

NOT AT HOME TO-DAY

There is a little twisting path I know, And sometimes when I'm all alone I go Along it through the field until I come To a deep hole, which is a bunny's home. I know one lives there. Once I saw him go. He scuttled in to disappear below. So there I sat upon the grass to see If Bunny will come out to peep at me. Sometimes I stare in and call his name. It would be so exciting if he came; But though I often, often wait about, I never yet have seen him coming out. -Marjorie Wilson.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

SEASONABLE DESSERTS

Seasonal adjustments in the family bill of fare are now in order. Brick days call for hot heavier desserts. Here are the very economical ones that are as delicious as they are new, and they are made according to the very latest word in the new school of cracker cookery:

NUT BROWN PUFF

1 cup crumbled graham crackers 1/2 cup sugar 1/2 teaspoon salt 3 cups scalded milk 4 egg yolks, beaten 1/2 cup nuts, chopped 1/2 teaspoon almond flavoring 1/2 teaspoon vanilla 4 egg whites Mix crumbled crackers, sugar, salt and cover with scalded milk. Stir into beaten egg yolks. Add nut meats and flavoring and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Four into buttered baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 35-40 minutes. Six portions.

CRANBERRY AND APPLE PIE

1 1/2 cups cranberry sauce 1/2 cup butter 1 cup sugar 1 1/2 cups cranberries 1 1/2 cups diced cooking apples 1/2 cup water Crumble crackers fine and mix with butter and one tablespoon sugar. Press mixture in an even layer against sides and bottom of buttered pie plate. Cook cranberries and apples, water and sugar together until tender. Cool and pour into cracker-lined plate. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees F.) 12-15 minutes. Eight inch pie.

ORANGE BREAD

4 cups flour 2 teaspoons baking powder 1 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup butter 1 cup sugar 2 eggs Orange peel, candied 2 to 3 cups milk Sift flour, baking powder and salt together; add sugar and butter (creamed together), eggs, well-beaten and orange peel, using between 2 and 3 cups of milk to form soft batter. Pour into greased tin. Just before placing in oven spread one teaspoonful of milk over top of batter to give crust glossy finish.

CANDIED ORANGE PEEL

(For above recipe) 3 oranges 1/2 cup sugar 1 cup water Soak skins of oranges overnight to soften. Remove and dice; mix with sugar and water and boil (low heat) for about five minutes to form syrup.

OYSTERS ARE NOW IN SEASON

November contains that magic letter "R," so once again the oyster makes his friendly bow. Most women can make a good oyster stew, but here are two oyster dishes that may be new to you:

BAKED OYSTERS

30 oysters in the shell Butter Salt Pepper Wash the oyster shell thoroughly by scrubbing with a brush. Place with the deep shell down in a baking pan in a very hot oven, bake until the shell opens, remove the upper shells, add a little butter, salt and pepper to each oyster, and serve in the undershells.

PANNED OYSTERS

1 pint large oysters 6 slices buttered toast 1/2 cup oyster juice Lay the oysters in a shallow dripping pan and pour over them a small quantity of oyster juice, but not sufficient to raise or float them. Place the dish carefully in a hot oven and just heat the oysters through, being careful not to bake them. Melt butter on buttered toast with the hot juice from the oysters and serve the oysters on the toast.

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THAT SUSPICIOUS FIVE Office Boy—Your wife called and said she wants to see you about— "Boss—About what?" Office Boy—About 5, sir. "Boss—From—o'clock or dollars?"

Another Short Story

The Return Trip

HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

WERE near that farmhouse where the pretty girl gave us biscuits and honey. "Don't you remember?"

The others laughed. "What's exciting you most, Mart?" James asked. "The girl or the honey?"

"Well, they were both pretty fine," Martin declared, unabashed. "And the father, too, was a nice old chap, though he didn't have as much backbone as the girl did."

"It's lucky you spent a night there before," suggested Lucien. "If the people didn't know us, they might suppose we were knights of the road and shut the door in our faces. You're about the most disreputable object, Mart. I ever set my eyes on."

"He hasn't anything on you, Lucie," interrupted James. "Oh, you fellows are a pair of beauties, all right! And so laughing more than ever now that the escape from the present discomfort was so near, the boys walked on till they came in sight of the farmhouse, where they had stayed a few nights before."

