

Used for Years
THE FAMOUS HOME REMEDY

VENO'S COUGH SYRUP

INVALUABLE FOR
COUGHS—COLDS
BRONCHITIS
SIMPLE SORE THROAT

CHILDREN LOVE VENO'S

DON'T DELAY—BUY A BOTTLE TODAY!

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Easter Dinner

Consomme Melba Toast
Olives Celery Radishes
Roast Leg of Lamb
Currant-Mint Sauce
Mashed Riced Potatoes Carrots
Steamed Ginger Pudding
Coffee

Roast Leg of Lamb
Select leg weighing 4 or 5 lbs, preferably to include some of the loin. Wipe with damp cloth and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Rub well with flour. Rub with a peeled clove or garlic for extra flavor. Place on rack in open pan skin side down and cut side up. Roast in hot oven 29 minutes, (500 degrees F). Reduce heat to 300 F and cook two to two and one-half hours. Do not put water in pan. Basting is usually unnecessary. If fat covering is very thin lay several strips of bacon on top.
To Glaze: baste during last hour with 1/2 cup currant or grape jelly



It's young, it's new, it's a sensation... this willow-slim dream frock that is so easily made, you can whip it up in spare moments. Pattern 4697 has that soft back skirt-fulness the fashion magazines are raving about. Of course the perky cap sleeves are not set in.
Pattern 4697 is available in junior miss sizes 11, 13, 15, and 17; misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, and 20. See pattern for yardages.
Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address, style number.

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Quality counts most—for that rich, satisfying flavour which only a fine quality tea yields, use..

"SALADA" TEA

BLACK DAWN

By VICTOR ROSSEAU

CHAPTER XXIV

There sounded the creak of saddles, the scamper of horses hoofs. Then came Cogswell's sudden challenge out of the dark:

"Sky high, the pair of you! You're covered!"

Panic-stricken, Lonergan twisted this way and that, as he recognized the sheriff's voice. Now, in the faint starlight, he could see two mounted figures looming up out of the scrub close at hand.

"Beat it!" hissed Curran in his ear. "They're on the wrong side of the gully!"

Dave and Cogswell had come up on the other side of the ravine which, at this point near its blind end, was little more than a coulee. It was, however, too wide to set a horse to jump it. Next instant Curran was on his knees and firing at the two mounted figures.

Dave felt a slug thump into his saddlehorn. He emptied his gun at the flashes, and heard a yelp of pain. He saw the other figure racing away, dimly outlined against the sky. Then Curran was following, bending almost double, weaving in and out of the scrub, with his hand clapped to his ear.

"Git Miss Lois, Bruce. I'll handle this pair!" the sheriff shouted, and he raced his horse around the blind end of the gully.

Dave, crumpling fresh cartridges into his gun, saw the two weaving figures attempting to mount two of the group of horses that were clustered together near the cabin entrance. Cogswell was almost upon them, his gun blazing. There came a single shot in return, then the thump and clatter of hoofs, and one of the pair was racing along the trail, leaning flat upon his horse's neck.

This was Curran, making his getaway at top speed, while Cogswell was struggling with Lonergan. Dave raced his stallion to the sheriff's side.

"We'll git the other, Bruce," said Cogswell. "See if Miss Lois is in the cabin!"

Dave required no third invitation. He dashed into the shack. The candles were guttering on the table in the outer room, but the room was empty. But in the smaller room Dave saw a little figure gagged and bound.

"Lois!" His voice went out in a cry of fury. He ran to her side, slit the gag with his jackknife.

"Lois! Lois!" he whispered. "They ain't harmed yuh, honey girl!"

She tried to speak, but could only reach up for Dave's neck. He bent to covered her face with kisses.

"They ain't harmed yuh?"

"No," said Lois in the faintest whisper. "I'm all right, Dave."

Dave swung about as the sheriff entered the cabin with his prisoner. "I got her, sheriff," he called. "They ain't harmed her. Who was the other coyote, Lois?"

