"I have used all kinds of pills and powders, but nearly everything gave me a great deal of discomfort. I have been eating KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN now for about five months, and it has done me so much good! I will never be without ALL-BRAN in the house," writes Mrs. E. Goodale, Hamilton, Ontario.

Try ALL-BRAN'S "Better Way" to *correct* constipation due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in your diet. But remember, ALL-BRAN doesn't work like cathartics. It takes time. Get ALL-BRAN at your grocer's, in two convenient size packages, or ask for the individual serving package at restaurants. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

MARRYING MARK . . . .

by

Violette Kimball Dunn

CHAPTER 23

CHAPTER 24

Mark took Valerie to the dentist's the next morning, which seemed to Dorothy an answer to prayer. She was fresh from her day with Elise, and worked up to an increased state of righteous indignation. If her sister's child was not freed from the influence of a creature like the Tredway girl before another twenty-four hours, because there was no decency she assured Elise, it would be in the world.

Loucy was in her own sitting room when Dorothy knocked.

Lucy got up courteously, although she could see even now that courtesy was not going to play much part in the conversation. "Will you sit down?" she asked.

Dorothy came in and closed the door.

"Isn't it a nice morning" said Lucy presently. There seemed a need for speech of some sort. "I was so glad when I saw the sun. A dentist seems easier to bear somehow when it's bright, don't you think?"

Dorothy stared at her for a moment without answering. "I won't pretend that this is a social call," she said at last.

If she expected Lucy to question her further, she was disappointed. The girl merely went on with her darning.

"You were unknown to this house on my last visit,' Dorothy said. "Or at least, I suppose you were. You established yourself after I had gone back to my own responsibilities. You probably know that I was here to bury my sister. Seven short months ago!"

"Nine, wasn't it?" Lucy asked cheerfully. "Almost a year ago. Time does fly." There was no answer. She added. "She must have have been very lovely."

"What my sister was doesn't enter into this discussion. I'm going to speak plainly, Miss Tredway, because I have a duty here. Also because there is no one else to do it. Would you care to tell me just when and where my brother-in-law found you?"

Cross Examination

Lucy started. "Found" was such a terribly accurate description.

"Judge Brown of Allington, and Mr. Barrows, president of the Melton Bank, recommended me," she said. "They were old friends of my father."

"When?" asked Dorothy. "I mean, how long has it been going on?"

"If you mean how long is it since Mr. Alexander engaged me to tutor Valerie, I'm afraid I don't know exactly. Sometime in the early summer of last year.

"Have you a mother?"

"No,' said Lucy flatly. She added nothing to the statement.

"That may explain it. At least partially. How old are you?"

Lucy put down her darning. She was very careful about it, laying her mother's gold thimble in its case, and putting away her little scissors. After this was done, she looked deliberately at Dorothy.

"Do you know I'm just a little tired of answering questions," she said. "Wouldn't you like to tell me what it is you want?"

"Very well, then. I want you to pack your things and leave this house. You may take whatever gifts my brother-in-law may have given you, but I want you to go as soon as possible. I see no reason why it shouldn't be at once."

"Perhaps you'd care to tell me whose authority you have for dismissing me?" asked Lucy. She was surprised to see how quiet she was ,and how cold.

"The authority of common decency. The authority of my concern for my sister's only child." She was annoyed, and a little afraid of the cool-eyed young woman who looked at her so disconcertingly. The girl had not taken the thing as she expected. "Come, my dear Miss —what is your name?"

Will Lucy Leave?

"Tredway," said Lucy. "Have you forgotten? You used it only a moment ago. Mr. Alexander engaged me to come here. Anyone can see what my influence on Valerie has been. It was my idea that if her father wanted to get rid of me he would naturally let me know."

Dorothy sat staring at her. "You're a great deal harder than you look, aren't you?" she said. "Perhaps this isn't altogether a new experience for you. I'm perfectly willing to speak more plainly. In the course of my visits with a dozen different women during yesterday, I made a point of questioning them. They were all my sister's friends. Women of wealth and position. They assured me—all of them—that if present conditions continued here, they would refuse to allow their children to remain friends with Valerie."

Lucy had no way of knowing that this was the purest fiction, invented at the moment to bolster up a failing argument. She couldn't, of course, tell that Dorothy and Elise had spent a quiet gossipy afternoon in Elises apartment.

She stood and clasped her hands tightly. If this was true—if she was really hurting Valerie—there was only one thing to do.

"But I'll have to speak to Mr. Alexander first," she cried. "How can I sneak away, as if I' done something I was ashamed of? I've been terribly happy here—they've been so good to me! I couldn't bear to have them think me ungrateful—"

(To Be Continued)

Bacon For Britain Some Pork For Us

Ann Rutherford, in the Stratford Beacon-Herald, Tells How To Use What Britain Doesn't Need

Bacon and ham are being sent over to Britain in increasing quantities, as Canadian producers get into their stride. Such emphasis has been placed on the need for such food that the other parts of pork have been decidedly neglected. People got the idea they should stop eating pork in order to send more across the seas. That idea would not work, for there are many cuts which are not suitable for shipping but which afford perfect meals right here.