The three were on their vacation, talking a week's hike through the beautiful mountainous country in which their school was situated. For two days and a half they had walked on and on, exploring and having a wonderful time. Now it was time to start back to studies, and the boys were trudging along through the rain, trying their best to keep up their spirits with the thought of the pleasant evening that awaited them. When they had stopped at the farmhouse before the trio were very much impressed with the young girl whom they met as well as with the biscuits and honey she gave them for dinner.

"The three were all more anxious to return to the place than they would admit to one another. At the mention of the name 'Mollie,' each quickened his pace involuntarily. When the boys filed up to the rear door of the large, comfortable house at last, Martin was in the lead. He knocked and Mr. Mason, looking anxious and dejected, opened the door. The man appeared actually drawn and gray, as if the few days since they had seen him had added years to his age."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Mason," said Martin. "We're three hungry travelers and we want to know if you'll put us up again."

He had expected that at the sight of them, their friend would open the door wide, but instead he stood holding it partly shut and called over his shoulder, "Mollie!"

The girl came hurrying out, but at sight of the three at the door, she halted and the expression which overspread her face could not have been interpreted by the most complacent as pleasure at the sight of them.

"Good afternoon, Miss Mason," said Martin again, a little of his confidence oozing at this strange welcome. "I guess you recognize us, don't you, in spite of our wet state?"

Mollie smiled painfully. "Oh, yes, I knew you right away," she said. "Well, my friends and I are wondering if you'd put us up as you did before. We've been talking about those biscuits ever since."

The daughter glanced at her father; then she said hesitatingly, "Do you mean—"

"Why, we'd like to spend the night as we did before, with dinner and breakfast, of course."

Again the father and daughter exchanged glances, and Lucien, casting about for an explanation, exclaimed, "If we didn't pay you enough before, you can raise your prices. We're not as poor as we look."

The girl blushed hotly. "Oh, the prices were all right," she hastened to say, "but we—we—"

"We have company," her father prompted. "Yes, we have company," Mollie repeated.

Martin sighed unconsciously. On the way up the three boys had occupied a large room on the second floor, and tremendously comfortable beds, and the thought of this had presented itself to his mind very forcibly during their rainy tramp. But he only said, "Well, then, we can sleep on the hay, can't we, and get our meals here?"

"Again there was the inexplicable hesitation, and Lucien interposed, "Oh, well," he said, "if it's not convenient for you to have us, we'll go on to the next farmhouse. How far is it, please?"

Instead of answering him, Mollie turned to her father. "Father," she cried, "we can't let them go on in this rain. It's a good five miles."

"No," Mr. Mason agreed. "They'll have to stay." But he spoke with obvious reluctance. The hostess turned to the boys, "Our company," she said, with an odd hesitation over the word, "doesn't like to be disturbed. But I'll give you some dinner about five o'clock, and I guess you'll have to play in the barn the rest of the time. I'm awfully sorry. It's not quite as bad as staying out in the rain, though, is it?"

The friends assured the girl with one voice that it was not bad at all; but as they made their way to the barn, they were a crest-fallen trio. At five o'clock Mr. Mason called them. The dinner which was waiting was, if possible, better than the one they had eaten before, with the same famous biscuits and honey, but the spirit of the occasion was so different that the three young men ate almost in silence, and when the meal was over, they rose and tramped back to the barn. "What do you make of it?" Martin asked Lucien suddenly.

The letter shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not a Sherlock Holmes, but one thing's sure. Even if we did come back the same way we went, we're finding out something new all the time." Conversation languished; the boys sat around on chairs converted from farm implements with only a lantern for a light. The sensible thing would have been to climb into the hay mow and go to sleep, but none of the three felt like it.

Suddenly there was a crashing of glass. Martin sprang up and ran to the door. In the house a man's voice was shouting angrily. The boy turned to his friends. "Something's up. I'm going over."

"Are you quite sure that you'll be wanted?" asked Lucien.

"No, I'm not, but it sounds as if somebody was raising Cain and it's not safe there for that girl with only a weak-kneed father to look out for her. It was not necessary for the first boy to say more, his two friends rose instantly and followed him. As they crossed the yard to the back of the house, they could hear the angry voice still upraised. Martin was again in the lead, but this time he did not knock. He opened the door and walked in.

A second meal was in progress, and the only person partaking of it was a red-faced man. Mollie and her father were standing close together in a corner. As Martin walked in, the girl gave him a glance which seemed both appealing and reproachful; but she did not speak. The man at the head of the table, did, however. "What does this mean?" he shouted at the saw the intruders. And then all at once, he picked up a balloon, for Martin walked up to him, his hand outstretched.

