

THE SPORTING THING
By LANG ARMSTRONG



"Now do you remember? A split bamboo fishing rod that she traded to you for a bridge lamp!"

SNAPSHOTS OF A MAN GETTING INK ON HIS FINGERS
BY GLADYS WILLIAMS



FUNNY BUSINESS



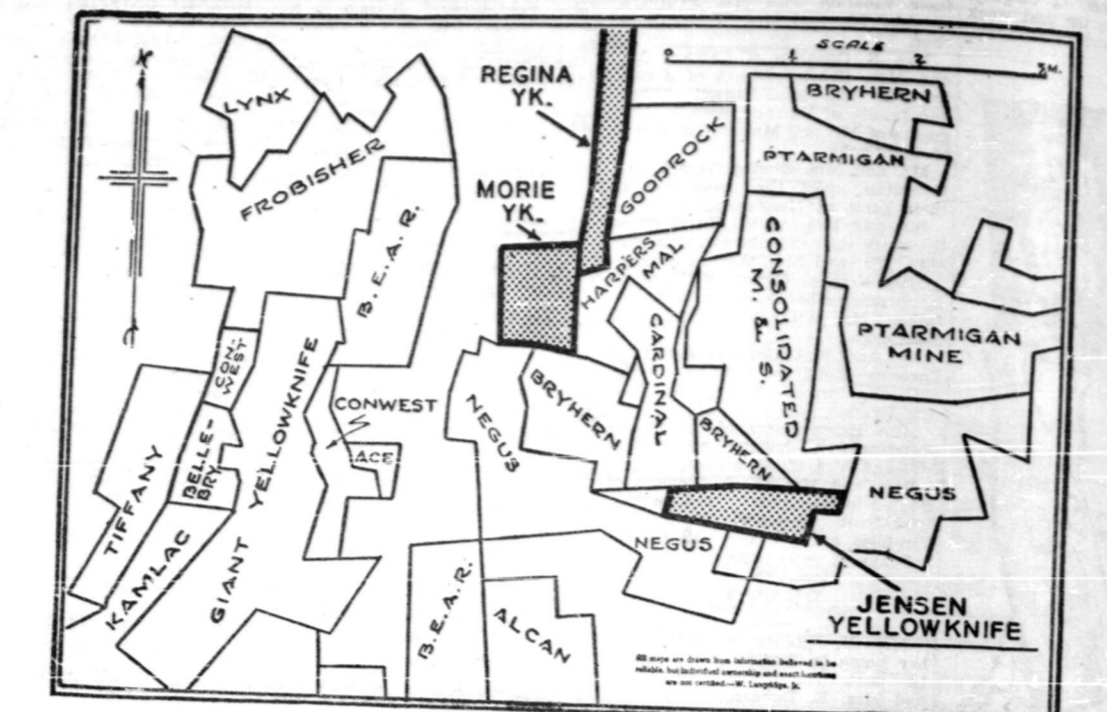
"But there's nothing you can do about it, Sarge—he's on a two-day leave!"

ACTION ON SAIPAN



The remarkable photo above was taken at the height of battle on Saipan. It shows a U. S. Marine wounded by Jap shells being bursting in background, starting to fall. Photo is blurred because concussion shook photographer's camera.

MORIE YELLOWKNIFE GOLD MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)



The property consists of six claims known as the Dora Group, numbered Dora One, Two, Three, Four, Five and Six, adjoining the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company on the east. There is a strong vein running from Twelve. I understand that Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company have received Grab Sample Values of \$50.00 from that particular section.

