Buy Victory Bonds
"SALADA" TEA

Modern Etiquette
By Roberta Lee

1. Is it necessary to send a reply when one receives an invitation written on a visiting card?
2. When a wedding engagement is broken, what should the girl return to the man?
3. Do the women leave the table before the men at an informal dinner?
4. Who are the only persons one can ask to fill in for a dinner party at the last minute?
5. When one is introducing Mr. Jones to Mr. Smith, is it proper to say, "Mr. Jones, my friend Mr. Smith"?
6 How should a divorced man and woman act if they should by chance meet in public?

ANSWERS

1. It is not absolutely necessary, although a hostess is always grateful to receive a reply. 2. All gifts of jewelry, including the engagement ring, all photographs and letters. 3. No; at an informal dinner the men and women usually leave the table together. 4. Ask only a very intimate friend, as it is a favor you are asking. The true friend will accept, as he never knows when he may want to ask you to do the same thing. 5. Not if Mr. Jones is also a friend. This expression implies that Mr. Smith only is your friend. 6. A courteous bow is all necessary.

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ISSUE 43—1945

The Queen Couldn't Buy—No Coupons!

Queen Elizabeth attended a church bazaar in Aberdeenshire the other day and made several purchases, relates the St. Thomas Times-Journal. Coming to a stall with knitted goods, she expressed admiration of the workmanship, but said to the woman in charge: "I would like to buy some of these things, but I simply cannot do it. I have no coupons left." However she handed over a cash donation. There are probably many people who believe that the King and Queen and other members of the royal family are exempt from rationing in all its forms. Or alternatively, that no merchant troubles about exacting coupons from them, or to fill any order for the royal household.

That is not so. The King and Queen, the princesses and Queen Mary have the same ration books as everybody else, and they adhere strictly to the regulations. During the previous war it was made known that King George V and Queen Alexandra used margarine the same as the other people did to make up for the deficiency of butter, notwithstanding that there were fine dairy herds on the royal farms. The royal family go without whenever their coupons are used up.

How Can I?
By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I clean leather picture frames, portfolios, and other leather articles?

A. Use benzine. Apply with a soft cloth, and if the benzine removes the polish, apply the white of an egg, well beaten.

Q. How can I make tar soap?

A. By mixing thoroughly until united, one part of tar, 2 parts of liquor potassae, and 2 parts shaved soap.

Q. How can I remove berry stains from the teeth?

A. Rub the teeth with ordinary table salt.

Q. How can I supply the necessary moisture to the hanging basket without danger of dripping water?

A. By putting the porous cup from a discarded wet battery cell in the center of the basket and filling it with water. The water will seep through.

Q. How can I prevent tearing when loosening the leaves of head lettuce?

A. Cut out the core, place in a bowl under the cold water faucet, and turn the water on full. The lettuce will loosen and can be easily pulled to pieces.

DARK LIGHTNING
By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER III

"I'll have to be going soon," Gary reminded her. "I've been enough trouble to you. And I'm going to pay back everything, you know — the nurse and the doctor and all. It may take me a couple of years, but I'll pay."

"Of course." Mona Lee was too wise a woman to begin protesting that he owed them nothing.

When they propped Gary Tallman up in bed at last and let Slim come up to shave him, he looked out the windows at the green world where a lazy rain was falling, and then brought his eyes back to Adelaide. She was perched on the foot of the bed, holding the bowl of hot water and laughing at Slim's earnestness as he scraped — and with breathless suddeness Gary saw Mexico go sliding off the end of the continent and plump itself into the Panama Canal — and he never missed it.

He was in love and it hurt.

* * *

Then there was the morning when they let him put his feet on the floor and stagger over to a rocking chair and sit there feeling giddy while the mattress was turned. That was the morning that Mona Lee Mason came in with her amazing suggestion. "Harvey says, Gary, that if you want to sue me for damages on account of your injuries, you can probably collect from my insurance company."

Gary's voice rose to an angry yelp. "Sue you? Sue you? What kind of a heel does he think I am?

Mona Lee looked at him with eyes that misted a little. "I told Harvey you'd say that," she said.

Two weeks from the day of the accident, they let Gary go downstairs. His arm was still in a sling, but he could stand alone.

The front door banged open and three people barged in. Grace, with a little hat over one eye and heavy mascara on her lashes, and her husband and a man Gary had never seen before.

