Make the most of your Tea..
warm the tea-pot first
"SALADA"

• SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN FERRY COMMAND

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

BREAKFAST IN HALIFAX

CHAPTER XI

The motors broke into a sullen roar and the big plane started down the runway to turn into the flare path. Clyde Dawson and Carole Fiske watched the lights of the Montreal airport sink away below them. Up and up they rose until the plane emerged into a mystic world whose dome was painted with moonlight and whose floor was a sea of fluffy, rolling soapsuds.

"Did you really get the message for me from Darwin?"

Darwin? For a moment Dawson was puzzled—she was using the hanged man's real first name. Darwin Lemoy had died under the alias of Lemoy Statler.

"I did," he answered.

Dawson reached into his inside coat pocket and withdrew a wallet. From it he took a reprint of the snapshot given him by the condemned man just before the death march.

The girl took it from his hand and held it up to the moonlight entering the window.

Dawson, watching her intently, suddenly felt the frustration all men feel in face of feminine tears. Silently he saw her lower the picture and turn her glistening eyes to the window. He knew now that this girl loved Darwin Lemoy.

* * *

Sharp on schedule, the TCA plane circled the Moncton, N.B., airport at 5.10 a.m. As it landed, Dawson leaned over to the girl.

"Come along," he said gently, "I'll buy you a cup of coffee."

Carole Fiske looked at him strangely. Then she unfastened the safety belt.

"Thank you, I will."

In the airport restaurant Dawson waited until she had finished her beverage.

"Tell me," he asked, "how did you know my name? I didn't mention it in Chicago . . ."

"John knew who you were—he told me."

Dawson felt his pulse quicken. This was a situation he hadn't bargained for. His present plan—in fact, the most important aspect of his whole investigation depended on her NOT knowing his identity. Paul Dexel must have cabled from the train that he, Dawson, was bound for Canada. He had probably added the investigator's description. . . .

"And what did the crude lug have to say about me?' he asked, calmly sipping at his coffee.

"That you are Clyde Dawson—an international double-crosser, a renegade of both sides in this war who sells to the highest bidder . . . that you have somehow secured inside information about our organization and are working a type of blackmail scheme on Darwin Lemoy — the snapshot proves it."

Dawson breathed a sigh of relief. This was a break—a beauty if ever he had one. John, of course, had lied to the girl . . . unless the girl knew the truth and was deliberately lying to throw him off the track.

* * *

Excusing himself, Dawson found a phone, rushed through a call to the Canadian Intelligence Bureau at Halifax, and queried the agent on duty about Paul Dexel. It was as he had expected—the man had simply laughed off all questions. They had nothing on him, he claimed, and he had no intention, it seemed, of altering that condition. In fact, the agent added with a touch of sarcasm, the Halifax Bureau really didn't know enough about the case to quiz the prisoner intelligently. For that part they really didn't have enough to hold him.

"Okay, I'll attend to that part of it for you," Dawson said. "I haven't time to go into detail but the plane should land at Dartmouth about 6.15. Which means that a girl and I will likely be having breakfast together in the Nova Scotian Hotel between 7 and 7.30 in the main dining room. Now listen closely and do exactly what I tell you . . ."

For the remainder of the flight, Dawson stayed clear of the one topic in which they were mutually interested. Anyway, the girl seemed unwilling to chat.

The plane was 15 minutes late landing at Dartmouth, just across the harbor from Halifax. In the airline autobus while crossing on the ferry, Dawson struck up conversation again.

* * *

"Would you care to have breakfast with me?"

She shook her head. "No, the less I see of you the better, although I suppose it is inevitable, knowing what you apparently do."

"That's right," Dawson smiled broadly, "it's inevitable. And since it's thataway, breakfast with me at the Nova Scotian."

"Very well," she said unenthusiastically.

The hotel lobby was surprisingly busy for the early hour. Dawson ushered the girl into the dining room opposite the main entrance, and placed her so she was facing the entrance. He selected the chair at the four-place table that allowed him a side view of the entrance.

