

Make the most of your Tea..

steep 5 minutes

"SALADA"

SERIAL STORY

SPORTING BLOOD

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

THE STORY: Hunter Dent, who manages wealthy Strickland Ballard's farm, has hidden the suspicious actions of Ballard's dissipated son, Junior. On the night Hunter finds Junior, lying apparently drunk beside a satchel containing \$17,000, a bank messenger was wounded and robbed of a satchel containing that amount. Hunter puts Junior to bed and hides the money in a wall safe. Next morning he finds that Junior was not drunk but shot, and is near death. And he finds the money gone from the safe to which only he knew the combination.

Hunter is fond of Junior, and has a love with Ballard's daughter, Bella. But he dislikes his employer, who has "appropriated" a prize horse and a new strain of corn, both developed by Hunter. Hunter has vowed that both will be returned to him.

SHERIFF STEPS IN

Utterly stunned at the disappearance of the money from the safe, Hunter Dent dropped on the day bed and raked his fingers through his hair. If many more inexplicable things happened around here there would be nothing left for him to do but count his fingers and talk to himself. He rose and went unsteadily back to the open safe door. He could have spared himself the movement. The bag and money were gone.

"Let me see," he muttered, reviewing events. He had gone out at dawn and looked after the colored boys at their feeding and milking. The safe, he would have sworn, was locked; but he remembered not locking the office door. When he came back at sunrise Red was waiting below at the foot of the outside stairway. There he had kissed her. The office was still unlocked while the doctor examined Junior Ballard. But Hunter had locked the door just before taking the boy to the hospital at Middleton. "That would mean," he concluded, "that the one who entered here did it probably just before dawn, perhaps within five minutes after I went to the barns."

He took out his wallet, drew forth a small card. The card contained in code the combination to the safe. There was but this one card. No one except the dealer, and Hunter, and the manufacturer of the safe naturally, knew of the card, knew in fact how to decipher the code so as to read the combination.

Angrily Hunter began to swear. "It doesn't make sense, that's all!" At noon when he came in for

dinner a radio was going somewhere. Perhaps it was in the butler's private domain. Hunter listened, his attention caught by the theme song of the Ballard Remedies. The McDougal twins were singing their cowboy and hillbilly numbers. They had beautiful if unimportant voices—just right for plugging medicines to rural audiences.

"And now, friends," the announcer said, a voice that was bubbling over with neighborliness and good health, "we of the Ballard Ballads have a most unusual offer to make you folks out there. While we are waiting for the charming twins to select their next song for you, allow me to tell you what a wonderful opportunity our sponsor, Strickland Ballard, is making available to you. As you know, Mr. Ballard is a country-raised boy himself. He will tell you he has never taken his feet off the land. He maintains a practical farm some miles from Middleton. There he farms day by day just as you people work your land and crops and listen to the hens cackle, and milk the cows in the dawn, and all. Well, Mr. Ballard has been working many years on a strain of prolific corn which will make a high yield on high land and low alike. At last, after painstaking research, seed selection, and strain fixing, he has the Ballard Prolific Corn ready for you. But he will not sell you one grain of this corn which makes an average of five ears to the stalk, no, sir. You could not buy seed at any price. But Mr. Ballard is going to give you a generous bag for planting for yourself, with full directions.

"Simply go to your drug store tomorrow and say, 'Give me a 60-cent bottle or box of tablets, of Ballard's Bitters, for your sour stomach.' Send us the top of carton, and within a short time you will receive your generous sample of Ballard's Prolific Corn. Could anything be more generous than that?"

Hunter Dent swore. Already Strick Ballard was cashing in on Hunter's life work.

In the early afternoon Hunter telephoned the hospital to find out how Junior Ballard was. The voice reported there was no news yet. He went about his duties but his mind was not on his work. It was toward the middle of the afternoon when he had a glimpse of a car down in the big wood next to the river. His impression was the car was inside the stone gate there. His first thought was, naturally, about Junior's wrecked car. His next was an instinct to keep out intruders, for Strickland Ballard was death on trespassers. He dipped down, so as not easily to be seen, and crept along until he could get inside the cover of the woods. By a path not much used he was able to steal right up to where three people were standing.

