Delicious

"SALADA"

TEA BAGS

Convenient

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XVII. Victoria Bigelow calls on McCale at his office in the middle of the night. She asks him to obtain some letters from Vallaincourt's apartment.

Chapter XVII

She seemed suddenly drained of vitality. There was a thwarted look on her face. "So that's that."

"Just that, I'm afraid. However, I think you'll hear from your letters."

He followed her to the door, watching her down the stairs. At the turn, she looked back at him. She stopped, waiting a moment until he became aware that she needed to explode a farewell bombshell.

"If they don't turn up, Sherlock, I'll go to Shari Lynn for them, what?" She laughed insolently as she continued down.

McCale shook his head in utter weariness as he went back in. He was sure the interview had been a fiasco. At least his share of it. Things were piling up too quickly, too fast, one conclusion contradicting another.

The telephone was ringing insistently. McCale rolled over, opened one eye, swore, and finally grabbed the extra pillow, bundling it under his head. He fumbled with the light, snapped it on, lifted the telephone off its cradle.

"McCale speaking," he growled.

"Rocky, boss."

"Where are you?"

"Corner of Spinwall, opposite the Vallaincourt den. Didn't you tell me to keep a lookout?"

"Oh, yeah. All quiet?"

"All quiet now. Listen, boss, long about five this morning—"

"All right. What happened at five o'clock?"

Steep still hugged him tightly and there was an unreasonable bond in his voice.

"Okay, okay. Around five, a girl showed up with a key to the Vallaincourt apartment."

"What did she look like?"

"Just my type, boss. Sort of dark and sophisticated, you know. Big eyes. A gorgeous damsel. she was trailing Persian lambs in the gutter. Very snazzy."

"Come in a cab?"

"Yeah. She left at the corner."

"Did you get the cabby?"

"Nah. I followed the girl."

McCale stifled a chuckle. "Well?"

"I cornered her in the apartment. She turned tough, but I only got a scratch here and there.

"Who was it?"

"Hold on to your hat, now. It was Victoria Bigelow."

"Victoria Bigelow?" Surprise jerked him wide awake.

"Uh uh. She was after some letters of hers, she said."

"Well, well." Victoria had certainly had a busy night, he thought.

"The place was clean, like you said. No secret panels, either. I —that is—I finally helped her hunt for them."

"Go home and grab yourself some grub and shuteye," said McCale. "Get here about one o'clock. I'm going to be busy this morning."

"Right. Signing off."

The line went dead. McCale sat there, forgetting the telephone in his hand. His eyes were bright and exasperating as his mind labored in a disturbing whirl of the unexpected.

At eight forty-five he called Ann Marriott on the telephone.

To her cool "hello", he said, "Good morning. This is your boss."

"Oh, good morning, dar—boss. Anything important? I'm on my way in about five minutes."

"No hurry. In fact, this is just to say you might shop for an hour if you want to and then do an errand for me. At eleven you might be around Broadmore."

"Broadmore?"

"Yes. The Baysreuth, to be exact. I want you to drop in on Shari Lynn. Suite 802."

". . . And pray what shall I use as an excuse for dropping in, as you say? Don't tell me you're sending me along to smooth the way for you—a most subtle approach, so to speak?"

"No—and that's comedy enough for now, my girl." He grew serious. "I saw her myself late last night, for that matter. I'd like a line on how she is this morning. You know—sad, gay, expectant? Ask her for her autograph. Anything to get in. Talk about Vallaincourt if you can without being thrown out."

"That all?"

"Yes. Just a check-up to satisfy a point that's been nagging me. She's fairly transparent. It ought to be easy."

"Oh, yes, indeed. It sounds, too, too easy. All right. I'll do my best. See you when?"

"About noon. Here. 'Bye, sweet." He knew that to solve this problem, he had first to break down the buttress of tradition that surrounded the Bigelows. He knew he was up against something that even the overestimated awe, or if you will, majesty, of the law could not upend.