The girl's eyes were fixed on him.

"You're a strange man—I find it . . ." the sentence choked off in her throat. Dawson saw her staring wildly at the entrance and knew without turning his head that she had seen Paul Dexel. There would, of course, be agents with him.

Carole Fiske turned in her chair, face white as chalk:

"Oh God," she cried, "it can't be—Paul Dexel was murdered . . Darwin did . . ."

Dawson leaned over quickly, slid an arm around her waist and kissed her on the cheek.

In the entrance, Paul Dexel tugged madly against the restraining arms of the agents:

"You rotten double-crosser," he shrieked, "I'll cut your tongue out for this!"

* * *

Conscious that all in the dining room had ceased eating while the waiters stared in frank amazement, Dawson resumed his seat as Dexel was being escorted from the doorway.

"Why did you do that?" her voice came in a low hiss.

"I'm funny that way," Dawson shrugged. "Ever since I was only so high I've done that to pretty girls . . ."

"Shut up!" Carole Fiske cut in, "Were you deliberately doing that for the benefit of the man in the doorway . . ."

"Paul Dexel — you mentioned his name when you saw him—remember?" Dawson was serious now.

"All right, Paul Dexel. Answer my question!"

"To make him spill all he knows about you and your mob. And if you're wise you'll do some talking your . . ."

In one quick movement the girl had picked up her cup of coffee and flipped the contents directly into the investigator's face. As he lurched back, she rose and called for the headwaiter.

"This man has insistently annoyed me throughout a plane trip and now at breakfast I cannot stand his insults any longer. I . . ."

Putting her hand to her eyes and sobbing audibly, she ran for the door.

* * *

Dawson threw aside the napkin with which he had been wiping his face and started after her.

"You little wildcat!" he muttered.

The headwaiter grabbed him by the arm and two army officers jumped up from a nearby table, planting themselves in front of Dawson.

"Out of my way, gentlemen," the latter spoke quickly. "That girl is trying to escape . . ."

"Quite evidently she is," the headwaiter interrupted. "Just wait a minute for the hotel detective, please. He'll want to ask you some questions."

"Don't waste precious time," snapped Dawson, "here are my credentials . . ." As he reached into his inside pocket a blank look came over his face. Suddenly he laughed.

"That's out—my credentials are in my suitcase, so all I can do is admit I'm a lowdown masher and a menace to young ladies."

The headwaiter seemed puzzled by Dawson's amusement.

"Well, I should call the detective anyway . . ." he said uncertainly.

"Don't be silly," Dawson replied. "The girl's gone—she'd be the one to lay charges. After all, it wasn't you I kissed."

"Very well, you may leave, but I must advise you that this matter will be reported to the hotel detective and he shall likely want to question you further. Your name is . . . ?"

"Okay, chum, the name is Clyde Dawson."

(Continued Next Week)

ISSUE 47—'42

C

China's Lifeline

Strategic war materials are being flown out of a once-desolate jungleland in Northern India to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's forces at the rate of hundreds of tons monthly over China's only remaining lifeline.

With the coasts of China, Burma and Indo-China in Japanese control and the hard-pressed Russians unable to continue delivery of supplies over the old silk route, the air route to the heart of China's southwest now is the key support of her armies.

Soviet Scientists Rebuild Wounded

Such is the skill of Soviet scientists and surgeons that more than 70 per cent of Russian troops wounded in battle return to active service, fully restored in health, Health Commissar G. A. Miterev said in a broadcast from Moscow.

Recalling the tremendous loss of life during the First Great War, the Commissar attributed much of Rusia's medical success to the greatly increased number of transfusions which were made possible by the blood of Soviet donors. Tetanus and gangrene were "practically forgotten," he said, and not more than one per cent of Soviet wounded actuallly lose their lives.

(Miterev did not define "wounded," but presumably he meant men who reached dressing stations or hospitals behind the lines).

