To-day, as always, the 'Salada' label is your guarantee of a uniform blend of fine quality teas.

"SALADA" TEA

TO THE HILT

By Percival Christopher Wren

CHAPTER V

Wali Dad yawned and stretched himself.

"Listen, Sahib," he said. "If you think that you are safe because the majority would rather have you held to ransom than put to death, I'll tell you something. I don't know how much the Sirkar would pay the Malik to hand you over, but I do know what the Singing Hadji of Sufed Kot would pay."

Vere-Vaughan's heart sank again. For some reason, he hadn't thought of that.

Turning to Khoda Khan Abazai, Wali Dad, bade him make it clear to the Sahib that unless the Malik's party could get a majority on their side it was quite certain that he would very soon be sold to the Singing Hadji by the Malik, or else would fall into the Mullah's hands and be lucky if the Mullah put him to death.

This the essaypy proceeded to do in colloquial Hindustani, and suddenly pausing he sneezed, said "Praise be to Allah," sneezed again, and said, "Thanks be to Allah," sneezed a third time and said swiftly and almost inaudibly in English, "Ask for water," and continued the torrent of Hindustani.

To say that Vere-Vaughan received a shock is to express but mildly the effect upon his weary and despondent mind of these three words swiftly and unmistakably spoken in his own tongue.

It was not that there was any inherent improbability in an essepoy knowing a little English, it was in his introducing the words thus quietly and surreptitiously. It meant almost certainly that the man wished to help him and befriend him.

Vere-Vaughan glanced at Wali Dad, who was watching him somewhat listlessly and from time to time yawning and scratching himself. Apparently he had noticed nothing.

"So you see, Sahib," concluded Khoda Khan Abazai, "it would be better for you to do as Wali Dad says, otherwise he cannot save you and will not try."

Vere-Vaughan turned to that warrior. "Look here, Wali Dad," he said. "I thought you Pathans were noble enemies. I thought you were fine fellows, and not just jungle savages. I have been here for hours and have had neither food nor drink. I am hungry and thirsty. Give me water."

Rising to his feet Wali Dad went to the door, threw it open and shouted.

Khoda Khan Abazai glanced swiftly towards the open door and then turned to Vere-Vaughan.

"Sahib," he whispered. "Look out. Be careful. Very bad peoples. Don't make angry. If Mullai getting you, burn you alive perhaps. Sahib make gun go. They soon break it. No good for you to . . ."

Wali Dad re-entered the room carrying water and a brass cup and the conversation continued without the introduction of any new subject to render it in the least degree interesting.

Next morning Khoda Khan Abazai, bringing unleavened bread and a platter of cold rice, entered Vere-Vaughan's cell accompanied by another Pathan, a grim and silent man.

"Sahib," whispered Khoda Khan Abazai, "let us talk fully and freely, without deceit or double meaning. I will tell you the truth, and do you, being a sahib, tell me the truth. I will make no promise that I cannot perform, nor promise me anything on behalf of others that those others will not perform."

"Be it so, Khoda Khan Abazai," replied Vere-Vaughan. "I will make no false promises, nor undertake to do anything that cannot or will not be done. If I promise on behalf of the Sirkar or others, it will be as if I promise for myself. Speak on."

"Sahib, I can save your life and get you to safety and freedom if you . . . If you . . . If you can . ."

"If I can make it worth your while?"

"Sahib, I can save you if you can save me."

"What do you mean—'save' you?"

"Why, if I get you away from here, I must go with you. My life would be short if I stayed here after helping you to escape, or if I stayed anywhere in the Free Country of the Border. I must return to India."

"Well?"

"Sahib, I do not wish to go to jail."

"For what?"

"Sahib, I left the regiment without leave, taking my rifle with me. What would it have availed me to go to my home to meet my enemy, unarmed? And it was months and months ere I could slay him. And thereafter for months and months I had to hide in my watchtower lest I be slain by his brother. And then it was too late to return. There it is. If I return to India I am liable to arrest and punishment as a deserter and rifle thief, and you know what the punishment would be."

Yes. Very heavy indeed. Deserters and rifle thieves go to penal servitude. This Khoda Khan Abazai would be "for it" if he went back to British territory.

"Well," he said, "if there is nothing else against you except desertion with your rifle—because you could not leave to go and do what you considered your duty in the matter of the feud—I am sure I can promise that the offense would be condoned if you put yourself into the power of the British and into danger of punishment through trying to save a British officer."

