BUY BONDS SPEED THE VICTORY

"SALADA"

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Brushing Up On Meat Dishes

The lovely crisp Autumn days are with us. They bring some sad thoughts, but also joyous ones, for the beauty of the Autumn has been unsurpassed. Although the dreariness and dead leaves do mark the end of our summer it will not be so many months before the arrival of lovely spring with its newness again. One thing our Autumn is sure to bring is appetites for the whole family and now is the time when more attention has to be given to the preparation of the hot meat dishes in order to satisfy those hungry boys and girls and grownups, too.

I am giving two new ideas for the preparation of meat.

Chicken Baked in Milk

Cut up the chicken as for frying. Dust each piece with salt and pepper and roll very lightly in flour. Fry in piping hot fat—if you happen to have chicken fat it is best. When pieces are a golden brown arrange in a baking dish. Add one cupful of whole milk to the frying pan and stir until all the gravy is taken up. Add this to the chicken with enough extra whole milk to half cover it. Cover the dish tightly and bake in moderate oven until the chicken is tender, which should be about two hours, when the milk will all be absorbed. Remove chicken to hot platter. Add one tablespoon flour to fat and juices remaining in pan, stir over low heat, then add a cupful of milk. Cook until smooth and thickened, and pour over chicken. This is delicious served with fluffy-cooked rice and squash for a vegetable.

Lamb Loaf

1½ lbs. ground lamb
(cheaper cuts will do)
1 cupful of bread crumbs
1 tablespoon chopped pepper
½ cup diced celery
2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Milk to moisten well

Combine all the ingredients and pack well into greased loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes. Serve with mashed potato, gravy and turnip, also a green salad.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is always 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 St., Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

"It looks as if we cut it very fine indeed...German hopes of driving us into the sea with a bloody mop-up on the beaches must at times have been high."
Winston Churchill before the British House of Commons.

LESSON from *Salerno*

It's this:

The war isn't won yet. Disaster may stare us in the face again, just as it did at Salerno.

Victory will be ours—but it won't be a walk-over. Let us all make this our motto: "No letting up until the last shot is fired." For if we do let up, others will pay for it...with their lives.

Speed the Victory!

Buy MORE Bonds

On Active Service — Giving Wings to Words

Sea-Air Power Of United States

A report from Washington discloses the United States, "in the midst of war, has built the greatest sea-air power on Earth." The surface ships of the American nation now number 14,072, totalling almost 5,000,000 tons, and naval aircraft exceed 18,000.

What has been achieved is conveyed in the statement that "in July, 1940, the Navy received five newly-completed vessels; in June 1943, almost 1,200; in July, 1940, the Navy received 25 new airplanes; in June, 1943, almost 1,200." Between these dates the U.S. Navy built 2,200,000 tons of ships and added to its fleet air arm 23,000 aircraft. Many of the latter have since been written off as obsolete.

Millions Of Sleds Ready In Russia

Russia is preparing to throw a warmly-clad, swift, hard-hitting army against the Germans as falling temperatures on the southern and central fronts herald the approach of another bitter winter. Millions of sleds are being accumulated to carry Red Army troops across snow fields that once were regarded as almost impassable.

BLACK DAWN

By VICTOR ROSSEAU

CHAPTER I

It was about midday when Dave Bruce reined in his bay gelding and looked down into the valley below. For miles it seemed to extend, gradually rising up to the continuation of the mountain chain that walled it off from the badlands and the desert.

Immediately beneath him Dave saw one of the most prosperous-looking ranches that he had ever set eyes upon. There was the ranchhouse, the cluster of trim buildings on either side of it, the long bunkhouse, the corrals with straight fence-posts and taut wire gleaming in the noon sunlight.

Sitting his horse upon the top of the rise, Dave could see a cluster of punchers gathered about the remuda corral, which must have been at least three acres in extent. Inside it several horses were milling, rearing, or dashing wildly around the interior. Everything stood out hard and clear in the crystal light.

"Well, fella, this looks like business," Dave remarked to his gelding, which flicked an ear and went on grazing on the tufts of green grass. "They told us how Wilbur Ferris had the main spread in Mescal, but I never looked for anything like this. How'll it feel to be roundin' up steers again after our three months' holiday, fella?"

* * *

The bay raised his head as Dave tautened the reins, and began picking his way down the precipitous descent that led into the valley. Three or four miles away Dave could see the roofs and house fronts of Mescal, huddled beside what looked like a neck of the valley.

It was three months since Dave's outfit, with which he had been for two years, had been pushed to the wall by the depression prices. Dave had now reached the point where it had become essential to settle down to work.

The trail down which he was riding was certainly not in habitual use. At times it grew so steep that the bay put his forefeet together and slid down in a shower of shale. Near the bottom came a fringe of aspen, with a layer of soft dead leaves, soggy with seepings from one of the innumerable streams that tumbled down into the valley on this side of the heights.

* * *

Then Dave was through the aspens and in the valley itself, and the bay was moving at an easy lope toward the horse corral.

Seven or eight men were gathered about it, but none of them was sitting on the rails, and Dave saw why. The bunch of horses inside was unbroken, and every now and again one of them would make a furious lunge against the posts, or start on a wild career around the interior, ears laid back and teeth gleaming viciously.

