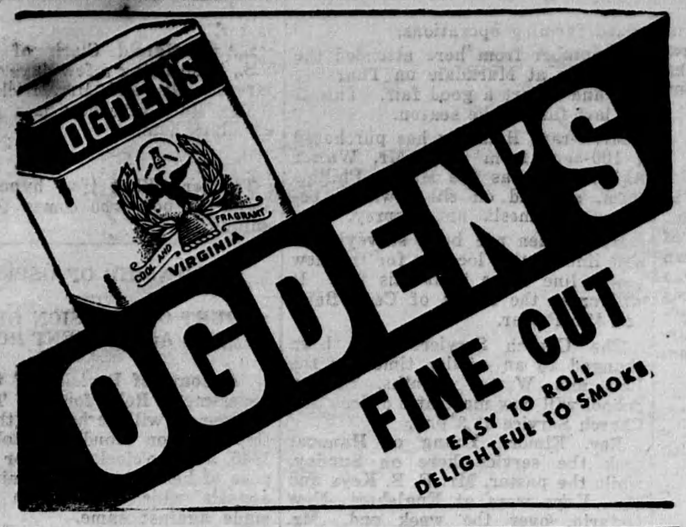



# TABLE TALKS

## *Meat-Stretchers*

Meat-stretching (making 4 into 6) sounds like magic. But it isn't. It is just a matter of simple arithmetic. For instance:

5 token=1 lb. ground beef=4 servings.

1 lb. ground beef plus 2 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes = 6 servings.

And here are three recipes to prove it:

**MEAT PATTIES**

2 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes
½ cup water or milk
1 pound ground beef
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Crush corn flakes slightly. Add other ingredients; mix well. Shape into patties. Fry or broil, cooking 7-10 minutes on each side or until well browned, or bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) about 25 minutes.

Yield: 6 patties (about 2¾ inches in diameter, ¾ inch thick).

Note: Add chopped onion or other seasoning, as desired.

**MEAT LOAF**

4 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup water or milk
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1¼ pounds ground beef
¼ pound ground pork or sausage

Crush corn flakes; add other ingredients; mix thoroughly. Pack lightly in loaf pan. Bake in moderiately hot oven (425 deg. F.) 50-60 minutes.

Yield: 1 loaf (4¼ x 9½-inch pan)—8 servings.

**STUFFED MEAT LOAF**

**Stuffing**

½ cup diced celery
¼ cup chopped onion
1/3 cup fat
1 cup cooked rice
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup stock or water
3 cups Kellogg's Rice Krispies.

Brown celery and onion in fat; stir in rice, parsley, seasonings and stock and mix well. Crush Rice Krispies into coarse crumbs; stir into rice mixture.

**Meat Mixture**

1 pound ground beef
½ pound ground veal or sausage
2 tablespoons finely minced onion
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon celery salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon allspice
2 teaspoons Worcestershire Sauce
½ cup tomato sauce or puree

Combine meats with onion and seasonings, except tomato sauce. Flatten on piece of waxed paper into rectangular shape about ¾ inch in thickness. Place stuffing on top of meat and form into roll. Bring meat up and around roll of stuffing so that it is completely covered. Place in loaf pan. Pour tomato sauce over roll and bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) about 1 hour.

Yield: 8 servings.

Note: Stuffing may be pressed lightly into baking pan and meat spread on top. Bake same as stuffed loaf (8 x 8-inch pan).

## IN EUROPE NOW

Hundreds of thousands of European children, especially in southern Europe, where Canadian meat is scheduled to go, are as thin and scrawny from undernourishment as this French youngster.


**HOTEL METROPOLE**
All Beautifully Furnished With Running Water.
Rates:
**$1.50 up**
NIAGARA FALLS
OPPOSITE
C.N.R. STATION


## *How Can I?*

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove dirt from the gas burners?

A. If pipe cleaners are used on each little valve of the gas stove burners, they will remove all the small particles of dirt and grease that accumulate.

Q. How can I keep brass from tarnishing?

A. Give it a thin coat of gum shellac and alcohol. Or a thin coat of lacquer can be used if the lacquer is very clear.

Q. How can I measure one cup with a tablespoon?

A. Sixteen tablespoons equal 1 cup, 3 teaspoons equal 1 tablespoon, 60 drops equal 1 small teaspoon.

Q. How can I brighten a dulled mirror?

A. If a little spirits of camphor or alcohol is rubbed on the mirror after it has been dusted it will brighten it wonderfully.

Q. How can I make a lighter pie crust?

A. If the shortening that is to be used is hard and cold, it will make a lighter crust.

Q. How can I put another notch in a leather belt?

A. Try heating a steel knitting needle red hot, then burn in the hole where needed. Hold the needle with pliers.

## Counter-Weapon

It is now reported from London that British and United States scientists have made good advances in perfection of counter-weapons to the atomic bomb. It all goes back to the case of the man who invented a steel bar that could be sawn through—and then invented a saw that did it.

