

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

"SALADA" TEA

COMMANDO . . .
By GEORGE MAITLAND

CHAPTER III

His eyes met the German's, and the latter's flinched. At which moment Sally Durand came back from the other room—and the telephone bell rang. Lockhart made a slight movement towards it with the muzzle of his revolver. With a queer, almost beseeching look on his face, Maltzan went to the instrument and answered it. Followed a few curt sentences in German, and he dropped on to the window seat and hid his face in his hands.

"I'm glad you were sensible," said Lockhart. "I understand German reasonably well."

Maltzan did not move until Pym jerked him roughly to his feet.

"I must borrow your cellar for him, Sally," said Lockhart. "Take him along, Pym."

"Very good, sir. Up you come! Quick march!"

Prisoner and escort vanished into the depths. "Just an overgrown schoolboy, uncertain of how to behave," said Sally, with the suspicion of a smile.

"Except," said Lockhart, "when they're on top of the world, when they become murdering brutes. The cellar's the best place for him. Sally, tell me quickly about yourself. Where's Georges?"

His voice shook a little as he pronounced the name, but it did not seem that the girl noticed anything.

"He was a gunner on the Reserve," she said. "He was taken in the first week of the war. I know he's a prisoner, but that's all I know. I just hung on here, waiting for news."

"And then—you just hung on! It was like you, Sally."

She shrugged her slim shoulders.

"There was nothing else for me to do, Jim."

"And they've treated you all right?"

"They've left me the house, apart from billeting officers on me. There's the usual trouble about coal, and food, and curfew, and black-out—"

"And our bombing, Sally?"

"I can put up with that—and Albertine isn't happy till she gets it."

Lockhart grinned.

"I always thought that most of France, the real France, was symbolized in that tough old woman."

She moved to the fire and looked round at him. He grinned and rubbed his face with his sleeve.

"No good, Jim, you still look like the Tar-Baby. What are you going to do?"

Lockhart sat down on the settee.

"Give the beehive a couple of hours to quieten down, and then have a rack at the power station in the small hours of the morning. That part of the job's still to be done."

The girl stared into the fire.

"Then we've just got two hours," she said slowly.

ISSUE No. 28—43

A

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SEND THE BOYS THE BEST

"Does it make all that difference to you, Sally?"

She turned towards him suddenly.

"I know why you left Quatreport so unexpectedly that summer, Jim. You'd fallen in love—hadn't you?"

His eyes met hers.

"Yes, Sally. And it wouldn't do. I'd been your husband's guest. And I liked him a lot."

"I guess he liked you, too."

"Which made it worse."

"Well, the war certainly solved our problem, Jim. It let you out—and it certainly locked me in! Still, I guess—"

She broke off. Gary Jackson had appeared at the head of the staircase.

"Say, Captain Lockhart."

"Well, Jackson?"

"There's more than somewhat of a set-up crawlin' up this way, cap—armoured cars, loudspeakers—the whole works—might be a circus comin' to town!"

Corporal Pym, who had just returned from the cellar, gave voice to an undisciplined guffaw.

"This is the news and this is old Doc Goebbels reading it—sorry, sir!"

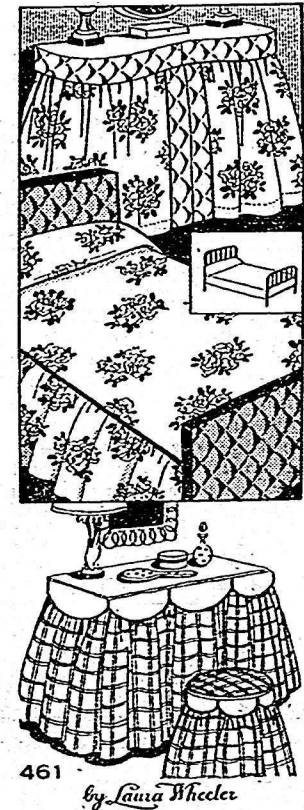
Lockhart had moved swiftly to the front door and opened it a couple of inches. From the road outside came the grinding of gears and the squeal of heavy brakes. Followed the rasping tones of a Teutonic voice, speaking guttural English rather over-amplified:

"Attention! By order of the Colonel Commanding the Area of Quatreport. Following the unsuccessful raid tonight upon the area by British Commando troops, the German Command is aware that survivors of the British force are at large in the town. They must surrender themselves within six hours on pain of being considered as guerrillas and shot out of hand upon capture. Any inhabitant of the town affording these men help or shelter, or who, being aware of their whereabouts, does not give immediate information to the German Command, will also be shot."

There was a short silence. Inside the house the members of the little group looked at each other. Sally Durand still with her half-smile; Lockhart grimly stern; Jackson chewing gum automatically; Corporal Pym with his head cocked on one side and his mouth open.

