Buy Victory Bonds
"SALADA" TEA

TABLE TALKS

Sundaes For Sunday

Sugar may be scarce at your home these days. Perhaps your supply of other "sweets" is hardly worth mentioning. But the family still has a sweet tooth and you hear a constant call for dessert.

Necessity is the mother of invention. Prove your own inventive ability during war days by locating substitutes for many of your old food favorites.

Here's a dessert that should please. No sugar is needed. The rennet-custard is already sweetened and the crushed peppermint stick candy does its bit toward catering to that "sweet tooth".

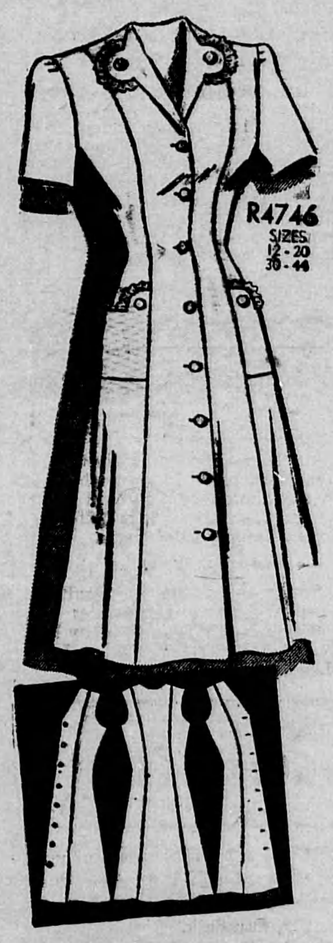
And a dessert of this kind furnishes liberal quantities of milk to those tiny tots who refuse to drink plain milk, yet need this food so much.

Chocolate Sundae Rennet-Custard
3 cups milk (not canned)
1 package vanilla rennet powder
Chocolate sauce
Peppermint stick candy
Set out 4 or 5 sherbet glasses.

Warm the milk until just lukewarm (110 F.), not hot. Test a drop on inside of wrist frequently. Remove from heat and immediately stir in the rennet powder until dissolved—not more than 1 minute. Pour at once, while still liquid, into the sherbet glasses and let stand at room temperature, without moving, for about 10 minutes, or until firm. Then place in refrigerator to chill.

Prepare a chocolate sauce by melting sweet milk chocolate in a double boiler and blending with enough cream to make a thick sauce consistency (about ¾ cup cream to 3 ounces chocolate). Cool, and just before serving, pour a pool of chocolate sauce into the center of each rennet-custard. Then sprinkle crushed peppermint stick candy over the chocolate sauce, and serve immediately. Makes 4 or 5 servings.

NOTE: If peppermint stick candy is not available (which it probably is not) a few drops of peppermint flavoring may be added to the sauce.



A slenderizing, feminine frock that's easy as falling off a log to make is Pattern 4746. Note how few pattern pieces. What's more it buttons down the front so that you can slip into it without spoiling your hair-do. A style to wear at the office, at home, or on the street.

Pattern 4746 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44. Size 16 takes 3⅝ yards 35-inch fabric.

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

Month Of April A Problem Child

That's the thing abou April; it has tantrums, says the New York Times. It is by turns a backward child among the months and a mischievous youngster with disarming wisdom and consideration. It will bring frost and cold rain and even snow flurries; and it will bring days that belong to late May, warm mornings, hot afternoons and balmy nights. It will get you out in the garden in your shirtsleeves in the morning and have you shivering before a hearth fire he same evening. It will flatter you off guard, then kick you in the shins.

A part of it is our own impatience to see Spring move in with flowers in her hair. We're weary of waiting. But the greater part of it is simply April being April. We know what's coming, and we'll welcome it, but we still don't like the way that April brings it. April's a problem child.

An Actual Truth Stranger Than Fake

A man in whom I have complete trust once looked me in the eyes and told me he'd seen a snake, when alarmed, open its mouth and allow its six young to crawl down its throat out of sight, and when danger was past, permit them to reappear, Beryl Markham writes in Collier's. Now . . . a strange thing about nature fakes is that they are almost always gone one better by actual truths. The snake-swallowing sanctuary idea becomes a minor stunt when compared with certain common tropical fish, which look like little perch. If you want to see sheer magic, tap on the glass of an aquarium which holds a mother, father and 100 (count them) tiny young. The moment after an alarm, there will be only two fish visible; every youngster being snugly hidden within the mouth of a parent. When danger is over, the whole mob is gently spewed forth, rolling head over tail to form a dense, orderly cloud around and behind their parents.

ISSUE 17—1944

THE FAMOUS OLD COUGH REMEDY FOR ALL AGES
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SIMPLE SORE THROAT
VENO'S COUGH SYRUP
CHILDREN LOVE VENO'S
DON'T DELAY- BUY A BOTTLE TODAY!

