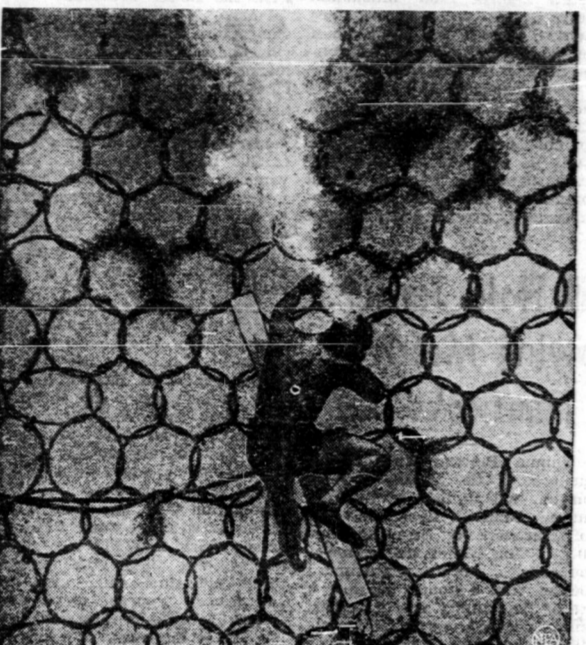
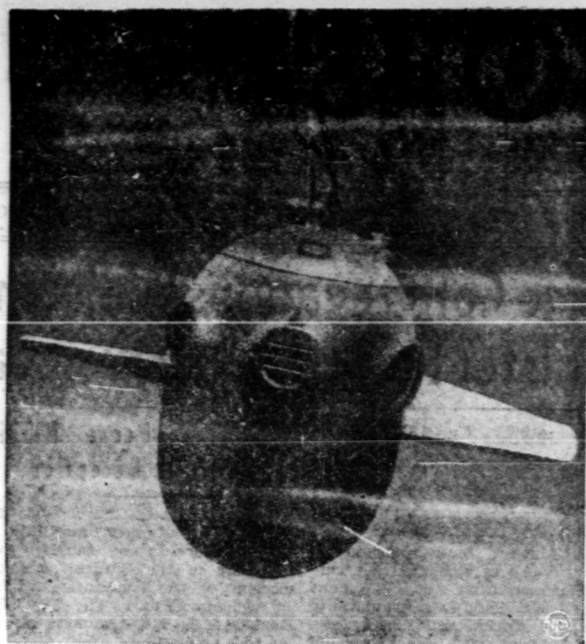
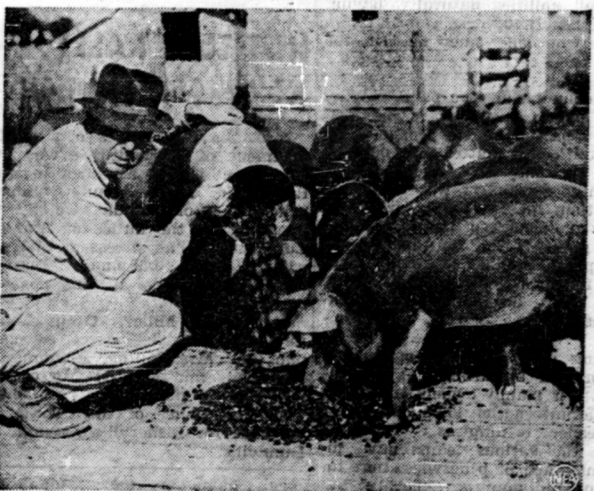


UNUSUAL UNDERSEA PHOTOGRAPHS



Underwater photography, highly developed by the United States Navy for numerous war tasks, and kept very "hush-hush," produced the unusual pictures above. TOP: Sub-sea glider — a hitherto "secret weapon" — approaches the diver-photographer head on. Towed by a surface vessel at about three knots, the glider houses an observer who controls it by means of the fins. CENTER: Underwater camera pictures a Navy diver examining a torpedo net for possible flares. BOTTOM: Navy Mine Disposal Service crewman at his perilous job of neutralizing a derelict mine. He placed small charge (box on end of mine) which, upon detonation, will cut electric wires leading to explosive inside the mine. In photo, he is anchoring the firing cable. Wire-cutting charge will be exploded from vessel after diver has surfaced.

