VOICE OF THE PRESS

CHOICE IN SLAVERY

Deploring the strikes and slowdowns in war industry, an American workman, writing to the Buffalo News, says: "I would rather slave for my country than become a slave to the conqueror." He has said something there that all free people might well take to heart. No one has better expressed the will to victory that should prevail on the home fronts of all the democracies.

—Hamilton Spectator.

—o—

NO NEED TO WORRY

Under a War Production Board ruling at Washington, cellophane may no longer be used for window envelopes—the kind that invoices and bills come in.

But we can assure the people of the United States that there is no cause to either worry or rejoice. Cellophane or no cellophane, the bills will still come in.

—Huron Expositor, Seaforth.

—o—

THE USE OF TIRES

An advertisement in this paper today shows that the percentage of wear on motor tires has a variation, dependent upon how they are used, from 12 to 38 per cent. The motorist who strives for 12 per cent. will be riding when the fellow who hits the 38 per cent. will be walking.

—St. Catharines Standard.

—o—

ANOTHER PROBLEM

It is obvious that, eventually, the ban on tires will put an end to motoring. And the return of the h.-and-b. era may not be as carefree as some people think. What are we going to do, for instance, if the steel controller says Dobbin can't have another set of shoes?

—Ottawa Citizen.

—o—

BAD TIMES AHEAD

Bad times for the young also lie ahead. On a tandem bicycle a girl rides a yard or so in front of her male escort, and experiments show that from that position it is practically impossible to get her head on his shoulder.

—Sudbury Star.

—o—

HEROES OF THE SKA

Who is a greater hero than the man in the engine room, or for that matter, on the deck of a tanker carrying a hundred thousand barrels of gasoline and oil through a submarine-infested sea?

—Saturday Evening Post.

—o—

LOVE 'EM TO DEATH

The Japanese maintain that the Allies are waging a war of hate. Whereas the Japs just want to love everybody to death.

—Peterborough Examiner.

—o—

PASTORAL WISDOM

A collar button has been found in the stomach of a late Oklahoma cow. It affirms the wisdom, we suppose, of not letting cattle graze under the dresser.

—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

—o—

A WARNING

"It's a great life if your tires don't weaken. Watch your tread, brother!

—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

—o—

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

It's a good thing hens don't know how much masons get for laying bricks.

—Kitchener Record.

Output In Britain Raised 40 Per Cent

Mr. Ralph Assheton, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Supply, said that war production figures had increased more than 40 per cent since last September, but the Ministry of Supply "already sees a way to go far beyond this."

"The Government will not be satisfied with anything less than the very greatest volume of production of which we are capable," he told the Commons.

He said the period of great physical expansion was past its peak and that "our task is to make the fullest possible use of our capacity."

More than 1,000,000 persons are working for the Ministry of Supply in the manufacture of engines alone, he said.

In more than 40 ordnance factories, 700,000 workers are employed while 20,000 are employed in smaller factories.

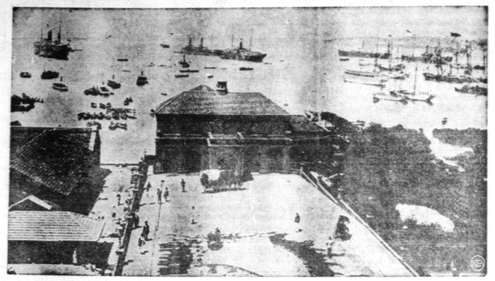
The vast majority of the workers of every class, he said, are "doing their job magnificently."

Personal Delivery

Tony Amaral, 27, of Boston, decided he would rather deliver, than manufacture bullets, so he resigned his job in an ammunition factory and joined the navy.

"While I was making bullets," he said, "I got the feeling I wanted to deliver them to the Japs and Huns."

CEYLON—WHERE JAPANESE "SURPRISE" BACKFIRED



Great swarms of Japanese planes attempted to attack Colombo, capital and main seaport of Ceylon. Its important harbor is shown above. Jap raid was smashed when British defenders shot down at least 32 planes and riddled 25 more. The Japanese, apparently thinking they could catch the defenders napping, killed a "few-citizens" with bombs but met with "utter failure" from a military point of view, spokesman said. Ceylon, famous for its tea, is only 60 miles south of India and could serve as a springboard for a United Nations' offensive against the enemy or be used by the Japanese to invade India and cut off supplies to China and Russia.

