Quality Guaranteed

"SALADA" TEA

● SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN CONVOY

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

LAST WEEK: The day before 20,000 soldiers are to leave Canada for England in convoy, naval commanders are called for a conference and told that there will be a Nazi spy among the troops and that utmost caution must be observed. Captains of the freighters that will be among the convoy are then called in and orders are issued for the sailing. The masters are offered the opportunity to withdraw from the dangerous mission, but no one speaks up.

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CHAPTER II

A bull-voiced foghorn blared through the waterfront haze. From a distance two bells clanged monotonously. With khaki coat collar turned up against the knife-edged wind, an Army lieutenant stood leaning on the deck rail as the blacked-out liner gently rose and fell at the dockside.

The giant troopship had gone to sleep. The only sounds that came to his ears other than the bleak fog signals were the occasional sound of a sentry's boot on the deck or a muffled command from the general directon of the bridge.

He couldn't see more than a baseball throw in any direction, but the lieutenant knew a number of camouflaged ocean greyhounds were hugging other piers. The last trainload of troops had pulled in 24 hours ago and all men were now aboard. Endless thousands of small arm ammunition boxes had been stored in the holds. Shore leave passes had been refused. All was in readiness to sail.

Strange, thought Lieutenant Rollins, he had been terribly impatient about sailing until a few hours previously. The long months of rigorous camp training followed by a hectic embarkation leave in Montreal had climaxed in his unit's allocation to this former Polish luxury liner, now known simply as "T 9." That was three days ago and the letdown after all the activity and excitement had been terrific. But things were definitely picking up. The reason was a blond, certainly not more than 24, slightly taller than average, but eminently suitable for a six-foot officer.

Lieutenant Rollins found himself grinning in the darkness. The girl was evidently of the serious-minded type, but that dimple in her left cheek held interesting possibilities. He had noticed it when she was only half-way up the gangplank, and he was trying to make out the color of her eyes when she had looked at him squarely.

He had promptly raised a gloved hand to his service cap in an informal salute and added a wide smile for good measure. She gave him a short fleeting smile in return but it was a somewhat disinterested one.

She stepped briskly from the gangplank and onto "B" deck then marched along with the others to the stairway leading up to "A" deck. Lieutenant Rollins' eyes followed her. She was undoubtedly the prettiest of the 47 nursing sisters bound for a Canadian hospital in England. The amazing thing about it all was he knew he had met that girl somewhere before. It was quite unthinkable, though, that he approach her, bow deeply, and say:

"Pardon me, Sister, but haven't we met somewhere?"

She would speak to him, of course. Would tell him a few casual facts about herself. He would name a few places he had been. She might suggest a few also. Then, in an awkward sort of way, he'd be forced to shrug, laugh lightly and give up. That would never do. He would bring up the previous meeting only after they were on cozy terms

"Lieutenant Rollins, sir?"

The young officer came out of his reverie with a start. He turned to find a sentry at salute.

"Yes, I'm Mr. Rollins."

"The O. C. Troops would like you to come to his quarters immediately, sir."

Lieutenant Rollins felt his way through the darkness to the nearest entrance. He found the door handle and tugged it open to meet even inkier darkness. He reached forward and pushed aside the heavy curtain so placed to prevent light from showing when the door was opened. For a moment he blinked into the corridor lights, then quickly strode down to the suite at the far end. Over it hung a sign, "O. C. Troops."

He knocked twice.

"Come in!"

Colonel L. S. Stephenson, M. C., was seated before a desk. He looked absently at the young officer for a moment.

"Oh yes, Lieutenant, I merely wanted to point out that it is after midnight and unless I am mistaken there are sounds generally associated with singing coming from the direction of the bar. As orderly officer," he paused suggestively, "I must ask you to attend to the matter immediately.

"You will be held accountable for an infraction of lights-out regulations during your period on duty tonight and, by the way, I also have an underlined order to the effect that orderly officers are to report any unusual incident, no matter how slight, that comes within their notice or the notice of the sentries."

The colonel turned to his paper. Rollins saluted, wheeled smartly and stepped out into the corridor.

The officers' bar was having difficulty getting closed when Rollins pushed open the glass doors.