—Port Arthur News-Chronicle


*Do you cough at night?*
**VENO'S**
GIVES QUICK RELIEF
FOR
COUGHS - COLDS
BRONCHITIS
ASTHMA
WHOOPING COUGH
SIMPLE SORE THROAT
CHILDREN LOVE VENO'S
VENO'S COUGH SYRUP
*BUY A BOTTLE TODAY!*


# DARK LIGHTNING

*By* HELEN TOPPING MILLER

**CHAPTER II**

The fence should have been tight, the red hog should never have been browsing in that clump of tall grass ready to dart out, with porcine perversity, where the concrete abutment of a culvert stuck up.

There was a sickening swerve and the car tottered on two wheels for a breath before it roared down the shoulder and into the ditch, to end with a sickening, jolting crash and smashing of glass.

Mona Lee sat stunned for a minute, her stomach hurting, her neck twisted, the broken steering wheel still in her hands. Her hat was off and her lap was full of glass, and there was blood running into her eye, and her knees burned and stung. Slowly she got back her breath, opened her taut fingers, looked around, though merely moving her head made her giddy.

The door on the other side was open and hanging at a crazy angle, and of Gary Tallman only his booted feet were visible, sticking up inside the car.

* * *

Mona Lee tried to open the door beside her, but it was sprung and would not move, so she climbed over the boy's legs and tried to straighten his body, flung across the running board, his head on the ground. His face was greenish gray and the skin had been scraped off his forehead, but he was breathing thinly through his mouth. She remembered about spines and that you shouldn't lift an injured person, so she dragged some dry grass under his head and staggered back to sit down on the culvert till her head cleared a little.

Her ears were ringing so that she did not hear the truck coming till the brakes squealed right at her ears, and a man jumped down beside her.

"Good gosh, Mrs. Mason!" It was Slim. Mona Lee began to cry and scold hysterically.

"It was that red hog — Harvey told you to fix that fence. Don't you lift that boy — you might break his back. You go get something to carry him on."

"Your face is cut." Slim was dabbing at a smarting place with his dubious handkerchief. "Sure lucky you ain't killed — the way that car's busted up. Easy, now hang on to me. I'll get you home and fetch some help to take care of him."

"He's breathing yet — but you'd better hurry."

She did not faint, thank goodness.

"Don't send him to any hospital — you bring him here," she ordered, when Slim helped her into the house.

* * *

And then, when people were running around frantically and telephoning and exclaiming, she sat on a straight chair and wondered what had happened to her hat.

The bed was smooth and cool, and the windows of the room looked out on wide pastures and a little ravine where mesquite trees were beginning to turn a gay, pale green under the spring sun.

When his side had stopped its dull aching and his head had cleared up and the nurse stopped shooting stuff into his arm every time he moaned, Gary Tallman became aware that it was spring and that there was a tawny-haired girl who came into his room now and then.

Her name, so he had garnered out of the muddle of his perceptions, was Adelaide.

Other people came and went. Mrs. Mason, with a patch of plaster on her forehead and a worried look on her kind face. She felt responsible for his broken ribs and collarbone and the crack on the head he'd got when the car hit the pig, and she urged him over and over not to worry; he'd be taken care of and just as soon as he was strong enough they'd see that he got down to his job in Mexico.

* * *

And now and then Mr. Mason came in. Gary was very apologetic when the big sandy man towered over the bed. But Harvey Mason didn't seem to resent his presence.

This room he lay in belonged to Harvey Junior, so he had learned.

Adelaide Mason had a husky voice and slow gray eyes. Lying in the dark, with the spring breeze stirring the curtains, Gary could still see her eyes. Little dark blue rings around the irises, and her lashes had gold on the ends and made shadows on her cheeks. There was a peppery line of freckles across her nose, and her lips were lovely. She had nice clean bright hair.

The older Mason daughter, Grace, came on Sunday. She was different. Her hair was black and her eyes were cold and indifferent. She wore too much lipstick and she had a husband who looked like a collar ad. His name was Oliver, he was in solid with a big petroleum concern.

Oliver asked him about football and about Mexico, and said he thought chances were darned slim down there and anyway cheap Mexican crude was playing the dickens with the oil business.

* * *

He decided that he didn't like Oliver, and his opinion did not change even when he saw Oliver in old fishing clothes.

But Adelaide was different, and Mrs. Mason was swell. She brought up trays herself and fed him custard with a spoon, when they wouldn't let him use his arm or lift his head. The hand was purple and felt like wood, lying on the cool counterpane. Mrs. Mason told him about her little boy, Phil, who had died when he was six.

"He would have been just your age now. He'd have looked like you, I think. He was a year older than Harvey Junior — and three years older than Adelaide."

So Adelaide was twenty-one. Mrs. Mason told him that she had had four children in six years.

