

A GOOD DINNER

Needs a tasty Appetizing Dessert...

The housewives of Canada, ever anxious to provide attractive and nourishing meals for their families, are "Housoliers".

They have learned that delightful desserts, made easily and at little cost with Canada Corn Starch, are a welcome addition to meals prepared in accordance with Canada's Food Rules.

They know the high quality of Canada Corn Starch ensures fine, smooth results.

Follow Canada's Food Rules for Health and Fitness.

CANADA CORN STARCH

A product of the CANADA STARCH COMPANY, Limited



THE DEVIL OF A DAY

By VAL GIELGUD

I suppose I am a finicky person; in some ways I may be. I am punctual. I am neat as far as clothes are concerned. I approve of method. I dislike untidiness. I know that nowadays all these idiosyncracies are regarded as either absurd or old-fashioned. That I cannot help. And, however ridiculous a sloppy-minded younger generation may consider it, I had had what can only be described accurately as the devil of a day!

I was called late. My wife has no sense of discipline were servants are concerned. She says they are hard to keep. That may be so. It is not my business. I pay their wages — which is enough surely.

Then I cut myself shaving. The fault was not mine. I believed the makers of a brand of safety razor. I may have been unduly credulous, but there it was!

My breakfast was tepid — and included kippers, a form of fish I cannot tolerate. I once told my wife that I liked bloaters. I have been offered kippers regularly and at least once a month ever since. I am not sufficiently heartless to correct her.

Then my train was late — abominably late at London Bridge, though I had had to run and risk the ruin of my digestion to catch it at our station. Most inconsiderate. I believe that nothing short of a letter to the "Times" can make any impression on a railway company. To crown all, the carriage was overcrowded.

Everything Wrong

And so it went on. At my office the staff seemed for the most part to be away ill, or grossly incompetent. My secretary was on her honeymoon — demonstration of lack of personal loyalty which I found hard to endure, considering that she had worked for me for five years, probably the best five years of her life.

My chief was suffering from one

of his periodical bouts of asthma — periods during which he is consistently unfair to me, and indulgent to himself. My favourite pipe had disappeared. My coffee made by my secretary's substitute, was almost undrinkable. An important file had gone astray. During my lunch-hour I had arranged, as is my invariable custom, an appointment with my manicurist. I admit to being fussy about my hands. I cannot bear to cut my own nails, or to have them cut by other than one person. For some years now I have gone regularly to a place, off Dover Street, and been — I think I may say — the favorite client of Miss Collins, their senior manicurist.

Miss Collins's Clumsiness

Miss Collins and I have always been on the best of terms. Please do not misunderstand me. Miss Collins is certainly thirty-eight, and I think probably more. And I never can quite understand why she does not give me any impression of good looks. For she has without doubt a certain elegance. She affects admirably tailored coats and skirts. Her blonde — and quite natural — hair is neatly waved. Her hands and ankles are good. Her voice is attractive. But somehow the ensemble is, in some respect which I cannot determine, unsatisfactory.

None the less she is a most admirable manicurist. On further consideration, I think it must be that her features lack animation. Her eyes, fine in themselves, lack sparkle. Her expression tends to monotony, her conversation to generalities. She had had, however, the supreme and compensating virtue of absolute reliability.

Imagine my dismay — I had almost written my horror! — when on this day of all days Miss Collins, having appeared throughout her routine distraitly, inattentive to my friendly conversational openings, uninterested in such of my personal affairs as I felt it might amuse her, without unreasonable familiarity, to hear — when Miss Collins showing sheer clumsiness in the use of the tools of her trade, drew blood from the fourth finger of my left hand!

A bad Day

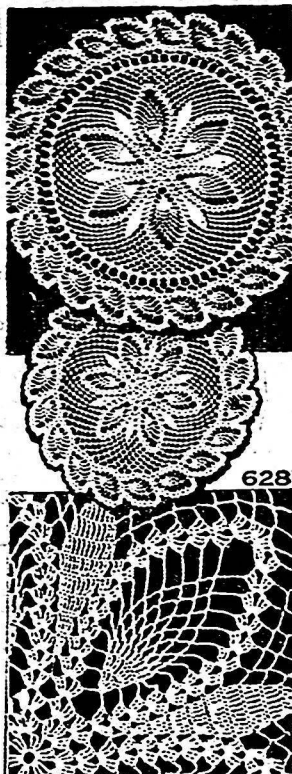
Nor did it end there. It is true that she expressed regret; but it was obvious that emotionally she was unmoved alike by my pain and her own shortcoming. In fact, she almost immediately excused herself and left the cubicle on the plea of an urgent telephone call. It was shatteringly clear that her mind was not on her work. My finger bled freely. Miss Collins did not return. It appeared to me that the limit had emphatically been reached. I rose from my chair with a dignity that I flatter myself was not impaired by the towel which I failed to remember was draped about my knees, and sought out the manager in his private office.

