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DEFINITELY Enjoyable

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The Pick of Tobacco

Table Talks

Sugar-Saving Cream Pies—Delicious, Too

The home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, discovered that sugar could be saved by folding the meringue right into the pie filling so that the sugar used to sweeten the egg whites would contribute its sweetness to the filling too. The saving of course, is not large but it is by many small savings that the ration can be painlessly stretched.

Chocolate Mint Pie

1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2 squares (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
½ cup boiling water
3 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 drops oil of peppermint
3 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar
1 9-inch pie shell

Soak gelatine in cold water. Cook chocolate in boiling water, about 5 minutes, beating until smooth. Remove from heat add gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Beat yolks slightly add sugar, salt and gradually add the chocolate mixture. Add peppermint and chill until partially set. Whip the egg whites until stiff and gradually beat in the two tablespoons of sugar. Fold into chocolate mixture pour into baked pie shell and chill until set. Makes one 9-inch pie.

Rhubarb Cream Pie

3 tablespoons flour
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
4 cups diced raw rhubarb
1 tablespoon gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar
1 9-inch baked pie shell

Combine flour, sugar and salt. Add rhubarb and mix well. Let stand one hour, then cook over boiling water for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Meanwhile soak gelatine in cold water. Beat egg yolks until light. Pour rhubarb sauce over egg yolks stirring well; return to double boiler, stir and cook for 3 minutes. Remove from heat and add gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Fold in meringue made with stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons sugar. Pour into baked pie shell and chill. Makes one 9-inch pie.

Cream Pie

⅓ cup sugar
⅓ cup flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup cold milk
1½ cups hot milk
1 egg
1 teaspoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 9-inch pie shell

Mix sugar flour and salt. Combine thoroughly with cold milk. Stir in hot milk and cook in top of double boiler about 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Beat egg, combine with a little of hot mixture and add to mixture in double boiler. Cook 3 minutes. Remove from heat and add butter and vanilla. Pour into baked pie shell. Makes one 9-inch pie shell.

Note:— Well-drained canned fruit or slightly sweetened fresh fruit may be spread in bottom of baked shell before pouring in cream filling or used as a topping.

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ISSUE 28—1948

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I keep the range from rusting during the summer?

A. By painting it with a good lubricating oil. When winter comes, wipe off the oil before using the range.

Q. How can I prevent the spattering of fish when frying?

A. Invert a colander over the pan. When boiling, add a tablespoon of vinegar to the water to prevent crumbling. It also adds to the flavor and makes it firm and white.

Q. How can I keep the bristles of the toothbrush stiff?

A. Every person should have two toothbrushes and should use them alternately. This gives each brush a chance to dry and regain its stiffness before using again.

Q. How can I make smooth gravy?

A. An absolute necessity in the kitchen equipment is a flour dredge, if one wishes the gravies to be smooth.

Q. How can I remove postage stamps from envelopes?

A. To remove them from envelopes or when they are stuck together, place the stamp under a sheet of thin paper and run a hot iron gently over the paper. The stamps can be easily removed.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. Wouldn't it be rude, when attending a church wedding, for one to leave the church before the members of the two immediate families?

2. Would it be all right to serve coffee in the drawingroom, following a luncheon?

3. Is a man expected to make calls of inquiry, congratulation, and condolence?

4. In what way can a girl show gratitude or appreciation to a group of friends who have given her a bridal shower?

5. When an invitation is accepted by letter, is it best to repeat the exact date and hour mentioned in the invitation?

6. Is it ever permissible for a person to leave the table during a meal?

ANSWERS

1. Yes, it is very rude to do so. 2. No; a luncheon is an informal affair and the coffee should be served at the table. 3. Yes, if he expects to retain his friends. 4. She can give a dinner, a luncheon, a tea, or even a theater party to these friends. 5. Yes; this will avoid any misunderstanding as to the time. 6. Not unless there is a very urgent necessity.

Churchill 'Choppers'

How desperate was Britain's Britain's defense situation at one time is evidenced by a new Churchill story in Guy Eden's new book "Portrait of Churchill."

At the close of his famous challenge: "We shall fight on at the beaches and in the streets," the Prime Minister turned and murmured something to the Cabinet members. It was this: "I do not know what we shall do it with—choppers, I suppose."

Choppers were the instruments wardens carried to help them break into burning buildings.

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTEk IX

"You are mistaken," said Meridel, but here own voice sounded strange to her and there was a feeling in her breast as if icy fingers had closed around her heart. "It was some other one you saw—some Nazi who looked like—like Michel."

They shook their heads in unison.

"There was the same small scar on this one's chin," said Pol Martin rallying to his sister's aid, clinging to her hand and thinking of Bonhomme Fricot's crumpled body in the dimness of the hut and the grin one the German soldier's face as he left the lonely cabin. "It showed blue on the side of his chin."

"No more of this!" Rudolph spoke with unwonted authority. "You have no right, no right whatever, you ungratefu children, to cause pain to Madame Laurin, who has been so good, so kind, so generous to you."

