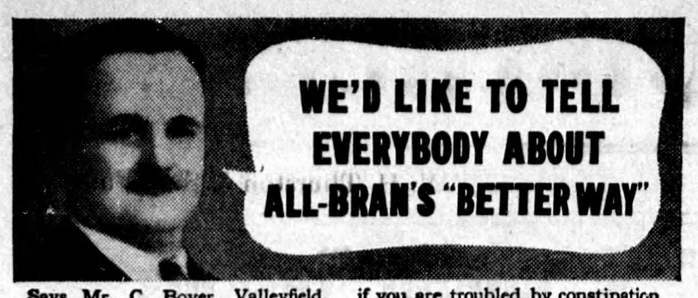

Says Mr. C. Boyer, Valleyfield, Quebec: "For many years we've enjoyed KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, the delicious cereal that keeps us regular . . . naturally. In muffins, ALL-BRAN is delicious . . . we have them almost every day. And ALL-BRAN is a grand cereal for breakfast."

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 FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

ESCAPE—THE HARD WAY

CHAPTER VIII

Like a person walking under a strange roof and attempting to figure where he is, Dawson fought through a haze of pain to clear his mind. The least motion of his body brought savage darts while his head pounded mercilessly. His mouth was dry as parchment and his tongue evidently swollen. As he twisted a bit to the right the pain increased around his heart . . . then he remembered John's closing words and the flash of pain.

His wrists and ankles were numb, for which he was grateful. They were badly swollen, but he'd be able to work on them without too much suffering.

The gray light of pre-dawn trickled through a skylight into his storeroom prison. Peering at the forms about him he concluded a number of them were packing cases. That meant rough, jagged edges.

Picking out a large one propped in a corner, he began the ordeal of wriggling toward it. Eventually he made it, panting for breath, salty perspiration dripping over his eyes.

Slowly he maneuvered for position, lifting his bound legs and propping them against the high rough edge. Muttering a silent prayer that the packing case wouldn't move with the weight of his legs, he drew them up and down so that the rope binding his ankles scraped on the edge. Until he got the use of his legs he couldn't stand up to free his hands the same way.

* * *

It was a long, tedious job—hours it seemed—while the gray light changed to bright sunlight. Frequently he felt his head swimming, but Dawson continued scraping. It had to be done easily lest the sound awaken his captors. . . . Abruptly he froze. What was that?

A door had shut almost directly below him and . . . yes, somebody was mounting the stairs!

Frantically, Dawson poured every ounce of power into the scraping . . . the rope was stretching . . . break, damn you, break . . . there was a key grinding in the lock . . . one more last push—that did it . . . the rope parted!

Digging his teeth into his lips to suppress his sobbing breath, Dawson swung his legs over to one side and stretched out still just as the door swung open.

The dusty rays from the skylight reflected on a revolver in a man's hand—it wasn't John; it must be the other man who had helped carry him the night before.

Suspiciously, the man looked from the spot where they had thrown the captive to the shadowy corner. Slowly he approached, gun aimed squarely at Dawson.

"Water, for God's sake, water!"

The man's sneering face was directly over him now.

"How would like an ice cold Tom Collins, big shot?" he rasped.

Dawson barely opened his eyes as he spoke again:

"Look at my ankles—something has happened!"

* * *

It was a desperate gamble, but Dawson put everything on the fact that he was in a dark corner and the man would have to bend over to see. . . It was working—he was bending over curiously . . . now was the moment!

With every last bit of strength drawn from the reserve of a well-conditioned physique, Dawson steadied himself with his left foot and kicked upwards with his right. It landed with a sickening crunch and the man crumbled across Dawson's legs!

It wouldn't do for this chap to waken up too soon. Brutally, Dawson kicked three times full into the face of the unconscious man—that ought to do the trick.

Gradually, Dawson scrambled to his feet—he had never realized before how difficult it was to rise from the floor with one's hands tied.

His head swam dizzily and his knees trembled. The nervous tension plus the long period during which the ankles were tied left him in bad shape. He'd have to work with the utmost caution.

Backing into the door so that he grasped the doorknob with his tied hands, he closed it softly. Then he moved quickly across the storeroom and turned his back to the packing case edge, using the scraping method on the wrist rope.

It took even longer than the other, but the tough strands finally parted. For fully five minutes he rubbed the angry, swollen wrists before turning to the man on the floor. From a packing case he stripped a length of wire and deftly bound him.

