

Ask Your Doctor about whole wheat



Cubs

ARE WHOLE WHEAT

● He'll tell you how desirable it is that you should give your family the benefits of whole wheat—its natural minerals, its bran, its vital wheat germ. And you'll be glad you can serve whole wheat in this extra-tempting way—as Cubs. In Cubs the whole wheat is blended with mellow malt for extra enjoyment. Cubs are toasted a golden brown, crispy-fresh and tempting-tasty.

So get a package or two of Cubs from your grocer now—serve them for breakfast tomorrow.

Canadian Shredded Wheat Company Limited



THE SPOON-SIZE READY TO EAT CEREAL

HOT LUNCHEON SUGGESTION

● Serve the children Cubs with milk or cream or eat them in their favorite hot soup. It's a delicious luncheon combination.

NEW C. N. R. FREIGHT AGENT

MONCTON, N. B., May 1—The appointment of H. B. Ayer as freight agent of the Canadian National Railways at Moncton after a continuous service of forty-four years was announced today.

TANNER TAKES DECISION

NOTTINGHAM, England, April 29—(CP Cable)—Kid Tanner, the British Guiana bantamweight, tonight took a decision on points over Jimmy Gill, Nottingham boxer, in a 10-round match here. Tanner was superior at in-fighting and more aggressive throughout.

Let's Make Some Candy

says Mary Blake



A good idea—particularly if you have Carnation Milk on the pantry shelf. For Carnation is many a candy expert's favourite milk. It's so creamy smooth—it makes finest-grained fudge, caramels, fondant. Try Carnation Milk next time you make candy.

And remember, the creamy smoothness of Carnation is just as great an advantage in other cooking. Cream soups, sauces, puddings, frozen desserts are all richer, richer when Carnation is used. And just try it for creaming coffee and cereals!

CARNATION FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
2 tablespoons corn syrup
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup Carnation Milk
1 cup nuts
3 tablespoons butter

Mix all ingredients except the nuts and butter; boil until syrup reaches 240°F. or until a soft ball is formed when a small amount of syrup is dropped in cold water. Remove from fire and add butter. Cool until lukewarm. Beat until creamy, add nuts and pour into a buttered pan.

There are glorified recipes of all kinds in the beautifully illustrated deluxe Carnation Cook Book—15¢ (postpaid). Carnation Company Limited, Toronto, Ont.

RADIO—Listen to the "Contented Hour" every Monday night. See your newspaper for stations and time.



IRRADIATED Carnation Milk

A CANADIAN PRODUCT

Commodore Norah

By ANGUS MacVICAR

With startling suddenness Jock switched on the beam of his torch and pointed it downwards. It illuminated the small engine-room as it was lit with the light of day. He saw below him the partially dismantled engine, two pairs of petrol tins, the snivels lined with oil cans, spare-parts and dirty rags, and a man who was immediately identifiable as Hector Menzies.

Menzies' head jerked back. Blinking in the dazzled glare, he stood as if petrified. In one hand he held the dull nail file, in the other a gutting stick of wax. His mouth was slightly open, and his thin face was as white as a sheet.

David leaped down beside him and took him by the throat.

"You rat! I've got you this time. Get up on deck. You're going to take the licking of your life."

Jock reacted so David shook his head, not violently, but slowly and with determination. He saw how his master's mouth was set in an angry frown which showed a line of white teeth, how his nostrils dilated and his breathing came in quick gasps. He grew a little afraid. The McGreaves, so difficult to rouse for a moment, were in full ascendancy here. For a moment Jock was startled by the possibilities which lay ahead.

Then into his own mind there crept some of the anger which possessed David. This man—this Menzies—would have blown up the Silver Spray, would have killed some of the crew, perhaps, without a moment's compunction. It was evident now that it had been this man who had set fire to the skiff weeks before. It was evident that it was this man who had instilled even into Norah Grant's head until the girl was willing to sacrifice the McGregor crews and boats for the sake of her own praiseful purposes.

