Repledge for War Savings

"SALADA" TEA

MARRYING MARK . . . .

by

Violette Kimball Dunn

CHAPTER 23

SYNOPSIS

When Mark Alexander's beautiful wife, Ellen died, he was left with Valerie, Ellen's daughter by a former marriage. All of Ellen's family and intimates save Shirley want to adopt Valerie—and the trust fund which Ellen left her, but Mark will have none of it. He takes Valerie on a trip and on the way home, they meet Lucy Treadway whom he engages as Valerie's tutor. Elise, wanting to marry Mark, is furious about this bringing another woman into the house and is making things as unpleasant for Lucy as she possibly can. Elise has just returned from a party at Mark's house and is so disturbed that she barks at her maid, who immediately gives notice and walks out.

Elise slammed the door on her, and pulled nervously at the fastenings of her velvet dress. She stepped out of her things, leaving them where they fell. But a certain canny sense left over from lean days whispered it would be as well to pick them up and hang them away. She did this, then pulled a negligee around her, and sat down at her dressing table to stare sullenly into the mirror.

She pushed back her hair, and looked closely.

She was, she thought, far more beautiful than Shirley. Or than the brown-eyed idiot of a Lucy, with her golden hair. What more did a man want than beauty?

She got up, lighted a cigarette, and lay down on her couch to think.

As she lay there, it came to her quite suddenly and sharply that she had lost Mark. That was how she put it to herself. Deep in her heart she realized she had never had him to lose. The first thing to do was to keep him from marrying Lucy. It should not be diffisult.

She lay there planning until a faint streak of yellow dawn lay like a brush across the sky beyond her window. Then she got up, shivering a little, pulled her negligee closer, sat down at her desk, and began a long letter to Dorothy.

Christmas Festivities

Looking back on that Christmas at Wide Acres, Lucy decided it was her final glimpse of heaven. It was far from traditional Christmas weather. Except for one light snowfall, the days were crisp and clear with a warm mid-day sun.

If it had to be winter, which she despised, Valerie said, it could hardly be improved. Although the leaves were gone, the place wore almost a summery green. There was an enormous planting of evergreens and pines about it, with masses of rhododendrons, glossy and sleek against the bare trees. No Christmas could have had a more perfect setting.

Valerie went to a small party the night before; and Mark and Lucy and Chiltern trimmed an enormous tree for her at one end of the long library.

After Chiltern had gone, Lucy sat beside Mark, watching the flames in a complete companionship neither had known before.

Once a bell sounded far off in the house. They looked at each other and waited, half expecting Elise to push aside the draperies and shatter the quiet peace.

But Elise was at that moment the life of a night-club party in town, where she was trying unsuccessfully, in the midst of a particularly hectic celebration, to remember what she had written to Dorothy. She had to be very gay to drown the recurring fear that gripped her whenever she thought of the letter.

The very fact that Dorothy had not answered made it all the more ominous. She had kept as far as she could from Wide Acres, even refusing invitations she thought might possibly include Mark.

Mischief Enters

The peaceful interlude came to an abrupt end two days after Christmas. Lucy looked back on it as a special sort of compensation for the pain that followed.

She and Valerie and Mark came in from a holiday matinee in town to find Dorothy unpacking in Ellen's old rooms, having reached Wide Acres half an hour after they had left it. They would hardly believe Chiltern when he told them.

Dorothy appeared at dinner. She acknowledged Mark's introduction to Lucy affably enough. Lucy breathed more freely. She hadn't known exactly what she expected from Dorothy, but it wasn't pleasant.

It was wonderful what a difference nine months and a little money had made in Dorothy. She had managed to put on a little flesh, and had lightened her mourning to pale grays and mauves which softened her righteous angularity amazingly. She even chatted with them in a sort of fictitious gaiety, which somehow made them strangely uneasy.

"I didn't suppose I could tear you away, to visit me," she said coyly to Valerie, "so what could I do but come to you?"

"Oh, no!" cried Valerie. "I couldn't possibly leave." Her own dismay struck her ears so rudely that she hurried to repair it. "You see—there are my lessons. We have school every day. It's very important. And, of course, there are the parties—a few—"

Dorothy grabbed that. "Parties?" she repeated.

Lucy thought she could hardly have looked more shocked if the child had confessed to arson. She bit her lips to keep from rushing to Valerie's rescue. She looked quickly at Mark.

But Mark had already leaped into action. "Just some children's affairs," he explained amiably. "Why? Have you blacklisted parties?"

Dorothy looked at him sadly. "Oh, no," she said. "Whether one's nature is like a shallow brook or a deeper stream is more or less out of one's hands, I suppose. I only feel it's rather a pity when grief has so weak a hold—"

"Then that's where we disagree," Mark said. "To me, grief should have no hold on youth at all. Perhaps it's all a matter of taste."

