

Canada's War Gift To Mother Country

Canada is going to supply Britain with munitions of war, raw materials, and foodstuffs to the amount of a billion dollars without charge and without obligation, Prime Minister W. L. Mackenzie King told the House of Commons on Jan. 27.

Any ambiguity that may have existed in relation to Canada's financial transactions with Britain is thus effectively removed. The billion dollars, it is anticipated, will cover Britain's purchases in this country until early in 1943.

The new arrangement will not increase Canada's financial burden, as Canada has already agreed to supply the money for British purchases of supplies. But it will avoid the growth to huge and unmanageable proportions of a war debt which might breed serious misunderstandings and bitterness in the future. It will also definitely relieve Britain of any financial anxiety in connection with Canadian supplies Mr. King explained.

Financial assistance has been extended to Britain for some time. Britain has paid for a large portion of its purchases in this country in sterling exchange, which has been on deposit in London and which cannot be used in Canada. Manufacturers and producers in Canada have been paid for these exports by the Dominion Government in Canadian dollars, and to cover these payments the Government has raised money by taxes and loans.

In the past the British Government has been paying for a portion of its purchases by its exports to Canada, but these are necessarily diminishing. Britain has also sold Canadian Government securities held in Britain. It also has interest and dividends received from Canadian securities owned by Britain.

These revenue sources have covered only part of Canada's war exports to the United Kingdom and the surplus of sterling in British banks to Canada's credit has been steadily growing. To clarify the situation the Dominion Government has made the suggestion to the British Government that this surplus should be converted to a loan of \$700,000,000 in Canadian funds.

The loan will be without interest during the war, and as soon as practicable after the war some rate of interest should be mutually arranged. The loan will be reduced by any sales to persons outside of Britain of Canadian securities held in that country.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill and the House of Commons paid warm tribute to Canada for its generous credit of \$200,000,000 worth of munitions and food to Britain.

This gift is regarded with feelings of keenest appreciation and satisfaction, it was officially stated.

Be a lenthrit. Buy Victory Bonds.

A JOLLY TEA PARTY



A sextette of Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force members stationed in Toronto lend their charms to a Y.M.C.A. Tea Car. The vehicle is one of two Tea Cars being sent to the Pacific Coast at the request of Major General R. O. Alexander, D.S.O. It will be delivered without the girls. From left to right they are: Edna Longway, Kenora, Ontario; Dorothy MacDonald, Port Arthur; Jean Anderson, Winnipeg; Edith Godfrey, Indian Head, Saskatchewan; Anna Allen, Winnipeg; Jean Reid, Winnipeg.



CHAPTER 43 Jim's Secret

That Jim's Mexican vaquero shadow and his companion had been closer until the past few moments seemed to Silcott a reasonable guess. The man with the Mexican was Pete Yeager.

"You're looking some peaked, Homer," Silcott said. "You want to remember you're an old man and cut out cavorting at so many dances."

"I don't go to dances," protested Caldwell, feigning indignation. "And I'm not so doggone old if I wanted to go." He added, sharply, "You're the one that looks peaked. I done heard how you was shot up couple of weeks ago."

"By amateurs," Jim explained, and pretended to catch sight of the fat little cowpuncher for the first time. "Why hello, Pete! I was just talking about you. Mention an angel and you hear the rustle of his wings. How are cases?"

The baldheaded man retorted promptly, "I'd advise you to drop that notion about me being an amateur."

"Amateurs are all right in their place, Pete," Jim told him soothingly. "Maybe you'll do better after a while. They say practice makes perfect."

Yeager snorted. "Hmp! One of these smart galoots who knows it all."

"Sometimes I think you don't like me, Pete. I got to be moving. Supper at Lieutenant Windom's house. Can't keep my friends waiting." Silcott turned to the Mexican vaquero. "Let's be going, young fellow, if you're trailing me. See you later, Pete. Don't take any wooden nutmegs."

Two Riders Appear

He sauntered down the street, leaving Yeager fuming behind him.