The most notable of the trio was Red Ballard. She was in khaki pants with puttees, tweed jacket. Outdoors girl. Her red hair made a bright blob of color in the autumn sunlight. The smallest fat man garbed pretty much like a farmer in the locality was the constable, Major Doolittle. The other man, barrel-bodied, six-foot-four, red-faced, rough, was Sheriff Anderson of Midland County. The three were examining the tread of a car tire in the soft, moist earth just within the iron gate. They had not managed so far to trace the tread to where Junior had wrecked his car the past night.

Doolittle's voice was cracked with excitement. "That's the tread of the death car, beyond any shadow of doubt!"

The sheriff spoke with dry voice, disillusioning the J. P. "It wasn't the 'death-car,' Major. We believe it was the car in which the killer escaped. From what I can gather, after the stick-up and shooting the killer leaped in his car, drove furiously out of town, and came by back roads in this general direction."

"But for him to get in here, Sheriff!" Red protested. "That is absurd. It's really impossible." "And why, Miss Ballard?" "Why, this is private grounds, that gate was locked as you find

it now; it's perfectly clear the rusty chain had not been disturbed. That is, not recently—" Sheriff Anderson examined the fastenings. "On the contrary, Miss Ballard, the chain and lock seem to have been used quite recently."

Hunter stepped from the cover of the tree which had hidden him. He smiled around the trio. "Pardon me, but I couldn't help overhearing the conversation." He glanced at the deep picture of the tread in the earth. "The tire marks were made by my car, gentlemen. If you will get into your car there in the road and drive around, coming in by way of the front, I'll be glad to show you the exact pattern. And Sheriff Anderson is correct when he says the gate has been opened recently. I came in here myself last night." He took a large key from his pocket. It closed like a jack-knife. He walked over to the huge, old-timey lock. "This key fits the antique lock, as you can see, Sheriff. It is the only key to the lock on the place, and so, of course, it would be out of the question for any one else to have come through here in a car."

"I—I see." The sheriff stroked his chin. He'd shaved since noon. There were many pink veins in his almost childlike cheeks. The way he kept saying "I see" got on Hunter's nerves, but he continued to smile. "Good thing," he thought, "Junior and I got a new set of car tires at the same time before rationing started." The officers crossed the stone fence and drove around. Hunter nodded for Red to follow, and walked quickly back, cutting through to beat the car. He got the girl past the place where the car had gone into the brush. More and more he felt the absolute necessity of protecting Junior, and saving the girl. At the garage Hunter backed his car out. Anderson and Doolittle checked the tread. The sheriff did something Hunter did not like. He took a small camera and made photographs of the tires. Hunter noted there was no dirt in the tread at all.

(Continued Next Week)

Housewife Budgets Family Income

Many families are on a budget basis that is set up by the wife who does most of the buying for the home, says the Kitchener Record. Food is the main item. Here is how the average family divides \$100:

- \$31 for food.
- \$19 for shelter, that is, rent, payments on a home, taxes, etc.
- \$12 for clothing.
- \$9 for home furnishings.
- \$6 for fuel.
- \$23 for other commodities, such as medical bills, telephone, theatres, etc.

The above amounts vary according to the whims of some housewives, but they are a fair average of how the money is spent in the average Canadian home.

GAY EMBROIDERY



430 by Laura Wheeler

Roses — everyone's favorite! Here they are in needlework you'll love! Embroider these lovely sprays on cloth or scarf—everyone will comment on your handiwork. Pattern 430 contains a transfer pattern of 12 motifs ranging from 9 x 9 to 1 1/2 x 3 inches; materials required; illustrations of stitches.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

More Meat Substitutes

Constantly are we being asked what to substitute for meat, first as a measure of patriotism and secondly — many prefer to cut down on their meat allowance anyway.