'COAL PORK' ON THE HOOF



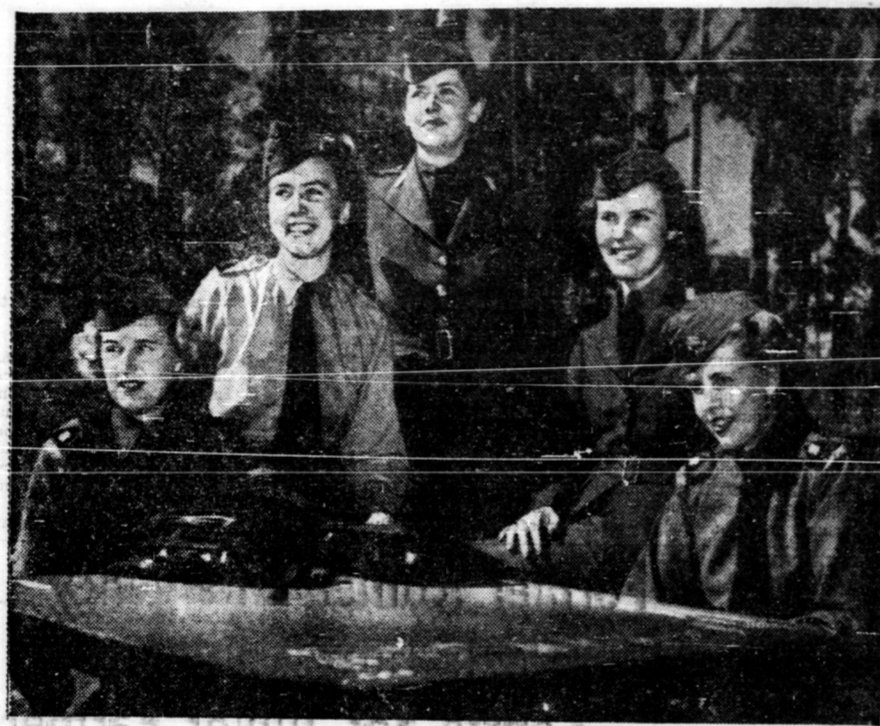
Not only do the porkers above eat coal, they love it and thrive on it, according to Byron Somers of Canton, Ill., who is shown spreading choice bites of bituminous before his swine. Somers, a farmer and strip coal miner, says the coal apparently supplies mineral needs, so it is common practice in his section to keep it scattered in pigpens at all times.

ROYAL MONTREAL REGIMENT COLORS TRANSFERRED



The Royal Montreal Regiment — first Canadian battalion to return to Canada as a unit, were welcomed home on September 22nd, and six years overseas. During the welcoming ceremonies, the unit's battle colors were transferred to the safekeeping of the regimental base depot with traditional military pomp. In the above picture, Maj. M.A. Willis, E. D., right, Commanding Officer of the RMR's is shown handing over the colors of the 1st Battalion to Lt.-Col. H. G. Brower, M. C. Commander of the 2nd (B) Battalion.

CANADIAN GIRLS WITH NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES FORCES



Some of the feminine charm of British Columbia congregates in Australia preparatory to performing duties in Netherlands Indies territory. Upholding their Dutch heritage, but ever conscious of Canadian birth-places, are (left to right) Cpl. Theresa Van de Wint, Vancouver; Sgt. W. Vanderberg, Vancouver; Cpl. Kittle Staverman, Victoria; Cpl. Ann Beetsma, Vancouver; and Cpl. Alice Van de Wint of Vancouver. These girls joined the Women's Army of the Netherlands East Indies Forces when it formed up in Canada in 1944.

SOUR-PUSS JAP



A study in thoroughly sourd expression is the photo above, of Jap Premier Prince Higashi Kuni, as he calls upon Americans to "forget Pearl Harbor."

