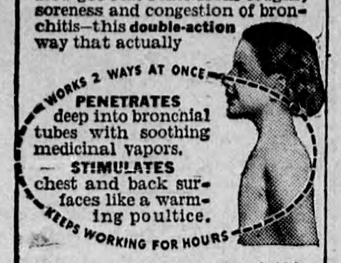
ACTS 2 WAYS
TO RELIEVE MISERIES OF
BRONCHITIS

Now get real relief from coughs, soreness and congestion of bronchitis—this **double-action** way that actually



To get all the benefits of this combined **PENETRATING-STIMULATING** action, just rub throat, chest, **and back** with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. **Instantly** VapoRub goes to work—2 ways at once as shown above—to ease bronchitis coughing, loosen congestion, relieve muscular soreness, and speed restful, comforting sleep. Often by morning most of the misery is gone. Get relief from bronchitis distress **tonight** with double-action, time-tested Vicks VapoRub... Try it!

VICKS VAPORUB

The HUNS and JAPS
Gloat over
COUGHS & COLDS
that delay the day of reckoning

FOOL THEM WITH
BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

Coughs and colds are all-out allies of the Axis, postponing the day of Victory by cutting down our production of tanks, guns, planes. Don't let them sabotage your war effort. At the first sign of a cough or cold, take Buckley's Mixture and stay on the job. This grand prescription routs coughs and colds F-A-S-T, keeps you FIT TO DO YOUR BIT. The new improved Buckley formula is all medication—no syrup—acts faster—goes farther. 40c & 75c everywhere. Get a bottle TODAY.

IT'S BETTER
IT'S BUCKLEY'S
THAT'S WHY

Raid On Berlin Involved 60,000

Nearly 60,000 men were involved in the tremendous task of carrying out the recent R.A.F.-R.C.A.F. raid on Berlin, history's greatest aerial assault.

One station commander said approximately 50 men were working on the ground for every bomb that got into the air.

It took 4,000 men about five hours to load the bombs.

Some 7,000 flying personnel were briefed for the raid.

The planes used well over 1,000,000 gallons of gasoline, many thousand gallons of oil and a great volume of fluid for their hydraulic undercarriages, deicing systems and various pumps.

Among the advance chores were the preparation of 7,000 flying suits and the loading of 750,000 rounds of machine-gun ammunition.

One All-Purpose Outfit For Princess

Princess Elizabeth, who receives no more clothing coupons than any other Englishwoman, is making one all-purpose outfit serve all winter.

She has worn the same dress, coat, hat, shoes and gloves and has carried the same handbag every time she has been photographed since Dec. 22.

The outfit has served for weddings at Windsor and Westminster Abbey, at a football match at Wembley and for shopping expeditions.

TEST "UNDER FIRE THREE"

Sweaty palms, leaden feet, silence broken by chattering explosions, a whining sound overhead as balls of fire streak past, the comforting feeling of the "good earth" they are hugging as roaring detonations hurl mud sky-ward—these are a few of the sensations experienced by troops undergoing Battle Innoculation at the Infantry Training Centre at Camp Shilo, Man.

Known as "Under Fire One," the first test starts innocently enough during a "break off" for a smoke. As the men relax, concealed machine guns give them their first baptism of fire. Reactions are varied. Some drop to the ground instantly and seek cover. Others stare blankly at their officer awaiting orders, while the remainder stand and try to spot the gunners. "This helps the men get over the initial shock of being under fire," an officer pointed out.

"Under Fire Two" teaches the men to work under fire and keep their weapons in good condition. Advancing to a shallow crawl trench, behind a crest screening machine guns from their view, the men receive the order "down." Flat on their faces and dragging their rifles they squirm into the trench inching their way along crabstyle with knees and elbows. Explosions, buried on both sides of the trench erupt. Mud showers down on the creeping men. Between explosions they hear the hum of flying lead.

