Says Mr. C. Boyer, Valleyfield, Quebec: "For many years we've enjoyed KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, the delicious cereal that keeps us regular . . . naturally. In muffins, ALL-BRAN is delicious . . . we have them almost every day. And ALL-BRAN is a grand cereal for breakfast."

Why don't *you* try ALL-BRAN'S "Better Way" to *correct* the cause if you are troubled by 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. Eat it regularly and drink plenty of water. 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.

● SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN CONVOY

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

LAST WEEK: Tees is buried at sea the next day. Joan tries to comfort Rollins for the loss of his old friend. Later, Lieutenant Miley questions Rollins further as to whether he was alone when he saw Tees just before the murder. That night, Rollins looks out of his porthole, sees a light. As he prepares to investigate he hears a rifle shot, followed immediately by the lifeboat alarm.

STRUGGLE IN THE PASSAGE

CHAPTER VII

Automatically, Lieutenant Rollins shifted mental gears as the emergency gong sounded. Army discipline went to work. He had an official post to assume at Lifeboat Station 15 and everything else became secondary. Regretfully he shoved the revolver back into his pocket, but the thought flashed through his mind that it didn't matter much because whoever had flashed the light would be swallowed up in the men flooding the decks.

Hurriedly he slipped into his trousers, donned a balaclava, slung on his shouler bag and gas mask, and dashed into the corridor. Except for a puffing sentry, he was alone; but within a few seconds other officers were pouring from their cabins, and Rollins marveled at the general coolness.. One would think that a lifeboat alarm in the dead of night aboard a troopship riding angry waves was an everyday occurrence in the lives of these men.

At the exits, military police were already stationed, repeating the same warning:

"Show no light as you step on deck!"

Each man whipped the heavy curtain behind him before he opened the door.

Outside it was pitchblack, and cold spray filled the night. Murky figures bumped one another as they passed. Rollins walked quickly with both hands outstretched to prevent himself from crashing headlong into others before he reached Lifeboat Station 15.

His sergeant was only seconds behind and breathing heavily from the run upstairs with heavy equipment.

"What's up, Sir?" he gasped. "I didn't feel any explosion and the ship's whistle isn't blowing the regulation blasts."

Rollins had been thinking along the same lines. "Perhaps it's only a drill, Sergeant. Don't have the men climb into the boat yet. It's a bit dangerous with the ship heaving around and the planking wet. Wait until there is further cause for alarm."

"Very well, Sir!"

Within two minutes more, the full complement of men for Lifeboat Station 15 was on hand and standing in position, ready to hop into the boat on order. Members of the ship's crew stood by the lowering apparatus.

After the first wave of excitement, the men standing in the black-shrouded night began to grumble in approved soldier fashion.

"What's the idea—getting us up in the middle of the night like this?" . . "And it took me two hours to get to sleep on this bleeding tub!" . . "Some brass hat had a brain wave!" . . . "Maybe the Old Man got the wind up." . . . "Anybody got a cup of hot rum?"

They stood there for a full half hour before the adjutant, heavily clothed, came around.

"Dismiss your station, Lieutenant!" he ordered. "The captain doesn't wish to sound the regular dismiss signal on the ship's whistle because it might alarm the other ships."

Before Rollins had a chance to ask him what it was all about, the adjutant has disappeared in the direction of the next station.

He turned to the men and shrugged in the darkness. "You heard him, my hardies—on your way and pleasant dreams!" He smiled as he heard them shuffling off muttering complaints about drill-crazy O. C.'s and the army system in general. They had really enjoyed the bit of excitement but didn't want to show it.

Rollins returned to his cabin. Little groups of officers were gathered in the corridor discussing the speed in which their men had reached the various stations. The consensus of opinion was that the O. C. Troops had decided to spring an alarm on the ship as a test before reaching the submarine zone and to make it realistic had not even tipped off the officers.

There was no talk about rifle shots. Rollins didn't stop to chat but went directly into the cabin. From the folds of the sweater in the cupboard drawer, he extracted the bottle and poured himself a stiff shot of brandy. It sent a glow of warmth through him.

As he lighted a cigarette, Greg noticed on his wrist watch that it was a few minutes after 1 o'clock.

They had been on deck for about half an hour . . . a few minutes previously he had seen the light on the deck . . that would make it about 12:30. There was something familiar about that time. . . . things seemed to happen regularly at 12:30 or thereabouts.

Tonight—the unexplained lifeboat alarm.

Last night—the murder of Tees.

The night before — Rollins frowned—he had seen the light on the deck and found Joan there.

All of these incidents had happened about the same time and on the same deck. In two of the cases a light had been shown, in the other . . .

Rollins jumped to his feet and paced the cabin floor. A startling thought had hit him. Could Tees have seen somebody flashing a light on deck and been murdered when he attempted to grapple with that person?

The jigsaw puzzle was taking form. That would explain the apparently inexplicable motive for the murder. After all, even if somebody was smoking illegally that individual would hardly murder an officer to avert being reported.

