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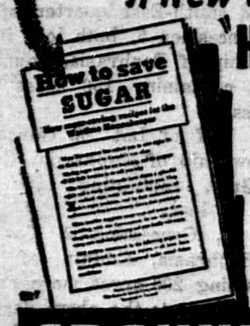

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● SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN CONVOY

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

LAST WEEK: Lieutenant Rollins, aboard troopship T 9, thinks pleasantly of the attractive nurse he met getting on the boat. Rollins is called to the office of Colonel Stephenson, officer in command of troops, and strict orders for conduct of sentries are issued to him. Later that night he sees a light on "A" deck. He moves cautiously to the spot, sees a shadowy form. Drawing his revolver, he barks an order: "Halt! Lift your hands—high!"

* * *

TRYING TO REMEMBER

CHAPTER III

Lieutenant Rollins heard a little gasp of surprise, but the shadow stopped with arms raising slowly.

"Please don't shoot," came a voice unmistakably feminine, "I promise not to move an inch."

A horrible sensation of having made a fool of himself swept over the officer. As he rose, rather shamefacedly, from his awkward position on the stairs, he dreaded to see the girl's face—could it be the nurse?

It was.

"Sorry to frighten you, Sister," he apologized, "but it's very late and . . ."

"That's all right," she replied curtly. "I realize fully that it is after hours, but I just couldn't sleep and thought a few breaths of fresh air would help. You may report me and . . ."

Rollins felt his face reddening.

"Oh now, just a minute . . ." He made a feeble attempt at showing his good-natured side. "I'm not trying to get any charming person such as yourself reported. I was merely trying to track down somebody flashing a light up here . . ."

The nurse seemed to freeze.

"Oh that," she gave a short forced laugh. "I guess it was I. I tried stealing a puff of a cigarette, but even that is evidently enough to bring you fellows dashing up fully armed."

Rollins was nettled but he swallowed his pride. Taking her by the arm he guided her to the nearest door, opened it and waved her inside. She paused under a dull red corridor light and looked at him in some surprise.

"Now what," she asked coldly?

"Now have a cigarette!" Rollins smiled, pushing forward a package.

She hesitated a split second, then took one. He snapped his lighter, taking advantage of the raised flame to examine her features. Yes, she was definitely pretty in a cultured sort of way.

She coughed abruptly. "Good heavens," she exclaimed looking at the cigarette, "either the brand is awful or I'm catching cold. Good night."

Later, lying in his bunk and gratefully sipping the Scotch and water his snoring roommate had left for him, Rollins was letting his mind drift through the happier side of the uncomfortable meeting. Suddenly he sat bolt upright.

* * *

It hadn't clicked in his befuddled mind at the moment but subconsciously it had registered—in the flame of his lighter he had seen what an uncommonly large tip of cigarette she had wetted. And that cough—like a person puffing at her first cigarette!

He stirred uneasily, looked towards the sleeping Captain Tees as if deliberating whether to wake him and discuss the matter. He decided not to. After all, those light flashes—well, maybe she had tried smoking a cigarette. She had confessed to it—rather awkwardly, but . . . Rollins shook his head. He had made a fool of himself once tonight. His imagination was playing tricks on him.

But when he finally did drift off to sleep, it was a tossing, restless sleep filled with odd dreams of a beautiful girl dressed in white and carrying a lighted candle. He was trying to reach her to extinguish the light, but shadows came between them.

* * *

He awoke unrefreshed to find the throbbing noise increasingly evident but the troopship still at the dock.

Steam was fully up and smoke rolled from the two funnels. There was the unmistakable atmosphere of last-minute preparations, and the captain's bridge was a hive of activity.

Thousands of soldiers were jamming the starboard side which faced the actual water leading down to the sea. At regular intervals freighters were steaming by. Evidently a huge mercantile convoy was leaving for some overseas destination.

About 11 o'clock there was more excitement as three large submarnies slid by at awash, their commanders standing on the open conning tower bridges. They moved without effort at about 12 knots, only a slight hum coming from the Diesels.

A few minutes before noon the last of the merchantmen went by —an insignificant but sea-toughened trawler. Although painted over, the letters on the bow of the trawler were visible to the troops.

"Ahoy, Loch Lomond!" somebody roared, and the troops burst into the gay Scottish tune. A window opened on the trawler's bridge and a ruddy face appeared, lips plainly moving in accompaniment to the troops' singing.