Use Elephants To Haul War Material

First Shipments Reach China By Substitute Burma Road

Carried part way on the backs of elephants which lurched through dense jungle, war materials have started to reach China by one of the two new supply routes from India replacing the railway from Rangoon to the Burma road.

The first shipments along the "jungle trail" were hauled over the mountains from India to Burma and carried by boats before they reached the head of the Burma road at Lashio, from where Chinese trucks speeded them into Yunnan Province.

British and Chinese engineers are rushing construction of a highway to permit through truck hauls from India that would eliminate the many transfers now necessary. Officials here expect them to finish in several months work which normally would take several years.

Simultaneously, Chinese engineers are building a second highway across the mountains of Northeast India, part of the mighty Himalayas. They face tremendous engineering problems that will delay use of this route longer than use of the other highway.

The newspaper Ta Kung Pao reported from Kumming, capital of Yunnan Province, that the provincial government is mustering huge groups of laborers to work on the roads and will send them across Burma to India.

Chinese officials are confident that the new roads are far enough north of the war zone in South and Central Burma to be protected indefinitely from the Japanese.

One-Third of India Ruled By Princes

Whole Of India Does Not Belong To Great Britain

It is generally thought in the West, even in England, that the whole of India "belongs to England," says the Christian Science Monitor. The fact is that nearly one-third of India, including a quarter of the population, has never strictly speaking "belonged to Britain."

Nor has it been ruled or administered by the British Government. Its people owe allegiance not to the King-Emperor, but to their own rulers. They are not subjects of King George VI.

The rulers of Indian states are sometimes incorrectly described as "under the thumb of a British Resident". Except in the case of a weak or youthful prince, the Resident confines himself to his prescribed duties

The relations between the states and the British Government are based upon distinct and varying treaties. The substance of these, at least in the case of the more important states, is that internally the princes are independent and sovereign rulers but their external policy is vested by agreement in the British Government.

Princes Guard Rights

Most of the princes are very jealous of their rights. They founded the Chamber of Princes specifically to safeguard their powers and prerogatives.

The rule of an Indian prince is often condemned because it is autocratic. Yet in India, individual rulership is still the type of government that in many ways best suits the mental, moral and religious condition of India. Men, as distinct from ideas and ideals, are still paramount to the majority. Mohandas K. Gandhi means more to the masses than home rule

The ruler of an Indian state, though autocratic, is rarely a tyrant. Kingshi in India is hedged with restraints or tradition and religion perhaps more binding than those of some constitutional monarchies. A ruler might be incapable or a scoundrel, but sooner or later the consequences of his misdeeds will be visited upon him or upon his successors. Rulers of the major Indian states rarely do anything definitely displeasing to their subjects.

They are more inclined to wish to keep them contented. Some of them have made conspicuous efforts to improve the conditions of their people. Those that have been loath to give their subjects democratic institutions can usually say there is no real demand for them. The average Indian in the states prefers a "responsive" to a "responsible" government.

Backward Sections

There are many backward areas in India's six hundred or so states. Quite a number are mere estates and are probably on their way out. There are some so poverty-stricken that it would seem more merciful to find these princes other jobs.

But the major states, such as Mysore, Travancore, Kashmir, Baroda, Hyderabad are on the whole forces for good. They make their contribution to the well-being of India. If India cannot be a unitary country like England, it can certainly be a union.

Some of the princes have been less than adequate, but the majority have been men of culture and wisdom. The late Maharaja of Baroda was a thinker and a scholar of no mean repute; and the Jam of Nawanagar, of cricket fame, held a high reputation as a statesman at Geneva.

The Nizam of Hyderabad is a genuine statesman, perhaps the shrewdest to be found in all India. He has done a lot for his state.

The foundation of the Osmania University—where Hindustani is the chief medium of instruction—will do much to unite the various castes and creeds in the state.