PENALTY OF SABOTAGE

"Let him take what's coming to him!" muttered Jock to himself. "I'll not lift a finger to save his skin."

Menzies, slowly realizing his position, felt the file and the wax drop from nerveless fingers. He whimpered a little at the fierce grip of David's hands on his throat.

David let him go.

"Up on deck!" he said; and trembling, Menzies climbed the short ladder.

Once on the open air he looked about him wildly. It was dark on every side, except for the cruel light which beamed unwinking into his eyes. He tried to make a dash for the pier, but almost before he moved David, coming up quickly behind him, caught his shoulder and spun him round. They faced each other in the glare.

"Put up your fists!" ordered David. Menzies, staring at his adversary, also glimpsed that terrible look on his face. He saw vengeance there and his spirit quailed.

He lifted his hands to cover his face. David's fist flashed out and caught him full on the jaw. He staggered back, a trickle of blood spurting from the edge of his cheek-bone. His shoulders came into sharp contact with a belying pin fixed to the mast, and he grunted with pain.

His face was replaced by a kind of despatch-like frowning, his forehead at that burly, oil-skinned figure.

Again David's fist streaked out, and this time he struck his opponent on the chin. Menzies swayed drunkenly.

David looked at him. It was too easy. The fellow had no guard, no biceps, no kick in him whatsoever. It was sheer slaughter.

Slowly the red flush of rage passed from David's eyes. Jock, too, holding the torch, allowed pity for Menzies to invade his mind. What a poor show the man had put up!

David lowered his hands as Menzies staggered forward a step, fell to his knees, and scabbled on the deck.

"Don't tell the police," he pleaded. "Don't tell the police! I'm all in."

So intent had the three men been on the action taking place about the Silver Spray that they had failed to hear the sound of steps on the pier and the rasp of leather-soled shoes on the rungs of the ladder.

Now, however, they stepped into the focus of Jock's torch a small figure wearing a yellow oilskin and a picnic cap. Her face was flushed and lovey, but her eyes were flaming with anger.

"What's the meaning of this?" she asked, facing David. "What are you doing here—torturing my fiancée?"

"Norah!" gasped David, and Jock swore softly.

"Heaven help us!" he murmured. "Now for the fireworks."

Norah stood still, looking from David to the cringing Menzies. She saw David's face, blank with astonishment one moment, suddenly take on an expression in which both annoyance and disgust found a place.

"Torturing him!" he said slowly. "Torture too good for that character. And, by the way, may I ask the reason for your own presence here at this time of morning? This is my shift, you know."

Norah's breast rose and fell with some hidden emotion. Menzies, covering there on his knees, seemed to have been forgotten by her. She stared at David.

"Don't talk to me like that!" she cried. "I'm not a criminal. I want to know why you are bullying Hector."

"I see," returned David. "Trying to carry things off with a high hand, are you? You and your precious sweetheart are going to get it in the neck this time. Invention is going to learn the kind of methods you use." His voice rose, and he towered over her like the very figure of vengeance.

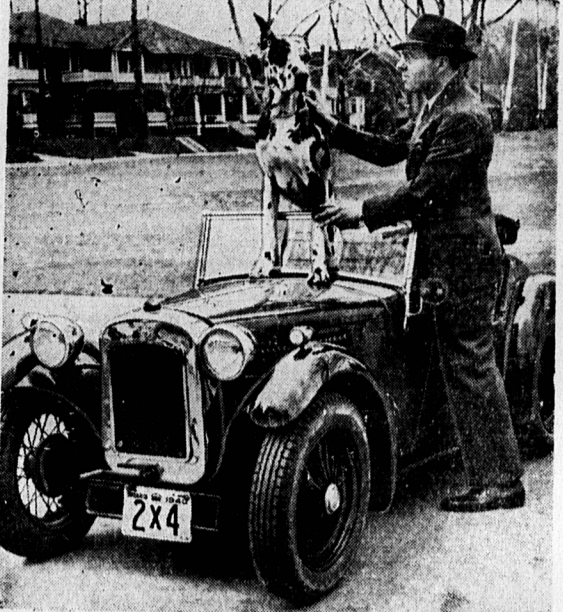
"You're browbeating me, you're humiliating me, but you're going to pay for it now!"