"Curran!" Lois' voice was just audible.

"Yeah, Curran," said the sheriff grimly. "I reckernized him. Dunno yet who was shot, but I'll know soon. Yuh best come through Lonergan," he continued. "No use splutterin like a trapped cat. There's too much evidence against

yuh. And I'm stayin' here till yuh talk."

Lonergan glared at his captor, then seemed to wilt. "Cogswell, I'll talk—I'll talk to you," he said. "I'll talk when we're alone. Get me?"

"No difficulty about that," said Lonergan. "Bruce, s'pose yuh take Miss Lois back to her cabin on yore horse. She'll be feelin' better there, and I'll see yuh there before the night's through."

Dave picked the girl up in his arms and carried her to where Black Dawn was standing. He raised her into the saddle and swung up behind her.

"Dave, they shot Mr. Ferris," whispered Lois shuddering. "I heard the shot. They trapped him here."

"Ferris?" Dave cried. He pulled Black Dawn around and rode up to the cabin door. "Sheriff, Lois says it was Ferris that they shot just now."

"Yeah," came the sheriff's grim voice. "Mr. Lonergan's just told me that. I'll be seen' yuh later at the Hooker cabin, Bruce. Keep yore eyes peeled for Pedro."

Dave turned the black and rode off along the gully again. They rode through the canyons and were approaching the thick undergrowth at back of Hooker's cabin. Dave leaned forward.

"We're home, Lois, darling," he whispered. "And it looks as if all our troubles was just about over." And as the words left his mouth, there came the crack-crack-crack of six-guns from a clump of scrub to the left.

Black Dawn leaped convulsively. A bullet whipped Dave's hat around on his head. Another passed between the reins, searing his knuckles. Black Dawn's legs bent under him. The horse was going down.

"We got the coyote!" yelled Curran exultantly out of the scrub.

A second man ran forward, and Dave recognized the Mexican, Pedro. But Dave was already on his feet, and had pulled Lois to the ground. His gun belched answer. Pedro howled as the bullets caught him in the chest and abdomen. Then he flattened out, his scream of death cut short, and dropped almost beneath the staggering stallion.

As he fell, Dave leaped to one side and emptied his gun into the thicket from which the flashes had come. Two wild shots from Curran answered him, then came the audible click of the hammer upon an empty cartridge. Dave was on his feet again and rushing forward. With a vile curse, Curran wheeled his horse and raced through the scrub toward the Hooker cabin.

Dave was no more than twenty yards behind him when Curran reached the open, and he had already jammed fresh cartridges into his cylinder. He saw Curran working frantically with his gun, while his horse, frightened by the sound of the discharges, reared wildly, almost unseating him.

Yelling obscenely, Curran spurred his horse and dashed across the mesa, and a moment later Dave could hear him forcing his mount down the steep side.

He sent a last shot after him and

FIRE RAINS ON GERMANY



The remarkable photo above, taken from a U. S. plane raiding great German naval base at Kiel, shows two 500-pound incendiary cluster bombs falling toward the target. One (arrow) has already broken open, scattering small incendiaries like matchsticks. Other bomb, lower right, broke shortly after photo was snapped.

For NEW PEP AND ENERGY

CONTAINS VITAMINS AND ESSENTIAL MINERALS

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

ran back to Lois. She was standing beside Black Dawn, who was on his feet again.

"Lois, yuh ain't hit?" Dave shouted.

"No, no! Did he hit you, Dave?"

"Nary nick. But he hit Black Dawn!" Dave cried.

He had heard the bullet thud into the stallion's body. Dave ran his hand along the flank, and felt the blood dripping from the shoulder. With his fingers he traced the course of the wound. It ranged upward. Suddenly he felt the bullet just beneath the skin. It had been deflected by the shoulder bone, and seemed to have inflicted only a slight, glancing wound.

