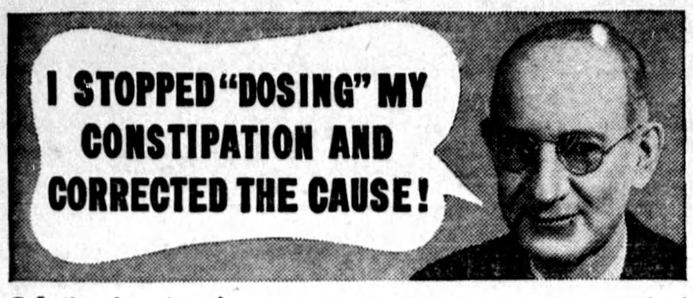

● In these busy days of war you owe it to your country—as well as to yourself—to keep "in the pink". That's why it's so important to avoid the common type of constipation caused by lack of "bulk" in the diet. And do it by getting *right at the cause* instead of "dosing" with harsh purgatives that give only temporary relief. Just follow this simple plan. Eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN every day! It's delicious as a cereal or in hot, tasty muffins. Drink plenty of water. Then see if you don't agree ALL-BRAN is the "better way" to *natural regularity*. But remember, eat ALL-BRAN *every day!*

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"Heads We Win; Tails We Lose"

Princess Alice Ends Address With Appropriate Rhyme

Speaking not long ago to the Eastern Ontario Women's Institutes and making a strong appeal that the members prepare for peace and post-war problems even while carrying on the war, H.R.H. Princess Alice said she thought it "not inappropriate" to end her speech with a vulgar little rhyme" she had found the other day:

"The Lord gave us two ends to use,
One to think with, and one to sit with;
The war depends on which we choose,
Heads we win, tails we lose."

"And," she said, "our future existence, too."

Princess Alice said that during her recent tour of Western Canada she had seen a good deal of Women's Institutes and was glad to find the organization flourishing despite difficulties.

"They indeed practice 'good neighborly business,'" she continued. "We can all begin in our own districts and that will gradually leaven the whole lump if we try hard enough. We know what sacrifices we are ready to make in order to build a new tank or gun—necessary things indeed, but things which are going to waste — whereas increased activity among Women's Institutes for the benefit of our boys and girls is going to bear fruit for years to come."

Floors on Prices To Be Maintained

Ontario Farmers Guaranteed Feed To Finish Livestock

Hon J. G. Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture, announced last week that the Government was assuming responsibility for maintaining a floor on prices until the country was re-established after the war and said the Government also was trying to make agreements for the sale of agricultural products which would help the farmer.

Mr. Gardiner said of the post-war plan for maintaining the floor on prices:

"In placing ceilings upon products, with limited subsidies now, the Government is assuming responsibility to maintain floors until this country is re-established after the war.

Referring to the sale of agricultural products, Mr. Gardiner said the Government was attempting to make two-year agreements, so farmers will be protected against a sudden slump.

He revieved the betterment of farm prices for various products and said any changes to be made in the future would still further improve the price position.

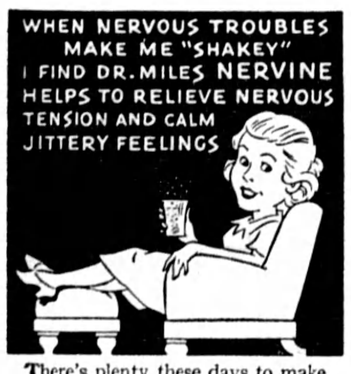
The Government hoped and expected that farmers would "hold the line" they had established in production, he said. They were not being asked to improve that production although it would be for the benefit of everyone, including the farmer, if that could be done, he added.

Ontario farmers this year had experienced difficulty in respect to feed supplies, but feed from the west was being brought in "and we can guarantee you that the feed is available, in addition to any we may export, to finish all your livestock."

How Danes Feel

A disgusted Dane mounted the speaker's platform at a meeting in Copenhagen and said:

"There's one thing I'd like to say: If it had been the Lord's intention that the Germans ought to run the world, then He would have provided them with enough brains to do it."



There's plenty these days to make people nervous. And overtaxed nerves can turn nights and days into misery! If you suffer in this way, try the soothing, quieting effect of Dr. Miles Nervine which contains well-known nerve sedatives. Take Nervine according to directions for help in general nervousness, sleeplessness, hysterical conditions, nervous fears; also to help headache and irritability due to nervousness. In the meantime, eat more natural food . . . get your vitamins and take sufficient rest. Effervescing Nervine Tablets are 35c and 75c. Nervine Liquid: 25c and $1.00.