"What are you talking about?" she whispered, aghast.

"Talking about what I'm understanding about—but I'll tell you. This beastly pal of yours told everybody he was going to bring Glasgow for a few days, but he didn't stay in Glasgow. He took a car and came back here so as to damage this boat. His plans would have been successful, too, had it not been that your brother Archie went birds' nesting yesterday afternoon and spotted him. Archie told me about it, and Jock and I suspected that Menzies had decided to pull a smart one on us. We kept watch on the pier, and sure enough Menzies came along and started to tinker with the engine. You know what he meant to do, Miss Grant—this delightful fellow, who is so dear to you?"

She shook her head. She was about to speak, but David hurried on.

"I'll tell you, Miss Grant—though it wouldn't surprise me in the least if you knew already. Me meant to blow up the Silver Spray—with Jock and me and all the rest of the crew. In all probability, we saw him take off the cowl of the engine, fit through the copper feed-pipe and join the ends together with wax.



Most appropriate license markers in Toronto are on the pint-sized car owned by J. W. Ferguson, East Toronto automobile dealer. To any mathematician the plates read "two by four." Months before 1940 markers went on sale, Mr. Ferguson applied by letter for this particular combination.

Canadian Wartime Fliers

AIR COMMODORE GEORGE OWEN JOHNSON, MEMBER OF THE AIR COUNCIL FOR ORGANIZATION AND TRAINING.

(By The Canadian Press)

Back of the organization and training schedules of the British Commonwealth Training Plan is Air Commodore George Owen Johnson who gained the Military Cross, the Croix de Guerre and a black eye while flying against the Germans in the First Great War.

This quiet spoken member of the Royal Canadian Air Force is a native of Woodstock, Ont., but he likes to think of himself as a westerner. He spent his early years of manhood in Alberta.

Johnson served France on offensive aerial patrol work with the Royal Flying Corps during the First Great War and won the Military Cross in April, 1918, just a year after he went to the Western Front. In July of the same year he won the Croix de Guerre with Bronze Star.

The worst that happened to him was a black eye, suffered when he made a forced landing after the motor of his plane fell into the five miles back of the enemy lines when his motor conked out but managed to glide heweward to land between two allied trenches.

Johnson aided in organizing the R. C. A. F. in 1920 and ever since has been associated with the training of Canada's sky warriors. Now a Member of the Air Council for Organization and Training he is responsible for organizing and directing the work of the schools under the air plan.

Early in this Second Great War he went to England to study the way work of the Royal Air Force and generally prep. in consultation with British flying authorities, for the vast Empire Air Plan.

The schedule calls for the plan reaching its peak about May, 1943. By that time it is anticipated that between 20,000 and 30,000 pilots, air observers and air gunners will be turned out each year from the schools in Canada.

Johnson has little to say to the reporters, particularly in regard to the air plan. But at a recent meeting with newspapermen he expressed little worry over prospects of a German air raid on Canada.

"A German air raid on Canada would be only a stunt," he told The Canadian Press. "Such a thing wouldn't be a practical operation."

Early Career

The director of organization was born in 1896 and went to western Canada after finishing public school in Woodstock. He trained at the Alberta Normal School in Calgary and then taught school in Didsbury, Alta. Olds and Edmonton, helping in establishing technical training in western high schools.

Johnson helped do in the establishment of school cadet training and became an officer of the Corps School of Cadet Instructors in Alberta.

During the First Great War he enlisted with the Royal Naval Air Service, and also served with the Royal Flying Corps and the R. A. F. When he started his aerial prowling on the Western Front in April, 1917, he had only 20 hours' flying service behind him.

June of 1919 found Johnson back in Canada where in January, 1920 the government formed the Canadian Air Board and Johnson, as aviation superintendent, re-opened Camp Borden for the founding of the R. C. A. F. In 1925 he commanded the R. C. A. F.'s western organization and in 1927 went to England to attend the Staff College at Andover, Hampshire.