Dave leaped into the saddle and gripped the horse with his knees. Black Dawn responded with his usual gait, though he was quivering from head to foot. It was clear that neither bone nor sinew had been seriously injured.

(Continued Next Week)

Briton Commends Canadian Farmer

Ex-Minister of Agriculture Says Britain Could Learn Much From Our Farmers

Lord De La Warr, former leader of the House of Lords and ex-minister of agriculture who has just returned to England from Canada, told the guild of agricultural journalists that British farmers could learn a great deal from Canadian farmers.

The Canadian people as well as the British people, he said, do not realize how great a contribution the Canadian farmer has made in the war.

"Canadian farms have lost more than 400,000 men but production has increased 45 per cent. It speaks eloquently for the immensity of the war effort of the individual farmer, his wife and his family."

Discussing farming on the prairies he said: "Farmers are tackling difficult problems of deterioration of the land, with vision and courage, through changing methods of agriculture, irrigation and the introduction of mixed farming."

He had high praise for Canadian stock breeders. "The, are working on principles of breeding we haven't

UNIFORMLY CHIC



Here's the uniform for the new United States Cadet Nurse Corps. Outfit includes gray wool suit and top coat, with regimental red epaulets, silver buttons and the insignia of the U. S. Public Health Service, topped by jaunty beret.

begun here. I was amazed at the high standard of their stock."

In England, he said, breeds of stock are allowed to mix indiscriminately. "We can't build a prosperous British agriculture on scrub stock." In Canada stock breeders even on small farms employ butterfat tests, fine breeding and calf-hood vaccination and artificial insemination.

"Unless we are going to allow ourselves to fall badly behind we shall have to wake up very considerably. We have to make a drastic attack on the problem of breeding better cattle and tackling disease."

Control Of Cancer Shown In Films

Following the trend toward visual education the Ontario Branch of the Canadian Society for the Control of Cancer is purchasing moving picture films dealing with the control and early treatment of cancer which will be available upon application to the Society, at 24 Bloor Street, East, Toronto, to organizations, clubs, churches, or any other interested group throughout the Province of Ontario.

The latest available statistics on cancer deaths in Canada quote over 13,000 deaths a year from this disease throughout the Dominion. This number is topped only by heart diseases in the death dealing afflictions of the human race. Approximately 5,000 of the 13,000 deaths from cancer occur in Ontario. The Canadian Society for the Control of Cancer hopes to reduce this high death rate through the use of the new films, lectures, talks and continued educational material sent out to the public emphasizing that early cancer can be cured.

A game similar to checkers was played by the Egyptians as early as 1600 B.C.

STEADY NERVES ARE A BIG HELP TO GOOD LOOKS!



How in the world can a woman have charm and poise if she feels "all wound up" with nervous tension? On the other hand... calm, strong nerves actually give a woman poise and quiet nerves take the hard, tense look from her facial muscles. If nerves bother, treat them with rest, wholesome food, fewer activities, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. In the meantime take a nerve sedative... Dr. Miles' Nervine. Nervine has helped scores of women who suffered from overtaxed nerves. Take Nervine according to directions to help relieve general nervousness, sleeplessness, nervous fears and nervous headache. Effervescent Nervine Tablets are 35c and 75c. Nervine Liquid: 25c and \$1.00.

Improve Your Health by Correcting Sluggish KIDNEYS

This Way is Swift, Economical

Few conditions can wreck your health faster than disordered kidneys and inflamed bladder. Your back aches miserably. You have restless nights. You suffer leg cramps and rheumatic pains. When these things happen your kidneys need help in filtering out acids and poisonous wastes that are undermining your health.

Give them this help—quickly—with GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. GOLD MEDAL Capsules contain accurately measured amounts of the original and genuine Haarlem Oil (Dutch Drops). You will be gratefully surprised at the way they relieve clogged kidneys and irritated bladder. Go to your druggist now and get a 40c box. Be sure you ask for GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules.

MACDONALD'S BRIER

Canada's Standard Smoke