



YOU CAN'T KID ME, MOM

Sure, Crown Brand Corn Syrup is good for me. Sure; the doctor recommends Crown Brand Corn Syrup as part of my diet.

BUT—why tie it down to me?

How about the way you use Crown Brand for wonderful baking? For a sweetener? And why not mention how delicious it is with pancakes, cereals and hot waffles?

You can't kid me, mom. Crown Brand Corn Syrup is good for all of us!



CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Three For Egypt

By Violet M. Methley

There was a confused sound of voices in the distance that rose momentarily, then died down into silence. The red-bearded man quickened his pace, and at the same instant one shadow then another darted forward.

The slight rustle of feet in the sand so close to him, made the electrician turn quickly—but not in time to save himself from sudden and violent attack.

There was a scuffle, a movement of upraised arms, a dull thud, and the tall man stumbled and fell heavily forward into the sand, flung there motionless, one hand lying out, while the shadowy forms glided away, as suddenly as they had come and disappeared into the darkness.

"He's Inside The Car"

"How much further do we go?" Kay asked, as the two girls reached the rim of a shallow cup in the sand from which a broad black ran away across the desert in the direction of the distant hills.

"This must be the place, I think," Zenda answered. "It's getting rather dark, but there ought to be a large car here somewhere."

"Is that how Kit came from Cairo?" Kay looked surprised.

Zenda nodded.

"It's one of those cars that can be hired especially for expeditions into the desert, with sand-plates, or whatever they call them on the wheels. Oh, here it is!"

The big dark-green car was partly hidden by a ridge of sand beside the track, the khaki hood helping to make it invisible, blending with the desert. The vehicle seemed derelict; there was no sign of life near it or anywhere round.

He said he would wait inside the car, so as not to be noticed. Zenda explained. "And I don't think I'll come any further with you now, Kay. You certainly won't want a third person for company! I'll just go off a little way; not far, you'll easily be able to find me when you want me. So good-bye for the present—and good luck."

"Thanks; we'll try not to keep you too long, but you'll understand," Kay laughed softly as she ran away down into the hollow. Zenda went slowly away in the other direction paused when she was still within sight of the hollow turned and stood, listening, watching.

Within a few yards of the big car Kay hesitated, stood still, and spoke softly.

"Kit, is it all right? Are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here." The voice came low and muffled. "Get into the car, by me in the back seat then we can talk quietly."

The door was pushed open by the invisible speaker and Kay sprang quickly into the dusty interior of the car, where only the vague outline of a man's figure could be made out. He leant forward to close the door after the girl, then turned, holding out his arms to her silently.

In silence, too, Kay slipped within their clasp—then, with a cry of amazed horror and dismay, tried to draw back, but found herself held firmly, her own arms pinned down to her side by the closeness of the embrace against which she struggled.

"Let me go! Let me go at once!" she gasped.

The dim figure laughed softly.

"Not a bit of it—unless you promise to be good and quiet!" Lovelace's voice mocked her.

"I won't promise anything. You've trapped me—cheated me!" Kay sobbed. "Where is he, what have you done with him?"

"It depends who you mean by that reference to a mysterious 'he,'" Lovelace laughed again. "You will stay with me just as long as I want you; don't make any mistakes about that." Lovelace spoke with slow deliberation.

"And you won't do yourself the slightest good by screaming and struggling. There's no one here to help or hear you. I've made quite sure of that. Even the driver's gone away on a stroll. So you may as well resign yourself to your affectionate husband's sole company."

For a moment, Kay remained huddled, silent; then suddenly made another frantic effort to escape, writhing and shrieking aware only that Kit was waiting for her somewhere out in the darkness.

"Be quiet!" Lovelace ordered. "You'll force me to tie you up if you go on like this, such as I should dislike to be obliged to use force. I'd so much rather feel that you were going to enjoy the little trip I've planned for you, make it a real pleasure for both of us."

"I won't go with you anywhere!"

