

ALCOA BUSTER



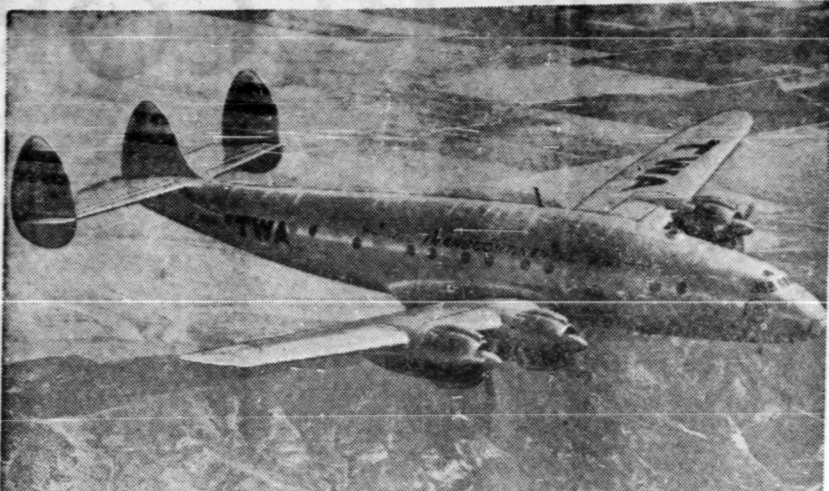
Atty. Gen. Tom C. Clark, above, recommended to Congress that the vast Aluminum Company of America, which won seven Army-Navy E's for war production, be split up into a number of competing companies to provide "a more efficient, lower cost industry." Clark held that Alcoa controls more than 90 per cent of the aluminum industry's productive capacity and declared competition is the key to lower prices and more jobs.

JOINS CABINET



Shigeru Yoshida, above, one-time Japanese ambassador to London, is Japan's new foreign minister, succeeding Mamoru Shigemitsu, who resigned. Shigemitsu also had served as foreign minister under Tojo and Koiso.

NEW SERVICE



This transcontinental plane is one of a fleet that will establish the world's first 300-mile-an-hour commercial air service. TWA plans to use them for 10-hour coast-to-coast and 14-hour New York to Europe flights. Fleet will include 30 big four-engine planes.

IN A JAPANESE HOSPITAL



This is a hospital ward in notorious Shingawa camp, where wounded prisoners of war were left to fight their battles against disease and infection. Those who could not find room on uncovered wooden cots slept on floor.

BELGIUM HONORS ARMY COMMANDER



In recognition of brilliant leadership on the Continent, Lt. Gen. H. D. G. Crerar, received Belgium's highest honor, Membership in the Order of Leopold, from A. Paternotte de la Vallée, Belgian Ambassador to Canada. Gen. Crerar was made Grand Officer of the Order and was presented with the Belgian War Cross. Shown at the ceremony which took place at the General's residence recently are left to right: Lt. Gen. H. D. G. Crerar; commandant Jean Ducq, Military Attaché, Belgian Embassy and Mr. A. Paternotte de la Vallée.

EPES' COUNSEL LOSES PLEA

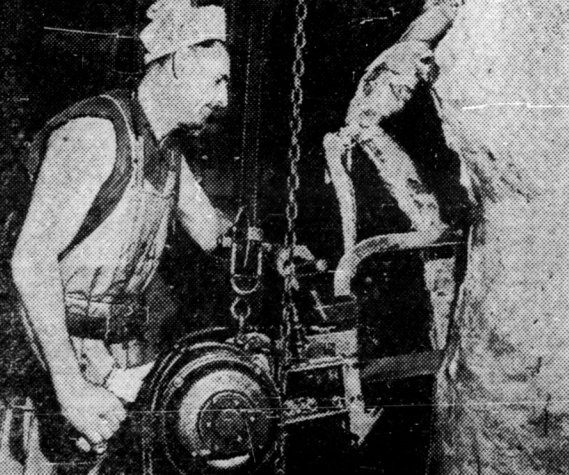


Samuel C. Epes, on trial for murder of his wife, leaves Columbia, S.C., court surrounded by a gallery of bobby-sox autograph hunters. Defense counsel lost its plea for a directed verdict.