Commodore Johnson is the Director of Civil Air Operations at Ottawa.

In those peace time years the R. C. A. F. was employed in extensive preventive work, mapping, and dusting forests to prevent diseases from spreading, and in Canada's timber resources. During this time Johnson served as senior air officer, commanding officer at Trenton, Ont., and Winnipeg, and at the start of the war he headed the Western Air Command with headquarters at Vancouver.

Johnson married Eleanor Mackay of Pembroke, Ont., and they have two daughters.

May Bargain Sale!

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

MAY 2nd, 3rd and 4th

THE GREENDAL CO. offers you a real opportunity to buy new fresh merchandise at prices which cannot be equalled. Be Early and get your choice.

- Ladies' New 1940 Spring Coats, latest in styles and materials. Tweed and solid colors. Reg. up to \$16.95 **\$10.95**
- Special group of Spring Hats — **\$1.49**
- Sheer and Printed Rayon Dresses. Reg. \$2.98 to \$3.49 — **\$1.98**
- Chenille Sweaters reduced for quick clearance — **98c**
- Wool Sweaters — **\$1.25**
- Four only imported Travel Tweed Coats with large No. 1 Wolf Collars. Regular \$29.75 to \$31.50. **\$19.75**
- A bargain at — **\$19.75**
- Our Tailored Suits are beautifully tailored in rich materials. Regularly selling \$13.95 to \$21.50. **\$10.95 to \$21.50**
- Special group of Spring colors in Sheer Gotham Gold Stripe Hosiery. New shipment — **69c**

Men's New Suits and Spring Top Coats

A fine range of new Spring Suits, both single and double breasted models. Fine Tweeds and Worsteds. All sizes. Reg. \$22.50. Sale — **\$14.95**

Some of our better lines fine English Wool Worsted, smartly tailored in all the newest styles and shades. Reg. to \$27.50. Sale — **\$19.50**

Men's New Spring Top Coats. A complete Line of styles and colors. Regular at \$18.50. Sale — **\$7.50**

- Men's New FELT HATS Snap Brims New Colors **\$1.49**
- Men's Trench Coats, Blue and Fawn. New Spring stock. All sizes. Reg. \$5.95. Sale — **\$4.95**
- Special in Men's Broadcloth Shirts. Plain, Blue, Cream and White — **50c**
- Men's Fine Chambray Work Shirts. Big roomy and well made. **89c**
- Men's Fancy Shirts fine patterns. Sizes 14 to 17-2 **79c**
- Men's Fancy Socks. Sale, pr. **19c**

- Boys' Suits, fine Tweeds and Worsteds. Sizes 25 to 27. 1 pr. golfer, 1 pair Knee Pants. May Sale — **\$5.95**
- Boys' Caps, all wool Tweeds Good asst. patterns — **69c**
- Men's fine quality Balbriggan Combinations. Short sleeve, ankle length. Suit — **98c**
- Boys' Tweed Golfer Pants, good quality, new stock. Sizes 21 to 30. Sale Price — **\$1.29**
- Youths' fine Worsted Suits, plain and pleated back models. Reg. \$12.95 to \$22.50. Sale — **\$12.95**
- Boys' Heavy Tweed Longs, good quality, lots of rough wear in these. Sale — **\$1.98**
- Men's Bib Overalls, full cut, Red Back denim. May Sale, pair — **\$1.10**
- Men's Cottonade Work Pants Strong and roomy — **\$1.29**
- Men's Fine Shirts and Shorts. Athletic style. Sale, suit — **65c**
- Men's Heavy Grain Leather Work Boots with heavy Panko soles. Sizes 6 to 11. Sale — **\$2.25**
- Men's Worsted Work Rib Wool Sox. Gloves, pr. **15c**
- Pair — **35c**
- TIES 2 for — **25c**
- Fine quality Dress Shoes. Leather Soles and insoles. Sale, pair — **\$2.98**

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

(Continued from page 8)

So undoubtedly it will make for greater sympathy and understanding and give each more patience with the other if the husband knows from experience how many steps it takes to get over a simple meal, and how nerve-wearing taking care of children is; and if the wife knows from having suffered these things how mean and tyrannical a petty boss can be, and how one's very soul can be torn with anxiety when business is bad and one grows weak with fear thinking of those dependent on one.

