



Says Mr. C. Boyer, Valleyfield, Quebec: "For many years we've enjoyed KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, the delicious cereal that keeps us regular... naturally. In muffins, ALL-BRAN is delicious... we have them almost every day. And ALL-BRAN is a grand cereal for breakfast." Why don't you try ALL-BRAN'S "Better Way" to correct the cause

if you are troubled by constipation due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in your diet? But remember, ALL-BRAN doesn't work like cathartics. It takes time. Eat it regularly and drink plenty of water. Get ALL-BRAN at your grocer's, in two convenient size packages, or ask for the individual serving package at restaurants. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

## SERIAL STORY

### SPORTING BLOOD

BY HARRY HARRISON KROLL

#### THE MONEY RETURNED CHAPTER XI

Hunter stared at Bella Ballard. She knew who got the \$17,000, and knew who had it now! And it wasn't Red—or Strickland Ballard, which Hunter would have accepted as the same thing—who signed his bond so he could be released, but Temple, president of the First National. So many questions popped up in Hunter's mind that he could only gape and stammer.

"You know who did get that money? I mean—"

"I took it out."

"Great guns!" Hunter Dent groaned. "What is this, anyway? You mean you were the one that opened the new safe, when I am the only one who knows the combination, and removed that money? Red, was that you? How in the nation did you get the combination?"

"Hunter Dent, do you mean to sit here and pretend that you

don't know I'm even alive. For years and years I have trotted after you like a puppy. I used to as a little girl let you put me on your horse, and you were almost a father to me. I've been so much underfoot that now I'm a young lady I have grown ashamed and tried to stay away from you, though not very successfully.

"So, one day when you were trying to open the safe and couldn't remember the combination, and took out your wallet and read it, and got down on your knees and said the combination aloud while you worked it, I was there in the door watching. You were so absorbed you didn't even notice me.

"So I remembered your old combination just to out-smart you some time. Maybe I had in mind laying a bet and taking your last dollar. I don't remember. But when Junior came in that night after he had got mixed in the hold-up—you see, Hunter, all that was doped up while I was out for a ride with Oliver, and so I didn't know anything about it until too late; well, I followed those blood stains, I went up to your office, because Junior would make right straight for you if he got into trouble, I opened the safe, and there was the bag of money. With my own little hands I removed it. I'd got wind enough of what was going on to know the money had to be restored.

"I told you I know who has it now. Would you like to know?"

"Who?" Hunter asked.

"The First National Bank. I took it there myself and turned it over to Mr. Temple. I asked him to see father, and the two of them worked out some way of going on your bond and letting you out. I couldn't tell them much. I couldn't say to Dad that Junior was the hold-up man. I just turned the money back to the bank and told them to keep their mouths shut until we could see a little further."

Hunter could only repeat, "So you did that."

"Yes, and I asked a man to marry me and he turned me down cold."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about coming to see you in jail and making a wager with you that you'd soon be free, and you would propose to me and I'd say yes, and we'd get married. I even laid my bet on the barrel-head and you wouldn't put up. You just sat there dumb. Well, if you don't want to marry me you don't have to." She assumed a lofty manner.

"Red, you're plain crazy! You and Tisdale are engaged to be married. He's rich. He's in on the Ballard fortune. What's more logical than you two should marry and keep the fortune intact? What am I? A kind of glorified hired man for your dad, why, even the colts I raise go to him. The strain of prolific corn I develop becomes his. What chance do I have?"

She turned to examine him. Her eyes traced his features, dropped to take in his big athletic shoulders and chest. "You're young

though. You seem healthy. You appear to have your original equipment of teeth, hair, and brains. I always admired your intelligence, Hunter."

"Thanks," he said with dry bitterness.

"Did it ever occur to you that I might be a good sport after all, Hunter? I mean your being poor has never worried me. I read stories and see motion pictures where the poor boy refuses to marry the wealthy girl because it will give him an inferiority complex; but I thought you might be above such petty things, Hunter. You've made yourself—gone through the university mostly on your own, become a scientific research man, you've created things, such as that strain of corn. And you've only begun. Your whole life lies ahead of you. There is nothing to keep you from making a name for yourself that will be the envy of many men who only had wealth to start on—Ol Tisdale, for instance. I wouldn't be afraid to start from scratch with such a man as you, Hunter. I'm betting on you. You remind me in lots of ways of Dad. He met a challenge. They made him mad and he showed them. Well, now I've told you. I thought perhaps you loved me, Hunter."