Before he had gone fifty yards a voice hailed him. "You doggone old buzzard head!"

Two riders were coming up the street. One was Rufe Jelks, the other Pesky Kennedy. Rufe swung from the saddle.

"What are you doing here?" Silcott asked in astonishment.

"Why, can't a couple of cowboys come to see the elephant?" the owner of the Longhorn corral asked hilariously.

"They can but they didn't," Jim said. "Spill it, Rufe."

Jelks grinned. "We heard the Hat T had moved headquarters to Sante Fe, so Pesky and I drifted along to see if we couldn't get a job."

"You might, at that, before we are through," Jim admitted. "Rest your saddles, boys, and come into the Green Light with me for a powwow."

They walked into the saloon and took a small table. Each ordered what he wanted. Their heads close together, they talked almost in murmurs. Jim told them the most recent developments.

"Hmp!" grunted Jelks. "Thought something was doing when the Hat T hands collected Jess Lamprey and lit out with him. Knowing you were here, we figured Santa Fe would be the centre of the storm. So we hightailed it to the city."

Silcott rose. "I'm due at Lieutenant Windom's for supper. Miss Eliot is staying there. Later in the evening I'll meet you at the hotel. Adios, boys."

Kennedy spoke for the first and last time during the conference. "Don't let them knock yore block off, Red," he said.

"Not if I can help it. Be back about ten."

Stratton Surprised

Just as Stratton closed his desk and rose to go home two men walked into the office. His heart lost a beat, for both his visitors were masked and one of them had a .44 in his hand.

The lawyer's right hand fluttered down toward a drawer still open but stopped abruptly on the way. The man behind the revolver had said curtly, "don't, D. L."

He was a big heavy man with

long arms and thick rounded shoulders. His resemblance to an ape was enhanced by the growth of hair that matted his throat and the backs of his hands.

"What does this m-mean?" the lawyer stammered.

The big man padded across the floor and pushed home the bolt of the back door. His companion turned the big key in the front door and pulled down the window blind.

"So we can be comfortable and not be interrupted," he explained. Frightened though he was, Stratton noticed that his height was below the average and that he was of plump build. Where the mask did not hide his face it was high in color.

"If it's money you want—" The ape man cut off the attorney's protest. "Can the chatter, D.L., and do as you're told. You know what we want. Cough up that letter."

As the man shuffled forward, the revolver in his hand looked as large as a small cannon to Stratton. From the hairy wrist a quirt hung. The muscles of the lawyer's stomach collapsed. He remembered what Silcott had told him of the foreman's Apache tendencies. But he made an attempt to push back the panic sweeping over him.

Stratton Threatened

"What letter?" he asked.

"Don't play horse with me!" the hairy ape said. He stood with his feet well apart, his head thrust forward. "If I once start rip the white flesh from yore bones with this quirt."

Stratton gave up. "I haven't the Gaudara letters if that's what you mean," he answered.

"Open that safe."

The attorney opened it. The fat man went through the papers inside, scattering them on the floor after he had examined each. He rifled the desk.

"If it's here and you're lying to us, I'll skin you alive," the big man promised viciously.

"I haven't got the letter."

"We know better. Red Silcott left it here."

"He took it away again. This afternoon."

A hairy hand reached out and caught Stratton by the throat. Sinewy fingers closed on the flesh. "So you're gonna get funny with me, eh?"

The face of the lawyer grew black and his eyes glassy.

"Hey, Jud, cut that out!" the fat man warned. "You'll strangle the guy before we get what we want."

Prentiss flung his victim into a chair. The lawyer coughed and spluttered. Slowly he recovered enough to gasp out a word or two.

"Don't! Please don't do that."

CHAMP HURDLER BECOMES WAR WORKER



Well-known in peacetime track circles as Canada's champion lady hurdler is Yvonne Dingley, photographed here doing her bit as a mechanic in the maintenance shop of an Army Service Corps unit on the Pacific Coast.

