NOW WE RECOMMEND ALL-BRAN TO ALL OUR FRIENDS

Says Mrs. Joseph Pare, Montreal, Quebec: "I find KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN much more satisfactory than pills or powders. Nearly all our family suffered from constipation. Our friends suggested pills and powders, but relief was only temporary. Now we eat ALL-BRAN regularly and recommend it to our friends."

Instead of waiting until you suffer and then dosing yourself with harsh purgatives, try ALL-BRAN'S "Better Way" to correct *the cause* of constipation due to the lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water, but remember, ALL-BRAN doesn't work like a cathartic; it takes time. ALL-BRAN is sold at your grocer's in two convenient size packages; at restaurants in individual serving packages. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

• SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

THE STORY: Clyde Dawson, Canadian Intelligence Department, hasn't many clews to work on in tracking fifth columnists operating against the R. A. F. Bomber Ferry Command. One of the spies, Lemoy Statler, has been hanged for murder. He left Dawson a snapshot of a girl who looks like a famous film actress, and a cryptic note about a broken "reunion date." Then, after postmortem examination, Dawson cleverly deduces that Statler was a hockey and baseball player—probably a college athlete.

* * *

A GHOULISH GIFT

CHAPTER III

The sleeping car was uncomfortably overheated as the Newfoundland train sped through the sub-zero night. It was plowing into a raging blizzard in the heart of the Topsails section of the 547-mile trail from St. John's to Port-aux-Basques, sailing point for the Cabot Strait crossing to Canada.

Unable to sleep, Dawson found himself cursing the ill luck that made him miss the weekly boat sailing from St. John's to Halifax and the continued stretch of bad weather that had grounded all Royal Air Force Ferry Command planes bound for Montreal from the secret airport "Somewhere in Newfoundland." It was taking him days to make the trip he could fly in hours.

But it had to be the train—the Intelligence Department at Ottawa had done some fast work on his "beefsteak clew" and the hunt now pointed to Chicago. It was nine days since he and the American sergeant had drawn conclusions from the body of the hanged Lemoy Statler. But Ottawa had evidently rattled off the circulars in record time and air mailed them special delivery to the various universities.

That afternoon a cable had arrived from Ottawa informing him that the State University, located just outside Chicago, had wired that it was believed the man whose identity the department sought had been a star athlete there prior to graduation in 1929. It was suggested that an investigator be sent for further details.

Dawson decided to try another cigarette. He got into his dressing gown and slippers in the cramped quarters and weaved his way down the bumping aisle between green-curtained berths to the small combination washing and smoking compartment at the end. It was deserted.

* * *

Blinking at his watch, Clyde saw it was after two o'clock and he yawned expansively. In an old newspaper he re-read editorial comment on the entry of the United States into the war after Pearl Harbor and the sinking of two British battleships in the Pacific.

The swinging door separating the smoking compartment from the rest of the car moved inward with a cold draught evidently caused by the door at the far end of the car being opened.

Dawson hoped that it was the conductor—he'd have a talk about the heating system. But fully a minute passed and nobody appeared. The door into the car had opened, there was no doubt about it. Impatiently he stood up and looked through the glass down the aisle.

Suddenly Dawson was on the alert. Down near the end of the car a muffled man was pulling apart the curtains of a lower berth in stealthy fashion—and it was Dawson's berth!

In the feeble night lighting of the car it was impossible to see any of the man's facial features. Besides his coat collar was turned up. He was now reaching into the berth. . . . Dawson whipped open the swinging door.

For a split second he caught a flash of white face as the figure hurriedly withdrew from the empty berth and took a quick look toward the smoking compartment before wheeling and rushing out.

* * *

Dawson was yards behind and the chase was difficult due to the motion of the train. Between two cars he lost one of his slippers on the snowy platform but kept going on one bare foot. Abruptly he halted three cars beyond his own. The man had vanished—either he had hopped into a berth Dawson already passed or was in a berth still further back. The car porters would be having forty winks up front in the dining car converted into a crew sleeper at night. There would be nobody to tell him if a man had just rushed through any one car. Obviously, the unknown intruder had chosen his time with that in mind.