On impulse he dialed police headquarters and asked for Donlevy. After a slight delay, the curt, incisive voice of the lieutenant came through.

"Donlevy here."

"McCale, lieutenant."

"Oh—sure. Not out yet hunting the foul criminal?"

"On the way. I'd like to know what the Bigelow women were wearing when they they came in yesterday outside the green thingumbig Veronica sported."

"Of course. Didn't I mention that?"

"No."

"Well, here it is. Victoria, an oiled-silk affair, yellow; Karen, a black velvet suit, black caracul; Sybil, a light brown raincoat. That help?"

"Uh uh. It was Sybil, then, who walked away into the fog."

"You think so? She claims to have been at the drugstore."

"Not for my money."

"I kind of think not. That family! It's almost impossible to get them to admit anything. They're all protecting one another. What? I've had a devil of a time and got nothing to far."

"You'll get less, very likely, now they've had a chance to compare notes."

There was a pause. Then Donlevy said, almost cheerfully, "I guess Veronica's our girl."

"You really think so?"

"The Lynn woman's evidence will put the finish on it."

"Oh." McCale pondered over that for a moment, then decided to add, "I'd keep a sharp watch on the Lynn woman."

"Why?" Donlevy's interest was immediate.

"I would. That's all."

"Now, Duke, you must have a reason. Why be mysterious?"

"I'll drop in to see you later in the day. Okay?"

"By all means."

The body had been removed to the morgue and laboratory for fuller examination. Lieutenant Donlevy and his squad had finished with the preliminaries. The hungry press had been thrown a bone to nibble on. Men had been sent to Vallaincourt's apartment to look over papers and belongings for a possible clue.

Then, at nine this morning, a plainclothes man had interrupted breakfast with an urgent request for Veronica. He was politely insistent that she must come at once to the office of Lieutenant Donlevy for further questioning. She was not to be alarmed. It was a matter of routine. But—

To Be Continued

16 Bells—All's Well

The only time during the year when more than eight bells are sounded on shipboard is at midnight New Year's Eve, when 16 bells are sounded.

Sunday School Lesson

Struggle For Social Justice

Amos 5:6-15, 21-24.

Golden Text.—Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live.—Amos 5:14.

Nowhere, perhaps, in all the history of nations, are there to be found more indefatigable regulations for the prevention of social injustice than among the Jews in their ancient homeland.

One recalls the Cities of Refuge, the land laws, the provisions for the protection of debtors, the Year of Jubilee and other regulations all designed to safeguard human rights and welfare.

Yet, in spite of all this, injustice and oppression were prevalent. Then, as now, there were grafters and exploiters.

* * *

Imagine some thoughtful, intelligent, hard-working farmer who understands the conditions upon which our life and welfare depend coming into one of our modern cities. He would enjoy the ease and luxury of those making no real contribution to society, not to mention the evil and corruption that are so flagrant. Then you can understand something of what the Prophet Amos was to his times in ancient Israel.

Amos was a herdsman, accustomed to clean living. He was roused to indignation by what he saw . . . "the dust of the earth on the head of the poor . . . the righteous sold for a pair of shoes."

He saw the gross immorality of fathers and sons, the turning of judgment to wormwood, and the abandonment of righteousness. He saw the very acts and rites of religion perverted.

* * *

Amos represents God as saying, "I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies." But he calls for repentance: "Let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream."

Don't we need that call today? The association of righteousness with peace is not accidental. It reminds us of the only true foundation upon which peace can be built, whether it be domestic peace, industrial peace or international peace.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I stop a leak in a pipe until a plumber's services can be secured?

A. Mix whiting and yellow soap into a thick paste, with a little water. Apply to the leak and it will stop at once.

Q. How can I keep light-colored decorative candles from soiling so quickly?

A. By giving them a coat of clear shellac before using them. Wipe them with a clean damp cloth when they do get soiled.

Q. How can 'freshen stale cake?

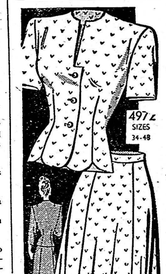
A. By dipping in cold milk, then reheating in the oven.

