TABLE TALKS

Smooth, Glossy Brown Gravy

Gravy can make or mar a cook's reputation, just as it can make or mar a meal. Actually, too, the achievement of a rich, velvety product is quite a simple feat. For gravy makers, however, who aren't up to all the tricks of the trade, the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture offers two rules, which, if followed will result in glossy gravy, free-from-lumps, the pride of any housewife.

Two Rules

Rule number one deals with the proper blending of the flour and fat. They should be well blended, and the flour browned before the liquid is added. Remember . . . the gravy won't brown after the liquid is added.

Rule number two is concerned with adding and blending the liquid. It may be water, meat or chicken stock, liquor from canned or cooked vegetables, milk or tomato juice. Whatever it is, the liquid should be cold when added to the fat-flour mixture. Also, it should be added gradually and the mixture stirred constantly during the operation.

Gravy should not be made too far in advance of serving, otherwise it will dry out, become thick and pasty and form a scum on top which is difficult to blend back smoothly into the gravy. For late-to-dinner members of the family, keep the gravy hot in the top of a double boiler, closely covered.

Pan Gravy

Add 2 or 3 tablespoons boiling water to frying or broiler pan used in cooking steak. Stir well to loosen particles adhering to pan. Season as desired and serve on steak.

Brown Gravy

¼ cup fat (drippings from roast)
¼ cup flour
2 cups cold liquid (water or meat or vegetable stock)
Salt and pepper to taste

Always make gravy in the pan in which the meat was cooked. When meat is done, remove from pan to a hot platter and keep warm in oven with heat off or in warming oven. Pour off excess fat leaving ¼ cup in pan. Add flour and cook, stirring constantly, until flour becomes brown but not burned. Remove pan from direct heat and add cold liquid. Return to low heat and cook, stirring constantly, until gravy boils and thickens. Season to taste. Makes 2 cups gravy.

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ISSUE 14—1945

The Jade God

By
MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER XVI

He took her in his arms again and kissed her solemnly.

"It's goodby," he said firmly. "I won't take you. At least, I'm man enough not to ruin your life—because I love you. It's goodby, Pam!"

She could not speak; she let him go, but she stood still, tears blinding her. He would not take her to fight his battle, there was a tumult in her heart, she wanted to run after him to tell him she would face anything for him, but he didn't want her to go! The hot blood rushed to her face; then she remembered the anguish in his eyes—and he was going! She stood holding her breath, listening to his footsteps going away down the long hall and, at last, the closing of the door.

If there was something that she could do; wasn't there something? Suddenly her heart leaped—the jade god! She would make Burleson tell her everything he knew.

* * *

She went softly across the hall. She wanted to be sure that Landon had gone before she went back to the library. There was a stir in the rooms beyond and then Aunt Lynn's voice, cold and crisp, freezing someone out. Pam hid herself from them, trying to slip by, but she could not shut her ears.

"I'm sorry. I knew your mother, Archie," Mrs. Lynn said icily, "but I can't pardon this."

She was freezing Landon out!

He mumbled something about Teddy Banks, and not being himself.

"If you mean you'd been drinking—that only makes it worse," she replied sharply. "As for Banks—you know what I think! I told the servants long ago not to admit him again."

"And now I'm in for that, too, I suppose!" Landon cried. "When I tried to undo it, too,"

"You'll have to pardon a woman who knew your mother, for speaking the truth, Archie," she retorted suavely. "You see, I'm not sure that your way of undoing it was—much better!"

He stammered more apologies and her icy voice trickled back at him

"He's done!" Pam thought. "And I'm glad of it—the coward!"

* * *

Then Pam slipper past that curtain arch and found the little door in the corner; it opened into the library beside the fireplace. It was still in there; her first thought was that there was no one in the room; the shades had not been drawn; a street-lamp garished outside, the fire on the hearth was low. Then, beyond the shaded lamp, she saw the outline of her uncle's gray head. She thought he was asleep, his eyes were closed, the red streak had faded into ashen gray, he looked ill. It seemed impossible that he could be asleep after all that violence! She saw the scattered bits of polished jade on the floor, shattered like poor Mark's hope of freedom long ago.

She stooped softly and began to pick up the fragments. She found the head unhurt, green beard and all, and the distorted mouth grined up at her. She had it in her hand when she lifted her eyes again and found Burleson watching her.

"Throw that thing away, Pam!" he said sharply.

* * *

But she did not; she came nearer, holding out her pink palm with the green head in it.

"Uncle Herbert, Mark's uncle brought that when they were together for the last time; brought it for you, and he had it when Mark saw him last. He gave it to you afterwards," she paused, letting her words sink in, but he said nothing, only looked intently at her. "Don't you see?" she pleaded, "he gave it to you after Mark left him. He was killed after that. You can clear Mark, if you will!"