Waiting Her Chance

Dorothy managed to put in a week without even a hint as to the reason for her coming. She succeeded in spoiling New Year's Eve for everybody except Valerie, who went to a children's party at Shirley's, slipping out when her aunt had gone to her room after dinner, and feeling excitedly like a conspirator. Lucy went into the library, after seeing her safely on her way with Catlet.

Mark was reading, and jumped up to put her in a big chair by the fire. "That's the very one you sat in the frst night you landed. Do you remember?"

Would she ever forget?

"Here's a perfectly good celebration gone to the dogs," he added. Dorothy came in just then, so Lucy said good night, and went to her room. If Dorothy was waiting for a chance to talk to Mark, it was only fair to give it to her.

She was quite sure by now that Dorothy was her enemy. She felt a growing conviction that she was the reason for Dorothy's presence.

She and Valerie went back to their lessons the day after New Year's. For those hours at least, they were free.

(To Be Continued)

SHE JILTED ME!

"Mary was a sweet thing until I got her in my clutches with too much tea and coffee. She developed caffeine-nerves. Her eyes fairly flashed fire all the time. Then some meddler told her what was the matter and persuaded her to try Postum and I lost out."

• • •

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MENTHOLATUM

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ISSUE 47—'41

C

British Rations Expanded Soon

Forty thousand tons of canned foods, mostly from the United States, will be ready for sale Nov. 17 under a modified rationing plan, the Food Ministry announced in London.

In order that shops will be well stocked, 35,000,000 pounds of canned meats, 35,000,000 pounds of canned fish and 12,000,000 pounds of baked beans are being delivered to retailers now on condition that none will be sold before Nov. 17.

The Government also announced the first allocation of unsweetened condensed milk from the United States to dairy products dealers who have received permits to supply non-priority consumers. One can may be sold to each registered customer.

NEW FROCK HAS VERTICAL LINES

By Anne Adams

Are your hips too broad? Are your shoulders too heavy? Is your waistline not quite ideal? Then you'll need this figure-slimming frock by Anne Adams, Pattern 4909, designed especially for the larger woman. Three panels in the front of the dress run from neck-to-hem, giving you those eye-deceiving lines that camouflage extra weight and add to your height. The side bodice sections give a pointed lower waistline effect, and a belt may start at either side of the front panels and tie in the back. The back has one slim centre panel cut on princess lines. Sleeves may be short, three-quarter or long, and the two front panels may be made of color contrast as shown. The Sewing Instructor helps you!

Pattern 4909 is available in womens' sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 takes 4 yards 35 inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

Taking No Chances

Mrs. Ida Heine voted in the recent U.S. elections for the first time in her 75 years. "I've always thought men knew enough to run the government, but I'm beginning to wonder," she said. "I decided not to take any chances this year."

ALL-BRAN PLUM PUDDING

FINE FOR XMAS GIFT

From sunny California comes this magnificent pudding, pungent with spices and rich with fruit and nuts. Wrapped in cellophane and tied with bright ribbons and holiday greens it makes a perfect Christmas gift, staying fresh until the last crumb is eaten. Directions are as follows:

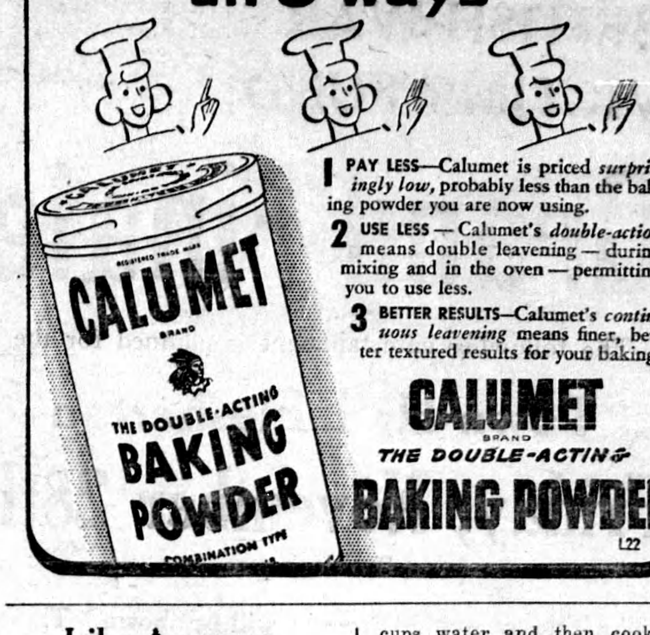
All-Bran Plum Pudding

2	cups prunes, cooked	1½	cups sugar
1½	cups currants	4	eggs, beaten
1	cup raisins	1	tablespoon vanilla extract
1½	cups citron, chopped	2	cups soft white bread crumbs
¾	cup preserved orange peel, chopped	3	cups flour
		1	teaspoon soda
1	cup candied cherries, sliced	1	teaspoon salt
1	cup nut meats, broken	3	teaspoons cinnamon
1	cup All-Bran	1	teaspoon cloves
½	cup juice from prunes	1	teaspoon nutmeg
1½	cups butter, or substitute	1	teaspoon ginger