"Break it up, boys," Rollins interrupted, "the O. C.'s orders."

A captain grinned from a stool at the bar.

"Okay, Gregory, and I'll bring along a Scotch in case you're chilly when you come off watch at two."

Rollins winked his thanks. He and Captain Sydney Tees had been friends since the old rugby days at university. In fact, Syd recommended him for his commission with the Royal Westmount Regiment after he had obtained his Officers Training Course Certificate "A."

Back out on deck it seemed increasingly chilly and lonely. Rollins grumbled to himself as he started another long tour of the ship to check on the sentries. All these precautions by the Old Man seemed exaggerated, with the ship still beside a dock that was heavily patrolled by military and Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

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It was about 12.30 when he entered the orderly room on the aft deck. He examined the orders for the next day and grinned widely. Lieutenant Harry Miley was booked as orderly officer and, judging from his exuberation when the bar closed, it would be a painful session.

Suddenly, he and the sergeant working at the desk looked up at one another. They had both heard the noise—a low but unmistakable running through the ship. The sergeant jumped to his feet.

"It's the engines, sir. We must be on our way!"

The lieutenant sh-h-hed him. "Take it easy, sergeant. It will take hours before we . . ."

The door opened and a sentry entered.

"Lieutenant Rollins—quick? I was just on my way here a few seconds ago when I spotted two small flashes, followed by a third a moment later on 'A' deck—seemed to be directly above the main lounge on the port side, I . . ."

Rollins was hurrying out. "Now don't follow me. I'm going to try surprising whoever is up there!"

He slipped through the door and ran on his toes across an open stretch of deck on the port side.

There was no light showing on "A" deck. Slowly he made his way up the steel companionway and lay flat on the top steps so that his eyes cleared the deck level.

For a few seconds the whole deck seemed to be immersed in one big, black shadow. Then things took shape. He could make out the deck chairs stacked against the wall a few feet up. Beyond that there was a large emergency raft. In front of the raft . . . Did that shadow move?

The lieutenant felt his eyes burning with the effort. He was concentrating every ounce of vision on that shadow. Yes, it had moved. It was coming in his direction, seemingly hugging the dark portion of the deck close to the wall.

Rollins reached back gingerly and unbuttoned his service holster. Noiselessly he drew the powerful .45.

The shadow was no more than ten yards away now.

"Halt where you are!" he bit out the command in low even tones, "and lift your hands—high!"

(Continued Next Week)

JUMPER-FROCK FOR WAR WORKERS

By Anne Adams

Your new war work demands a practical, washable uniform that will stand hard wear. You need more than one, so it must be inexpensive too. Pattern 4926 was adapted by Anne Adams from the women's defense uniform designed by the Department of Agriculture, and can be made economically at home. The button-front jumper apron slips on quickly over its own contrast blouse or over your dress. The pockets are set in the skirt seams to keep from tearing and the shoulder straps are cut in-one with the centre panel for the same reason. Make the blouse long or short-sleeved — wear the collar open or closed. Let the Sewing Instructor help you finish quickly!

Pattern 4926 is available in junior miss sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17; misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16, jumper, takes 3 yards 35-inch fabric; blouse, 1⅝ yards contrast.

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.

Length Of Marriage According To Scale

Married life, says the Kitchener Record, continues to be the favorite theme of the jokesters, so it is not surprising to find that someone with keen powers of perception and a fair sense of humor has compiled a matrimonial guide by means of which it is easy to judge how long any given couple has been married. Here is the yardstick, marked in days, weeks, months and years:

If he goes shopping and carries all her parcels without a word—two months.

If he listens intently to all the details of the Thursday Afternoon Bridge Club—under six months.

If she tries so hard to persuade him to go out with the boys for an evening and he doesn't go—three months.

If he does—over three months.

If she believes she has married "the only man in the world"—four days.

If he finds all his buttons sewed on and his socks darned—seven months.

If she insists that he invite his mother down more often—three weeks.

If he calls her mother "an old dear" and her father "a brick"—three weeks.

If she asks him to tell her about "the office"—five months.

If he complains about the steak being too well done—one year.