Hunger Ridden Europe Needs Canadian Beef; Ranchers Packers Face Heavy Task



Starvation-threatened Europe desperately needs vast amounts of Canada's beef. Cattle (above) are being loaded for shipment by rail to stockyards (right).



Livestock slaughter control is as important as rationing to equitable distribution of domestic beef supplies. This packing plant worker uses a power saw to halve a carcass.

"If Canadians expect to get a fair share of those products in which Canada is in short supply (sugar, oils, fats) they must be prepared to make their contribution of those foods they have in abundance," said Dr. G. S. H. Barton, Deputy Minister of Agriculture recently. This means that Canadians put into a world pool the beef shipments they make to Europe on a trade basis for

the commodities Canada needs — sugar, fats and oils for soaps and various industrial purposes, textile materials, grocery items, and many other supplies. We have agreed to accept responsibilities in feeding Europe and in return and guaranteed to us by other nations such as the United States and Great Britain.

High-grade beef produced in Canada is consumed in Canada. These federal government graders stamp carcasses in Calgary packing plant. Red stamp indicates top grades.

Canadian Meat Board shipped 80 million pounds of beef in first six months of 1946.

Canada in the first half of 1945 exported 400,000, two million frugal meals on the basis of the present French ration. Canada is one of the few nations in the world with substantial beef reserves to draw on — we have 10,000,000 head of cattle all told throughout the nation.

DECIDEDLY MILD DEFINITELY ENJOYABLE Picobac The Pick of Tobacco

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

At this minute I am sitting in a railway coach waiting for the train to pull out and take me back to Ginger Farm—back to the great open spaces where one can be free of the suffocating heat and close-ness of the city. Yes, I shall be glad to be back, although even traveling has its interesting moments. For instance across the aisle from me there is a woman and a girl. The woman is reading the girl's palm and apparently the young lady has an interesting future ahead of her. They don't know me and I don't know them but I have a hunch that one, or both of them, may be a reader of this column.

These glimpses of "ships that pass in the night" are always interesting to me. Take this morning, I sat in a restaurant having breakfast when a young fellow got up to use the telephone. His conversation was free for all to hear but I wasn't paying much attention until he started telling "Jack."

Busy days these—days for making the last relishes to brighten winter meals, days for storing away the remaining garden produce before the frost arrives. To save the last green tomatoes from rot, the home economists of the Dominion Department of Agriculture suggest pulling the plants up by the roots, discarding any imperfect tomatoes and hanging them root-end up in the cellar or back shed. If a temperature around 50° F. can be maintained, the tomatoes will ripen gradually and provide a supply for several weeks.

For a change from raw slices, cucumbers try them cut in thick fingers dipped in seasoned flour and then sautéed in a little hot fat until crisp and brown. Cut half-inch slices of green tomato and sauté them this way also.

Along with two excellent relish recipes, the Consumer Section gives a recipe for Cucumbers au Gratin that is really worth trying.

Raw Carrot Relish
3 cups chopped carrots (8 large)
2 cups chopped sweet red peppers (4 medium)
2 cups chopped green peppers (2 large)
4 cups chopped cabbage (1 small head)
2 cups chopped onion
1 cup sugar
1 quart vinegar
2 tablespoons salt
2 tablespoons mustard seed
2 tablespoons celery seed
Mix all vegetables. Combine remaining ingredients and heat to boiling point. Pack vegetables into hot sterilized jars and cover with hot vinegar mixture. Seal. Yield: about 5 pints.

Ripe Cucumber Relish
3 large ripe cucumbers, about 3 lbs. cubed
2 large onions, 1 1/2 cups chopped
3 tablespoons salt
1 teaspoon turmeric
1/4 cup dry mustard
2 cups vinegar
1/4 cup flour
1/2 cup sugar
Peel and remove seeds from ripe cucumbers. Cut into pieces (about 1/2 inch cubes). Peel and chop onions and add to cucumbers; sprinkle with salt, let stand one hour; drain thoroughly. Mix turmeric and mustard with 1 cup vinegar, add drained vegetables and cook slowly 15 minutes. Combine flour and sugar with remaining cup of vinegar. Drain vegetables, combining drain liquid with flour and sugar paste. Heat this sauce slowly to boiling point and cook, stirring constantly 10 minutes. Add vegetables and reheat to boiling point. Pack in hot sterilized jars. Seal. Yield: about 3 pints.

