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TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Already V. J. Day seems aeons away, since time comes now, measured by events, rather than by days or weeks.

Strangely enough, V. J. Day coincided with the termination of our son's thirty day-furlough and we had fond hopes when the good news broke it might facilitate his discharge which he had applied for, since his dad is no longer able to carry on alone.

But could he get it — or even an extension of leave? The answer is "no, a thousand times no". But neither was his request rejected so I suppose all the letters, papers and affidavits are lying forgotten in some little pigeon hole until someone gets around to digging them out. Apparently the only way an ordinary soldier can earn recognition from his superiors is to go AWOL. And then he finds out in a hurry how much the army needs him and how determined it is to get him back. Not that son Bob has ever tried anything quite so drastic — too much depends on him for him to take any chances like that. There is so much work waiting to be done at home.

* * *

We have threshing to do, oats to draw in and barley to cut — and son Bob, because a wire from headquarters has been held up some place, is on draft for Camp Borden! Partner isn't able to cut the barley; we can't draw in oats until we have threshed; and we can't thresh until Bob gets back home to look after things. And the threshing machine is on the line and will probably want to move in sometime tomorrow. We are also afraid to leave the house very long in case "long distance" should call. If I have to go out I generally warn Partner to listen for the phone. But that idea doesn't work too well because he generally falls asleep if he is left in the house too long alone. I tell him his guardianship is parellel to that of King Alfred and the cakes.

* * *

Since I had to be in the house so much lately I thought it might be a good idea to get a room papered — a job that has been hanging fire for some time. Our young niece Betty is staying with us so it occurred to me that with her help I might even be able to paper the ceiling — a job I have never yet tackled alone.

The ceiling was low enough that I could reach it from a chair and the room not so terribly big. So I hopefully cut and measured one strip of paper — I thought one piece would be enough to experiment with. Well, I wrestled with that piece of evil for nearly an hour — pasting and repasting. At one time I had it wrapped around me like a winding sheet and of course I finished up by tearing it into any number of pieces. In desperation I came downstairs and phoned a neighbor — "How do you get one end of a strip to stay on a ceiling while you fix the other?" I asked. Well, after she had finished laughing at me she said — "You just leave it for now and I will come down after supper and help you."

So that was that. The ceiling was done that night and Betty and I papered the walls next day. It is grand to have neighbours and neices!

* * *

Another telephone call ... Bob, from down town . . . he was on parade and all ready to move out to Camp Borden when his name was called and he was sent back home again. "All's well that ends well" — so they say.

Auntie: "How did Jimmy get on in his history exam?"

Mother: "Not very well, but it wasn't his fault. They asked him things that happened before the poor boy was born."

725

by Laura Wheeler

It's soothing to tired nerves to embroider this restful countryside scene on a wall-panel. Do the easy stitches in wool or cotton.

This artistic wall hanging is pleasant to live with. Pattern 725 contains a transfer of a 15 x 19½-inch picture; color chart; stitches.

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 address.

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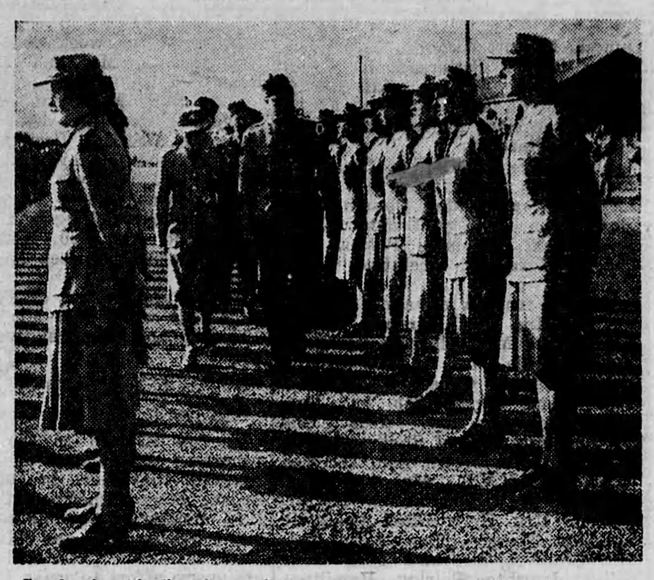
ISSUE 35—1945

C.W.A.C.'s REVIEWED



Conducting his first inspection of troops since returning from overseas, MAJ.-GEN. B. M. HOFFMEISTER, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. and two Bars, Commander of the Canadian Army Pacific Force, recently reviewed C.W.A.C. personnel of the 2nd Echelon, C.A.P.F. at Brockville, Ont. Gen. Hoffmeister is shown here inspecting the ranks. The inspection coincided with the 4th Anniversary of the C.W.A.C. organization.

TABLE TALKS

Canned Peaches

From Canada's Kitchen in the Dominion Department of Agriculture come these tested methods for canning peaches.

Yield—One 20 lb. crate of peaches, yields about 10 quarts of canned fruit. One 6 quart leno (heaped) basket, 10 lbs., yields about 5 quarts of fruit.