BLACK DAWN

By VICTOR ROSSEAU

CHAPTER XXVI

Dave had just warning enough to swing his head aside. The blast of the powder burned his cheek black from chin to temple. He swung his revolver muzzle in a narrow arc and landed on Curran's face.

Shrieking horribly, with anguish, Curran turned and ran.

Curran's course of flight was taking him toward the horses that the attacking party had left standing.

And then of a sudden a shout of triumph burst from Curran's throat, and at the same moment Dave saw the five horses, bunched together.

He fired his last shot, and it went wild. Curran must have heard the click of the hammer on a spent cartridge as Dave pulled trigger again, for he turned and roared curses at his pursuer.

"I'll see yuh again, yuh swine!" he bellowed. "I'll git yuh, Bruce!"

And blindly Curran grasped at the mane of the horse that stood nearest him, and thrust foot into the stirrup.

That was where fate intervened and stacked the cards against him. For that horse was Black Dawn.

* * *

With a squeal of fury, Black Dawn whirled and seized the foreman's leg in his strong teeth, crushing it, and dragging Curran shrieking from the saddle. He flung him to the ground, and shrieks of man and horse blended together in a hideous pandemonium as Curran struggled helplessly to escape.

Dave tried to whistle to Black Dawn, but the stars were circling overhead, and he collapsed, half conscious, on the ground near the dead man.

The stinging taste of whisky in his mouth revived him. Dave opened his eyes and saw that it was dawn. He was lying where he had fallen, but a blanket had been spread beneath him. He felt a stab of pain in his left arm, looked at it, and saw that his shirt sleeve had been cut away, and that the wound had been bandaged.

"Dave! Oh, Dave, are you all right?"

It was Lois bending over him, her tears dropping upon his face. Beside her stood Sheriff Coggswell. The horses and Curran's body were gone.

"I'm all right," Dave mumbled. "Black Dawn? He's safe?"

"He's safe, Dave." It was the sheriff who answered him.

Dave was getting on his feet. "Curran — Black Dawn trampled him—" he began.

"Yeah, he's dead," said Coggswell. "Set down, if yuh won't lie down." He rolled a cigarette and handed it to Dave, squatting beside him. "Sims got them Mexicans rounded up and hogtied. I picked up Miss Lois when I was ridin' in. Everything's jake, boy, and yo're cleared.

* * *

"Lonergan talked to a certain point last night, and then he shut up tight. So I went down to examine Ferris' body in the gully. Ferris was still alive, and anxious to make an ante-mortem statement. He just had time to come through with it before cashin' in.

"That skeleton yul found in the knowed it since yuh spoke about his leg havin' been broke. Rowland was kicked by a hawss and broke his leg. He always limped after that, on account of its havin' been badly set.

"Ferris lured Rowland into the hills with a story of gold deposits, and murdered him. Then he cooked up that story about Rowland's havin' forged the check and skipped the country, so as to git the whole rights to the Cross-Bar in his own hands.

"Then he got into difficulties. Either he went to Lonergan, or Lonergan found out. Lonergan had Ferris where he wanted him after that. He got that twenty thousand, and he got a mortgage on the Cross-Bar by means of a fictitious loan that Ferris never received. He bled him steady, till Ferris was desp'rate.

* * *

"Then he put Curran in. Curran was wanted for murder in Missouri, and Lonergan knew Curran would do just what he told him. So, when Ferris refused to quit and leave this part of the country, there was nothing to do but put him on the spot, Ferris bein' ready to face a life sentence if he could git back at Lonergan. Curran got Ferris to the cabin, purtendin' he'd lure Lonergan there and kill him, but he double-crossed him. That's what I got from Ferris before he died.

"Went back to Lonergan with them facts, and Ferris' cross under the signature I wrote out in the dark, at the bottom of the gully. Lonergan broke down and told the rest, though he refused to sign a confession. He claimed Curran murdered Mr. Hooker, but it's a safe bet Lonergan sent him to do it. We can't prove that, but we got enough evidence to send Lonergan up for a stiff term."

Coggswell paused in his story and rolled Dave another cigarette. "Miss Lois is Blane Rowland's daughter," he said. "Rowland's wife had divorced him, and he'd come West, leavin' Miss Lois with her mother. He'd never spoke about his wife and daughter, but Lonergan found out when he went through his papers. After that, Lonergan's main idea was to keep Miss Lois from gittin' her share of the ranch.

* * *

"He got the Hookers to take her from the orphanage where she'd been put after her mother died, and kept her on the mesa, so as to have her under his eye. Well, Hooker had been findin' out things, and got to shootin' off his mouth, so Lonergan sent Curran to the cabin to kill him and put the crime on yuh.

