These days, when tea must yield the utmost in flavour, quality is of supreme importance. Ask for..

"SALADA" TEA

TABLE TALKS

Meat Varieties

Roast Kidney Loaf

1 pound beef, veal, pork or lamb kidney
1 cup milk
8 slices bread
¼ cup bacon drippings or butter
2 eggs
1 green pepper minced
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons grated onion
½ teaspoon powdered sage

Wash kidney in cold water. Drain well and grind, including the internal fat. Pour milk over bread and soak. Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack firmly in a loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 1½ hours.

Serves 6.

One of the most difficult tasks that faces the housewife is that of getting variety into the meat dish. Meat, in itself, is delicious, but if served in the same way, with the same vegetables or without condiments, occasionally it smacks of sameness.

There are many who will always bake ham without varying the glaze to add interesting flavor to the meat. There are others who don't realize that a bit of natural home-grown herbs will pep up the good, old-fashioned pot roast. Some always serve luncheon meats cold on a slab of bread or with potato salad, and so on. For once let's try things new and interesting:

Liver Leluxe.

6 tablespoons bacon drippings
1 large onion, thinly sliced
6 cups shredded cabbage
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 pound cubed liver
½ cup water
1 tablespoon soy sauce

Brown onion in 4 tablespoons drippings. Add cabbage and seasonings. Cover and cook over low heat for 15 minutes. Remove from pan. Roll liver in seasoned flour and brown in remaining drippings. Add water and simmer 5 minutes. Add soy sauce and cabbage.

Serves 6.

As simple to sew at it is fun to sun in, Pattern 4799 makes a dashing playsuit. You'll want the trim jacket and button-front skirt, too.

Pattern 4799 comes in misses' sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20. Size 16 takes 1⅞ yds. 35-in material for the brief top of playsuit and shorts.

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

Natural Feeding

Natural feeding, that is, breast feeding, is best for the mother and best for the baby. Breast feeding is a natural proceeding, and any departure from it should be regarded as an abnormality. The failure of so many mothers nowadays to nurse their babies often arises through lack of knowledge and wrong advice.

Why Baby Should Be Breast Fed

1. The breast milk is created for the baby, therefore it is the baby's perfect food and his birthright.

2. It is a food quite free from germs. Cow's milk has to go through many stages before it reaches the baby.

3. Breast milk is more easily digested than any other baby food. Also it may be called the digestive of cow's milk. Baby will digest cow's milk better if given even a small quantity of breast milk previously.

4. A baby has better nutrition if he has been correctly fed.

5. Baby tends to have better teeth as he gets natural exercise for his mouth and jaws.

6. There is a low mortality rate in breast-fed babies, compared with those who are bottle-fed.

7. The mother has better health, and then too there is economy in time and money.

8. We see that the natural food produces a well nourished and developed child, who should be a joy and comfort in the home not a fretful, weak, sickly baby, who is a constant worry to his parents.

— By permission of the New Zealand Mothercraft Society.

Dodo as Food

The flightless dodo bird of Mauritius Island, near Madagascar, became extinct before 1700 A. D., less than a century after its discovery, because three or four of the birds furnished a meal for a whole ship's crew, says Science Digest.

Good Companions!
NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT with Fresh Strawberries

Serve this delightful breakfast treat to your family often. It's good—and it's good for them! Nabisco Shredded Wheat is made from 100% Canadian whole wheat—contains energy-building carbohydrates, proteins, and the minerals, iron and phosphorus. Ready-cooked, ready to eat. Try the tested, practical recipes found in every package.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.
Niagara Falls, Canada

644BX

SERVE PLENTIFUL FOODS TO SAVE SCARCE FOODS

● SERIAL STORY

Murder on the Boardwalk

BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

Last Week: As questioning proceeds, it is revealed that Mrs. Talbert was Yardley's silent partner. Christine's identity is also made known. Then the inspector hands her a letter written by her cousin. She has been cut out of Cousin Emma's will.