The Pathan eyed the Englishman anxiously.

"Yes, I will take it upon myself to promise that you will not be punished for desertion with your rifle," said Vere-Vaughan.

"Absent without leave, eh, Sahib?" grinned the Pathan.

"Yes," agreed Vere-Vaughan. "Pretty long absence and quite without leave, but I feel absolutely certain that we should get away with it in the circumstances. I expect you'd get a nominal punishment for being 'absent without leave,' and you'd have to complete your period of service, of course."

"Should I be reduced to the ranks?"

"In the circumstances I should think not."

"Lose my pension?"

"I should think not."

"But I might, might'n't I? Would the sahib make it up to me?"

"I will certainly undertake to pay you your pension for the rest of your life if through you I escape," replied Vere-Vaughan.

"And what about the ransom, Sahib?"

"Ransom? If you enable me to escape, I shall escape instead of being ransomed, shan't I? You can't have it both ways, you know. You've either got to befriend me, help me to escape, and expect as your reward a pardon for past offenses and a money present from me—or else you've got to stand in with the Malik of Kurnal as an enemy of the British and a murderer who says he won't commit the murder provided that he is paid sufficiently. Can't you see a difference between a reward and a ransom? If the only way of saving me is by paying the Singing Hadji, then he will be paid and that will be a ransom. If you like to do your best to save me without any bargaining, and succeed, you'll get a reward, which is a very different thing."

"Well, we have a proverb which says that virtue is its own reward. Your reward for saving me would be a pardon for desertion and rifle stealing and, whatever else happens, the payment of your pension. I guarantee that. Because if the Sirkar does not pay it, I will, and a thousand rupees in cash the day I get down to Peshawar. That's your reward."

Continued Next Week

ISSUE No. 21—43

Nazi Workers Feel Strain Of War

The physical and mental strain of four years of war are cutting the efficiency of German workers so sharply that some Nazi industries have reverted to an eight-hour day, a Berlin dispatch says.

The dispatch, to the Basler Nachrichten, reported that Dr. Robert Ley, German labor leader, and other representatives of the labor front, had decided in favor of a shorter work day. Many Germans have been working 12 to 14 hours, seven days a week.

Shipping Meat

Up to one-third the shipping space and one-fifth the weight are saved in shipping a carcass by boning it, separating it into edible cuts, quick-freezing it, coating it with paraffin and packing it in cartons. Formerly a whole side of full carcass was shipped. Now it becomes necessary to simplify knives, conserve steel and meet a more than double requirement for cutlery.

To A Hero

In Newport, R. I., says Coronet, a statue was unveiled recently in honor of Michele Felice Corne—because he ate a tomato! Corne is the first man known to have munched this vegetable, proving to the world that the formerly-termed "love apple" — presumed to be poisonous—was a wholesome and delectable food.

SHIRTFROCK SUCCESS

4341

By Anne Adams

Well-proportioned lines and a straightforward, assured air make this shirtwaister indispensable to matrons! It's Pattern 4341, by Anne Adams. The front buttoning is smart and convenient. The new shape of the collar may be accented with stitching. For color notes, try a contrast collar, belt and handkerchief.

Pattern 4341 is available only in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46. Size 36 takes 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

SPRING QUICK DISHES

Now is the season when housewives are giving a good deal of thought to time-saving dishes. Housecleaning is the order or disorder of the day; and everyone likes to spend as much time as possible in the garden. Try this menu. One of the attractive features of it is that one even will take care of it:

Noodle-Ham Casserole
All Bran Muffins
Apple Strudel

The Noodle-Ham Casserole and Apple Strudel may be prepared for baking and the muffin batter mixed and placed in the muffin pans. The dishes should be covered closely with paper or lids and the muffin pans wrapped in waxed paper to exclude the air. All will bake in a moderately hot oven in less than thirty minutes. Set the table, toss together a simple salad and presto—dinner is served.

Noodle-Ham Casserole

½ lb. fine noodles or macaroni
2 quarts water
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups stock
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon flour
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ lb. cooked ham
¾ cup Rice Krispies
1 tablespoon melter butter
1tsn paprika

Cook noodles in boiling water to which salt has been added. Drain. Melt butter in saucepan. Add flour and stock which may be made by dissolving 2 bouillon cubes in 2 cups boiling water. Stir until thickened. Add salt and pepper. Dice ham and mix with noodles. Add thickened stock. Pour into casserole. Crush Rice Krispies over top. Sprinkle with melted butter. Add paprika. Bake in moderately hot oven 20 minutes.