"Oh, can I?" his gray lined face was cruel when he twisted his lips like that!

The girl looked steadily at him with the eyes of youth. "Yes, you can! You must—" She came nearer. "Uncle Herbert, try to remember—you must! He can't be left like this—he didn't do it!"

* * *

Burleson returned her look steadily, his grayness seemed to increase, for the tempest of his anger had left him weak.

"Why are you so sure he didn't do it?" he asked raspingly. She broke at that, suddenly childish and forlorn. "I know—I love him!"

He was dumfounded. "Extraordinary!" he said, after a moment. "You young girls now—good Lord, what would your grandmothers have said."

"Who cares?" Pam stormed. "We're young—youth has a right to live!"

"And age has to clear out, eh?" his face twisted again into his mocking smile.

"If it stands in the way of life—yes!" she cried cruely. "Think of all Mark's lost—fifteen years of youth! It's cruel, it's wicked. Uncle Herbert, you must have known something; there was someone else; why didn't you say so?"

* * *

He considered her, his head sunk between his thin high shoulders. She was so splendidly young and so cruel in her youth.

"Suppose I suspected," he said slowly, "suppose I didn't know, but if I'd said a word it would have pulled down a family, a good wife, sons or daughters, and proved nothing—perhaps!"

"Then you did suspect!" she cried. "You did, and you let Mark go—for some old sinner in high place!"

"I didn't say that; I said, 'suppose'."

"You meant it! Was any old man worth Mark's splendid youth, Uncle? He couldn't be!"

"Perhaps his people were. Think of the disgrace."

"Think of it? Yes!" she cried, flinging the little green head down, "think of what he's got to face—Mark! He won't let me face it with him. He refuses to let me do it."

"You mean you asked this—this ex-convict to marry you, Pam?" he cried, sitting up in his chair.

(To Be Continued)

Hint for Housewife

Wet laundry on the line will not freeze if a handful of salt is used in the rinse water.

NAVY MEN IN KHAKI

Navy men swapped their blue navy uniforms for army khaki, and trained like army troops while preparing for now historic Rhine crossing. "Bluejackets" are shown lined up for drill during training period.

The Bells Of Peace

Some day the bells of peace will ring,
The wheels of war will cease to hum.
Free men will plough the fertile fields;
The thunder of the guns be dumb.

Once more will happy children play
And sleep, untroubled, safe in bed;
No terror fly by night or day!
No fear of bombers overhead!

Yet, grass will grow on countless graves,
Marked by plain crosses row on row —
On men who gave their very all,
That love and beauty we might know.

And, though the bells of peace may ring —
Still, mangled bodies, wracked with pain,
And sightless eyes, will dumbly plead —

"Let not our torment be in vain."
In unknown places, noisome, dark,
In swamps, in sands, in restless sea,
Lie men who sacrified life's chance —
That you and I might still be free.

* * *

What kind of world will we then make —
Full of ideals for which they died?
Or, will we grow stiff-necked again,
In hatred, greed and haughty pride?

Will trade and conquest be our God?
Will we still seek the highest seat?
Then surely war will scourge once more
And make destruction all complete.

Shall we not bravely see that they,
Our flesh and blood, strove not in vain,
And build a world on right, not might,
When bells of peace ring out again?

— T. B. Gleave.

War Or No War Bride Wears White

he story of British opportunism never contained a more astonshing chapter of "recovered situations" than the one which British women have written in wartime clothing. Many a proud husband has gone off to work, prouder still, in a fine shirt made of the kitchen curtains. Most husbands wear Joseph's coats of may colors, the heroic last stand of five other shirts.

There was a wedding the other day at which the bride's family and all the wedding guests in the know beamed on the bride with more than customary interest, for she was radiantly beauitful in the family tablecloth—the best damask tablecloth unstarched and made over.

Advice to Mothers

Don't be alarmed if your little daughter thinks she is smarter than you are. She may be right.

By Laura Wheeler

This 12 or 16-in. crocheted square is a boon to homemakers. Use singly for plate doily, tray cover; or, joined, for cloths, scarfs, spreads.

Your favorite pineapple design in a new 12 or 16-inch square, depending on cotton used. Pattern 651 has crochet directions for square.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St., West, Toronto. Print plainly pattern number, your name and and address.

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CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By
Gwendoline P. Clarke

* * * * *

Last Thursday my baby chicks were supposed to arrive on the morning train. I met the train and waited eargerly near the baggage car—but alas there were no little chicks. I could hardly believe it . . . I thought the trainman must have overlooked them. However the train moved on, and I, perforce, went home, minus the chicks. Naturaly I thought the shipper had missed the train and that he would either phone or deliver them in person. Noon came and there were no chickens and no telephone call. So then I called "long distance" myself. The hatchery-man would hardly believe me when I said the little biddies had not arrived. "But I took them to the station at six o'clock this morning," he said.

