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Young folks burn up lots of energy in a day. They must have plenty of good nourishing food. So give them a better breakfast . . . give them Nabisco Shredded Wheat. Made from 100% Canadian whole wheat it contains the essential energy-builders: carbohydrates, proteins, and the minerals iron and phosphorus. Nabisco Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked, ready to eat. Try the tested, practical recipes found in every package.

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TABLE TALKS
SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Once more I am going to give you a few meat recipes. I believe we all have the habit of neglecting something "new" in meat dishes, possibly because we feel that a meat dish of any kind satisfies the appetite and we just adhere to a daily or weekly routine.

I'll begin with a few hints about the storing of meat, which we would all do well to study. These are given out by the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and are most helpful.

- Proper Storing**
- Unwrap at once. Wrapping paper draws juices from the meat.
 - Wipe with a damp cloth. Place on a dry plate and cover loosely, preferably with waxed paper.
 - Store in the coldest place available.
 - Ground meat should be used promptly whether raw or cooked.

For Faster Relief of CHEST COLDS

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"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN (38-52 yrs. old) NEED THIS ADVICE!!

If you're cross, restless, NERVOUS—suffer hot flashes, dizziness—caused by this period in a woman's life—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Made especially for women. Hundreds of thousands remarkably helped. Follow label directions. Made in Canada.

BACKACHE? Look out for Trouble With Your KIDNEYS

If your back aches or if you have disturbed sleep, burning or smarting, look out for trouble. This condition is a sure sign that your kidneys are not fully ridding your blood of poisonous acids and wastes. When the kidneys slow up, wastes collect. Backache, dizzy spells, puffy eyes and rheumatic pains may follow.

Your kidneys need help—and there is a time-tried, proven way to help them known as GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. These Capsules contain carefully measured quantities of that widely known diuretic called Dutch Drops. You will find their action fast and effective.

Be sure you get GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules, the genuine and original Dutch Drops—packed in Canada. Get a 46c package from your druggist.

it spoils more quickly than unground meat.

5. Cooked meat should be allowed to cool, uncovered, then covered tightly and kept cold.

6. Stews, meat soups, etc., cooked with potatoes or thickened with flour should be used promptly; they spoil quickly.

Spicy Pot Roast

Combine

- ½ cup water
- ½ cup vinegar
- 4 cloves
- Small bay leaf
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 small onion (cut fine)

Place meat in a bowl. Pour over it the spiced liquid. Let stand at least 3 hours, turning meat several times. Remove meat; prepare and cook as Pot Roast, using strained liquid in place of water in cooking.

Liver Patties

- 1 lb. liver (ground)
- 3 cups soft bread crumbs
- ½ cup grated onion
- 1 egg
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Pepper

Mix all ingredients together and shape to fit muffin tins. Roll in additional flour. Place in greased muffin tins and brush tops with melted fat. Bake in a hot oven, 400°F, 10 minutes. Serve with Sunshine Sauce.

Sunshine Sauce

- 1 tablespoon fat
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1½ cups milk
- Salt and pepper

1½ cups grated raw carrots
Make as cream sauce, adding carrots just before serving.

Sausage Strudel

- 12 sausages
- 1 apple
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- Biscuit dough

Make biscuit dough from 2 cups flour. Roll in a rectangle ½ inch thick and 10 inches long. Parboil sausages 5 minutes. Wash, core and cut apple in 12 wedges, do not peel. Dip in brown sugar. Press sausages into dough in pairs with 2 wedges of apple between sausages. Leave a small space between each pair of sausages. Bake in a hot oven, 400°F, about 25 minutes.

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.

Bank Staff Makes Rivets At Night

A miniature munition factory has been opened in a Birmingham, England, bank. After closing their ledgers and locking up cash boxes, men and women clerks return at night as war workers.

The bank is helping a big munition factory to double its output of rivets. The factory takes the work to and from the bank. The bank staff is paid trade union rates.

BLACK DAWN
By VICTOR ROSSEAU

CHAPTER XXII

Dave stepped forward and reached Coggswell of his gun. "You can put yore hands down now," he said. "But yore goin' to talk quick and straight, if yuh want to get back to Mescal without a nasty mess on yore shoulders. What have yuh done with Lois?"

"Bruce," answered Coggswell, "I ain't set eyes on Miss Lois since she rode into town the mornin' of Hooker's murder, seein' I was knocked cold tryin' to protect you."

