

BYRON NELSON WINS SEAGRAM GOLD CUP



This handsome trophy, the Seagram Gold Cup, emblematic of the Canadian Open Golf Championship, was won on Saturday, August 4th, at Thornhill Golf Club, Toronto, by Byron Nelson of Toledo, Ohio, with a score of 280, 4 strokes better than the runner-up Herman Barron, White Plains, New York. Outstanding players from all parts of Canada and the United States participated in the Tournament which was one of the most successful in Canadian golfing history. With the Seagram Gold Cup, Byron Nelson received a cheque from the R.C.G.A. for \$2,000.

THEY DEFEND MARSHAL PETAIN



Attorneys for the defense of 89-year-old Marshal Henri Philippe Petain, on trial for his life on treason charges in Paris, are pictured above. They are M. Lemaire, left, and M. Isorni. The picture was made during a brief recess in the trial.

'VOICE OF DOOM'



Japanese-speaking Capt. Ellis M. Zacharias, USN, above, is the "voice of doom" to Jap radio listeners. Through the Office of War Information, he makes regular broadcasts to the Japs, stressing the hopelessness of further resistance and the certain destruction awaiting Jap cities.

SWEDEN'S PREMIER



Per Albin Hansson, above, continues as premier of Sweden, a position he has held six years, in the quiet replacement of the wartime coalition government by a Social-Democratic cabinet.

WINS VICTORIA CROSS



Cpl. Frederick George Topham, 27-year-old Toronto member of the 1st Canadian Parachute Battalion, who has been awarded the Victoria Cross for gallantry while serving as a medical orderly during the Battle of the Rhine.

Topham, who becomes Canada's 11th Victoria Cross winner of this war, saw sniper bullets kill two other medical orderlies, but this did not stop him from treating and carrying an unknown number of wounded to safety.

The action occurred near West last March 25, when the Battle of the Rhine was at its height.

Official Citation.

The citation accompanying the award to Topham reads:

"On March 24, 1945, Cpl. Topham, a medical orderly parachuted with his battalion on to a strongly defended area east of the Rhine. At about 11:00 a.m., whilst treating casualties sustained in the drop, a cry for help came from a wounded man in the open. Two medical orderlies from a field ambulance went out to this man in succession but

both were killed as they knelt beside the casualty.

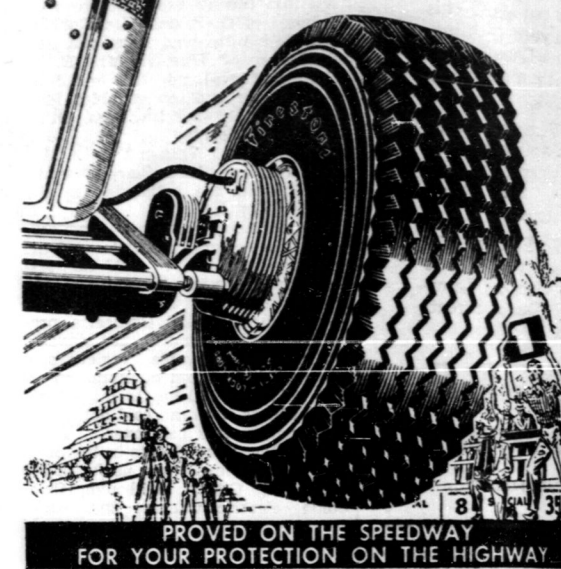
"Without hesitation and on his own initiative Cpl. Topham went forward through intense fire to replace the orderlies who had been killed before his eyes. As he worked on the wounded man, he was himself shot through the nose. In spite of severe bleeding and intense pain he never faltered in his task. Having completed immediate first aid he carried the wounded man steadily and slowly back through continuous fire to the shelter of the woods.

"During the next two hours Cpl. Topham refused all offers of medical help for his own wound. He worked most devotedly throughout this period to bring in wounded, showing complete disregard for the heavy and accurate enemy fire. It was only when all casualties had been

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clear that he consented to his own wound being treated.

