● In these busy days of war you owe it to your country—as well as to yourself—to keep "in the pink". That's why it's so important to avoid the common type of constipation caused by lack of "bulk" in the diet. And do it by getting *right at the cause* instead of "dosing" with harsh purgatives that give only temporary relief. Just follow this simple plan. Eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN every day! It's delicious as a cereal or in hot, tasty muffins. Drink plenty of water. Then see if you don't agree ALL-BRAN is the "better way" to *natural regularity*. But remember, eat ALL-BRAN *every day!*

Grocers have ALL-BRAN in two convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Pastryless Pies

There's no reason in the world why your family should not enjoy delicious pies for dessert, despite the scarcity of rationed butter and other shortenings. Here's a pie crust that requires no shortening of any kind — a tender, delicious pie crust that comes ready-made straight out of a cardboard package—no flour, no rolling, no fuss whatever.

First, get a package of Christie's Graham Wafers. Then place a layer of wafers on the bottom of a lightly-greased pie plate, trimming some of them to fit the shape, and filling in any uncovered spaces with wafer crumbs. Cut other wafers in halves and stand them on edge around the sloping side of the pie plate. And there's your pie crust!

Don't be skeptical as to whether the pie crust will hang together when individual pieces are cut after the filling goes in. It will! Just try it and see for yourself. You'll find that each individual wedge of pie comes out intact. For the filling of Christie's Graham Wafer Pie, use one of the following recipes:

Chocolate Filling

3 tablespoons corn starch
2 cups milk
5 tablespoons sugar
1 square chocolate or 4 tablespoons cocoa
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix dry ingredients with a little cold milk. Scald rest of milk and add corn starch mixture. Put in double boiler and stir while it cooks and thickens. When smooth and somewhat thick, cover and cook for 10 minutes more, stirring occasionally. Remove from fire and add vanilla. Pour into graham wafer crust and chill.

Caramel Filling

3 tablespoons corn starch
2 cups milk
5 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon butter
Pinch of salt
½ teaspoon vanilla or a few drops of mapleine

Caramelize sugar by heating over direct fire in top part of double boiler until it becomes a golden brown syrup. Remove from fire and add 1¾ cups of milk. Place over lower part of double boiler. Mix corn starch and salt with remaining cold milk to make a smooth paste. Pour hot milk into paste and stir thoroughly. Pour back into double boiler and heat until it begins to thicken, stirring constantly. After it thickens smoothly, cover and cook for 10 minutes. Stir occasionally. Remove from fire and add butter and vanilla. Pour into crust and chill. Chopped nuts or dates may be added, if available.

Apple Chiffon Filling

1 tablespoon plain gelatin
¼ cup cold water
2 cups sweetened hot applesauce
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Pinch of salt and 2 egg whites

Soak gelatin in water 5 minutes. Then add to hot applesauce and stir until dissolved. Stir in nutmeg, lemon juice and salt and chill until mixture begins to thicken. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour filling into crust, sprinkle with graham wafer crumbs and chill.

These delicious, mouth-watering Christie's Graham Wafer pies will help you keep your family happy, help to stretch your butter ration most effectively and save your electric current, gas or other fuel for oven-heating. In fact, it wouldn't be surprising if the use of this type of pie crust long outlasts the wartime emergency which gave it birth!

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, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

ROBE OR BRUNCH COAT

We can't tell you just what kind of fabric you most need to make this robe in. But we do know it will make up beautifully in anything from a cotton or rayon print to a cosy flannel; and in cotton, it's grand as either robe or brunch coat—note the small view. You may have noticed flannel robes are more expensive than they used to be. One way to beat inflation is to sew your own.

Style No. 3470 is designed for sizes 12 to 44. Size 36 requires 5 yards 35-inch fabric and 3½ yards 54-inch fabric.

Send TWENTY CENTS (20c) for pattern to Louise Lennox, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Write your name, address and style number. Be sure to state size you wish.

Prove It

Take your house number and double it. Add 5. Multiply by half a hundred. Then add your age (no cheating). Add the number of days in a year. Subtract 615. The last two figures of the total will be your age; the others your house number.

CANADA NEEDS YOU STRONG

Follow Canada's Food Rules for Health and Fitness

FREE! A Valuable Recipe Book—"Economy Recipes for Canada's Housodiers" containing many recipes suited to today's requirements. Send a postcard with your name and address with the words "Economy Recipes": Address Dept. 4K, The Canada Starch Home Service Department, 49 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

THE HUMAN COMEDY

"Going to be the strongest man in the world? Going to be a giant?" Ulysses asked Homer.

