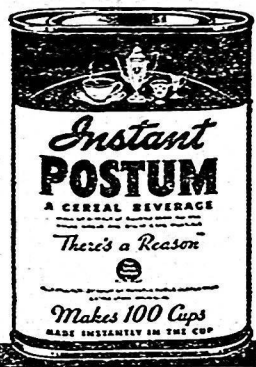


How to Conserve TEA AND COFFEE

Here is a grand mealtime beverage with a delicious, robust flavor all its own. Instantly made in the cup — VERY ECONOMICAL.

POSTUM

4 oz. size makes 50 cups,
8 oz. size makes 100 cups.



Quality You'll Enjoy

"SALADA" TEA

MRS. MINIVER

Adapted from the MGM Picture
by HALSEY RAINES

SYNOPSIS

Mrs. Miniver, a very attractive young Kentish housewife, whose eldest son, Vin, has just entered Oxford, finds that the war threatens to overturn the familiar life about her. Her husband, Clem, a member of the River Patrol, goes to Dunkirk when the summons comes, while Vin, who is engaged to Carol Beldon, of the town's most aristocratic family, earns his flying insignia. A wounded German pilot is captured by Mrs. Miniver and turned over to police. When Lady Beldon comes to visit her and insists that Carol and Vin are too young to think of marriage, Mrs. Miniver wins her over by her captivating manner.

CHAPTER FIVE

Ranked at the heroic rebound that England had made after Dunkirk, the German radio stations were blasting away at all hours with a campaign of defeatism. The biggest air force in the world's history was about to let loose all its terror on Britain, and the propaganda coming invisibly through the sky was designed to soften the recipients. That it utterly failed to achieve such a goal puzzled and angered the senders.

The concrete shelter that had been completed by summer's end, in the Miniver garden, contained bookshelves, a portable radio, cots for Toby and Judy, a pillow for Napoleon, whose feline eyes peered out disturbingly in the darkness.

The old village had never looked lovelier, Clem thought, as he came out to join Kay and the children. The three-quarters moon, such a deadly invitation to bombers, lighted up the ready

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NOTE: In both courses preparation is given for Nurse Registration.

- Certificate courses for graduate nurses.

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For further information address: THE SECRETARY, SCHOOL OF NURSING, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

ANNOUNCEMENT

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over to embrace Toby, and Clem took Judy in his arms.

"Is Napoleon scared, Daddy?" asked Toby.

"No, he's smart," said Clem. "He's gone to sleep."

Another sharp crash brought cries from the children.

"There—that's all right," said Clem. "It will soon be over. No one's going to bother about a lonely little house like ours."

Suddenly, with brutal impact, roar after roar resounded about them. The shelter seemed to quake; canned goods and books fell down. A frightful and all-encompassing explosion seemed to engulf everything, as the tiny light inside was extinguished.

The crescendo of murder tapered off. An indefinite number of minutes passed. The children's panic subsided.

Toby lifted his tear stained face from his mother's shoulder. "They nearly killed us this time, didn't they?" he asked.

His mother pressed his small trembling form closer. "It's all over, darling," she whispered. When Vin stepped off the train the next day with Carol, the Minivers were waiting, calm and clear-eyed, at the station, with Lady Beldon at their side.

"Jerries get anywhere near here last night?" asked Vin.

"The airdrome caught it again, said Clem in an offhand manner. "Matter of fact, a few small bombs fell pretty near the house."

Vin looked at his mother questioningly. "Nothing to worry about, dear," she said quickly. "We were in the shelter."

When the party had reached the Miniver home, understatement could no longer be employed. One wing was completely demolished, the chimneys toppled, plaster everywhere, all the windows gone, the front door smashed across the threshold.

"We'll have it right in no time," said Clem. "They're fixing the windows this afternoon."

Mrs. Miniver took the home-coming couple by their hands and led them upstairs, pausing at the head.

"It's your old room, dear," she told Vin. "We refurbished it as a wedding present."

Aside from a few bits of plaster, glass and broken vases, the room had escaped the general onslaught. It had been decorated with taste and care.

"Thanks for the lovely room—and thanks for Vin," said Carol to Mrs. Miniver, when the two men had left.

"He is nice, isn't he?" rejoined Mrs. Miniver.

"I wonder if you know how much I love him," went on Carol, taking the older woman's arm.

"I've only to look at you both," smiled Mrs. Miniver. "You are happy, aren't you?"

"Of course," replied Carol. "I have had a lifetime of happiness in these two weeks." She stepped to the window and looked over the century-old roofs, the gleaming river.