Quantity of Syrup—If peaches are ripe they are quite sweet and require very little sugar. Either a thin or very thin syrup is suitable.

20 lb. crate

Thin—16 cups water to 8 cups sugar.

Very Thin—15 cups water to 5 cups sugar.

6 qt. leno basket

Thin—8 cups water to 4 cups sugar.

Very Thin—7½ cups water to 2½ cups sugar.

Bring sugar and water to boiling point; skim.

Peaches—Hot Pack

Prepare syrup. Blanch peaches, remove skins, halve and pit; slice if desired. Drop in brine (1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart cold water) to preserve colour. Drain. Simmer 5 minutes in syrup. Pack at once in clean hot jars; halved peaches cut-side down.

Leave headspace:

Screw and spring top sealers and cans—¼ in.

Vacuum sealers—½ in.

Remove air bubbles by running a knife down and around inside of container. Partially seal screw and spring top sealers. Seal vacuum sealers.

Process in boiling water bath:
Pints and 20 oz. cans—15 min.
Quarts and 28 oz. cans—20 min.

Cool tin cans quickly under cold water. Cool glass containers away from draughts: do not invert.

Sugarless Canned Peaches

Blanch peaches, remove skins, pit and slice. Drop in brine (1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart cold water) to preserve colour. Drain. Heat slowly in just enough water to prevent sticking, until juice begins to flow, about 3 to 5 miutes. Pack a oce in clean hot sealers. Pack down until juice covers fruit.

Leave headspace:

Screw and spring top sealers and cans—¼ in.

Vacuum sealers—½ in.

Remove air bubbles by running a knife down and around inside of container. Partially seal screw and spring top sealers. Seal vacuum sealers and tin cans.

Process in boiling water bath:
Pints and 20 oz. cans—20 min.
Quarts and 28 oz. cans—25 min.

Cool tin cans quickly under cold water. Cool glass containers away from draughts; do not invert.

Modern Etiquette

By Robert Lee

1. Would it be permissible for a man to pass in front of a woman, in order to get out of an automobile on the curb side?

2. When giving a luncheon, when should the bread and butter plates be put on the table?

3. What should a hostess do if a caller refuses a cup of tea or coffee?

4. If a man has asked a girl for permission to call and she has declined, should he ask her again at some other time?

5. Is it correct for parents to introduce their children to adults?

6. What is the proper position to place a butter knife on the butter plate?

ANSWERS

1. Yes, and it is also safer than getting out on the traffic hide. Of course it would be more convenient for the driver to get out on the left side. 2. Before the guests enter the diningroom. 3. The hostess should accept the refusal and not make the offer a second time. 4. That depends entirely upon the manner in which she refused his first request. He must use his best judgment as to whether the girl really cares to extend the friendship. 5. Yes, and it is excellent training. Well-bred parents should do so at every opportunity. 6. Diagonally across the rim of the plate.

Climate Note

Passengers on a Portland, Ore., bus sweltered and wondered why, even with the windows open, it was hotter in the bus than outside, says the New York Times. Only the driver, a discharged war veteran, remained cool and calm. Finally, it was discovered that all the heaters were going full blast; the driver had recently returned from the South Pacific and he was more comfortable than at any time since he had come back from the tropics.

DREAM TURNS REAL

For nearly 15 years, Dr. Syngman Rhee, above, has been president of the provisional government of Korea. For most of that time he has headed a mission in Washington seeking U.S. aid for his Korean independence campaign so that his government might take over. Two years ago the United Nations pledged his country independence. With Japan beaten, Dr. Rhee's dream nears reality

YANKS IN PARIS CELEBRATE PEACE

Piling aboard a passing jeep, American G.I.'s and a Wac ride through the streets of Paris, waving Allied flags and cheering the end of the war.

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER XVI

"What's in the wind, Peter? Any idea?"

"Ah, well!" Roger looked at the clear blue sky and thought of Meridel's eyes and closed his own. It would be good to fly again, to range the heavens wide and free.

"By the way," said Peter Ayscough, "I heard they found that ritzy station wagon of yours abandoned at Sainte-Barbe, not far from the border. The fugitives grabbed some farmer's truck there and took it almost to the line And they're over, I guess. They seeem to have vanished into thin air."

"I thought they'd get away. Nervy beggars."

"It's a devil of a note— That Kehl—Captain Manfred Kehl — a big shot Nazi; the other lad, Faber, was a hell-raiser too. No end of trouble with him in the camp, I heard from a chap who did duty there. They'll find some pals in the States, you may be sure. I suppose they'll turn up next in Tobruk."

Roger, deep in his heart, did not know whether to be glad or sorry that Michel had escaped. For a while he had thought, with Tante Mimi, that perhaps a bullet from a pursuer's gun would be the best answer to it all. Now he did not know. His own happiness was so great, so wondrous. Perhaps the Americans, this time, would grant no bail, would take the men and hold them prisoners until the war was over. Certainly it would be foolhardy to let those two escape. Well, anyway, it wasn't his worry any more.

