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Christie's Premium Soda Crackers are made of quality ingredients, baked with Christie's traditional care, and rushed to your store to assure dependable *freshness*. Get the economical 2-pound package. Serve with soups, salads, spreads—any food or beverage. And don't forget, Christie's Biscuits are always welcomed by the boys overseas.

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Help The + Red Cross

"SALADA" TEA

● SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN CONVOY

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

LAST WEEK: Miley and Rollins go back to Greg's cabin where Miley insists on asking more questions about Greg's activities the night of the murder. He also inquires about Greg's interest in Joan Davaar. Greg contains himself until Miley makes an unpleasant insinuation about him and Joan, and then he attacks Miley. After fighting for a while, they call it quits, Miley apologizes for any implication he may have made. Greg sits alone for a long time after that, concludes that he alone knows about the mysterious light signals.

* * *

GAUGHT RED-HANDED

CHAPTER IX

Early afternoon of the next day found the convoy riding a heavy after-storm swell, but the sun was shining again and Gregory Rollins felt it was a happy omen. For the first time in what seemed ages he was cheerful. The old feeling of helplessness had been replaced by the quickening excitement that comes to a man on the verge of a dangerous adventure.

While directing a Bren gun crew in anti-aircraft drill atop the roof of the captain's bridge, Rollins studied the "A" deck immediately below him and mentally drew up a plan for that night. Sounding for all the world like men beating with hammers upon a tin roof, the Bren rattled away at imaginary Naxi craft. Sandbags surrounded the gun, and the troops wore steel helmets as well as lifebelts and gas masks.

Greg was a new man when he met Joan Davaar at the Officers' Dance that evening. He had mentally paraded every suspicion about her and found harmless explanations for everything. Besides, he felt that he had grown to know the girl—really know her—and if, for no other reason, the prospect of bagging the real murderer and clearing any possible suspicion from the girl's name held tremendous appeal.

* * *

It was a bit difficult dancing on the rolling floor, but holding Joan in his arms paid its own way.

His lips brushed her hair. "There's a most important matter to discuss," he whispered. "How soon and how often am I to see you after we land?"

"That might be difficult, Greg," she replied, her face sobering. "But when do you get leave?"

"Well, we go directly to Aldershot Camp, and if all goes as scheduled, I'm due for a 48-hour leave after 10 days. And you?"

Joan squeezed his hand. "Do you plan to go to London—with all the bombing going on?"

"I plan"—he spoke deliberately—"to go wherever you'll be . . ."

Joan's face lighted. "I've got it! We're due for a special gas course in a hospital on the outskirts of London. I understand we are to have most evenings free during the course. Perhaps I could meet you on the 11th night after landing at a little restaurant on Greek street in the Soho. I used to adore it . . . the name is 'Welcome Snail' and it fairly reeks of bygone centuries. . . ."

* * *

"Sold!" agreed Greg enthusiastically. "It's a date followed by the Palladium—if it's still on Oxford Circus. . . ."

He paused abruptly. The regimental orchestra had devised a "Lucky Spotlight" scheme whereby a pocket searchlight beam flitted around the dimly lighted lounge near the end of each dance and rested upon some nurse who was then permitted to suggest her favorite number for the next dance. The beam had rested directly on Joan's blond hair.

Rollins felt his heart pumping. . . . That light on her hair . . . Now he was recalling where he had seen her before . . . He had tried vainly in conversation to trace the previous meeting . . . It was coming back to him . . . It had been in an office . . .She had been standing behind a filing cabinet, the sunlight from a window playing on her hair . . . He had compared her with Madeleine Carroll . . . The office had been in Ottawa . . . It was the office of . . . His face went chalk white . . . There was no mistaking the fantastic truth . . . Without a word, he wheeled around and left the girl staring after him in hurt bewilderment.

There was a blanket of moonless black over "A" deck and a growling nor'wester was roaring endlessly through the rigging. Salty spray bit into Rollins' eyes as he furtively watched the sentry shuffle along the slippery deck toward the stern. Quickly he slipped across to the lifeboat he had already selected, loosened a tarpaulin rope, and crawled under the canvas. The illuminated dial of his watch told him it was 11.55 p.m. He settled himself as comfortably as possible in the cramped quarters.

The minutes dragged interminably and the woo-o-o-ing wind of the ocean wastes added to the monotony. When again he looked at his watch it was 12.30 . . . perhaps it would be a false alarm after all and . . . he tensed suddenly as the door just down the deck began opening slowly!

A dark figure slipped out and glued itself like a darg smudge against the deck wall for a minute. Then it moved like a cat to the rail.

From his inch of aperture between canvas and boat edge, Rollin saw brief light flashes! . . . He waited no longer . . . He ripped back the canvas with one hand and pulled out his service revolver with the other, but even as he vaulted from the lifeboat onto the deck he saw from a corner of his eye a second dark figure break from the shadow of an emergency raft and rush toward the other at the rail!

For the merest fraction of a moment his view was cut off by a section of the lifeboat. A revolver shot cut through the howling wind. Rollins streaked around the lifeboat. One of the figures was sprawled on the deck—the other bending over.