Q. What is a substitute for baking powder?

A. In an emergency 2 tablespoonfuls of cream of tartar and 1 scant teaspoon of baking soda are equal to 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Q. How can I remove a stubborn glass cork from a bottle?

A. By wrapping a hot cloth around the neck of the bottle.



You'll feel slim as a willow in Pattern 4972, and how you'll gather compliments! Best of all, that slim scalloped jacket, that easy skirt add up to very simple sewing, too!

Pattern 4972 comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48. Size 36 takes 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

ALL ONTARIO AIDS FLOOD RELIEF DRIVE

Today, under the auspices of the Provincial government, every Ontario community is collecting food and clothing for the Ontario Community Flood Relief Campaign, whose chairman is the Hon. Russell British Flood Relief Campaign, whose chairman is the Hon. Russell T. Kelley, Ontario minister of health. Shipments will shortly proceed overseas to aid people in areas such as Maidenhead, Berkshire (above) where a policeman is seen aiding a woman who got into deep water. The Ontario campaign continues until May 15 under the executive directorship of Christie A. McDonald. Headquarters are in the Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

You Must Decide Your Own Future

DEAR ANNE HIRST: Shall I remarry my first husband, or an older man who loves me now? At 17 I ran away and got married to a boy the same age, and both our parents demanded it be annulled. If e went off to school, I had a child and stayed home to care for her. Now I am 28, and engaged to this man a dozen years older. I admire him, and he can give me and my little girl everything. She loves him as though he were her own father. But recently I met my first husband. Not knowing I was engaged, he came the next day, and, he wants us to marry again! I know now that is what I want, too. My little girl, however cried when I told her and said she would never stay with him. (She doesn't know he is her real father). My fiance is away so I haven't talked with him. Do you think my child will learn to love her father? (He can't provide for us as well). Or shall I go ahead and marry my fiance?

—*Kitty.*

● **WAIT**

You are indeed in a dilemma. Until you saw your first husband again, you felt you could be a good wife to this other man even though you did not love him. But now you realize where your heart really belongs —and you know that worrying him would not be fair. I'm afraid you would find it impossible to be a loyal wife, with your nature calling out to this first love you knew. And you wouldn't want to marry any man merely to give your child a home.

I'm sorry you sprung the idea of marrying your first husband so suddenly on this child of yours. He is a stranger to her. She had already accepted the older man as her stepfather, and naturally she resents anyone else. Had she met her real father merely as a friend of yours, she might have grown fond of him. That can happen, even yet. . . .

If you have made up your mind you can marry no one but your first husband, tell your fiance. He knows his self enough to understand, I should advise you to postpone marriage from her mind, and let him win her friendship and her trust. Once the older man is out of the picture, she may transfer her affections. Children do, you know.

Only you can decide your own future. No one else has the right to influence you. Take your time—and all my good wishes.

* * *

DEAR ANNE HIRST: I read your column every week, and I need your advice. My husband goes out every night—where, I don't know. I have heard rumors, but refuse to believe them. He treats me nicely, is very courteous—but he never stays home! It gets lonely. I visit my neighbors, but they gossip, and I don't like people like that. Could you tell me what to do?

—*Woeful.*

● **WIN HIM BACK**

I wish, indeed, that I could! But you don't tell me how long this has been going on, or whether you and your husband have much in common. I wish you had written me when he first started spending his evenings away from you.

Why don't you recall what things you enjoyed together before you married, and try to recapture that communion you had? If he likes sports, tell him you'd love to go along, if it is the men friends he enjoys, ask him to bring them home and you'll make them welcome. There must be mutual friends you both used to like—invite them over, and tell him they're coming. You must try to rebuild the life you had together when you first married, when you wanted to be together more than anything in the world.