Again the loudspeaker blared

RE-DO YOUR BEDROOM



461
by Laura Wheeler

Surprise daughter with a "new" bedroom . . . or fix over your own room—with the aid of these directions. They show you how to transform an old metal bed, how to turn a packing box into a dressing table, how to make other accessories. Instructions 461 contain directions for varied bedspreads, dressing-table skirts, screens; materials required.

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PARDON, BUD



High capers in steel helmets were cut by American soldiers somewhere in North Africa as Red Cross gave a block party for boys back from the front. Shortage of girls made cutting-in scenes like this numerous.

out its message, this time in French. Then the cars started up again, and the sounds died away into the night.

"I fancy I spoke too soon, Sally," said Lockhart at last. "We never ought to have come to this house." And his fingers twitched about the butt of his revolver.

Sally Durand went over to him and put one hand on his sleeve. "I'm surely glad you did," she said. "All of you."

Nearly two hours had passed. The house was quiet and dark, but for the flickering light from the fire.

Half-way up the staircase, crouching by the window, his Tommy-gun ready to hand, Corporal Albert Pym watched the road outside through the chink in the curtain.

In his own phrase, what a proper perisher of a show! Young Crasny down and out with that crooked leg of his; the lot of them tied to the house accordingly; and the Jerries patrolling round the streets with their armoured cars, almost as regular as the buses going by the old Elephant!

The door leading to the room where the Pole had been bedded down opened, and Duchesne stood in the doorway.

"I do not like the look of Krasinski," he said grimly, in reply to Pym's question.

"Better let the captain know," Pym went on, without turning his head from the window. "He's a weakness for the kid."

"Captain Lockhart needs all the sleep he can get, if he's going to do the rest of the job before morning."

Pym shrugged his shoulders.

"E's 'ad two hours, Duchie. And what about yourself?"

"I don't need much sleep," said the Frenchman.

"Well," Pym stared. "I likes my eight hours regular."

"You probably don't dream, corporal. You're lucky."

"We're all lucky to be with the captain."

Duchesne nodded gravely.

"A good officer. If we had had more of his type in France after Sedan—"

He broke off. Lockhart had come into the hall from the kitchen. He sat down on the sofa in front of the fire and put on his shoes.

"Get some sleep, Duchesne," he said curtly. "Oh, I know all about our not wanting it! But you're coming with me on this little jaunt, and I want you to be on form. I propose that we borrow civilian clothes from Madame Durand, make use of your knowledge of your native tongue, and try to get in that way. You realize, of course, that they'll shoot us if they catch us?"

"Of course," agreed Duchesne simply.

"Good man. You and Pym get Krasinski moved in here, will you? It's warmer, I fancy, with the fire—and I seem to remember having read somewhere of a fellow who changed beds at night when he couldn't sleep."

Duchesne grinned.

"Napoleon, sir."

"Then it might be worth trying," said Lockhart. "Better bring that German's army blankets. I'm afraid he may be getting chilly down in the cellar."

"If he froze," muttered Duchesne, "I should be happy."

(Continued Next Week)

A protective covering for fireproofing airmen's clothing has just been developed in the United Kingdom.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Some Requests About Lamb

The leg of lamb for roasting and the chops for broiling are the generally well known cuts of lamb but, to be economical, concentrate on breast, shank and neck.

In cooking lamb the cardinal principle is the same as all meat cookery, that is, "cook at a moderate temperature, at least most of the time." Any meat cooked at high temperature loses juice and flavour; it also shrinks and becomes dry.

For roasting tender cuts there are two important rules. The first—use no lid on the pan; the second—add no water. Covered roasters and added water go to make steam and when meat is cooked with steam the flavor is lost and also the meat juices.

The fat on lamb hardens at higher temperature than the fat on other meats, so be sure to serve lamb either piping hot or cold; not lukewarm.

Stuffed Breast of Lamb

- 2 lbs. breast of lamb
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- ½ cup diced celery
- ½ cup butter
- 6 cups soft bread crumbs
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- ¼ teaspoon sage
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon thyme
- 1 egg slightly beaten
- ½ cup boiling water
- ½ cup mint jelly
- ½ cup vinegar
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups water

Sprinkle the lamb with salt and pepper. Fry the onion and celery in the butter until delicately browned. Add the bread crumbs and cook about one minute, mixing gently. Remove from the heat and add the salt, pepper seasonings and egg, tossing with a fork until well mixed. Place stuffing on one side of each piece of lamb and fold the other side over the stuffing, making two or three rolls. Tie each roll separately and place in a baking pan. Bake in an uncovered dish in hot oven for 15 minutes. Add the boiling water, cover and bake in a moderate oven for 1½ hours. Spread with mixture of jelly and vinegar. Bake uncovered for 15 minutes longer, basting frequently. Pour off the excess fat, leaving two tablespoons in the pan with the dripping. Add the flour, blend well and add two cups water. Stir constantly and cook until smooth and thickened. Season to taste and serve with the lamb. Yields 6 servings.

