

**HOW WE RECOMMEND  
ALL-BRAN TO  
ALL OUR FRIENDS**



Says Mrs. Joseph Parc, Montreal, Quebec: "I find KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN much more satisfactory than pills or powders. Nearly all our family suffered from constipation. Our friends suggested pills and powders, but relief was only temporary. Now we eat ALL-BRAN regularly and recommend it to our friends."  
Instead of waiting until you suffer and then dosing yourself with

harsh purgatives, try ALL-BRAN'S "Better Way" to correct the cause of constipation due to the lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water, but remember, ALL-BRAN doesn't work like a cathartic; it takes time. ALL-BRAN is sold at your grocer's in two convenient size packages; at restaurants in individual serving packages. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

**SERIAL STORY**

**SPORTING BLOOD**

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

**THE STORY:** Hunter Dent, who manages wealthy Strickland Ballard's farm, is suspected of being involved in the robbery and murder of a bank messenger, through his protection of Ballard's dissipated son, Junior. Hunter found Junior lying unconscious beside a satchel containing \$17,000, the amount taken from the messenger. Hunter had put the boy to bed, discovered next day that Junior had not been drunk, but shot and seriously wounded.

Hunter hides the money, next day finds it gone from a safe to which only he knew the combination. The tires of his car match the tracks of the "death car" which Junior drove and crashed on the estate, and which Hunter is hiding. But the sheriff examines Hunter's tires, finds there is no dust on them.

**THE PACK GATHERS  
CHAPTER VI**

Sheriff Anderson folded his camera and dropped it back in the car seat. He continued to eye Hunter in a way the farm manager did not like. He murmured under his breath, "Um-mmm," took out a small notebook and wrote things down. Without being so at all he acted in a most disagreeable manner. He repeated the name, "Hunter Dent." He asked, "And your official title is farm manager, that is?" Hunter nodded. The two men drove off. Hunter and Red faced each other.

The afternoon was declining. Hunter had a strange sense of time, as if not hours but weeks and months had elapsed since all this began. Red dropped on the bottom step of the stairs. She talked as if to herself. "It couldn't have been Junior's car. It could not have been Junior. He was in town last night—yes. He came back some time in the night, that's true. But he was with some of the gang every minute. With Hankins Temple, with the Ghibartos, with the twins, with Neal, Bill—it couldn't have been Junior." She became aware of Hunter's eyes closely upon her. Startled out of thinking loud, she rose. "I guess I'd better be going, Hunter."

She moved toward the house. With a growing uneasiness that he was shielding Junior at the dangerous expense of himself, Hunter returned to the woods. He had said his key was the only one to the old chain-and-lock. That was not true. There were two keys and Junior had the other. He reached the wrecked car. He could not go on lying too long about as big an exhibit as the automobile. When night came he must get in here and haul the car out. He could use the big

truck. Where he would secret the car was another question.

Red was gone when Hunter returned to the house. He asked Warwick, "Where did Miss Bella go?"

"To town, sir, I believe." A sudden question, which overshadowed all the others, popped into Hunter's mind. Red standing there ruminating, making what amounted to an alibi for her brother. She named all present at the party except herself.

"Warwick."  
"Yes, sir, Mr. Dent?"  
"You saw all that were at the party last night. Was Miss Bella there?"

"Yes, sir, she was."  
"I mean all through it. Did she leave with the rest, or go away alone or with her fiancé?"

"Now you raise the question, Mr. Dent, I don't believe she was here when the party abruptly broke. It happened rather on the spur of the moment, sir, I would say. You know how they do—some one screams something, and they all scream, and all make a dash for their cars, and the house becomes like a tomb." He reflected. "Now you ask, Miss Bella evidently did not go with the rest."

Hunter decided, "One thing seems sure. Red didn't know, couldn't vouch in her own mind, that Junior wasn't mixed in the stick-up, the killing. She suspects. She is afraid. She is beginning to be convinced that I am mixed in it, deeper than any one believes. But because she was not with the gang she can't know for sure, and has no way so far for finding out. Am I stupidly slipping a noose around my own neck?"

