Picobac

THE PICK OF TOBACCO

"It does taste good in a pipe"

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. How and where should a woman pay her bill when she has been staying alone at a hotel for several days, and is ready to leave?

2. When a man is eating in a pub-diningroom, and a woman stops to speak to hm, should he rise?

3. How long should a person remain when making a social call?

4. Should the guests be provided with plates and napkins for their canapes at a cocktail party?

5. When a man leaves a room, and says good-by to a group of girls, should he avoid turning his back towards them?

6. Should a woman show the same regard for her associates as a man, in asking permission to smoke?

ANSWERS

1. Ask for the bill to be sent to your room, that the items may be checked and totaled. Then pay the bill at the desk. This will save time in going over the items at the desk. 2. Yes, always. 3. From 15 to 25 minutes is long enough. 4. No; neither plates nor napkins are necessary, as canapes are taken with the fingers and eaten in one or two bites. 5. Yes; this can be avoided very gracefully with a little practice. 6. Yes.

TABLE TALKS..

Beet Jam, Beet Relish, Beet Pickles

This week's recipes from the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture include a recipe for jam and two of their most popular recipes for beet pickles.

For those who, any day now, will be bringing in beets from the garden to store for winter use, here are a few reminders. Beets keep best at a temperature between 33 deg. F and 38 deg. F. To keep them crisp in storage, evaporation should be prvented, so a covering of sand is called for. Twisting, rather than cutting the tops off reduces bleeding and this helps not only to preserve the color but also to prevent decay.

Ruby Jam

4 cups peeled, finely chopped beets
2 cups peeled, finely chopped carrots
2 cups boiling water
3 cups sugar
2 lemons, grated rind and juice
3 oranges, grated rind and juice
¼ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ginger

Boil vegetables in water for 20 minutes. Add sugar, bring to a boil and boil 10 minutes. Add grated rind and juice of lemons and oranges, and spices; boil until thick, about 15 minutes. Pour into hot, sterilized jars, cool and seal. Yield, about 3 pints.

Pickled Spiced Beets

15 large beets
3 large white onions
1 teaspoon celery seed
1 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon mustard seed
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
¾ cup brown sugar
5 cups vinegar

Boil beets until tender, peel and slice. Peel and slice onions and mix with beets. Pack in hot sterilized jars. Add spices and sugar to vinegar, bring to boiling point and pour over beets; seal. Yield, 4 pints.

Beet Relish

2 qts. coqked chopped beets
1 qt. finely shredded cabbage
1 cup grated horseradish (optional)
2 cups vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Mix all ingredients, put into sterilized jars and seal. Yield about 4 pints.

100,000 New Radios Before Christmas

The Canadian radio industry will deliver 100,000 new radio sets to Canadian buyers before Christmas "and would be able to meet the full demand within a year," R. M. Brophy, president of the Radio Manufacturers' Association of Canada, said last week. He was addressing a joint meeting of the United States and Canadian associations of radio manufacturers.

Britain Reclaims Two Ocean Liners

The super liners Queen Elizabeth and Aquitania were ordered withdrawn from U.S. troop transport service last week.

The order was effective immediately and was expected to slow the repatriation of American troops since the liners had a capacity of about 40,000 troops.

The vessels will be used to repatriate British troops from the Far East.

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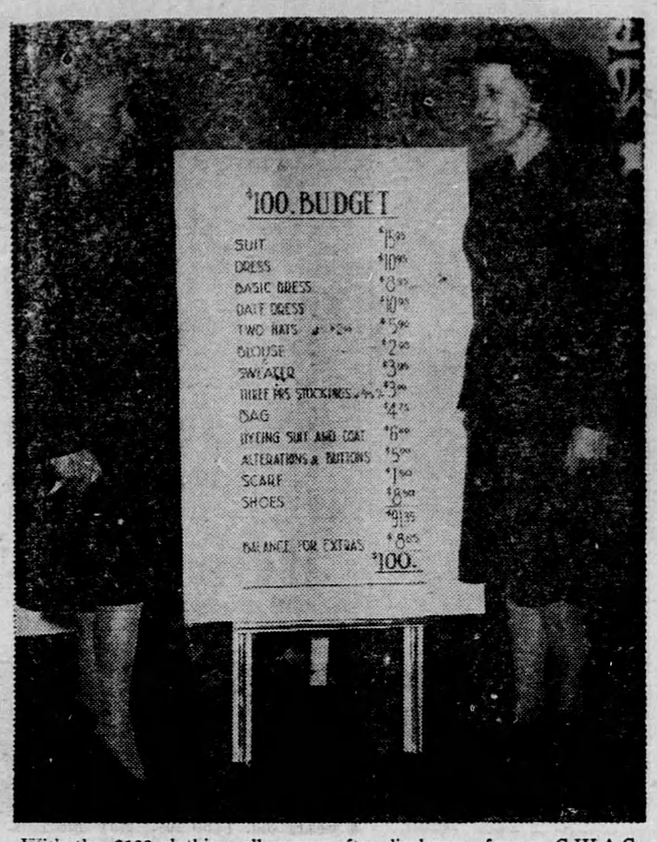

