

Quality counts most—for that rich, satisfying flavour which only a fine quality tea yields, use..

"SALADA" TEA

Private Encore...

By LEONARD GRIBBLE

For a man who considers himself very much in love with his wife, I must admit I packed my bag cheerfully. It was a bright morning, although there was a touch of autumn in the air. Chick was all smiles across the breakfast table.

"Have a nice time," she advised me. "Enjoy yourself and make the most of your week, dear."

"I'll try," I promised, as I have promised for the past five years.

You see I have been taking this week's holiday late in the year ever since we were married. Chick and I had our own ideas about how not to grow stale and disappointed with each other. Those ideas included this week in each summer, and the week included bachelor freedom for me.

Going down to Seahaven and putting up at Mrs. Richard's boarding establishment was almost a ritual by this time. I like Seahaven. That's why I went there five years ago. I like, too, having Mrs. Richard's private hotel more or less to myself.

Mrs. Richard, trim almost to the point of primness, was the same year after year. Her greeting never changed.

"Ah, Mr. Carstairs, back again! Well you've got the run of the hotel."

Never a word about Chick. Mrs. Richard was a wise woman, and her wisdom made many things possible. I always had the same room, overlooking the cinema in the next street. By craning my neck I could just glimpse the sea. She had a commercial traveller staying with her for a few days, and an elderly schoolma'am who rarely stirred from her books and knitting-needles. Neither bother me nor did I go out of my way to bother them.

Then on the second day a newcomer arrived.

"This is Miss Drew," Mrs. Richard announced.

I found myself looking into the bluest eyes I have ever seen, and trying to speak without an impediment. Dressed in blue, with some frothy stuff at her throat, and her hair tricked out in some way so that it accentuated the sleek line

of her neck. Miss Drew looked like an advertisement come to life. She put light and colour and rhythm in the staid Victorian lounge.

Keynote Of Holiday

"Mr. Carstairs has been coming here for years," said Mrs. Richard. "Unfortunately he's only staying the week. But he manages to make good use of his time," she added, and I could have sworn to the twinkle in her dark eyes, "he's very energetic."

Which left me with some explanation to be made. But the really breath-taking Miss Drew made explaining a pleasure. She agreed with me on such important matters as tennis, swimming, afternoon teas, and the cinema. She even agreed that the keynote of a holiday should be escape—escape from routine and the pressure of the everyday. An escape to romance if one is fortunate.

"Either an escape or an attempt to recapture a mood," she said dreamily.

She was very near me as she spoke. We were sitting on Mrs. Richard's black leather settee, and to myself I likened her to a butterfly on a black branch. Yet butterfly isn't quite right. There was nothing fluttery about her.

"If one lives a mood," I said, "surely there is no need to recapture it?"

She turned large eyes on me.

"So you are a philosopher, Mr. Carstairs, without a philosophy." We went into the matter further that afternoon. The world seemed fair and we came to agreement in a little tea-garden somewhere in a hollow of the Downs.

A World Is Changed

That evening we went to a dance and later strolled back in the moonlight. She was holding my arm and her nearness was like a spell. Across the sea moonlight shivered like quicksilver. The world was one vast barometer, set fair for the days to come.

I pressed her hand as we parted on the landing.

The next day we went for a motor-coach drive. We talked art and politics and blew up paper bags and smote them with our fists, and generally disported ourselves as thousands of other young couples. We arrived at the stage where we nibbled the same doughnut and thought it fun, and from there it was a short step to our first kiss. I remember it was behind the fairground, where the music was droning like monsters in agony.

I told her she had changed my

world. As we strolled back to Mrs. Richard's our fingers were interlocked. At the corner of the street she said:

"It will only be for a week, dear—"

"Not!" I denied. "I love you! I am sure of myself. Aren't you, Matilda?"

"Not Another Escape?"

Her name was Matilda. It was the only thing about her that wasn't perfect.

"I think so," she whispered.

We kissed again on the dark landing outside her room, and for fleeting moments she was in my arms.

"Have you ever loved any other girl?" she asked tremulously.

"Heaps," I confessed, "but not this way, Matilda. Not the way I love you."

"How can you be sure?"

"By the only way a man can ever be sure. By giving up his whole life for the woman he loves, and living for her."

"This isn't just another escape?"

"You shall see—to-morrow," I told her.

But the next day was cloudy. A wind blew off the sea and rain threatened. Matilda seemed thoughtful, a little morose. Mrs. Richard, watching us every time she sailed in and out of the lounge, was a woman anticipating something.