Returning to his car, Dawson went directly to the berth he had occupied and switched on the light. He whistled softly through the monotonous clickety-click of the wheels.

His pillow was badly slashed by what must have been a sharp knife!

"Now what in hell was that for?" Dawson muttered to himself.

It all seemed so melodramatic—like the familiar detective stories where the sleuth's life is threatened nightly. After all, what good would it do to kill him—another investigator would take up the trail. But that slashed pillow where his head had been resting only a short time before could not be ignored. Somebody on the train had murder in his heart—with Dawson as the victim.

* * *

The next day he kept strictly to himself aboard the train. This behavior was prompted by thinking things over during the early morning hours following the knife-slashing episode. He realized that in the dim light he hadn't seen anything that might prove a clew to the would-be killer's identity. If he acted like a person looking for somebody the following day it would only serve to put Mr. X on his guard.

There was only one thing to do. Act indifferently in the hope that it would invite the killer to try again. Next time Dawson would be waiting with open arms.

However, nothing unusual happened during the long day as the Overland Express puffed through the bleak country. It was running four hours late as a result of the long fight against the blizzard.

Port-aux-Basques, a lonesome little fishing village now ten times busier than in pre-war days, was reached shortly before midnight. The train pulled in directly onto the wharf beside which a fleet of fishing boats, their sailless masts towering forlornly above the tops of the cars, rested at anchor. Down the wharf, waiting for the passenger and cargo load from the train, was the ice-breaker Caribou, a sturdy veteran of many rugged battles on the turbulent Cabot Strait.

* * *

The railway company had reserved a cabin for Dawson and he went to it after hurriedly reporting to the purser. It had four bunks, two at right angles and two parallel to the door. He nodded approvingly at the lay-out, then stepped out on deck. There was a dark corner directly above the deck onto which the gangplank led and he wanted to study the passengers as they came aboard in single file.

It took less than half an hour and Dawson found grim humor in the fact that one of those passengers was apparently boarding the boat to murder him yet he could only guess at which one or ones it could be. But imprinting mental pictures of them all might come in handy later on.

About 1.30, Dawson wandered into the corner of the lounge where the purser was completing his endless forms for the company's records and the Canadian immigration authorities. A group of American and Canadian soldiers homeward bound on leave had started a poker game while another was blowing lazy tunes out of a mouth organ.

"Pardon me, Mr. Purser," said Dawson, "I was expecting to meet up with some old friends tonight—has anybody asked for the whereabouts of my cabin?" He gave his name.

The purser shook his head.

"No sir—nobody has asked for you. But it might not have been necessary—your pal or pals could have seen your name on this big sheet and noticed the cabin number beside it."

Dawson nodded. "Uh-huh, that's probably what happened." Mr. X would hardly have done anything so risky as to ask for his victim's cabin number. Pursers have good memories.

* * *

With every sense alert, the investigator lighted his pipe, walking slowly and deliberately down the passageway towards his cabin.

The Caribou had cast off and was already grinding into the ice with strong, tireless lunges. From a nearby cabin came sounds of some poor landlubber in distress after the first few rolls.

At his cabin door, Dawson paused, opened it just enough to switch on the cabin light and pushed the door, meanwhile bending down to pick up his lighter which he had purposely dropped. With one fast movement of his head, his eyes swept through the interior of the cabin and up and down the passageway . . . nobody anywhere.

Inside the cabin, Dawson shoved a small suit case beneath the blankets of the lower bunk parallel to the door. It wasn't enough to form the shape of a sleeping man and he picked up the blanket rolled at the bottom of the other lower berth. As he did so, a package dropped onto the cabin floor. Quickly he picked it up and read his name printed in bold, block ink letters.

Gingerly Dawson unwrapped it and found a cardboard box. He lifted the lid and looked at the contents . . . a sudden nausea rushing over him.