There are spare ribs, for example. They could not be shipped out. They belong right here, with or without a filling of sauerkraut to bring out that delicious flavor.

There's pork tenderloin, a meat fit for a King. Neat squares of it, suitably dressed, are equally at home on the banquet table or at dinner in the kitchen. It doesn't go to Britain.

And what about pig's feet? And hocks? Pickled trotters may not look enticing, but they have within them that certain something which defies description. They are, in the best sense of the word, toothsome, whether the tooth be natural or store variety.

Sausages need no brief from any one. Served au naturel with apple rings, with tomato slices with ketchup or relish or plain mustard, they take second place to no meat at breakfast, dinner or supper. Little sausages or big ones, flanked by scalloped potatoes or baking powder biscuits—ah me! The flavor lingers!

Last but not least, there's headcheese. It's messy stuff in the making, but the end justifies the means. The ugly head, resolved into its meaty parts and moulded into a quivering jelly was a standby in pioneer times. It helped to nourish brawny men and noble women. It does the same nowadays, when it gets the chance. There are those who claim it is quite the choicest of all pork tidbits. We'd hardly go as far as that. Suffice it to remark that nectar and ambrosia wouldn't stand a chance on a cold winter's evening in the lamplight when the headcheese is set out on the table in all its glory.

Totality

"We are returning to Canada more convinced than ever that if we expect to halt and overcome the Nazi hordes, everybody has got to sacrifice a great deal more than at present. This race is going to go to the swift. There is no time to be lost. The only way to win is through sheer totality of undertaking."—Statement by the party of Canadian newsmen on their return from Great Britain.

TWO-PIECE FROCK IS GOOD MIXER

By Anne Adams

Build your wardrobe solidly on the two-piece frock! You'll get double wear and double enjoyment out of making Pattern 4910 by Anne Adams. The blouse is unusually trim with a scalloped lapel collar, a set-in belt that shows off a tiny waist and minimizes a large one. Make it with long, three-quarter, or short sleeves. The skirt has a centre panel in front to give it just the right amount of flare. Mix the skirt with other blouses, mix the jacket with other skirts. Make both in a bonnie plaid woollen for chic mid-season wear. The clearly illustrated directions in the Sewing Instructor help you to get that neatly tailored look. Why not make an extra jacket or skirt of contrast fabric?

Pattern 4910 is available in misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16, jacket and skirt, takes 2⅝ yards 54 inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins, (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

"Her temper flared at the least thing. Little did she know that too much tea and coffee was giving her a case of caffeine-nerves. Then some meddling relative persuaded her to try Postum. Before the end of a month she was laughing at me."

• • •

Drinking caffeine-beverages often causes headaches, indigestion and frayed nerves. If you are nervous and irritable why not switch to Postum for 30 days. Delicious Instant Postum is entirely free from caffeine. Made instantly in the cup — there is no waste, no bother. Order economical Instant Postum from your grocer.

P142 POSTUM

Goebbels Has A Premonition

Propaganda Minister Goebbels writes in the weekly Das Reich that the "Axis powers are really fighting for bare existence, and the worries and distress which we all must bear in the war would pale in the face of the inferno which would await us if we were to lose."

The article says that Hitler's work "often enough hung on a silken thread," and that "the chance which the German nation possesses is indeed its greatest, but also its last."

The article tells the German people "not to ask when victory will come, but rather to see to it that it comes."

Victory, Goebbels wrote, would require a "gigantic national effort" from which no one could be exempted.

"We can be victorious and we will be victorious," he continued.

"Just as a war which is won will benefit us all so a war which is lost would smash us all up. As always in the great hours of history our people has its fate in its own hands."

Arctic Indians Donate $432.00

The Old Crow Indians who live north of the Arctic Circle in Yukon territory near the Alaska boundary have sent to Resources Minister Crearar $432 for the relief of bombed out children in the United Kingdom, it was learned at Ottawa.

Dollars come hard to the Crow Indians, most northerly of all North American bands in Canada, so this gift meant much to them. Indians rarely live as far north as the Arctic Circle, usually considered Eskimo territory, but Crow Indians have hunted and trapped along the Crow River for generations.

This summer they took their catch of last winter to a trader in Alaska and were paid in United States dollars. Then Chief Moses, who had been told of the bombings in London, took up a collection in the band. He headed the list with $100 and some 24 Indians made up the balance.

The chief tied the bills in a red cotton handkerchief and turned it over to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Old Crow station. The Mounties sent the money to Dawson and there it was deposited in a bank and a cheque forwarded to Ottawa.