Picking up the revolver, he opened the door gingerly and stepped into the hall. Still no sounds except from the kitchen.

Identifying the hall through which he had been carried as that of the second floor, he walked on tiptoe, pausing at the door beside the main staircase leading to the ground floor. It had been a man's room.

Pressing his ear against the door, he heard deep, regular breathing. Ever so carefully, he turned the handle. It opened noiselessly and Dawson whisked inside.

* * *

John was in bed — sleeping peacefully. Dawson was beside him in a flash, switching the revolver around so that he grasped it by the barrel.

He shook the sleeping man tenderly.

"Wake up, cutie, and see who's here!" he said in a loud whisper.

The regular breathing ceased and John's eyes fluttered open. For a second he stared up unseeingly, then sat bolt upright, his mouth opening in the prelude to a yell.

That's just what Dawson was waiting for. His arm swung in a short arc and the butt of the revolver caught John squarely in the mouth.

"Now get up, skunk, and watch yourself!" he growled.

Clutching his mouth, John slowly moved out of the bed and stood up.

"Walk ahead of me — through the door and downstairs. One false move and I'll drill you!"

Obediently, John half staggered to the door. Dawson swung it wide and his prisoner walked into the hallway, halting at the top of the steps. Something in his manner caught Dawson's attention. Flashing a glance down the steps, he saw the dour housekeeper halfway up—a snub-nosed automatic in her hand!

Dawson didn't falter—he fired without warning and the housekeeper clutched her shoulder, tottering sideways and rolling down the steps.

* * *

Dawson bounced past John to the next door—the door leading into the girl's room. He pushed it open and went in—revolver first. One quick glance told him it was unoccupied—the bed had not been slept in. John was still standing rock-like in terror at the head of the stairs.

"Okay, chum," Dawson grinned. "Let's go downstairs."

As they passed the prostrate form of the housekeeper, the investigator examined her briefly.

"Sorry, grandma," he said, "but you should be a nice girl." Digging his gun into John's back, he continued, "and you keep right at the end of this gun while I phone—just in case there should be somebody else in this den of rats."

Using only one hand, Dawson flipped the phone off the hook and dialed "Operator." Lifting the receiver he barked:

"Federal Bureau of Investigation—emergency!"

Almost immediately, he was through to the officer in charge.

"This is Clyde Dawson of the Canadian Intelligence Department . . ." John half turned and Dawson dug the gun into his backbone, "I've bagged a nest of Nazis you'll want to meet—please make it fast." He gave the address and the phone clicked.

Just as Dawson hung up, the doorbell sounded. Wheeling quickly, he pointed to the floor:

"Lie down, toothless—flat on your back and one move to get up will be your last!"

Dawson stepped backwards to the door and peered through the glass. It was the postman. Shifting his revolver to the other hand, he opened the door.

"Special delivery letter for Mr. John Dexel."

"I'll sign for it", Dawson replied.

Closing the door again, he looked at the letter, his curiosity instantly aroused. The postmark was North Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Dawson didn't hesitate. He tore the letter open.

(Continued Next Week)

KIDDIE JUMPER MODE

By Anne Adams

The minimum of fabric and sewing time will be required to make this Anne Adams jumper, Pattern 4222. It's in just two pattern parts, plus straps. The back is buttoned. Make the blouse in bright contrast.

Pattern 4222 is available in children's sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8. Size 6, jumper, takes 1⅛ yards 39-inch; blouse, 1 yard 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.

ISSUE 44—'42

C

GOOD EATING NEWS

Sleight-of-hand won't produce meat when it's needed for the boys in the service. But a little kitchen magic will stretch a pound of sausage to nine servings. The secret lies in this recipe for Sausage Shortcake.

Sausage Shortcake

1 cup white cornmeal
¾ cup flour
1 tablespoon sugar
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup All-Bran
1¼ cups milk
1 egg
¼ cup melted shortening
2 tablespoons butter

Paprika

Creamed Sausage

1 pound bulk sausage
2 tablespoons fat
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
2½ cups milk

Sift cornmeal, flour, sugar, baking powder and salt together. Add All-Bran, milk, beaten egg and shortening. Mix until flour disappears. Pour into greased pan and bake in hot oven (450°F.) about thirty minutes. Remove from pan, spread with butter while hot and serve with creamed sausage or ham over the top. Sprinkle with paprika.

