for BETTER SLEEP...
BETTER DIGESTION..
BETTER HEALTH!

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food
CONTAINS VITAMIN B

Women Smoked In Gay 'Eighties'

"You'd be surprised," said a clerk in a James street cigar store, "at the number of girls, and more especially young girls, that come in here for cigarettes, yes, and cigars, too. I tell you what it is; there are more girls smoke in this town than you have any idea of. I don't see any harm in it myself; if girls want to smoke, for heaven's sake, let them—but they are so infernally cunning and secret about it that you'd think it was something real wicked they were doing. High-toned ladies do it. Of course, they don't come themselves; they either write or send their servants."

—"Sixty Years Ago" column in The Hamilton Spectator.

He Only Wanted Sweeties For Girl

It is comforting to know that the R.C.M.P. are right on the job, but occasionally they may be a bit too zealous. Take the recent case in a Western city. A Mountie entered a drug store and asked, "That soldier who was in here—was he after dope?" The druggist shook his head.

"Well," said the Mountie, "he's been in half a dozen drug stores along the street. He acts suspicious. That haggard, anxious look is a sign of wanting dope." The druggist laughed. "Sure the soldier is haggard and anxious," he said. "The poor fellow is afraid he will lose his girl if he can't sometime turn up with a box of chocolates, but no store along the street has any. This chocolate shortage is making things tough for young fellows engaged in wooing." — The Printed Word.

Berlin Must Be Occupied By Allies

The leaders of the British Commonwealth have agreed that Berlin must be occupied by Allied troops, reports Wilson Broadbent, political correspondent of the London Daily Mail. He says all plans for the invasion have been fully reviewed at the Dominions conference in London, and Allied schemes for the rehabilitation of Europe are now being examined.

One point the correspondent learns has been made absolutely clear: "In this second World War there will be no repetition of the great mistake made in the first. The Allied troops will march to Berlin and will occupy the German Capital."

A Favorite Meat Ball Recipe

Meat Balls are favorites with most families and it is the wise mother who has a special meat ball recipe tucked away to spring as a surpise. This particular recipe is almost sure to become a household favorite and bring calls for repeat orders. If you don't wish to serve the meat balls as the main course make them tiny and serve them as appetizers.

SWEDISH MEAT BALLS

1 pound ground steak
2 eggs
2 tablespoons minced onion
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1¼ cups milk
4 cups Corn Flakes
3 tablespoons butter
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Mix together meat, eggs, onion, seasonings, milk and corn flakes which have been rolled into fine crumbs. Form into balls. Fry slowly in butter about 30 minutes, turning only once.

NOW—
VITAMIC RUBBER

FIRESTONE'S GREATEST CONTRIBUTION TO LONG TIRE [illegible] AND MILEAGE

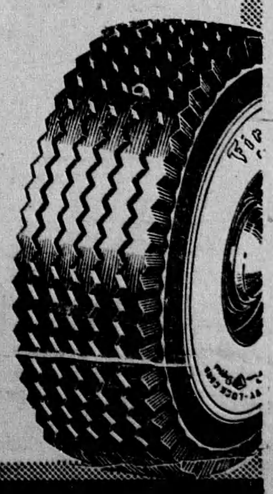
Firestone, pioneers of the balloon and high-speed tires, now make another contribution to advanced motoring . . . *VITAMIC* RUBBER . . . for longer tire life and mileage.

It is a well-known fact that adding small amounts of metals, such as chromium and tungsten, to steel greatly increases the strength and durability of the alloy produced.

In a similar manner, it has been found by Firestone research that the intimate mixing with rubber of small amounts of a new scientific discovery, "Vitalin," imparts long-sought properties to the rubber. As in the alloy steel, the new rubber compound . . . VITAMIC RUBBER . . . is greatly improved in strength, wear-ability, and resistance to heat and ageing.

All Firestone tires are now made with Vitamic Rubber. This added extra value, together with Gum-Dipping and Safety Locked Cords, is all the more reason why you should insist on Firestone tires when you obtain a Tire Ration Permit.