An officer's voice can be heard above the din: 'You wonder why we make you run! Come on! Come on! Don't stop! Keep that pack down! Watch that rifle!"

"Under Fire Three," mentally, presents the most difficult test. This course is laid out in alternate crawl and fire lanes on a hillside. Machine guns placed at the bottom of the hill are sighted so that bullets strike the slope while the soldiers creep down marked strips. Again explosions add realism. The men crawl toward the guns and can follow the flight of the tracers. "They seem to be coming straight at you like miniature sky rockets," said one soldier.

"Bullets and Bayonets" is the final under fire test. Commanded by an officer a section loads and "Fixes bayonets." Guns clatter as they move at a slow double, "hitting the dirt" as explosions rend the air. Plowed ground, barbed wire, trenches and a fence are crossed. Targets pop up and the advancing soldiers open fire. On reaching the hill they crawl to the crest to open fire as if harrassing a retreating enemy.

To impress upon the men the firepower of infantry, night demonstrations are held. Tracers stream into the sky at a parachute flare, to illustrate how the infantry can protect itself against low strafing enemy planes.

Nightwork completed, the men swap stories around a fire then crawl into blankets under pine branches. But modern warfare doesn't always permit sound sleep—nor does modern training. During the day the bivouac area has been mined. At 2.30 a.m. the din starts. Sleepy-eyed soldiers rush for rifles amid explosions and the warning cry of "gas." The penalty of burning, running eyes will be paid if a soldier hasn't kept his respirator handy. An hour later if all goes well the men will get some sleep.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Meats and Dressings

As I am going to give you a few recipes with stuffing, I think the best plan is to give a recipe for a foundation Bread-Crumb Stuffing and then a few variations.

Bread Crumb Stuffing

Crumb enough bread about a day old to give 2 cups of soft bread crumbs. Mix in 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley, 1 or 2 tablespoons finely minced onion, 2 strips chopped cooked bacon. Rub in 3 tablespoons butter or dripping. Add 1 beaten egg and a little vegetable stock or milk to moisten.

Stuffing Variations

Celery — Drain and add 1 cup chopped cooked celery.

Giblet — Chop cooked poultry heart, gizzard, meat of neck and add to foundation mixture; if liquid is necessary use stock in which giblets were cooked.

Mushroom — Chop and saute in fine-flavored fat until tender, 1 cup mushrooms; add to foundation mixture.

Corn — Mix in 1 can whole kernel corn (chopped) or equivalent freshly cooked corn and (if available) ¼ cup chopped nuts.

Sausage—Add sliced pre-cooked sausages or pan-fried crumbled sausage meat.

Stuffed Veal

Stuff a leg of veal with dressing. Place on rack in roasting pan and dot with fat. Bake in a rather slow oven (325 F), allowing 40 minutes per pound for a roast weighing 3 to 5 pounds. Baste often with fat in the pan.

Meat Rolls

Have round, flank or hind shank or neck of beef sliced very thin, or use breast or thin slices of lamb or veal. Cut slices into pieces about, 4 by 6 inches. Spread each piece with well-seasoned stuffing, roll up like jelly-roll and skewer or tie. Brown on all sides in a little dripping. Season with salt and pepper. Pour in a little boiling water, stock or tomato juice. Cover closely and simmer until meat is tender. Thicken and season liquid and serve as gravy.

Stuffed Braised Heart

Wash and trim heart, removing all veins and arteries. Soak in salted, cold water ¾ hour. Drain, fill with stuffing and sew up. Coat well with seasoned flour and brown thoroughly in a little fat. Place on a trivet in a heavy sauce pan and pour in boiling water, stock or tomato juice, to at least ½ inch depth. Add hot liquid as required during cooking. Cover closely and simmer very gently until tender, 3 to 4 hours for a large heart, 1½ to 2 hours for small heart; or cook very slowly in covered pan in oven.

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.