Yield—6 servings.

All-Bran Muffins

2 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup All-Bran
⅝ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder

Blend shortening and sugar. Add egg and beat well. Add All-Bran and milk; 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 moderate oven about 30 minutes.

N.B. — If sour or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk use ¼ teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Yield—12 small muffins.

Apple Strudel

Line a buttered baking dish with Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Cover with layer of very thinly sliced cooking apples. Sprinkle with light brown sugar, a little cinnamon and dot with pieces of butter. Fill to top with alternative layers, finishing with Corn Flakes. Cover dish closely; bake in a moderate oven until apples are soft. Serve with cream.

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

GARDEN NOTES

By Gordon L. Smith

General Care

Once the garden, both vegetable and flower, is fully planted, late care will be principally cultivation and dusting or spraying against pests, and thinning and staking.

One can hardly over-emphasize the importance of thinning. Those small seeded vegetables like lettuce, carrots and beets, for instance, should never be allowed to grow as they usually germinate. The same is true of flowers whose seeds are so fine that it is impossible to prevent their being planted too close. Carrots, beets, lettuce, etc., should have two to three inches apart in the row, and the first harvest should take out every other plant to give the survivors more room. With flowers, give at least half as much room between the plants as they will finally grow.

Cultivation, too, is vital not only for keeping down weeds but for pushing growth of flowers and vegetables. Often the difference between a really fine garden, productive in both vegetables and bloom, is regular, weekly cultivation. No heavy digging is necessary but just once over, preferably after an evening rain, with a light cultivator. Of course one must wait until soil is dry.

Good Seed

It is impossible to over-emphasize the importance of good seed. Other factors may be beyond control but the gardener has absolute check over this foundation. Weather, soil and location may be ideal but without good seed, specially selected for our Canadian conditions, the garden is going to be a failure.

Wild Silk

West Africa is shipping all its "wild" silk, taken from empty moth cocoons, to the United Kingdom to be used in making parachutes.

NO MORE "DOSING" MY CONSTIPATION —I'VE CORRECTED THE CAUSE!

"Regularity" is important any time, but it's vitally important in these busy war days when all of us are working harder than ever. Don't you be "slowed down" by that common type of constipation due to lack of "bulk" in your diet. And be sensible . . . correct the trouble right at its source instead of "dosing" with harsh purgatives that give only temporary relief.

Eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN . . . tasting as a cereal or in hot muffins . . . eat it every day . . . plenty of water . . . then see if you don't forget you ever had constipation. For ALL-BRAN supplies the "bulk" your diet needs, promotes natural regularity. Convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg's, London, Canada.

Man's Physical And Mental Pa

A man of 38 is in the prime period of his mental powers, his physical condition has slowly declining from the point reached at around 21.

He may still be strong physically but his muscles have lost tone, his motor co-ordination is slower, his endurance governing endurance and endurance have undergone change. It is more likely than a younger man to be well established in his trade or profession, have a family of children, to be set in his ways.

In short, he has reached a stage where major readjustments in life come hard and may produce anything from indigestion to nervous breakdown. These are generalizations, but the data found them to apply with fair consistency.

Welcome Relief for SHARP, SEARING STOMACH PAINS

Do you suffer distress after meals—Indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, sour stomach, gas, excessive acid? Don't wait for pain to strike again, take eating to help prevent food fermentation, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the acid and aid natural digestive processes. Just send your name and address with 25 cents and a full size package will be mailed post-paid. Or take advantage of our special offer—for a limited time only—of five packages for $1.00.

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As a tribute to the men who "go down to the sea in ships", Gutta Percha have issued a 16 PAGE BOOKLET IN 7 COLOURS ILLUSTRATING 121 BADGES OF THE FIGHTING SHIPS OF HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL NAVIES. Also shown are the sleeve markings and shoulder straps indicating the rank of Naval Officers and Silhouettes of British Naval Vessels.

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THE WAR - WEEK — Commentary on Current Events

The Germans, Unlike The British, Are No Back-To-The-Wall Fighters

At the moment that Prime Minister Churchill was arriving in Moscow last week to see the Reds, the Berlin radio said that Churchill was "attending a conference" in the Middle East perhaps with Mr. Roosevelt. Axis is distrait.

The last time the two leaders met together was at Casablanca, in New York Times.