It was a human hand—hacked off at the wrist. But what left his stomach feeling troubled was the horrible realization that he recognized that hand beyond any shadow of doubt.

The one badly twisted "baseball" knuckle and the partially twisted one told Dawson that hand had belonged to the hanged Lemoy Statler!

(Continued Next Week)

DIRNDL-TYPE JUMPER

By Anne Adams

A school "belle" special—this young dirndl-jumper made from simple Anne Adams Pattern 4113. The back buttoning extends below the waistline to let you easily in and out. The smart, useful blouse may have short or long sleeves.

Pattern 4113 is available in junior miss sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13, jumper, takes 1¾ yards 54-inch; blouse 1¾ yards 35-inch.

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.

Gift To R.A.F.

In less than a year, people of The Netherlands have presented to the R.A.F. 96 fighters, 32 bombers and a number of night fighters. One fighter has destroyed at least 30 enemy aircraft.

ISSUE 39—'42

C

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Conserves And Relishes

This week as I was taking a final resumé of my garden I found some lovely fresh mint fresher and crisper than many times in the spring, no doubt on account of the recent rains.

I decided to make these three things and thought maybe you would like them too.

Mint Jelly

1 cup fresh mint leaves and stems firmly packed
1 cup cider or malt vinegar (diluted)
1 cup water
5½ cups sugar (two cups of corn syrup or 1½ cups honey)
1 cup commercial pectin
Green coloring

Wash mint. Do not remove leaves from stems. Place in kettle and press down with potato masher, a wooden one if you have it. Add the vinegar, the sweetening and the water and bring to a boil over a hot fire. Add enough green color to give the desired shade. As soon as mixture is boiling add pectin, stirring constantly and bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for ½ minute. Remove from fire. Skim and pour through the sieve to remove all trace of mint leaves. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal.

Mint Fruit Relish

5 cups or two lbs. of prepared water melon rind
1 teaspoon salt
2 medium sized oranges
7 cups sugar
½ cup vinegar
2¼ cups water

Substituting for sugar use honey or corn syrup. Try three cupfuls. Taste, if not sweet enough for individual taste add more

⅛ cup finely chopped mint leaves
1 small can crushed pineapple

Remove green skin and all pink flesh from rind of firm but not overripe watermelon. Put rind through food chopper, using course knives. Drain and weigh or measure. Cover with water, add salt and let stand over night. Drain, scrub oranges cut into eighths; remove seeds and all course membrane. Cut crosswise into very thin slices. Cover watermelon rind and oranges with fresh water. Bring to a boil and simmer. Cook for 45 minutes or until tender. Drain; mix sweetening, vinegar and water in large kettle; bring to a boil stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly until syrup is thick. Add fruit mixture and mint tied in a cheesecloth bag. Bring slowly to boil for 40 minutes or until fruit and rind are clear. Remove mint bag and skim.

Minted Pear Preserves

8 cups prepared pears
1 cup water
5½ cups sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons finely chopped mint leaves firmly packed

Wash and prepare about 4½ lbs. firm ripe pears. Cut into quarters, remove cores and cut crosswise into thin slices. Weigh or measure into large preserving kettle. Add water, bring to a boil and simmer covered about 20 minutes or until tender, stirring constantly. Add sugar, salt and lemon juice. Mix carefully, cook slowly or until mixture boils, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly for about twenty minutes or until fruit is clear and syrup is somewhat thick, stirring frequently to prevent scorching. Skim. Add mint and reheat just to boiling. Pour into hot sterile jars or glasses and seal at once.

Grape Conserve

5 lbs. grapes
5 lbs. sugar
1 lb. raisins
3 oranges

Separate skins and pulps of grapes. Cook pulp and run through colander, to remove seeds. Cut rind of oranges into small pieces. Cook together until thick, then add a cup of nuts.

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 :ipet 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.

Two Flower Girls Lose A Friend

At the King's request there were not many flowers at the funeral of the Duke of Kent but a bunch of carnations and roses arrived at Windsor Castle with a card expressing sympathy and signed "Mrs. McCarthy and Mrs. Farmiley, two London flower girls."