Cucumbers au Gratin
1 1/2 cups soft-style bread crumbs
1/2 cup peeled, diced ripe cucumbers
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup grated cheese
2 cups thick cream sauce
Reserve 1/2 cup of crumbs. Place alternate layers of cucumbers and remaining bread crumbs in a greased baking dish. Add cheese to cream sauce and pour over the last layer; sprinkle with remaining bread crumbs. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. Remove cover and continue baking until crumbs are browned, about 10 minutes. Six servings.

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ISSUE 40-1945

Smart Girls always carry PARADOL

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CLEAN-UP TIME IN TOKYO



The Japanese woman, above, with baby strapped in curious contentment to her back, cleans windows at Azumi Barracks, Tokyo, where troops of the First Cavalry Division occupation force are quartered. Jap soldiers formerly occupied the building.

TABLE TALKS

Save Late Garden Crop From Frost

1. What is the correct way for a married woman to sign her name in social correspondence?
2. If it is raining, should a man carry the umbrella for a girl, or let her carry it?
3. What is the correct way to wear the engagement and the wedding rings?
4. Should a banana be skinned and eaten with the fingers when it is served whole?
5. Is it necessary for a woman to say "please" and "thank you" to her servants?
6. Is it proper to seat a husband and his wife side by side at the dinner table?

ANSWERS
1. She should use her full name. If Jane Smith has married Henry Brown, she should sign her social correspondence Jane Smith Brown. In writing to a stranger she should write below her signature, Mrs. Henry Brown. 2. The man should carry it. 3. Both should be worn on the third finger of the left hand, with the wedding ring below. 4. No; the banana is not a finger food. Strip off the skin, place the banana on the dessert plate and cut, one bite at a time, with the side of the fork. 5. It is not exactly necessary, but this courtesy should not be omitted when speaking to persons who are working for her comfort. 6. No; it is customary to separate them.

Bring Your Own

A Berlin woman who wants a hairdo must take to the beauty shop her own hot water or a brick of pressed coal. Gas is so scarce that beauty shops are not permitted to keep a flame burning all day. They have a fire on the hearth, but customers must help provide fuel.



By Louise Wheeler

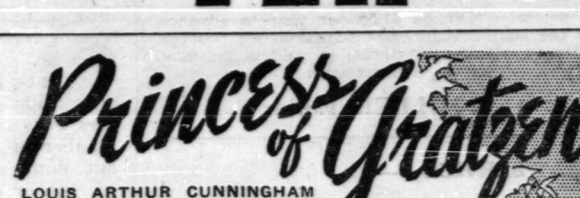
A gay apron adds glamour to your role as hostess. These aprons take little material. Colorful embroidery that a youngster would love to do.

You can make these aprons from one pattern. Pattern 964 has transfer pattern of an 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 and two 2 1/2 x 5 1/2 inch motifs; directions.

Send Twenty Cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 72 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly. Pattern Number, your Name and Address.

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LOUIS ARTHUR GUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER XXI

"I cannot. I tell you I cannot." She was crying a little, but if he felt any pity for her, he showed none.

"But in a little while, in a few days, you intend to become my wife."

"You know that I accepted that long ago. Why do we have to talk about it now?"

"Because it is so near the time, and I have waited and waited and hoped constantly that I would find in you the answer to my love. The answer hasn't come."

"But in time—oh, Roger, why must we talk like this?"

"We must," he said doggedly, "before it is too late. We must have this thing settled. I do not see how it ever can be settled. What would you have me do?"

"Michel is still in your heart, isn't he? You haven't given up your dream that you told me of long ago?"

"I could never give it up. I tried, Roger, believe me. But there was no use trying. It is part of me. It will be always there. Next it made a difference—for us."