* * *

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the troopships began to move, starting from the farthest inland dock. The bands of all units appeared on deck. There wasn't a man below. The air was crisp and clear and bright sunshine basked the dramatic scene.

Tees and Rollins clapped one another on the back enthusiastically. "We're off! yelled the lieutenant. "I was beginning to think it would never happen to us."

Tees smiled. "Oh, I thought we'd sail all right, but who would have thought it would be like this . . ." He made a sweeping gesture. "I expected to slip out in the darkness with everything very hush-hush. Instead, the bands are playing, the boys are yelling and singing their heads off. Just look over there!"

"T 9" was in the channel now. The men could see a long stretch of shore line thronged with people. Automobiles dotted the crowds. Flags, handkerchiefs and hands were waving. Hundreds of horns could be heard through the din. Overhead, R. C. A. F. flying boats circled lazily.

Within a short time "T 9" was in sight of the anti-submarine defense stretched across the entrance to the harbor. As the liner moved easily through the "Gate" —an opening in the cable netting that pulled aside like a fence gate —a sailor on the launch patrolling the defense yelled: "Give it to 'em, boys!"

* * *

The wind was beginning to howl off the endless ocean wastes. Sharp flecks of snow bit into reddened cheeks and men dashed away to reappear with overcoats. Already a gray drabness was melting out the Nova Scotian coastline and the rolling swell was becoming more pronounced. Half-hearted jokes about seasickness began to circulate.

Ahead, the panorama was spellbinding. In a wide semi-circle were British and Canadian men-of-war moving slowly while the convoy was taking shape. Dotting the horizon, far to the fore, was the line of freighters.

In the centre of the semi-circle appeared an ominous-shaped battle cruiser. Darting light flashes snapped out orders to the approaching troopships. They were already zig-zagging sharply as they turned ponderously, yet without seeming effort, into formation.

* * *

Suddenly, the whistle on "T 9" began emitting a series of long and short blasts—it was the lifeboat alarm signal!

Tees and Rollins, standing up near the pitching bow, looked at one another startled, then laughed outright:

"It's the lifeboat drill they warned us about!" yelled Tees as he started on the double for his boat station. Rollins was right behind him, but something on "A" deck caught his eye. He slowed to a walk.

There was the nurse—the same one he had encountered last night on the deck. The lieutenant's eyebrows knitted into a frown as he saw her evidently making no effort to dash for her boat station. She was peering intently through a pair of powerful binoculars at the battle cruiser from which the light flashes were coming.

Rollins stopped directly below her and was just about to yell a reminder that the alarm was sounding when she lowered her glasses, gave him a plainly startled look, then wheeled and disappeared.

Lieutenant Gregory Rollins was puzzled as he stood at his station. Why the binoculars? Why the rapt interest that even a lifeboat alarm didn't disturb?

But, most puzzling of all, where had he met the girl before their encounters aboard ship. It had been somewhere interesting and on some important occasion. But where and when?

(Continued Next Week)

FROCK SLIMS DOWN YOUR WAIST

By Anne Adams

Never before has there been such flattery for the larger figure as you get in Anne Adams Patterns! Take Pattern 4772, for instance — those of you whose waist is NOT ring-sized will find the extra inches disappear when you don this frock. The effect is achieved by a lowered waist seam pointed above the centre skirt panel—the slashes just above the waist complete the girdle effect. Four jewel buttons march up to the tiny revers, which are so pert! (You may make them of contrast). The waistband continues in back for a sleek look—the skirt is evenly flared all around. Follow the Sewing Instructor while you work, to get every detail right—choose three-quarter sleeves if you like, and do select a gay print like this!

Pattern 4772 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 3¼ yards 39-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.

Two Good Things to do!

Roll Your Own with DAILY MAIL

ISSUE 15—'42

C

CEREAL SHOWERS FOR APRIL

By BARBARA B. BROOKS

Ceres, Goddess of the Grains, received yearly homage from the ancient Romans. To honor this noble goddess whose bounteous hand protected them from famine, great festivals, called "cerealias," were staged. April was the month they were celebrated — April when spring showers were bringing new life back to the earth.

No longer does April mark Ceres' festival, but the month still remains a good time for even the Twentieth Century to pay its respect to cereals. Today, with so many cereals and so many ways of using them, any meal from breakfast to dinner can become a family cerealia.

* * *

So crisp and crunchy are corn flakes that they now play an important role at dinner. Combined with rhubarb, you have as heavenly a pudding as you'd ever hope to taste. Here's the way to put it together!