"Reach!" snarled Rollins.

Slowly the figure straightened, holding hands outward. In one was a small silver-plated revolver. Greg snatched it and wheeled the figure around.

It was Joan Davaar!

* * *

Without saying a word he smelled the barrel of the silver-plated revolver. It had just been fired. He slipped it into a pocket and motioned for her to hand him the contents of the other hand. Silently, she gave him a small flashlight, curiously shaped.

He pushed her aside and bent over the sprawled figure.

Even in the meagre light, Rollins could see the face quite plainly. Lieut. Harvy Miley was very dead. The bullet must have hit him squarely in the forehead, and his features twisted into a crazy smile.

Rollins pulled a whistle from his pocket and blew three short blasts.

Feet came pounding from the stern end. It was the sentry.

"Keep guard here," ordered Rollins, "and don't touch a thing. I'm taking this prisoner to the O.C."

He gripped Joan by the arm and led her through the door. Inside, he spoke to her for the first time. "You are under arrest. Anything you say shall be held against you."

Joan's face was white. She didn't answer.

Col. Stephenson listened attentively to Rollins' report, glancing frequently in the direction of the girl who sat with her eyes on the carpet.

* * *

"To which, sir," Rollins concluded in a dull monotone, "I must add a personal confession of my deliberate concealment of suspicious knowledge about this girl. Only tonight did I realize how wrong I was. Blame it on infatuation, if you will, sir . ." Joan's head raised, and he felt her eyes on him, "but the fact remains that I failed to follow orders by not reporting what now are shown as vitally important details which might have prevented Miley from being murdered—and possibly, Syd Tees. I shall make a full written statement immediately, and place myself at your disposal, Sir."

Col. Stephenson turned to the girl.

"Did you kill Lieut. Miley?"

She lifted her eyes to his. "Yes".

"Why?"

"I do not wish to answer at the present."

"Very well," commented the colonel. "Did you also kill Tees?"

Joan paused: "Confession to one killing should be sufficient for you."

The colonel grunted. "Undoubtedly it will be." He turned to Rollins. "You mentioned that your suspicion became definite tonight. Why?"

Rollins spoke without emotion. "I was going to put that in my statement, Sir. My suspicion, deliberately concealed, became confirmed tonight during the dance when the searchlight beam was turned on Sister Davaar. I recalled having seen her before in an office with sunlight on her hair. That office"—he took a deep breath—"was in the German embassy at Ottawa."

(Continued Next Week)

NEW CHARM FOR MATRONS

By Anne Adams

Blossom out in a new spring print for wardrobe refreshment—make it up from Pattern 4039 that Anne Adams designed for the larger figure. From neck to hem the centre front panel is cut all in-one and cuts down those extra inches too! See how daintily it may be trimmed with lace to emphasize the collar effect or made of contrast as shown in the smaller figure. Optional are the short sleeves edged with lace, the darted, or, three-quarter sleeves.

Pattern 4309 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48.

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.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

More About Honey

Now for more of those recipes, using honey as a substitute for sugar, which we promised you.

HONEY SOUR CREAM COOKIES

2 eggs
1½ cups brown sugar
¼ cup sour cream
5½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup shortening
1 cup honey
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup nuts (pecans) rolled
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening, sugar, honey and eggs thoroughly. Add sour cream, then sifted dry ingredients, walnuts and vanilla. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie sheet and bake at 350° F. for 12 to 15 minutes. Corn syrup, preferably the white, may be substituted for the honey.

GINGERBREAD

½ cup butter
¼ cup brown sugar
½ cup sour milk
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon cloves
¾ cup honey
1 egg
1 teaspoon soda
1¾ cup of any good cake flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons baking powder

Cream butter with honey and sugar thoroughly. Add egg and mix well. Add sour milk and dry ingredients, which have been sifted. Bake in a moderate oven, about 350° F. for 25 minutes.

HONEY HERMITS

1 cup butter
1 cup honey
2 eggs
2 tablespoons milk
2 cups rolled oats
½ cup walnuts
2½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup chopped raisins

Cream butter and honey thoroughly with eggs. Add milk, oatmeal and sifted dry ingredients. Stir in nuts and raisins. Drop from a teaspoon on an oiled cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

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.

Apple Snow

Does the frequency of the phrase, "Serve with whipped cream," in recipes ever dismay you a bit in these days of rising prices?

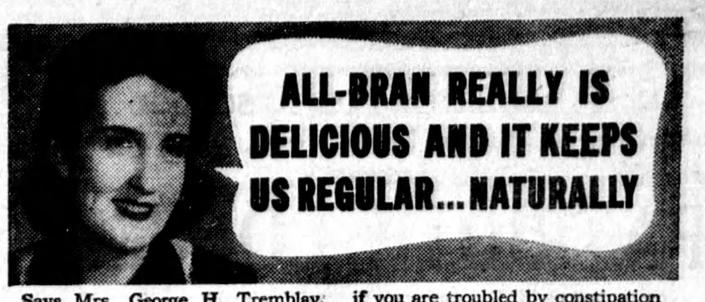
There is an old familiar recipe which, used as "ersatz" whipped cream, will fulfill the requirements of a garnish in looks and taste, says H. S. F. in The Christian Science Monitor. Yet it is inexpensive, and a delight to the cook, because it can be stored in the refrigerator for days. The answer is Apple Snow, well known to many cooks as a quick, easy icing for cakes. Try it now on your favorite puddings, tapioca, butterscotch, chocolate; on gingerbread; cottage pudding, and sliced fruits, and see if the family isn't delighted to meet this old friend in a new role!