TABLE TALKS

A Sparkle of Jelly Gives Life to Salad

There is no salad more appealing than a jellied mould. It has all the advantages of attractive form, opportunities for color, arrangement and infinite variety.

Almond Salad
 ½ cup vinegar
 ¼ cup sugar
 2 tablespoons gelatine
 1 cup pineapple juice
 ½ cup sweet cucumber pickles
 ½ cup almonds
 ½ cup crushed pineapple

If vinegar is strong dilute with part water (lemon juice may be used). Cook vinegar and sugar together until it spins a thread. Soak gelatine in pineapple juice and dissolve in the hot syrup. Grind cucumber pickle through the chopper. Blanch and split almonds and add pineapple. Combine mixtures, mould and serve cold on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Cranberry Salad
 Cook cranberries with just enough water to cover. Add ½ cup sugar to one cup cranberries. Have plain gelatine soaked — 1 envelope to a pint of juice — and stir in the usual way. Some prefer to strain the cranberries but a richer jelly results if the berries are not strained.

Place round flat moulds of cranberry jelly on crisp leaves of lettuce. Spread a layer of finely chopped celery over each mould. Spread salad dressing over the top and sprinkle thickly with salted almonds which have been chopped, or cut into small pieces. This is a delicious and highly attractive salad accompaniment to the meat course.

Red Cherry Salad
 2 tablespoons gelatine
 ¼ cup cold water
 ½ cup celery (cut fine)
 Juice of 2 oranges
 1 lb. can red cherries (pitted)
 ½ cup sugar
 ½ cup pecan nuts

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in a little boiling water. Add the other ingredients except nuts. Add boiling water to make one quart liquid. Cool in individual moulds and serve on crisp lettuce leaves with mayonnaise. Garnish with pecan nuts. Servis six.

Fruit and Ginger Salad
 2 tablespoons gelatine
 1 cup hot water
 1 pint ginger ale
 ¼ cup lemon juice
 2 tablespoons sugar
 ½ teaspoon salt
 2 tablespoons Canton ginger (chopped)

Soften gelatine in a little cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Add ginger ale, lemon juice, sugar and salt. When partly stiffened stir in the chopped ginger. Mould individually or as a whole. Serve with a cream dressing. Served with salted or cheese wafers, the salad has an extra zest.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is ever 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 Street, Toronto," send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Irishman Foresaw Japanese Menace

Regarded As Hysterical Fool, Writes R. C. McNeill, In The Hamilton Spectator

In 1912 and 1913 Churchill shouted warnings to the British people that Germany would attack. Scarcely any one listened. But August, 1914, proved him right. An Irish adventurer tried to tell the world that Japan would go to war against the democracies. He was branded a fool, and died in poverty. It seems high time that some one paid tribute to the dead Irishman. He received little enough while he was alive.

He was Taid O'Conroy, and he tried, in 1933, to awaken a complacent world with his book, called "The Menace of Japan." But the book was only part of his effort to tell the Western world that Japan meant war. He wrote letters, he called at foreign offices and embassies. He was, as he himself put it, "probably regarded as a hysterical fool."

What did he say? He said that Japan intended to invade "Siam, Shanghai, Singapore, Malaya, Burma, India, Hong Kong, Hawaii, Australia and Indo-China." He said that Japan was controlled by military leaders, and that nothing but immediate action could stop her. He said that Japan was building up an unbelievably strong army, navy and air force. He explained how the idea of Japan's destiny was part of the religion of the people. He shouted to the world that "Japan Wants War."

O'Conroy had a right to speak. He had lived in Japan for fifteen years, when his book was published in 1933. His wife was from an aristocratic Japanese family. He was professor of English at the Keio University at Tokio, and he also taught at the Imperial Naval Staff College. He tried to identify himself with the Japanese people as much as possible. His holidays were spent among the workers, farmers and fishermen of the islands. He was even initiated into the Shinto religion.

The world should have listened to Taid O'Conroy. If he had been taken seriously, much of the trouble we are now experiencing

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might have been avoided. But the world of the mid-thirties could not bring itself to take him seriously.