"Indeed? That's a pity. Because if you make any more fuss about it, if you attempt to get away, it will be the worse for—oh I'm not going to say for you, yourself. I know that wouldn't be enough inducement. It's Mr. Christopher Carson who will suffer if you don't come quietly."

Oasis For Two

"What do you mean?" Kay gasped.

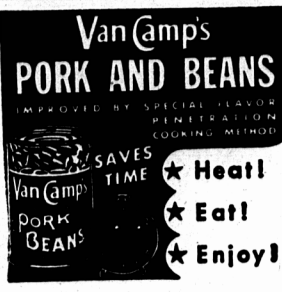
"Precisely what I say."

"I don't believe that you can do anything to Kit, that you've any power to hurt him."

"Have you ever seen this, by any chance?"

In the dim light something glistened. Lovelace had thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a small object, which he held out in his open palm. There was no need for Kay to touch or examine it closely; she recognized at once a silver pencil, engraved with his name, which she had given to Kit the Christmas before. At sight of it she gave a startled cry.

"Where did you get that? How



did you get it?" she demanded. "Does that matter? I merely showed it to you as a proof of what I said." Lovelace replaced the pencil in his pocket. "Now are you convinced?"

Kay did not answer. She sat dumb numb, staring out of the car window at the inscrutable face of the desert. After a few moments she spoke in a dull, featureless voice.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Oh, just for a little excursion into the desert, my dear girl." Lovelace said. "A kind of second honeymoon for both of us, shall we call it?"

"If you only knew how I hate and detest you when you say things like that."

In the darkness, Lovelace's face contracted, his lips drew back from his teeth, but he spoke quietly.

"You didn't seem to find me quite so obnoxious a little while ago, that night among the sand-hills."

"It wasn't anything real I felt then," Kay protested wretchedly. "Only a sort of madness a fascination, an evil power you gained

over me—as you did when I first met you."

"Well, well, perhaps that fascination may return when we're alone together again." Lovelace laughed.

"Never! It couldn't. It's broken, that spell," Kay declared confidently.

"Really? Well, we'll hope for the best—or the worst from our Mr. Carson's point of view. Ah, I see our driver returning, so I advise you to keep quiet and not make any foolish disturbance, if you have any regard for the afore-said Mr. Carson's feelings."

Under the apparent lightness of the words there was a cold steel edge which made Kay shiver and sit silent as the Egyptian chauffeur in fez and brown drill uniform took his seat at the steering wheel, and the big car throbbed itself into action, started along the pallidly gleaming desert track.

Beside her, as they began to move, Kay heard Lovelace laugh softly, with a sound which made the girl think of some great beast to prey purring contentedly over its kill.

They drove on for hour after hour, into the night, into the desert, the car's headlights throwing brilliant shafts across the sand sometimes, shining on the startled eyes of a fennel fox or a khaki-furred hare.

The track became softer, heavier, there were periods when the car bumped through a drift or over a patch of gravelly ground. It was not until the dawn was just beginning to break that it drew up, and Kay saw above the driver's head the jagged outline of date-palms against the sky.

Still she did not move or speak, even when Lovelace leant forward and opened the car-door.

"Not interested in seeing where

we are?" he taunted her. "Well, it's the oasis of Wadi Morosko, an ideal place for honeymoon camping, so I've heard. That's why I fixed upon it for our camp. The men came on ahead with the tents and other supplies in a lorry; they ought to have our early breakfast ready by now according to orders—so perhaps you'll get down from the car."

"I'd rather stay here," Kay said dully.

(To Be Continued)

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SEEK LARGE LOAN

WASHINGTON, April 13—(AP)—Robert L. Garner, vice-president of the World Bank said today that a \$75,000,000 loan for the Canadian-owned Brazilian Light and Traction Company is in prospect.

The loan would depend on whether the Brazilian Legislature authorizes the Brazilian Government to guarantee it. Garner said at a press conference.