Again, Rollins' brow clouded — the girl always entered the puzzle. She had admitted being responsible for the light on the first night. Rather, at least, she had admitted smoking on deck. There could possibly have been, Rollins conceded, another person on the deck flashing the light seen by the sentry and reported to him. When he rushed up he had found the girl. She was not flashing any light. In fact, she wasn't even carrying a lighted cigarette.

Still, the fact remained that about the same time every night, something extraordinary seemed to happen around the same section "A" deck.

At long last, he had come upon a plan that might give him a chance to solve the mystery and lay his hands upon the killer. It all depended on one detail, and he intended to put himself straight on that detail without delay.

Throwing on his bathrobe, Rollins stepped out into the corridor again and walked to the first cross-passage. He turned into it and made his way towards the far side of the ship where Lieutenant Miley's cabin was situated. As he turned along the corridor running parallel to his own, some slight movement in the curtain sheltering a deck exit caught his eye.

Quick as a flash Rollins stooped, apparently to adjust his shoe lace, meanwhile studying the curtain tensely. It hung about two inches off the floor and even in the darkness he could see two shoes standing motionless!

Rollins waited uptil the ship swayed downwards. Lithely, he straightened a bit before diving headlong at the spot in the curtain where he judged the knees belonging to those feet should be.

It was a tackle that would have warmed the cockles of any rugby coach's heart. His arms scissored around a pair of strong legs, and with a heave of his shoulder he bowled over his opponent, the curtain coming down with a ripping sound over the struggling figures

Rollins heaved again and rolled on top. With a single deft move, he grabbed a struggling arm through the folds of the curtain and twisted it upwards.

"Easy—you'll break it!" a voice groaned.

Rollins released his hold—it was Harry Miley!

Continued next week.

MODE FOR LARGER FIGURES

By Anne Adams

Dress to disguise those extra inches—dress to fit your budget too—make Pattern 4298! It's an exclusive Anne Adams creation, with eye-deceiving bias side sections. They dip below yuor natural waistline, elongating the bodice and giving you height, and button together cleverly at the neckline. Top-stitching and ric-rac are optional touches—so are the sleeve tabs with button trim; long or three-quarter sleeves may be used instead. For jiffy sewing, consult the Sewing Instructor with its illustrated, step-by-step method. This will be your favorite dress for casual wear—so save the pattern to make other attractive versions. A small plaid or checked fabric shows off the bias effect best of all.

Pattern 4928 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48. Size 36 takes 3¾ yards 35-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.

Cripps Is Hopeful For India Accord

Sir Stafford Cripps expressed the belief that there still was some possibility of a new plan for settling India's problems before the end of the war, but said any such proposal "would have to come from India".

Summing up the results of his recent conversations at New Delhi and the present outlook, Sir Stafford told a press conference "it is an encouraging picture—not as encouraging as it might have been, but certainly more encouraging than it would have been if nothing whatever had been done."

He disclosed that before leaving New Delhi he discussed with Indian leaders the possibility that they devise a new plan for participation in wartime government as an alternative to postwar dominion proposals which they rejected.

He stressed again, however, that changes in the Indian constitution requiring "months or years" would be necessary to make possible the form of national government the all-India Congress Party leaders sought.

Koreans Waiting For Opportunity

Kim San, one of the Korean rebel leaders, declares that Korea will flare up at the moment the war in the Pacific sweeps through the Sea of Japan, giving the people an opportunity to strike out effectively for independence, G. Kent write in Asia Magazine. "Korea is a great storehouse of retribution for Japan," he says in his autobiography. "Never a day has passed since 1910 that Koreans somewhere have not struck a blow against the Japanese. Although thousands have been imprisoned and executed. Koreans are not discouraged. They are merely preparing for the right moment. They are by nature gentle and tilerant, yes. But there is no anger like the anger of a patient man who has suffered too long. Beware the gentle water buffalo!

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Honey as a Substitute For Sugar

As we are all asked to be on sugar rations, there should be no lamenting for we still have marvellous substitutes in corn syrup, maple syrup and honey.

Before the introduction of cane sugar, honey was apparently the most common sweet available for human consumption.

Honey is the nectar of flowers gathered by honeybees and ripened by them within their hives. The ripening process consists of evaporating the excess moisture from the nectar and certain changes in the chemical nature of the sugar it contains.

SOME THINGS TO REMEMBER

1. Measure honey always in liquid form.
2. For every cup of honey used, reduce the liquid called for in a recipe by one-fifth.
3. One cup of honey is as great in sweetening power as one cup of sugar.
4. Use ¼ to ½ teaspoon of soda to each cup of honey.
5. Increase the amount of salt by ⅛ to ¼ teaspoon.
6. In milk puddings or pie fillings add the honey with the thickening agent.

If you wish to have honey indispensable in your cooking try these recipes.