An Unusually Attractive Yellowknife Purchase at 18c per Share

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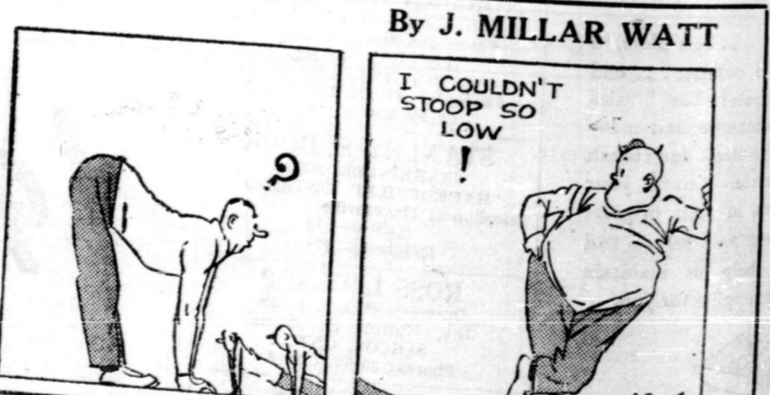
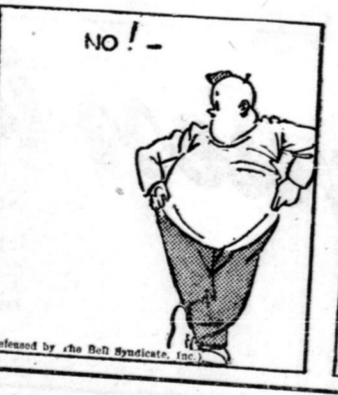
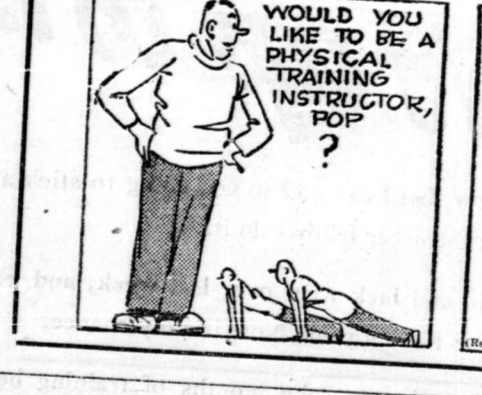
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Please purchase for me _____ shares Morie Yellowknife Gold Mines Limited at 18c per share.

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POP—He "Couldn't" Is Right



REG'LAR FELLERS—Tired Businessman



SERIAL STORY
Murder on the Boardwalk
BY ELLINORE COWAN STONE

Next Week: After agreeing to the mysterious "Lucille" at the street below, the girl glanced back before she descended. She walked on a block, turned into a side street, unlocked a door, and went in, leaving the door ajar.

For the first time Christine hesitated. After all, what did she know of this girl except that it was her voice which had first sounded that ominous note of danger which had run like a moth through the last 24 hours?

Then her curiosity got the better of her, and she passed through the door.

She found herself in a poorly lighted, shabby hall, from which a stairway, ascended into darkness behind. Christine wondered if she were mistaken in thinking that something moved in the shadows of that stairway.

"The girl who called herself 'Lucille' was waiting," said Miss Thorenson, she said abruptly, and opened the door upon a lighted room.

Christine stood amazed at the contrast between the bleak rigidity of the hall and the quiet good taste and comfort of that room. The room was pleasantly lighted; a soft Oriental rug covered the floor; two of the walls were lined with books; and there were comfortable chairs. It was a room, somehow, to inspire confidence. Yet Christine felt no confidence now, even in herself.

Before she could speak, a man she had not seen at first got up from a desk that stood in a sheltered alcove. "Chandra!"

"I am sorry about all this mystery," Miss Thorenson said in a well-remembered voice. "But it seemed necessary."

"Christine," he said, "of course, I was right in the beginning."

He had shed every trace of the Oriental mystic. From his unobtrusive appearance and the quiet precision with which he spoke and moved, one might easily have taken him for a well-trained major domo.

He insisted on taking a wheel chair back down the Boardwalk, and a closed chair with a cushioned seat and a pair of wheels, which he moved, one might easily have taken him for a well-trained major domo.

When a little short of the Paris shop, she insisted on saying "Good night." Mr. Wilmet's face clouded with concern.

"I really don't think you ought to be alone on the Boardwalk," he objected, "after what's just happened. Hadn't I better—ah—see you to your destination? Of course!"