REGINA — (CP) — A compulsory general science course—combining chemistry, physics, biology, geology and agriculture—now is being taught Grade 10 students in Saskatchewan for the first time. A similar course was introduced in Grade 9 last year and will be put on the Grade 11 curriculum next year.

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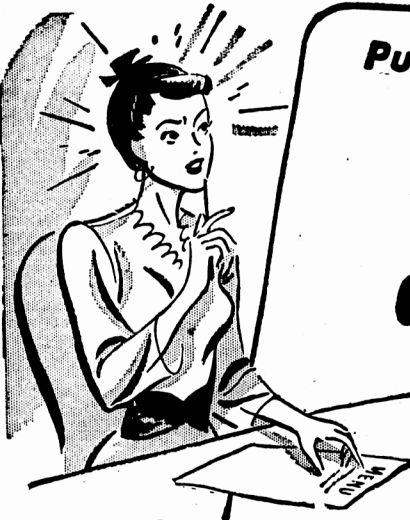
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Quickies By Ken Reynolds



"You got WHAT dog with a Guardian West Ad?"



Puzzled Hostess Writes:

What is the most appetizing soup to serve at a party dinner?

"It depends on your menu"

say 3 Dietitians

"If You're Serving Roast Chicken or Turkey"— suggests Dietitian Betty Chinn—"you'll find a clear consommé, deliciously-flavored with mushrooms—such as **Aylmer Mushroom Consommé**—gives a real lift to appetites! It's a truly distinguished soup that makes a 'special occasion' of any meal. **Aylmer Mushroom Consommé** goes well with even the simplest food, but it's especially good with this menu."



"With a Salad or Soufflé, for a Luncheon or Sunday night supper"—suggests Dietitian Ellen Courtney—"you'll discover the full-bodied flavor of rich meat juices—as in **Aylmer Beef Broth**—is just the right note on which to start your meal. It's so appetizing and satisfying—and most nourishing. Yet it's not a thick 'fattening' soup such as some guests may wish to avoid. Here's a favorite menu of mine."



"If You're Having a Roast for Sunday Dinner"— suggests Dietitian Margaret McDiarmid, who taught Food and Nutrition at MacDonald Institute, Guelph—"you'll find the tantalizing flavor and 'homey' goodness of **Aylmer Chicken Soup** is hard to beat! It makes work so much lighter, too, especially for the mother who usually finds that Sunday is the busiest day of the week. This menu always gets applause from men."



- Aylmer Mushroom Consommé with Cheese Straws
- Roast Young Chicken with Cranberry Relish
- Creamy Mashed Potatoes
- Aylmer Peas
- Cherry Bavarais Cream
- Chocolate Brownies
- Coffee



Aylmer Mushroom Consommé... a clear, amber-colored soup, delicately flavored with morsels of the plump, tender mushrooms which are diced into it! A new flavor appeal to make any meal more exciting! Try this different soup—made only by Aylmer.

- Aylmer Beef Broth with Toasted Cheese-spread Crackers
- Cold Meat Plate
- with Jellied Aylmer Vegetable Juices
- Crisp Carrot Curls
- Aylmer Sweet Gherkins
- Raspberry Sherbet
- Layer Cake
- Coffee



Aylmer Beef Broth... a soup that says "Eat me!" from its deep, rich depths! Made from selected beef, simmered until every spoonful glistens with the goodness of the meat... a "broth of a soup", no less! An excellent soup for convalescents.

- Aylmer Chicken Soup
- Rib Roast of Beef
- Roast Brown Potatoes
- Roast Onions
- Aylmer Cream-Style Corn
- Celery Curls and Carrot Sticks
- Baked Stuffed Apples
- Coffee



Aylmer Chicken Soup... a golden-rich soup that glistens with the goodness of the plump, young chickens that went into its making! Spoon up those tasty bits of chicken, snowy rice—and enjoy one of Canada's most popular soups. It's Aylmer—it's good!

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