Beat the white of one egg until stiff, but not dry. Add 1 cup (I'm using only 2/3 cup these days) sugar, gradually, beating all the while. When perfectly blended, add one large apple, which you have scraped to the core on a grater, putting in a little at a time, and still beating constantly. If it is not very stiff, you should add more grated apple until it is. Don't be alarmed if the apple turns brown as you grate it, for it will turn white as snow again, like magic, when mixed. You will be amazed at the quantity, if you are making it for the first time. Store it in a tightly covered bowl.

Chief Imports

Textiles, motor chassis and parts, machinery and metal manufacturers, petroleum products, paper and paper products were the chief imports into Australia before the war.

Manufacture of pianos in England is expected to end this year because of materials shortage.



ALL-BRAN REALLY IS DELICIOUS AND IT KEEPS US REGULAR...NATURALLY

Says Mrs. George H. Tremblay, Chicoutimi, Quebec: "I can tell you that I wouldn't care to be without KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN now. The cause of constipation that's due to lack of the proper bulk is banished by ALL-BRAN. Yes, the best part of it is that it gives more than just temporary relief."

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.

DOUBLE-ACTING BAKING POWDER Makes Better Cakes!

ECONOMICAL, TOO!

★ You're sure of finer cakes and biscuits with Calumet. It's a double-acting baking powder. Actually lifts your baking continuously! First in the mixing bowl, then again in the oven. Try Calumet today. It gives you three benefits—better baking—low price—economy.

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CALUMET double-acting BRAND **BAKING POWDER**

Port Of Colombo Island Of Ceylon

Ranks About Seventh Among Great Ports of The World

The first key to the Indian Ocean is the port of Colombo, Ceylon, which is the natural clearing house for the commerce of five continents, C. E. Elliott writes in Asia Magazine.

In peacetime, Colombo ranks about seventh among the great ports of the world. The harbor, protected by three breakwaters, is 850 acres in extent; has two modern drydocks and excellent facilities for world wide shipping, with engineering shops close to the docks. Some years ago, the government constructed immense workshops at Dehiwela, near Colombo, far in excess of its immediate requirements, and admirably equipped with modern machinery. The port is well defended, for the hilly suburb of Mutwai rises around and above the docks, and is heavily fortified with big guns. There is ample space to enlarge the present airdrome, and doubtless other airfields have been constructed.

The second key to the Indian Ocean is the naval port of Trincomalee. Trinco—as it is universally called—is normally a small town of some 10,000 people. It has a magnificent inner harbor, landlocked and covering four square miles. There is ample water all round, in many places close in shore. In former days, Trincomalee was bitterly contended for by the Portuguese, Dutch, French and British, and was finally captured from the Dutch in 1795 and ceded to the British in 1802. Ever since, it has been the naval base of the East Indies squadron, under an admiral, working in with the Royal Indian Navy. This latter force is manned almost entirely by Indians, with a sprinkling of British officers. The sailors are mostly recruited from up-country tribes around Bombay.

British Craftsmen Return To Benches

Craftsmen who made beautifully worked diamond brooches, bracelets and other examples of fine jewelry for the court of Queen Victoria are among those who have come back from retirement to their benches in London workshops to add their skill to Britain's war effort, says British Industries Bulletin.

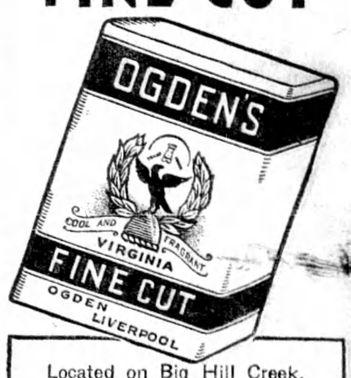
They are now fashioning delicate parts for airplanes, tanks, ships, torpedoes and bombs, as well as surgical and precision instruments

Some of them are as old as eighty; in one workshop alone there are as many as thirty expert craftsmen between the ages of sixty and eighty. At least one principal has returned from retirement with the others. He is R. C. Antrobus, who organized the jewelry trade for war work in the last war.

It was Antrobus who, in 1930, offered £40,000 for the famous Napoleon necklace which the Emperor Napoleon I presented to the Empress Marie Louise on the birth of their son, the King of Rome, in 1811.

A FAMOUS BRAND

Ogden's FINE CUT



Located on Big Hill Creek, Cochrane, Alberta, the Oxyoke Ranch, founded in 1887 immediately following the Riel Rebellion, is still maintained by W. Hutchinson, one of the founders. Comprising 10,000 acres of range land, the ranch annually grazes more than 1,000 head of fine beef cattle.

BRAND OF THE OXYOKE RANCH