Table Talks

Butter Stretched; Sandwiches Good

All sandwiches—whether for picnics, school or meals at home—need flavourful fillings. They usually eat into the butter ration too. Today, the home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, suggest a number of ways of stretching butter and offer some excellent sandwich fillings.

If the filling is the non-clinging type, such as chopped vegetable or a salad mixture, some sort of spread is necessary on the bread. To stretch the butter and season it as well, combine it with one or more of several ingredients to make a "sandwich butter."

A filling of the speady or clinging type takes very little butter if any at all. For greatest economy combine the butter with the filling.

Seasoned Sandwich Butter

½ cup butter
Yolk of one egg
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon mustard
Few grains cayenne
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons vinegar, a little at a time

Cream butter and egg yolk. Add other ingredients as listed, and store in cool place. This will keep for a week or more. To soften, warm and beat. Spread very lightly on sandwich bread and use with meat or any sandwich filling which is not too highly seasoned. Yield: about 2/3 cup.

Liver Sandwich Spread

½ lb. liver (1½ cups chopped, cooked liver)
3 tablespoons fat
½ cup chopped onion
2 half-inch slices bread (cubed)
1/3 to ½ cup salad dressing
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

Cover liver with boiling water and simmer 5 minutes; drain. Melt fat, add onion and cook until clear. Add cubed bread and cook until crisp and lighty browned. Put liver, onions and bread through the food chopper together. Add dressing and seasonings and mix well. Yield: 1½ cups.

Spanish Sandwiches

2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 tablespoon mild-flavoured fat
1 cup thick tomato pulp
1 cup grated cheese
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of paprika
1 egg, well beaten

Saute the onion in fat for 5 minutes; add tomato pulp, cheese, salt and paprika and cook 5 minutes longer, or until cheese is melted. Stir small amount into the egg; return to the hot mixture, stir and cook 2 minutes longer. May be served hot on toasted bread or stored for future use. Yield: about 1½ cups.

U. S. To Erect Statue To British Evacuees

All but 50,000 acres out of the 3,936,352 acres set aside for the training of American forces before D-day in England, Wales and Northern Ireland have been returned to the control of the British War Office. The area constituted one-thirteenth of the total area of England, Wales and Northern Ireland.

As a tribute to the people who had to evacuate their homes so that American soldiers could rehearse amphibious landings with line fire the United States Army will dedicate a monument at Slapton Sands, Devonshire, next month. The cost of damage done to property in this area was borne by the British Government.

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THERE IS ONLY ONE FLY-TOX KILLS INSECT PESTS

ISSUE 22—1945

ROYAL FAMILY THANKFUL

The King and Queen with Princess Elizabeth, left and Princess Margaret leaving St. Paul's Cathedral, London, after Thanksgiving service on May 12th.

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER III

"Indeed, yes. I flew up, you know — got a lift with young Tremblay. He's on his way to Quebec. I'll go down on the bus tomorrow. Curiosity brought me here and I won't go away until it's satisfied."

"The princess is not a poppy show," muttered madame. "I'll go down now and see that those children are having sufficient to eat and to watch that Rudolph doesn't start to walk around the table and wait on them. You stay here until I come back, my man."

Roger stayed there, smoking quietly and thinking of Michel.

A queer duck, Mike, full of strange theories, stranger dreams, a lover of dawns and sunsets and beauty in any guise. Where was he now? What had he found in the maelstrom of hell? Had he gone out in a burst of flame, in a thundercloud of glory? Had he turned his back on the whole thing and taken himself to a mountain top or a green isle in the sea?

* * *

In the evening stillness, Roger Fabre heard children singing. He smiled, pleased, got up from his chair and crossed to the window. He saw a tall girl whose hair was a glory in the sunset and two little blond children frisking about her as they walked with Rudolph across the lawn toward the beach trees.

Roger disobeyed madame's injunction, and went quickly down the back stairs and out into the garden. After all, it wasn't every day that one could see a real live princess.

"Good evening," he said. "I hope I do not intrude"

She smied at him. "Intruders in that dress, monsieur, are welcome among most people in this world today. Who are you, please? I am Meridel de Morpin."

"Roger Fabre I—am Madame—the housekeeper's nephew."

* * *

"Oh, Madame Laurin. But she is a lovely old one! I am so glad to meet you, Monsieur Fabre."

"It is the first time I have ever talked to a real princess."