I began temperately enough, to express my feelings. I regret to have to say that he seemed anything but sympathetic.

I lost my temper. "Mr. Jones," I said, "I have been your client for years. I have brought you custom. I have regarded your shop as an oasis in the wilderness of my business trials, and Miss Collins almost as a personal friend. But I've had the devil of a day between one thing and another, and this is the last! Kindly rebuke Miss Collins in suitable terms for her behaviour to a customer of my standing or I go elsewhere for my manicure — to my personal inconvenience!"

Mr. Jones regarded me curiously, with an expression that I can only call enigmatic. He clasped his hands together, rested his elbows on the top of his desk and pursed his lips.

CROCHET YOU'LL LOVE



By Laura Wheeler

Pineapple — the all-around favorite in crochet design! Small wonder when it makes such lovely doilies as these (one is 18, the other 15 inches in diameter) that have so many uses. They cost so little to make, too. Pattern 628 contains directions for making doilies; illustration of stitches; list of materials required.

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.

Mr. Latterthwaite," he said "Miss Collins had been married at the age of eighteen to a young man who within eighteen months had developed tuberculosis; that within three years he had died, leaving her with a delicate child whom Miss Collins has brought up and educated entirely out of her own resources until now; that in addition, out of those resources Miss Collins has kept an ailing mother; that the latter died a week ago; that Miss Collins' flat, in which admittedly most unwisely she kept her savings in Bank of England notes, was badly damaged by fire two nights ago, while she was at the hospital to which her boy had been taken after being run down by a motor-car. She has been waiting all this morning to know whether he will survive an operation or not. She is on the telephone to the hospital at this moment. Did I hear you say something about having had the devil of a day?"

The door opened behind me, and Miss Collins came into the room. Her face no longer lacked expression. It showed such relief and through it such beauty, as I never expect to see again.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Latterthwaite," she began.

"On the contrary, Miss Collins," I said, "I'm so glad!"

And I meant it. But, looking at that tailored figure, with the carefully powdered face and charmingly waved blonde hair, I found all the difficulty in the world in believing Mr. Jones' story.

Yet, oddly enough — for I made it my business to find out — every word of it was true. Life is really very quaint!

—Answers.

Geologists Locate Water for Troops

They Find It in Many Apparently Impossible Places

Geologists, accompanying Allied troops to many parts of the globe are making water gush from rocks. They have found water in hundreds of seemingly unthinkable spots.

Exact locations of these places are a military secret but from Attu in the Aleutians to the Solomons and in Africa and the Near East, the geologists have produced results that seem like miracles to the water-conscious men of the armed forces.

One geologist has just returned to the United States from the South Pacific where he delivered water on the spot to American soldiers and Marines fighting the foe from foxholes and behind trees in jungles.

The geologists have found water fit for drinking in gravel near streams, in volcanic cinder cones or formations which may be located from the air, and in so-called "water lenses" in the peat swamps.

When the invasion of North Africa took place, geologists went ashore with the first landing troops. As the troops unloosed their machine guns, these modern Gunga Dins went into action with drills and pumps.

Troops are supplied with purifying tablets that make any water fit to drink but the first problem is to get the water.

In Sicily there wasn't enough water at first to supply the civilian population plus two armies, so transport planes flying in to evacuate the wounded were loaded with water cans.

Churchill Escaped Bomb in 1940 Blitz

Premier Winston Churchill missed death by inches when a Nazi bomb demolished the Treasury building next door to 10 Downing Street, killing 12 people and smashing part of the Churchill residence.

The story was never published in Britain but it was told in Quebec last week by an official closely connected with the incident.

One evening in November, 1940, during the German blitz on London, Mr. Churchill, Brendan Bracken, British Information Minister, and Air Secretary Sir Archibald Sinclair were in the dining room at 10 Downing Street, the Prime Minister's home.

A bomb fell on the Treasury building, demolishing that structure. The explosion blasted out the kitchen wall in the Churchill home.

None of the British Cabinet ministers had gone to the bomb shelters. Two domestics in the establishment were ordered to go but refused flatly because "Mr. Churchill needs his dinner," the informant said.

And so the dinner continued. "The cook served Welsh rarebit."