The declining sun shone straight into Dave's eyes, showing the haggard lines of his face. He stared into Coggswell's trying to read the truth.

"You swear that's true?" Dave cried suddenly.

"I'm talkin' straight," answered the sheriff. "I rode up here with the idea of campin' out and startin' on a hunt for yore trail in the mornin'. If someone took Miss Lois away when you was gone, it wasn't me. Why, I don't know where you two been hidin' up. She ain't hurt bad, is she?"

"She was gettin' well. We was goin' to start out tomorrow." And suddenly the mask of hate vanished from Dave's face. "I'm believin' yuh, sheriff," he said. "But if it wasn't you who took her away, who was it?"

Sheriff Coggswell was silent. Dave met the keen scrutiny of his eyes, then suddenly handed him back his gun and thrust his own into his holster.

"You got the drop on me now, Coggswell," he said. "I'm trustin' you. You can take me into Mescal if yuh want to. But I always felt yuh knew I didn't kill old Hooker. And I'm askin' yuh to trust my word same as I trusted yores, and ride with me to find the skunk that took her away. After that, I'll be ready to place myself in yore hands."

Coggswell holstered his own gun in turn and gave Dave his hand.

"That goes with me," he said gravely. "Yore right, Bruce. I'm purty sure yuh didn't kill old Hooker. I been workin' on a line of my own, and I think I'm on the trail. I'm acceptin' them terms of yores. And in a few minutes I think I'll have some evidence. It's in that cabin. Nope, not Miss Lois. I just trusted up and gagged a hombre who was actin' suspicious, after havin' to kill his horse."

He led the way into the cabin. Trussed and gagged very effectively upon the floor was the Mexican, Pedro, whom Curran had sent back to the Cross-Bar.

"Ain't had time to question him yet," the sheriff explained. "He was sorter stunned when his horse dropped under him. Now we'll see."

He pulled the gag out of the mouth of the helpless man, Pedro, who recognized Dave, glared in

mixed fear and fury at him and at Coggswell.

"Yore jig's up, Pedro," said the sheriff. "Yore goin' to come across and come quick, or yore life ain't worth a nickel. I'd just as soon shoot yuh there as I'd shoot a widewinder. Where's Curran?"

"I do not know, Senor Coggswell," protested the Mexican. "I ride jus' now, back to the range, after lookin' for strays, and you shoot my horse and tie me up."

"Now listen, Pedro, it ain't a bit of use lyin' to me," replied the sheriff, "because I got the goods on yuh. I been doin' some watchin' myself the last few days, and I seen you and Curran prowlin' around these parts lookin' for someone."

"I watched you this mornin' ride out into the hills, and I watched you ride back. When I called yuh, yuh tried to git away. Now I'm putting it up to yuh. Curran ain't at the Cross-Bar. Where is he?"

"I see him last night. I do not know today. Me and him we look for this man." Pedro jerked his head in Dave's direction. "Today I look for strays—"

"I'm puttin' the question in another way," said the sheriff patiently. "Where's Curran got Miss Lois?"

"Senor, I no have see her since that night she ride away with this man from Mescal—"

Coggswell drew the six-gun from his holster and spun the cylinder. He turned to Dave.

"May as well take this feller where we aim to bury him," he said. "No sense in nussin' up this floor. There's a place at the edge of the mesa where the ground's soft."

He picked up the end of the rope that bound the Mexican and began dragging the man toward the door.

"Senor," chattered Pedro, "you cannot murder me. I did not take the girl away."

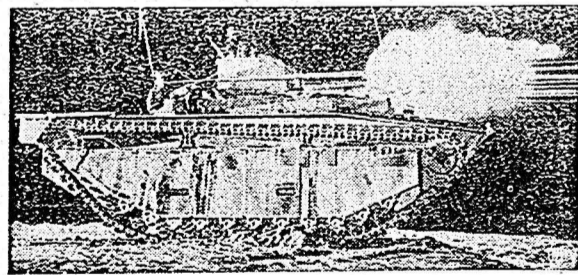
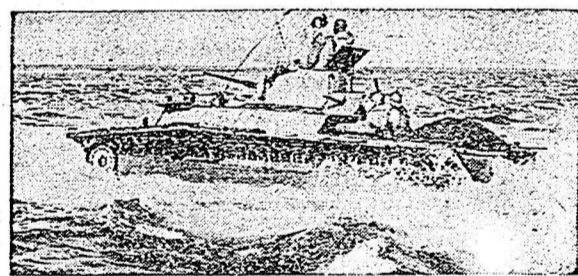
"Yuh've had your chance, Pedro. Come on, Bruce, let's get him over the sill and finish him," he added. The six-gun jerked upward. A scream broke from the Mexican's lips.