Since the Axis has been driven to pieces in Africa, Times reported since Mr. Churchill, Roosevelt, in Washington, received news of the fall of Tobruk in 1942. Out of that meeting came plans for the invasion of Africa. Then the Casablanca conference in January mapped the measures. Conjecture is that the present meeting will mature plans for invasion of Sicily. It is enough that when two meet they plan for victory. The Premier's V-sign now is unconditional Axis surrender.

Hitler's Blue Monday

Hitler usually doesn't seem to affect Hitler the way it does Winston Churchill. Never was there a sadder one than Hitler at this moment. Is his mandate to the German people Monday, the third anniversary of the invasion of the Low Countries, to contribute to the Red Cross Summer campaign, sound like a man in need of charity. One could read what was in his mind. For more than a decade he had been abusing and scathing the innocent, before first his own countrymen, then foreigners, and on Monday he finally realized that people still believed him.

Other years he could boast of victories that had happened or were about to happen, but this year he couldn't. There was no news from Russia. Decidedly there was no good news from Russia. There was, for him and Germany, no good news from anywhere. He felt nervous, jittery and he wasn't having a good time. His soldiers weren't having a good time. German civilians were having a good time. Allied airmen, disregarding the Berlin line, bombing in for extra import, had carried the war into Germany's towns, marshalling yards and villages."

This was all that Adolf Hitler could say to the German people, after a decade of sufferings and sacrifices, had earned them the prospect of more sufferings and sacrifices. Here Hitler is a man of moods. He may feel better on Monday than he felt last Monday. We don't think he will do a dancing even next Monday.

Lessons of Tunisia

Although individual German units put up no resistance in Tunisia, the outstanding feature of the Allied victory is the quick collapse of the fighting morale once the German and hope of victory were gone. The last smashing blows at Sfax and Bizerte, which clearly demonstrated Allied superiority in men and material, precipitated the process of German dissolution. The latest dispatches from the front provide dramatic proof of it.

There will be no Bataan on Cap Bon. There will be no Dunkerque or Stalingrad either. Though still well armed and equipped, the Germans are surrendering in droves, they and their generals. Whole companies march in full uniform to the prison stockades and are jammed with some hundred thousand of them. The power of the dreaded Elite Guards, just as the Germans themselves to do it that they carry out Hitler's orders and fight to the "last bullet", is gone: the troops burn bullets but keep the food. The ranks of Allied prisoners readily turn their guns over to their prisoners and change places with them, glad to escape that cheaply. The Germans are members of the United Africa Corps, the flower of the German Army, veterans of impressive victories of the past, carefully picked and conditioned for desert warfare. But in the finest, the best specimens of the "master race" show up no better than the Italians whom they used to despise. And therein lie some important lessons for the further conduct of the war.

First Lesson

The first is that the Germans, like the British, are no back-to-the-wall fighters. As long as there is hope of victory they are as good as any soldiers, and the skill of their professional military leaders makes them formidable enemies. But as soon as the odds turn against them and the chances of victory, even the hope of holding on, begin to fade they are quick to throw up their hands. That is what happened in 1918. That is what is happening in North Africa. And that is what is likely to happen in Germany again, despite the Elite Guards, once the Allies have repeated on a proportionate scale on the continent of Europe. Once again it has been demonstrated that war is not a mathematical but a human equation, and Goebbels himself has admitted that German civilian morale is worse than German military morale at the front.

Second Lesson

The second lesson, long a military axiom, which has been proved again in North Africa, is that attack is far more promising and less costly than defense. According to London estimates, the African campaign has cost the Axis more than 750,000 men and enormous quantities of material. The Allied losses are mere fractions of this terrible toll, and in the last phases of the campaign, counting prisoners, they appear to be less than one to ten.

Last Lesson

The last and final lesson is obvious from the first two. Coming on top of Stalingrad, the Axis catastrophe in Africa has shaken all Europe, causing great concern within the Axis Powers and their satellites, raising new hopes and new resistance among their victims. This, together with the natural advantage of attack, makes it imperative that the Allied victory which should follow up as quickly as possible with equally smashing blows at Hitler's Fortress of the invasion of the Low Countries, to contribute to the Red Cross Summer campaign, sound like a man in need of charity. One could read what was in his mind. For more than a decade he had been abusing and scathing the innocent, before first his own countrymen, then foreigners, and on Monday he finally realized that people still believed him.

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CHINA'S PRESIDENT

Leader of Free China is white-bearded Lin Sen, 79, for 12 years president of the National Government at Chungking. Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, as president of the executive Yuan, occupies a position like that of a prime minister.