Many of you maybe will be glad to see these suggestions,—

- Creole Scrambled Eggs
 - 2 tablespoons butter
 - 1/2 cup chopped onion
 - 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
 - 1 1/2 cups tomatoes chopped in large pieces
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1/2 teaspoon pepper
 - 1 teaspoon sugar
 - 6 eggs beaten
- Saute onion, green pepper and butter in pan for two or three minutes. Add tomatoes and seasonings. Cook for three minutes and add the beaten eggs. Stir together over a slow heat until mixture is set. Serve on toast. Serves four.

- Devilled Eggs (New)
- 6 hard-cooked eggs
- 8 sardines
- 2 tablespoons chopped celery
- Seasonings
- Milk or mayonnaise
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Dash pepper
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 1/2 cups grated cheese
- 1/2 teaspoon mustard
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs

Cut eggs in half lengthwise. Remove yolks and mash well; combine with mashed sardines, celery, seasonings and milk or mayonnaise. Pack into the eggs and place two halves together. Make a cream sauce of the butter, flour seasonings and milk. Add the cheese and pour this over the eggs arranged in a casserole. Sprinkle with the crumbs. Brown in a hot oven at 450° F. for 20 minutes or until brown.

- Scrambled Eggs and Mushrooms
 - 1/2 lb. mushrooms
 - 2 tablespoons butter
 - 6 eggs slightly beaten
 - 1/2 cup milk
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- Melt butter in shallow pan and add mushrooms. Cook together for two minutes. Add the eggs combined with milk and seasonings and stir slowly over a low fire until mixture is set. Turn on a hot platter and garnish with toast points, parsley and sliced tomato.

REQUESTS

- Apple Meringue Pie
 - 2 cups applesauce unsweetened
 - Grated rind of 1/2 lemon
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 2 egg yolks
 - 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 1 cup cream or evaporated milk
 - 1 1/2 tablespoons flour
- Combine flour, salt, nutmeg and sugar thoroughly. Add to apple sauce with lemon rind and combine well. Beat egg yolks and add cream or milk. Combine with applesauce mixture. Turn into pastry-lined pie-plate. Top with meringue or whipped cream.

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 "sneak peeps." 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.

Plant Gives Free Beauty Treatment

Special Complexion Care Given to Girls in British Ordnance Factory

In one of Britain's biggest ordnance factories work tens of thousands of girls who do jobs which, in the last war, turned their complexion yellow. There is none of it now. In 999 cases out of every 1,000 the girls on the "yellow job", who put explosives into big and small bombs and into detonator caps, have beautifully made-up faces.

The Government has the cosmetics made specially for them, and supplies them free to every girl.

The explosives workshops have beauty parlors and luxury ablution rooms. Women doctors in the R.O. factories go round the shops to make sure the girls have made up their faces with either calamine lotion and a fine face powder, or with non-greasy face cream and powder.

Make-up Job When these "yellow-job" girls arrive on duty they first take off all silk or artificial silk garments, underwear and stockings, and change into cream-colored flannel suits of good quality. Then they go to a table laid out with glass bowls of face powder, jars of face

HELP CANADA KEEP FIT



START YOUR DAY—THE WHOLE WHEAT WAY



NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT

To help meet the strain of extra office work you need extra nourishment. And, one of the best ways to get it, leading food authorities say, is to eat the "protective" foods—among which are the whole grain cereals. Nabisco Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat in its tastiest form, with all the bran, minerals and wheat germ retained. Include two tasty Nabisco Shredded Wheat and milk in your breakfast menu to help start your day right! THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD. Niagara Falls, Canada

NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT

cream and bottles of beautifying skin lotion. An inspector stands by to see that all the girls make up their faces and cover their hair with white dust sheets. One factory doctor explained: "Every girl who carefully makes up her face before going to her bench—as though she were going to her wedding instead of to her work—keeps her skin in good condition."

"Yellow Peril" Banished The one girl in 1,000 who gets a yellow face (and it is usually only for so long as she is careless) is from those who don't wash and make up properly. They all get clean towels every day. Tens of thousands of towels are laundered for these factory beauty parlors every day. But some girls with sensitive skins, as well as those who are careless, get rashes on their faces, hands and arms caused by fulminate of mercury. These girls, most of them young, are heroines. They play with death all the time they work. Sometimes they lose their nerve. But

for the most part they worry more about their complexion than the danger. And that is why they are so grateful to the Scots doctor who has banished the "yellow peril."