VITAMIC RUBBER is produced by adding Vitalin when the rubber is compounded. It gives extra protection against weather checking and wear, thus keeping the rubber tough and lively.



Firestone
Gum Dipped TIRES

● SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

Last week: Chanda warns Christine of her danger, but she rejects his advice. Later she meets Bill Yardley, coming up from the beach. She tells him the whole story, they return to her studio, find a crowd gathered there.

CHAPTER VI

Bill said, "Wait here. I'll run ahead and see—"

"Wait nothing!" Christine objected. "Bill—"

But almost at once he was lost to sight in the crowd.

From the Coast Guard tower a searchlight was swooping in great arcs over the water, picking out racing horses of foam, poising for a moment, then moving inquisitively on. Above Christine's head a motor snarled as a plane put out to sea.

An area of the walk had been roped off, and men in uniform were herding the crowd beyond the ropes—Bill among them. It did not occur to Christine that the ropes meant her, too; and no one seemed to pay any attention to her as she edged along the railing just behind powerful flashlights down into the two officers who were directing studio booth... For the center of the excitement appeared to be below the level of the walk.

* * * *

Suddenly a voice from the edge of the crowd called out, "There's that girl I was telling you about, Sergeant — right behind you. She was drawing pictures down there this afternoon; and this evening I seen her slip down again and come out reading a letter or something."

Glancing toward the source of the voice, Christine saw that it was the flashily dressed proprietor of the shooting gallery across the Boardwalk.

"Stick around, Miss," the sergeant directed, turning upon her. "We'll want to talk to every one who works about here."

"Why, of course." Christine tried to make her voice crisply casual.

She peered down into the booth, but she could not see much at first except uniformed backs. Finally, as one of the policemen moved, she saw a man in a white coat bending over a figure on the concrete bench at the rear of the booth. Something unpleasantly rigid about the coat-sleeved arm and gloved hand at the edge of the bench convinced Christine that she didn't care to see any more.

* * * *

An officer climbed into the booth from the beach below and reported to a man in plain clothes who seemed to be in charge, "There's the marks of two rowboats in the sand down there, Inspector Parsons — both made since high tide. One of the boats is there yet. No one seems to know anything about it."

"Any — signs in the boat?"

"No, sir; but there's been a scuffle down there, and there's two sets of footprints coming up this way — only you lose 'em when they come to the dry sand... And the boys are bringing in one of them beachcombers. He tried to beat it when he seen us; and he tried to throw this away after we caught him."

A small object changed hands.

"Well, Doc, what do you make of it?"

The inspector turned to the man in the white coat.

"Well," the doctor said, "the victim had been heavily and repeatedly drugged. There are marks of a hypodermic needle. But death was caused by a wound from a slender, pointed weapon.

...Found anything that answers that description?"

"We haven't found any weapon of any sort here."

The doctor said something that Christine missed; but which the inspector seemed to find of peculiar interest.

"How long ago?" he demanded sharply.

"I can't be entirely sure — but before rigor mortis set in. That might be two hours ago. Perhaps a little earlier."

Christine glanced at her watch. One-thirty. It had been almost 11.30 when she and Bill had come this way before.

At this moment Bill loomed at her side.

"Sorry," he murmured. "But breaking out of jail is easy compared with breaking in here... Say, this must be a Page One event! Half the Surf City police force seems to be here — not to speak of the press," he added as several flashlights went off near at hand.

"Hey — you!" The sergeant who had detained Christine turned belligerently. "Who told you you had any business in here?"

"My own chivalrous soul, officer," Bill answered smoothly. "This young lady is in my care. I'm taking her home."

"You are not. We want to talk to her."

* * * *

At this moment several newcomers were admitted through the ropes: the man who had identified Christine, a newsboy, a waitress whom Christine had seen in the ice-cream stand next door, the resplendent doorman from the hotel across the Boardwalk, and finally — looking more than usually apologetic and helpless — Mr. Wilmet.

"My dear Miss Nevin!" Mr. Wilmet cried. "This is no place for you."