CAREFUL WITH THAT MATCH—Forest fires destroy valuable timber



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"SALADA" TEA

CHRONICLES
of GINGER FARM

Having separated the skins and the pulp from three baskets of grapes, and having set the same on the stove to simmer, I anxiously perched, snatched a few moments to have a chat with you.

When I was leaving the kitchen just now, Bob called out "Come quickly, Mom, before it's too late... see what's on the window sill." I came... and on the dining-room sill what did I see but a real live hen-peasant. Unfortunately our movements scared the bird and it flew down and away.

Well, how does everybody like being back on standard time? Personally, we haven't noticed any difference at all. We got up at the same time as before, irrespective of clocks—only it just means waiting an hour longer for our dinner. Which just reminds me of something I was thinking about the other day. Circumstances drove me to the conclusion that it doesn't pay to be out of step with the rest of the world. It was like this: For the first time in—I don't know how many years—we didn't put in an appearance at our local fair. Partner is still in the hospital and I didn't feel much like going. But still I had to go down town some time to I thought it might be a good idea to get my shopping done while the rest of the folks were fairing. But it didn't work out that way. You see every store I went to had a notice tacked up—"Closed until 5 p.m." So you see what I mean when I say it doesn't pay to be out of step with the rest of the world, particularly in one's own community.

Now I must fly my ears and nose tell me that my grapes are no longer simmering—they are boiling over. Bob says it smells like a still in the house. I must make a note of that and ask him what he knows about stills. And now the telephone is ringing... The grapes have been pushed to one side. I don't feel much like attending to them now because the telephone call was from Daughter. She had just come from the hospital and left her Dad just coming out from an anaesthetic—an anaesthetic which was necessary for an examination that had to be made. Now I'm wondering whether I should be there. I was at the hospital yesterday, and shall be tomorrow but right now I am here and wishing I was there. Oh dear...

It's Easy To Soften
Hard Brown Sugar

In this day when no housewife handles sugar with reckless hands, the likelihood aspect sometimes assumed by brown sugar can be especially baffling, according to the Clean and Simple Monthly.

But there's an easy way to soften it, so that it can be measured just as thrifflily as its preservative value dictates. First, break the sugar up—using a hammer or hatchet if necessary (but carefully!)—sufficiently to get it into a jar or can for which you have a tight cover. Then put in with the sugar, a slice of bread and cover the jar. That's all there is to it! In a few days, the sugar will be in a soft and measurable state.

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CURIOSITY



Curiosity didn't kill "Mac," New York kitty, but it sure did cure his noisiness. In top photo Mac makes around a box and knocks off the lid. Look out there! Well, we told you, Mac — and that wasn't any catnip you got; it was "V.J." a turtle, who nipped your nose.

TABLE TALKS

Super Dishes

With a golden sunset, an autumn breeze and a purple haze over the fields we wonder what's cooking for supper. Perhaps Mother will catch the spirit of the evening and serve a typically autumn supper.

The three suggestions given by the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture are for good supper dishes. The stuffed peppers have a grand flavor and the meat pancakes are guaranteed to make a hit with new folk.

Stuffed Peppers
1 cup macaroni or spaghetti, 1/2 inch pieces
4 cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
5/8 sweet red or green peppers
1/2 cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons fat
1 cup ground cooked beef
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1/4 cup whole wheat bread crumbs

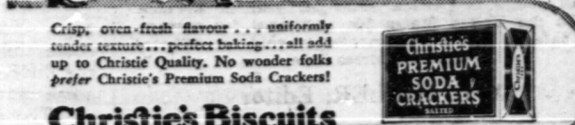
Cook the macaroni or spaghetti in salted boiling water for 20 minutes; drain and rinse. Meanwhile cook the peppers 5 minutes in salted boiling water. Rinse in cold water, cut in half lengthwise or crosswise, remove the seeds, drain well. Sauté the onion in fat until clear, add beef, salt, pepper, parsley, then macaroni or spaghetti; mix thoroughly. Remove from heat. Fill the peppers with the meat mixture. Sprinkle the bread crumbs on top and bake in moderately hot oven, 375 deg. F., until peppers are tender but not shriveled, about 30 minutes. Six servings.