Mr. Crearar turned the funds over to the British high commissioner's office in Ottawa.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Every homemaker and every family has its favorite food. Some are cherished recipes that have been handed down from one generation to another, frayed, brown-edged scraps of paper, with old-fashioned writing.

We love these old recipes even if they do call for a dozen eggs or more. Today's recipes are more practical, and often just as delicious. Perhaps they will be tomorrow's heirlooms. Anyway the secret is to file or paste in the scrap book the family favorites. Here are four delicacies I know you will want to keep:—

Sweet Potato Slices

6 medium-size sweet potatoes
½ cup honey
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup corn flake crumbs
2 tablespoons butter

Scrub potatoes thoroughly and cook in boiling water until tender. Peel and cut into slices ½-inch thick. Dip in warmed honey and roll in salted corn flake crumbs. Place in greased baking pan and dot with pieces of butter. Bake in moderately hot oven (425°F.) about 25 minutes.

Yield: 6 servings.

Aunt Sue's Corn Flake Drop Cookies

½ cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped nut meats
½ cup chopped dates
2 cups corn flakes

Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly; add eggs and beat until light and fluffy. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt together; add to creamed mixture with nut meats, dates and corn flakes; mix well. Drop from tablespoon onto greased baking sheet, flatten with spatula, and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 15 minutes.

Yield: 3 dozen cookies (2 inches in diameter).

Aunt Jane's Krisp Magic Macaroons

½ cup condensed milk
1 cup shredded cocoanut
1 cup oven-popped rice cereal

Mix condensed milk, cocoanut and oven-popped rice cereal. Drop by spoonfuls onto well-greased baking sheet, about 1 inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 10 minutes or until delicately browned.

Yield: 1½ dozen (2 inches in diameter).

Curried Veal

2 cups sliced onion
½ teaspoon minced garlic
1 cup diced celery
3 tablespoons fat
1 teaspoon curry powder
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups milk
2 cups diced cooked veal
⅓ cup quartered almonds
1 chopped pimiento
3 cups oven-popped rice cereal
3 tablespoons melted butter

Cook onion, garlic and celery in fat until lightly browned. Combine curry powder, salt, pepper and flour; stir into first mixture. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Cook until smooth. Add veal, nutmeats and pimiento; simmer about 10 minutes. Combine crisp cereal and butter and heat thoroughly; pile in centre of platter; surround with curried veal.

Yield: 6 servings.

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." Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Bird Conservation Must Be Continued

Conservation work might be continued in order to maintain the migratory bird resources of North America, reports the Department of Mines and Resources.

Trained investigators of both Canada and the United States agree that their observations of migratory game birds in both countries indicate moderate gains and minor losses, affording a basis for restrained optimism. Information gathered at many points, from southern Mexico to the Arctic coast, indicates that the wild ducks and geese of North America have, in general, increased in numbers during the past year, but that the increase is smaller than is desirable. Coots or mud hens are abundant in their normal range, but rails have suffered both from shooting and from severe winter weather. The population of woodcock, while showing some local improvement, has continued, in general, below normal. Wilson's snipe has been decreasing steadily in numbers for some years and has reached such a low level that the hunting of this bird has been entirely prohibited throughout the United States.

A Busy-Day Cake For Busy Workers

By. KATHARINE BAKER

Canadian women are busier these days than they have been for a long time. Even our social activities are no longer ways of putting in leisure time but have taken on new meaning—bridges, bazaars and all sorts of parties for raisng money for war charities, knitting for the boys in the forces, preparing boxes for overseas.

Of course we're all aware of our first duty on the home front. The health of a nation really depends on its daily diet so we're giving conscientious planning in giving our families wholesome, nourishing and well-balanced meals. Here's a cake that's the answer to your most hectic day.

Busy Day Cake

3 cups sifted cake flour
4 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
2 cups sugar
4 eggs, unbeaten
10 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening
¼ teaspoon salt
Milk as needed

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift together three times. Break eggs into cup and fill cup with milk. Add another cup of milk; then melted butter. Put all ingredients into mixing bowl and beat vigorously 3 minutes. Bake in three greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Spread Fluffy Mocha Frosting between layers and on top of cake.

Fluffy Mocha Frosting

½ cup butter
4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
3½ tablespoons cocoa
¼ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup strong coffee (about)
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup walnut meats, toasted and coarsely broken

Cream butter thoroughly. Sift sugar, cocoa and salt together. Add to butter gradually with coffee until frosting is of right consistency to spread. Add vanilla. Spread between layers and on top of cake. Sprinkle with nuts. Makes enough frosting to spread between and on top of three 9-inch layers.

Churchill Advises Old Chinese Custom

Prime Minister Churchill lightly suggested in his House of Commons speech recently that one of the customs of Ancient China would be of help in evaluating some of the criticizing on his conduct of the war.

"There was a custom in Ancient China that anyone who wished to criticize the Government could memorialize the emperor, and, providing he followed it up by committing suicide, very great respect was paid to his word and no ulterior motive was assigned."

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