Meridel laughed. "I am just Meridel now. I must forget the princess. It was a little place, Gratzen, but it was lovely. Lovely in an old way, with red-roofed houses and crooked lanes and old windmills and the castle of Gratzen high on its rock, its turrets seeming to be made of gold in the sunset."

"You will miss it, Your Highness."

"I shall miss it. But this—this is so beautiful, this land of yours. These mountains of Laurentia. It is God's great kindness that there was such a place for us in which to seek refuge For myself I did not mind. I would have stayed at Gratzen—"

* * *

Something in her voice made him look at her sharply and he saw that her eyes were gazing far off.

"You left someone there whom you—whom you cannot easily forget."

"I do not know if it is that. I do not know what it is, but there was something—the beginning of something."

"Perhaps I understand," said Roger.

"I do not think so." She smiled then, a brief swift smile. "Ah, how could you? I do not myself understand it."

But she was thinking, as she walked back with Roger to where they heard the children's voices, of the winding streets of Gratzen, of the Inn of the Coq d'or, of an August day so much like this had been, of a tall youth with a rucksack on his back, who had come face to face with her as he walked out of the tavern. They had both stopped. She could still recall that moment, relive every second of it. His eyes were blue in his thin brown face and his teeth so white when he smiled. "Are you real?" he said. "Is this place real?"

* * *

It was a fair day in Gratzen and—what madness had possessed her! She had gone to the fair with him and together they had laughed at the puppet show and ridden on the carrousel and eaten buns and drunk milk and walked up the steep road to the castle in the moonlight. And there in the courtyard he had taken her hand in his and said, "I knew this would be the end of the story. Its Cinderella in reverse, isn't it? the clock strikes twelve and the little maid becomes the golden princess and the peasant boy goes back down the dusty road. It is so, is it not?"

"It is so, but—"

"There is no 'but'." He kissed the little brown fingers that he held in his. "There is only goodby."

She was remembering all that now as she walked through the moon-shadowed garden with Roger Fabre in this strange silent land, so vast, so awful in its immensity, far away from her own little country. She was seeing the tall youth with the rucksack on his back and the stout stick in his hand go swinging down the hill road from the castle. Michel—it was the only name he had given her—Michel.

* * *

"It is so long since I went shopping," said madame, "that those who waited on me, if not supporting tombstones, are being supported by pensiones; so I shall take Meridel and the little ones to Montreal and see that they buy the things they need. Right now they are like scarecrows."

"But, madame—"

The old lady ignored Rudolph. It was understood that he was to come to her once each day for orders and plans of operation. Madame did all the talking and Rudolph, for all the attention paid his few timid suggestions, might just as well have talked to the stone statues in the park.

"When Meridel learns the truth I am afraid she will despise me. I am only an impostor, a fraud—"

"You are nothing of the kind," said madame indignantly. "And if you are, what then am I? Is it not enough to see these young ones happy, secure at last? Now get out, my man. I have to dress. And tell the little ones to make ready within the hour, that we are going to the great city of Montreal!"

"You are so kind, madame. I shall go now."

He found Pol Martin and Rosine engaged in deep conversation with Roger.

* * *

"—and Bonhomme Fricot would say, 'No bullet ever made could hurt a man's soul and no weapons ever forged can match God's weapons. God's the one to settle dictators; just the same, if you should stumble on one, better hit him on the head while you are asking the divine aid'."

"Very sensible," approved Roger. "A great philosopher, this Bonhomme Fricot."

"His cottage was outside the village," said Rosine. "It was in a little wood and this day Pol Martin and I went there and just before we came to the cottage a plane went over—"

"And we hid." Pol Martin's blue eyes were seeing it all again. "We hid in a coppice and we saw a German come down in a parachute right in the field back of Bonhomme Fricot's cottage and we saw him draw his revolver and go up to the door and kick it open and walk in."

"And there was a shot, then another—crack—crack!" Rosine's voice was shrill. "A cry—and we knew Bonhomme Fricot, that good man, was dead. We waited and presently the German came out. We could see his face now as he walked toward us."