* * * * * *

Brown sausage in frying pan, breaking it up into small pieces. Pour off fat, excepting 2 tablespoons. Stir in flour and seasonings; add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth.

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

Ban Not Lifted On Preserving Sugar

Although requests for sugar for apple-presering have been received, the Prices Board was understood to be standing by its decision that the preserving sugar cut-off at the end of September should be maintained. Those seeking allowances in addition to their normal ration have told the board that more sugar is needed for cooking apples, but the board is taking the position that Winter apples are not perishable and there is no urgency in the situation.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Aids To Rationing

I expect many of you are wondering if it is advisable to have a Christmas cake this year. Maybe it is; if so, this recipe was handed to me, as one, which was used greatly in the last war and became very popular.

Canada's War Cake

2 cupfuls brown sugar
2 tablespoons lard
1 package seeded raisins
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups hot water
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cloves or ginger

Boil all these ingredients together for 5 minutes after they begin to bubble. When cold add: 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda (dissolved in 1 teaspoon hot water). Bake in 2 loaves for 45 minutes in a slow oven. This cake is better at the end of the week or even longer. It ripens as does all fruit cake.

Sandwich Filling

16 medium sized sweet red peppers
1½ cups flour
1½ cups white sugar
Scant ½ cup mustard
1½ cups cider vinegar
3 cups water
2 teaspoons salt

Wash, cut and remove seeds from peppers. Cover with water in the saucepan and boil until tender, about 15 or 20 minutes. Drain; remove the skin from peppers and chop into fine pieces. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly (sifting is the best method); add the vinegar and the water and cook this mixture in a double boiler for 20 minutes, stirring quite frequently so that it will remain smooth. Add the chopped red peppers to the mixture and cook for 10 minutes longer. Put in sterile glasses.

To the sandwich filling may be added grated cheese, nuts, etc. for variation.

Red Pepper Sauce

12 sweet red peppers
4 medium sized onions
2 lemons
3½ cups sugar

Remove the seeds from the peppers and put peppers along with the onions through the food chopper or chop fine. Cover with cold water, bring to the boil and drain. Barely cover with cider vinegar. Cut lemons in quarters and add them. Boil for 20 minutes. Add sugar and boil for ten minutes again. Remove the lemon sections, skim and bottle.

Creole Sweet Potato Pie

1½ cooked sweet potatoes
½ cup brown sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
3 tablespoons New Orleans molasses
3 egg yolks
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ cup chopped walnuts
3 egg whites

Mash sweet potatoes until free of lumps. Add sugar, salt, cinnamon and molasses. Add beaten yolks. Then add milk, melted butter and walnuts and mix well. Beat egg whites until stiff and dry and fold into mixture. Pour into pastry lined tin. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) for 30 minutes or until pie is firm.

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.

Norwegians Removed

The Germans have removed virtually the entire male population from the parish of Grane, in Nordland, Northern Norway, executing or arresting at least 75, Reuters said in a Stockholm despatch.

CANADA'S HOUSOLDIERS

Keep in line with timely economy.

Crown Brand Syrup in addition to its other uses, is being so generally used to supplement sugar, that the demand has increased tremendously — so that sometimes your grocer may not be able to supply you. But you'll understand why.

A great deal more "Crown Brand" is being produced this year but it cannot be expected to meet a demand resulting from a war shortage of millions of pounds of sugar.

The supply of Crown Brand Syrup, like other things, must be shared. Don't hoard — buy normally. With the help of your grocer, every effort is being made to keep you supplied with this delicious syrup.

CROWN BRAND SYRUP

THE CANADA STARCH COMPANY LIMITED • MONTREAL - TORONTO

A Delightful Beverage

Have you tried Postum yet? With each successive cup, Postum's robust, satisfying flavor seems more delicious. It's easily made, requires less sugar, and is very economical. And because Postum contains neither caffeine nor tannin it's a safe beverage for everyone.

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

P362

How soon can WE end this War?

This is the people's war . . . it is *our* war. Each and everyone of us must contribute our utmost to help speed the day of Victory!

If we fail in *our duty* to lend to the limit, we help make this war last longer.

Let us resolve to back the new Victory Loan to the utmost of our ability. We, on the home front, must strain every fibre that our fighting men may have overwhelming superiority in arms and equipment to crush our still powerful enemies. The dollars we lend NOW will make this possible sooner.

Buy Victory Bonds

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