If he would rather sit by the fire than go out—two weeks or 25 years.

If they play every hole on the links and come in smiling—they are not married at all.

DEMOLISHING FAMOUS NEW YORK SIGN

Another familiar sight on Broadway to go on account of war measures! The Wrigley Spearmint sign on Times Square, New York City — the largest of its kind in the world — is being dismantled.

For the past six years this spectacular sign has thrilled the Broadway crowds. To see the Great White Way, and the Wrigley sign in particular because it was the largest, was one thing that thrilled the visitors to New York from all over the world.

The Wm. Wrigley Jr. Company decided to discontinue this beautiful sign strictly as an economic measure. The sign was 75 feet high and 192 feet long. It contained 35,000 lamps and consumed as much electric current as would be needed in illuminating a town of 10,000 population.

For the last six months the Wrigley Company had replaced their entire advertising message on this huge Spectacular with copy promoting U. S. Defense Bonds and Savings Stamps. For this reason they dislike to see the sign demolished, but from an economic standpoint and in an effort to help win the war, the officials of the Company decided it was the right thing to do. What the country needs today are ships, tanks, airplanes, and guns, and to produce these weapons of war takes lots of power.

Saving Sugar For Munitions Of War

Reason Given For Sugar Rationing by Sarnia Canadian-Observer

Canada understands that the government's call for voluntary rationing of sugar is a wartime measure but it is not generally understood why it is a wartime measure. Sugar is not being rationed here and in the United States simply because of a shortage in the sugar cane crop. The real reason for the rationing is that sugar cane can produce either sugar molasses or edible sugar, that is the kind of sugar used in tea and coffee. If too much of the cane is used for edible, or eating sugar, then there is not so much available for sugar molasses. Both sugar molasses and edible sugar come from the same raw material source.

* * *

Now why this concern about the supply of sugar molasses? For the reason that the major source of ethyl alcohol is sugar molasses. And ethyl alcohol is required for munitions of war and for thousands of chemicals used in war production. Fortune Magazine, which made a survey of the sugar situation in the United States, declares that "today's wars are fought literally with sugar." Every time a 16-inch gun is fired, a fifth of an acre of sugar cane is consumed in the form of ethyl alcohol, and it will be remembered that ethyl alcohol comes, largely, from sugar molasses. Then, too, sugar is energy for war workers and for fighting men.

High test molasses is made directly from sugar cane. Its high sugar content, 78 per cent, makes a gallon go "half again as far" in making alcohol as does ordinary blackstrap molasses which is a by-product of sugar refining.

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Because of the demands of the war, it is estimated that the United States faces what is described as a sugar shortage of from 500,000 to 1,000,000 tons. These demands arise from the tremendousy increased call for ethyl alcohol.

Europe has striven to make itself self-sufficient in industrial alcohol. It is made from potatoes and grains and to some extent from beets. Japan produced nearly enough sugar in Formosa, says this magazine, for her requirements. No doubt her drive in the Southwest Pacific has as an objective the obtaining of sugar cane as well as rubber and oil.

Hence, when a Canadian is refraining from the use of sugar, to a degree, he is not simply dieting or even merely being self-sacrificing so that the fighting men can have plenty of sugar for their tea. He is giving up sugar so that ethyl alcohol may be made and so that 16-inch guns and other guns may be fired at the Axis.

Plea Is Renewed For Used Rubber

Salvage officials, renewing their plea for all rubber that can be spared issued a list of useful salvage for the guidance of the general public.

Articles listed include: Old tires including those used on the boat docks to prevent damage to the boats, tires used as poultry troughs and garden borders, tires from baby carriages and go-carts, all forms of door and floor mats, stair treads, hot water bottles, rubber sheeting, gloves, syringe bulbs, clothing such as baby caps, slickers, baby garments, footwear, including rubber soled overshoes and tennis shoes, toys, dolls, balls, pucks, football bladders, door stoppers and all other articles containing "live" rubber.

Monkey In India Using Jap Tactics

Angry monkeys, using Japanese tactics of fighting from treetops, have killed scores of Chinese laborers by dropping rocks on their heads as they worked on the new Sikang-Assam Highway which will replace the Burma Road as a main land supply route for China, the United China Relief reported.