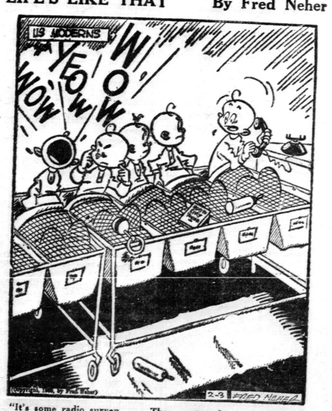
Even the leftist Congress Party has to admit that the rulers of Mysore and of Travancore are men of breadth and vision.

Church Plays Part

For the first time since the Middle Ages, Salisbury Cathedral was used for a secular purpose when a Ministry of Information meeting was held there. The dean said he felt the church "must play its part in this war".

The average length of a sugar stalk is twelve feet.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"It's some radio survey. . . . They want to know what we're listening to!"

REG'LAR FELLERS—A Bad Break By GENE BYRNES

THE WAR - WEEK — Commentary on Current Events

Japanese At The Gates Of India Aid To Russia Must Be Maintained

Sir Stafford Cripps, in the following words, outlined the new goal for India:

"The object is the creation of a new Indian union which shall constitute a dominion associated with the United Kingdom and other dominions by a common allegiance to the Crown but equal to them in every respect, in no way subordinate in any aspect of its domestic and external affairs."

In this plan is foreseen full independence for India after the war. Great Britain has offered to India: (1) the basis of a constitution upon which all groups in India may find agreement; (2) British defense of India from Japan and Germany while details of the constitution are being worked out.

India Divided

The plan went far toward meeting the demands of the Indian leaders, says the New York Times. It was backed by the public opinion of the United Nations which further guaranteed its sincerity. Sir Stafford was known to be India's friend, who had fought long for the subcontinent's independence. But there remained many difficulties. India was racially and religiously divided; her masses were traditionally suspicious of British rule. Over four centuries of European exploitation, two centuries of domination by the British cried silently to Indian leaders and the people.

In more than 2,000 years of their history the people of India had seen the rise and fall of many dynasties, had felt repeated waves of immigration and invasion. Buddhist, Hindu, Moslem and numerous other faiths had formed their religious creeds. Strict systems of caste divided the people; the successions of conquest by native princes left deep-seated animosities in the masses.

Many Difficulties

The plan proposed by Sir Stafford Cripps in New Delhi was Britain's answer to the tide of nationalism which grew in India under the Empire's rule.

Sir Stafford's plan met with no immediate acceptance by the Indian leaders. The principal objection appeared to be Britain's retention of the responsibility for India's defense; it was contended by the country's leaders that this duty should be in India's hands. On other points the parties differed widely: the Hindu majority demanded immediate self-government; the Moslems, comprising one-fourth of the subcontinent's population, feared Hindu domination in a self-ruled dominion. Other minorities turned down the plan. For example, the Sikhs, who make the great contribution to Britain's Indian armies, voiced the fear that they would be oppressed by the Moslem majority of 18,500,000 in their native Punjab.

Hopes For Compromise

To solve these difficulties—if a solution were possible—Sir Stafford had held repeated conferences with Indian leaders, and Sir Archibald Wavell. It was hoped that a compromise solution of the defense problem might be evolved. The possibility that President Roosevelt might lend his efforts to press for settlement was also discussed in diplomatic circles.

The outlook for India was dark if Sir Stafford failed in his mission. Although Japan had sounded the cry of "India for the Indians" there seemed little doubt that Japanese conquest of the country would mean another lengthy period of subjugation. If Britain's plan were rejected internal dissension would make India an easy prey for the invader.

India Is Attacked

The imminence of the danger was clearly evident in the advance of Japanese troops on the Burma front and a strong naval and air attack on the Island of Ceylon. The attack in Ceylon was repulsed with heavy losses to the Japanese but had it succeeded the Allies' line of communication to China would have been severed. Later the Japanese made an attack on the East coast of India 600 miles north of Ceylon.

The Indian leaders appear to have been stirred by the instinct of self-preservation and have repealed to the United States to induce Britain to yield ground on the question of control of India's defense.

Britain is making an honest effort to give India a fair deal. There would be no difficulty over the problem if the people were united. But India is not one country; it is many countries, each of which seeks it own advantage. The problem is grave and time pressing the enemy is already at the gates of India.

