Booms And Nets To Guard Harbors

Chiefs of Britain's Boom Defence Service today are engaged in working out detailed plans for protecting the European harbors they expect the Allies to be using shortly. Theirs is the job of erecting steel booms and nets across occupied harbors to keep out enemy submarines and torpedoes. Men of the Boom Defence Service accompany invading armies in ships specially built to maintain nets which weigh from three to 30 tons.

A slip that you can trust under your smartest dresses is Pattern 4498. Well thought-out to the last seam, it caresses your figure just where it should, and stays in place! You couldn't ask for a better fit. A transfer pattern from which you may select your initials is included . . . also a step-by-step Sew Chart.

Pattern 4498 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36, 2¾ yards 39-inch.

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.

MOTHERCRAFT HEALTH NOTES

A Daily Diet For Expectant Mother

Diet throughout pregnancy should be sufficient, good, simple, digestible and nutritious. It is not necessary for the expectant mother to eat excessively large amounts of food. The quality of the food is more important. Natural foods prepared with as little cooking as necessary, are essential.

A day's diet should include: fruit, such as oranges, apples, prunes or raisins, figs, dates, grapefruit, bananas. A cereal — whole grain wheat cereal or rolled oats. One tablespoon whole bran may be added for constipation. Milk — one pint at least of fresh whole milk, buttermilk or skimmed milk. Vegetables, especially green ones, such as lettuce, spinach, cabbage, asparagus, etc. — two servings besides potatoes. A small quantity of meat, fish and an egg. Butter, cheese and cod liver oil. Sugar and sugar products should be restricted, especially if mother is overweight. At least two quarts of water must be taken daily. Alcoholic stimulants should not be taken unless medically advised.

Early in pregnancy the mother should see her dentist as teeth often decay during pregnancy and an extra supply of mineral salts and vitamins are necessary so that the forming child will get what it requires without depriving the mother.

TABLE TALKS

Make This Receipe a "Regular"

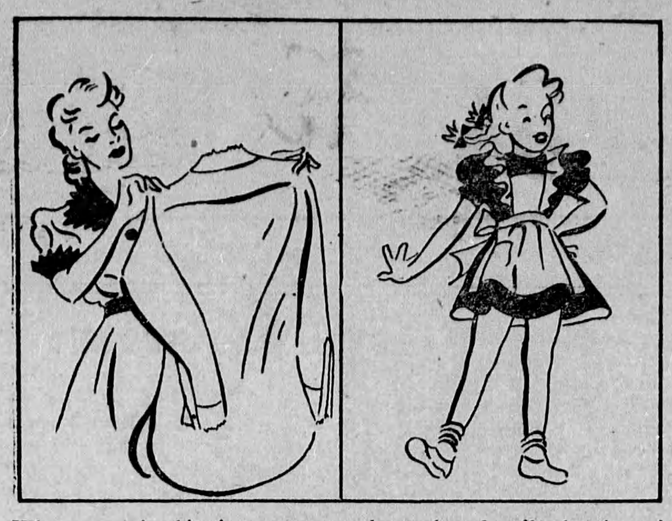
This week's recipe describes a hot, healthful and delicious dish that tried once will be a "regular" on your table.

Corn En Casserole

- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 3 tablespoons finely chopped onion
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- 1¼ cups milk
- 1½ cups Bran flakes, finely crushed
- 2 cups canned whole kernel corn, drained
- 1 egg, well beaten

Place green pepper, onion, and 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan and cook gently until tender. Add flour and seasonings and stir until smooth. Add milk and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add ¾ cup flakes, corn, and egg. Turn into greased 1½ quart casserole. Melt remaining 1 tablespoon butter and pour over remaining ¾ cup flakes. Toss lightly to mix. Sprinkle over top of corn. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

MAKE IT INTO A DRESS



When a man's shirt is so worn at the neck and cuffs that it can't be worn, there is still plenty of material to make a cotton dress or apron. Where possible, use the buttons or button holes down the front—it saves an hour's work. Two worn shirts of contrasting color can often be combined to make a smart cotton frock for your eight year old daughter.

● SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

Last week: Chandra warns Christine to be on her guard, urges her to come to him for advice. Christine believes that he is a fake. After the show ends, she remains. Chandra comes to her at once.

CHAPTER V

"I am glad you waited," Chandra began with a direct simplicity Christine had not expected.

"No doubt," she said icily, "this was a fair exchange. But don't you think you might have let me in on the plot?"