Some Miss Pleasure Of Going To Church

It would appear axiomatic that the right kind of Sunday includes church attendance, but unfortunately, some people, satisfied with a life not quite complete, allow themselves to miss this pleasure, says the New York Times.

The trip to church should be made on foot, if feasible. The head is up, with the sense of welldoing, and the lungs are full of brisk, fresh air. The soul is at peace with the world and the demeanor is cheerful. The churchgoer who is in the appropriate frame of mind lets his thoughts dwell on others, wishes them as well off as he, and holds in his purse a generous contribution, which will doubly bless the giver and the receiver. It need not greatly matter whether the sermon is of good or indifferent quality; the main thing is to be in church, and to depart uplifted.

BLACK DAWN

By VICTOR ROSSEAU

CHAPTER XX

But then she realized that this oncoming horse was neither Black Dawn nor Hooker's, and with a little gasp of relief she sank back against the bunk. A moment later Curran straightened himself. He had seen the horseman rounding the curve of the trail and recognized him.

The rider pulled in a little distance away and hailed, glancing suspiciously about him.

"It's all right, Mr. Ferris," called Curran. "I got her here and nobody else."

Ferris rode up to the entrance and dismounted. "I got your message," he said, "but I didn't know if I could find my way here. At first I told Pedro he'd have to bring me, and after he'd gone I thought I see if I could find the way alone."

"So yuh didn't meet Pedro? I sent him back for yuh," said Curran. He had planned Ferris' advent for a little later, and the disturbance of his plans momentarily disconcerted him. "Come in. I got her, like I told yuh, and Pedro gave Sheriff Coggswell an idea of where that murderer's hanging out."

Lois ran forward. "Mr. Ferris help me," she pleaded. "Take me away. This man kidnaped me this morning. He—he.."

Curran scowled. "I'll put her in the next room, an then we kin talk business, Ferris," he said, picking up the gag and rope from the table, where he had deposited them.

Lois, utterly worn out, and realizing that Ferris, who was standing with averted head, had no intention of aiding her, was incapable of any resistance worth mentioning. In a couple of minutes Curran had her gagged again and carried her to the smaller room. After binding her securely, he went back to where the ranchman was standing.

"I don't like this business, Curran," mumbled Ferris. "That girl will overhear everything."

"Well, that couldn't be helped," answered the foreman. "Maybe Sheriff Coggswell won't find that cowpoke, and anyways, by the time I git through with her, she'll be all ready to hitch up with me and help run the ranch house. Nice little housekeeper yo're goin' to have, Ferris."

* * *

"Pedro told me a certain party's comin' about sundown," said Ferris.

"Yeah, Lonergan'll be here. I baited the trap by tellin' him I got the girl and she was ready to make some int'restin' disclosures, and how you was comin' here to hear them."

"Curran, we can't—can't kill Lonergan with her in the next room!" whispered the ranchman.

"Nope, we'll get him outside. Leave that to me," answered Curran. "You saw him yesterday?"

"Yep, he drove up to the house and demanded my answer to his proposal. I stalled him at first, like you said, and when he insisted I told him where I'd see him first."

"That's the stuff, Ferris. Have a drink," said the foreman, pouring out a stiff measure of whisky into the cup. Ferris took it with shaking hand and drained the contents.

"I'm trusting you, Curran," he said. "I'm not imaginin' you're comin' in with me out of friendly feelin'. I've convinced you that it's to your advantage, and I'm willin' to sign that paper givin' you a third of the ranch. I wrote it out and brought it along. You can read it." He drew a document from his pocket and unfolded it.

"Fine," said Curran, laying it on the table. "I'll read it later."

"Of course we'll have to wait till we get back before signin' it," said Ferris. "We got to have witnesses."

"Well, we got two, ain't we?" roared the foreman. "That girl and Lonergan."

"Lonergan?" cried the ranchman.

"Sure, that's what I said. We'll make him sign before we bump him off."

"Don't talk so loud!" whispered Ferris.