"God," he said, "I do love you!"

"I wouldn't have you now on a silver platter."

"Red, you drive me almost to murder!"

"We still have one of those messy things to clear up."

"So we have," Hunter said. "So we have. Look here, Red. Let me tell you how I have this doped up." He knit his brows, groping for words. "Let's start from the beginning. At one of the parties at your house Hank Temple let it drop that he had to get to the bank to see a shipment of money get out. Seventeen thousand dollars. It would have to be a private matter. Maybe only Hankins, his father, and the parties who were to get the money, knew about the business. Hank didn't mean, perhaps, to let it slip. But it was between friends. All right. The gang is there, hears; and Hank has to go. They make their wagers. Suppose, just as a hypothesis, the Ghibarto twins make a wager no one there could intercept the messenger and take the roll off him. Or it could have been any one else present who bet. Junior, with a little too much under his belt as usual, took the bet up. The party broke. Hankins Temple dispatched the money by the messenger. The time was not far from midnight. Why the money had to move at such an hour, and in such a way, is not easy to explain unless you consider another thing or two.

"Okay, let's consider them. There is that ordnance plant scandal which has just broken. The older Ghibarto is involved in fraud against the government. Rascal. And a man who in wartime pulls something like that is a rascal. Like father like twins. The money is a bribe. Know about that wharf project which is just across the river from the old landing below Water Street? That is a part of this ordnance plant. Some one down there in the know was getting ready to talk. Ghibarto—and this is hard talk but we have to look things in the eye—and perhaps Banker Temple, and just possibly your dad, who usually has irons in all the civic fires, fingers in all the local pies, though I take it for granted neither man knowingly got caught with his pants down—had to get a bribe there to shut a mouth. Since it was secret it looked safe enough. The murdered messenger left the bank. He had to go on foot, part of the way in any case, because the street was closed down which he must hurry.

"He goes along, Junior drives into town with the gang and strikes out after him, and yells 'Stick-em up' in his best style. Up to now it is all just a good joke. Good sports standing on their sportsmanship.

"But the Ghibarto twins, rascals like their daddy, see a chance to pick up \$17,000. Looks like a sure-fire set-up. The gang don't dare talk. Kill the messenger and he can't talk. Might as well shoot Junior, too. Two men, nondescript and dark, did appear, and the fireworks started. Well, those were the twins. Why they didn't leave town when the plan flopped—they didn't figure on Junior really shooting back to keep the joke from spreading, and toting his hot lead like a true sport—is explainable when you figure that Junior won't talk; he may yet die without talking. Besides, the guy that runs looks guilty. So—"

Red, her face strange, let in the clutch, and started off with a scruff of rubber. Her jaw was suddenly grim and set.

(Concluded Next Week)

#### Norwegians Removed

The Germans have removed virtually the entire male population from the parish of Grane, in Nordland, Northern Norway, executing or arresting at least 75, Reuters said in a Stockholm dispatch.

## Ban Not Lifted On Preserving Sugar

Although requests for sugar for apple-preserving have been received, the Prices Board was understood to be standing by its decision that the preserving sugar cut-off at the end of September should be maintained. Those seeking allowances in addition to their normal ration have told the board that more sugar is needed for cooking apples, but the board is taking the position that Winter apples are not perishable and there is no urgency in the situation.

## TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

### Aids To Rationing

I expect many of you are wondering if it is advisable to have a Christmas cake this year. Maybe it is; if so, this recipe was handed to me, as one, which was used greatly in the last war and became very popular.

Canada's War Cake  
2 cups brown sugar  
2 tablespoons lard  
1 package seeded raisins  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
2 cups hot water  
1 teaspoon salt

Boil all these ingredients together for 5 minutes after they begin to bubble. When cold add: 8 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda (dissolved in 1 teaspoon hot water). Bake in 2 loaves for 45 minutes in a slow oven. This cake is better at the end of the week or even longer. It ripens as does all fruit cake.

Sandwich Filling  
16 medium sized sweet red peppers  
1½ cups flour  
1½ cups white sugar  
Scant ½ cup mustard  
1½ cups cider vinegar  
3 cups water  
2 teaspoons salt

Wash, cut and remove seeds from peppers. Cover with water in the saucepan and boil until tender, about 15 or 20 minutes. Drain; remove the skin from peppers and chop into fine pieces. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly (sifting is the best method); add the vinegar and the water and cook this mixture in a double boiler for 20 minutes, stirring quite frequently so that it will remain smooth. Add the chopped red peppers to the mixture and cook for 10 minutes longer. Put in sterile glasses.