"Miss Thorenson"—his smile was tired—almost, if seemed to Christine, worried—"I suppose there's no way of convincing you that I really want to help you?"

"So you do know my name! . . . But then, of course, you've had me followed by some of your spies ever since I got off that train—perhaps even before. . . . And if you're a Hindu, I'm the Duchess of Windsor. . . . Well, I'm fed up on theatrical tricks. What I'd like is some real triple-threat facts—if you've got any."

* * *

"Then, Miss Thorenson," the "swami" told her with a gentleness so persuasive that, for the moment, Christine's stern young skepticism was almost broken down, "you were very unwise to register at your new address under an assumed name. I see for you a very real danger."

"Well, Mr. Chandra—or whatever your real name is," Christine said, "since I seem to have no secrets from you, you couldn't suggest, I suppose, exactly what it is I ought to do—aside from inspecting my baggage for an unmentionable object presumably placed there by a person or persons unknown?"

"I could suggest—but it would do no good," he told her wearily, "that if you find—what I have reason to think you will—you communicate with me at once, by a messenger I will gladly place at your disposal. I shall then be in a position to advise you."

"Thanks a lot," Christine flashed. "I'll take my chances on the persons unknown."

* * *

As she marched out, she glanced at her watch. . . . After 11, and she was a good two miles from home. Well, she needed a brisk walk to clear her mind after all that hocus-pocus.

Of course the idea that she could be in any danger was just funny. The whole scenario was ridiculously clear—beginning with that telephone girl—and all so crude and bungling.

Yet, in spite of her bravado, Christine jumped when a voice said at her shoulder, "it would be you. Don't you know that no girl with eyes and hair like yours is safe from unwelcome attentions on this Boardwalk at night?"

"So it seems," Christine said when she could control her voice. "No doubt if you had your way curfew would ring at sunset for every woman under 80."

* * *

The bareheaded young man must have run up the stairway from the beach, for he was breathing quickly, and his hair was rumpled.

"Well," he went on with such infectious pleasure that Christine found herself feeling for the first time that day that it was marvelous to be young and alive, "maybe I'll be able to enjoy my meals now. When I called the Crestview this afternoon, they told me you'd checked out. . . . But let's get out of this mob."

They had been standing just in front of Christine's "studio." As they moved on under the lights of the Twentieth Century Pier, Christine stopped short in the midst of the crowded, noisy Boardwalk.

"But"—she cried—"why you're drenched!"

The sleeves and front of his coat and shirt were dripping, trickles of water ran down his light trousers, and his shoes were sodden and caked with wet sand.

"Oh, that?" He glanced down with some embarrassment. "I got pretty close to the surf-line, and a big one caught me amidships."

* * *

Christine was not an introspective young person. She was no more capable of analyzing her sudden lift of spirit than she had been of understanding that her restlessness and lonliness of the earlier evening had not been entirely due to worry about Cousin Emma's strange desertion. She only knew now that she felt more at home with this tanned stranger whom she had met barely 24 hours ago—more warmly glad to see him—than she would have felt with any one she had known a lifetime; and that her pleasure in being with him again was as right and natural as the clean sea breeze.

"I'm cold, too," he was going on plaintively. "Something hot to eat would feel right good at this minute—and Decker's is just a comfortable walk along the Boardwalk. That's the one place in Surf City that doesn't reek with fried potatoes. . . . And I hate eating alone. Come on, Miss Thorenson," he wheeled with an engaging grin, "be a good scout."

"I'd like to, only"—Christine laughed for the first time that day—"except that the fellers call you 'Bill,' I don't know your name."

"I answer much more docilely to 'Bill,' but if I forgot to mention it, the rest of it's Yardley," he told her. Then he added with something behind the smile in his eyes that made her catch her breath, "I hope you're going to like it."

* * *

While they were waiting at the table Bill had found by a window that overlooked the sea, Bill said, "It occurs to me that there's a lot about me besides my name that you don't know. I raise horses for a living—mighty fine horses. But the market wasn't too good this year; so I took over the riding school here. You see, I've had a handicap over you all along. When I heard you say you were Mrs. Talbert's cousin. I knew you wouldn't be interested in lifting my watch."

"If you'd known the whole truth," Christine said wryly, "you'd probably have kept your hand on that watch. . . . Not that I'm not Mrs. Talbert's cousin; but there've been occasions—not so long ago—when a nice 17-jeweled watch would have made my fingers itch."

"Christine," he said abruptly, "something's worrying you. Why not get it out of your system?"