As he rode up, Dave saw that the outfit consisted of Mexicans or breeds. Sullen and suspicious looks were directed toward him as he eased the bay to a standstill and sat surveying the group.

Twenty-five, tall, straight in his saddle, fair-haired and grey-eyed, Dave watched the swarthy punchers, sizing up the group as his left-hand fingers rolled a cigarette.

"Howdy!" he addressed the crowd. "I'm lookin' for Mr. Ferris."

Nobody answered him but the scowls deepened. Wilbur Ferris' Cross-Bar certainly didn't seem a hospitable outfit.

* * *

But a man came striding out of a nearby bunkhouse, a tall and stocky man of about thirty-five, with a mass of matted hair and black mustache. Bunches of muscles on the chest and arms. Dark, but unmistakably an American. The Mexicans were looking at him significantly, then glancing at Dave.

"Well?" demanded the newcomer.

"You're foreman of this outfit?" asked Dave. "If that's so, you want another hand."

"Yeah! What makes you think so?" inquired the other in a sneering voice.

"Look at the outfit you got."

The two measured each other. Dave had lit his cigarette and was puffing it easily. The Mexicans were watching the pair attentively. There was a growing tension.

"Looks like you've rode far," said the foreman, eyeing Dave's horse, which was plastered with sweat and alkali dust.

"Yeah, rode down from Utah."

"That's a long ways from here."

"I was two years with the Biddle Brothers, till their outfit crashed. Thought I'd see a bit of the country before settlin' down again. A feller in some town along the road told me there might be a place on Mr. Ferris' ranch at Mescal. My name's Dave Bruce."

* * *

"I'm Curran. I got about all the hands I need. Might use a good one, but I've got to be shown." The sneer in the foreman's voice had given way to a sort of purring note that Dave distrusted. "Fact is," Curran went on, "punchin' in these parts is different from up in Utah. I had one amachoor after another, and I got to be shown."

"I'm willin' to show you," answered Dave, drawing in a last puff and throwing away the butt of his cigarette.

"You are, huh? How about hawss-wranglin'? Think you could break one of them broncs in there?" Curran jerked his thumb toward the corral.

"I'm willin' to try."

"Fine!" grinned Curran. "Nothin' better. You break that wild-eyed black in there, and I'll see about the job. Ready to start in now?"

"I'm ready," answered Dave, clambering out of his saddle.

(Continued Next Week)

And then all hell was loosened.

The area planted in potatoes in Great Britain has been increased by 80.4 per cent since the war began.

ISSUE No. 44—43

WAKE UP VITALITY WITH THIS HOT BREAKFAST

Nature stored more of the great growth and vitality element—protein—in whole grain oatmeal—than in any other natural cereal you can serve your family! Today, with less meat protein available, your family needs this extra vitality protection of Quaker Oats more than ever! Quaker Oats is so outstanding that it contains nine out of eleven food elements short in many present day diets! Serve delicious Quaker Oats daily. Children simply love Quaker Oats. It's so smart to protect your family's health and vitality by serving the one best cereal when so many other foods are rationed.

QUAKER OATS

The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited

Nazis Planned Invasion In 1940

Barges Ready To Carry Hun Hordes To England

The gigantic air attack that Germany hurled at London three years ago last month definitely was the preliminary step toward invasion of Britain.

Twenty-five hundred barges massed in ports across the English Channel and the North Sea were to have carried Hitler's invasion hordes to the shores of England as the climax of a five-week program culminating in mid-September.

The planned preliminary steps were to have been the knocking out of the R.A.F. and then the bombing of London to shatter the will and ability of the British people to resist.

This information, obtained from sources which may not be specified, presented a broader picture of events that occurred during those dark days than it was possible to give then or since.

Radio Location System Effective

The daring and tireless pilots of the R.A.F. carried the major burden of throwing this enemy invasion program awry—The men who long ago were immortalized by the words of Winston Churchill: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

The R.A.F. then was out-numbered four to one by the German air force's 3,450 planes.

The force that battled back 400 German planes on September 15, 1940, and 850 on September 27 amounted to only 29 squadrons—less than 350 planes—some of which fought three times in a day.

Besides courage, the R.A.F.'s big assets were a radio location system, an efficient operational system, and the Germans' sequence of mistakes.

The Germans counted on dive-bombing, but evasive tactics, which saved the Stukas in Spain failed to work in Britain. Without armor, the Nazi bombers were forced into high altitude pattern bombing by daylight—a system in which they didn't believe.

Frenchmen Flee To The Mountains

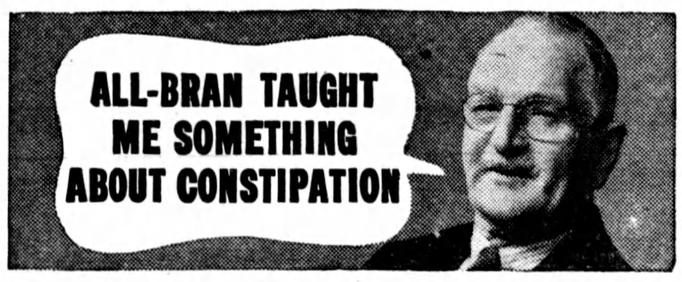
Interior Minister Andre Philip of the French Committee of National Liberation said recently that on the basis of reports from the "underground" there are more than 200,000 Frenchmen living in "illegality" in the Alps or Pyrenees after fleeing to avoid deportation to forced labor in Germany.