"Senor, I tell—don't shoot—I tell," chattered Pedro. "Curran bring the girl this mornin' to the cabin that the gold prospector built many years ago in the blind canyon."

"I know where it is," answered Coggswell. "All right, Pedro, yuh saved yore life. I'm goin' to leave yuh tied up here, for which I reckon yuh'll be grateful to me afterward. I'll get yuh a drink of water."

Coggswell filled a pitcher and held it to Pedro's lips, setting it down beside him when he was through. He turned to Dave. "Reckon we better ride," he said. "I got my four men waitin' down below the mesa, but I don't aim to waste no more time with Miss Lois in the hands of that feller."

DEADLY NEW 'WATER BUFFALO'



Photos above show the Navy's deadly new amphibious tank, the LVT (A)-1 "Water Buffalo," whose improved features include a 37-mm. cannon, two 50-cal. machine guns and a turret "super-structure" to protect the crew. Because of its ability to travel on water, as pictured at top, it is doubly formidable. The center photo shows it splitting the nighttime darkness with a stream of death. At bottom a "Water Buffalo" backstops, with its heavy fire power, marines it brought ashore on Parry Island, Eniwetok Atoll, as they take cover behind sand dune.

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CURTAIN ECRU

Dave only spoke once during the ride. "Sheriff," he said, "you lived in this district quite some time, ain't yuh? Ever hear of a waddy disappearin' mysteriously—? Course he didn't have to be a waddy. May have been a prospector."

He described his discovery of the skeleton in the ravine. "Shot through the back of the head," he said. "Feller had fractured his leg at some time, up near the thigh. It was all healed up rough."

"Yuh found him?" shouted Coggswell, turning round in the saddle. "Well, that clears up considerable more along the lines I was workin'."

"It's all right, judge," called Curran, as Lonergan drew rein suspiciously in the way Ferris had done. "Here's Mr. Ferris, and just me, and we're waitin' to talk things over pleasant-like."

"title," grumbled Lonergan, dismounting and stalking into the shack. He nodded curtly to the ranchman and seated himself upon one of the three stumps, waving away Curran's offer of a drink. Lonergan's manner was still that of a judge, a man condescending to meet those socially beneath him.

"What's that noise in there?" demanded Lonergan suspiciously, as Lois, hearing the voice of the new arrival, made a desperate attempt to free herself.

"Yuh can go in and look if yuh want to, Mr. Lonergan," grinned the foreman. "But that's strictly a private matter."

Lonergan strode to the entrance of the smaller room. He could just make out Lois fastened on the bunk, and her eyes turned imploringly upon his. He hesitated, then swung back angrily.

"What's that mean, Curran?" he demanded.

"Got on Bruce's trail this mornin'," answered Curran. "He made his getaway, but I nabbed the girl. Was waitin' for yuh to examine her, after this other business is settled."

(Continued Next Week)

Super-Super Bomb's Blast Rocks Aircraft

The blast from Britain's "super-super blockbuster"—a 12,000-pound bomb—is so great that it rocks an aircraft several thousand feet in the sky, an R.A.F. pilot related recently. That was his experience after dropping one on the Gnome-Rhone engine works at Limoges, February 8.

"Even at the height of many thousands of feet the blast is sufficient to rock aircraft," he said. "The whole sky is lit up as though you have created a new sun. The blast seems to linger for a while and spread out."

"After I had dropped a 12,000-pounder on the Gnome-Rhone works, I went out to reconnoitre and take photographs. All I can say is that the damage from one of these new bombs looks like a concentrated attack on a number of aircraft with the small type bombs we used in the early days of the war."

When To Dry Hybrid Seed Corn

In view of the fact that practically all hybrid seed corn is dried artificially, the findings on this subject of the Forage Crops Division, Dominion Experimental Farms Service, are important. Further research studies on the effect of artificial drying of seed corn harvested at different stages of maturity have served to confirm previous results which showed that the germination of corn containing 40 per cent or more of moisture is so seriously injured by drying of the ears at 110 degrees F., that it is rendered unsatisfactory for seed use. Similar drying had no effect upon the germination of seed from ears which contained 20 to 30 per cent of moisture.

An appreciable rainfall occurs only once every few years in the Egyptian desert.

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