If you'd like to write me in more detail, I'll be glad to reconsider your situation. As your letter reads, these are the only suggestions I can make at the moment.

Anne Hirst helps you choose the wise course to follow. If you want her opinion, write her Box "A", 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

A COSY HOME is cosier still when you serve Maxwell House Coffee. So delicious it satisfies completely. Expert blending assures you coffee that's famous for smooth, mellow flavor.

C.N.E. BULLETIN

Best Kitchen Plan Takes $100 Prize

They say a woman spends more time in her kitchen than in any other room in the house. If that's the case, then all planned kitchen can solve many a homemaker's difficulty.

Did you ever stop to figure out how you could save steps in your kitchen, how you could accomplish more with less effort by moving the kitchen furniture, by altering the fixtures? Put down the plan of your present kitchen and then draft one containing your own ideas for improvements. The Canadian National Exhibition is offering $100 in prize money for the best remodelled kitchen plans sent in.

Kate Aitken, Director of Women's Activities, makes it clear that every contestant must be a bona fide homemaker, Architect drawings or professional layouts will not be considered by the judges.

Two plans must be sent—one of the old kitchen, showing its size, openings and working difficulties. The second plan would show the kitchen as it could be re-modelled, done to scale, with a list of the changes and their approximate cost.

Kitchen plans must be received by July 25, according to Mrs. Aitken. They will be judged by competent judges and the prize winning kitchen will be set up in the Coliseum. Entry forms are now available by writing direct to: Women's Section, Canadian National Exhibition Grounds, Toronto.

Meet Jonathan

Jonathan, a 200-year-old tortoise which was on St. Helena when Napoleon passed on there in exile in 1821, had his photograph taken by the Royal Family when they made their journey home from South Africa by visiting the island.

The Queen fed Jonathan a banana.

Churchill, the Artist

Winston Churchill went to the head of the art class recently—two of his paintings were selected for exhibition in the Royal Academy.

The former Prime Minister has been painting for years but this is the first time his work has been selected for Britain's foremost gallery.

Rheumatic Pains?

The moment you feel the first twinge of rheumatic pain—start taking Kruschen. Thousands of people who have suffered from rheumatic pains have written to tell us how Kruschen has helped them. Let the Salts in Kruschen help you! By taking Kruschen regularly each morning, the system is benefitted by the mineral salts in this fine old remedy. The organs of elimination are helped to act normally and that leads to an improvement in health and easement of rheumatic pains. So try the Kruschen treatment, according to directions on each bottle for the next few weeks. At all Druggists 60c and 75c.

KRUSCHEN

Helps to keep you smiling!

PARKER HOUSE *Rolls*

Better Bake Plenty

Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 tsp. sugar to 1 c. lukewarm water. Stir; let stand 10 min. Scald 1 c. milk, add 5 tbs. sugar; add 2 tsp. salt, cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture. Add 3 c. sifted flour, beat until perfectly smooth. Add 4 ths. melted shortening and 3 c. more sifted flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Knead well. Place in greased bowl. Cover; let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours. Punch dough down in bowl; let rise again in warm place until nearly doubled in bulk, about 40 min. When light, roll out ½" thick. Brush over lightly with melted shortening. Cut with 2" biscuit cutter, crease through center nearly with dull edge of knife, fold over in pocketbook shape. Place on well-greased shallow pans 1" apart. Cover; let rise until light, about 1 hour. Bake in 400°F. oven about 15 minutes.

Goodbye to Kitchen Drudgery With the New

NORGE GAS RANGE

Famous Spiro-speed burner — oven heat control — automatic burner lighter — perfect broiling —safety oven lighter, and many other amazing features.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

$159.95

BUDGET TERMS

Mayfair Radio Co.