"He passed so near to me that I could almost touch him." said Pol Martin. "He was young like you, Monsieur Roger. We hated him then and when we crept to the cottage window after he had gone and looked in and saw our poor Bonhomme Fricot lying dead on the floor—"

(To Be Continued)

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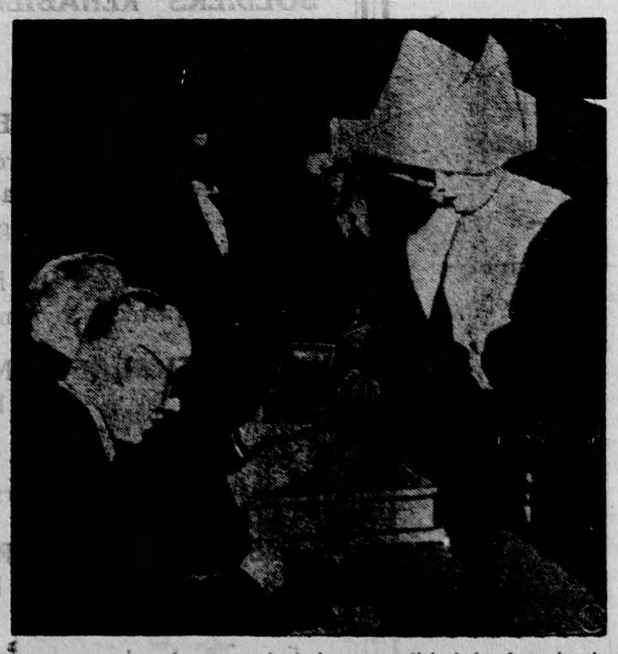
WOMEN VOTING IS NEWS IN FRANCE



Two nuns take advantage of their new political freedom in the recent Paris elections, when France for the first time in its history permitted women to cast their ballots. Final tabulation showed 14,000,000 women's votes were cast as against 9,000,000 for the men.

The Quality Tea

"SALADA" TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Sunshine—heart-warming, soul-satisfying, mud-drying sunshine! Were we ever more glad to see it? When I awoke on Saturday morning, saw the bright sunshine, heard the brids singing as if their little throats would burst with joy, I could hardly believe my eyes and ears. And not only did the sun gladden our hearts by day but there were the moon and the stars to delight us by night. As I went out about elevn o'clock to take one last look at my chickens I was thrilled as I looked up at the star-filled sky, realizing suddenly that it was neary two weeks since I had seen even one wee star twinkling in the "bowl of night."

* * *

Now of course, weather prophets are getting busy but, as so often happens, no two prognostications are the same. One fellow says "A long, dry spell after May 21." Another one "Wet weather until June 19"—because it rained on Ascension Day. Partner as a rule, doesn't pride himself on any sixth sense in regard to weather probs but this year he nods his head sagely and says—"Well, what can you expect with so many elections coming off? Look at the speech making that is going on—and it's hot air mixing with cold that causes wet weather."

* * *

If that be so then the air should start clearing after June 4—and really make a job of it around June 11. It won't be long now and may I be forgiven if I breathe a sigh of relief. Don't think by that that I am not interested in the outcome of the elections. I most certainly am—and I shall certainly be out to vote. But one does get so tired of all this political bally-hoo—although I suppose it really is necessary—there being no compulsion about turning out to cast one's vote, I suppose something has to be done to give people a political awareness "Awareness' or "bewareness"—whichever way you prefer it.

* * *

Next Wednesday we are looking forward to a few hours visit from Partner's oldest brother who has just returned from a two month's visit to England. We know he was in London and on the South coast so we are hoping he will be able to tell us something about the friends and places we use to know. Yesterday Partner had a letter from his sister asking if he would go over to see them. It is so easy to pick up and leave a farm! And yet, when we left England it didn't seem so very final. It never occurred to us that it was probably the last time we should see our homes and our families. We told them we should be back again in three years—just for a holiday! That was twenty-six years ago. It has been a long three years. Sometimes I wonder what it would be like to go back for a visit. So many friends gone . . . . youngsters we left in kindergarden, now grown up with families of their own. My mother . . . all that remains for me to see would be a green mound in a cemetery.

Thus it is that old familiar places, through time, become strange. Now it is the places that once were strange that are familiar. The folk we have lived among, that we have worked with, and whose interests we share, they have woven a net around us until the district in which we live is now irreparably our home.

A visit to England would be fine—I hope some day that that three years will be up—but I haven't a doubt in the world that after a few weeks in the old country we would speak of our return trip as "going home."

Keep Sweeper Clean

Each time the carpet sweeper is used, make certain to clean and empty it. To remove wax and oil, wipe the brush occasionally with dry cleaning fluid. Clip and remove hairs and string from the brush regularly. Oil the sweeper parts at least once a month.

The total population of the Netherland East Indies is 60,731,025, with the European element totalling less than 100,000.

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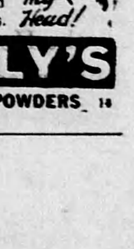

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