"His immediate evacuation was ordered, but he interceded so earnestly on his own behalf that he was eventually allowed to return to duty.

"On his way back to his company he came across a carrier which had received a direct hit. Enemy mortar fire was still dropping around, the carrier itself was burning fiercely, and its own mortar ammunition was exploding. An experienced officer on the spot had warned all not to approach the carrier.

"Cpl. Topham, however, im-

mediately went out alone in spite of the blazing ammunition and enemy fire, and rescued the occupants of the carrier. He brought these men back to the open ground, and almost one died almost immediately afterwards, he arranged for the evacuation of the other two, undoubtedly owing their lives to him.

"This non-commissioned officer showed sustained gallantry of the highest order, for six hours, out of the time in great pain, he performed a series of acts of outstanding bravery and his selfless and fearless conduct inspired all those who witnessed it.

The Perfect Thirst Quencher

"SALADA" ICED TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendolyn P. Clarke

What I have longed to write can now be written. The wheat is in! Yes, that's all I wanted to say—it doesn't sound very exciting does it? But there it is, and I can tell you every sheaf of grain that goes into the barn is mighty important these days because every farmer is looking at his livestock rather doubtfully right now, wondering if he will have feed enough to winter them, and if not whether there will be a shortage of what he may have to buy. And you people who buy your butter, cream, milk and eggs, you say you come to realize why the farmer worried about feed for his livestock. It may be reflected in your milk bottles or in the eggs that you buy—especially when export trade must first be taken into consideration.

However, we don't have to worry about wheat. We never had such a heavy crop. Twenty-one loads of wheat, twenty-one loads of oats, and twenty-one loads of barley. What we would have done if son Bob hadn't been home I don't know. Now all three men are complaining about sore backs and aching limbs—but they have the satisfaction of knowing the wheat is in the barn and not out in the field where right now it would be getting nice and wet as it has been raining since sometime during the night.

Many farmers in this country have been glad to take advantage of the Government's offer to buy their wheat, and according to all reports, the Commando workers have given splendid satisfaction. They work hard, and the farmers work hard, and if you ask me, the hardest

worked man in the county is the Agricultural Representative, who is responsible for ordering and placing the men where they are most needed. It is a wonder to me that the poor man isn't going in circles. Take our own case for instance. We wanted a man to help stock wheat. All right, we could get one. The next day it rained—that meant more telephoning to cancel the arrangement. And I suppose what he'd be good for us held good for other farmers in the county. Another time we wanted help but as a sufficient number of farmers had not applied for help no men were sent out. Another time our local "Rep" phoned out to see if we could use a man as he had more men than he could place. It so happened that we couldn't. So there you are, and if that is a sample of what is going on all over the county then I say that acting as a go-between for farmers and farm workers is surely no picnic. So, when we give credit to the city fellows who come out to help the farmers we certainly shouldn't forget to also give credit to the man who helped to get them there—our local agricultural representative.

I mentioned a few minutes ago that it had been raining, and this is a holiday weekend and our city folk are here to enjoy a few days in the country. Sunday wasn't too bad—cool, but at least it was fine. Monday, dismal, dull and raining. The lights have been on in the house nearly all day. So what did we do? Well, I'll tell you. Daughter is giving the house a regular housecleaning all in one day! And do you know what she told me—she said, quite kindly but very emphatically—"Mother, you are a real good mother, but you are not such a good housekeeper." "Daughter" I replied, "if you had had as much to do as I have lately you wouldn't be a good housekeeper either."

And the rest of the family—friend Bert undertook to clean the inside of all the windows. And what a help that is. Partner and Bob dismantled an electric stove that was to be packed up and taken Partner's brother in the city. The idea was to send it by transport but after taking it to pieces they decided it would be just as easy, if they could get it in the house that way. Personally, they got it in all right, so now they are away. Daughter is still sweeping and dusting, the windows are nearly cleaned, the weather is clearing and I'm hearing a few remarks about going out to shoot ground-hogs.