1384 St. Clair W. (at Lansdowne) Toronto — KE. 9049-9400 — Open Evenings — City-wide Delivery

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

What women will do! Yesterday I was talking with a little old lady over 80 who said that her daughters often wished she would get a permanent wave. "But I don't think I could sit that long," she said.

"And why would you?" I asked. "Anyone with soft, wavy hair like yours doesn't need a permanent."

"Oh, but I put it up in curlers every night," she said, and laughed at my surprise. Imagine—eighty-odd—and all that patience! But then the little old lady told me a better one. She said a friend of hers still wears her hair in ringlets and puts it up herself every night, and makes it into curls every day. And that little old lady is 93!

* * *

The foregoing was written Saturday. This morning—Monday morning—I didn't spend much time thinking of little old ladies either with or without curls. But the thought did cross my mind that I could write a pretty good story on "What does a Farmwife do that a City wife doesn't have to"—if you get what I mean. Yes, and I really think today would supply a pretty good answer to that question.

First I should tell you that son Bob is away for the week-end. There didn't seem any reason why he shouldn't go—the weather being what it is made getting on the land impossible. And of course a farmer must always be his holidays in bad weather. No basking in the sun for him—sunny days are workdays. So Farmer and I and the chores were here to ourselves. Sunday was uneventful — and of course—wet.

* * *

Monday morning was even better, so we did not get in any particular rush. Of course we knew that even it we only attended to our chores, they alone would provide us with enough work for most of the day. But on a farm you never can tell . . . five minutes after he had gone to the barn Farmer was back again. "Call the vet.," he said to me. "that red heifer is having trouble. Put some water on to boil and then you had better come to the barn."

So I called the vet.—and I anticipated I got him at home. However, as I went to the barn with the hot water he was coming up the lane. Naturally I thought my services could now be dispensed with. But no—the vet. took one look at the heifer and called to me —"Don't go away, Mrs. Clarke, it will take three of us for this job."

* * *

So that was that—and there was nothing for it but to forget my natural squeamishness at what might be required of me. At long last the heifer was delivered of a calf—but the calf was dead. It was too bad, but it couldn't be helped. It was just one of those things—an abnormal birth — which will happen occasionally in the best of well regulated barnyard families. But it threw the whole day off schedule. We were late with the milk, late with the chores, late with breakfast—and certainly slopping around in the mud didn't help things at all. But the other calves were not worrying. We have several that are being raised for veal. They are taken back to their mothers twice a day for a meal but the rest of the time they are kept tied up. Leading them back and forth is remarkably good exercise, I can assure you. The antics of those calves is something to marvel at. How anything so young can be so strong! This morning Partner was taking one back to its pen while I took another—or rather it took me. Presently I heard Partner say—"Darn you—can't you step anywhere but on my feet!"

* * *

Later in the morning the trucker arrived to take one of the little acrobats off to market. I watched it go and regretted that anything so full of life must be sacrificed before veal steak can be fed to hungry people or money handed over to provide us with the wherewith-all to purchase the necessities of life.

Of course in between trips to the barn I was attending to my chicks. They should be running out but the weather forbids. Since they cannot get to the grass the best I can do is cut grass and take it to them. And do they love it. Which reminds me—I have yet to make a trip to town to get more feed for my biddies. Three-ninety for a bag of feed and it lasts five days. Pretty soon it will take two bags a week to feed them. There isn't much change from the weekly egg cheque when one has chicken feed to buy.

By the way—and in connection with the weather—the Globe and Mail must be developing a sense of humour. This morning, up in the corner where it gives the weather probs. it said—"Wash Day —wet and cold."

The centuries old implement of harvest, a sickle still cuts much of the wheat grown in Central China.

CANADIAN STYLE

Printed prettiness for the lady-in-waiting! Penny Mason designs a lovely flattering dress for the young mother-to-be.