Mrs. Miniver caught a shade of expression on the girl's face that seemed to clutch at something in her own heart. "But, Carol," she said hurriedly, "it's only the beginning."

Carol turned sharply around. "Kay," she said, "I'm not afraid to face the truth—are you?"

"No," said Mrs. Miniver, in a taut voice.

"I love him," went on Carol passionately, "but I know that I may lose him. He's young and he loves life. But he may die. Let me say it—I'll feel better if I say it aloud. He may be killed—any day—any hour. You must have faced that in your own mind."

Mrs. Miniver nodded her head. She had thought of little else these past months. . . . and that Clem . . . and what might happen to the youngsters with the bombing.

"Then you know that every moment is precious," went on Carol. "We mustn't waste time in fear." Her voice was vibrant. She sat down beside Mrs. Miniver and put her hand on her arm. "Kay, you won't hate me for saying this—"

"No, Carol, no," said Mrs. Miniver, thinking she had never seen anyone look so beautiful.

"I will be very happy," said Carol fervently. "Every moment that I have him. Every moment. And if I lose him—there'll be time enough for tears. There'll be a lifetime for tears afterwards . . . that's right, isn't it?"

Mrs. Miniver nodded her head, and clasped her arms about the girl.

(Concluded Next Week)

Canada Launching 65 Merchantmen

Canada, by the end of 1942, will have built 65 merchantmen at a cost of \$92,000,000, Major-Gen. Victor Odlum, Canadian High Commissioner in Australia said recently.

Most of the ships will be 10,000-ton vessels and within the next few months they will be produced at the rate of one every 3½ days, he said.

Cast Knitting On And Off Loosely

Army Needs Socks for Boys
With Long Feet

Always there is the plea, almost the wail, of the knitting room attendant: "Be sure to cast on loosely; be sure to bind off loosely."

When I talked recently to a group of soldiers who had received socks and sweaters, all agreed that it seemed such a pity to break the edges of the socks and the necks of sweaters.

Here is a rule, which, if followed, will banish the cause for such complaints: "In casting on use one inch of wool for every stitch. Most knitters cast on by making a loop over the thumb or forefinger of the left hand and knitting it with the right-hand needle. Measure off 48 inches for this left-hand thread; cast 16 on each of 3 needles. I hear you say you cannot possibly use that much—it is too loose. You can; it is not too loose. If you use steel needles, make the first loop tight, and the others looser. Try using wooden needles; try using size 6 or 8 needles and then changing to smaller ones. Try casting the whole 48 on a large needle then knitting off 16 on each of 3 smaller ones.

Take any sock you have recently made; stretch the top as far as you can; measure a man's leg. Are you sure it is large enough? Remember that the least feeling of a top around the leg becomes very painful after hours of wear. For this same reason, never join wool in the sole. No matter how thin you think your joining is, it will thicken after being thoroughly wet.

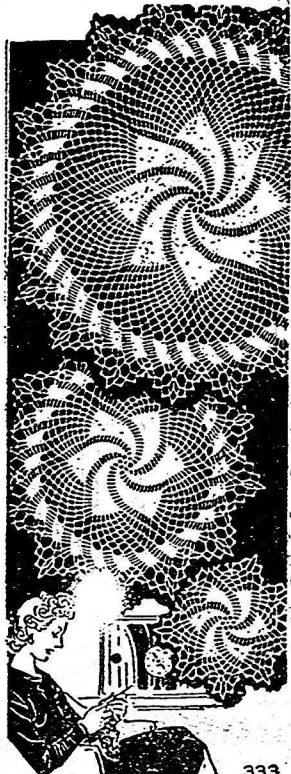
As for casting off, here is a never-fail method. Knit 2 stitches together, pull the new stitch out at least ½ inch long, and put it back on the left-hand needle. Knit that and the next stitch together, pulling the new one out long, and putting it back on the left-hand needle. Continue across in this way until all the stitches are used. This makes a double edge that will not ruffle, and will not unravel easily even if broken.

And one last word: now and then, knit a pair of socks for a boy with real long feet. The Army has just lots of them! — V. S. in Christian Science Monitor.

Soviet War Plants Beyond The Urals

Soviet war production and the construction of new munitions and iron and steel works are going on steadily behind the Ural Mountains—approximately 1,000 miles from the nearest fighting front—and in Siberia, Tass said. One plant was built in 45 days instead of the normal construction time of a year and a half, Tass said.