Workmen Get Heroism Medals

To eight workmen in a munitions manufacturing plant in Gatineau, Quebec, came the chance to offer their lives for others—an opportunity whose acceptance earned them bronze medals from the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission.

One after the other, the men descended into a tank of wood-pulp, filled with the lethal fumes of hydrogen sulphide gas, in an effort to save a worker who had been overcome. There they worked until they, too, were overcome by fumes and had to be rescued.

THE BOOK SHELF

SLEEPING ISLAND

By P. G. Downes

This is the story of one man's adventuring in the uncharted wilds of the Canadian Northwest—poling and shooting treacherous rapids that might continue into eternity for all he knew, packing canoes and loads over rocky, miles long portages, blinded and staggering, spinning out yarns of the North country with trappers and traders gathered around the stove in remote Hudson's Bay Company posts, visiting with old friends among Indians and Eskimos.

Downes and his trapper friend, John, made their way up the Cochrane River, and then over a tortuous and poorly marked trail across a chain of lakes to Nueltin, the great Lake of the Sleeping Islands, known still to only a handful of white men. Just why this huge land of rock and dwarf spruce should have such a pull is hard to express, but this dialogue between a Dog-Rib Indian and a priest may offer some clue:

"Tell me, Father, what is this whiteman's Heaven?"

"It is the most beautiful place in the world."

"Tell me, Father, is it like the land of the little trees when the ice has left the lakes? Are the great moss ones there? Are the hills covered with flowers? There will I see the caribou everywhere I look? Are the lakes blue with the sky of summer? Is every net full of great, fat whitefish? Is there room for me in this land, like our land, the Barrens? Can I camp anywhere and not find that someone else has camped? Can I feel the wind and be like the wind? Father, if your Heaven is not all these, leave me alone in my land, the land of the little sticks."

SLEEPING ISLAND . . . By P. G. Downes . . . Longmans, Green & Co. . . . Price $4.50.

OTTAWA REPORTS

That Canada's 1943 Food Production Drive Will Be Greatest in Our History.

As definitely as though we were managing some of the equipment behind Montgomery's army, Canada's agricultural army, in this fourth year of the war, will be a link in the war offensives with which the United Nations hope this spring and summer to route a road to ultimate victory.

The perspective for Canada's 1943 "on to the land" campaign is quite in keeping with the monster military, aerial and naval offensives planned for Europe, Africa and Australasia, for, like these planned onslaughts, Canada's food production drive will be the greatest in our history.

26% Overall Increase

Swelling the ranks of the farmer folk, who, in this, as in the previous world war, give all-out effort for Victory production of food, will be scores of thousands of men and women, boys and girls, from towns and villages, factories, offices and workshops, schools and colleges. There is a clear program of food production mapped out for this impending national effort. An overall increase of about 20 per cent. is the rough objective, but the increases vary in different items.

The chief item for which increased production is sought in 1943 is hogs—from 6,250,000 in 1942 to 8,000,000 in 1943, or 28 per cent. This formidable increase is necessary to meet not only British demand for 675 million pounds of Canadian bacon this year—75 million pounds more than last year—but our own domestic needs

"Grow All You Can"

A number of special field crops, such as fibre flax, soybeans and sugar beets, are wanted in much larger quantities, while the 1943 objective in eggs is 29 per cent. higher than in 1942 and a 10 per cent. increase in poultry. The flexible program prepared envisages also an advance of six per cent. in milk production.

While the schedule has been systematized down to a statistical basis such as is indicated in the above few items, the stated objectives are only relative. The injunction to everyone, whether big farmers or merely Victory gardeners in the backyard, is, "Grow all you can." There will be ready markets for all that can be raised, but particular stress is laid on meat, animals, eggs, vegetables, forage crops and feed grains.

Farmers Endorse Policy

Broadly, the general food policy for this Dominion, a policy which farmers throughout the country endorse, states Agriculture Minister James G. Gardiner, includes, first, that the needs of the armed forces shall receive the initial call on the food supplies of the nation. Secondly, that the civilian population shall receive a reasonable amount of the food available; and, thirdly, that British food contract requirements, prisoners of war parcels, dependent countries, such as Newfoundland and the West Indies, ships' stores and the armed forces of the United States in Canada, shall receive food supplies to the utmost of Canada's ability to supply them.