"Why, if it isn't Mr. Patten," cried he affably. "How are you?"

"Mr. Patten did not take the proffered hand. "Who are you?" he growled.

"I'm Martin Coles, Junior. You know my father, the owner of the Daily Herald, better than you do, me, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I know him well." Mr. Patten was plainly uneasy and Martin knew why. The man had been drinking; his flushed face and whiskey-laden breath testified to that, and Mr. Patten was a politician whose constituents were strongly in favor of law enforcement.

Martin was looking about him; a dish containing vegetables had been flung against the side of the room. It had struck the window, breaking the pane, and then had fallen to the floor in fragments. "You seem to have had an accident to your crockery," said the young man, addressing Mollie.

Before she could answer, her father spoke, his voice strange and unnatural. "I'm not going to stand this any longer," cried he. "I'd rather he'd ruin my reputation than keep this up."

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" exclaimed Mr. Patten.

"I won't hold my tongue," Mr. Mason turned to Martin. "Patten and I were boys together in New England, and he knows—well, he knows something about me that isn't to my credit."

"Hardly," sneered the man at the table.

"That's what I say. I took money that didn't belong to me, I admit, but my employer didn't prosecute me, and I left here, and live straight. Then, three years ago Dick Patten found me just by accident. His voice shook as if he were going to break down, and Mollie turned suddenly and put her arm through his.

"And just because he can hold that over me," continued the speaker tremulously, "he comes to my house for his drinking bouts. He wouldn't dare to do it in his own home, but he'll come to my house and smash my china and swear at my daughter. His hair-up of courage was dying down. He choked and lapsed into silence while Martin took the floor.

"I'm glad you spoke out, Mr. Mason," the boy said with grave sympathy. "You will find that my friends and I can keep a secret. In fact, we can keep two secrets—if it's made worth our while."

He looked smilingly at Mr. Patten who exclaimed angrily, "What do you mean?"

"Well, Mr. Patten, if you keep quiet about this affair which happened when Mr. Mason was a boy, we'll keep quiet about what you've been doing lately. Only if it's necessary for you to indulge in this kind of sport, you'll have to find some other place to do it."

Mr. Patten's answer was so violent that Mollie trembled. Martin only smiled. "You ought to be turned out to-night, you cad," he said. "A good wetting would do you good. You can stay till to-morrow morning, and no longer. Remember this, though, if ever Mr. Mason hears about this little episode in his boyhood again, I'll give my father a chance for a front-page feature on the facts we found out to-night."

The boys had hard work getting to sleep. They lay wide-eyed and talked for hours, when they finally did fall into a heavy sleep, thoroughly exhausted with excitement. Light was stealing from the sky, and so it was almost noon before a happy-faced girl was feeding them more biscuits and more honey.

SOLD! He chugged up to the toll gate. As all old cars do chug. A look of baffled rage was plain Upon his weary mug.

"One dollar for the car, my man. The passengers go free." This driver, wife and kids stepped out. "Sold, boy! Here's the key."

QUALITY DEMANDED

From the standpoint of the Canadian producer, perhaps, one of the most important effects of the regulation of imports of bacon by Britain will be the prevention of glut in the market. The objective will undoubtedly be to steady supplies so as not to have, on the one side, abnormally high prices, which are injurious to consumers, nor, on the other side, abnormally low prices, which are injurious to producers. If this is accomplished and conditions created reasonably favorable to hog production by Canadian farmers, it should assure to them a fair share of the market.

In this plan Canada has been given a special place: 2,500,000 cwt. has been reserved, which this country will have an opportunity to supply. At 112 lbs. per cwt. the amount is 280,000,000 lbs., which, on a basis of 120 lbs. of export product per hog, is equal to 2,300,000 hogs. In other words, Canada has the opportunity to produce each year for the British market, under regulated conditions, 2,000,000 hogs. It would not be wise or feasible for Canada to attempt, at once, to increase production to realize the export of 2,300,000 hogs per year.

It must be recognized absolutely and unequivocally that increase in numbers should be only of the quality to make exportable bacon. The present numbers of unexportable quality must be reduced.

As the agreement is for a period of five years, Canada will, in that time, have the opportunity of building up her hog production on a quality basis and after that, if the agreement, or some other agreement, is continued, should be in an assured position. In any event, during this period a foothold would be attained which would permit Canada to meet competition.