"Here, take another drink and keep yore nerves steady," replied Curran contemptuously. "We're all in this up to the neck. When Lonergan comes, I'm goin' to string him along a little bit. He thinks yo're goin' to be the innocent victim. Ho, ho!"

"Ho, ho!" echoed Ferris. But there was a note of uncertainty in his voice, that of a bewildered man, striving to steer himself through currents that are bearing him away.

"Listen!" Curran whispered.

The hoofbeats of another horse could be heard coming along the trail. Ferris was shaking.

"Lonergan!" he mumbled.

"Maybe Pedro come back. But he wouldn't have time to make the round trip," Curran whispered back, pressing his body against the wall and peering out through the entrance.

"Nope," he said a moment later, "it's Lonergan. We got that feller in the trap, Ferris. Just follow my lead, and when we are through with him he won't be in no position to make trouble again."

"But outside—outside, Curran," whispered Ferris, staring with dilated eyes at the approaching rider, while his body shook like an aspen. "Outside, where she won't hear when—when we—"

Dave watched the horses grazing on the young grass that was already springing up with incredible swiftness, after the night of rain. He lay back, dreaming of Lois and of their future. Finally he stretched himself, rolled and lit a cigarette, and rose to his feet. Underneath him the water was still running down the ravine, but it had dried to a thin trickle in places.

Suddenly Dave perceived something white gleaming underneath the sunshine. It looked like—it was a part of the skeleton of a man. Those ribs were human ribs, not bovine. And there was the skull, just visible under the earth piled about it.

It was evident, from the whitness of the bones, that the skeleton had lain in the ravine for a considerable time. It looked as if it had been buried, unearthed by flood waters, buried under an accumulation of debris that they brought down, and washed up again.

* * *

Instantly curious, Dave began scrambling down the side of the ravine. There was a sturdy growth of pine saplings that afforded him hand-hold and, bracing his feet against the rock wall, he was able to make the descent without any especial difficulty.

Between the bank and the skeleton there were about two feet of muddy water. Dave removed his shoes and socks and began wading through it.

It was undoubtedly the skeleton of a man. One of the legs protruded stiffly out of the mud, and Dave saw that it had been broken near the thigh. It evidently had been badly set, for the broken ends were not in alignment, and there was a considerable thickening of bone about the side of the fracture.

"Some waddy kicked by a horse," Dave thought. "But how come he was ridin' the trail up there? And if his horse slipped, where's the horse?"

The water was washing over the skull, alternately exposing and revealing it. Dave put his hands beneath it and lifted it clear. Then he whistled.

(Continued Next Week)

South Sea Natives Use Plastic Wood

Natives of the Solomon Islands have ben using a plastic wood for generations, reports an American sailor stationed near Tulagi Island, in the Solomons.

"We found out about native plastics when several of us started to make a boat," said the sailor.

"When they saw us working, the natives suggested we use a different, stronger kind of wood—and they brought us mahogany.

"Then they showed us how they glued the parts of their boats together with a wood plastic. They used nuts resembling our walnut. They pulverized the nut meat and made a paste of it.

"This paste hardened into a sort of plastic wood which was not affected by salt water."

ISSUE 11—1944

TO CAMP BORDEN

Maj.-Gen. F. F. Worthington, C.B., M.C., M.M., 54 a native Scot and expert of mobile armor, returns to Canada to take over command at Camp Borden.

STOP COLDS!

The new double defence against colds, grippe and bronchitis is to build immunity with VitaVax—a small tasteless capsule combining COLD VACCINE plus VITAMINS

If catching cold, take VitaVax to reduce severity and speed recovery.

If you've just had a cold, take VitaVax to overcome fatigue and increase vitality.

For scientific precautions against future colds, grippe and bronchitis, protect all the family with VitaVax Capsules. Only $2.50 for one to two months average requirements.