* * *

"Hello, you-all." Grace kissed her father on the eyebrow, flicked a gloved hand at her mother, took an olive out of the dish. "Hello, Wreck. How are you?"

"Fine, thank you." Gary stumbled to his feet.

"You know Ol — and this is Bob Ferguson. Mr. Tallman, Bob. Mom's orphan."

"Pull up chairs, gang," Harvey Mason gestured hospitably.

"Can't do it, Dad. We're having dinner at the Dutchman's. And then we're going dancing. We came for Adelaide. Get some clothes on, Addie, and let's go."

"I'm not going," Adelaide said. I've come home with the milkman and met the rooster at the gate every morning this week. I'm tired. I want to read a good book."

"Oh, I see," said Ferguson, nastily. "It's a book."

"Have a pleasant evening — with your book!" said Bob Ferguson meaningly, as they went out.

Gary was so happy he was a little drunk though he knew how brief this happiness was, and how soon it would be ended. But he had tonight.

* * *

They played dominoes, because Gary could play with one hand. The white spots on the blocks danced a little in front of Gary's eyes, and Harvey yelled, "Hey — you can't put a four on a five!"

And Gary muttered, "My error," and dragged his eyes back to the table.

Adelaide said, "Mother, in the morning I'm going to take Gary out in the sun. He's as pale as tallow."

"Oh, my word — he won again!"

Mona Lee hummed happily. It was so nice, having Adelaide at home of an evening. Not having to lie awake, stiff with maternal dread, listening for a car that did not come. And little Phil would have looked like this boy. Odd that Harvey couldn't see it. Too bad Gary would have to be going, just when they were getting to like him so much. Maybe Harvey — but no, that wouldn't do.

The week went by so quickly. He drove out in Adelaide's little car and kept from wincing and grabbing the door handle when she passed trucks in ticklish places or swung around a meandering cow.

They talked endlessly. She liked to hear about the queer ports he had seen.

* * *

And then there were only two days left and on that morning Gary and Adelaide walked across the fields and into an eroded canyon, where a little wet-weather stream wandered. They sat down to rest on a boulder and tossed bits of rock into the water. Gary crumbled a soft fragment in his hands and was idly brushing the dust from his palms when he jerked erect suddenly, staring at it, and then bent quickly and began picking up other pieces, looking at them keenly.

"What is it?" Adelaide asked.

He did not answer, but went scrambling up the side of the canyon, digging with a jagged stick at the low outcropping. When he came down, his face was set and intent. "Has your father ever had a geologist out here?" he asked.

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"I'm not sure — I haven't had enough experience to be sure — but I'd like to check this area on a geophysical map."

"Gary — you mean oil? You think there's oil — on our land?"

"I wouldn't say, definitely. But this looks to me like the right kind of structure — I'm probably wrong, but I might be right."

(To Be Continued)

Englishman Gives Farm To Veterans

Arthur Davis Martin, 68, used to watch valiant Spitfires go out to battle with enemy bombers during the blitz and wonder what he could do to help men in the services after the war.

Then he decided to turn his farm in the fertile section of Essex over to the Crown as a gift for the benefit of servicemen. It is valued at £50,000 ($225,000) and includes a large farmhouse and 13 cottages on its 1,000 acres. The Ministry of Agriculture plans to establish an horticultural research centre on the property and ex-servicemen who want to work in agriculture will receive training there.

The Versatile Muffin

When you're short on desserts, remember the muffin. When you're looking for a prop for your salads, remember the muffin. Having Baked Beans—mmm add muffins. Easy and quick to bake, requiring little sugar, hot Bran Muffins offer a nut-brown goodness, whether served with your favorite jelly, with creamy cottage cheese, or with peanut butter spread.

BRAN MUFFINS

3	tablespoons shortening	¾	cup milk
¼	cup sugar	1	cup sifted flour
1	egg	½	teaspoon salt
1	cup bran	2½	teaspoons baking powder

Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly: add egg and beat well. Stir in bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) 25 to 30 minutes.

Yield: 9 muffins (2¼ inches in diameter).

Victory Bran Muffins: Omit sugar; beat shortening and egg together thoroughly.

Corn Syrup Bran Muffins: Substitute ½ cup corn syrup for sugar; reduce milk to ⅓ cup.

Note: When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add ½ teaspoon soda.