Synopsis:

Over the Macauley house in the small town of Ithaca, California, hovers the tender, protective spirit of Matthew, the father who left his family two years before for the great mysterious journey of death. He loves them all, five year old Ulysses, sixteen year old Homer, Marcus, off in an army camp, daughter Bess, his beloved wife Katey. For Homer, life is just opening up. He has a job as a messenger boy and already he has seen sorrow. There was the sick hungry boy who sent a telegram to his mother for money to come home. There was the War Department message he had taken to Mrs. Sandoval about the death of her soldier son. And there's Willlie Grogan, the grey haired telegrapher, who's afraid of losing his job. Homer wonders why life is so difficult. He doesn't realize that it is he who is growing up.

CHAPTER TWO

The alarm clock rang at seven the next morning. Homer shut it off promptly then got out of his body building outfit. He opened the book at lesson Seven and went to work with his elastic streecher.

Ulysses was awake. He sat up on his elbow, turned up his little freckled face. "Hey. Going to be the strongest man in the world? Going to be a giant?"

"Naah!" Homer exercised rhythmically. "I'm gonna be a track man. I'm gonna run the two twenty low hurdles today and try to win".

"Why?"

"Because it's the big race of Ithaca High."

Ulysses nodded. That sounded reasonable. "All right Homer, you run the twenty two, the twenty two, the tweny two . . ."

He was still chanting the fascinating words as Mrs. Macauley called them to breakfast. Homer's sister Bess was already at the preached was weeping in her heart. table. So was Mary Arena. She was Marcus' girl the daughter of "home folks" who lived next door.

Homer didn't pay much attention to the girl's talk until they started that business of getting jobs and going to work. "What about that Ma?" he demanded. "Their getting ideas like that?"

His mother laughed softly. "Why it's perfectly natural for a couple of girls to want to get out and flap their wings."

Homer stuffed some sausage in his mouth and frowned. "I thought I was going to do the work around here. I don't think Marcus would want the girls to . . ." He stopped indignantly. They weren't paying any attention to him, just whispering together. Huh! Silly girl talk He jumped up and grabbed his cap. Couldn't be late to school today. "Oh well. See you tonight when I get home. Ma."

* * *

The classroom was filled on the dot of nine. Homer brushed past Helen Elliot and smiled faintly as he put a newly cut rose on her desk. Then he went across the room to his seat and sat there, adoring her brunette beauty.

Miss Hicks started the day's session but Homer was off in his thoughts. A lot of things were bothering him. He knew he was in love with Helen. And he had that job. He was earning a living like a grown man. School didn't seem right now. It was for kids who didn't know about life.

He stiffened suddenly. That Hubert Ackley. The big snob. He was whispering to Helen, trying to cut in on him. And he had taken the rose and put it in his lapel.

One of the pupils was giving a long disseration to the class on the conquering Assyrians.

Homer jumped to his feet and blurted out: "How about Hubert Ackley the Third? Who did he conquer or what did he do?" Ackley rose like the jack-in-the-box. Homer yelled, "Sit down."

Ackley was fierce in retort. "Well, at least no Ackley has ever been a common fanfaron, a hoodlum, a bragart, a . . ."

The class was charmed by the sensation of the two boys quarreling. It all ended dramatically with Miss Hicks declaring that the boys would have to stay in after school. And everybody knew that they were rivals in the track meet that afternoon. It had all the elements of melodrama.

When the day dragged by somehow and only Homer and Ackley were left Miss Hicks said calmly, "I'm not keeping you in to punish you, boys. I've kept you here so that a better understanding will come out of all this."

Ackley snapped. "He had no right to talk about me like that."

Homer glared at him. "What's the matter with you? You seem to think you're better than the other boys. And trying to make Helen Elliot believe that too," he fumed.

Firmly, Miss Hicks cut in. "You will both learn that every man in the world is better than someone else. In a democratic state every man is the equal of every other man up to the point of exertion and then every man is free to exert himself to do good or not, to grow nobly or foolishly. I am eager for my boys and girls to exert themselves to do good and to understand that each of you will begin to be real men and truly human when, in spite of your differences with one another you still respect one another. That is what it means to be civilized."

* * *

A hush fell over the room after she had spoken.

