GIVE CLOTHES TO WAR VICTIMS
OCT. 1st to 20th
Take your contributions to your nearest Post Office or any official COLLECTION DEPOT.

"SALADA" TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Having separated the skins and the pulp from three baskets of grapes; and having set the same on the stove to simmer, I may, perchance, snatch a few moments to have a chat with you.

When I was leaving the kitchen just now son Bob called out "Come quickly, Mom, before it's too late . . .see what's on the window-sill." I came . . .and on the dining-room sill what did I see but a real live hen-pheasant. Unfortunately our movements scared the bird and it flew down and away.

* * *

Feathered foul around here seem to be fond of finding queer places in which to roost. We keep an egg pail hanging from a beam in the hen-pen and yesterday what should I find but a pullet making her nest in that same pail. How she ever got to it I will never know. And every night in the big chstnut tree at the back of the house there are about twenty-five chickens — some pullets, some roosters, perched on the highest branches of the tree. We are not afraid of chicken thieves getting them because before anyone could climb the tree the birds would be squawking and fluttering to the ground.

Naturally birds that are fond of the high spots are not too particular where they lay their eggs so that we find nests in the most inaccessible places. A favourite place is in the straw mow where to reach them one must slither and slide, getting one's hair and shoes full of prickly bits of straw, often so small they are almost impossible to find. . . . brother, can they scratch!

* * *

Well, how does everybody like being back on standard time? Personally we haven't noticed any difference at all We get up at the same time as before, irrespective of clocks—only it just means waiting an hour longer for our dinner.

Which just reminds me of something I was thinking about the other day. Circumstances drove me to the conclusion that it doesn't pay to be out of step with the rest of the world. It was like this: For the first time in—I don't know how many years—we didn't put in an appearance at our local fair. Partner is still in the hospital and I didn't feel much like going. But still I had to go down town some time to I thought it might be a good idea to get my shopping done while the rest of the folks were fairing. But it didn't work out that way. You see every store I went to had a notice tacked up—"Closed until 5.p.m." So you see what I mean when I say it doesn't pay to be out of step with the rest of the world, particularly in one's own community.

* * *

Now I must fly—my ears and nose tell me that my grapes are no longer simmering—they are boiling over. Bob says it smells like a still in the house. I must make a note of that and ask him what he knows about stills. And now the telephone is ringing. . .

The grapes have been pushed to one side. I don't feel much like attending to them now because the telephone call was from Daughter. She had just came from the hospital and left her Dad just coming out from an anaesthetic—an anaesthetic which was necessary for an examination that had to be made. Now I'm wondering whether I should be there. I was at the hospital yesterday, and shall be tomorrow but right now I am here and wishing I was there. Oh dear . . .

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It's Easy To Soften Hard Brown Sugar

In this day when no housewife handles sugar with reckless hands, the bricklike aspect sometimes assumed by brown sugar can be especially baffling, according to the Christian Science Monitor. But there's an easy way to soften it, so that it can be measured just as thriftily as its present value dictates. First, break the sugar up—using a hammer or hatchet if necessary (but carefully!)—sufficiently to get it into a jar or can for which you have a tight cover. Then put in with the sugar, a slice of bread and cover the jar.

That's all there is to it! In a few days, the sugar will be in a soft and measurable state.

CURIOSITY —

Curiosity didn't kill "Mac," New York kitty, but it sure did cure his nosiness. In top photo Mac pokes around a box and knocks off the lid. Look out there! Well, we told you, Mac — and that wasn't any catnip you got; it was "V-J," a turtle, who nipped your nose.

TABLE TALKS

Supper Dishes

With a golden sunset, an autumn breeze and a purple haze over the fields we wonder what's cooking for supper. Perhaps Mother will catch the spirit of the evening and serve a typically autumn supper.

The three suggestions given by the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture are for good hot supper dishes. The stuffed peppers have a grand flavor and the meat pancakes are guaranteed to make a hit with men folk.