Russia And Japan

Military experts in London consider it wholly improbable that Japan will sit still while Russia is heavily engaged in the West. A collision between Russia and Japan appears to be inevitable. The Japanese are ready to strike. They have probably not used more than 500,000 of their 4 to 5 million troops in their South Pacific operations and few of these have left of their best. Their finest soldiers, it is believed, are mobilized in Manchukuo and are ready for an attack on Vladivostok, one of the most powerful fortifications in the world.

Aid To Russia

The Japanese forces in Manchukuo are probably greater and better equipped than the Russian Siberian army. Russia has been forced to transfer some troops and material from the Siberian front for use in the winter campaign against Hitler. It is clear, therefore, that aid to Russia is of paramount importance. Outstanding military experts believe that the war can be won on the two Russian fronts; one would afford a base whence Berlin could be bombed, the other similar base for the bombing of Tokyo.

Can the United Nations, especially the United States, deliver sufficient supplies to Russia on two fronts, by way of the Pacific and Atlantic, while they are at the same time making deliveries through Persia and in the Middle East, as well as to Australia and India? On the answer to this question everything may depend.

Overtime Work Here Headache To Hitler

Giving up rest periods of thirty minutes during which they usually smoke, one hundred workers on the midnight shift at Plant No. 7 of the Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation, Detroit, speeded up shell production as a tribute to General MacArthur and worked eight and a half hours instead of eight.

After finishing their work, the men collected money and sent a telegram to MacArthur telling of their contribution.

"We pledge ourselves behind you and swear that shoulder-to-shoulder, the forces of democracy will be victorious," their telegram informed MacArthur.

The men will continue overproduction whenever they can, Edward Krizuk, U.A.W. - C.I.O. shop steward, said.

The swastika is generally interpreted as a symbol of the sun.

Canny Scot Gets Some Easy Money

During the victorious march against the Italians in Libya, the commanding officer of a Scottish unit was concerned because his men were not capturing, as many Italians as the Australians. Appealing to uphold the honor of Scotland, he offered a reward of 2s 6d a hundred for all the prisoners brought in.

Next morning, one of the Scotties presented himself with eight hundred prisoners, and, surprised, and delighted the colonel paid it.

As the man was leaving, the colonel asked him how he had managed to capture, single-handed, 800 Italians.

"I didn't," replied the Scottie. "I bought them from an 'Aussie' at a bob a hundred."

The scientific name for the mocking bird, nimus polyglottus, means many-tongued mimic.

Quality You'll Enjoy

"SALADA" TEA

● SERIAL STORY

MURDER IN CONVOY

BY A. W. O'BRIEN

LAST WEEK:—Lieutenant Rollins discovers his "prisoner" is the same nurse who had attracted his attention earlier in the day. She explains she came out on deck to smoke a cigaret The next day, Rollins awakes to discover the convoy is moving out to sea. The troops are being given an enthusiastic send off by people lined up on shore. Later, the signal sounds for lifeboat drill, and Rollins is disturbed to find the pretty nurse preoccupied in looking at something through binoculars.

Death Stalks The Deck

CHAPTER IV

Long afterwards, the officers aboard Troopship "T 9" traced the atmosphere of impending tragedy to the evening of sailing as a mantle of misty gray blanketed the Nova Scotian coastline and Canada had been pushed back over the horizon, leaving only bleak ocean stretches visible in the fading light. The lonely setting contrasted unhappily with the gay departy scenes and, too, the convoy was running into a steadily increasing swell.

At the time, a number of the younger officers mentioned that the voyage didn't carry the "feel" of a great adventure. It came in the nature of a drab let-down that was relieved by a lifeboat drill and some sharp instructions by the adjutant over the ship's broadcasting system.

Lifebelts were to be worn at all times during the crossing and lifeboat drills would cover all possible situations including one wherein the men would be eating in the saloon messes and have the regular passageways blocked, forcing them to get to their stations via kitchen and furnace exits.

At night strictest enforcement would be given blackout regulations and no rubbish of any description was to be thrown overboard at any time except 10 o'clock nightly. This was to prevent any possibility of the enemy tracing the convoy by floating cardboard, empty cans and other debris.

* * *

Finally, the listeners were warned that they should leave warm clothing and equipment at hand each night before retiring— that, if the ship should be torpedoed and lost to port or starboard, the men must not run up the sloping deck but go with the list to where the lifeboats hung freely.