CHAPTER IX

Since Christine had first caught sight of that pitiful body on the concrete bench, she had known horror and remorse. Now she knew terror.

"I see for you a very real danger," a voice echoed in her memory.

"But," she faltered, "Cousin Emma knew that I am not extravagant—she never suggested that she thought so. . . . And she has never mentioned her will to me. . . . I can't imagine that she wrote this letter. But—who did?"

"Miss Thorenson," the inspector asked softly, "could you identify your cousin's writing?"

"I—I don't know. This certainly looks like hers."

"Isn't there anything you can tell me," the inspector went on almost gently, "that might throw some light on this business?"

* * *

Christine thought, I ought to tell him everything—about Jaspar, for instance—about that telephone girl, and about the swami's wearing that dagger.

But all that—with his inevitable questions—would take time. And if the clairvoyant had had any part in this, why should he have tried to warn her? Now she wanted only to get to her room and satisfy herself that there was, among her belongings, nothing sinister—like this letter— to complicate the incredible position in which she found herself.

"Nothing," she said, "that I can think of."

The inspector's face hardened; and he swung upon the disreputable figure in wading boots who, with Bill had just returned from the next room and had resumed his seat in the corner by the door.

"Thank you," the inspector barked, "suppose you tell me just when and where you have known this young lady."

* * *

Some one—Christine thought it was Bill—cried out, "Watch him!"

Then all the lights went out, and a chair fell with a crash. . . . After that there was in the room nothing but the sound of scuffling feet and heavy breathing until the door opened—and slammed shut. . . . Later, sounds of shouts and running came from the darkened corridor outside.

When the lights flashed on again, there were left in the room only the inspector, who stood with his hand on the light switch, Mr. Wilmet, cowering behind a chair, and Christine. . . Almost at once Bill Yardley opened the door and came in.

"Well, Inspector," said Bill, "Puss-in-Boots pulled a fast one, didn't he? I think your men have lost him in the dark. I've been wondering just how long it would take you to notice that the switch was right beside his chair."

"And I'm wondering"—the inspector's eyes were far from friendly—"just how much you helped him, Yardley."

* * *

The telephone rang. Inspector Parsons picked up the instrument and listened. Then, as if the call had been a signal he was waiting for, he suggested almost pleasantly, "You might as well all go and get some sleep."

Hardly daring to believe that they were free, Christine found herself, with Bill and Mr. Wilmet, going downstairs and into the street. As she and Bill were turning away toward Christine's lodging, Mr. Wilmet coughed apologetically.

"Miss Thorenson," he said, "of course you wouldn't care to go on sketching in that booth now—but suppose I find a quieter place? Could you meet me tomorrow morning—say at that drugstore in the Crestview — and talk things over? . . . Working with you has been such a—a pleasure."

"Why" — Christine hesitated—"frankly I shall have to earn some money somehow, Mr. Wilmet."

"Until 10.30 tomorrow then?" the little man beamed. "Good night."

* * *

"Listen, Christine," Bill said as Mr. Wilmet pattered off into the darkness, "I wish you wouldn't. Didn't you see those flashlights going off all around you down on the Boardwalk? After tonight you're a marked woman."

Christine stopped short.

"Was that what those men were doing?" she demanded. "It hadn't occurred to me that they were sniping at me."

"Well, it had to be. Tomorrow your pictures will be all over the front page. . . If you're really hard up, why not let me help instead of a complete outsider? Anyhow, I don't trust your funny little boss."

"Not trust him? . . . That helpless old babe-in-the-wood?"

"Old? He's probably not got much on me. Lots of men are bald at 30. And he may be helpless, but he doesn't handle the truth any too carefully."

"What do you mean?"