Hunter got the paper and read the fairly meager details. A girl and her boy friend were on their way home from the neighborhood picture show not far from the river front about midnight. This region of town was of fairly ill repute. Old frame houses, sorry little corner stores, dark stairways where dangerous characters lurked. The couple heard cries, shouts, a string of oaths, and some pistol shots. They darted into a dark doorway. A young man with hat drawn low over his face walked and ran past. He had something under his arm. Later it proved to be the leather bag with the money. Or that was the supposition. Another young man, in tails and silk hat, came along. He had a gun. He was running pretty fast after the young man ahead. He shouted, "Hey, stick 'em up!" It all happened so fast the couple hardly knew just how the details came. Anyway, there seemed to be two more people.

Men. They just appeared. From nowhere, it would seem. The shots came fast now. When the girl screamed her boy friend clapped his hand to her mouth, telling her to keep it shut. They didn't want to get mixed in what was going on. So the rest of the doings were blurred. She didn't see the two again. The man in tails after shooting once seemed to have disappeared. She could hear running steps. The echoes jumped up and down in the cobbled street. Then the police showed up and by that time the bank messenger, as he later proved to be, was lying in the middle of the narrow street, shot. The bag was gone. The girl and her boy friend couldn't run. The boy friend, however, escaped by running up the dark stairs and not coming to her rescue when the police nabbed her. The name was Sarah Kiker, and she worked part time at the munitions plant.

That was the jumbled story of an eye-witness. Sarah Kiker now was in jail. She declined to divulge the identity of her friend. Hunter laid the paper aside thoughtfully. "There's a gal for you! There's a real sport!"

Warwick came in and began arranging things. Hunter watched with surprise. "Something doing tonight?"

"The young, sir, are planning a meeting. Not a party, but just a get-together, as Miss Bella said."  
"I see. Well, I'd better clear out."

Hunter went down to the barn. The time was almost dusk. He had to get Junior's car out, but what he would do with it afterward he could hardly think. He could put it temporarily here in the barn. He got out the heavy truck, some chains, and made ready for the wrecking job.

He ate supper. There was a small dining room attached to the servants' quarters for his use. By the time he was ready to attack the job in the woods cars bearing the guests were arriving. Hunter went out and stood in the shadows, so slashing headlights would not readily show him watching. The crowd was quiet. They entered the house without much talk and no laughter at all. It struck Hunter with an ominous portent that he might be included in the topics to be discussed; for there was no question their purpose was with Junior.

Hunter went through the shrubbery and shadows around the west side of the mansion. Here the low-branched magnolia trees made the dark into ink. He crept up to the window, open to the bland evening. He could see the group. Hankins Temple, the McDougal girls, Mrs. Ballard's brother, Neal Frazier; the Ghibarto twins. Red and her fiancé were not present. Frazier was leaning against the mantle, finishing a cigarette. He crushed it out in an ash tray. He was a short but powerful man. A bachelor hurrying into his late 30s, with a pretty watermelon belly, he nevertheless had a bulldog face and pugilistic build. He occupied the advantage of being the oldest member of this rather cultish group that made sportsmanship their battle cry.

"I'll wager you the real culprit is not far from where we are," he said. "All of you read the Kiker girl's story in the afternoon paper. Without going into details at this moment, but speaking from some inside dope, which in turn is made up of many small things, I'm willing to lay odds on the killer's being right here. I mean on this place."

There was a hush. He finished. "I'm speaking of Hunter Dent, the manager here."

(Continued Next Week)

**Falling Machine Gun  
Wrecks Jap Plane**

A machine-gun falling from an American bomber sheered off the propeller of a Japanese Zero plane causing its destruction at Miine Bay, a Melbourne Herald war correspondent reports.

F. C. Folkard, the writer, said the story was vouched for by Gunnery Sgt. J. P. Papp and others in the bomber.

Papp said the bomber came so close to another plane that he feared the machines would collide. He made a sudden motion to adjust his life preserver, accidentally giving his machine-gun a wrench. There was no collision, but screws holding the gun broke.