"They are young, Uncle Rudi." Meridel came quickly to their defense. "They did not know what they were doing. Madame Laurin, I am sure, will forgive them. And it is to you, after all, that they owe their gratitude."

"To me!' For a moment, caught off guard, Rudolph almost betrayed himself. "Oh, I see what you mean. But please take them away now, Merideel. They have done enough mischief for today."

* * *

When they had gone he bent over the od lady, who seemed to see nothing of what went on about her. "Madame!" he said earnestly. "Madame! Is there not something I can do? Let me take them away from here. They have caused you this mortal pain. It is folly, some childish nonsense! They play games of pretending so much and so long that they think the people in them are real. I am sure there never was such a one as Bonhomme Fricot—"

Madame shook her head. "I pray God you are right, Rudloph. I'd like to think that it is what you say—some of their make-believe. But I am afraid—"

"But I knew Monsieur Michel and he—"

"You know the way he used to talk, Rudolph—wild things he'd say and wilder things he'd do. He had three years at Heidelberg. And he was so quick to identify himself with anything revoluntionary. But, my God, I cannot think that he—why, his father and two of his uncles died in the battle of the Somme and Roger wears the cross his king gave him for bravery. No—no—"

"Please madame. I tell you it is some child's mistake. It is nothing."

"I shall try to think so, Rudolph. The other thing would drive me mad. Why, he was as dear to me as my own—I could never think this of him, never."

* * *

Yet there was the gnawing doubt. And in Meridel's eyes, as she picked up the shattered picture of Michel Fabre was the same hurt, terrified look that she had seen in madame's. What a horrible thing was this! If there were truth in it, what ghastly truth! No, no, a man did not turn against his own blood. Why, he would be facing his own brother, seeking to destroy him.

The face of Michel was little marred. Meridel took the broken glass away and put the picture back in its place.

"It is not so, madame," said Meridel at length. "You must not for a moment believe this wild story."

"Do you believe it? You knew him for only a little while; I knew him for years, yet I feel that in the short time you were with him you learned much. And do you believe it?"

"I won't let myself believe it. I should have to see it with my own eyes. I should have to hear it from his own lips."

And you would believe it then, Meridel?"

Woman looked at woman, the young one at the very old, and they understood each other. "Perhaps," said Meridel.

* * *

Pol Martin and Rosine were standing with Meridel and Miss Carrick and some of the other children in front of the house one afternoon when a long cream-colored convertible sedan drove up and disgorged a huge beefy man in a checkered jacket and tan slacks, a lady in gorgeous mink and a diamond choker.

"Well, bless my soul, Martha!" The big man's voice seemed to shake the walls of Philibert. "Look what Mimi has here now—a kindergarten, by gad! Trust her to do the proper thing. How d'you do? How d'you do?" He bowed right and left to the curious children, and beamed on Meridel and Miss Carrick. "I'm Guy Winterside and this is my wife, Martha Stahl. We used to be on the stage with Madame Fabre - Lusignan. Where is Mimi? We came to surprise her. Oh, here's someone we know! Here's Rudolph, the butler—good old Rudolph!"

Meridel was close to him, but had she been a block away she could still have heard him. Slowly her cheek grew white; her hands were clenched at her side. "Has he been butler here a long time, Mr. Winterside?" she asked softly.

* * *

The big man grinned down at her. "Bless you, my dear, of course he has—years and years and years. He's as much a fixture at Philibert as the statues in the park. How d'you do, Rudolph? We popped in for a brief visit. On our way to Quebec. How is madame? I'll bet she'll be surprised."

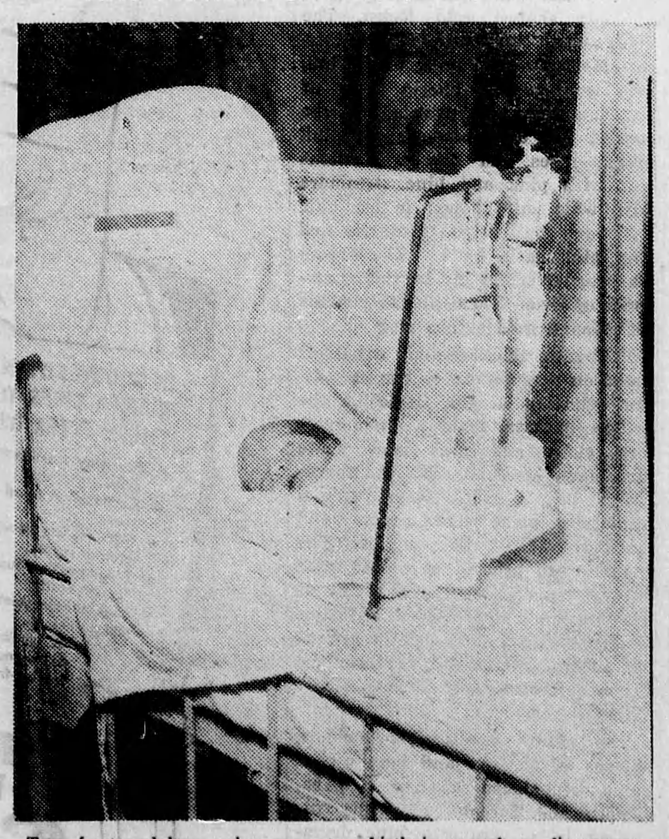
Rudolph's face was impassive; only Meridel could see the turmult, the sickness, behind the smooth, menial masque. He bowed to the Wintersides. "It is good to see you again, sir. And you, madame. Let me take you upstairs. Madame Fabre-Lusignan will be so pleased to see you."