And I—well, I'm thinking a nice hot cup of tea would be quite in order, and after that I think I had better set out to prove to Daughter that my housekeeping abilities are only dormant—not extinct.

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Princess of Gratz

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER XIV
"Fool! You would not have tried that had you known how good Manfred is with the trigger." He bent and took the keys from Roger's pocket. "Thank you." He stood up. "And you, my friends, let this not spoil your merriment. It is war, you know—a war whose demands transcend anything else."

"Even the love of God and the love of your brother," said Merdel. "Princess of Gratz," Oberleutnant Faber bowed stiffly. "I salute you. And yes—even perhaps such love as you mention. I am glad you have found sanctuary in this country. It would be a shame for such beauty as yours to suffer."

"Make haste!" said Kehl in German. "There is no time for talk. You know the pretty one? She is the Princess of Gratz, isn't she?" He bowed slightly, his mouth set in a hard smile. "She is warm here, isn't she? We shall go now."

Roger had risen slowly to his feet. He stood beside him. Merdel moved close to the old lady whose eyes never left the thin, stabled visage of Michel Fabre. "Oberleutnant Faber," she said. "A little child stamped on your picture and said she hated you." "It is war," he said. "War. You do not understand, you people. You will know one day soon. Auf Wiedersehen."

No one moved. Not until, above the low moaning of the wind, they heard the sound of a motor, did anyone have the will to speak. To think even of what had happened. Roger went to the window then. Merdel came and stood beside him, her hand through his arm. They saw the tail lights of the station wagon receding until they were only fiery pin points; then nothing.

"They'll be over the border before morning," said Roger. "I'll go at once to St. Didier and telephone the police and the military from there. It won't do any good. They must have it all figured out. I suppose they'll trade the wagon for some other car before long. Mike—Mike seems to be going there." His mouth was swollen, twisted now more with scorn than pain. Oberleutnant Faber. "I'll bet he has the Iron Cross."

"Yes, monsieur, he has." It was Rudolph who spoke, softly, sadly. "And other honors from the same source."

"My God, Rudolph!" Madame got up from her chair. "What do you mean?"

"I did not mean to speak of it ever, Madame." Rudolph stared unshapely at the fire. "But now there is no point in keeping silence. It was Jules Goulon who told me—Jules who once brought me to see his picture—the one Merdel has. And Jules knew how much Merdel was interested in that one. Jules had seen him when he was taken prisoner by the English. And Jules described him—yes, even to the Iron Cross—when I was Oberleutnant Faber! I am sorry, Madame. I would have died gladly to save you this. And

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SOUR APPLES FOR THE GERMANS



The sidewalk cafes of Berlin are operating again, but the wines and schnapps and wonderful food of old Germany are only a memory. The drinks on the table in this picture are just colored water, now in great demand, and the bread tray the waiter is carrying is heaped with the main dish of the day—green apples.

How Can I?

by Anne Ashley

Q. How can I keep leather shoes soft and pliable?
A. Rub the shoes about once a week with castor oil, or rub occasionally with vaseline.

Q. How can I destroy any taste of baking powder when making biscuits?

A. Add a teaspoonful of sugar and it will destroy any taste of baking powder. Buttermilk is always a good substitute for fresh milk when making biscuits.

Q. How can I whiten the teeth?

A. Alphy peroxide of hydrogen, diluted with one half water. Or clean with prepared chalk and orris root every morning and night.

Q. Can I use laundry starch that is left over?

A. Yes, by allowing it to settle and dry, and then putting back in the package to use again.

Western Wheat

Any hopes that westerners had, during the very cool weather of the Spring and early Summer, that it might mean a big crop, as it has done before, have been disappointed, says the Winnipeg Free Press.

There will be a little less than an average crop of wheat, but better crops of coarse grains, according to the third Free Press crop report.

Manitoba is happy at the prospect of good crops almost everywhere.

Q. How can I clean a white felt hat?

A. By using one quart of cornmeal mixed with one cupful each of salt and flour. Rub well into the surface of the hat, let it stand overnight, and then remove by brushing.

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