"You'll probably laugh," Christine hesitated. "I hope you will. . . . I've had a feeling all along that I ought to; but somehow my sense of humor doesn't seem to be working this week-end."

* * *

Yet when she did tell him the whole story of that preposterous day, he did not laugh.

Instead, he frowned over his cigaret, "So Chandra took a hand? . . . That bird cuts a pretty wide swathe. People come here to consult him about everything from the baby's first tooth to the outcome of the presidential election: financiers, successful writers and artists and actors; political bosses, social registerites. They say he used to be an actor. He's probably part psychologist, part mystic, part shrewd business man, and part stage manager. I've never heard of his being involved in anything really shady. In fact, if Chandra told me to go home and look under my bed for Barnum's elephant, I'm not sure I wouldn't take a chance."

They had left the restaurant, and had strolled back to the Twentieth Century Pier. Suddenly Bill broke off, "Look — there's something wrong!"

On the Boardwalk just ahead a crowd was milling about, interspersed with figures in uniform.

Afterwards, Christine remembered that everything that happened during the grim hours that followed had much the quality of an unreal but none the less terrifying dream.

(To Be Continued)

Who Wouldn't

Rudolf Messerschmidt, aged Jerusalem resident from Switzerland, applied to the government for permission to change his name to Rudolf Spitfire.

Season's Special — Rhubarb Pan Dowdy

Lives there a homemaker who doesn't enjoy the thrill of concocting something "different".

So here's a puddin'—especially spring-timed, and easy to make besides. It's a delightful combination of mouth-watering fresh rhubarb with a crunchy topping of whole bran, designed to do wonders for a dessert course. And don't overlook the color—why spring pink, of course, as delectable as your new spring bonnet.

RHUBARB PAN DOWDY

4 cups diced fresh rhubarb
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon butter

- - - - - -

½ cup All-Bran
¾ cup milk
1½ cups flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup shortening

Arrange rhubarb in baking pan; sprinkle with sugar and dot with butter. Soak All-Bran in milk. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Cut in shortening until mixture is like coarse cornmeal. Add soaked All-Bran and mix until all dry ingredients are moistened. Drop by large spoonfuls onto rhubarb and spread lightly to cover rhubarb. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 35-40 minutes.

Yield: 8 servings.

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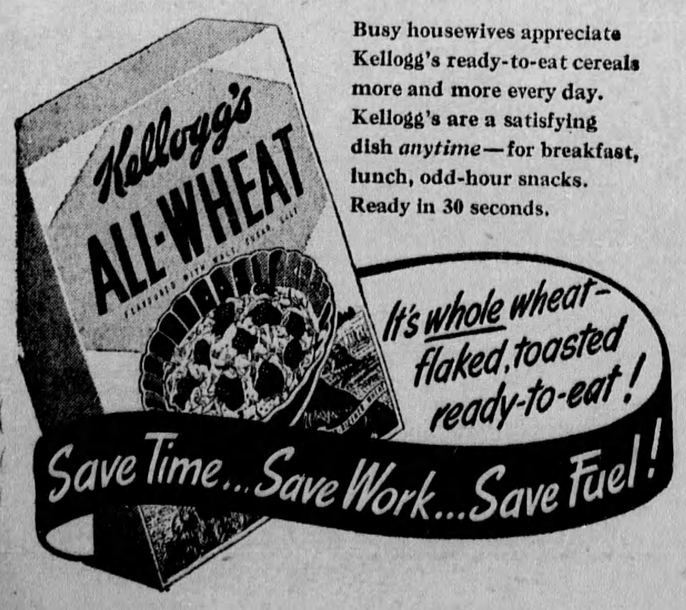
Remember that Moone's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful penetrating Antiseptic Oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue. Complete satisfaction or money back.

ISSUE 22—1944

CEREALS HAVE A PLACE AT ANY MEAL, ANYTIME!



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The only Furnace with patented Steel-ribbed Firepot; Guaranteed for Twenty Years; Fused Joint construction. Order early to avoid disappointment.

Saves 1 Ton in 7

THERE has been no change in the fine quality and advanced features of the famous Clare HECLA furnace and Clare JEWEL Range. True, there are *fewer* being built (due to necessary wartime restrictions) but the exclusive "Steel-Ribbed Firepot with the 20-Year Guarantee — the patented Fused Joint Construction — and other Clare HECLA advantages are still being built into wartime HECLA furnaces . . . the time-tested features of the Clare JEWEL Range remain unchanged. See your Clare dealer if you really *need* a new furnace or range.

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