Several "casualties" were missing from the evening table. Greg Rollins had felt a little squeamish, but a brandy, dry ginger ale and lemon juice had brought an amazing recovery.

Lieutenant Harry Miley held out up to the turkey when, with napkin to mouth, he rushed from the mess while his tablemates roared with laughter.

"Bad business—a hangover in a rolling sea," remarked Captain Tees to Rollins, "and especially when you're slated for orderly officer duty."

Rollins felt he should also volunteer, but he had other plans in mind—that bridge tournament, for instance. Thirty-two nurses had signed the entry sheet and the same number of officers had promptly volunteered. Greg was one of them—and he had taken the pains to find out a certain girl's name.

She was Nursing Sister Joan Davaar, with residence listed as Ottawa. He felt deep down in his heart that he was allowing his imagination to run riot over a couple of minor incidents, and the bridge tournament would provide an ideal excuse for a chat.

* * *

He was among the first officers to go up to "A" lounge that evening where the bridge was being played. One quick glance found her seated on a divan in the corner, reading. Rollins clicked his heels and bowed to the matron before stepping smartly across to the girl. She looked up unsmilingly.

"Good evening, Sister," he greeted cheerily, "My name is Gregory Rollins of the Royal Westmount Regiment and I am most anxious to be your partner in this tournament. I am here"—he patted his hips—"totally unarmed tonight!"

It was quite impossible to resist his charming manner. She smiled in reply.

"I'd be delighted, Lieutenant Rollins my name is . . ."

He held up his hand and slipped onto the divan beside her. "Miss Joan Davaar. I've already sleuthed out your identity."

* * *

She raised her eyebrows in amused surprise. "And to what am I indebted for this intensive Sherlocking?"

"If you weren't so deuced formal in your manner and uniform and if this were only a college prom," Rollins came back, "I'd be tempted to say that I'm quite irresponsible where blue-eyed blonds are concerned—even when, unfortunately, said interest isn't reciprocated."

The nurse was a superb companion as well as a polished bridge player who smoothed over a number of Greg's obvious misplays. As the evening's play came to a close they were calling one another by their first names. Afterwards, at the bar, they enjoyed a nightcap together, although she admitted that the rolling of the ship had bothered her slightly while gazing at the cards.

"What do you say to a brisk turn or two on deck?" suggested Rollins. "It would certainly straighten you up."

She looked at him with a twinkle in her eye. "You mean that you will actually allow me to walk on deck tonight. Last time you chased me indoors with revolver in hand—remember?"

Greg's brow clouded as unpleasant thoughts rushed back. For instance, he had noticed tonight that she had refused all cigarets.

"Tonight," he replied crisply, "is another night. Also, it's not quite as late. Besides I've a few things I'd like to discuss with you."

She laughed unexpectedly, displaying her dimple to advantage.

"That seems terribly ominous, Lieutenant, but I'll rush off for my overcoat and"—her voice lowered in mock secrecy—"I'll meet you at the first door!"

The cloud vanished on Rollins' brow and the boyish grin returned.

"At the first door," he whispered.

* * *

Outside it was amazingly dark. No moon lighted the gray mass of ocean, and a strangely intriguing wind moaned ceaselessly. They walked toward the stern, Greg happily conscious of the girl's arm in his.

The stern was damp with spray and it dipped and rose in even measure. The convoy had widened out in night formation, emphasizing width in place of length. Like a hulking ghost, a camouflaged battle cruiser took shape a few hundred yards to port.

Rollins looked down at the girl beside him. Her cheeks were glistening with spray, and she had been transformed from the starchy been transformed from the starchy nurse into a very desirable young woman—petite and winsome. Impulsively he put an arm around her and drew her close. She didn't resist and Greg's heart filled with a great, warm glow.

"Hey, you two, ever hear of 'Lights Out'—it's 11:30." The tall figure looming behind the couple burst into sudden laughter.

* * *

Rollins jerked his arm away and turned around. It was Tees!

"Sister Davaar, this is my friend, Captain Syd Tees." He shouted the introduction above the wind. "Tonight's pinch-hitting orderly officer and a prize butter-knife!"

They all laughed and moved off together to the nearest door. They stood in the corridor chatting for some minutes before she glanced at her watch.