MORE TEA FOR YOUR TEAPOT

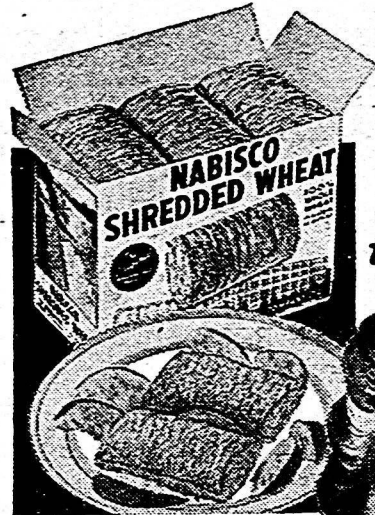
What could be a more appropriate bearer of good news than the good old-family teapot. The Ration Board says the tea supply for Canada has so much improved that we can now enjoy a half-pound every six weeks instead of every eight. The millions of Canadians who prefer 'SALADA' have just cause for rejoicing.

PRINCESS PATS



2 eggs
1 cup sifted brown sugar
1 tablespoon melted butter
½ cup sifted flour
Beat eggs until light. Beat in sugar and butter. Mix flour, baking powder and salt together. Crush All-Bran into fine crumbs, mix with flour. Gradually stir dry ingredients into egg mixture. Add nuts. Turn into greased, shallow pan and bake in moderately hot oven (425° F.) about 8 minutes. YIELD: 32 bars, ¾ x 2 ¼ inches.
1 pan 7 ½ x 11 ½ inches.

¼ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup All-Bran
½ cup chopped nuts



"It's my war job to keep my family fit!"

"That's why I'm following Canada's Official Food Rules and serving a whole grain cereal every day. Usually our whole grain cereal is Nabisco Shredded Wheat. It's 100% whole wheat with all the bran, minerals and wheat germ. We think it's a grand energy food for breakfast or any other meal." Look for the familiar package at your food store.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.
Niagara Falls, Canada

MADE IN CANADA — OF CANADIAN WHEAT

TABLE TALKS

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Peaches and Cream

Who is there who does not look for the first "Peaches and Cream"? By the time this reaches you, that period of the peaches will be over and you will be looking for new recipes. Do not be too discouraged about the prices at first for they tell us after the canners are through there will still be peaches for the extra things if the pickers stay on the job.

Of course, served with cream and sugar, peaches that are perfectly ripe and richly flavored are fit for a king. Fresh peach pie and shortcake are treats that everyone looks forward to each year.

PEACH PIE

8 or 10 perfectly ripe peaches
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
¾ cup flour
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons lard
½ teaspoon salt
8 tablespoons ice or chilled water
Scald the peaches, slip off the skins and cut in halves. Sift salt with flour and work in lard and shortening with pastry blender. Add water a few drops at a time. Shape into a round, flat cake and roll on a lightly floured board into a sheet. Fit into a nine-inch pie dish which has been well greased. Pink edges and fill with peach halves, cut side up. Beat eggs until light with sugar and pour over peaches. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes — 425 degrees — then reduce heat until peaches are tender, about 30 minutes longer.

PEACH SHORTCAKE

About 8 or 10 peaches
2 cups sifted cake flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons butter or other shortening
¾ cup milk
Peel and slice the peaches and sprinkle with sugar. Cover and let stand while making and baking shortcake.

Sift the flour once, and measure and add the baking powder and salt. Sift again into the mixing bowl. Cut in the shortening with the pastry blender. Add milk, cutting it in with a broad-bladed knife. Turn onto a slightly floured board and knead very lightly with the tips of the fin-

gers, which must be well floured. Divide dough into halves and roll gently into two rounds not more than ½ inch thick. Fit one round into a well-greased pan (layer-cake) and brush with softened butter. Put remaining dough on top and place in hot oven for 20 minutes. Reserve some peaches for garnish. Spread bottom half with butter and half of the fruit. Put on the top, crust down. Spread with butter and remaining peaches. If you have it — garnish with whipped cream or serve with cream and sugar.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her columns, and is always 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 St., Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Strip, Seal Acts

In Wilbur, Wash., the spinning rod of a reaper caught Rancher Walter Wynnoff by the overalls, gave him a spin, tossed him aside wearing only his shoes and eyeglasses. In an army manoeuvre area in Tennessee a bolt of lightning struck the zipper of a sleeping bag, welded it all the way around, sealed up a soldier in-

CRANKY RESTLESS WAKEFUL?

We can often blame nervous tension for miserable feelings and fears. And in these days, thousands of nervous people long to get a real grip on themselves... they yearn for quiet nerves. Many are taking Dr. Miles Nervine. This is a scientific combination of effective sedatives. Nervine helps relieve general nervousness, sleeplessness, nervous fears, nervous headache and nervous irritability. It has been used for this purpose for sixty years. Take Nervine according to directions and help things along with more rest, wholesome food, fresh air and exercise. Effervescent Nervine Tablets: 35c and 75c. Nervine Liquid: 25c and \$1.00.



MACDONALD'S

Fine Cut

Makes a Better Cigarette

WILSON'S FLY PADS

3 Pads only 10¢

The Wilson Fly Pad Co. Hamilton, Ont.

THEY LIKE IT AND DIE