British Soldier To Get Pay Increase

A Government announcement on pay increases for the army and the men of the other services is expected when the British Parliament reassembles. The increases will be made, it was said, to remove the disparity between British service pay rates and those of munitions workers as well as troops from the Dominions and the United States. It is understood, the question has been under investigation for some time. The basic daily pay of a British private is 60 cents compared with the \$1.30 for Canadian troops and \$1.65 for those in the United States Army.

EARLY FALL SUPPERS

By BARBARA B. BROOKS

Summer is gone, vacations are over, school has re-opened, and all too soon we are beginning to look toward the short winter days. So, let's take advantage of these few weeks of lazy Indian Summer and plan suppers which can "take legs and walk"—evening meals which will fit into a basket, and which will look and taste their best out-of-doors. Then, if sundown finds the children restless and eager to enjoy the crisp autumn air, pack up and be off to a nearby park or picnic ground. Suddenly, an every-day supper will become an adventure. One-dish meals are especially suitable because they lend themselves to transportation. Noodles scalloped with leftover meat, Swiss steak with rice, spaghetti with meat balls, beef or lamb stew, or any of the fish, meat or egg salads are ideal. The hot foods will stay hot until time to serve if they are placed in a vacuum container or in a casserole wrapped with several thicknesses of newspaper.

Picnic Supper Dish

1/2 pound fine noodles or macaroni	2 cups stock
2 quarts water	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon salt	1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter	1/2 pound cooked meat
1 tablespoon flour	1/2 cup oven-popped rice
	1 tablespoon melted butter

Dash paprika

Cook noodles in boiling water to which salt has been added. Drain. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and stock. Stir until thickened. Add salt and pepper. Dice meat and mix with noodles. Add thickened stock. Pour into casserole. Crush oven-popped rice and spread over top. Sprinkle with melted butter and paprika. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes. Yield: 6 servings.

Note: Stock may be made by dissolving 2 bouillon cubes in 2 cups boiling water.

Corn Flakes Tea Cakes

1/2 cup butter	1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup sugar	1/2 teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs	1 1/2 cups flour
1 tablespoon cocoanut	1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
	6 cups corn flakes

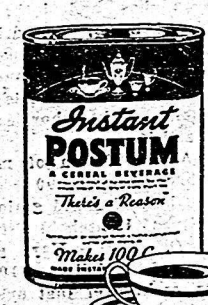
Blend butter with sugar. Beat eggs well and add, mixing well. Soak cocoanut in milk and add to first mixture with flavouring. Sift flour with baking powder and add, mixing until batter is smooth. Roll teaspoonfuls of mixture in slightly crushed corn flakes and place in small greased muffin pans, or drop onto greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 25 minutes. Yield: 4 1/2 dozen small cakes (1 1/4 inches diameter).

Corned Beef Loaf

2 cups ground cooked corned beef	6 tablespoons catsup
3 cups corn flakes	1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 cup evaporated milk	1/2 teaspoon salt

Combine ingredients in order given and mix well. Place in greased loaf pan and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 45 minutes. Yield: 6 servings.

Delicious Postum is not Rationed



• Postum is a good mealtime beverage. Its delicious, satisfying flavor makes conserving of tea and coffee easier and saves on sugar.

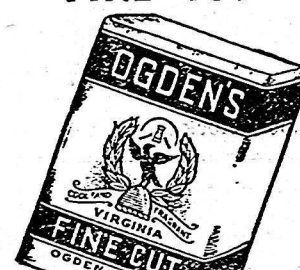
Postum contains no caffeine or tannin to upset nerves or stomach. Made instantly in the cup, either with boiling water or hot milk. Very economical.

4 OZ. SIZE MAKES 50 CUPS
8 OZ. SIZE MAKES 100

A FAMOUS BRAND

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FINE CUT



With 400 heifers herded into Alberta in 1885, Walter Ross started one of the West's largest ranching outfits. Later merged with the Wallace Ranch, it covered over half a million acres of fenced range land in Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan with a herd of more than 12,000 cattle.

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