"Way things stand now, Miss Lois is half-owner of the Cross-Bar, and if Ferris had any heirs, they got to pay up that twenty thousand that was stolen, which means in effect that Miss Lois is the sole owner. And now I told yuh everything, I—I'll see yuh later, Bruce."

Coggswell got up and strode away.

"There goes the whitest man I ever knew, Lois," Dave said. "I can't tell yuh how glad I am things have cleared up in this way. Yuh won't need to be ridin' through the mountains with me now. Why, yo're an heiress."

"Yes, Dave," answered Lois wistfully. She kneeled beside him and laid her cheek against his. "Is that all that you have to tell me, Dave?"

"I reckon I told yuh all, Lois. But things have changed now, and you—"

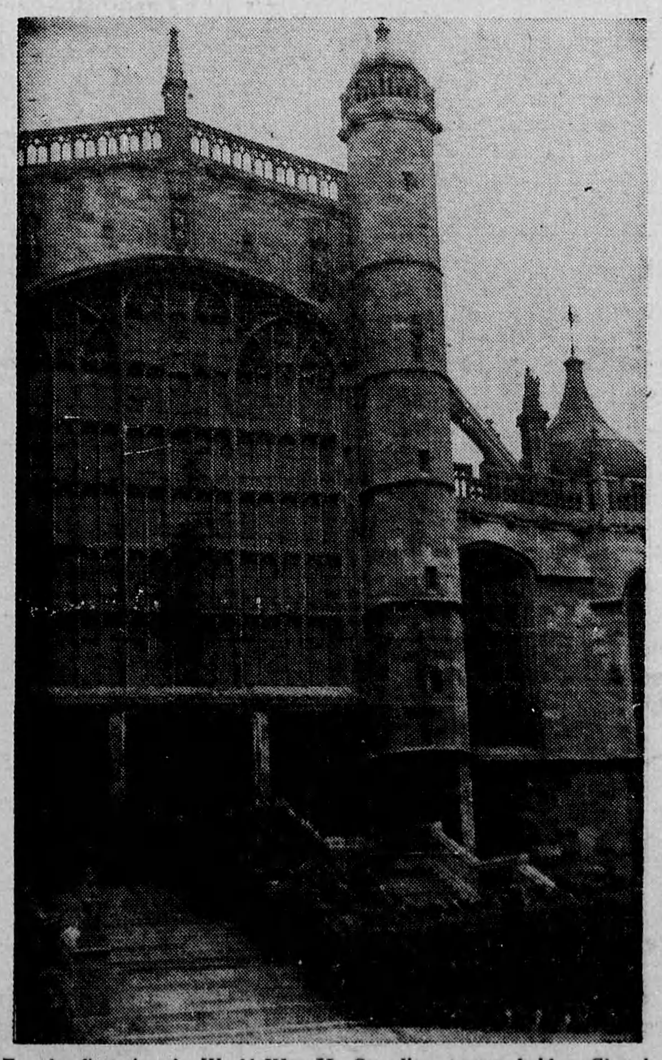
"I shall never be any different, Dave. I never change. Dave, don't tell me you—you've stopped caring?"

"Stopped carin'? Why, I—I—" Dave caught the little figure in his arms and looked into her woeful face. "Now stop that," he said, "or yuh'll find yuh've got a caveman for a husband instead of just a range waddy. Don't cry any more."

"I — I'm not — crying. I'm l-l-laughing, Dave," Lois sobbed.

THE END

CHURCH PARADE AT WINDSOR CASTLE



For the first time in World War II, Canadian troops held a Church parade recently at the world famous Windsor Castle in England. Photograph shows Canadians marching into St. George's Chapel in the Castle grounds. Windsor Castle is the "home" residence of the King and Queen

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Fined For Tossing Rationed Food

Archibald E. Brown lost this battle on points—ration points. He was fined $16 in Wincanton, England, police court after a representative of the Ministry of Food deplored his selection of missiles in a home battle. Brown tossed such rationed items as butter, cheese, lard, bacon and preserves at his wife, and was convicted of wasting food.

Since the beginning of the war, 41,000 officers and men of the Royal Navy have been lost — 30 percent of its pre-war strength.

"Snacks" EASY TO MAKE... DELICIOUS TO EAT

LIVERWURST SPREAD
¼ pound liverwurst
2 teaspoons minced onion
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons horseradish
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
Salt and pepper
Mix all ingredients and season.

SOYA SPREAD
1 cup prepared soya spread
¼ cup finely chopped celery
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Mayonnaise and salt to taste
Combine all ingredients and mix.

Fill small dishes with these tempting spreads and place on a large tray with plenty of Christie's Premium Soda Crackers. Let each guest spread his own. And remember, these same crisp, flaky Christie's Premium Soda Crackers add extra goodness to soups and salads. Always keep a package or two on hand.

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