SWEDISH TEA RING

½ cup shortening
¼ cup honey
½ cup boiling water
1 yeast cake
½ cup cold water
1 egg
½ teaspoon salt
3 cups unsifted bread flour

Cream honey and butter thoroughly and add the boiling water. Allow this mixture to cool and add yeast cake, which has been dissolved in cold water. Stir until well mixed and add beaten egg. Combine the flour and salt and sift the mixture. Blend thoroughly, cover the bowl with waxed paper and place in the refrigerator overnight, or until ready to use.

Roll one-half of the above mixture into an oblong sheet about ¼ inch thick on a lightly floured board. Spread with two tablespoons of softened, but not melted, butter and sprinkle with the following: ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ cup each of blanched chopped almonds, strips of citron peel and washed raisins. Roll up like a jelly roll.

Trim the ends and join to form a ring. Cut at intervals of about one inch from the outside to within one-half inch of the centre and turn each section lightly to the side. Brush the surface with egg white and allow to rise for two hours at room temperature. Bake for 30 minutes in a hot oven, 400 degrees F.

The remainder of dough may be used for a Swedish Tea Bread.

Cut off three pieces of mixture of equal size and roll, using the hands, in pieces of uniform size, then braid. Put on a buttered sheet; cover, let rise, brush over with yolk of an egg (slightly beaten and diluted with one-half tablespoon of water) and sprinkle with finely-chopped blanched almonds.

Bake in a moderate oven.

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.

Russia To Fight Battle For Food

Men, Women and Children Must Work in the Fields

Russia has mobilized 150,000,000 men, women and children to fight the summer's battle for food.

Attacking the food supply lines as realistically as they treated the factories, calling upon workers to remain at their jobs in time of war, the Peoples' Commissars decreed:

Collective farmers must work a minimum of 102 to 150 working days this season.

Children from 14 to 16 must work in the fields 50 days a year.

City high schools must be suspended so students can lend a hand.

The sweeping decree affects all males from 14 to 55 and all women from 14 to 50 not already in war work.

Exceptions are such women and young girls deemed unfit for work.

Persons mobilized from the cities will be fed, sheltered, and paid at prevailing collective farm rates.

The decree supersedes one which required a minimum of 50 farm working days a year.

Children will have a limited work day, from six to eight hours. But there is no limit on the number of days an adult may work.

During the last harvest, with the Germans advancing, the Russian farmers worked day and night. It is to be assumed that if necessary the same will be true this year.

Violation of the decree is punishable by six months of forced farm labor and fines of 25 per cent of earnings. Penalties also will include loss of collective farm advantages, which include an individual strip of land.

Must Treat Colored Cottons With Care

The dyes that are most scarce are those that make fast color—a type of dye that goes by the incredible name of "Anthraquinoid Vat." Cotton fabrics manufactured before the shortage was felt are lavishly dyed in all colors; many have color-fast labels. The new fabrics will probably be less brilliant and have a limited range. Where fast dyes are used, prints will be small or sparingly spaced to save the dyes. When there is no color-fast label, treat your colored cottons tenderly. Before washing, soak them in a solution of about a cup of vinegar to a gallon of water for 20 minutes. For dark blues and blacks, a solution of salt and water is better. Then wash them quickly in rich suds which rinse out the dirt without hard rubbing or scrubbing and so make clothes last longer. And remember that colored cottons such as these should not only be washed quickly, but dried quickly.

The shorthand system of writing has been traced back to the year 63 B.C.

Girls Can Make Their Own Jewelry

A group of girls in a college near my home have decided that they will have costume jewelry to wear no matter how expensive it may become "for the duration." They are making it themselves, the material they use being string! They collect it and their friends collect it for them.

For bracelets they crochet it into broad, or narrow, bands. On these, to simulate jewels, they embroider raised stars in different colors, allowing one color to predominate if the piece is to harmonize with any particular outfit. For brooches they cut designs from cardboard, cover them with string, "jewel" them, and fit them with safety pins. For necklaces, two ropes of spool-knit string are formed into circles, one smaller than the other, and from each is suspended a row of string-covered and "jeweled" discs.

One girl even completed her set with a ring. She fastened together an oval of cardboard and a double twist of heavy wire (taken from a milk bottle), covered the whole with string and "jeweled" the top. She said, laughingly, "This is one way to get the costume jewelry we want these days."—M. G. G. in Christian Science Monitor.

U.S. Sailors Take Course In Britain

A large group of Americans is in Britain taking a course in how to defend merchant ships against aerial and U-boat attacks.

The course was organized by the British Navy and was founded on the experiences of two and one-half years of sea war.

The Americans will return to the United States after completing the course and their knowledge will be the basis of defence of American merchant ships.

It Wouldn't Do Us Any Harm

"Indoor sports at little cost? Why not revive singing round the piano as a change from bridge? And perhaps play post-office between choruses.

"As for fine Sunday mornings, how about going to church in flocks and so astonish and please the good man in the pulpit? Your grandparents did those things and a lot of people have been doing them all along and been the better for it.

"Auto laid up for sacrifice? Bah! Soldiers, sailors and airmen walk. Why shouldn't we?—Montreal Gazette.

Fur seals are mammals adapted to an aquatic life.