Another interesting thing about teaching boys to do what their wives have been considered women's work and girls to do men's, is that it is the first practical recognition that has ever been made of marriage having entered a new phase. Heretofore the duties of husbands and wives were plainly defined. It was the man's business to bring home the bacon. It was the wife's function to cook it.

But nowadays when economic conditions have made it necessary for so many wives to help earn the money that supports a household, it is only common sense that husbands should do their share of the housework. It isn't fair that the Little Woman should stand all day behind a counter and all evening behind a cook stove, while an able-bodied man peels the paper and assists to the radio while she is preparing a scrumptious dinner, for him, washing dishes and scrubbing floors and making beds so that he may be comfortable.

In the past men have gotten out of doing domestic chores on the plea of "I'm busy." But now, when the messes in the kitchen that their wives would rather do the work themselves than clean up after them, but now when the prospect of every husband being an expert chef and baby specialist it opens up a new vista of peace and restfulness for women.

But—and it is the only fly in the ointment—is the hideous monster of professional jealousy going to rear its gory head in the family circle when Friend Husband knows just about as much of housekeeping and sewing as his wife does? Cooks are proverbially touchy about their productions. It is never safe to suggest to one that her bread is a trifle heavy or that she put a little too much salt in the soup. And somehow one does not see it as adding to the peace and happiness of a home for a husband to be able to knock his wife's performances and tell how HE always makes mayonnaise with a flourish and a flourish, and that there are never any bumps in the socks that HE darts.

But still and all, whatever the other drawbacks, it certainly would be a comfort to have a husband who could go out into the kitchen and get up a good meal when one was struck with a cold, or when one was game. And surely to possess a wife who could do a little plain and fancy carpentering and to pinch-hit for one's number and the electrician would make a marriage a glad, sweet song for any man.

Dear Miss Dix—I have a husband who has been continually mortified by bragging about his prowess with women and dragging out old photographs, taken twenty years ago, of himself and his old flames and displaying them to pe-

die he meets for the first time. What do they think of him? Don't you think that if a man had been so fatally fascinating as he thinks he is he would have married before he was 40? All the women couldn't have been wrong? HELEN.

Answer: A man who brags about what a devil he was among the women, either a fool or a cad, or both. The first article in a gentleman's code is that he never kisses and tells. The only way to cure a man of boasting about his conquests is to ridicule him, but to be effective that must come from another man. If his wife does it, he attributes it to jealousy. DOROTHY DIX.

Thimble Theatre — Starring POPEYE



GREETINGS, MY FRIEND, YOUR PROLONGED ABSENCE FROM THE SHIP CAUSED US TO BECOME QUITE WORRIED ABOUT YOU

I AM OKAY WIMPY, ESCAPIN' FOR BEIN' BUSY

I AM GONER FIGHT SIXTEEN GUYS IN A BLINCH HIM-SIXTEEN?

YAS, WHEN I DUSTS 'EM OFF I GETS A CHANCE TO SMACK THE CHAMP

THEN I WHIPS THE CHAMPEN AN' AT GIVES ME MORE MONEY TO BUY SPINACH FOR POOR LITTLE KIDS

INDEED?

THE SPINACH FUND MONEY RESULTING FROM WINNING THIS NEW CHAMPIONSHIP IS PRACTICALLY WITHIN YOUR GRASP?

YEP

EVEN SO, I SHOULD NOT CARE TO BE A POOR CHILD IN NEED OF THE SPINACH YOU ARE SO HOPEFUL OF PROVIDING

BEAT IT, WIMPY, I AM GONER BE BUSY FOR AWHILE

POPEYE, I BROUGHT THE SIXTEEN CONTENDERS FOR THE TITLE

CLOMP