One-Pieces Look Like Two-Piecers

One-piece dresses with a two-piece look intrigue the juniors. This is illustrated in a black jersey skirt with a yellow rayline top. Mushroom sleeves and deep cuffs give it a new look. One designer for young girls predicts: "Next year there will be a wider choice of ways to look than there has been for many years. It will be up to you to decide how you want to appear. There will be no dictates." Well, so far, so good.

BY THE AGE-OLD METHOD

TABLE TALKS

Rhubarb Time

Five canning coupons will become valid in May, some of which will take care of the first fruit, rhubarb. Although rhubarb is often canned without sugar, the home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, say that a little sugar gives better results, in colour and flavour, than none.

They recommend using a medium syrup, that is a syrup made with 1 cup sugar to 1 cup water. The rhubarb should be thoroughly washed, then cut in 1-inch pieces. The cold pack method s preferred for rhubarb. Pack the jars, cover with boiling syrup leaving a headspace of half an inch. Process in the boiling water bath pint sealers 10 minutes, quart sealers 15 minutes. If an oven with automatic heat control is used, pints are processed 20 minutes and quarts 25 minutes.

After numerous experiments the Consumer Section has found that the use of tin cans for rhubarb is not as satisfactory as sealers, and that only enamel tins should be used.

Rhubarb Conserve

16 cups rhubarb (4 lbs.)
cut in ½" pieces
3 cups raisins
7 cups sugar
Juice of 2 oranges
Rind of 2 oranges, thinly sliced
1 cup walnuts.

Combine rhubarb, raisins, sugar, orange rind and juice. Let stand ½ hour. Bring to boil and boil, uncovered, 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Add walnuts, coarsely chopped, and boil to jam stage—about 5 minutes. Pour into hot, sterilized jars. Cool and seal. Yield: about 12 cups.

Rhubarb Cream

4 cups diced raw rhubarb
2 tablespoons flour
¾ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar

Mix diced rhubarb, flour, salt and ½ cup sugar. Let stand one hour then cook over hot water for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Beat egg yolk until light. Pour rhubarb sauce over egg yolk, stirring meanwhile, then return to double boiler. Cook 3 minutes. Fold in meringue made with stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons sugar. Pour into sherbet glasses. Chill. Six servings.

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURRAR

I hurried into the newspaper office and knocked gently on the editor's door. Ye editor looked up as I entered and a scowl took the place of the smile usually seen on his very pleasant face.

"Well, where have you been?" he demanded, "press time and you as late as usual."

"Here's my column," I replied, "just finished it a few minutes ago."

The editor reached for it. "What have you got this week? Let's see now. It says here": Well, the middle of May is here, and the warm weather is welcome. Teeners are getting committees drawn up for the graduation dances, and everyone is in there pitching. Final exams are being crowded for time and the young uns are going around these days with a somewhat perplexed and worried look, as if they wonder what some of the stuff in those books is all about. We have noticed one young fellow, several mornings of late, sitting beside the bus stop, with a book on his knees trying to catch up at the last minute.

* * *

While we are near the subject of graduation dances, we might mention that several of the high schools now have their own live bands and have no further worries about who is to supply the music. One of those towns that boasts its own band is Brockville. Bruce Kerr and his seven solid senders are making a name for themselves, not only in Brockville, but in many of the towns in the eastern section. Another eastern outfit made up of teen-agers is Murray Harris and company who are constantly in demand wherever teeners are dancing.

Up north at Owen Sound a group of young fellows, with a girl bass fiddle and girl pianist under the direction of Lewis MacDonald, are getting around plenty. This band is strictly on the side of "sweet music" and the leader says that sweet music is much in demand up there. Not to be outdone by the smaller centres throughout the province, Toronto has an up-and-coming band under the leadership of a volley fellow named Don Hackett of Western Tech. Don organized this band last July and since that time they have been very busy filling engagements in and around the city.

* * *

"Well, that's interesting news for young people," said the editor. "Now what's this stuff here?"

