion instantly struck Bob!

He glared at her, almost fiercely. He fumbled with his hat.

"You — you —" he stammered, "What's your name?"

She smiled, rather beautifully but in amused surprise too.

"Why, it's Lane. I'm Mary Melissa Lane. I am looking for a Dr. Barry, my business partner."

(To Be Continued)

Easter Oddities

Good Friday was known to the Danes as Long Friday, because sermons of great length were preached on that day.

Bun Eating is not a recent custom. The first people to eat buns were the Egyptians, and the word "bun" is derived from "bous," a horned cake which was an effigy of their sacred heifer. The bun represented the moon and the cross its four quarters, and was worshipped by the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians.

Throwing at Cocks was a popular pastime at Easter Monday fairs about 100 years ago. Men and boys stood some distance away and hurled heavy sticks at cocks, in the same way as they shy at coconuts to-day. This barbarous sport was a salve to their consciences, because the cock crowed thrice during the denial of Our Lord by Peter!

Mobbed for Smiling: In many American towns all businesses, transport and pleasure used to cease on Good Friday from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m., as a reminder of the Crucifixion, and people have been mobbed for smiling and lynched because they ignored this unwritten law.

If your skin is dry and chapped, try washing it in warm milk.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Once again the world is preparing for that beautiful Spring Pageant of Easter. What a wonderful privilege to be able to quietly meditate upon that beautiful message of Peace and Hope, which all Christendom commemorates at Eastertide. Then of course, there will be the usual Easter parades and the observance of all Easter traditions. To the homemaker, is presented a panoramic parade of baked ham, the decorations of the egg and the rabbit sprinkled with lovely spring flowers, and everyone striving everywhere to get the first glimpse of freshness and beauty, which heralds the arrival of spring.

For your Easter dinner I thought probably you would like this arrangement of menu.

Easter Dinner
Chilled Grape Juice
Roast Ham
(platter garnishings—half pears filled with red currant jelly).
Potato Nests with green peas.
Ginger Ale Salad
Cheese Wafers
Orange Pie
Coffee Milk
Lavender and yellow mints.

Platter Garnishings—

Fill canned pears with red currant jelly and, if you wish, you can have the pears appear really rabbit-like by making tiny ears from some marshmallows, and pink eyes made with gumdrops. I know you will find the correct shade if you will just watch for them. These pear decorations can be placed on platter alternately with devilled eggs. The whole placed on lettuce nests presents a real Easter appearance.

Baked Ham

Choose ham in size according to the size of family. Wipe ham with damp cloth and place in roasting pan with heavy side up. Pour about one inch of water in pan. Cover pan very closely and bake in a very slow oven until ham is tender. About 30 minutes should be allowed for each pound. When ham is tender, drain off liquid and carefully remove the skin. Mix crumbs and brown sugar — in proportion, three parts sugar to one of crumbs, and 1 teaspoon of mustard. Rub on the fat surface on the ham with this mixture as a heavy coat. Score in diamonds and centre the diamonds with whole cloves. Sprinkle with paprika and place in the oven uncovered to brown. Transfer carefully to heated platter surrounded by the pears and eggs on nests.

Ginger Ale Salad

1½ tablespoons gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 pint ginger ale
¾ cup diced peaches
½ cup maraschino cherries
½ cup diced pineapple
Lettuce
Salad Dressing
Mint leaves.

Soften gelatine in cold water then set container in warm water until the gelatine is melted. Add lemon juice and ginger ale, mixing well. Have individual molds ready rinsed in cold water (I hope you have some rabbit molds). Place three mint leaves (water cress makes a good substitute) in bottom of molds. Place about one tablespoon of gelatine mixture in mold, enough to cover leaves. Set in the refrigerator or where very cold, to mold. When the rest of gelatine mixture is cool (not set), stir in the prepared fruit. When molds have been set, fill with the rest of mixture. When ready to serve unmold on shredded lettuce and serve with salad dressing, which has been thinned with whipped cream. (Pineapple must be cooked pineapple or it will not jell.)

Orange Pie

1 cup sugar
4½ tablespoons Benson's cornstarch
1 cup orange juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¾ cup boiling water
3 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup of diced orange sections
Baked Pie shell.