Lamb Fricassee

- 2 lbs. breast of lamb
 - 6 cups boiling water
 - 4 small onions
 - 4 small carrots
 - 1 turnip, quartered
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - ¼ teaspoon pepper
 - ¼ cup flour
 - ¼ cup cold water
- Cut lamb in small pieces, place in kettle, add water and cook slowly until tender, about two hours. Prepare vegetables and put them in the kettle with the meat after it has cooked for one hour. Add salt and pepper and continue to cook until the meat and vegetables are tender. Lift meat and vegetables to service platter. Make a paste of flour and cold water, add to the stock and cook until thickened, stirring constantly, about five minutes. Pour over the meat and vegetables on the platter.

Lamb Culets With Celery Sauce

- 4 tablespoons butter
 - ½ cup flour
 - 1½ cups milk
 - ½ teaspoon salt
 - Few grains pepper
 - 3 cups ground cooked lamb
 - 1 egg
 - 2 tablespoons milk
 - Dry bread crumbs
 - ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 - ¼ teaspoon celery seed
 - ½ cup celery stock
 - ½ cup finely chopped cooked celery
- Melt the butter in a double boiler, add flour and mix well. Add 1½ cups of milk gradually and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add salt and pepper. Add 1 cup of this sauce to the lamb, mix well and chill. Shape the lamb mixture into chops or cutlets and insert two inch pieces of macaroni ends to resemble bone. Dip in slightly beaten egg, mixed with two tablespoons of milk. Roll in crumbs and fry in deep fat or saute until deep brown. Serve with celery sauce made by adding to the remainder of the white sauce, Worcestershire sauce, celery seed, celery stock and remaining milk. Mix well and reheat.

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 "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 75 West Adelaide St., Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

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Bevin Solves Labor Problem

Obtained Help of Labor, Says
New York Post

You don't get very many speeches from Ernest Bevin, British Minister of Labour and National Service, but he has done one of the biggest jobs of the war. It's an odd thing, but Mr. Bevin has been loping along, about a year ahead of us on almost every problem, solving them, and teaching us a lot, if we but cared to learn it. Bevin has drafted labour under the British National Service Act and Control of Employment Act.

Out of a population of 33,000,000 between the ages of 14 and 65, 22,000,000, or two out of three, are in the Armed Services or in factories or other war work. Bevin found out a few things while doing all this. He found that he couldn't even make a start until the cost of living had been pegged down tight. This was done, largely by the use of subsidies for food producers.

Amazing Discovery.

Bevin found that control of inflation, including prices, profits, wages, was one indivisible problem that could not be chipped at piecemeal. You can't make striking a crime, and also put up the price of food. You can't freeze wages and do nothing about profits and executive salaries. You can't build a total war system on ifs, ands, buts and exceptions. But Bevin's most amazing discovery was that this war is not a war against labour, but a war against Hitler. He needed the help of labour. He obtained it through the greatest program of Labour-Management Collaboration the world has ever seen. But, first, all the essential conditions were set up.

Cut Hay After The Sun Shines

To the old adage, "Make hay while the sun shines," modern science added today the indication farmers should do their haying in the afternoon.

Preliminary studies at the New York State Agriculture College, reported by Prof. Osk F. Curtis, show the food content of alfalfa and other hay and forage crops is influenced by the time of day at which they are cut.

Farmers who cut such crops in the late afternoon, instead of in the morning, may stow away in their barns and silos hundreds of pounds more of actual sugar and starch for their livestock, Curtis declared.

The reason, he explained, is that all carbohydrates are manufactured by plants from carbon-dioxide and water only in the presence of light, and "it stands to reason, as the tests have shown, that the plant tissues contain the most food after a full day of sunshine."

Happy "Adventure In Neighborliness"

An "Adventure in Neighborliness" was tried in Chesley last year, says The Warton Echo. By it 19 knitting groups were formed, usually of women living in the same neighborhood, who didn't play bridge but who were glad to meet regularly and sew or knit for the soldiers. The groups were the idea of Mrs. Stewart Malcolm and over 300 women joined. Ten cents a week per member was paid and the grand total of \$532 was realized. It seemed a well worthwhile project and brought a lot of women into definite war work who would otherwise have been left out in the cold.

OVER YOU GO, POP!



FLAT ON HIS BACK! William Oliphant and William, Jr. show how it's done Jiu Jitsu style. Mighty handy thing to know. Handy to know a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes tastes wonderful anytime, too. "Gives me real zest for breakfast," says father. "We eat them at our house all hours," says son. By independent survey, Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the favourite in a majority of Canadian homes. Ready to eat in 30 seconds, they leave no pots and pans to wash. Economical, too. Get some tomorrow. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

SAVE TIME—SAVE FUEL—SAVE WORK!