"It would be nice," Christine said, "if you could persuade the sergeant to take that view."

"Officer," Mr. Wilmet protested in his ineffectual way, "you surely don't need this young lady. I can tell you all about her. She is Miss Grace Nevin, a very accomplished artist who is in my employ."

Now he has ruined it, Christine thought. Because sooner or later they'll have to know my real name.

A deep, somnolent voice echoed in her memory: "You were very unwise to register under an assumed name... I see for you a very real danger."

"I own this concession," Mr. Wilmet was going on; "and I must say it's a terrible shock to have a thing like this happen here just as business was picking up."

"Well, now," the officer said with heavy sarcasm, "it's just too bad the poor lady couldn't have planned to get herself murdered somewhere else."

Lady! Christine thought blankly — and realized for the first time that the dark-clad figure she had glimpsed so sketchily might just as well have been a woman's as a man's.

It was at this point that a police ambulance rumbled down the Boardwalk and stopped. Men clambered down, lifted out a stretcher, and tramped down the ramp into the booth.

Inspector Parsons' head emerged above the railing.

"Now, Sergeant," he said, "before they move her, we'll find out whether any of these people know anything about her... Down here, please, all of you."

The newsboy was first to file by the stretcher; then, in order, went the doorman, the waitress, the man from the shooting gallery, Mr. Wilmet, and Christine — closely followed by Bill Yardley.

Christine kept her eyes averted from the stretcher until her own turn came. When at length she stood beside the body and glanced down, a violent fit of shivering wrenched her; and she turned abruptly way. One of the officers hastily opened the camp stool and eased her down upon it.

"Maybe I can help you, Inspector —" Bill Yardley spoke unexpectedly, his face paper white.

"This is Mrs. Emma Talbert, who owns a country home out Beachmont way."

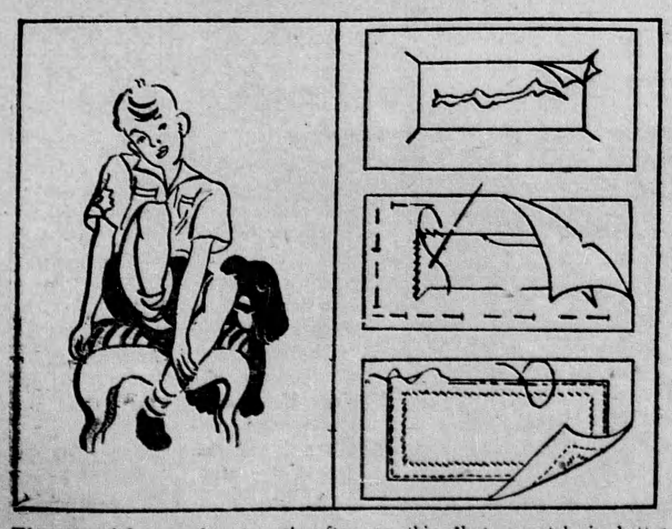
"I was aware of that. We identified her by papers in her purse. . . . Now," the inspector went on, glancing around, "how many of you were at your regular places of work between—say 11:15 and 1:30?"

The waitress had been, and the proprietor of the shooting gallery. Mr. Wilmet was nervously voluble about the fact that he had been attending a moving picture. Christine, shivering unbearably in spite of the warmth of the night air, shook her head mutely. The resplendent doorman had returned to duty at precisely 11:30.

Now he was staring at Christine with fascinated attention.

(Continued Next Week)

IT'S WORTH A PATCH



The material around a tear is often so thin that a patch is better economy than a darn. Cut the fabric to a square or oblong with the thread and trim off the weak part. Clip the corners so they may be turned under. Pin the patch material under the opening, matching the grain both lengthwise or crosswise. Turn under the raw edges of the hole and hem to the patch. Now turn on the wrong side, turn the edges of this patch under and sew it down to the garment.

Quality counts most—for that rich, satisfying flavour which only a fine quality tea yields, use..
"SALADA" TEA

MOTHERCRAFT HEALTH NOTES

The Baby's Bed

It is of the utmost importance to make baby's bed properly, the aim being to exclude draughts and keep him warm, at the same time allowing freedom of movement.