"They were all little at once — and then they all grew up at once — and now I'm left with nobody to mother." So she mothered calves and ranch hands and Gary Tallman.

( To Be Continued)

## Magic!

What can be made from a man's worn out shirt? Six handkerchiefs are one thing, two from the front, four from the back. Out of it can instead appear a dress for the one to three year old. The dress front comes from the back of the shirt while the dress back is cut from the front of the shirt, putting the seam down the dress back. Sleeves and a little collar are cut from the shirt sleeves. With the addition of some gay embroidery or coloured ric-rac braid a pretty little dress emerges.

## HAPPY? YOU BET!

Here's the way it is when food comes at last to famished countries of Europe. The children in this picture are being given soup with meat in it in a creche in France. Particularly is Europe short of meat. Belgium has lost two-thirds of her cattle; Greece all her cattle; these are typical examples.


*Buy Victory Bonds*
**"SALADA" TEA**


# CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P Clarke

Partner is home again! Three weeks since he went away so I need hardly tell you how glad we are to have him back with us once more. I am sure many of you have been through a similar experience and know exactly what I mean. You know what it means to live a divided life as it were — with your thoughts in one place and your work in another, getting done such jobs as you can between trips to the hospital, nad after each trip sometimes coming away hopeful and other times downhearted.

Yes, Partner is home all right but it certainly seems strange when milking time comes around to have him staying in the house instead of going to the barn. He never thought that was possible before. However, he is able to be up and around most of the day and absolutely refuses to let us make an invalid of him. But like all convalescents he thinks he can do far more than his strength will really let him. The quickest way to settle an argument is to let him find out for himself.

* * *

He has plenty to tell us that is quite interesting regarding his experiences in the hospital — praise for many of the doctors and nurses, impatience for some of the students and absolute scorn for the various patients who spent most of their waking hours in voicing complaints about things in and around the hospital — the doctors, nurses, food, treatment, in fact just about everything. There was hardly anything that suited them. Mind you, the attention they are given is by no means one hundred percent but can it be expected under present conditions? Shortage of help is very evident for those who will see it.

* * *

There have been quite a few letters in the press lately as to whether or not flowers should be taken to hospital patients. Naturally there are some in favour and some against. There isn't a doubt in the world that flowers for the sick are a kind and thoughtful gesture and in the past I doubt if anyone would speak against the practise, particularly for private room patients. Today there are few private patients. People who are really sick cannot afford to wait until a private room is available, so there are more ward patients than ever before. And, from what I was able to see in Toronto, there is absolutely no room in a public ward for flowers for anyone. One small table beside each patient's bed must do for everything. Time after time flowers must be moved so that space may be given for other things. So, no matter how much you may be tempted to take flowers to your friends in a city hospital, think again — and don't. Fruit or easily digestible food is far more acceptable — depending of course upon the patient's needs.

* * *

And by the way, if by any chance any of you people are getting fed up with the weather I suggest that you go to hospital to forget about it. All the time Partner was away we were telling him how wet it was everywhere and how the rain held up the work and so on and so forth but it wasn't until he was actually home that Partner realised what awfully wet rain we had been having, if you know what I mean — and I think you do. He said one day was much like another in hospital — that a dull day was hardly noticable at all. So there you are folks, if the weather doesn't suit you I've told you how to get away from it. But don't forget to take your cheque book with — it is rather an expensive form of escapism.

* * *

Well, the time is getting on and my boys will be soon in to breakfast. Yes, breakfast, that is what I said, for the time is 7.15 a.m. and I am making some attempt to get this job done before my brain gets addled with the problems of the day. Believe me, there is no time like the early morning if one really wants to get a job done.

## Frame For Rugs

A discarded card table makes an excellent frame for hooking rugs. Remove top of table and tack burlap foundation securely to frame. The table is the right height to work at comfortably and may be folded and put away when not in use.


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You get pain relief fast when you use Aspirin because it starts to go to work almost immediately. To see that this is so, just drop an Aspirin tablet in water. What you'll see is what happens in your stomach—the tablet starts disintegrating within *two seconds!* That's why Aspirin stops neuritic, neuralgic pain so quickly. Get Aspirin today. The "Bayer" cross on each tablet is your guarantee that it's Aspirin.

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Economy bottle of 24 . . only 29c
Family size of 100 . . . only 79c


ISSUE 42—1945


**Helps Check Colds Quickly**

You can often check a cold quickly if you follow these instructions.

Just as soon as you feel the cold coming on and experience headache, pains in the back or limbs, soreness through the body, take a Paradol tablet, a good big drink of hot lemonade or ginger tea and go to bed.

The Paradol affords almost immediate relief from the pains and aches and helps you to get off to sleep. The dose may be repeated, if necessary, according to the directions. If there is soreness of the throat, gargle with two Paradol tablets dissolved in water. Just try Paradol the next time you have a cold and we believe that you will be well pleased. Paradol does not disappoint.

**Dr. Chase's Paradol**