TABLE TALKS

Summer Sweets . . .

A plain custard sauce well chilled makes an excellent accompaniment to fresh fruit in place of cream or the idea in reverse is baked custard with fresh fruit sauce.

The home economists of the Consumer Section say that there are several points to be stressed in making custards. Too much heat curdles either baked or boiled custards so soft custards should be cooked over boiling wather, stirred constantly and removed as soon as the mixture coats the spoon. Baked custards are always set in a pan of hot water or poached for the same reason to keep the heat moderate.

Here are several excellent recipes for simple summer desserts.

CEREAL CUSTARD

2 cups cooked cereal
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons molasses
¼ cup sugar
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon nutmeg

Mix cereal, milk, molasses and sugar. Add beaten eggs and Nutmeg Mix well, pour into a greased casserole, place in a pan of hot water and ove-poach in a moderately slow oven 325 degreesF. for 30 minutes. Chill and serve with fresh fruit. Six servings.

CHOCOLATE SPANISH CREAM

1½ tablespoons granulated gelatine
¼ cup cold water
3 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon salt
2¾ cups milk
1½ ounces unsweetened chocolate (1½ squares)
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 egg whites
1/3 cup sugar

Soak gelatine in cold water. Make a custard of egg yolks, salt and milk melting chocolate in milk. Cook in top of double boiler, stirring constantly, until mixture coats the spoon. Dissolve gelatine in hot mixture. Cool and add flavoring When mixture begins to thicken, fold in meringue made by adding the sugar to the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into moulds and chill. Six servings.

FRUIT FLOATING ISLAND

1 cup fresh or drained canned fruit, diced
1½ cups milk
3 egg yolks
3 tablespoons sugar
Dash of salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

MERINGUE:

3 egg whites
3 tablespoons sugar
Dash of salt

Arrange fruit in six individual serving dishes. Scald milk in double boiler. Beat egg yolks slightly. add sugar and salt. Add a little of the hot milk to the egg mixture, then combine with the remaining milk in double boiler. Cook, stirring constantly, until the custard coats the spoon, about 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add vanilla and pour mixture over fruit. Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in the sugar. Half-fill a baking dish with boiling water. Float the meringue in six mounds on the hot water, cover closely and let stand at room temperature for 20 minutes Or bake in a moderately slow oven, 325 degreesF., until lightly browned about 12 to 15 minutes. Lift merigues from water and place one on each custard. Six servings.

Iroquois Celebrate Border Crossing Privileges—Celebrating restoration of free border crossing privileges, more than 2,000 members of the Six Nations tribes gathered at Niagara Falls, Ont., last week. Norma Styres, Indian maiden, and an Indian child listen as Ernest Benedict plays a water drum.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

One day last week we went to London. Upon returning Partner announced that that was his summer holiday! And the trip was mostly business — in quest of tractor parts. But still we really had a lovely outing; saw lots of scenery that was quite new to us and passed through many towns—or near them — that had previously been just names on the map. Woodstock, Paris, Caledonia, Ingersoll, Delhi, St. Thomas, Tillsonburg and some other smaller places. Somewhere near Woodstock we ran into a storm. And what a storm—the rain was terrific—but Bob kept right on driving. Gradually we drove out of it and before we reached London we were rolling along on dry ground again.

At London my sister-in-law and I were badly fooled—it was early closing day! To make matters worse the summer sales were on and many of the dresses we saw in the windows were really reasonable in price —and yet all we could do was window-shop. Partner thought that was just as well, but were we provoked! However I consoled myself with the thought that in a day or two there would be a trip to Guelph—and it wouldn't be on a Wednesday—not if I knew it. But more about that later.

* * *

I think the biggest highlight on our London trip was seeing the roses. They were everywhere—red, pink and white, mostly ramblers, and very, very beautiful. We also noticed tall spikes of white delphinium which I believe is still somewhat of a rarity. We passed through some districts where the grain crops were better than around here but generally speaking they were all pretty poor. Of course in many districts there was hardly anything grown except tobacco.

Of the many places we passed through I liked Paris the best. I don't know about the town itself as we didn't drive through it but the surrounding countryside was lovely with the town nestling in a valley among beautiful trees. Even little cottages were shaded by great oaks and sturdy maples that gave the whole district an old world look. Sometime I would like to visit Paris again and really explore.