* * *

"He didn't go to any moving picture tonight—or if he did it was nearer 10 than nine as he said."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him down on the beach after 9.30. You see, after Labor Day, I'm permitted to take my horses to the beach. The hitching posts are right behind that studio. Tonight I went down to see what condition they were in—and there was your little babe-in-the-wood, poking around behind that booth."

"Poking around?"

"He seemed to be examining the foundations of his booth. Just before I came along, he went off up to the Boardwalk. I don't think he even saw me."

They were strolling along the promenade toward Christine's street.

"Bill!" Christine said suddenly. "You don't suppose any one could —hear us, do you?"

* * *

"Not unless the inspector managed to wire us for sound while the lights were out," Bill said with a short laugh. "But it's a sure bet they're giving us pretty short rope. We'll stick to the wide open spaces in the middle of the walk to discourage eavesdroppers, anyhow."

"Bill," Christine hurried on, "I've got to know—why were you beating up Jas—that man down on the beach tonight?"

Bill was silent for a long moment before he replied, "I am going to tell you because—well, you have got to know—for your own safety, Christine, he was following you."

"He was—what?"

"He was skulking in a shadow," Bill said, "when you came out of that clairvoyant's joint; and he slunk along the Boardwalk behind you, evidently waiting for a chance to stop you when there was no one else near."

* * *

Christine's spine crawled at the picture his words conjured.

"Of course," Bill went on, "the reason I know is that I was trailing you, too. While I was down on the beach, I saw you standing under a light on the Boardwalk, reading something. I was trying to catch up with you when you went into that Temple of Truth place, and—well, I waited in a parked car just off the Boardwalk. . . . And now I've got something to ask you, Christine. Just now you started to call Puss-in-Boots by name, didn't you?"

"Bill," Christine said, hardly believing it yet herself, "he's Jaspar—Cousin Emma's butler. . . . At least he was her butler the last I knew. . . . It's incredible, but suppose he did kill her?"

"I am supposing it," Bill said shortly. "But what's a lot more vital to me is that he wasn't following you for any good."

"But, Bill even if he stabbed Cousin Emma—why should he want to harm me?"

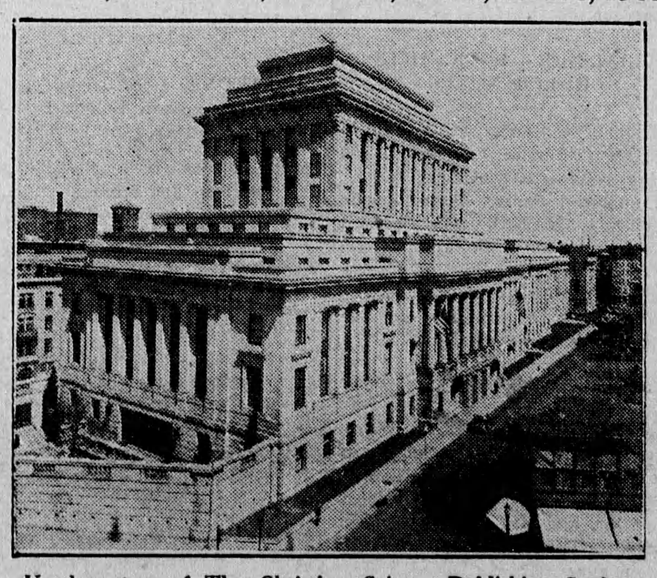
"God knows—unless he's a maniac. . . . And only God knows where he's skulking now. . . . Christine, you recognized him at once, didn't you? I was sure that you had."

Christine's blood chilled.

If even Bill had been so sure, Inspector Parsons had not, as she hoped, been just guessing. . . . He knew.

(Continued Next Week)

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 5, 1944



Headquarters of The Christian Science Publishing Society

While holding military might essential to the victory of allied nations over the anti-Christ claims of injustice and intolerance, The Christian Science Board of Directors told the annual meeting of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, that freedom is essentially a spiritual gift "to be realized only through spiritual understanding and attainment."