Rhubarb Strudel

4 cups corn flakes	½ teaspoon grated orange rind
2½ cups diced rhubarb	2 tablespoons orange juice
1 cup sugar	3 tablespoons butter

Put layer of corn flakes in buttered casserole. Add a layer of rhubarb, part of sugar and half the grated orange rind. Add another layer of corn flakes and rhubarb, remaining sugar, orange rind and juice. Cover with corn flakes, dot with butter and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Cover casserole and bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) about 35 minutes. Serve warm or cold with cream.

Yield: 6 servings.

* * *

Another dessert you'll like is Krispies Cream Shortcake. Here is one of those sugar-less desserts, where, strangely enough, you don't miss the sugar:

Krispies Cream Shortcake

1½ cups whipping cream	¼ cup chopped nut meats
¼ cup honey	¼ cup chopped maraschino cherries (may be omitted)
8 marshmallows	3½ cups oven popped rice cereal
½ cup chopped dates	

Whip cream until stiff; reserve ¾ cup. *Fold honey into remaining cream. Cut marshmallows into small pieces; combine with dates, nut meats and cherries; fold into whipped cream. Roll cereal into fine crumbs; add one cup of crumbs to first mixture, stirring until thoroughly blended. Line a pan with waxed paper. Sprinkle part of extra crumbs in bottom of pan and pour in cream mixture; press down lightly and sprinkle top with remaining crumbs. Chill for several hours. Unmold. Cut into squares. Serve with sweetened whipped cream and garnish with a maraschino cherry or nut meat if desired or serve with sweetened berries.

Yield: 9 servings (8 x 8 inch pan).

* * *

Thanks to the goddess of grain, Sunday's roast can be converted into a Monday dinner that makes the first day of the week something to remember:

Monday Supper Dish

2 cups sliced onion	2 cups peas
3 cups chopped celery	1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons fat	1 teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons flour	2 cups cooked diced meat
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon chili powder	4 cups oven popped rice cereal
2 cups tomatoes	

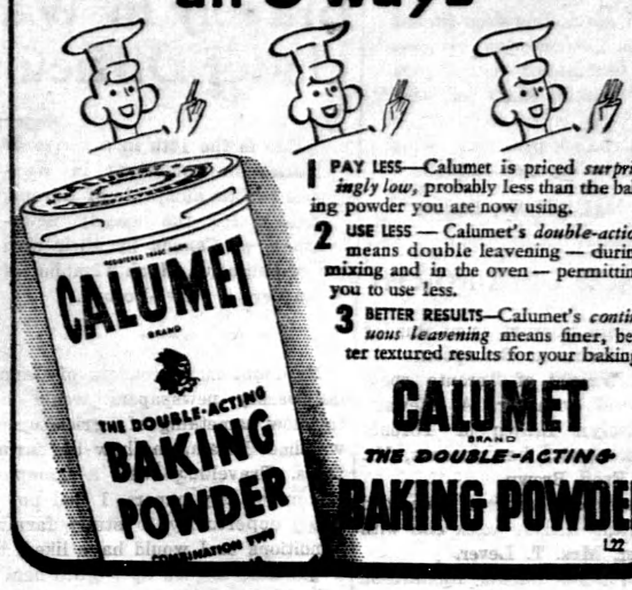
Cook onion and celery in fat until lightly browned. Stir in flour, salt and chili powder. Add liquid from tomatoes and peas; cook until smooth, stirring constantly. Add tomato pulp, peas, vinegar and sugar; simmer about 15 minutes. Add meat and continue cooking only until thoroughly heated. Melt butter and pour over cereal. Heat in oven or over low heat, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Arrange mixture in ring form on platter and heap hot, buttered cereal in centre.

Yield: 8 one-cup servings.

April Forget-Me-Not

Pie-Crush Short Cut—just a reminder that a pie can be made in no time by melting ⅓ cup butter or margerine, adding a cup of fine corn flake crumbs and ¼ cup sugar. Line a pie pan with the mixture and bake for about 8 minutes in a moderate oven. Cool. Fill with any cream or chiffon pie filling.

TRY SAVING MONEY all 3 ways



1 PAY LESS—Calumet is priced *surprisingly low*, probably less than the baking powder you are now using.

2 USE LESS — Calumet's *double-action* means double leavening — during mixing and in the oven — permitting you to use less.