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Old-fashioned Desserts

HOW TO COOK RICE

Wash the rice thoroughly in several waters until all loose starch is removed. Drain. Have boiling salted water ready in a deep saucepan. Gradually drop in the rice and allow to boil uncovered for 5 to 20 minutes, or until a grain is entirely soft when pressed with a spoon or fork. To prevent sticking lift from time to time with a fork, but do not stir. Do not overcook.

Turn cooked rice into a sieve and wash off excess starch with a little hot water. When drained cover with a cloth and set over a pan of hot water on the back of the stove or in the oven, or turn rice into a shallow pan and place in a warm oven for a short time. Treated in this way the grains swell and are kept separate.

One cup rice, when boiled, will increase to 3 cups or more.

Baked Rice Custard

¼ cup currants
2 egg yolks
1½ cups cooked rice
¼ cup brown sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ cup corn syrup
2 tablespoons melted butter
3 cups milk
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Wash currants, let stand in warm water until plump and drain. Beat egg yolks until light, add rice, brown sugar, salt, corn syrup, butter, milk, currants and lemon rind. Mix well; pour into casserole in pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) till custard is set — about 1½ hours.

Meringue

2 egg whites
1 tablespoon corn syrup
1 tablespoon corn starch

Beat egg whites stiff; add corn syrup and corn starch. Beat thoroughly. Spread over pudding and return to oven until meringue is golden brown.

Butterscotch Rice

1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup Crown Brand corn syrup
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
½ cup cooked rice
½ cup whipping cream
½ teaspoon vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes. Melt butter in saucepan, add corn syrup and cook over low heat till brown and bubbly. Slowly add the milk to which has been added the salt; stir until dissolved. Remove from heat and add the gelatine. Chill till mixture begins to set; fold in cooked rice, stiffly beaten cream and vanilla. Pour into small ring mold or pan about 8 x 4 x 2½. Be sure to grease well. Chill, unmold and serve with bran cookies.

Crisp Bran Cookies

1½ cups pastry flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
¾ cup bran
½ cup chopped walnuts
1½ cups rolled oats
1 cup butter
1¼ cups brown sugar
¼ cup corn syrup
1½ cups brown sugar
2 eggs

Sift together flour, salt, baking powder and baking soda. Add bran, chopped nuts and rolled oats. Cream the butter; add sugar and corn syrup, blending well. Add slightly beaten eggs; combine with dry mixture, mixing lightly but thoroughly.

Chill batter and roll in small balls between palms of the hands. Place about two inches apart on greased cookie sheet and press flat with fork, pressing both ways. Bake in moderate oven (325°F.) for 5 minutes.

Old-Fashioned Rice Pudding

2 cups hot milk
½ cup raisins
1¼ cups cooked rice
1 egg
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of nutmeg
½ cup corn syrup

Heat milk in top of double boiler. Wash raisins and cook in the milk for 15 minutes. Add cooked rice and cook 5 minutes longer. To beaten egg add salt, nutmeg, corn syrup and rice mixture. Stir well; pour into a greased 1½ quart casserole. Set casserole in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for 1 hour. Serve either hot or cold. Serves 6.

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

Parachute Hazard

A parachute jump in the darkness is always fraught with peril and uncertainty. Ask Flt.-Sgt. F. R. O'Neill, of Sudbury.

O'Neill had to bail out over England following a recent raid on Germany. He floated down and landed in a tree.

After what seemed like hours spent trying to attract help, he pressed his harness release, shed his parachute and jumped.

He fell one-foot.

SMART SUIT FOR TOTS

By Anne Adams

Even the very young set is suit-conscious this season! Here's an economical and easy-to-make little style by Anne Adams, Pattern 4230. The panelled skirt has optional suspender straps. The jacket is double-breasted and may contrast.

Pattern 4230 is available in children's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12. Size 6, jacket, takes 1 yard 54-inch; skirt, ⅞ yard contrast.