"Did you put them on the train yourself?" I inquired.

"Well, no, but I gave them to the shipping agent. If you will wait a minute I will make inquiries and ring you back."

In a short while that is what he did—and told me the chickens had been shipped all right but on the wrong train! They had gone to Toronto. In all probability they would be sent down on "the Peanut" that evening.

My poor little chicks—shut up in boxes and shunted around from one place to another. What will they be like when I get them, I wondered.

* * *

At 7.30 I was at the station again . . . and this time, so were the chickens. I opened the box with considerable trepidation and found not dead and dying chicks—but 150 lively, chipping little balls of black fluff, as warm and happy as you please. Joy riding must have agreed with them as I have since lost only two.

Now, of course, I spend quite a lot of time running back and forth to the brooder house—mainly to see that it doesn't get too hot.

The sun is so warm and bright these early spring days. It is no hardship looking after baby chicks. I love to sit on the feed bag and watch them grow. Yes, watch them! Honestly, they seem to sprout wings under my very eyes.

* * *

In between attending to chickens and collecting for the Red Cross, Partner and I have made two trips to Hamilton — it having become necessary for Partner to have a check-up at the clinic. These old soldiers.

* * *

On our first visit to the clinic we were very interested in the efficiency we found in every department. Partner's name was called five minutes ahead of time. A nurse took him to the doctor's own waiting room. From there to the consulting rom, the laboratory, consulting room, the laboratory, office, back to the first one, and finally out to the main office where accounts were tabulated and paid. The complete round took axactly two hours with hardly a minute wasted. The chief doctor, as he questioned Partner, wrote down all the particulars, and as each page was filled it was pegged outside his office door. From there it was whisked away as if by magic, taken to some secret sanctum, where the rough copy later appeared in the form of typed cards for future reference.

The efficiency and quiet dignity which prevailed throughout the entire building was something to admire, and certainly gave Partner confidence in whatever pronouncement might result from his visit.

British Farmers' Exclusive Problem

Canadian farmers do not have all the problems in the world, comments the Brandon Sun. There are some exclusive ones in Great Britain just now. Kent, is the most bombed county in England, Hell's Corner in fact. Here is a classified advertisement from a Kentish paper of recent date:

"Farmers in Hollingbourne Rural District—Bulldozer now working area. Anyone wanting bomb craters filled apply Moy, Halfway Farm, Kingsnorth Ashford. Phone Ashford 584."

Men Are Working To Exhaustion

Chronic fatigue and nervous exhaustion are getting men down . . . down in health and down in resistence to cold and other ailments.

It is high time for a build up with Dr. Chase's NERVE FOOD, the Vitamin B_1 tonic. It will help to steady your nerves and help you to sleep better.

It will help you to digest your food and to regain energy and vigor.

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Headache

Nothing is more depressing than headaches... Why suffer?... Lambly's will give instant relief. Lambly's is good for earache, toothache, pains in back, stomach, bowels.

LAMBLY'S
HEADACHE POWDERS 14

How You Can Get Quick Relief From Sore, Painful Piles

Most people seem to think the only way to get relief from their sore, painful piles is by local treatment. Local treatment may give temporary relief from the itching but you can easily see why such treatment wil not correct the cause of your piles.

No lasting freedom from pile can be had unless the cause of the trouble is corrected. Piles are due to intestinal causes so the best way to get lasting relief is to treat them internally with a medicine like Hem-Roid.

Hem-Roid is a formula that has been used for over 40 years by thousands of pile sufferers. It is a small, highly concentrated tablet, easy and pleasant to use. This cleverly compounded tablet formula directs its medical action to relief of the congestion that is the real cause of your piles. Hem-Roid promotes free, easy and comfortable bowel movements, quickly relieves itching irritation and soreness and stimulates better blood circulation in the lower bowel. With good blood circulation in the lower bowel the painful pile tumors soon heal over leaving the sensitive rectal membranes clean and healthy.

We invite you to try Hem-Roid and let it prove itself. You can make your test, in the privacy of your own home. NO COST if you are not convinced that this is an amazingly easy and surprisingly effective method of treating your sore, painful piles.

Posed by a Professional Model

Get a package of Hem-Roid today from any drug store and use it as directed for JUST FIVE DAYS. At the end of that time if you are not absolutely sure Hem-Roid is the nicest, cleanest and most effective pile treatment you ever tried, return the unused portion of the package to your druggist and he will promptly refund your money.

NOTE: This generous offer is backed by a reliable firm doing business in Canada for a good many years. Hem-Roid must help your pile condition quickly, easily and pleasantly or this simple, easy test costs you nothing. Try it today.