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Pineapple Delicious

With its rich source of vitamins pineapple is an ideal choice of fruits to include in our diet, when feeling a bit logged after partaking too freely of proteins.

As a cocktail, diced pineapple and chopped maraschino cherries make a grand combination or you may try diced pineapple and orange sections with a dash of honey. If you favor the flavor of mint place an after-dinner mint in the bottom of each glass before adding the fruit. Allow to chill for an hour or so, garnish with fresh mint and serve.

Pineapple is a delightful addition to fish salads, such as shrimp, lobster, crab meat and tuna; while pineapple chicken salad is always a favorite.

A good combination is made with one cup each of fresh diced pineapple, chopped celery, shredded chicken and one-fourth cup of chopped ripe olives. Salt to taste and blend ingredients with mayonnaise. Serve in crisp lettuce cups with a garnish of pimento strips.

A combination of pineapple, grapefruit and apricot makes another delectable salad. Place slices of tender cooked pineapple on crisp lettuce and build wedges of grapefruit sections around the pineapple. Place half an apricot, hollow side up, in the centre and fill with chopped celery and dates. A fruit juice French salad dressing is delicious with this.

* * *

Pineapple Delicacies

Pineapple Ice Box Cake

2	level teaspoons gelatine
½	cup cold water
1	can crushed pineapple, 2 cups
¼	teaspoon salt
½	cup sugar
1	tablespoon lemon juice
1½	cups cream
4	dozen lady fingers or stale sponge cake

Soak gelatine in water for five minutes. Dissolve over hot water and add pineapple, sugar, salt and lemon juice. Stir until all is dissolved. When it begins to thicken add whipped cream. Line sides and bottom of mould with lady fingers. Cover with mixture, then alternate with cake and mixture until mould is full. Place in refrigerator for three or four hours. Unmould and garnish with whipped cream and fruit in season. Makes 12 servings.

Fresh Pineapple Mousse

2 cups finely diced fresh pineapple
2 cups sugar
2 cups water
1 tablespoon gelatine
1 cup cream, whipped

Add sugar and water to pineapple. Cook for ten minutes and strain. Soak gelatine in quarter cup of cold water and dissolve in the hot pineapple juice. Cook; when mixture begins to thicken fold in whipped cream. Freeze three to four hours. Top with crushed fresh pineapple and a maraschino cherry.

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 :;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.

Trout are sport fish in most localities, but in Alaska they are considered a pest because they destroy salmon eggs.

New "Eclipse" Enlarger Complete With 6.3 Lens $31.50

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Cats In Britain Get Ration Cards

Even cats are being mobilized in Britain today to help the war effort.

Warehouse cats, guarding the stocks of essential foods against the ravages of rats and mice, are now allowed a priority supply of powdered milk. This milk, which has been damaged in transit and is therefore unfit for human consumption also goes to animal hospitals.

"Ration Books" for cats are issued to warehouse keepers. The concession is applicable, first to cats kept for the destruction of vermin in warehouses in which at least 250 tons (250,000 kgms.) of food or feeding stuffs are stored, and secondly to veterinary hospitals and similar institutions for the feeding of sick animals. Many hospitals in Britain keep a regular staff as guard against mice.

Warehouses are supplied by Our Dumb Friends' League with cats suitable for guarding stores of food. The League has taken on the task of looking after cats bombed out of their homes.

The percentage of deaths of cats and other domestic animals actually killed by bombs during the heavy raids on Britain is very low indeed. Like dogs, cats are keen to scent danger, and it is believed that their intuition has helped many people to escape injury from bombs.

Eating Wild Birds In Great Britain

Sparrows, starlings, crows, larks, curlews and even swans—some of them counted inedible in peace times or too small to bother with—are helping to feed Britain at war.

Wild birds of all kinds are coming to big markets because of the hard winter and all are finding buyers.

Swans, ranging from 15 to 20 pounds, are bringing prices equal to from $1.20 to $3.80 despite their toughness, though cygnets (young swans) have a flavor like goose.

Sparrows, which have appeared many times in British culinary history, now find a ready market at twelve for 20 cents.

Plovers and wood pigeons sell for the equivalent of 50 cents; moor hens, 15 cents; larks, 10 cents, and starlings seven.

Some crows sell for 15 cents each, though only the breasts are edible. Curlews sell for 15 cents, despite the strong fish flavor and tough flesh. Snipe are a luxury at 40 cents.

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