It was then Mr. Blenton the coach strode in. Blenton was furious as he demanded that Miss Hicks release Ackley for the track meet. In lush phrases he told her of Ackley's background, of his courtesy, his obedient caracter, his fine upbringing. It was all a little sickening because everybody knew that Blenton was always licking the boots of the well-to-do.

"Come on Ackley," he wound up "I'm giving you permission to leave with me. Come on."

Ackley sent a startled, sidelong look at Miss Hicks. Then he scurried out after the coach.

Homer stood there and did a slow burn. "Well Miss Hicks you saw that. Is that democratic? Is that being civilized?"

He didn't know it but Miss Hicks, as noble as the words she "it certainly isn't," she flared. She blew her nose. "And that Mr. Blenton doesn't know the first thing about sportsmanship." She was speaking almost to herself. "I've seen good men pushed aside by his kind . . . the kind who go through life, lying and cheating, toadying to those whom they think are their superiors and crowding out men who are above such treachery." Her eyes went straight to Homer. "The two twenty low hurdles indeed. Huh! You too out on that field Homer Macauley and go out to win."

Homer whistled. Miss Hicks was so unexpected. "Gee I didn't know that teachers are human beings like anybody else." It sounded so tepid compared to his feelings. He threw in for good measure. "And better too."

Her smile was misty. "Homer when you leave this school, long after you have forgotten me I shall be waching for you in the world." He had turned and was off like a streak. I'll be watching . . ."

* * *

At the athletic field, three of the fellows including Ackley were already in the lanes. The starter was looking at his watch, his pistol in readiness.

A low murmur went up from the spectators as they saw Homer. Homer giggled inside himself as he caught a glimpse of Blenton looking madder'n a hornet. Then Ackley saw him and the bleat he let out was music to Homer's ears.

"How did you get here?" he demanded.

"I was civilized," Homer retorted loftily.

"You haven't got a chance."

"Oh a fortune teller," Homer chirped. His eyes were on the starter. "Well confidentially I'm going to win."

"Who says so?"

"Miss Hicks."

The starter's voice rang out. "On your marks. Get set!" There was the loud report of his pistol.

"They're off!" shouted the crowd and in that instant they all felt much in common as if they were members of one big cheering family.

Homer's running legs quaked. This wasn't just a race. It was the test of a strange upsurge of love he felt for funny looking Miss Hicks. And it was a way of proving that maybe a civilized man is the better man. And maybe it was to show Helen Elliott that she ought to concentrate on a champ like Homer Macauley.

(The outcome of this race means a lot to Homer. He must make good for Miss Hicks and Helen. And he must prove to himself that the decent way is the winning way. Don't miss Homer as loser or victor in to-morrow's thrilling installment.)

To-day, as always, the 'Salada' label is your guarantee of a uniform blend of fine quality teas.

"SALADA" TEA

SALMON SALAD MOULD

2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 tablespoon sugar
2 eggs
¾ cup milk or cream
¼ cup vinegar
1½ tablespoons unflavoured gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 pound cooked salmon (flaked)

Combine salt, mustard and sugar in top of double boiler. Beat eggs slightly, add milk and vinegar, and pour into first mixture, stirring constantly. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring frequently, till mixture thickens. Meantime, soften gelatine in cold water, then dissolve in hot mixture; beat smooth. Add flaked salmon. Turn into greased individual moulds or into one large greased mould (loaf pan or casserole). Unmould on crisp lettuce and serve cold.

The Bat—Master Of Navigation

The bat is a very old creature. He has this navigation business down fine. If you take two wheels revolving in opposite directions, and blindfold the bat, he will fly through the wheels without ever hitting a spoke. He has been able to do that for centuries. Of course, he is a dumb animal. We don't want to think that everything in this world has been created by us, and that we are masters of nature.

—Charles F. Kettering.

TRAINED CANADIANS

Canadian Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific is Maj.-Gen. G. R. Pearkes, whose troops experienced their first offensive action in the bloodless occupation of Kiska.

There's plenty these days to make people nervous. And overtaxed nerves can turn nights and days into misery! If you suffer in this way, try the soothing, quieting effect of Dr. Miles Nervine which contains well-known nerve sedatives. Take Nervine according to directions for help in general nervousness, sleeplessness, hysterical conditions, nervous fears; also to help headache and irritability due to nervousness. In the meantime, eat more natural food . . . get your vitamins and take sufficient rest. Effervescing Nervine Tablets are 35c and 75c. Nervine Liquid: 25c and $1.00.