* * *

Now for our Guelph trip. This was made so that my sister-in-law might visit friends but we also hoped to do a little shopping as well. "Hoped" is right . . . . those blessed parking meters! I parked the car at the foot of Main for a nickel's worth of time then away to the stores. There were several things I wanted—little things that one cannot buy in a small town. I also wanted a house-dress. And you know how it is—selection is still limited so it was out of one store and into another. The 60 minutes was just about up before I knew it and I still hadn't got my dress. The salesclerk was showing me another line when I had to apologise and run—"Parking time running out!" I explained. I rescued "the Greening" from the eyes of the law and decided it would be better to park further up the street. This time I allowed 24 minutes, rushed into another store, found the dress I wanted, but, as before, I shopped with one eye on the clock and didn't really get half the things I wanted. With one minute to go I was ready to make a run for the car when it started to rain. It just about fell down in bucketfuls. With my raincoat draped over my head and shoulders I ran to put another copper in the slot and waited in a store doorway for the storm to abate. And as I waited there was the indicator slowly but surely slipping back to the corner. Not that I expected any parking officer to be inspecting meters in that storm but the point is one of them could have been lurking in a sheltered doorway just as I was. Presently there was a lull in the storm and we made a run for the car and away to see our friends, leaving our unfinished shopping in disgust.

* * *

Maybe parking meters are a good thing—I don't know—but I can see I shall have to study the matter, or shop in a place where they don't exist. Shopping with one eye on the clock is too hard on the blood pressure! I suppose getting acquainted with the back streets would be the best solution.

Quite Sure

Patient: Doctor, are you sure I have pneumonia? Sometimes doctors prescribe for one ailment and the patient dies of another.

Doctor (with dignity): When I prescribe for pneumonia, my patients die of pneumonia.

Canadian exports to India in 1945 totalled more than $307,00,-000.

British Plan Export Of Special Foods

Great Britain is going to turn some if its scarce sugar, fats and cereals into the manufacture of a limited quantity of beverages, biscuits, and chocolates to get dollars for vital basic supplies like feeding stuffs, Food Minister John Strachey announced in the House of Commons recently.

Mr. Strachey declared that the target would be $40,000,000 worth of these special manufactured foods annually—enough to buy nearly 500,000 tons of additional feeding stuffs.

"What it amounts to is that we are going to use our processing and manufacturing facilities and skill, plus a very little of our sugar, fats, and cereals, in order to earn foreign currency which will pay for much bigger quantities of basic foods," he said.

He appealed to "friends overseas" to realize this when they saw small quantities of British foods in their stores and not to slacken their efforts to send foods to Britain.

Valley Of Revenge

By JACKSON COLE

The story of the Red Cavalier —young Michael Valdez O'Brien —who sets out to avenge the crimes against his own family and to bring down the leaders of the bands which were plundering and killing the peons and eastern settlers in the desert valleys of the great Southwest.

It was the outlaw trail, followed by a man of character who had grown relentles in his thirst for revenge.

READ THIS THRILLING STORY

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

"Avast ye land-lubber and trim your main sails," I shouted.

"What's all that racket down there?" called a voice from above. It was Susie's mother, from the bedroom window.

"Is Susie ready yet?" I asked. "A fair wind blows and we must be off on the blue."

"You never mind that nonesense," retorted Susie's mom "I hear that this is your first time out in a sail boat. I think Susie would be much better off to sit at home, where it is safe."

"Now don't you worry about a thing," I consoled, "I can handle that boat on any sea. The deeper and rougher the better. Why some day, I intend to sail around the Horn in my own yacht."

Just then Susie came around the corner of the house. She looked at me and burst into a fit of laughter.

"Where did you get that silly looking cap?" she asked. "It's almost over the end of your nose".

"Forget the smart stuff and let's get going," I retorted. "Anyway this hat belonged to old man Williams. He was a captain on some of the best lake boats that ever sailed; so there."

"Be careful, dear," called Susie's mom, "and don't let know-it-all go out too far. I'll be in a stew until you get back."

* * *

On the way to the bay I tried to impress Susie with my knowledge of the sea, wind and boats. I think I impressed her with my wind, but not sea and boats.

The boat, a chum of mine was loaning me for the afternoon, was ready when we arrived and we lost no time in getting away.

"This is the life,' I shouted at Susie, who was sitting up front. We headed for the gap and out on the lake.

"Don't you go out too far, you know what mom said," warned Susie.

"That mother of yours underestimates my abilities. You'd think I didn't know anything, the way she goes on."

"Well, you usually manage to mess things up before you finish."

"Relax! relax! Get the salt in your blood and heave-to." Susie came down to my end of the boat with a coke and some cookies.

"Are we slowing down?" asked Susie a little while later.

"My gosh, there's a lull coming," I cautioned.

"Yes and a storm too, if those black clouds in the west mean anything".

"Now don't get excited Susie, I'll handle everything."

* * *

Suddenly the wind died completely Large black clouds, that a few minutes before were separated by patches of white and blue had woven into a solid mass of greyish black. Everything was quiet. Susie looked worried and I felt so too. Three miles out on the lake; not a breath of wind and a storm coming in fast.