With the $100 clothing allowance after discharge, former C.W.A.C. volunteers can purchase a complete civilian wardrobe that is both practical and attractive, says Miss Eve Trill, stylist and fashion show commentator of Ottawa. Miss Trill is pictured left, describing the model budget to Capt. Doreen McKordy, Victoria, B.C., officer commanding No. 12 Admin Unit C.W.A.C., Ottawa. The budget allows for dying and altering Army greatcoat, caps and

DARK LIGHTNING

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER IV

Adelaide's eyes were suddenly wide and excited.

"Gary — we could find out, couldn't we? Could you tell if you had a map?"

"Not definitely. I know there's a fault that runs through this area — and you see this?" He crumbled the bit of frock in his fingers. "Sulphur in that — smell it? Where there's sulphur there's oil, usually. . ."

"Oh, Gary — let's get a map! Let's go now. We needn't tell anyone about it — till you know more about it."

Her face was flushed and eager, her eyes burning. He tossed the crumbled clod away and was abruptly sorry he had said anything about it. Probably he was wrong anyway. Every young fellow who had a couple of letters on a degree had a dream of some day finding the biggest oil strike of all. And oil was like lightning — dark lightning. Where it struck, the peaceful earth was never the same again.

"Yes," he said slowly. "We can probably get a map. And an experienced geophysicist could probably tell whether there's any definite promise here or not. What I've learned was how to get oil out of the ground after someone else located, but I wouldn't want to advise your father to hire geologists — not yet, anyway — not just on my word."

* * *

"Oh, but if there should be oil under this place, Gary, Dad would be glad to hire any number of people. If you should find something — and it turned out to be important — we'd be terribly rich, wouldn't we? And you wouldn't have to go to Mexico. You could stay here and work for Dad."

"You mean — you'd want me to stay?" Stumbling along, his feet feeling wooden, he could not look at her. His head was buzzing.

Her light answer was like cold water thrown into his burning face. "Oh, but of course! We have fun. I can talk sense to you and not have to listen to a lot of awful nonsense about my hair and my eyes and all that dreamy stuff."

"I see. So you want to go on — talking sense?"

"Of course. You've no idea what a relief it is."

"All right," he said, a little flat. "We'll talk sense, then."

"And we'll go straight off and see if we can find a map. Gary — if it's true — I want you to tell Dad."

It was not easy to find a map. They tried a half-dozen places, and Gary saw the old, avid, half-suspicious look come into the eyes of the men from whom he inquired. Like the widened nostrils of a wolf on the scent, like the taut suspension of movement that stiffens a crowd when a voice cries "Fire!"

* * *

"They're all alike," he told Adelaide. "I can walk into any hotel in this state and just say 'oil' to somebody in a low tone — and every man in the place will watch me after that, and a lot of them would follow me."

"I'd follow you, too. Oh, Gary, I'm so excited!"

"Ever hear the story of the well rigger who got to heaven and the place was so crowded he couldn't get in?"

"No, I'll bite. What did he do?"

"He stuck his head in through the gate and yelled, 'They've struck oil in hell!' And in five seconds, flat, half the crowd had run out, and the well rigger moved into the best mansion on the golden street."

"Maybe they'll have a map at the book store. Let's try there."

But the book store had no map, though the clerk looked at them with quickened interest. "Only man around here who might have a map like that is old Hughey Fothergill. He worked down yonder at Spindle top when old man Lucas brought that big gusher in, thirty years ago — and he's been prowling around with a doodlebug ever since, looking for oil. If he has a map, you could maybe get a look at it, but I doubt if he'd give it up."

* * *

"I know old Hughey," Adelaide said dubiously when they were in the car again.

"All right, we'll try Hughey."

"What's a doodlebug?"