Post Overseas Christmas Mail By November 1

Faced with the task of moving more Christmas mail to more Canadians in more corners of the world than ever before, the Post-office Department announced last week the deadline for parcel mailings will be November 1.

Parcels mailed by that date—unless there is a mad rush at the last moment—will be delivered to Canadians in Sicily, Italy, Ceylon, North Africa, the United Kingdom, the Aleutians, the West Indies or wherever else Canadians may be.

The mailing deadline is set 10 days earlier than in 1942.

Officials said Christmas mailings overseas last year amounted to 8,500,000 pounds compared with 5,500,000 pounds in the previous year. This year, with more Canadian servicemen and women overseas, they anticipate a total mail load of about 10,000,000 pounds.

"We are suggesting that Canadians planning to get Christmas mail to their friends overseas get started as soon as possible," one official said.

"It is far better that a parcel be mailed in September or October with the assurance that it will be delivered in time — barring accidents beyond any control — than that the men overseas should be disappointed at Christmas by not receiving the expected gifts from home."

The chimera fish is the only vertebrate to retain traces of a third pair of legs.

PARAPIGEON

Voices of the U. S. paratroopers are the pigeons who carry messages back to the base, for use of radio would reveal positions to the enemy. Here one of the birds at Ft. Benning holds a consultation with a fellow sky fighter after both had dropped by chute in a demonstration of the use of parapigeons.

ISSUE No. 39—43

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

NEXT: Taking picks on a turkey.

A FARM WIFE CHATS TO WOMEN

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Hullo, everybody! I suppose you folk who live in urban centres would be ready to take my head off if I were to say, "Darn these holidays, anyway—they are nothing but a nuisance."

Well, I won't say it because I know if you work in a store or an office you look forward like everything to that day to yourself. So I won't begrudge you your holiday.

But to people who live on a farm a bank holiday isn't a day off at all—it's just a day that we have to remember so as to make sure there is enough bread and meat and other things in the house until the stores open again. And it's a day when we don't get our mail delivered—and for the life of me I never can remember on which holidays mail is delivered and when it isn't. So I generally go trudging down to the road to make sure anyway — we don't take any chances on missing our mail if our youngsters are away from home, do we, Mothers?

Well, I was sort of caught napping Labor Day week-end. I thought about the holiday too late. By the time I went shopping for extra supplies there was hardly a thing to be bought anywhere. And then Daughter phoned that she would be home for the week-end! And oh dear, it was so hot and sticky during those few days that even the bread I did have went mouldy. But we managed, and we had one grand visit.

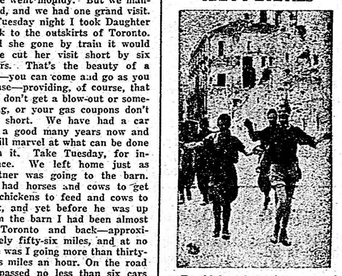
Tuesday night I took Daughter back to the outskirts of Toronto. Had she gone by train it would have cut her visit short by six hours. That's the beauty of a car—you can come and go as you please—providing, of course, that you don't get a blow-out or something, or your gas coupons don't run short. We have had a car for a good many years now and I still marvel at what can be done with it. Take Tuesday, for instance. We left home just as Partner was going to the barn. He had horses and cows to get in, chickens to feed and cows to milk, and yet before he was up from the barn I had been almost to Toronto and back—approximately fifty-six miles, and at no time was I going more than thirty-five miles an hour. On the road we passed no less than six cars with tire and engine trouble. I imagine there were other folk who were marvelling at what a car could do, but possibly not in the same way as I was!

After the week-end was over that left me with just one day in which to get ready for a birthday party that I was giving for our Women's Institute to celebrate its tenth anniversary. And I can tell you I made the dust fly that day! It was a wartime party—sort of Red Cross quilting bee and tea party combined. I had three quilts set up and every woman was set to work as soon as she arrived. Of course our menfolk always say a quilting party is nothing more than an excuse to get together to gossip! Well, I must admit tongues were wagging—I think we discussed everything from Italy's surrender to baby diapers. Yes, there was fun and laughter, and questions about where our boys were and how they were getting along. Neighbor met neighbor with whom she hardly had time to exchange greetings all summer. Two quilts were finished and the third one nearly done, and during a brief business meeting it was decided that we would fill twenty ditty bags for the Navy League. So whatever the men may say I think we managed to put in a pretty good afternoon's work. What do you think, ladies?