"It really is late—I'm glad to have met you, Captain, and"—she extended a hand to Greg—"thanks a million for a very pleasant evening." With a parting smile, she turned and disappeared around a bend in the corridor.

"You seem to be doing all right, my boy," remarked Tees coyly, "but take it easy. There is a war functioning and this isn't any Bermuda cruise. Wearing one's heart on a khaki sleeve isn't very commendable."

Rollins poked him playfully in the ribs. "Just leave my heart to me, Mon Capitaine, and if you mention a single word about this to the others, I'll be up for socking a superior officer."

* * *

Within a few minutes, Rollins was in his bunk. He had carefully placed his overcoat and lifebelt on the chair beside his bed. A miniature searchlight was tucked under his pillow. The cabin was snug and warm after the chilling February wind on deck. The bed was soft and white. He yawned cozily. Joan filled his thoughts and the adventure of going to war had suddenly taken on a magnificently romantic touch.

He awoke with a start. It must have been hours later. A sergeant-major with a military police band on the arm of his oil-skins was standing by his bed.

"Please take your dressing gown and slippers only, Lieutenant Rollins, and report immediately to Colonel Stephenson. His order, Sir!"

Rollins tried to shake off the heavy haze of first sleep. "What's up—something happen?"

* * *

The M. P. replied tersely: "I cannot say, Sir. Please hurry—the colonel is waiting."

Greg lifted his feet out of the bunk and into his slippers. He threw on his dressing gown and instinctively rubbed back his hair as he stepped into the corridor.

There were military police crowded outside the cabin of the "O. C. Troops." They snapped to attention as he rushed by them to find a naval lieutenant-commander, the adjutant and medical officer with the colonel. All were fully dressed and Rollins noticed with some wonderment that the hands on the deck clock in front of the colonel pointed to 3:40.

Colonel Stephenson indicated a chair.

"Sit down, Rollins, and tell us when and where you saw your roommate last!"

Rollins sat down automatically.

"I saw Captain Tees at about 11:30, Sir. Has . . . has anything happened?"

The colonel wheeled around and gazed thoughtfully into the lieutenant's eyes: "Yes, Mr. Rollins, something has happened, and it's quite a nasty business. Some time within the last two hours, Captain Sydney Tees was savagely bayoneted to death on 'A' deck!"

(Continued Next Week)

A FAMOUS BRAND

Ogden's FINE CUT

OGDENS VIRGINIA FINE CUT

Founded in 1888 by one of the early W.C.T.U.'s most outstanding figures, the late W. R. Hull, the Pine Coulee Ranch was located near Nanton, Alberta. The brand is still in use by the Beaver Camp Ranch.

BRAND OF THE OLD PINE COULEE RANCH 25

ISSUE 16—'42

Taking A Letter As Boss Ordered

Boss: Now look here, I fired three girls for revising my letters, see?

New Stenographer: Yes, sir.

Boss: All right; now take a letter as take it the way I tell you.

Next morning O. J. Squizz of the Squizz Soap Company received the following letter:

Mr. O. K. or A. J. or something, look it up, Squizz, what a name, Soap Company, Detroit, that's in Michigan, isn't it? Dear Mr. Squizz. Hmm. The last shipment of soap you sent us was of inferior quality and I want you to understand —Hmmm—unless you can ship — furnish, ship, no furnish us with your regular soap, you needn't help us no more, period, or whatever the grammar is.

Where was I? Paragraph.

Your soap wasn't what you said —I should say it wasn't. Them bums tried to put over a lot of honey on us. Whadda you want to paint yer faces up for like Indians on the warpath. We're sending back your last shipment tomorrow. Sure, we're gonna send it back, I'd like to feed it to 'em with a spoon an' make 'em eat it, the wasted enough time on them crooks, fix it up and sign my name. What do you say we go out to lunch?

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Sunday Menus

Several requests have come lately for menus for Sunday suppers. The following menu provides an excellent supper and is quite simple to prepare.

Creamed Shrimp in Patty Cases
Potato Chips
Crisp Vegetable Salad
Tomato Jelly
Baking Powder Biscuits
Angel Food with Lemon Sauce
Coffee

The patty cases may be made in tart tins—just use your favorite pastry recipe. Tuna or salmon may take the place of shrimps.