T. Y. Lo, official of the Chinese Motion Picture Corporation, said the attacks took place in the mountainous regions along the border of Northern India when the monkeys grew angry at intrusion of laborers into regions never before inhabited by man. Lo said the monkeys chatted to each other and then began a series of attacks which lasted a week, gathering ammunition at night and using it all day.

Lo said that when he left China the laborers were protected by guards who had used clubs and pistols to drive the monkeys to refuge in distant treetops.

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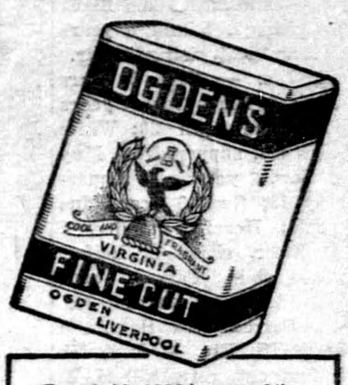
GRANDPA'S GOING TO MOSCOW

Admiral William H. Standley, U. S. N., retired, and his wife tell their grandsons James and Patrick Byrne about the not-so-far off land of Russia. Admiral Standley will leave Washington soon for his post as new U. S. ambassador to Moscow.

A FAMOUS BRAND

Ogden's FINE CUT



Founded in 1888 by one of the early West's most outstanding figures, the late W. R. Hull, the Pine Coulee Ranch was located near Nanton, Alberta. The brand is still in use by the Beaver Camp Ranch.

BRAND OF THE OLD PINE COULEE RANCH

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Easter Dinner Menu

Grape Juice Cocktail
Baked Ham Raisin Sauce
Nests of Creamed Mashed Potatoes filled with Green Peas
Spinach — with hard cooked egg garnish
Olive Salad Parker House Rolls
Ice Cream — Maple Syrup Sauce
Angel Cake
Beverage of Choice

Just a few remarks and recipes for the Easter Dinner Menu.

Firstly, I hope all homemakers still have some of that home canned grape juice made last autumn. Add a little orange juice and gingerale and it does give the juice an extra tang.

I thought you would like the traditional ham for Easter.

Personally select your ham according to your family's liking regarding size, amount of fat and lean meat, etc.

Baking the ham seems to be preferred, so give it a long slow baking. Then, about 15 minutes before serving, remove the rind and spread the fat with a brown sugar glaze. To 1 cup of brown sugar add 1½ teaspoons mustard and 1 teaspoon of ginger. Cloves may be placed in the ham in diamond shapes, or some prefer to add ½ teaspoon of ground cloves to the sugar mixture.

Raisin Sauce

¾ cup Raisins
1 cup Water
4 Cloves
¾ cup Brown Sugar
1 teaspoon Cornstarch
¼ teaspoon Salt
10 grains Pepper
1 tablespoon Butter
1 tablespoon Lemon Juice
¼ teaspoon Concentrated Meat Sauce.

Cover raisins with water and add cloves and simmer for ten minutes. Remove cloves, add sugar, cornstarch, and salt and pepper mixed together. Stir until slightly thickened and add remaining ingredients.

Olive Salad

2 cups Cold Boiled Rice
1 teaspoon Cloves
¾ cup Chopped Ripe Olives
1 Green Pepper (shredded)
1 cup Green Peas
½ teaspoon Salt and Paprika
1 cup Shredded Raw Cabbage
½ cup Chopped Celery
Mayonnaise
Lettuce

Mix all ingredients together carefully. Season to taste with salt and paprika and moisten with mayonnaise. Arrange on lettuce or watercress and garnish with ring cut from green pepper and small slices of pickled beets.

Maple Syrup Sauce

1 cup Maple Syrup
1 teaspoon Flour
1 teaspoon Butter

Melt the butter, add the flour and cook until frothy. Slowly add syrup and boil one minute. Serve hot or cold. May be used on puddings as well as ice cream.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is vn ready to listen to your :npet 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.

Replaces Tinfoil

A waste by-product of aluminum used in the manufacture of sea markers for the air force will now be used as a powder to coat a substitute foil in cigaret packages.