Meat Pancakes
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
OK 2 1/2 cups sifted pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder

A. Yes; before using new utensils of ironware boil them with soda. When in the store they are greased to keep them from rusting. Q. How can I bleach laces and fine muslins? A. Wash in one gallon of water to which has been added one tablespoonful borax dissolved in a little boiling water. Q. How can I prevent the linen tablecloth from sticking to the table? A. A piece of waxed paper or oil-cloth placed under the linen which covers a table will prevent sticking to the polished surface during hot weather. It also prevents stains from overturned receptacles.

Britain Tries Out New Small Thresher

A new simple harvester of special value for small farms is being tried out at Evesham in central England. Although it costs no more than a binder the machine threshes standing corn (wheat) and preliminary trials over fifteen acres have shown it does the work smoothly and speedily. The grain is guided by prongs in the front of the harvester so that the heads are caught in a miniature drum, threshed and then released. A backing board at the back carries two sacks of grain. The Yorkshire Post states that apart from the size and cost it differs from the ordinary combine harvester in that it does not cut corn but simply threshes it, leaving the straw standing in the field.

IN A CRACKER IT'S
Quality
THAT COUNTS

Christie's Biscuits

DARK LIGHTNING
By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER I
Mona Lee Mason was lost the moment she looked at Gary Tallman, standing there waiting for a ride at the filling station. He had sandy, curly hair and an engaging smile, and he walked up calmly and with naive confidence.

"I'm Gary Tallman, from Alabama," he said, in an educated voice overlaid with a southern drawl. "Would you let me ride into town with you? I missed the bus, and it's pretty important that I get into San Antonio tomorrow. I assure you that I'm perfectly safe. You can have this man search me, if you like."

Mona Lee looked at him. He was a nice looking young man, with frank gray eyes. His tan riding pants and boots had cost money, and his one suitcase was of good leather.

"She said as kindly as she could, 'I'm not in the habit of picking up people...'"

"Naturally," he agreed. "I knew that when I looked at you."

"My husband—" began Mona Lee wearily.

"I know. He's probably a very wise husband," he smiled at her. "But I'm a petroleum engineer from—" he named a good university—"on the way to a job."

"My son-in-law is in oil, Leases," Mona Lee mentioned the company, stalling for time.

"Up with the big fellows, is he? I've been trying to get in there, but they're taking on any geophysic men. But there's a chance in Mexico — if you're willing to work cheaply."

Gary Tallman smiled. For the last seventeen years, Mona Lee Mason had been feeling a sick jolt of agony whenever she saw a tall boy with sandy, curly hair. Because little Phil would have grown up looking like that — tall and swaggering and audacious, with hair exactly this color.

"I don't go all the way to town," Mona Lee told him. "Our place is two miles this side. But probably you can get a ride the rest of the way."

The boy put his suitcase on the floor in the back. But he opened the front door and got in beside her.

"You've been over in the oil fields?" she asked. "Pretty hard work, isn't it?"

"I've been rigging — and that is tough. Especially if you're trying to be doing something that you've been trained to do."

"My son," Mona Lee went on, "is third year law at the University of Virginia."

"Swell school," approved her passenger.

Mona Lee thought of Harvey Junior — dark and lean and tall, dark like her but not like her in other ways — he was too quick and smooth and sarcastic. Not much like her father, either. Harvey Senior was blunt and earthy and direct. Mona Lee admitted to herself that she was a little afraid of her son. But little Phil would have been like this stranger here. Phil had loved the soil and had always opened his big gray eyes wide and told the truth naively.

"Every last hand of that hand is eligible for registry. Of course, some of our stuff is just beef stuff..."

"Look out!" barked the boy. "It was Slim's fault, of course."

(To Be Continued)

HARNESSES & COLLARS

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