"There'll be rain before the day's over," she prophesied. "And it's turning colder."

The commercial traveller had disappeared. The schoolma'am had retired with her knitting. Matilda and I spent the afternoon over books, and in the evening went to a concert.

In between the funny man's gags and the tenor's intakes of breath, I mapped out a rosy future. Into her ear I poured the story of a little flat and a couple devoted to each other, and I gave thought and time to her questions.

It was all idyllic. My week. I felt was doing me good. I had really escaped. If Chick—

But I put the thought of Chick from me.

"Matilda," I said, "are you happy?"

"Divinely," she murmured.

That was all I wanted to know. When we came out it was pouring hard. There wasn't a taxi or a bus. Heads down, we ran through the rain. It drenched us but we didn't mind. It was a game, running through the dark and rain holding hands. At least, it was till she slipped and wrenched her ankle. I had to carry her the rest of the way to Mrs. Richard's.

This is Matilda

That good woman was waiting for us, a gleam in her eyes.

"I've put a hot-water bottle in your bed, Miss Drew," she said. "You'd better carry her up, Mr. Carstairs, and be careful you don't catch cold."

As I straightened from placing Matilda on the large double-bed in her room, Mrs. Richard appeared in the doorway.

"Here you are," she said, and handed me my pyjamas. "You'll have to shorten the game this year, because I haven't another hot-water bottle for your bed."

As she closed the door, I turned round and said:

"Damn!" My wife looked up from nursing her ankle.

"Sorry," she grinned.

"Now, look here, Chick—" I began.

"Uh-huh!" She shook her head. "Not Chick till we get back. Matilda! This is the one week I use my real name. And, darling, how are you enjoying our private encore?"

Of course, you have guessed it all now. It was at Mrs. Richard's that Chick—then Matilda—and I met and fell in love. That was five years ago. And each year we have, as Chick said, our private encore. We play our romance over again. We add variations to the theme, but the theme itself never varies, and Mrs. Richard shares our secret and plays her own original role.

You don't think much of the idea, eh? Well, Chick and I have only one thing to say—try it. Don't make a fresh start to find romance. Go back and make the old start. It's a game in which you can't lose.

—Answers.

\$50.00 For Grapes

Price Approved Is \$5.00 Per Ton Over 1942 Peak

The recent announcement that the Liquor Control Board of Ontario had approved a price for 1943 of \$50.00 a ton for grapes to be used for wine making highlights the importance of the wine industry to the agricultural interests of the Niagara Peninsula.

The grape crop is recognized as the most staple money crop of the fruit farmers of the Niagara Peninsula. This is due not only to an excellent regularity in volume of fruit production but also to the important fact that the wineries afford a dependable market for from 50% to 70% of the grape crop each season at an equitable price.

The price paid by the wineries in each year agreed upon between the Ontario Grape Growers' Association, the Niagara Wine Grape Growers' Association, representing the Grape Growers, and the Wine Producers' Association. The price so agreed upon has then to be approved as fair and equitable by the Ontario Liquor Control Board. Once this approval is given it is incumbent upon every winery to pay the agreed upon price.

Peaches, plums and cherries this year have all been crop failures in varying degrees. The fruit growers of the Peninsula therefore have to look to grapes to provide all or a large part of their income.

The price of \$50.00 per ton to be paid this year is \$5.00 more per ton than that paid last year. It is the price which the grape growers requested, and the members of the Wine Producers' Association agreed to, as being fair in view of conditions this year.

In recent years there has been a great improvement in the wineries and their equipment. Today the Ontario Wine Industry is a respected modern and efficient industry producing Ontario wines which are pure, of high quality, and of excellent taste.

This notable improvement in plant, equipment and quality of product in the Ontario Wine Industry springs from the full recognition by the Grape Growers and the Wineries of the mutuality of their interests and from the wholehearted understanding and cooperation existing between them.

It is a fine example of the advantages to be gained by both agricultural grower and processor through intelligent and equitable cooperation.

Sunk by Mines

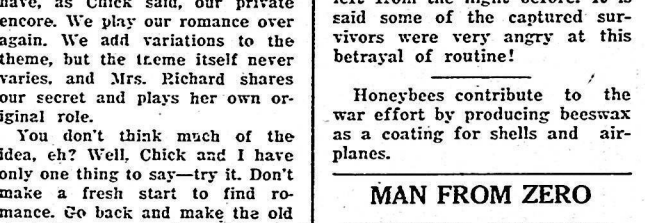
The British Admiralty and Air Ministry claim that, since the beginning of the war, some 400 enemy ships have been sunk by mines.