"Only a shadowy thing," he said. "A few hours against all my love; a few words—and they echo forever."

"He will not come back—not ever now."

"He does not need to, he never went away. I know what love is, Michel, because I love. I saw you cry and the tears fell on your wedding dress—and I knew."

They had come to the Chamberland house. Pol Martin and Roger, with Gerard and the two Chamberland girls and tiny David, came down the yard to meet them. Roger called to them, "Hohoi! It is late for infants to be abroad. You must run all the way home."

On the way back, he tried to talk; so did Michel, but everything they said fell flat. It had no zest, no savor. There was a coldness, a heaviness in their hearts. Something that should have been splendid and shining had faded for them, and both felt that in some way the blame lay between them.

He thought, I should not have always been questioning her love. I should not have been so exacting, so greedy. I should have taken the wondrous gift she offered me and thanked God for it. But I could not, I could not.

And Michel thought, What is wrong with me that I cannot love him? Respect, liking, loyalty, admiration—all these things I have for him. But not love. Perhaps in time it will come, but God help us if it does not. And Roger is wise enough to know that it is a grave risk he runs. Why did I shed those foolish tears tonight? The dress is so lovely; it is made for one who gives herself to love—Roger.

Even the children, after chattering for a while about the games they had played and the good time of the afternoon, noticed the silence of their elders, and gradually they ceased to talk and plodded along with Roger leading the way. Michel close beside him. All about them was the vast stillness of the forests. Far off an owl hooted and from a barnyard over the hill a fox barked sharply. Those sounds died and then in that great stillness they heard a deep voice singing, coming toward them around a bend in the path. They froze in their tracks and the little ones clutched Michel's hands.

"Bonsoir, Nigami! Bonsoir, Fri-co!"

"It is he!" whispered Pol Martin. "It is Bonhomme Friot!"

"What folly!" said Michel, but a strange shiver, not of fear, moved over her body. "How could it be?"

"Listen!" said Rosine. "Yes, yes. It is he! It is he!"

"Bonsoir, Friot!" called Pol Martin in his shrill soprano. "Bonhomme Friot, what are you doing here?"

The song perished. They saw only a shadowy figure in the path before them, the glimmer of white at his throat. After a moment he spoke, reluctantly it seemed, yet with laughter in his voice: "Are you sure, Pol Martin and Rosine, that it is Bonhomme Friot you have here?"

"Yes, yes, we are sure indeed!" "It could not be the laughing soldier then?"

"The laughing soldier would not know our names," pointed out Rosine. "Only do you play this farce, Bonhomme Friot? We know you."

"I was the laughing soldier," said he. "I gave the real soldier my old clothes and shaved off my beard and cut off my hair and now you know why I laughed—because the soldier tried to kill instead. You see, I work for the king of England and I must sometimes do strange things."

"But it is he!" cried Pol Martin. "It is he!"

"It is no use, Mike," said Roger stopping forward, finding his brother's hand in the starlight. "You were going the wrong way. You don't need to run, do you?"

"I talked with Tante Mimi. I—"

"You were not going because of me?" Michel came forward now and reached for the hand Roger held, so that three hands were clasped together, hers so small between the two strong ones of those men who loved her.

"We can talk when we get home," said Roger, and he thanked God for the darkness, for the dim stars that let no one see his face. "I'll go on ahead with these two fellows."

"A moment, Roger," said Michel.

"Please—"

He paid no attention to them. He sent Pol Martin and Rosine scampering down the trail and hurried after them. They heard his voice faintly. "You can pretend it's the road on the magic mountain, if you need to."

But he knew, none better, that any road is a magic road if you have the right charm in your heart. And somewhere for him there would be such a road, one that no other foot had trod before and at the end of it someone who waited—for only him.

Behind him, under the stars, Michel and Michel Pabre had stopped to gaze at each other in that strange light. "I was wrong," he said. "You did not forget our hour."

"You did not mean it when you said, as you left me then, that you would not return?"

"You knew I did not. It was written, all this—long ago. Nothing could ever change it."

THE END

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