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.

CANADA'S HOUSOLDIERS

Is your appetite jaded during these tempestuous times—do your meals seem dull and uninteresting?

Tempt your family's appetite with desserts that are delicious and nutritious—blanc manges and puddings that can be made easily and at little cost, with Canada Corn Starch.

The fine quality of Canada Corn Starch gives the best possible results—a smooth texture that makes corn starch desserts delightful.

FREE! Send for the excellent Recipe Booklet "52 Desserts". Write enclosing one box-top or complete label from any Canada Starch product. Address Dept. R.22, Canada Starch Home Service, 49 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Ont.

CANADA CORN STARCH

The CANADA STARCH COMPANY Limited, Montreal, Toronto

A BETTER WAY...

to a Brighter Day

GOOD FOOD IS GOOD SENSE. Never before has it been more important for you to buy wisely and eat well. Today, good health is an essential duty. And good food is essential to good health.

Include KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN in your "must" list. Remember, ALL-BRAN is *more* than a delicious, nourishing cereal. It's also a grand, laxative food that provides a "better way" to avoid constipation caused by the lack of the proper amount of "bulk" in the diet. But remember, ALL-BRAN doesn't work like harsh cathartics. It takes time.

Eat ALL-BRAN in tasty breakfast muffins or as a crunchy cereal every day . . . drink plenty of water . . . and see if you don't agree that ALL-BRAN is a better way to a brighter day!

Buy ALL-BRAN at your grocer's in either of the two conveniently sized packages. Order it in the individual serving package at restaurants. Made by Kellogg's at London, Canada.

TRY THESE TEMPTING ALL-BRAN CORN SYRUP MUFFINS TODAY!

ALL-BRAN CORN SYRUP MUFFINS

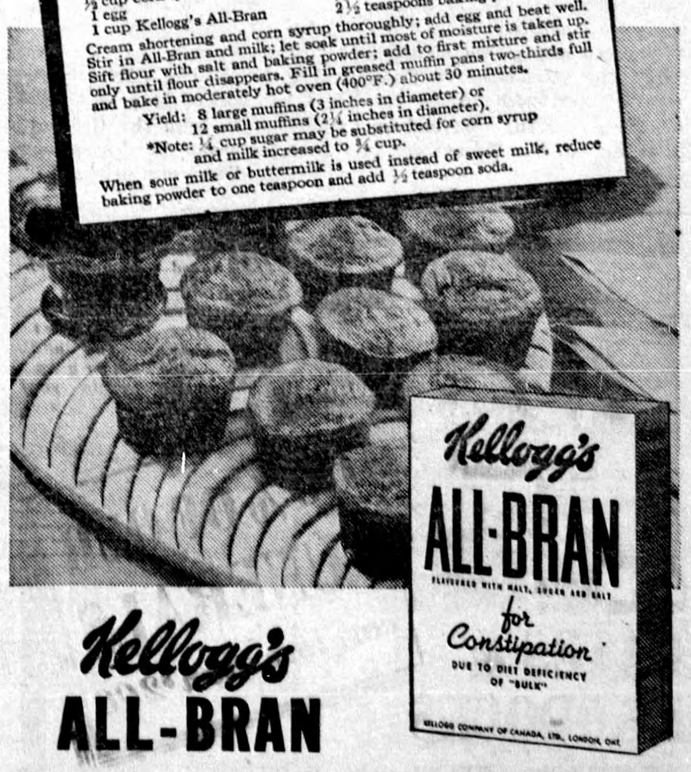
2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup corn syrup*
1 egg
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
½ cup milk
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons baking powder

Cream shortening and corn syrup thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill in greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 8 large muffins (3 inches in diameter) or 12 small muffins (2¼ inches in diameter).

*Note: ¼ cup sugar may be substituted for corn syrup and milk increased to ¾ cup.

When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add ½ teaspoon soda.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Keeps You Regular . . . NATURALLY