* * *

The children had presented Peter Ayscough with a huge basket or ribbon-candy, barley toys, bonbons, fruit and nuts, which he consumed happily along the way at the constant hazard of wrecking the machine and breaking their necks.

"It will be a relief to get up in the air again, Pete," said Roger as they slewed away from the edge of a gully and grazed a telephone pole on the other side of the road. "So safe up there."

"It is a bit slippery, sir. Gosh, you must have had a swell time at your aunt's place, if this is a sample of it. Was that pretty girl the princess?"

"Yes—that was the princess."

"Boy! She looked it. War surely has it compensations."

"Yes," said Roger wryly. "It's been a great war for the Fabres. We'll all be sorry to see it end."

He fell silent, thinking of that last lovely picture he had taken away with him, the bright faces of the children, madame's burning black eyes and the pride in them and the tears that were like jewels in the eyes of Meridel. Behind them the gray walls of the chateau; behind it the hills crowned with the dark green beauty of the spruce trees and the pines.

* * *

Your dear remembered face, he thought. Nothing shall dim the memory of it for me—not the mountains and the seas between; not years it I should be kept away from you that long; not eternity. But I'll come back to you, Meridel. I know I was not first in your heart. He came there once for a little while and possessed it, and he does not easily let go. I'm sorry the end for him had to be like this, so dark, so shamefully dark. I would rather have bested him in fair fight or at least have had the chance to fight, even had I lost. There's something hollow about this victory, something that robs it of its savor.

Dreaming thus, he dozed off and it was not until they had rolled into the outlying districts of the city where Ayscough had a chance to do some really fancy driving, that he awakened—just as their front fender grazed the mighty bumper of a truck.

"Did I miss much, Pete?"

"You have no idea, sir." Pete grinned cheerfully. "All men, especially truck drivers, will remember the passing of Peter Ayscough."

"With a blessing, I'll bet."

"Well, I did hear some of them mention names that go with blessings, though their faces belied their words. But I do my best, my very best, and do it every day. Always the first to spring to arms at the call of duty, that's me, Pete."

* * *

Gradually, quiet descended on the great house as the laughter, the busy tongues were stilled by sleep. Rudolph, the incorrigible, went to the kitchen soon after dinner, to sit in the chair he loved, to talk gravely with Gesner and the cook and Florian and the other domestics, of wars and the aftermath of war, of his own experience in the army of France in the First World War. He spoke of the great generals of history, of the first great Churchill, Corporal John, Duke of Marlborough; of Prince Eugene, of Napoleon, Wellington and Blucher. He loved kitchens, did Rudolph, were they of castles, inns or cottages. He, who was to the manner born," found his greatest ease and happiness in the inglenook.

Madame and Meridel shared the fire in the room upstairs. It had been a good day. The events of last night had not faded, any more than the wine stain on the taupe carpet. But the beauties of the day had taken some of the ugliness from them; the sweet and gentle spirit, the love that had pervaded the house had driven those dark shadows into hiding and both of them prayed, the old lady and the young girl in whose eyes the dreams refused to die, that they would not come again.

"You sent Roger away happy this time," said madame. "Never before have I seen him go so gayly leave so much that he loved behind and depart singing. But it was so today. I think he must have taken something very precious away with him."

* * *

Meridel colored, looked at her hand that he had kissed. 'Something very small I think, madame. He asked for my love and I told him it was freely given."

The old lady looked at her shrewdly for a moment; then at the fire. She rubbed her chin on the gleaming knob of her stick. "Freely, yes," she said after a moment. "Sometimees, I know, it is not in our power to give as we should like to give."

"And is not that selfishness, madame?"

The thin shoulders shrugged. "Say, rather, it is human nature—a perverse, stubborn, sometimes hateful thing. Logic stops at human nature. Why do we do the things we do, hein? Why should we cause pain to those who love us most? Roger adores you, but you know what it is in love—one who loves, one who permits herself to be loved. It is like that in any match. There is no balance. One gives, the other takes. Oh, I have seen it often, often."

"You think it is like that with—with Roger and me?"

"Isn't it?"

"I—" she coverd her face with her hands. "I do not know. Oh, he is so fine. He is what you call a noble knight. I am nothing. By accident of birth I was taught to consider myself something for a while. Not now. Where is my nobility compared with his, with that of so many thousands of men like him—kings, princes, knights—"

(To Be Continued)

Hirohito For First Time Takes Orders

Emperor Hirohito—whom the Japanese believe descended from the sun — becomes a mouthpiece for the Allies.

Gen. Douglas MacArthur, appointed Supreme Allied Commander to receive the Japanese surrender, will tell Hirohito what to do.

The Japanese understood this when they accepted the surrender terms. Nothing like this—taking orders from a white man or any foreigner—has ever before happened to a Japanese Emperor.

Hirohito has no choice. He has agreed to carry out whatever orders given him by the Allies.

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A refreshingly new neckline, on a classic shirtwaister, makes Pattern 4656 first choice for Fall wear! Optional contrast for yokes and collar.

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