Many of the gals who have taken a fancy to the jewel-specked sun glasses will be unhappy to know that sun glasses should not be worn at all, unless an eye specialist has specially advised them. Indiscriminate use of sun glasses tends to lower the tolerance of the eyes for light. The trouble is—and we quote this from the Department of National Health, Ottawa—"Sunglasses should not change the hues of natural colours." Too bad, and sometimes we think we are going Hollywood with those fancy cheaters.

* * *

Changing the subject again, we have been told that the new picture the "Egg and I" is chuck full of laughs. Well, it must be very different from the book. It was chuck full of smut. We saw the picture "The Sea of Grass" last week and once again we felt that Spencer Tracy is the greatest actor in Hollywood. We'll never forget him as Father Flannagan in "Boys Town." After the show the other night, we said to Susie: "There is a man I would never want to meet personally, for fear that he was not the fame in real life as on the screen."

* * *

"Now this column isn't bad, so far", piped ye editor. "Take that first page to the composing room, while I finish reading this."

"Hmmm," he purred. Murkar suggests that young people get out on bike hikes this summer. It's good living and good living means good health. Sunshine is vitally important to everyone. Ontario Holiday, the weekly radio program, will give you free details concerning youth hostels, if a gang of you decide to tour the province or part of it on your holidays. This is a grand way to vacation. There is plenty of fun in it and you can do it cheaply if a group go together on the idea. The program, Ontario Holiday, is heard over CFRB and is under the direction of Barry Wood—a man who really knows the vacation spots of Ontario.

"Well this column is alright," the editor told us as we came back from the composing room. "But, that column two weeks ago, where you started giving advice about kissing, wasn't so hot. I hope that stuff is somebody that knows what they are talking about."

"Okay, okay," we shot back. "I'll be in early with my copy next week."

"You had better be, or you'll be out of a job," warned ye editor.

And with that we left him to finish his pipefull, and "Teen-Town Topics."

World Needs It

Uncle Sam's winter wheat crop —his big wheat producer—shows a February condition which is an all-time high. Uncle Sam may raise the biggest wheat crop in history this year for a hungry world.

No Wedge Allowed

"I say with all sincerity that our policy with Russia must be one of honorable friendship from strength. It cannot be cowardly appeasement from weakness. It must be absolutely clear that we shall, allow no wedge to be driven between Great Britain and the United States of America."—Winston Churchill.

Leads Canada's First

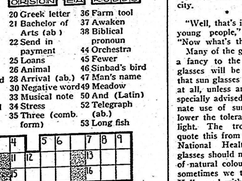
Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1,5 Pictured Canadian commander.
10 Native metal
11 Great Lake
12 Wingtike part
14 Beverage
15 Existence
16 Five and five
17 Relative (ab.)
19 Hawaiian garland
21 Measure of area
23 Half-em
24 Toward
25 Behold!
27 Whiskers
29 Building addition
31 Written form of Mister
32 Upon
33 He commands the Canadian — Army
36 Convenient
39 Near
40 Transpose (ab.)
41 Either
42 Southeast (ab.)
43 Chest bone
45 Lion
46 Narrow inlet
48 On the sheltered side
51 Indian
54 Boundary (comb. form)
55 Seines
56 Observe
57 He is a native of —
58 Outer covering

VERTICAL

1 Torrid
2 Before
3 Closer
4 Shout
5 Cost, insurance, freight (ab)
6 Stagger
7 Share of food
8 Malt drink
9 Sped
12 Rhode Island (ab.)
18 Finish
20 Greek letter
21 Bachelor of Arts (ab.)
22 Send in payment
25 Loans
26 Animal
28 Arrival (ab.)
30 Negative word
33 Musical note
34 Stress
35 Three (comb. form)
36 Farm tool
37 Awaken
38 Biblical pronoun
44 Orchestra
45 Fewer
46 Sinbad's bird
47 Man's name
49 Meadow
50 And (Latin)
52 Telegraph (ab.)
53 Long fish



Do you suffer MONTHLY FEMALE PAIN?