Harvest work is not yet completed in this district. We still have our barley to get in and some of our neighbors have theirs to cut. The ground is very hard and dry—so dry that very little wheat has as yet been sown. Farmers are worrying already about what to feed their stock next winter. Yes, I know there is Western grain that we are urged to buy, but the farmer who has to buy grain isn't likely to have much for all his work when his egg and milk cheques come in. And dear help the farmer who has to buy a cow! It takes a lot of milk to pay the price of even one old bossie. So, go easy on your milk and eggs, Mrs. City Housewife, for the supply is getting shorter every day.

One inch of rain represents more than 100 tons to the acre.

HAPPY EYETIES



Truckin' on down the streets of Catania, these Italian soldiers literally danced into captivity as they surrendered to British.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

OCTOBER 3

JESUS AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. — Matthew 5: 17 20; 19:16-22; John: 39, 40.

GOLDEN TEXT—Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets: I came not to destroy but to fulfil, Mathew 5: 17.

Memory Verse: I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of Jehovah. Psalm 122:1

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING.

Time. — The Sermon on the Mount was delivered in the summer of A.D. 28; the interview with the rich young ruler was February, A.D. 30; the two verses from John's Gospel are a part of a message given the first week of April A.D. 28.

Place. — The Sermon on the Mount, on a mountain near Capernaum; the interview with the ruler took place in Perea; the events of John 5 occurred in Jerusalem.

Old Testament Law

"Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfil." Not merely were the requirements of Moses to continue in force, but also all that was taught by the other inspired writers, the prophets. No part of the existing scriptures was to be set aside.

"For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass away from the law, till all things be accomplished." The expression 'one jot or one tittle' has been aptly compared to our English saying,—the dot of an 'I' or the cross of a 't'.

"Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." If a man teach that any commandment of God is unimportant, possibly behind his teaching is the fact that he himself is breaking that commandment. No man teaches a commandment with power if he is breaking it in his own life.

True Rightrousness

"For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." God is the absolute and eternal standard of right. Consequently, human conduct is righteous, as it conforms to His will and approximates to His character.

Christ's Answer

"And behold, one came to him and said, teacher, what good thing shall I do that I may have eternal life? And he said unto him, why askest thou me concerning that which is good? One there is who is good: but if thou wouldest enter into life, keep the commandments." Christ knew that what this man wanted was a master, and man has only one Master—God whose commandments must be kept.

"He saith unto him, which? and Jesus said, Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Honor thy father and thy mother; and Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Disobedience to these laws means sin in the sight of God.

"The young man saith unto him, all these things have I observed what lack I yet?" The young man is dimly aware of something wanting, whether in his obedience or not, at all events in his peace; and he is right in believing that the reason for the conscious void is something wanting in his conduct.

Christ's Two-Fold Command

"Jesus said unto him, If thou wouldest be perfect, go, sell that which thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me"

We should understand that this command of our Lord's to the young man to sell all that he had is not necessarily what Christ says to every person, or indeed, to every one who is wealthy. The reason it was insisted upon for this certain young man was that he had made wealth his idol. If there is anything in our life which is keeping us back from a full acceptance of Jesus, then we must part with it.

Refusal To Obey

"But when the young man heard the saying, he went away sorrowful; for he was one that had great possessions" Why did he go away? Because he decided that his wealth, and all that it would buy, was more necessary for him than eternal life. He was willing to give up all the sins of which he was not guilty—but he loved money more than he did God.

Secret Of Eternal Life

"Ye search the scriptures, because ye think that in them ye have eternal life; and these are they which bear witness of me: and ye will not come to me, that ye may have life." It is our plain duty to read the Scriptures. Men have no right to expect spiritual light if they neglect the great treasury of all light. The need of the human heart is just this of which the Scriptures speak—eternal life. It is that which the rich young ruler longed for. It is that which our Lord insisted upon as being absolutely essential, but it could not be found outside of him.

Season Opens in the Aleutians

Men of the United States Navy are not particular about the condition of the field as the football season opens on Adak, one of the smaller Aleutian Islands. There is no regulation in uniforms, in fact those beavers look like good places to hide the ball, and it is obvious that offsides do not matter.

RADIO REPORTER

By REX FROST

For some considerable time there has been animated discussion in North America regarding the virtues and vices of public ownership as compared with private ownership. In war-torn Great Britain, it is perhaps significant of the character of a fighting people that Parliament as well as the Press are currently taking time out to mull over the pros and cons of the government controlled radio network known as the British Broadcasting Corporation. The argument has been stimulated due to the fact that the Charter of the B.B.C. will expire shortly.