In fact, the critics of his book thought it fantastic. Sherwood Eddy, in his review of it, said: "But as to war (between Japan and the democracies) I see no justification nor serious possibility of it." And Eddy was regarded as an authority on Asiatic affairs. The most kindly reviewer called the volume the work of an "international window-smasher," "the New Republic said it was a "disgusting and blasphemous hymn of hate." Some one else called it "the product of an over-ripe imagination." Even the London Times said "its unreliability must be apparent even to the uninitiated."

That is what they thought of the book in 1934. In 1942 we know that Prof. O'Conroy was right. Hong Kong has fallen, as have Siam and Indo-China. Nipponese forces are nearer Australia. Singapore is in grave danger. Burma is menaced, and the Philippines are nearly overrun. Tokio newspapers say that a Jap invasion of America is probable. The tremendous strength of their forces is a surprise to the whole world.

And what of O'Conroy? He was a prophet without honor. Several years ago death overtook him, in London, where he lived forgotten, alone, in poverty, and in constant fear of retribution by Japanese secret societies.

On How To Behave When Out of Doors

The boy who helps a timid woman to cross a traffic artery, the automobile driver who waits for an elderly pedestrian who is caught between the change of traffic lights, the girl who is quick to pick up a parcel for a shopper with overloaded arms, the man who gives quick indication of willingness to step aside so that another man may also have room on the sidewalk.

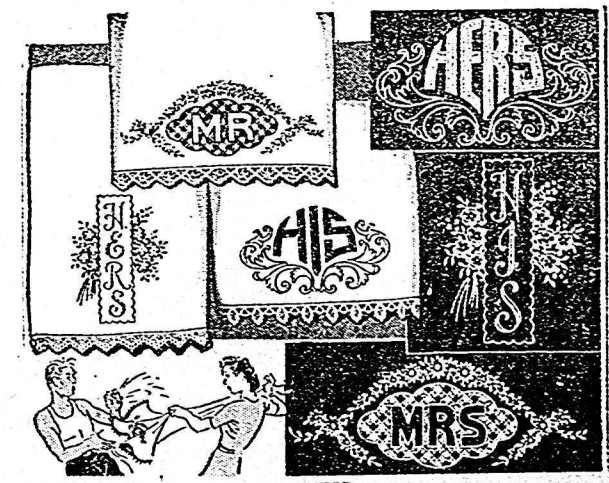
The driver who slows down so

GOOD EATING NEWS

Latest foods to stage a partnership are All-Bran and Prunes. Eaten as a breakfast dish, the sweet juiciness of the prunes brings out the toasted-nut-like taste of the bran. But this pair also combines beautifully in cooking. Typical is the delicious, tempting All-Bran Prune Upside Down Cake, made according to the following recipe:

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|--|----------------------------|
| All-Bran Prune Upside Down Cake | |
| 1 cup cooked prunes | ½ cup prune juice |
| ½ cup light brown sugar | 2 tablespoons butter |
| 2 eggs, separated | 1 cup flour |
| 1 cup sugar | 1½ teaspoons baking powder |
| ½ cup hot water | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla extract | ½ cup All-Bran |
| 1 tablespoon melted shortening | 1 cup whipping cream |
- Beat egg yolks well; add sugar and continue beating. Add hot water slowly. Add flavoring and melted shortening; mix well. Sift flour with baking powder and salt; add to first mixture. Add All-Bran. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into batter. Pour over prunes and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) about 50 minutes. Turn upside down on large plate while hot. Serve with whipped cream.
- Yield: 8 x 4-inch pieces (8 x 8-inch pan).

Laura Wheeler Designed These To Tell Whose Towel Is Whose



HIS AND HER LINEN PATTERN 214

Smart, aren't they! A colorful "His" and "Hers" and "Mrs." monogram in easy stitches, of course, gives individuality to your towels and pillow slips. Pattern 214 contains a transfer pattern of 12 motifs averaging 4 x 7 inches; materials required; illustrations of stitches.

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