This fine medicine is very effective to relieve pain, nervous distress and weakness, "dragged out" feelings, of such days—when due to female functional monthly disturbances. Worth trying!

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Dandelion Greens Good, Cheap Food

With pussy willows popping, it is almost time for that table delicacy, the dandelion green. Or don't people eat dandelion greens any more? asks The New York Sun. Perhaps the cultivated palate yearns for more substantial fare these days. Probably our modern hostelries do not include the dandelion on the bill of fare. But the world is the worse for it, for a lot of people are losing out on some good, cheap eating pleasure.

To get the dandelion at its best, it is necessary to take to the fields long before the blossoms appear. The blossoms may bring joy to the poet, but they add nothing to the eating qualities of the weed. Loosen the earth around the root of the dandelion with a dull kitchen knife. Scrape a little of the earth off the white root and toss the dandelion in a tin pail. Preparation of dandelions for the table requires no special qualifications. Dandelions are at their best boiled with pork fat and served with vinegar. The result is a dish that has a good tangy flavor with just a taste of tartness that the cooked greens never produce. And in an early "mess of dandelions" even the epicure might well satisfy a jaded palate.

Light from the sun reaches the earth in a little more than eight minutes.

TAKE NO CHANCES with coffee. Insist on Maxwell House. It's an extra-delicious blend of coffees that is Radiant-Roasted to develop all its extra-rich, full body.

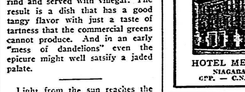
You Will Enjoy Staying At

The St. Regis Hotel

TORONTO

- Every Room With Bath Shower and Telephone
- Singles, $2.50 up
- Double, $3.50 up
- Good Food. Dining and Dancing Nightly
- Eberhardts at Carlton
- Tel. RA. 4125

ROOMS BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED $1.50 up



HOTEL METROPOLE

NIAGARA FALLS

CPR. — C.N.R. STATION

ISSUE 20—1947

The CHANTECLER

1200 Feet Above Sea Level

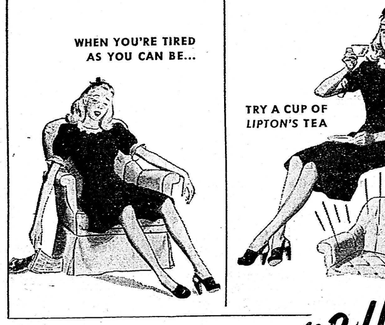
at Ste. Adele en Haut, P.Q.

Visit this beautiful 400 acre Laurentian mountain estate, on crystal-clear Lac Rond. 1,200 feet above sea level, offering every facility for relaxation or play. Some accommodation still available in June. Less than two hours by train or car from Montreal. See your Travel Agent or write for full information.

THE CHANTECLER

Ste. Adele en Haut, P.Q. (Tel. 81)

WHEN YOU'RE TIRED AS YOU CAN BE...



ONLY LIPTON'S BRISK-TASTING TEA GIVES YOU THAT FLAVOR-LIFT

● What a lift you get from famous *Lipton's Tea!* It's *Lipton's* FLAVOR-LIFT . . . a delicious, stimulating combination of brisk, mellow *flavor* . . . plus a lift that sends exhilarating new energy right through you, from head to toe. *Lipton's Tea* is a wonderful "pick-me-up" when you're tired—wonderful *anytime*, morning, noon and night. And only *Lipton's* gives you that FLAVOR-LIFT—because it's the *blend* that makes *Lipton's* and the *blend* is *Lipton's* own secret! Get *Lipton's*, the tea with the FLAVOR-LIFT, at your grocer's *today!*

MR. BRISK says—"AND REMEMBER—NO FUSS...NO MUSS WITH LIPTON'S TEA BAGS!"

REG'LAR FELLERS—Spring Fashion Plate

By GENE BYRNES