* * *

It's rather interesting to note two characteristic arguments which represent the exchange of viewpoints. One periodical which criticises the B.B.C. on the score of "timidity" goes on to remark . . . "Part of the remedy lies in encouraging the growth of personalities on the air, instead of doing everything possible to prevent it. Individual broadcasters should be allowed to do their best to interest, to please, if necessary to annoy, instead of being neutral voices reading scripts from which anything calculated to offend anybody has been carefully removed."

* * *

"American Broadcasting has life and more variety than the B.B.C." It goes on to say. Then it points out that the reason for this is that the four big American networks compete most fiercely and directly for the listener's and the advertiser's favour, and both liveliness and variety are the result. Competition might achieve this without advertising, but advertising without competition certainly would not, it ventures to suggest. All of which summed up affirms that competition, whether it's in radio or any other line of endeavour, is the soul of business. And advertising in any form is the soulmate of competition.

* * *

September is the "come back" month of radio. So its rather unusual to hear of well known programmes leaving the air. Yet that is the case with the popular C.B.S. team of "Ma and Sade" which left the air last week. Bernadine Flynn, the "Sade" part of the team becomes a newscaster in the period formerly allotted to the serial.

* * *

However, for a moment let us look at the "come back" trail. C.B.S. audiences will welcome Kate Smith, "when the moon comes over the mountain" Friday evening, October 1st at 8 p.m. N.B.C. will stage a "feast from the Middle East" with Jack Benny, the following Sunday, October 3rd at the usual 7 o'clock Sunday evening hour, following the popular comedian's return from his troop-entertaining trip overseas, that is, if he gets home in time. If not, Jack's opening programme of the 1943 fall series will be heard the following Sunday, October 10th. Fibber McGee and Molly will return to their regular N.B.C. half hour, 9.30 to 10 p.m. on Tuesday, Sept. 28th.

* * *

Oh yes. We must not forget the return to the airwaves of the popular Canadian quiz programme "Double or Nothing" which will reappear on CFRB, Toronto, 7.30 to 8 Saturday evening, October 2nd. Laughter and fun will change to thrills, shivers and suspense from 8.30 to 9 o'clock that same evening, same station, when the "Hermit's Cave" will reveal another of its mystifying, blood curdling mystery dramas.

* * *

There's apparently going to be some delay in the return of Fred Allen. At the present time Fred is making a movie, and although some time ago the famous comedian indicated that he might never return to the radio, there are at present possibilities he may be hitting the ether waves late this fall. It depends largely upon his health.

"Play Ball"

Searching around for a code word every American soldier would understand during the African invasion, United States Army Chief of Staff George C. Marshall hit on: "Play Ball!" He disclosed in his biennial report recently that this expression was chosen to inform the men by radio they were to fire away with all they had.

FORMER NET STAR

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured U. S. Assistant Director of Civilian Defense,
9 Mooley apple.
10 Four (Roman)
11 Symbol for radium.
12 Part of circle.
14 Stigma.
15 Cut for insertion into a mortise.
17 Ensnare.
19 Boxed.
20 Name.
21 Lay away.
22 Heavy blow.
23 Essence.
24 God of love.
25 War Department (abbr.).
26 Drinks in small quantities.
28 Mountain (abbr.).
29 Music note.
30 Calcium (symbol).
32 Railroad vehicles.
35 Senior (abbr.)
37 One who owes
39 Symbol for selenium.
40 Black haw.
42 Assessments.
43 Portion.
44 Silkworm.
45 Denominations.
48 Day in Roman month.
49 Worm.
50 Cloth measure.
51 Slove.
52 Thing (law).
53 She formerly starred in

VERTICAL

1 Entertain.
2 Enticers.
3 City inhabitant.
4 Incidents.
5 Odor.
6 Hastened.
7 Opposed to former.
8 Mistake.
9 Type of antelope.
13 Billiard shot.
14 Flat-bottomed boat.
16 Negative.
18 Nuisance.
23 Those who mimic.
27 War god.
30 Dove's home.
31 Cognizant.
32 Wrinkle.
33 Aplacesous plant.
34 To seek to attain.
35 Painful spots.
36 Soaks flax.
38 Be.
41 Loads.
45 Japanese coin.
46 Strive.
47 Mineral spring.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

POP—Don't Tell Him, Pop

By J. MILL