Directors cited the universal determination to win the peace as advance evidence of a world-wide realization that "righteous victory under arms will not suffice to guarantee freedom to mankind."

Freedom from want and fear, freedom in worship and speech, the Directors stated, constitute much more than a political slogan or governmental ideology, "for our great Way-shower, Christ Jesus, proclaimed centuries ago that freedom accords with God's will and law; furthermore he gave simple, clear direction for the attainment of full freedom for the individual, and through the individual for all humanity.

Chosen by thousands OF BUSY CANADIAN HOUSEWIVES

Kellogg's cereals have an important place in Canada's kitchens—now, more than ever. Appetizing anytime—for breakfast, lunch, between meal snacks. Add flavour to 'leftover' dishes, too!

Rabbie Would Ha'e Been More Sensible

"Ye think a fine lot of Shakespeare"? I do, sir." "An' ye think he was mair clever than Robbie Burns". "Why, there's no comparison between them." "Maybe no'; but ye tell us it was Shakespeare who wrote, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Now, Robbie would never hae written sic nonsense as that." "Nonsense, sir?" "Aye, just nonsense. Robbie would hae kent fine that a king or queen either disna gang to bed wi' a eroon on their head. He'd hae kent they hang it over the back o' a chair."

Has No Chance For Promotion--Poor 'Ike'

As General Dwight D. Eisenhower, commander of the Allied Invasion Forces, was passing by an Army hospital in his big limousine, with its four stars and attractive girl driver, one of two soldier patients watching the car go by pointed to it.

"Gosh," he said to the other, "I sure would like that guy's job. Just look at that buggy and all the trimmings." The other soldier disagreed. "I wouldn't take that job on a bet," he said.

They argued, and finally the dissenter was asked why he would not take the general's job. "Well, you see, there's no chance for promotion," was the reply.

General Eisenhower told the troops this story on himself when he visited the Canadians shortly before "D-Day."

Hatching Eggs Stand Test Of Long Flight

People in occupied countries will want poultry during reconstruction, and if hatching eggs can be flown to them instead of birds, there will be many economies. To determine whether eggs will hatch after the variations of temperature and barometric pressure incident to flight, the University of Maryland and American Airlines recently flew 15 dozen eggs from Washington to Los Angeles and back, and then put them into incubation, with an equal number that had not been flown, as check. Results — 157 chicks from the 180 eggs that flew, and 162 from those used as a check. Conclusion: Hatching eggs can be flown to Europe.

Perk Up Your Veil

In these days, when good veiling is scarce, it is a wise policy to care for what one has. A weary-looking veil can be restored to crispness by pressing under waxed paper with a warm iron.

You Will Enjoy Staying At
The ST. REGIS HOTEL
TORONTO
● Every Room with Bath, Shower and Telephone.
● Single, $2.50 up—Double, $3.50 up.
● Good Food, Dining and Dancing Nightly.
Sherbourne at Carlton
Tel. RA. 4135

Easy Way To Treat Sore, Painful Piles

Here is the chance for every person in Canada suffering from sore, itching, painful piles to try a simple home remedy with the promise of a reliable firm to refund the cost of the treatment if you are not satisfied with the results.

Simply go to any druggist and get a bottle of Hem-Roid and use as directed. Hem-Roid is an internal treatment, easy and pleasant to use and pleasing results are quickly noticed. Itching and soreness are relieved, pain subsides and as the treatment is continued the sore, painful pile tumors heal over leaving the rectal membranes clean and healthy. Get a bottle of Hem-Roid today and see for yourself what an easy, pleasant way this is to rid yourself of your pile misery.

NOTE: The sponsor of this notice is a reliable firm, doing business in Canada for over 20 years. If you are troubled with sore, itching, painful piles, Hem-Roid must help you quickly or the small purchase price will be gladly refunded.

ISSUE 26—1944

MACDONALD'S BRIER
Canada's Standard Smoke