Ask your druggist, or for details write to—
Roberts Biological Laboratory, Toronto

START TODAY
VITAVAX
COLD VACCINE *plus* VITAMINS

ONTARIO

NOTICE TO TRUCKERS
HALF LOADING REGULATIONS, 1944

Copy of an Order-in-Council approved by the Honourable, the Lieutenant-Governor, dated the 15th day of February, A.D. 1944.

Upon the recommendation of the Honourable, the Minister of Highways, the Committee of Council advise that, pursuant to sub-sections 3 and 4 of section 35 of the Highway Traffic Act (Chapter 288, R.S.O., 1937) the provisions of the said sub-sections be declared applicable to the King's Highways described on Schedules "A" and "B" attached:

SCHEDULE "A"

Highway

4—Hanover to Flesherton and Wingham to Highway No. 9.
6—Highway No. 21 to Tobermory.
7—Wisebeach to Parkhill, and from 7 miles east of Peterboro to Perth.
7a—Manchester to Highway No. 28.
9—Orangeville to Schomberg.
12—Midland to Orillia and Beaverton to Brechin.
14—Belleville to Marmora.
15—Elgin to Smith's Falls.
18A—Kingsville via Lakeshore Road to Highway No. 18.
18B—Ruthven to Highway No. 18.
19—Milverton to Tralee.
21—Forest to Owen Sound.
23—Mitchell to Elginfield.
24—Guelph to Orangeville and Shelburne to Collingwood.
25—Milton to Acton.
27—Dundas Street (Highway No. 5) to Barrie.
29—Arnprior to Smith's Falls.
30—Brighton to Havelock.
31—Ottawa to Morrisburg.
32—Gananoque to Highway No. 15.
33—Stirling to Bloomfield and Picton to Kingston.
34—Hawkesbury to Lancaster.
35—Newcastle to Highway No. 7.
37—Belleville to Actinolite.
38—Cataraqui to Highway No. 7.
39—Windsor via Belle River to Highway No. 2.
41—Picton to Kaladar.
42—Westport to Forthton.
43—Winchester to Alexandria.
44—Carp to Almonte.
45—Cobourg to Norwood.
47—Stouffville to Highway No. 12.
48—Port Bolster to Highway No. 12.
49—Kleinburg to Highway No. 50.
50—Highway No. 7 to Highway No. 9.
51—Caledon to Highway No. 24.
52—Highway No. 2 to Peter's Cors. and Highway No. 8 to Highway No. 97.
53—Duff's Corners to Highway No. 20.
54—Cainsville to Cayuga.
55—Hamilton to Highway No. 53.
56—Blackheath to Highway No. 3.
57—Bismarck to Highway No. 3A.
59—Woodstock to Delhi.
69—Atherley to Washago.
73—Dorchester Road to Port Bruce.
74—Belmont to New Sarum.
79—Watford to Highway No. 2 via Bothwell.
80—Alvinston to Highway No. 2.
81—Delaware to Grand Bend.
82—Port Franks to Highway No. 7.
83—Brewster to Russelldale.
84—St. Joseph to Hensall.
86—Amberley to Highway No. 7.
87—Bluevale to Harriston.
88—Bondhead to Bradford.
89—Primrose to Cookstown.
91—Duntroon to Stayner.
92—Elmvale to Wasaga Beach.
93—Waverley to Highway No. 11.
97—Hickson to Freelton.
99—Dundas to Highway No. 24.
——Tilbury to Blenheim via Merlin.
——Woodstock to Thamesford.
——Thamesford to Highway No. 7 via Kintore.
——Eglinton Avenue; Dawes Road to Scarboro.

SCHEDULE "B"

All roads lying north of the Severn River and north of Highway No. 7, from Sunderland Corners to Perth and north and west of Highways Nos. 15 and 29 from Perth to Arnprior, with the exception that this will not apply to Highway No. 17 from Arnprior to Pembroke.

Toronto, Ontario,
February 29th, 1944.