





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 flaws. 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. Wirecutting charge will be exploded from vessel after diver has surfaced.

'COAL PORK' ON THE HOOF



Not on y 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

大江江大学には、大学では、大学のでは、大学のでは、大学の大学を



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 (R) 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-place, are (left to right) Cpl. Theresa Van de Wint, Vancouver; Sgt. W. Vanderberg, Vancouver; Cpl. Kittie Staverman, Victoria; Cpl. Ann Beetstra, 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 SOUR-PUSS JAP



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

5-14W



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CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

Having separated the skins and | to reach them one must slither the pulp from three baskets of grapes; and having set the same shoes full of prickly hits of straw on the stove to simmer, I may, rchance, snatch a few moments to have a chat with you.

When I was leaving the kitchen just now son Bob called out come quickly. Mom, before it's too late . . . see what's on the winlow-sill." I came . . . and on the but a real live hen-pheasant. Un- of clocks-only it just means waitfortunately our movements scared the bird and it flew down and a- Which just reminds me of some-

Feathered foul around here seem to be fond of finding queer places egg pail hanging from a beam in the hen-pen and yesterday what should I find but a pullet making her nest in that same pail. How she ever got to it I will never know. And every night in the big chstnut tree at the back of the house there are about twenty-five chickens - sem e pullets, some roosters, perched on the highest branches of the tree. We are not sfraid of chicken thieves getting them because before anyone could climb the tree the birds would be equawking and fluttering to the

Naturally birds that are fond of the high spots are not too particular where they lay their eggs so that we find nests in the most inible places. A favourite place is in the straw mow where



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often so small they are almost impossible to find. . . . brother, can they scratch! Well, how does everybody like

Gwendoline P Clarke

being back on standard time? Personally we haven't noticed any difference at all We get up at the same time as before, irrespective ing an hour longer for our dinner. thing I was thinking about the other day. Circumstances drove me to the conclusion that doesn't pay to be out of step with the rest of the world. It was like in which to roost. We keep an 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 did-

sumed by brown sugar can be

especially baffling, according to the Christian Science Monitor

But there's an easy way to soften

it, so that it can be measured just as thriftily as its present value

dictates. First, break the sugar up—using a hammer or hatchet if necessary (but carefully!)—suffi-

ciently 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

ew days, the sugar will be in a

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oft and measurable state.

n'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. hit with men folk, Stuffed Peppers Now I must fly-my ears and

nose tell me that my grapes are no longer simmering-they are 4 cups boiling water boiling over. Bob says it smells like a still in the house. I must 1 teaspoon salt make a note of that and ask him 1/4 cup chopped onion 2 tablespoons fat what he knows about stills. And now the telephone is ringing. .
The grapes have been pushed one side. I don't feel much like attending to them now because 1 teaspoon salt the telephone call was from Daughter. She had just came from the hospital and left her Dad just coming out from an anaecrumbs

sthetic-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 parsley, then macaroni or spa-ghetti; mix thoroughly. Remove It's Easy To Soften from heat. Fill the peppers with the meat mixture. Sprinkle the Hard Brown Sugar bread crumbs on top and bake in In this day when no housewife moderately hot oven, 375 dcg. F handles sugar with reckless hands, the bricklike aspect sometimes as-

servings. Meat Pancakes 2 cups sifted all-purpose OR 21/4 cups sifted pastry flour 3 teaspoons baking powder



A lingeric lovely that will not ride up — it fits so well! Pattern 4744 includes matching panties and an embroidery transfer pattern.

Pattern 4741 in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44.



Curiosity didn't kill "Mac," New York kitty, but it sure did cure his nosiness. In top photo Mac pokes 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.

11/2 cups milk

2 eggs, well beaten

1 tablespoon fat, melted

1 cup ground cooked beef

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk to beaten eggs and stir

Pour from a pitcher or quarter-

cup measure on to a hot, lightly

sauce. Makes 16 pancakes about

Egg Plant Creole

1/2 small green pepper, cut

2 tablespoons chopped onion

1 medium eggplant, peeled and

chopped green pepper and onion, and cook for a few minutes. Add

eggplant. Cover and steam for about 5 minutes. Peel and chop tomatoes, add to eggplant and cook uncovered until eggplant is

tender, about 15 minutes. Season

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

3 tablespoons fat

5 large tomatoes

Salt and pepper

to taste. Six servings.

strips

diced

TABLE TALKS

Supper Dishes

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

greasted griddle. Cook until edges are done and bubbles on top begin to break. Turn and cook on other the Consumer Section of the Doside Serve at once with tomato minion Department of Agriculture are for good hot supper 5 inches in diameter. dishes. The stuffed peppers hav a grand flavor and the meat pancakes are guaranteed to make

