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LED PARATROOPERS



Lieut. S. W. McGowan, Winnipeg, Man., the first Canadian Paratroop assault infantry officer to drop down through the roof of France near Caen, leading the way for the now famous 8th Airborne Division in opening the Allied invasion of Europe.

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark

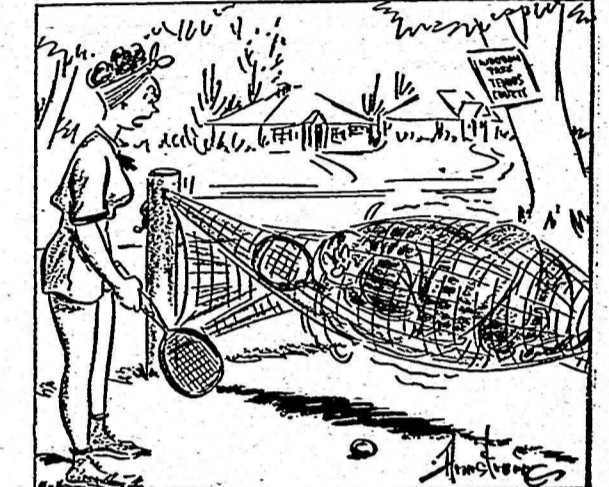


"Just look! And I told that camp counselor not to let you get a single freckle on your nose this summer!"

FAMILY LIKENESS



THE SPORTING THING
By LANG ARMSTRONG



"I told you not to play so close to the net!"

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

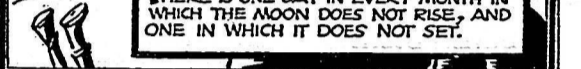
By Fred Neher



"Look at your father reading that 1940 auto catalogue he found when he searched the attic for scrap... You'd think it was the latest best seller."

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THERE IS ONE DAY IN EVERY MONTH IN WHICH THE MOON DOES NOT RISE, AND ONE IN WHICH IT DOES NOT SET.

QUESTING ODDS



NEXT: Twenty-five thousand miles an hour, and no tires needed!

FUNNY BUSINESS



Today's INFANTRY

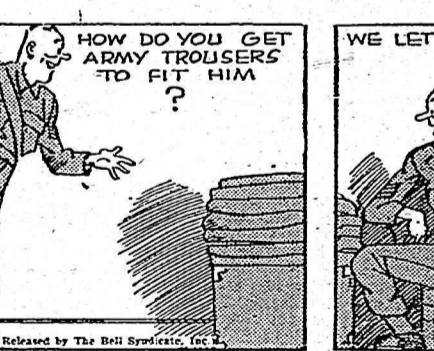
versatile...fast moving!



PIAT GUN

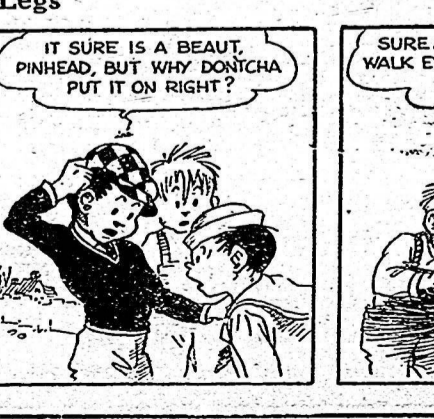
Newest addition to the Canadian infantryman's arsenal is the Piat anti-tank weapon, the unorthodox but simple bomb-thrower that makes the lone soldier more than a match for the heavily armored tanks being thrown against him by the enemy in Italy. Called for official purposes a "projector, infantry and anti-tank," and deriving its name from the first letters of those four words, the Piat throws a bomb that explodes on impact and will penetrate four inches of the finest armor-plate. It spells death to tank crews and concrete pillboxes are no defence against its powerful blast; also it may be readily used as a mortar and in a house-breaking role. The Piat weighs only 34 pounds and can be handled easily by one man. Canadian soldiers overseas are already well trained in its use, while here in Canada most of the infantry training centres have courses on the Piat in full swing.

POP—Now They Fit to a "T"



By J. MILLAR WATT

REG'LAR FELLERS—His Sea Legs



By GENE BYRNES

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MURDER ON THE BOARDWALK
BY ELINORE COWAN STONE

Last Week: Newspapers brand Christine "Mystery Girl" of the Talbert murder. At her room she finds a check of \$1000 bonds hidden in her suitcase. She tries to tell Bill. He cuts her off with, "Bill Yardley's shoes fit the prints found by the police."

CHAPTER XI
"Oh, Bill—no!" Christine cried miserably. "And then some." His voice was a little grim. "But at any rate, I'm still in circulation. And I've got a little sleuthing of my own to do while I am. I'll be sewed up tight till noon; but how about meeting me for lunch about 12:30 at the same place where we ate last night?"

Christine said, "I'll be there, Bill" and hung up, trembling a good deal. But Inspector Parsons, she remembered after a moment, did not arrest people for murder until he was sure they would stay arrested... And she had business with Inspector Parsons herself, as soon as she could find him.

"You have called to tell me that it was Chandra's dagger you found so opportunely last night... A little late, isn't it?" After a startled breath, Christine asked, "How do you know that it is his?"

"Practically every one in Surf City has seen that dagger. You drew his picture yesterday. Artists don't miss picturesque details like that... I wonder if you would be interested if I told you that two hours after that merger between Amalgamated and National went through yesterday, this Chandra sold a piece of land he's been paying ruinous taxes on for years to the reorganized company, for a new plant they're planning."

"Then you've arrested him?" "Not yet... That dagger was a little too obviously a planted clue." Christine thought in sudden panic. Can he imagine that I put it there?