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DEFINITELY Enjoyable
Picobac
The Pick of Tobacco

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM
By Gwendoline P. Clarke

We threshed last Friday. And that completes the round-up of summer chores. At least I think it does, but I'm not sure because there is some red clover that we hope to harvest but the continued wet weather has put it down so badly it may not be worth cutting —or threshing if it is cut.

We had the threshers this time for only one meal and for it I had good help. You see partner was promoted—he helped me with the meal instead of with the threshing. I didn't spoil it by asking which he would rather be doing—one shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth.

* * *

And in the house what have I don? Not very much, I'm afraid. We have been so unsettled, what with the weather and Partner being away. But I have managed to chase a few spiders around—and their number is legion. They were very happily settled down in what they probably hoped were their winter quarters. That also applies to mice. After being free of mice here for months suddenly they were everywhere. One night young John even found one sitting on his bed. He said he couldn't any attempt to catch it because we were all in bed and asleep and he was afraid of weking us.

Nevertheless I hardly think he slept with the mouse.

Naturally I am taking means to reduce the number of our unwanted guests. And do you know, in spite of modern inventions, the best mousetrap I have used to date is the old-fashioned kind with four holes, one on each side. I don't even bother to put bait on the hooks—just drop a few crumbs where I plan to set the trap and then just set it down on top of the crumbs. And if any of you dislike setting spring traps as much as I do you will know what a relief it is to deal with a trap that won't scare you with a sudden snap.

Is this a trivial subject to write about, do you think? I don't think so. Mice around the house can do a lot to mar the happpiness of a home. They are annoying and unsanitary. Who wants to eat food or use dishes that mice have been running over? And if mice are in the house how can anyone be sure where they will go? And what woman can guarantee to stay good-tempered if she finds rodent trademarks over her freshly washed tea-towels?

Or it maybe that she is alone in the house and trying to like it. She knows there is absolutely nothing to be afraid of . .no prowling knights of the road are likely to come her way. She ignores the sound when boards start to creek or when furnace pipes emit a crackling noise. Those are sounds to which she has become accustomed. But she is taken completely by surprise when suddenly across the stillness comes a scurry of feet. Where did the sound come from—was it overhead, in the walls, out in the kitchen, or, mercy me, was it mice running across the floor of the room in which she was sitting? But then again, was it mice? Could mice make all that noise? If she were sure it were mice she wouldn't be frightened but it could be rats . . or squirrels . . or, perish the thought, a skunk might have got into the cellar. Thinking such thoughts is not conducive to a quiet, happy evening. It leaves the nerves with frayed adges, it lowers one's self-respect and finally it makes one feel utterly ridiculous when watchful pussy makes one flying leap and then proudly ambles across the room with one small mouse tightly held between her teeth.

* * *

So be warned my friends and the very first time you see or hear a mouse get right down to business. If you don't—well, that one mouse may soon be twenty. I don't know the rate of increase but I do know that in three days I caught eight mice.

And now, if you will excuse me, I will set my trap for the night and hie me to bed. Boards have already done their creaking and pipes their crackling but I definitely don't want to hear the scurry of little feet.

Abraham Gesner, a Canadian geologist, invented and developed the process for making kerosene in 1852.

NO NEED to tell *him* how eager we are to welcome him back.

NO NEED to remind *him* that our plans for his welfare are as far-reaching and generous as any in the world.

BUT THERE IS NEED to prove that now, with the life-and-death struggle ended, we are as determined and wholehearted as ever in our resolve to give him the best break in the world.

HE WILL BE WATCHING the outcome of this Ninth Loan Drive. He knows that on it depends the success of our plans for his rehabilitation and employment.

There can be only one answer. And that is the overwhelming support, by every Canadian, of Canada's Greatest Victory Loan.

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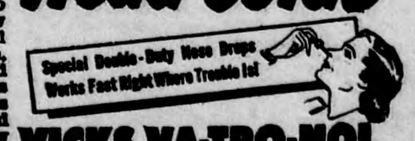
Quick relief from the sniffy, sneezy, stuffy distress of head colds is what you want. So try Va-tro-nol—a few drops up each nostril—to reduce congestion, soothe irritation! And Va-tro-nol also helps prevent many colds from developing if used in time. Try it! Follow directions in folder.



VICKS VA-TRO-NOL