"It's a kind of a contraption made out of a twig or something. They walk around with it — and it's supposed to dip and tremble when there's oil under the surface."

"Well does it?"

"I've heard stories from old-timers who claim that oil was found that way. Probably it was luck."

"This is his house — there, where the pig's asleep in the yard.

The door of the sooty little shack stood open. Gary banged on it and shouted. "Hello—anybody home?"

"Git out," croaked a voice. "If you're one of them reliefers, I don't want nothing. I just want to be left alone."

"I'm not an investigator," Gary said. "You're Mr. Fothergill? I'm Tallman — a petroleum engineer. They told me uptown that you might have a geological map of this county."

(To Be Continued)

Monty's Beret Gift From Soldier

Field Marshal Montgomery, new colonel-commandant of the Royal Tank Regiment, revealed the secret of his famous beret in a message to the regiment. He said it was given him by a sergeant commanding his tank during the Battle of Alamein.

Buy Victory Bonds

"SALADA" TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

The return of service men to civilian life is becoming more evident every day. Not only by the fact that the men themselves are back in circulation, as it were, but by the disappearance from banks, stores, offices and factories of the girls who were carrying on in their absence.

How often the remark has been made—"Mark my words, these girls that have been holding down war jobs will never want to settle down and just look after their homes and families."

* * *

Perhaps my experience is limited but from what I have seen I have come to the conclusion many of these girls are only too glad to settle down in homes of their own —if they have homes to setttle in. Take the case of the young sales clerk I was speaking to the other day. . . "So you are leaving us and setting up house, are you, Mrs. Blank?" The girl's face was absolutely radiant as she answered—"That's right—this is my last week at the store."

"I suppose you are glad, are you?" It was really a very stupid question.

"Am I ever!" came the reply without any hesitation at all.

And then the young wife who held quite an important office position and was so conscientious she felt she could hardly take a day off at all during the war. But yet, as soon as her flying officer came back from overseas, the two of them lost no time in starting out on their life together. And, when the girl left her job someone else was found to fill her shoes. There always is someone.

Riyht now, after six years of war, one would think people everywhere would be glad to live at peace with one another. Instead we have strikes and more strikes, agitators demanding less work and more pay all the time. And into this maelstrom of discontent come the returned service men, some fresh from scenes of action, others repatriated from prison camps. It is a good welcome home for them, isn't it? Especially when they, too, are going through a period of readjustment, the difficulties of which it is impossible for us to understand. The best we can do is recognize that it is there and make allowances for the restlessness that seems to be a result.

* * *

With so many problems facing folks everywhere it doesn't seem a very propitious time for floating a new Victory Loan, does it? One hears so often—"Mr. Ilsley will never make it this time!" And he won't either, unless we all dig in to help put it over. We have another war on our hands now—a wa ragainst inflation and, as Mr. Ilsley put it, "It is a time for action—not reaction."

If only people would try to understand! Wild spending now would be little short of a disaster. It would bring on another depression quicker than anything. Don't make any mistake about it — it's the wise guy that buys bonds. Not only that but every dollar invested in Victory bonds now is one way of doing our bit towards making Canada a country worthy of the sacrifices our boys made "over there" especially the sacrifices of the boys who will never come back.

* * *

Buy a Bond? Why not? If you haven't got enough ready cash you have a year to pay for it. This is one occasion when it is quite all right to "buy on time."

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I prevent the breaking of rice kernels?

A. Do not stir rice while cooking, because it breaks the kernels and makes them mushy. To avoid sticking to the bottom of the utensil, grease the pan before cooking.

Q. How can I remove tar from the hands?

A. By rubbing with a slice of lemon or orange peel. The oils in the skin dissolve the tar so that it can be wiped off very easily.

Q. How can I make the surface of aluminum look like new?

A. By pouring a few ounces of vinegar in each aluminum utensil. Heat it and then scour the surface.

Q. How can I loosen a clogged sink pipe?

A. Dissolve ¼-pound of copper as in 2 quarts of hot water and pour it down the pipe. Repeat if necessary. A solution of soda and vinegar poured down the pipe will dislodge grease.

Q. How can I make a substitute for soap?

A. In an emergency, oatmeal is an excellent substitute for soap. Place a small quantity in a cheesecloth bag and wash just as if using a bar of soap.

Hun Casualties

Premier Attlee told the Commons that it is estimated that German casualties in killed and permanently disabled between Sept. 1, 1939, and May 10, 1945, were 7,400,000.

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