Suddenly everything broke. The wind came and with it, small white caps, then large waves. Driving rain beat into our faces. I yanked down the main sail and headed for shore with the jib half way up. We floundered around like a cork under Niagara Falls.

"Quit whimpering," I roared at Susie, "I'll get her there. Sit down and hang on tight." Suddenly we were pitched sideways and parallel to the breakers. I jammed the rudder over hard, breaking the handle off. Climbing over rope to the front of the boat, to get the jib down, I slipped and fell to the low side of the boat. Then it happened. The breaker caught us broad-side and over went the three of us. The boat, Susie and I.

* * *

We came up spitting but grabbed the boat. Susie was terrorized but hung on tight. Hours later we finally washed up on the beach. But not before I noticed the crowd standing there waiting. As we struggled up through the surf, trying to hold each other up, Susie's pop ran into the water and grabbed her. Then he grabbed me—and I do mean grabbed me. After my teeth were back in place, he really let me have it. So did half the townspeople that were there. I may be up for attempted manslaughter next week, by the way things sound at the moment. On top of it all, I have to buy a new rudder and repair the damaged boat.

Funny thing, but everything happens to me. I'm "cut-off" from going to Susie's anymore. My allowance is shot for eight months to pay for the boat and I lost my watch in the water. Well, I learned one thing. If I start out to travel around the horn, I'll go by bicycle. It'll be a heck of a lot less trouble. And another thing, there will be no women along with me either.

Sewing Note

While we have our needle in hand, here's a note of counsel on sewing from the Department of Agriculture whose authorities on home economics know about such things. The length of the thread with which you sew is important if you want to do a skillful job. A long thread should be used only where the stitches are long, as in basting. Otherwise, a short thread about a foot in length will give the best results.

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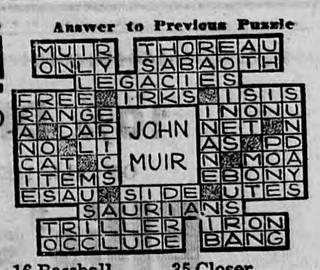
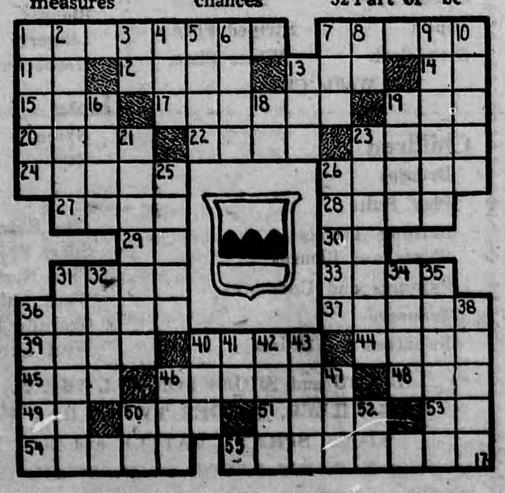
U. S. Army Unit

HORIZONTAL
1 Depicted is insigne of the U. S. Army 80th ——
7 Make into law
11 Railroad (ab.)
12 Dispatch
13 Sea eagle
14 Sloth
15 Division of geological time
17 Coral islands
19 Consumed
20 West Indian shrub
22 Morsels
23 Roman road
24 Subterraneous tunnels
26 Heavy blows
27 Coin
28 Five and five (pl.)
29 From
30 Transpose (ab.)
31 Woody plant
33 Short jacket
36 Keen
37 Is carried
39 Units of weight
40 Great Lake
44 First man
45 Amount (ab.)
46 Rent roll
48 Theatrical sign (ab.)
49 Mother
50 Cooking vessel
51 Silkworm
53 Out of (prefix)
54 Hymn
55 Boundary mark

VERTICAL
1 Sleeping vision
2 Pertaining to irony
3 It —— an insigne of the U. S. Army
4 Ocean
5 To the inside
6 Smell
7 Bitter vetch
8 Names (ab.)
9 Supplies with food
10 Rows
13 Cloth measures
16 Baseball squad
18 Lieutenant (ab.)
19 Solar disk
21 Loaners
23 Inertness
25 Precipitous
26 Musteline mammal
31 Man's name
32 Rave
34 Excess of chances
35 Closer
36 Pound
38 Long, loose garment
40 Even (contr.)
41 Registered nurse (ab.)
42 Genus of shrubs
43 Merit
46 Male sheep
47 Cover
50 Place (ab.)
52 Part of "be"

Answer to Previous Puzzle





REG'LAR FELLERS—Look Who's Here! By GENE BYRNES