For the tomato jelly, be sure to use strawberry jelly powder if you wish a perfect tomato red, as well as adding zest to the flavor.

Nearly everyone has their own favorite Angel Cake recipe, so I shall give you the Lemon Sauce recipe.

Lemon Sauce

Combine half a cup of sugar, three egg yolks, two tablespoons butter, juice and grated rind of one lemon and a dash of salt in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Cool. Combine four tablespoons of this lemon butter with half a cup of cream, stiffly beaten, and serve with the angel food. The remainder of the lemon butter may be covered and used later for tart filling.

This sauce may be used between and on top of your favorite layer cake and then sprinkled with cocoanut.

Emergency Supper

Nothing tastes better than a piping hot dish of scalloped potatoes with slices of ham. To this might be added pickled pears, cold slaw, celery, ripe olives or a refrigerator dessert. If you have not a refrigerator choose an upside-down cake. This can be made on Saturday and all you need to do on Sunday is to whip up the cream, cut the cake into wedges and pile cream on each serving. If you wish something very special, line sherbet glasses with stale sponge cake; add strawberry or apricot jam and a rich custard sauce; top with whipped cream and chill.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is va ready to listen to your tipsand problems. Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

GOOD EATING NEWS

The Chinese have a dish, the name of which translated means "two delicious things." All-Bran Muffins need no translating, for any one can gather that these delicious breakfast gems combine the goodness of cornmeal with the nutty toasted taste of bran. The recipe goes like this:

All-Bran Corn Muffins

3	tablespoons shortening	1	cup All-Bran
¼	cup sugar	¾	cup corn meal
1	egg	1½	cups flour
1½	cups milk	1	teaspoon salt
		4½	teaspoons baking powder

Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat until creamy. Add milk, All-Bran and corn meal. Let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 16 muffins (2½ inches in diameter) or 12 muffins (8 inches in diameter).

SAVE ON BAKING COSTS—GET BETTER RESULTS

Every time you use Calumet Double-Acting Baking Powder you *save*. You *pay* less—you *use* less.

And you get *better results* because of Calumet's *double-action*. First in the mixing bowl, thousands of tiny bubbles, released by moisture, start to make your batter or dough light and fluffy. Then in the oven, released by heat, thousands more of these fine bubbles lift your cake or biscuits high and evenly. Remember—with *Calumet:*

1—*You pay less*—Calumet is priced surprisingly low, probably lower than the baking powder you are now using.

2—*You use less*—Calumet's double-action means double-leavening so most Calumet recipes call for less baking powder.

3—*You get better results*—because continuous leavening means finer, better texture in all your baking.

L52

CALUMET THE DOUBLE-ACTING BAKING POWDER

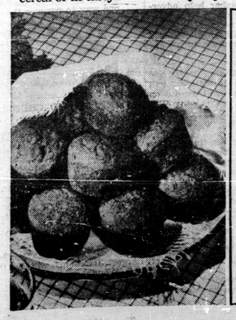
CALUMET BAKING POWDER DOUBLE-ACTING

GOOD FOOD GUARDS THE NATION'S HEALTH

And ALL-BRAN Does a Double Job

Now . . . at a time when good food . . . good health . . . is more important than ever, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN fills a dual role. As a delicious breakfast food, it helps supply the proper nourishment to thousands of Canadians . . . helps keep them free of the common type of constipation caused by lack of proper "bulk" in the diet. Eat ALL-BRAN as a cereal or in tasty muffins every day . . . drink plenty of water . . . and discover this "better way" to keep regular without using harsh cathartics that only offer temporary relief. ALL-BRAN gets at the *cause* . . . and corrects it. But remember, ALL-BRAN doesn't work like a purgative. It takes time.

ALL-BRAN is made by Kellogg's in London, Canada, and sold in 2 conveniently sized packages at all grocers' . . . in individual serving packages at restaurants. Eat it every day as a cereal or in muffins, and drink plenty of water.



ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
¾ cup milk
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons baking powder

Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat until creamy. Add All-Bran and milk; let soak until the moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderate oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield:—8 large muffins (3" in diameter) or 12 small (2¼" in diameter).

"Serve by Saving! Buy War Savings Certificates"

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN...Keeps You Regular NATURALLY