"Thank you," Christine said impatiently. "There won't be any trouble. I'm spending the evening with a girl I've known for years."

She was afraid he might follow her, but when she looked back, he was going dejectedly into a tobacco shop.

Christine had no difficulty in identifying the girl who stood before the shop window as if rapt by a pair of silver sandals. When Christine paused and removed her sunglasses, the girl glanced up with a flicker of recognition, returned for a moment to her inspection of the sandals, and then strolled off along the Boardwalk. Presently Christine followed, sauntering as the girl did.

At the top of a flight of stairs leading to the street below, the girl glanced back before she descended. She walked on a block, turned into a side street, unlocked a door, and went in, leaving the door ajar.

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MAIL FOR THE FORCES OVERSEAS



In Normandy, in Italy, wherever they may be, Canadian forces overseas get mail from home quickly because of the big Lancaster transports operated by Trans-Canada Air Lines in the Canadian Government's trans-Atlantic service. And from the fronts come letters to the folk at home.

More than 50,000,000 letters have been carried in 55 crossings of the Atlantic—less than a year's operation. With four aircraft in service, three round trips are now made each week between Montreal and the United Kingdom. Flights are made direct, without intermediate stops, and the distance, 3,100 statute miles, has been covered in little more than eleven hours.

In the big noses of the Lancasters, as much as 8,000 pounds of mail may be carried. Parts and equipment of importance to war effort are carried as freight. No face-paying passengers are transported, but official passengers on urgent war business are sometimes carried.

TABLE TALKS
Three Good Breads

Home-baked bread, biscuits, muffins—all are welcome on any table, and they can be as healthful and good for you to eat as they are appetizing.

The following recipe with a slight change or two, enables you to prepare three excellent breads—giving your family a definite smile, "partly responsible" for it.

You see, Miss Thorenson, people come here for such a variety of reasons. They want, for instance, to be told how to find things they have lost; where their husbands are spending their evenings; whether they will get the jobs they want, whether that pain that worries them is what they fear it is; whether the time is right to invest their money. There are some questions you cannot answer directly if you are honest.

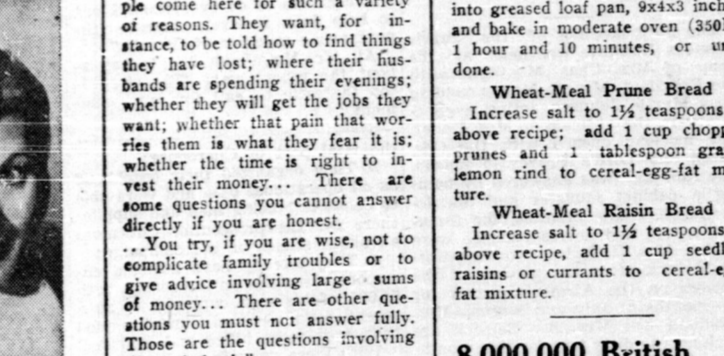
You try, if you are wise, not to complicate family troubles or to give advice involving large sums of money. There are other questions you must not answer fully. Those are the questions involving life and death.

This is very "interesting," Christine interrupted impatiently. "But why does it concern me—or my cousin's death?"

"Because Mrs. Talber's case, Miss Thorenson, was one of 'must-nots.' Partly on that account, and partly because there were—circumstances I did not entirely understand, I did not warn your cousin of her dangers."

(Continued Next Week)

FROM THE CHETNIKS



Reigning as military queen in west coast fall showing, Mrs. Talber's original Chetnik hero made up in a Stuart dress plaid.

For Christine realized that she had seen those tawny-brown eyes just once, but twice before.

"Yes," he anticipated her as she tried to reconstruct that brief encounter on the station platform, "you have seen me before. The first time you may not recall. You thought your cousin might have good use. I did not expect you to remember."

"It was your eyes, not your clothes, that I noticed. You said I might find you in a taxi cab. I was for a moment behind yours when in the taxi cab behind yours when you got out at your hotel. . . . And I was not the only one following you, Miss Thorenson."