Stuffed Peppers

1 cup macaroni or spaghetti, ½ inch pieces
4 cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
6 sweet red or green peppers
¼ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons fat
1 cup ground cooked beef
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
¼ cup whole wheat bread crumbs

Cook the macaroni or spaghetti in salted boiling water for 20 minutes; drain and rinse. Meanwhile cook the peppers 5 minutes in salted boiling water. Rinse in cold water, cut in half lengthwise or crosswise, remove the seeds, drain well. Saute the onion in fat until clear, add beef, salt, pepper, parsley, then macaroni or spaghetti; mix thoroughly. Remove from heat. Fill the peppers with the meat mixture. Sprinkle the bread crumbs on top and bake in moderately hot oven, 375 deg. F, until peppers are tender but not shrivelled, about 20 minutes. Six servings.

Meat Pancakes

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
OR 2¼ cups sifted pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
2 eggs, well beaten
1 tablespoon fat, melted
1 cup ground cooked beef

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk to beaten eggs and stir into dry ingredients; mix until smooth, add melted fat and meat. Pour from a pitcher or quarter-cup measure on to a hot, lightly greasted griddle. Cook until edges are done and bubbles on top begin to break. Turn and cook on other side Serve at once with tomato sauce. Makes 16 pancakes about 5 inches in diameter.

Egg Plant Creole

3 tablespoons fat
½ small green pepper, cut in strips
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 medium eggplant, peeled and diced
5 large tomatoes
Salt and pepper

Melt fat in frying pan. Add chopped green pepper and onion, and cook for a few minutes. Add eggplant. Cover and steam for about 5 minutes. Peel and chop tomatoes, add to eggplant and cook uncovered until eggplant is tender, about 15 minutes. Season to taste. Six servings.

A lingerie lovely that will not ride up — it fits so well! Pattern 4744 includes matching panties and an embroidery transfer pattern.

Pattern 4744 in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44. Size 16, slip, 2⅛ yds. 39-inch fabric; panties, 1⅛ yds.

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

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I determine the correct time for boiling chicken, fish, and ham?

A. A good table is: Chicken, per pound, 20 minutes. Fish, per pound, 10 minutes. Ham, per pound, 25 minutes.

Q. How can I give a white layer cake a good flavor?

A. When baking a white layer cake, a very delicate flavor may be obtained by placing two or three rose-geranium leaves in the bottom of the pan. Remove them when the cake is put together.

Q. Should iron utensils be boiled before using?

A. Yes; before using new utensils of ironware boil them with soda. When in the store they are greased to keep them from rusting.

Q. How can I bleach laces and fine muslins?

A. Wash in one gallon of water to which has been added one tablespoonful borax dissolved in a little boiling water.

Q. How can I prevent the linen tablecloth from sticking to the table?

A. A piece of waxed paper or oilcloth placed under the linen which covers a table will prevent sticking to the polished surface during hot weather. It also prevents stains from overturned receptacles.

Britain Tries Out New Small Thresher

A new simple harvester of special value for small farms is being tried out at Evesham in central England. Although it costs no more than a binder the machine threshes standing corn (wheat) and preliminary trials over fifteen acres have shown it does the work smoothly and speedily. The grain is guided by prongs in the front of the harvester so that the heads are caught in a miniature drum, threshed and then released. A sacking board at the back carries two sacks of grain. The Yorkshire Post states that apart from the size and cost it differs from the ordinary combine harvester in that it does not cut corn but simply threshes it, leaving the straw standing in the field.

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DARK LIGHTNING

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER I

Mona Lee Mason was lost the moment she looked at Gary Tallman, standing there waiting for a ride at the filling station. He had sandy, curly hair and an engaging smile, and he walked up calmly and with naive confidence.

"I'm Gary Tallman, from Alabama," he said, in an educated voice overlaid with a southern drawl. "Would you let me ride into town with you? I missed the bus, and it's pretty important that I get into San Antonio tomorrow. I assure you that I'm perfectly safe. You can have this man search me, if you like."