They had often supplied the Duke with a button-hole flower and they said: "He treated us not as just flower girls but as friends."

Crisp and Tasty!

Satisfy those active appetites with good steaming-hot soup and a generous plateful of Christie's Premium Soda Crackers! They're always dependably fresh and so *crisp and tasty*. At your grocer's, salted or plain. Get the economical 2-pound package. Serve with soups, salads, spreads—any food or beverage.

Christie's PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS

Teach Economy Of Electric Power

Ontario Wowen Will Be Asked To Stagger Ironing Days

Housewives in Ontario will be urged to stagger their ironing days this fall and winter, W. L. Houck, vice-chairman of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission said recently.

"We are going to conduct an educational campaign to teach housewives how to conserve electric power," he said. "November and December are the two worst months of the year. Tuesday is the worst day. That is the day the housewives do the ironing. We are going to try to get them to do their ironing on other days of the week."

Mr. Houck said that before the end of this month the Hydro-Electric Power Commission will ask that advertising lighting be absolutely curtailed. Theatres, he said, will be allowed enough lights in front to permit the public to see what pictures are being displayed and to find its way in and out of the theatres.

Housewives will be asked to have more oven dinners to cut down on use of elements, and to turn off radios when they are in other parts of the house.

"These things may seem small," he said, "but the system serves 600,000 urban and 130,000 rural homes. A little saved in each home will add up to a large total.

"There is going to be a power shortage of from 200,000 to 300,000 horsepower this fall," Mr. Houck said.

Industrial history is made as fair sex invades Canadian National Railways yards. The railways employed a few women during the last war, but a much larger program is planned now, as the National System prepares to meet the increasing war-time traffic demands that will be made upon it. "Our only requirement is that women must be willing to work and have the intelligence to do a good job," declared E. R. Battley, General Superintendent of Motive Power and Car Equipment, Central Region. Women are cleaning everything in the yards from ashtrays to giant locomotives, in addition to handling foodstuffs in the Commissary Stores for Canadian National dining cars. At present women are employed at Toronto, Montreal, Windsor and Sarnia in similar capacities, and they will be engaged at other points across the system as the necessity demands. Experience has proved they are dependable workers, who do a splendid job of work.

Housewives Have War Organization

Housewives are mobilizing in the British war effort through a nation-wide good-neighbor scheme. Like the women in the forces, or the members of the Land Army, housewives have their own organization.

Cards in the windows of more than three-quarters of a million houses in city streets and country lanes indicate the residences of members of the Housewives Section of the Women's Voluntary Service. Here are the women who, though they cannot do a wholetime job in factory or workshop, have been trained through A.R.P. lectures, cookery and nursing, and other demonstrations to give efficient service to their neighbors in any emergency. Wherever the wheels of Britain's war machine can be oiled to prevent friction upon the individual, right there, it seems, is a member of this service to give the necessary comfort and help.

From this organization, for instance, come the Sister Susies of World War II. No longer does Tommy Atkins have to spend hard-earned pennies in postage stamps to send his socks home to Mother. They are now mended at W.V.S. work parties or in the homes of members of the Housewives' Section.

Canada Exports Machine Tools

Canada, once entirely dependent on the United States and Great Britain for machine tools, now is exporting some tools to those countries and has stepped up her production some 800 per cent since the outbreak of war, munitions and supply officials said last week.

Before the war Canada made hardly any machine tools and even now the production meets little more than one-fifth of wartime industry's demands in this countr. But four general types are being made in a wide range of sizes. Almost half Canada's machine tool output goes to help war industries in the United States.

A Delicious Mealtime Beverage

• Postum has a delicious satisfying flavor that every member of the family will enjoy.

Postum contains no caffeine or tannin to upset nerves or stomach. Made instantly in the cup, either with boiling water or hot milk. Very economical.

4 OZ. SIZE MAKES 50 CUPS
8 OZ. SIZE MAKES 100

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