"It didn't occur to you, I suppose," she said, "that a shrewd man as he might have planted it himself—guessing that the police would reason that way?" "It did," the inspector told her wearily, "even after our medical officer told us that Mrs. Talbert was not stabbed in that booth at all, but was brought there after the murder."

"Oh!" Christine said blankly. Then she rushed on in her eagerness to get on with her own errand. "But what I really came to tell you is that, when I did examine my things, I found these hidden away among them."

She pushed the envelope across his desk. He opened it, rifled through the contents; then looked up, a frown between his brows. "And," Christine finished hastily, "I haven't any idea who put them there or whose they are, if that's what you're going to ask." He glanced from her to the papers and back again with such cool, mirthless amusement that Christine thought in sudden panic. He's found something I missed. I should have looked more carefully.

"You mean," the inspector demanded, "that you don't know that these bonds were the property of your cousin?"

It's Victory Canning Time Again!



There's one rule about canning that you'd best remember when you put up those jars of fruits and vegetables: "Two hours from garden to kettle." That means using only foods at the peak of condition, for you get out of your can only what you put into it.

If vegetables turn brown in their jars and look unattractive as compared with the fresh produce, it's probably because of overprocessing (overcooking) or lack of fresh vegetables when you started canning. When you overcook those bright red berries, they can't possibly be fresh looking or taste like a reasonable facsimile of the original product. Follow directions and cook just long enough, and the result will be well worth the effort.

Ripe Sour Cherry and Currant
4 1/2 cups juice
7 cups sugar
3/4 bottle fruit pectin
To prepare juice stem, but do not pit, and crush about 1 1/2 quarts fully ripe cherries. Combine fruit; add 3/4 cup water, bring to a boil, cover and simmer 10 minutes. Place fruit in jelly bag and squeeze out juice. Measure sugar and juice into a large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over the hottest fire and at once add

After a moment's blank consternation, Christine shook her head wordlessly. "Well, now that I have told you, does it suggest anything to you that you had not thought of before?" "But," Christine hazarded, "if someone killed her for those, why wouldn't he keep them?" "There are other reasons for murder besides robbery," Miss Thoreson supposed. Mrs. Talbert was not killed for the bonds after all, but from any one of a number of other motives... In such a case, mightn't the guilty person forget the smart thing to do was to make it seem as if she had been robbed by someone else—especially someone who might be thought to have a motive for the murder... You, for instance, Miss Thoreson—with a fortune at stake if that will be authentic."

When she only stared at him without speaking, he went on, "Or supposing the bonds do explain Mrs. Talbert's death, perhaps the murderer thought, after the first shouting was over, he could get them from you as easily as he left them with you... Perhaps," he added softly, "it was even someone who counted on your keeping them safely for him."

"You—you can't believe that, Inspector Parsons?" "Frankly, I don't know what I believe except that finding these has completely changed the complexion of this whole business. I have been supposing that your cousin's death was tied up with her opposition to the Amalgamated-National merger. Now it begins to look as if it had only been very neatly timed to look that way—or planned to suggest anything

When she began to think he would never go on, he asked, "Do you know anyone else who has one?" "No," Christine said wordlessly again. Then she thought, but of course—Jaspar.

The inspector shrugged and dejectedly with his disconcerting shifts of subject, "Was your cousin's vision particularly poor?" "I don't know... Of course she wore glasses."

"Do you know who her optician was?" "I don't, but Jaspar would, of course. He knows more about her affairs than anyone else."

"Jaspar?" He glanced at some notes on his desk. "Oh, yes. That's the name of Mrs. Talbert's butler."

The Quality Tea "SALADA" TEA

We haven't been able to get in touch with him yet." "Oh, yes, you have," Christine drew a deep breath. Now she was in for it. (Continued Next Week)

JENSEN YELLOWKNIFE GOLD MINES LIMITED
A low priced Yellowknife speculation of outstanding merit
MARKET 28¢ PER SHARE

\$54.00 ASSAYS ALREADY TAKEN!

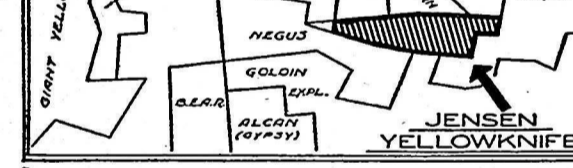
Editorially, The Northern Miner said this of the Yellowknife outlook: "He would be a very heedless man who would lightly cast away his equities in this potent field—History may be repeating itself and history doesn't repeat very often in a lifetime."

Why this Great Excitement in Yellowknife?
Because Yellowknife looks like it will become the richest Gold Camp in Canada—reminiscent of the old Yukon Gold Rush days!

What is the Recent Market Record of Yellowknife Shares?

Giant Y.W.	was 40¢ in Jan'y.	Now \$8.10
Negus	was 5¢ in Jan'y.	Now 1.62
Bryhern Y.K.	was 7¢ in Jan'y.	Now 1.00
B.E.A.R. Y.K.	was 38¢ in Jan'y.	Now 1.79
Kamlac	was 15¢ in Jan'y.	Now 1.50
Jensen	was 15¢ in June	Now .28

Where is Jensen Yellowknife Located?
See Map below—Note relationship to Negus, Bryhern, Giant Yellowknife, B.E.A.R., and Kamlac.



Who is Buying Jensen?
New Financial interests—From Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, Montreal, have recently come into "Jensen."

Who are the Officers?
President—E. A. R. NEWSON
Vice-President—ROSS H. FAWCETT
Director—EARL S. MURPHY, Ph.M.B.

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