Women Tackle Big Army Jobs

The British Women's Services in the Middle East are "very much in the picture these days and are taking over more and more jobs in base areas releasing soldiers for jobs in the line," the London Radio said.

"It is not merely a question of doing office jobs. It is a common thing to see women at the wheels of motor cars and trucks, and driving tractors and heavy vehicles of that kind. They convoy army lorries from port to delivery stations, ready for collection by the army men who take them on from there."

FUNNY BUSINESS

"You've certainly got the idea, girls! Since that war plant has started its night shift, your egg output has doubled!"

VOICE OF THE PRESS

STRETCH YOUR DOLLARS

Watch your left-overs. There's a war on, and there ought to be no left-overs. It is surprising the amount of good food which finds its way into the garbage can. Measure everything carefully. When you cook a meal for four people have enough for four—not for five or six, as is frequently the case. The difference is usually wasted.

Create your own cost of living bonus with profit to yourself and the country as well. It can be done!

—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

WE HELP OUT THE U.S.

Canada is reported to be manufacturing $4,000,000,000 worth of munitions this year. That ought to make some of our neighbors realize that there is more to this country than wheat fields, snow-clad mountains, great areas of woodland, fur-trappers, Mounted Policemen and Dionne quintuplets.

—Brockville Recorder and Times.

LONG AGO

In our innocence, we used to think that a ceiling was that thing that when you were "doing over" a room the paper kept falling down around your neck and you wound up by whitewashing it.

—Windsor Star.

WHAT ABOUT CRABBIEST?

"The life span of a crab is 20 years," according to a scientist. The professor is off the beam; many a wife has an old crab who's been crabbing much longer than that, and is crabbier now than ever he was.

—Ottawa Citizen.

REALISTIC

Suggestion for Mr. Ilsley: At Twin Falls, Idaho, a sign greeting taxpayers in the county treasure's office reads, "What are you crying about? Nobody's shooting at you!"

—Brantford Expositor.

SHORTAGECAKE?

"Ontario Strawberry Growers Ask Higher Prices." What are we going to call it this year—shortagecake?

—Windsor Star.

WHERE ECONOMY IS RIFE

In England one razor blade has to last two weeks, but that is not considered any hardship in Scotland.

—Brandon Sun.

Washing Rag Mats

If a rag rug has been washed it will remain clean longer if it is dipped into heavy starch. By doing this it will also stay in a better position on the floor.

CRACKERS 'N' CHEESE!

BY MOLLY O'DALE

There are certain food items which one always thinks of in association. Who, for instance, can pronounce the words "Corned Beef" without instinctively adding the word "Cabbage." Ham and eggs is another. Still another is Crackers and Cheese—one of the most universally popular diet combinations on the North American continent.

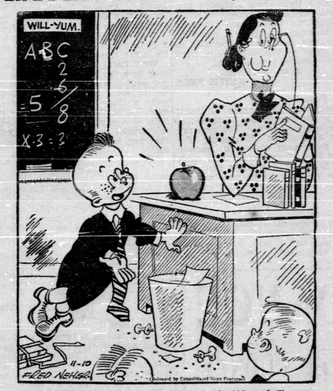
And there's a real scientific basis for the popularity of crackers and cheese. Soda Crackers rank second only to butter in caloric value, and cheese stands in third place. So, when you butter a crisp soda cracker and eat it with a bit of cheese, you are, whether you care or not, eating the three food items which possess the largest number of calories to the pound.

Two factors account for the high caloric value of Biscuits and Soda Crackers. First—their composition which includes wheat, shortening, eggs, milk and other nutritive food products. Secondly—lack of moisture. In the making of Soda Crackers, the dehydration results in reducing the moisture to less than 6% of total weight. How dry this is can be seen from the fact that fresh bread contains 36% moisture! In a nutshell, a good Soda Cracker is the "staff of life" dehydrated.

This dehydration results also in giving the Soda Crackers a most agreeable taste so that they can be eaten with enjoyment just as you take them out of the package. But usually they are most enjoyed when lightly buttered and eaten with cheese, soup, jam, marmalade, salads, etc. And these various combinations also provide not only for a high caloric intake, but also take care of the body's requirements in the way of sugars, carbohydrates, proteins and vitamins. Yes, indeed, our old friend "Crackers 'n' Cheese" fits in well with a health-building diet.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"Sure it's a dandy. . . . It's a grade 'A' apple!"

REG'LAR FELLERS—A Private Army

By GENE BYRNES