Cut prunes into small pieces; combine with currants, raisins, citron, orange peel, cherries, nut meats and All-Bran. Add prune juice, mix well. Blend butter and sugar thoroughly; add eggs and flavoring; mix well. Add bread crumbs, flour sifted with soda, salt, and spices. Add fruit mixture; stir until fruit is well distributed. Fill greased pudding molds two-thirds full, cover and steam 3½ to 4 hours.

Yield: Three 1¾ pound puddings (1 quart molds).

TRY SAVING MONEY all 3 ways



1 PAY LESS—Calumet is priced *surprisingly low*, probably less than the baking powder you are now using.

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3 BETTER RESULTS—Calumet's *continuous leavening* means finer, better textured results for your baking.

CALUMET BRAND THE DOUBLE-ACTING BAKING POWDER

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Like Average

Just like the average Englishwoman, Queen Elizabeth is running low on clothing coupons.

Last year the Queen bought 20 yards of hand-woven tweed at the disabled ex-service men's exhibition, but yesterday she could spare only enough coupons to buy two scarves.

Over $200,000,000 a Year

Gold miners throughout Canada are making a vital contribution to the Canadian war effort. A force of little more than 25,000 men is producing over $200,000,000 a year in gold. This amount of gold would fully pay for more than 8,000 Spitfires a year. In the amount of munitions and war equipment, the product of their work will pay for, possibly no other group of men of equal size anywhere else in the world will compare with that of the 25,000 men who are digging out the gold from the mines of Canada.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

FRUIT BREAD PUDDING

2 cups stale breadcrumbs
1 egg
⅛ cup sugar
½ cup seeded raisins and stoned dates
1 banana
2¾ cups milk

Add crumbs and sugar to milk and allow to stand for one-half hour. Add beaten egg, dates, cut into quarters, raisins and finely cut banana to the mixture. Pour into a greased baking dish and place in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven until firm.

A tablespoon of butter added to the mixture enriches the flavor.

MAYFAIR PUDDING

1 cup seedless raisins
½ tablespoon ganulated gelatine
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons sugar
4 slices cooked pineapple
2 egg whites
6 marshmallows
½ cup chopped nutmeats
1 teaspoon vanilla

Boil the raisins in water five minutes, drain and cool. Soften the gelatine in 2 tablespoons of the milk. Scald the remaining milk, add the sugar and the gelatine and stir until dissolved. Chill with occasional stirring. When the milk mixture is like honey beat frothy, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, marshmallows cut in quarters, pineapple cut in pieces, raisins and nutmeats. Add vanilla and combine thoroughly. Chill in serving glasses and serve with a garnish of jelly.

TOPSY-TURVY PUDDING

¾ cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
1½ cups flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon powdered ginger
½ cup apricot juice
¼ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
¼ cup almonds
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 cups cooked dried apricots

Cream the first mixture of shortening or butter well; add the sugar and beat until light and fluffy. Add the beaten egg, then the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the ½ cup apricot juice. Combine well. Soak the apricots (1 cup) overnight in 3 cups water and then cook until tender. This will give two cups apricots.

For the caramel mixture, melt the second amount of shortening or butter slowly in a heavy baking pan. Add sugar and salt. Stir until melted. Remove from heat. Stuff a nutmeat in the hollow of each apricot and place with the round side up on the side of the caramel. Pour in the batter and bake in a moderate oven for about 40 minutes. While hot, turn out upside down on a plate

MUSHROOM SANDWICH FILLING

1 lb. mushrooms washed, peeled and chopped
2 cups water
½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons tapioca
2 tablespoons scraped onion
2 tablespoons butter
⅛ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Cook mushrooms, stems and peelings for 15 minutes. Drain. Add tapioca to the stock and cook 15 minutes. Chop mushrooms very fine. Cook onion in butter until slightly browned. Add mushrooms, cover and simmer until tender. Uncover and cook two or three minutes until dry. Add paprika and sauce. Add tapioca mixture and combine thoroughly. Cool. Makes 1½ cups filling

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

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