Christine broke out angrily, "I was crazy to come here. I guessed from the beginning that this girl was one of your spies."

"I suppose that it's no use to expect you to believe that I am really the clairvoyant went on quietly. "But it is quite true that you got out at your hotel. . . . And I was asked to keep an eye on your movements by someone whom your cousin had expected to meet you, but who was—unable to do so. I agreed to do it because—well, I suppose I know that I am words that might hold her attention—because I know that I am partly responsible."

"Are you so sure that you have deceived the police?" Christine gasped, "that you dared to trick me into coming here and—"

"I said," he interrupted with a

Outstandingly Good "SALADA" TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM
By Gwendolyn P. Clarke

Looking back, last week seems like several weeks rolled into one. When it started we thought help for having would be our only problem. For that reason we had one of the farm Commandos out to help—and we were very well satisfied with the result. It looks as if city help has saved the day for a good many farmers. Monday saw all our hay in that ready course I had phoned Daughter that her teacher was home to the come along too. Saturday afternoon I saw a strange "like" on the lawn here—had come up unexpectedly for the week-end. But he had stopped off at the hayfield and was driving the team on the horse-rake.

So, with continued fine weather, and plenty of men around, Part-brother got in quite a bit of hay—but naturally not too much because we didn't want to take advantage of the help that was so willingly given. Haying, plus hot weather can be hard to take. Sunday night our visiting family were all on their way again, and I must confess Partner and I are feeling a little limp.

Wednesday Partner was straightening out the mow all day in preparation for Commando help that day. But the Commando help was cancelled because Partner's brother arrived for the day. Friday morning, the real climax—stepping around with bare feet by now. As it is my feet are anything but bare, I was invited to go to Toronto. Did I accept? Well, if I hadn't I would probably be stepping around with bare feet by now. As it is my feet are anything but bare, I was invited to go to Toronto. Did I accept? Well, if I hadn't I would probably be stepping around with bare feet by now. As it is my feet are anything but bare, I was invited to go to Toronto. Did I accept? Well, if I hadn't I would probably be stepping around with bare feet by now.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

GIDEON'S FAITHFUL FEW
July 30
Judges 6, 7, 8
PRINTED TEXT: Judges 7:17, 18, 19
GOLDEN TEXT: "There is no restraint to Jehovah to save by many or by few." 1 Samuel 14:6.
MEMORY VERSE: "Then, Jehovah, heard the voice of the people, and the noise of their breaking and the sudden appearance of the light, the Midianites would be terrified, terrified and thrown into confusion." The success of the stratagem depended on a perfect understanding of what was to be done, and a perfect unity of action, as I do, so shall ye do.

It was in the strength and power of the Lord that they were to go forth against the Midianites. His invisible sword and hosts would win for them.

"And they stood every man in his place round about the camp; and all the host ran; and they shouted, and put them to flight." The battle went precisely as Gideon had planned. The surprised army was thrown into utter confusion. Everyone thought of treachery and turned his sword against his fellow. Escape was the common impulse and the disorganized host fled, pursued for days and nights by the Israelites.

Defeat of Midianites

And so the terrible misery of Israel was removed and the oppressor's power broken forever. All this was done by God, but done by means of the three hundred tested and chosen heroes.

Annual cheese consumption in the United States normally approximates 45,000,000 pounds, or four and one-half pounds per capita.

Headache

Nothing is more depressing than headaches. Why suffer? Lambl's will give instant relief. Lambl's is good for: Cough, cold, sore throat, toothache, pain in back, stomach, bowels.

LAMBL'S HEADACHE POWDERS

MACDONALD'S Brier
Canada's Standard Smoke

In the remarkable close-up above, smoke streams from a Jap "Kate" torpedo bomber, hit by a U. S. Navy PB4Y over Truk, before the plane smashed into the sea. The rear gunner stood up as if to bail out, but sat down again, failing to jump from the plane, which exploded when it hit the water.