Pinwheel Doilies



by Laura Wheeler

"Round and round it goes as your crochet hook quickly works this effective doily. You'll find many uses for the three sizes given. Pattern 333 contains directions for making doilies; illustrations of them and stitches; materials required, photograph of complete doily.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.



SO CRISP THEY C-R-A-C-K-L-E IN CREAM!

Old Hats Become Best 1942 Models

This year's latest models in hats for British men and women are coming from relics formerly set aside for the old clothes man.

This became apparent as reports filtered in that milliners and hatters were scurrying through the streets competing with the used clothes collectors for the old head-gear.

The cast-offs are realizing anything from ten cents to \$1.20 each. Once bought, they are stripped, sterilized, cleaned, renovated and then exhibited as 1942's top priced latest models.

TABLE TALKS

Ginger Ale As An Assistant

Ginger ale used as a base with fruit juices and tea and "what not" is the ingredient which adds zest to any of these combinations.

Although as a beverage it does serve a most important role on occasions, ginger ale will go solid with the addition of gelatine and makes some of our most attractive molds either for salads or desserts, carrying with it the same exquisite flavors which we get in it as a beverage.

We hope you will find these recipes helpful in planning your summer menus:—

Ginger Ale Delight

2 tablespoons gelatine
½ cup cold water
1½ cups ginger ale
1 cup canned pineapple
1 bottle maraschino cherries
1 cup fine shredded coconut
2 cups canned apricots

Soak gelatine in cold water, and place over boiling water until dissolved. Cool; add the ginger ale slowly, stirring until blended. Combine with fruits, diced or cut in small pieces. When congealed serve on lettuce with fruit salad dressing. Serves 8.

Chocolate Ginger Ale

1 cup sugar
½ cup ground chocolate
¾ cup hot water
1 stick cinnamon
2 tablespoons strong coffee
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon salt

Cook sugar, chocolate, water and cinnamon together for 10 minutes, cool; add strong coffee, vanilla and salt. Store in refrigerator until serving time. When ready to serve use two tablespoons of this syrup: 1 tablespoon heavy cream over ¼ cup shaved ice and fill glass with ginger ale.

Ginger Ale Ice

1 tablespoon plain gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1½ cups ginger ale
½ cup nuts cut fine
¼ cup celery chopped

1 tablespoon crystallized ginger
1 cup assorted fruits (drained grapefruit, apricots, peaches, oranges)

Dissolve jelly powder in hot water and chill. Add ginger ale which has been thoroughly chilled. When mixture is thick and syrupy fold in the balance of the ingredients. Turn into mold and chill until firm. Unmold on crisp endive and serve with generous portion of mayonnaise.

Ginger Ale Surprise

1½ cups ginger ale
2½ tablespoons cornstarch
1 egg yolk
1½ tablespoons sugar
Few grains salt
Whipped cream

Heat ginger ale to boiling point and stir in cornstarch which has been moistened with cold water. Pour slowly over beaten egg yolk; add sugar and salt. Return to double boiler and cook over hot

water stirring constantly for 20 minutes. Fill baked tart shells with the mixture after it has cooled thoroughly. Chill and top with whipped cream for serving.

Summer Salad

1 package lemon jelly
1 cup boiling water
1 cup ginger ale
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 cup pineapple
1 cup grated carrots
½ cup pecans (cut fine)
½ teaspoon salt

Dissolve jelly in boiling water. Cool and add ginger ale. Chill when slightly thickened; add vinegar, diced pineapple, carrots, pecans and salt. Place in ring or individual molds. Chill until firm. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. Serves 6.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

We Will Win!

As surely as Springtime comes and melts the snows into blossoms, we will win.

As surely as the sun rises and drives away the terrors of darkness, we will win.

As surely as mother love comforts the doubts and pains of little children, we will win.

As surely as the storm clouds scatter before the wind and the world is bright once more, we will win.

As surely as might does not make right, and that virtue does win over vice, we will win.

Yes, we will win. Doubt that, and you doubt everything that makes life possible.

We will win. And the more promptly, the more willingly, the more thoroughly you do your part the sooner we will win.—Kiwania Magazine.

Some Day

There'll be a day when skies are blue again.
There'll be a day when dreams come true again.
Yes, somewhere in the near or faraway,
There'll be a day.

There'll be a day when we can say, "it's over."
There'll be a day when we can dream in clover,
And though above us now the skies are gray,
There'll be a day.

There'll be a day of dawn and golden beauty,
The day to recompense our endless duty,
An answer to the faith of all who pray,
There'll be a day.
—Grantland Rice in N.Y. Sun.



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