ISSUE No. 45—43

TABLE TALKS

Serve "Surprises" Occasionally

By Frances Lee Barton

STRUT your stuff occasionally by serving something that brings back memories of the good old days. You'll feel better after such a splurge, and those who enjoy your "special treat" will certainly smile with you. Here's a suggestion:

Butterscotch Nut Rolls

2 cups sifted flour; 2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder; ½ teaspoon salt; 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening; ¾ cup milk (about).

2 tablespoons butter; ⅓ cup brown sugar, firmly packed.

1 tablespoon butter; 1 tablespoon water; 2 tablespoons brown sugar; ½ cup broken nut meats.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening; add milk gradually, stirring until soft dough is formed. Turn out immediately on lightly floured board and knead 30 seconds, or enough to shape. Roll into 12 x 10-inch rectangle ¼ inch thick. Cream together butter and sugar and spread on dough; roll as for jelly roll and cut in 1-inch slices. Melt butter on 8 x 8 x 2-inch pan; add water and sugar. Cook over low flame until mixture bubbles, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and sprinkle nut meats over mixture. Place rolls in pan, cut-side down. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 40 minutes, or until done. Remove at once from pan. Makes 10 to 12 rolls.

BLACK DAWN

By VICTOR ROSSEAU

CHAPTER II

At that moment a man emerged from the ranchhouse, an elderly man with a short grizzled beard, wearing a gray coat and tie, whipcord breeches, and high riding-boots. He came towards the group, and Curran waited for him with some impatience.

"Who's this?" demanded the newcomer, darting a suspicious glance at Dave.

"Another of them travelin' punchers," Curran grinned. "Claims he's a hawss-wrangler. I told him if he can break Black Dawn, I'll see about a job for him, Mr. Ferris."

"But—" began Wilbur Ferris irresolutely. He darted another look at Dave. And now Dave read something almost like fear in the seamed, lined face and shifty eyes that met his own for a moment only, and then were averted.

"That's what I told him."

"Oh, very well, just as you say, Curran," returned the ranchman quickly. "I reckon you know your business."

"I sure do. That's what I'm here for," Curran answered. "Git yore rope, Bruce. We're waitin' for you."

* * *

Dave unfastened his rope from the saddlehorn and approached the corral. The grins upon the faces of the Mexicans had changed to a tense expectancy.

The black was standing a little apart from the rest of the remuda, which had huddled together into a farther corner. His legs were planted squarely on the ground, neck outthrust, ears flat with the head. It was evident he was perfectly aware of what was in prospect.

Dave looped his rope and flung it. He was sure that the black anticipated every movement; he expected a swift side-leap and half anticipated failure. To his surprise, the black let the rope settle about his neck and moved forward as Dave snubbed the end around a fence-post and began hauling in.

It was not until he had the creature secured firmly against the fence, from which the Mexicans had departed precipitately, that Dave realized what he was in for.

* * *

This horse was a killer, one of those occasional animals that kill, not in rage or panic, but out of sheer joy and hatred of man. The black must have been roped many times before, for he understood each movement of the game. He wanted to be caught and ridden, so that he could execute his vengeance.

Dave had heard of such beasts, but he had never encountered one of them before, not one quite so vicious and intelligent. He realized that he was up against a mighty tough proposition.

He saw Curran's leering face near him, and he understood that he was to be thrown, butchered, trampled into a shapeless thing in the dust of the corral, to make sport for the foreman and his gang from below the border.

"Here's yore blanket, saddle, and bridle," said Curran. "Once you're up, you kin ride him hell-bent to the finish. He ain't never been beat yet. You beat him, and the job's yours.'

* * *

Even then Dave prepared for a determined resistance on the part of Black Dawn to being saddled and bitted. But the horse offered not the least resistance, and Dave quickly had the saddle on and the cinch tightened. Nor was there any resistance when he put the Spanish bit into the animal's mouth.

Slowly Dave unsnubbed the rope and released it. The horse stood motionless. Holding the reins short, Dave climbed the fence and vaulted into the saddle.

Dave thrust his feet into the stirrups and pressed the horse's flanks with his knees. Black Dawn ambled slowly along the fence for a dozen yards. And then all hell was loosened.

Rearing, bucking, sunfishing, the black devil set in motion every muscle of his mighty body in the effort to shake himself free of his human burden. Dave, with feet jammed into stirrups, gave the horse his head, quirting him mercilessly as he went through all the manoeuvres of his tricks.

Once, in the middle of a sunfishing contortion, Black Dawn suddenly stood still. Reaching back his head, he snapped at Dave's leg with teeth that missed crunching the shin-bone by the merest fraction of an inch.