1 cup macaroni or spaghetti, 1/2 inch pieces 6 sweet red or green peppers 1 cup ground cooked beef

Dash of pepper 1 tablespoon chopped parsley 1/4 cup whole wheat bread in salted boiling water for 20 minutes; drain and rinse. Meanwhile cook the peppers 5 minutes in salted boiling water. Rinse i cold water, cut in half lengthwise or crosswise, remove the seeds drain well. Saute the onion in fat until clear, add beef, salt, pepper,

A. A good table is: Chicken, per pound, 20 minutes. Fish, per pound, 10 minutes. Ham, per pound, 25 Q. How can I give a white layer cake a good flavor? A. When baking a white layer cake, a very delicate flavor may be until peppers are tender but obtained by placing two or three shrivelled, about 20 minutes. Six rose-geranium leaves in the bot-tom of the pan. Remove them when the cake is put together.

Q. Should iron utensils be boiled

before using?
A. Yes; before using new utersils of ironware boil them with so da. When in the store they are greased to keep them from rusting. Q. How can I bleach laces and

e muslins?

A. Wash in one gallon of water to which has been added one table-spoonful borax dissolved in a little boiling water. Q. How can I prevent the linen ablecloth from sticking to the ta-

A. A piece of waxed paper or oilcloth 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

cial 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 acces 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 sacking board at the back carries two sacks of grain. The York-Size 16, slip, 2½ yus.

panties, 1½ yds.

Send twenty cents (20c.) in coins
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(stamps cannot be Room 421, 73
this pattern to Room 421, 74
the ordinary combine harvester in that it does not cut corn but simply threshes it, leaving the straw standing in the field.



Christie's Biscuits

CHAPTER I Mona Lee Mason was lost the moment she looked at Gary Tall-man, 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 Tailman, 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,

into dry ingredients; mix until "I'm not in the habit of picking up people..."
"Naturally," he agreed. "I knew smooth, add melted fat and meat. that when I looked at you."
"My husband—" began Mona

Lee uneasily.
"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 not taking on any geophysic men. But there's a chance in Mexico — if you're willing to work cheaply." Melt fat in frying pan. Add

Gary Tallman smiled. For the last seventeen years, Mona Lee Ma-son had been feeling a sick jerk 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 rect time for boiling chicken, fish, and ham? floor in the back. But he opened the front door and got in beside

"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 itching 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

... 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 his father, either. Har-vey 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 eye wide and told the truth naively.



passenger.

"Our Family Regulator is DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY- PILL

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER "The law," Gary Tallman went on, "is pretty crowded. Your hus-band is in law?" "Oh, no — he's a rancher.

THAT COUNTS

raises grade Brahma stock and buys cattle."

She felt his eyes move over her and was glad that her new spring suit and her straw hat were become ing. She was forty-three, but the at parties, and that pleased Harvey though he wouldn't say so. They had been married twenty-four years, and they had been happy

years. This boy talked well. He had seen a lot of the world. His far ther, so he said, was in cotton in Brazil and his mother had died when he was seven. Mona Lee felt a chocking lump of sympathy at that. She loved boys so much. She mothered every lanky male crea-ture Harvey hired on the place. The irony was that she had never been able to mother Harvey Ju-nior, at all. Nor her young son-in-

law, Oliver Kimball. Harvey Junior had always been terribly self-sufficient, resenting authority, reading books that worried his mother. But this boy here in the car was pleasantly easy. He had been around the world on a tramp freighter, he told her. He had worked, rigging wells and wad-

ing hot mud in a Louisiana swamp.
"But you can't be more than twenty?" she said.
"I'm twenty-four. I worked in summers, played football in the fall, and waited on tables in the dormitory to get through school.

My father married again — and though my stepmother's a good scout, she has three kids of her own, and I didn't want to take

She found herself telling him about her daughter, Adelaide, who

was fair and calm and quick-mind-ed like Harvey.

"She didn't want to go to college. She's at home this year, but I think she's a little bit lost. She has beaux hanging around, but I don't think she cares much about

any of them."
"You," said the boy abruptly, "have good hands for a horse. In Brazil last year, I rode a lot. Those fellows down there are terrific on

Mona Lee smiled a little. "Son, I grew up in a western saddle. And I can generally make a horse do

what I want him to do." "Does your daughter ride, too?" "She used to. And then her fa-ther bought her a little car and now she says horses don't go fast enough. This is our place now —

it begins at this fence."
"Good looking cattle," approved Gary Tallman.

"Eyery last head of that herd is eligible for registry. Of course, some of our stuff is just beef

"Look out!" barked the boy. It was Slim's fault, of course. (To Be Continued)

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ISSUE 41-194