He conducted them into the house. Meridel and the quiet Miss Carrick stared after their departing backs. Pol Martin and Rosine came close to Meridel. They did not quite understand what had happened, but they could tell from Meridel's face, the fixed look in her eyes, the way her nostrils flared that everything was far from well. And Uncle Rudi had been like a different person and the big man had flung his coat to Uncle Rudi so carelessly and Uncle Rudi had carried it on his arm.

"What is it, Meridel?" Pol Martin tugged at her hand.

(To Be Continued)

TINY PATIENT IN HER GLASS HOUSE



Two fractured legs and a premature birth is enough to discourage any new baby. Yet this little girl is daily growing stronger in the safety of her glass-enclosed cubicle, equipped with ultraviolet light barriers whch make it 95% germ free. One out of every three babies in the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, come from other parts of the Province. All Ontario is being asked to aid the $6,000,000 Building Fund Campaign.

It's Cooling
"SALADA"
ICED TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Expectation is better than realisation—so they say — but this week's events have been the exception that prove the rule. We have been living on expectation for ages but last Thursday realisation began.

Yes, hydro power was really turned on at last. It was about two o'clock that day when one of the linesmen came along and said, "Are your lights all right?"

"Are they?' I answered stupidly, and then added hopefully—but incredulouly—"Do you mean the power is on?"

"Sure—and I can see lights on upstairs so I guess they're all right."

"All right"—what a mild way to put it. And yet after all it was a very conclusive description; I am not sure one could find anything better. We turned on switches here, plugged in there, wandered from room to room trying out the lights, switched on the pole lights, and turned on the ones at the barn, and finally we agreed that, just as the linesman said, everything "was all right".

* * *

But that wasn't the only excitement. Two days later our hardware man phoned to say my washing machine had arrived. That was almost too good to be true. And yet there was really no doubt about the matter. In due time the machine arrived home and I'm telling you it is like something out of fairyland . . . a magic whirligig that makes drudgery vanish into space; takes kinks out of backs and makes my wash "the whitest wash" —irrespective of any particular brand of soap bars or soap chips.

* * *

On the same day that the washing machine came to brighten our lives, there also arrived a letter from my brother in England, with news that son Bob had been to visit him and his family. That was a wonderful piece of news because we knew then that Bob was one step nearer home though we had not yet heard from him to that effect.

And for the holiday weekend six visitors arrived—four adults, one little girl and a baby five months old. It is a long time since diapers flapped in the breeze from our clothes' line! But it was good to see them there. And that baby . . . he was just the goodest and the sweetest wee thing you ever saw.

* * *

As for farm work—on Monday there was hay to draw in and our guests supplied Partner with plenty of help for one day, inexperienced —but help none the less. Daughter did her part by driving the horses on the hayfork.

Daughter and I put in a pretty good day washing, ironing, getting meals—minus potatoes — washing dishes, fixing over dresses, and so we had a busy but satisfactory visit —to which properly lighted rooms added considerably to our comfort and enjoyment.

Now preparations are underway for the departure of our guests. There is a scurrying around from place to place, a picking up from one room and then another. I am keeping out of it. When they have got everything together I will go around and gather up the things they have missed.

And tomorrow is another day!

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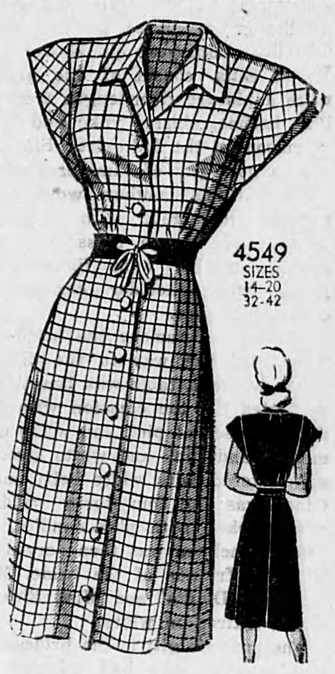

When the temperature soars, the button-front "open-out" dress is a real pal. Pattern 4549 spreads flat for easy ironing. Choice of short, three-quarter, or cap sleeves.

Pattern 4549 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 35-in. fabric.

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

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