Dave let the beast have the quirt across the face then. And the horse, screeching with fury, jammed itself sidewise against the fence-rail with a thud that sent two posts rocking crazily. Dave was ready for that. He had slipped sidewise like a circus rider. Then, as the horse stood still, his feet were back in the stirrups again, and still the quirt came down on flank and shoulders, and the spurs dug blood from the heaving sides.

Suddenly Black Dawn knew htat he was done, and brought his last trick into play. He screamed, he reared, he toppled backward. As he did so, Dave flung himself sidewise from the saddle. He landed on his feet, slipped in a mass of churned up mud, was down for an instant, then up once more as the mighty bulk of horseflesh came crashing down beside him with kicking legs and gnashing teeth. Up, quirt in hand, and hands upon the bridle, forcing Black Dawn to rise.

Black Dawn stood with lowered head, quivering with defeat. For the first time in his life the mankiller, with four lives to his credit, realized that he had found is master.

Dave leaned forward and patted the creature's neck. Slowly, and staggering, Black Dawn moved round the corral until Dave halted him opposite the group of gaping punchers.

"How about that job, Curran?" asked Dave.

"Reckon you won it," Curran answered surlily.

"Yeah? Well, you can keep your damn job. You knew that horse was a killer. You meant me to be killed, so's you could have something to laugh about. I'm goin' to make you laugh. Drop your belt and put your hands up!"

For a moment Curran's face grew whiter. "Why, you—you—" he began to bluster.

"You heard me, Curran. If you're a man and not a skulkin' coyote, drop your belt!"

Dave suited the action to the word, unloosed his own belt and let it fall to the ground. Curran still hesitated. Wilbur Ferris came hurrying up.

"What's the trouble? What's the trouble?" he babbled. "You broke that horse, didn't you, Bruce? And Curran promised you a job if you could do it. All right, what's the trouble, then?"

"I wouldn't take a job with your outfit, Ferris—not for any sum you was willin' to pay," Dave answered. "I'm ridin', but before I go I'm aimin' to mark up Curran's yellow hide for him."

Curran sized up the situation quickly enough. He knew that he would have to fight if he wanted to retain his supremacy over that crowd. Suddenly he unbuckled his belt and let it fall. A roar broke from his lips, and he came rushing forward, his huge fists flailing, forearms like hams. He shot a blow that would have stretched Dave senseless upon the ground, if it had landed where Curran intended.

FIVE STAR FASHION

Many a college and business wardrobe is built this season on a smart jumper with several blouse changes. For jumper, make Pattern 4542 of velveteen, for work or play use a practical wool or rayon mixture. Gay colored rayons or cottons are attractive for the blouse.

Pattern 4542 comes in Junior Miss sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13, jumper, takes 2⅞ yards 35-inch fabric; blouse, 1⅞ yards contrast.

Send TWENTY CENTS (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Anne Adams, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address, style number.

ROGER, ROGERS

Two jolly lads in New Guinea are Col. A. H. Rogers of Raleigh, N.C., and the Jolly Roger skull and cross-bombs painted on the tail of his Liberator. A pirate ancestor of Rogers originated the symbol.

Few Subs Menace Eastern U. S. Coast

The sea lanes stretching from Nova Scotia to Florida and reaching 300 miles out from the coast to cover an area of 700,000 square miles are now among the safest in the world, the enemy having sunk only three vessels in this area in the past 15 months, according to Vice-Admiral Adolphus Andrews, Commander of the Eastern Sea Frontier.

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LUNCH-BOX HAMBURGERS

Though your usual idea of hamburgers may be hot meat cakes, served in split heated buns, your family will take quickly to this cold version . . . very practical, these days of no hamburg-rolls!

1 pound ground beef (inexpensive cut)
1 cup Muffet crumbs or uncooked Quaker Oats
¼ cup chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt
1/6 teaspoon pepper
1 egg
½ cup milk or stock
Buttered bread slices
Sliced tomatoes

Combine beef, Muffet crumbs, onion, salt and pepper. Beat egg, add milk, and mix thoroughly with meat. Let stand 5 minutes. Shape as flat round cakes, and brown quickly in hot fat in frying pan. Lower heat and cook until done to desired degree. Cool and use, with seasoned tomato slices, to make hearty lunch-box sandwiches. Sliced cucumbers may be used to replace tomatoes—and ketchup, lettuce, pickles, etc., make good additions. Large home-made tea biscuits may take the place of bread when desired. (Measure of Quaker Oats may be reduced.)

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