A simple wicker cot, with or without stand, or a large clothes basket may be used. In winter time line head of cot with flannel or blanket. In summer, netting is used. Enveloping blanket or cotton sheet 70 inches by 44 inches should be placed over the emptly cot. On top of this place a firm mattress with a bran mattress on top. The advantages of this place a firmetaoinshdrietahrdl the bran mattress are: It makes a cool, hygienic mattress, easily renewed and the cotton cover boiled should it get soiled. It is inexpensive.

Cover mattresses with small blanket or cotton sheet, tucked in all around. Place a small piece of rubber sheeting across the middle—should measure 21 inches by 12 inches. Cover the rubber sheeting with a draw sheet 22 inches by 14 inches.

Place a small bran pillow in position, 10 inches by 8 inches. Make a cosy hollow in the bran mattress and place the baby in this nest. Tuck his shawl or blanket around him well up at the back of his neck and around his feet; bring up one side of the enveloping blanket and tuck it in on the far side. Then bring up the other side of the blanket and complete the envelope by tucking in firmly all around. Slip your hand inside the envelope to make sure that baby has plenty of room to move around. An extra blanket or cover may be put on top. An excellent screen to use around the cot to avoid draughts is made from a clothes horse, trimmed with chintz.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Request Recipes

For sometime request numbers have been accumulating, so I have decided to devote this week's column entirely to requests.

Seasonable Vegetable Loaf

1 cup whole wheat bread crumbs
1 cup peanuts
½ cup milk
2 large boiled potatoes, chopped mealy (not mushy)
4 good-sized carrots, grated
2 medium-sized onions, chopped
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
1 cup spinach, chopped
1 cup celery, chopped
3 eggs

Add bread crumbs after soaking in milk to the mixed vegetables. Add seasoning of salt, pepper, ½ teaspoon sage, and slightly beaten eggs. Blend well and pack combined ingredients into a greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350 F) 1½ hours or until loaf is firm and the top golden brown. Serve with tomato or mushroom sauce.

Sunday Pie

Line pie plate with rich pastry. Mix and sift:

1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
Dash of cloves

Add 3 well beaten egg yolks and 1 cup sour cream. Mix well. Sprinkle a little flour over 1 cup of finely chopped raisins (seedless) and add to the mixture. Pour into pastry lined pie plate and bake in moderate oven until custard is set. Top with meringue made with the egg whites, adding a little cinnamon. Return to oven until meringue is delicately browned.

Meat Loaf

1½ lbs. ground meat
¼ lb. veal
¼ lb. fat salt pork
1 medium-sized onion
1 green pepper
¼teaspoon paprika

Put the meat, veal and salt pork through the meat grinder together. Add onion and green pepper (finely chopped), egg (well beaten), bread crumbs, minced parsley and seasonings. Mix all together thoroughly. Then make into form of a loaf, place in greased pan and bake (400 F) for 45 minutes. Serve hot with gravy from juices in the pan. It is delicious cold.

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 H. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Young, individual detail gives a vivacious air to Pattern 4618, a frock you'll run up in jiffy time . . . to wear smartly now, and with becoming coolness when the sun takes its duties seriously. Ideal style for cotton or linen as well as firm rayon sports fabrics.

Pattern 4618 is available in misses' and women's sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42. Size 36 takes 3 yards 35-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.

How in the world can a woman have charm and poise if she feels "all wound up" with nervous tension? On the other hand . . . calm, strong nerves actually give a woman poise and quiet nerves take the hard, tense look from her facial muscles. If nerves bother, treat them with rest, wholesome food, fewer activities, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. In the meantime take a nerve sedative . . . Dr. Miles Nervine. Nervine has helped scores of women who suffered from overtaxed nerves. Take Nervine according to directions to help relieve general nervousness, sleeplessness, nervous fears and nervous headache. Effervescing Nervine Tablets are 35c and 75c. Nervine Liquid: 25c and $1.00.