"The gun fell out. I almost followed it in my effort to save it," Papp told the correspondent. "Looking down, I was startled to see a Zero, 200 feet below and coming up at us fast to make a belly attack."

"Now this may sound incredible, but that falling gun hit the Zero's propeller, which was knocked to pieces. The Zero kept coming a moment and then dived straight down to the water."

ISSUE 39-42

**TABLE TALKS**

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

**Conserves And Relishes**

This week as I was taking a final resumé of my garden I found some lovely fresh mint fresher and crisper than many times in the spring, no doubt on account of the recent rains.

I decided to make these three things and thought maybe you would like them too.

- Mint Jelly**  
1 cup fresh mint leaves and stems firmly packed  
1 cup cider or malt vinegar (diluted)  
1 cup water  
5½ cups sugar (two cups of corn syrup or 1½ cups honey)  
1 cup commercial pectin  
Green coloring

Wash mint. Do not remove leaves from stems. Place in kettle and press down with potato masher, a wooden one if you have it. Add the vinegar, the sweetening and the water and bring to a boil over a hot fire. Add enough green color to give the desired shade. As soon as mixture is boiling add pectin, stirring constantly and bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for ½ minute. Remove from fire. Skim and pour through the sieve to remove all trace of mint leaves. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal.

- Mint Fruit Relish**  
5 cups or two lbs. of prepared watermelon rind  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 medium sized oranges  
7 cups sugar  
½ cup vinegar  
2½ cups water

Substituting for sugar use honey or corn syrup. Try three cupfuls. Taste, if not sweet enough for individual taste add more ½ cup finely chopped mint leaves

- 1 small can crushed pineapple  
Remove green skin and all pink flesh from rind of firm but not overripe watermelon. Put rind through food chopper, using coarse knives. Drain and weigh or measure. Cover with water, add salt and let stand over night. Drain, scrub oranges cut into eighths; remove seeds and all course membrane. Cut crosswise into very thin slices. Cover watermelon rind and oranges with fresh water. Bring to a boil and simmer. Cook for 45 minutes or until tender. Drain; mix sweetening, vinegar and water in large kettle; bring to a boil stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly until syrup is thick. Add fruit mixture and mint tied in a cheesecloth bag. Bring slowly to boil for 40 minutes or until fruit and rind are clear. Remove mint bag and skim.

- Minted Pear Preserves**  
8 cups prepared pears  
1 cup water  
5½ cups sugar  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
2 tablespoons finely chopped mint leaves firmly packed

Wash and prepare about 4½ lbs. firm ripe pears. Cut into quarters, remove cores and cut crosswise into thin slices. Weigh or measure into large preserving kettle. Add water, bring to a boil and simmer covered about 20 minutes or until tender, stirring constantly. Add sugar, salt and lemon juice. Mix carefully, cook slowly or until mixture boils, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil rapidly for about twenty minutes or until fruit is clear and syrup is somewhat thick, stirring frequently to prevent scorching. Skim. Add mint and reheat just to boiling. Pour into hot sterile jars or glasses and seal at once.

- Grape Conserve**  
5 lbs. grapes  
5 lbs. sugar  
1 lb. raisins  
3 oranges

Separate skins and pulps of grapes. Cook pulp and run through colander, to remove seeds. Cut rind of oranges into small pieces. Cook together until thick, then add a cup of nuts.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is very 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.

**Two Flower Girls  
Lose A Friend**

At the King's request there were not many flowers at the funeral of the Duke of Kent but a bunch of carnations and roses arrived at Windsor Castle with a card expressing sympathy and signed "Mrs. McCarthy and Mrs. Farmily, two London flower girls."

They had often supplied the Duke with a button-hole flower and they said: "He treated us not as just flower girls but as friends."

**Crisp and Tasty!**

Satisfy those active appetites with good steaming-hot soup and a generous plateful of Christie's Premium Soda Crackers! They're always dependably fresh and so crisp and tasty. At your grocer's, salted or plain. Get the economical 2-pound package. Serve with soups, salads, spreads—any food or beverage.