Place orange and lemon juice and boiling water in double boiler. Mix the corn starch with cold water very thoroughly until smooth and add to the mixture in double boiler. Mix well and stir until thickened. Boil for ten minutes. Beat egg yolks well; pour thickened mixture over the eggs beating well. Return to double boiler and cook for five minutes. Add the orange segments, which have had all white removed and cut very finely. Pour into baked shell. Beat egg whites very stiffly, adding 1 tablespoon of fruit sugar and 1 tablespoon of corn starch. Add to top of pie and brown lightly in a medium oven. Then chill.

READERS, WRITE IN!

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto."

JUMPER OUTFIT OR SUN DRESS

By Anne Adams

The kindergarten brigade can lead a "double life" with this clever Pattern, Anne Adams' 4314! For it makes a smart jumper outfit now, and may later be turned into a sun-dress. The jumper is so easy to make, with its circular, flaring skirt that has no side seams. Lace-trim the sweet little blouse, or you might add a small colllar. The elfin cap looks jaunty in a fabric to match the jumper. Bloomers are also included in this useful four-garment pattern.

Pattern 4314 is available in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, jumper and cap, takes 1⅝ yds. 35 inch fabric and blouse, ¾ yard contrast; sun-dress, 1⅝ yds. 35 inch fabric.

Send Twenty Cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly Size, Name, Address and Style Number.

Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Minister Urges More Laughter

Better To Be Cheerful Than Glum, Declares London, Ont. Cleric

"In these days we ought to laugh more than we do. It is better to laugh than to cry and it is better to be cheerful than glum."

So declared Rev. Dr. W. E. MacNiven, minister of Metropolitan United Church, London, Ont., at a rally in Windsor, Ont., sponsored by the Essex Presbytery Lay Association of the United Church of Canada. Dr. MacNiven was explaining his reason for opening his address with a number of "howlers," which certainly "clicked" with the audience.

Splash cold water over your throat and chin for that thickening line.

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DOUBLE AUTOMATIC BOOKLET

Exploding Public Enigma Number One

by MYRTLE WEAVER

(The author of this article is the wife of a typical Canadian business man, with a business background herself, and with children approaching voting age. The thoughts which Mrs. Weaver expresses out of her fresh concern for Canada not only bespeak the average Canadian mind at this time, but possess a shrewd insight into the critical situation that faces the Dominion.)

Have you ever heard anyone say: "I don't know HOW to vote." "What CAN one believe?" "If a candidate IS elected, what can he do?"

Multiply my futility of outlook by that of one hundred thousand, or several hundred thousand others, and what have you? An intelligent electorate?

Have you ever carelessly critiure that promised simply personal advantage? — community advantage? — I have.

Multiply my desire for something which will further my interests, and what have you? A national benefit?

Have you ever varelessly criticized a candidate of the "other" party? Have you ever been influenced by public denunciation, or whispering suggestion, vitriolic abuse, innuendo or ridicule? I have.

Have you ever taken the trouble to sift idle rumours? Have you ever used a pencil to make figures take their rightful places? Have you ever kicked the snowball of suspicion apart before it assumed mountainous proportions? I have NOT. Is the result an atmosphere of national goodwill — free from prejudice?

Recognizing these things, what contribution am I able to make to effect a change in present conditions? What am I willing to do?

First, keep an open mind.

Refrain from destructive criticism.

Appreciate the sacrifice of men who give their lives to public service.

Take time to think constructively and express to each candidate the policy that I should like to see adopted for Canada's national needs, an example of which is our need for release from sectional interests and fear of material change. Freedom from these should result in cumulative effectiveness of all forms of thought and service.

The late Lord Tweedsmuir expressed this thought pointedly in his statement to the Canadian Institute of International Affairs in Montreal, October 12th, 1937, when he said (in part), "If the Commonwealth, in a crisis, is to speak with one voice, it will only be because the component parts have thought out for themselves their own special problems, and made their contribution to the discussion so that a true common factor of policy can be reached."

I am prepared to do this. Are you?

Apathy can only be routed by a determination to know facts, face facts, use facts: by assuming the responsibility of citizenship.

Multiply one responsible citizen by one hundred thousand, or several hundred thousand, and what have you?

An electorate grounded by futility?

No! A Vital Nation — A True Democracy.

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