To the sandwich filling may be added grated cheese, nuts, etc. for variation.

Red Pepper Sauce  
12 sweet red peppers  
4 medium sized onions  
2 lemons  
¾ cups sugar

Remove the seeds from the peppers and put peppers along with the onions through the food chopper or chop fine. Cover with cold water, bring to the boil and drain. Barely cover with cider vinegar.

## CANADA'S HOUSOLDIERS



Keep in line with timely economy.

Crown Brand Syrup in addition to its other uses, is being so generally used to supplement sugar, that the demand has increased tremendously — so that sometimes your grocer may not be able to supply you. But you'll understand why.

A great deal more "Crown Brand" is being produced this year but it cannot be expected to meet a demand resulting from a war shortage of millions of pounds of sugar.

The supply of Crown Brand Syrup, like other things, must be shared. Don't hoard — buy normally. With the help of your grocer, every effort is being made to keep you supplied with this delicious syrup.



## CROWN BRAND SYRUP

THE CANADA STARCH COMPANY, LIMITED - MONTREAL - TORONTO

Cut lemons in quarters and add them. Boil for 20 minutes. Add sugar and boil for ten minutes again. Remove the lemon sections, skim and bottle.

Creole Sweet Potato Pie  
1½ cooked sweet potatoes  
¼ cup brown sugar  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
8 tablespoons New Orleans molasses  
2 egg yolks  
1 cup milk  
2 tablespoons melted butter  
½ cup chopped walnuts  
8 egg whites  
Mash sweet potatoes until free

of lumps. Add sugar, salt, cinnamon and molasses. Add beaten yolks. Then add milk, melted butter and walnuts and mix well. Beat egg whites until stiff and dry and fold into mixture. Pour into pastry lined tin. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) for 30 minutes or until pie is firm.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is ready to listen to your "peevish" 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.

## A Delightful Beverage

Have you tried Postum yet? With each successive cup, Postum's robust, satisfying flavor seems more delicious. It's easily made, requires less sugar, and is very economical. And because Postum contains neither caffeine nor tannin it's a safe beverage for everyone.



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

P342

## EASY CROCHETED SET



237  
COPY AND MEDIUM SERVICE, INC.  
By Laura Wheeler

It's such a quick, inexpensive crochet to make this set in Shetland floss. Make this cap, jacket and booties for some new baby or make any one piece to donate to your favorite war relief. Pattern 237 contains directions for set; illustrations of it and stitches; materials required.

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.

ISSUE 44 '42

## GOOD EATING NEWS

Slight-of-hand won't produce meat when it's needed for the boys in the service. But a little kitchen magic will stretch a pound of sausage to nine servings. The secret lies in this recipe for Sausage Shortcake.

Sausage Shortcake  
1 cup white cornmeal  
¾ cup flour  
1 tablespoon sugar  
3 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon salt  
½ cup All-Bran  
1½ cups milk  
1 egg  
¼ cup melted shortening  
2 tablespoons butter

Paprika  
Creamed Sausage  
1 pound bulk sausage  
2 tablespoons fat  
3 tablespoons flour  
½ teaspoon salt  
2½ cups milk

Sift cornmeal, flour, sugar, baking powder and salt together. Add All-Bran, milk, beaten egg and shortening. Mix until flour disappears. Pour into greased pan and bake in hot oven (450°F.) about thirty minutes. Remove from pan, spread with butter while hot and serve with creamed sausage or ham over the top. Sprinkle with paprika.

Brown sausage in frying pan, breaking it up into small pieces. Pour off fat, excepting 2 tablespoons. Stir in flour and seasonings; add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Yield: 9 servings (9 x 9-in. pan.)



## How soon can WE end this War?

This is the people's war... it is our war. Each and everyone of us must contribute our utmost to help speed the day of Victory!

If we fail in our duty to lend to the limit, we help make this war last longer.

Let us resolve to back the new Victory Loan to the utmost of our ability. We, on the home front, must strain every fibre that our fighting men may have overwhelming superiority in arms and equipment to crush our still powerful enemies. The dollars we lend NOW will make this possible sooner.

## Buy Victory Bonds

SPACE DONATED BY FRY-CADBURY LTD., MONTREAL