**Christie's  
PREMIUM  
SODA CRACKERS**

**Teach Economy  
Of Electric Power**

Ontario Women Will Be Asked To Stagger Ironing Days

Housewives in Ontario will be urged to stagger their ironing days this fall and winter, W. L. Houck, vice-chairman of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission said recently.

"We are going to conduct an educational campaign to teach housewives how to conserve electric power," he said. "November and December are the two worst months of the year. Tuesday is the worst day. That is the day the housewives do the ironing. We are going to try to get them to do their ironing on other days of the week."

Mr. Houck said that before the end of this month the Hydro-Electric Power Commission will

ask that advertising lighting be absolutely curtailed. Theatres, he said, will be allowed enough lights in front to permit the public to see what pictures are being displayed and to find its way in and out of the theatres.

Housewives will be asked to have more oven dinners to cut down on use of elements, and to turn off radios when they are in other parts of the house.

"These things may seem small," he said, "but the system serves 600,000 urban and 130,000 rural homes. A little saved in each home will add up to a large total."

"There is going to be a power shortage of from 200,000 to 300,000 horsepower this fall," Mr. Houck said.

**Housewives Have  
War Organization**

Housewives are mobilizing in the British war effort through a nation-wide good-neighbor scheme. Like the women in the forces, or the members of the Land Army, housewives have their own organization.

Cards in the windows of more than three-quarters of a million houses in city streets and country lanes indicate the residences of members of the Housewives Section of the Women's Voluntary Service. Here are the women who, though they cannot do a whole-time job in factory or workshop, have been trained through A.R.P. lectures, cookery and nursing, and other demonstrations to give efficient service to their neighbors in any emergency. Wherever the wheels of Britain's war machine can be oiled to prevent friction upon the individual, right there, it seems, is a member of this service to give the necessary comfort and help.

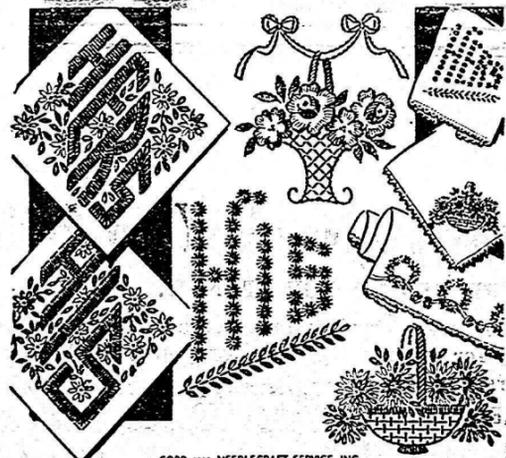
From this organization, for instance, came the Sister Susies of World War II. No longer does Tommy Atkins have to spend hard-earned pennies in postage stamps to send his socks home to Mother. They are now mended at W.V.S. work parties or in the homes of members of the Housewives' Section.

**Canada Exports  
Machine Tools**

Canada, once entirely dependent on the United States and Great Britain for machine tools, now is exporting some tools to those countries and has stepped up her production some 800 per cent since the outbreak of war, munitions and supply officials said last week.

Before the war Canada made hardly any machine tools and even now the production meets little more than one-fifth of wartime industry's demands in this country. But four general types are being made in a wide range of sizes. Almost half Canada's machine tool output goes to help war industries in the United States.

**LAURA WHEELER EMBROIDERY GIVES LINENS  
CHARM AT LITTLE COST**



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**HOUSEHOLD LINENS**      **PATTERN 2987**

Here's variety in needlework so take your pick. "His and Her" motifs for towel and pillow cases—a variety of small motifs for other linens! You'll embroider them quickly. Pattern 2987 contains a transfer pattern of 20 motifs ranging from 2 x 3 to 3 x 13 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.

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Mealtime Beverage**



Postum has a delicious satisfying flavor that every member of the family will enjoy.

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

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