Mines are laid by airplanes, by surface mine layers and by mine-laying submarines; it thus lies in the field of three-dimensional warfare. And as regularly as mines are laid, they are swept up by the busy mine-sweepers with their far-reaching paravanes, keeping open the lanes of normal traffic.

There is a story told of the Great War concerning a certain channel leading to a British port; that it was mined regularly by the Germans every night, and as promptly cleared by the British mine-sweepers every morning. One morning the commander of the mine-sweepers became curious as to what would happen if he neglected his task, so only made a pretence of carrying out the customary sweep. That night came the German mine-layer to drop more mines, but it was blown up by some of the mines left from the night before. It is said some of the captured survivors were very angry at this betrayal of routine!

Honeybees contribute to the war effort by producing beeswax as a coating for shells and airplanes.

MAN FROM ZERO



This sullen Jap Zero pilot, forced down on Vella Lavella in the Solomons, fell into U. S. hands by a roundabout route. Chinese plantation workers captured him, eluded other Japs. on the island and turned the pilot over to Americans rescuing survivors of the U.S.S. Helena after Kula Gulf battle.

A member of the Surrey Walking Club, and holder of many trophies, has revealed how completely the whole aspect of English country roads has been altered by the war.

He spent a recent week-end on a long tramp, staying at night at any roadside inn that was able to put him up. Gone is the time when it was unsafe to walk on the crown of the road. The passing of a motor car was so rare that he caught himself pausing in his walk to look back at it as it sped past.

What interested him most was an occasional flock of sheep enjoying a siesta right in the middle of the roadway. He had not seen that for 40 years.



TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Summer Vegetable-Plates

For family serving, an attractive vegetable platter is sometimes preferred to individually-arranged plates—it's more likely to reach the table with all its component parts thoroughly hot! Here are a few vegetable-combination suggestions which lend themselves to either way of serving—and a recipe for a delicious Cornbread, to give a special touch to vegetable dinners:

Cauliflower with cheese sauce; buttered green beans or spinach; potato croquettes; garnish of chive-sprinkled tomato slices.

Baked potatoes (cut, open and butter them); corn-stuffed baked green peppers; buttered sliced beets; sausage garnish.

Onions with chipped-dried-beef sauce; green peas; fried tomatoes or eggplant; corn-on-the-cob.

FOR THE CORNBREAD

5 1/3 tablespoons shortening
1/3 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 cup Quaker Cornmeal
1 cup milk
1 1/2 cups Saxon Brand (pastry) Flour

OR 1 cup and 1 tablespoon Quaker (hard-wheat) Flour

4 teaspoons baking powder
3/4 teaspoon salt

To the soft shortening, add sugar; beat together to combine well. Beat and add egg, then add milk and Quaker Cornmeal. Mix thoroughly. Sift flour once before measuring; add baking powder and salt. Sift flour into

Nazi Deserters

The Polish Telegraph Agency reports desertions from the German army in Poland are increasing. Between January and March 342 deserters were shot in Cracow. More than 300 officers and 750 other ranks await sentence for the same crime.

STRAWBERRY PUFF

2 eggwhites
2 tablespoons Crown Brand Corn Syrup
1 teaspoon Benson's or

Canada Corn Starch
1/2 cup strawberry jam
1 teaspoon lemon juice

To unbeaten eggwhites add corn syrup and corn starch, which have been mixed well together. Combine thoroughly and beat all together until mixture stands in peaks. Fold in jam and lemon juice. Place mixture in greased top of double boiler, cover, place over steady (but not vigorously) boiling water, and let cook for 40 minutes without removing cover. (Use a large double boiler as the mixture doubles its bulk.) Serve hot—plain or with cream, or with chilled Custard Sauce. SERVES 5.

VARIATION—Replace the strawberry jam with an equal quantity of any other favourite jam or jelly such as grape, currant, raspberry, etc.

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THEY LIKE IT AND DIE

Could anything be sweeter than babes and blossoms in soft pastel colors on that gift crib blanket or on your own baby's dainty linens? Just quick 'n' easy outline and lazy-daisy stitch. There are small and large motifs. Pattern 638 contains a transfer pattern of 13 motifs ranging from 7 1/2 x 9 1/2 to 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches; stitches; list of materials.

Send TWENTY CENTS (20c) 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.