To take advantage of the opportunity offered it is reasonable that Canada will be expected to do three things: Supply first class quality of bacon. Maintain a supply in steady volume throughout the year.

Increase the supply from year to year so as presently to take up the whole volume of the allotment.

The British Government has stipulated that the product shall be of "good quality" and it is reasonable that Canada should be expected to supply bacon of a quality equal to that now enjoyed by the British consumer. It is also reasonable that the supply should be steadily maintained. It is expected that Great Britain will progressively reduce the importations from foreign countries, but this, of course, will only be possible if Canada is in a position to fill the deficiency with progressively increasing quantities of Canadian bacon.

If this programme is to be met, each Province will have to set its house in order, and do its part in the production of quality and quantity according to its conditions. Ontario producers must be of quality of hogs in Canada. It is from Ontario that the bulk of export product has been secured. This Province then occupies a key position in this situation now developing.

Ontario is now producing approximately 25% of the select bacon trade, and about 55% of the bacon grade of hogs. This Province is to do her part in taking advantage of the opportunity offered, an objective of 40% selects and 50% of bacon, and an increase of 175,000 hogs per year for five years will be necessary.

The plans for the regulation of bacon imports into Britain will take some little time to be made effective, and Ontario would not be in a position to take advantage of them if they were immediately effective. It is then very evident that action should be based on the expectations of the future, and not on conditions of the present. The price of hogs is still low and may not be in the near future, but very high. But action to better the quality and increase production a year from now must be taken during this autumn's breeding season in the months which follow.

YOUR TEN SENSES Every normal person claims five senses, and we have heard of a sixth, proverbially counted as missing. Medical authorities now say we have ten senses. Of the five senses—sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch—there are several others. It includes perception of light, form and color. Touch also includes several others; shape, tickle sense, sense of vibration and sense of pressure. Taste, smell and hearing are simple uncomplicated senses. Of the five other senses listed, one is a temperature sense which enables you to tell hot from cold by means of nerve endings in the skin. There is the sensation from muscles, joints and tendons which enables you to sense movements of the body, or position of the arms and legs. The third is a sense of upright position supplied by a levelling mechanism close to the inner ear. This enables you to keep your balance. Pain is a sense by itself; and the last of the five "new" senses is one not perceived consciously but which affects such automatic actions as breathing or the heart-beat.

WHEN TO GIVE IN To know when to give in and when to stand your ground is one of the most important lessons. Some of you will defend an absolutely unimportant opinion with as much heat as though a great principle were involved. Indeed the arguments which are most likely to sever friendships have to do with trivial matters. Plenty of people capable of noble sacrifices will quarrel with their best friends over a disputed point in a game, or whether they or somebody else deserves the credit for being the first to make a suggestion that has proved popular. Learn when to make concessions, when to give in, when to yield a point—and when to stand your ground like the Rock of Gibraltar.

THE STARLING'S DIET

Since it has been learned that Jack Miner has declared war on the Starling, the question has been raised, what is the starling's diet? On interviewing Jack Miner, he pointed out that there was no question, but what said bird ate a goodly number of insects, beetles and so forth, but no more than our own native flickers, woodpeckers, bluebirds, and other valuable birds that are being driven out by these European Starlings.

"As far as them being weed seed destroyers," Jack Miner branded them as "weed seed distributors," as a large portion of weed seeds, they eat are not digested, and will and do germinate wherever dropped.

Jack Miner continued by saying: "As far as nature balancing its own: how is nature going to bring back these two or three thousand Scotch and White Pine killed by them? How is nature going to restore the tomato crops which have been destroyed by them? How is nature going to restore the apples their foreign bird has been the means of destroying by pecking its beak in the fruit? The same can be said of the English Sparrow: how is Nature going to restore the ewe hawlocks which forty or fifty years ago were common around every barn in Ontario, but have been driven out and practically exterminated, in most parts of the continent, by the European Sparrow."

"No," says Jack Miner, "this balancing of nature is all left with man—man is part, the big part, of nature, he is the supreme part, and it is left to him to control and manage every living thing on earth, or in other words, 'have dominion over all.' Thus, this includes the European Starling, and it is up to man to control him when he becomes a pest."

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GALLOPING COMPLAINT "I'm frightfully worried about my wife." "Good heavens! What has she got?" "The car!"

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Immediately after the said first day of December, 1932, the assets of the said deceased will be distributed among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which it shall then have notice.

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