Mona Lee looked at him. He was a nice looking young man, with frank gray eyes. His tan riding pants and boots had cost money, and his one suitcase was of good leather.

She said as kindly as she could, "I'm not in the habit of picking up people. . ."

"Naturally," he agreed. "I knew that when I looked at you."

"My husband—" began Mona Lee uneasily.

"I know. He's probably a very wise husband." He smiled at her. "But I'm a petroleum engineer from—" he named a good university— "on the way to a job."

"My son-in-law is in oil. Leases." Mona Lee mentioned the company, stalling for time.

"Up with the big fellows, is he? I've been trying to get in there, but they're not taking on any geophysic men. But there's a chance in Mexico — if you're willing to work cheaply."

* * *

Gary Tallman smiled. For the last seventeen years, Mona Lee Mason had been feeling a sick jerk of agony whenever she saw a tall boy with sandy, curly hair. Because little Phil would have grown up looking like that — tall and swaggering and audacious, with hair exactly this color.

"I don't go all the way to town," Mona Lee told him. "Our place is two miles this side. But probably you can get a ride the rest of the way."

The boy put his suitcase on the floor in the back. But he opened the front door and got in beside her.

"You've been over in the oil fields?" she asked. "Pretty hard work isn't it?"

"I've been rigging — and that is tough. Especially if you're itching to be doing something that you've been trained to do."

"My son," Mona Lee went on, "is third year law at the University of Virginia."

"Swell school," approved her passenger.

* * *

Mona Lee thought of Harvey Junior — dark and lean and tall, dark like her but not like her in other ways — he was too quick and smooth and sarcastic. Not much like his father, either. Harvey Senior was blunt and earthy and direct. Mona Lee admitted to herself that she was a little afraid of her son. But little Phil would have been like this stranger here. Phil had loved the soil and had always opened his big gray eyes wide and told the truth naively.

"The law," Gary Tallman went on, "is pretty crowded. Your husband is in law?"

"Oh, no — he's a rancher. He raises grade Brahma stock and buys cattle."

She felt his eyes move over her and was glad that her new spring suit and her straw hat were becoming. She was forty-three, but the young boys still danced with her at parties, and that pleased Harvey though he wouldn't say so. They had been married twenty-four years, and they had been happy years.

* * *

This boy talked well. He had seen a lot of the world. His father, so he said, was in cotton in Brazil and his mother had died when he was seven. Mona Lee felt a chocking lump of sympathy at that. She loved boys so much. She mothered every lanky male creature Harvey hired on the place. The irony was that she had never been able to mother Harvey Junior, at all. Nor her young son-in-law, Oliver Kimball.

Harvey Junior had always been terribly self-sufficient, resenting authority, reading books that worried his mother. But this boy here in the car was pleasantly easy. He had been around the world on a tramp freighter, he told her. He had worked, rigging wells and wading hot mud in a Louisiana swamp.

"But you can't be more than twenty?" she said.

"I'm twenty-four. I worked in summers, played football in the fall, and waited on tables in the dormitory to get through school. My father married again — and though my stepmother's a good scout, she has three kids of her own, and I didn't want to take help from them."

* * *

She found herself telling him about her daughter, Adelaide, who was fair and calm and quick-minded like Harvey.

"She didn't want to go to college. She's at home this year, but I think she's a little bit lost. She has beaux hanging around, but I don't think she cares much about any of them."

"You," said the boy abruptly, "have good hands for a horse. In Brazil last year, I rode a lot. Those fellows down there are terrific on horseback."

Mona Lee smiled a little. "Son, I grew up in a western saddle. And I can generally make a horse do what I want him to do."

"Does your daughter ride, too?"

"She used to. And then her father bought her a little car and now she says horses don't go fast enough. This is our place now — it begins at this fence."

"Good looking cattle," approved Gary Tallman.

"Every last head of that herd is eligible for registry. Of course, some of our stuff is just beef stuff.—"

"Look out!" barked the boy.

It was Slim's fault, of course.

(To Be Continued)

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