Forty thousand Frenchmen have been executed by the Germans up to March, 1943, he said.

EGGLESS MAYONNAISE

½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
8 tablespoons unsweetened evaporated milk
¾ cup Mazola, chilled
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Combine the dry ingredients, add the milk and blend. Gradually beat in the chilled Mazola, then add the lemon juice and beat with a rotary beater until smooth. This dressing will keep indefinitely in a cool place. YIELD: ½ pint.



When you're busy as most of us are, working to help win the war, it's doubly important to know what ALL-BRAN can do to relieve the *cause* of constipation due to the lack of the right amount of "bulk" in the diet. It's a "better way" than forcing yourself to take purgatives that offer only temporary relief.

Eat ALL-BRAN every morning. That's the simple means that thousands use to keep regular... NATURALLY! Enjoy it as a cereal or in muffins ..drink plenty of water ... and see what it does for *you!* Buy ALL-BRAN at your grocer's, sold in two convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

To Safeguard Their Tomorrow—

Buy VICTORY BONDS *Today*

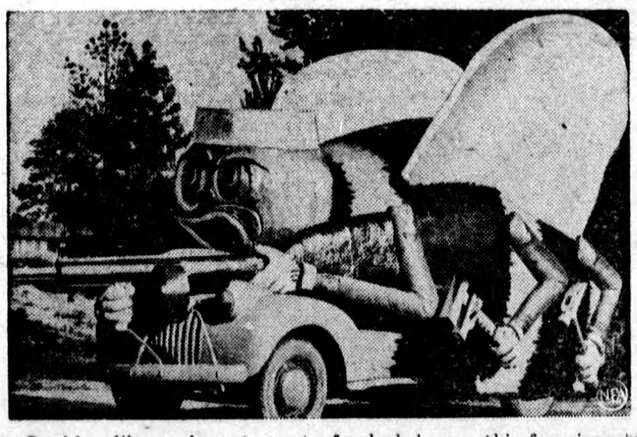
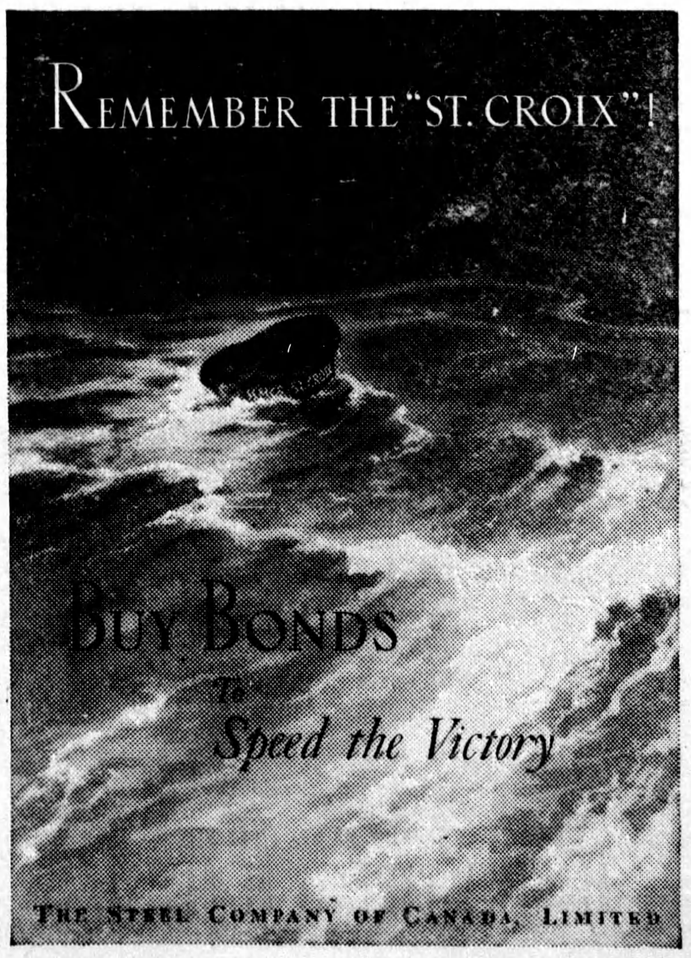
• We want a happy tomorrow for our children—a world in which they may grow and live in peace. Our men are fighting for such a world. The sooner they win, the sooner we shall have peace again. Help "Speed the Victory". Invest in *more* Victory Bonds today!

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.
Niagara Falls, Canada.

S143B

BUY *MORE* VICTORY BONDS

SEABEE BUG



Looking like a character out of a bad dream, this ferocious bug with a sailor hat rolls along in search of Navy Seabee recruits, with a building or war weapon in every "hand" to depict the fighting construction workers.