

Of Interest to Women

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes, Household Ideas and Suggestions

CANADIAN MACARONI

Since 1835, when Canada replaced Italy as the largest supplier of macaroni to the British market, Canadian-made macaroni, spaghetti and kindred products have been in constant demand in several countries, particularly in the British Isles and Canada during the Lenten period. However, with the various ways in which macaroni can be used, it is suitable at any time of the year. A few suggestions for menus are given:

SALMON AU GRATIN

- 1 package noodles
- 1 small can salmon
- 2 oz. grated cheese
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 small onion, sliced

Throw the noodles into rapidly boiling water to which salt has been added. Boil for 7 minutes, then drain. Mix salmon, cheese, onion and milk together. Add the boiled noodles and bake ten minutes before serving. For evening entertaining, substitute a can of crab meat for the salmon.

MACARONI STUFFED PEPPERS

- 10 oz. macaroni cooked until tender
 - 1 1/2 cups old cheese, grated
 - 1 cup cooked tomatoes
 - 5 green peppers
 - 1 cup bread crumbs
 - 1 teaspoon sauce
 - salt, pepper, paprika
- Remove tops and seeds from peppers and boil five minutes in salted water. Mix macaroni, 1 cup of the cheese, tomatoes and crumbs. Sauce and seasonings to taste. Drain the peppers and stuff with macaroni mixture. Stand upright in a baking dish. Sprinkle remainder of cheese on top. If desired, canned tomato soup, slightly diluted with water, may be poured around the peppers. Bake in a moderate oven until golden brown.

PLAIN EGG NOODLES

Boil for nine minutes a package of noodles in a pint of rapidly boiling water to which 2 tablespoonsful of salt have been added. If extra tenderness is desired, they may be boiled another one or two minutes. Drain thoroughly. Serve plain, garnished with melted butter, meat gravy, or sauce. This dish may be used to replace starchy vegetables in a dinner menu.

BUY BEEF BY GRADE

The following recipes are taken from the revised household bulletin, "Beef: How to Choose and Cook It," a copy of which may be obtained free on request from the Publicity and Extension Division, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

BRAISED SHORT RIBS

To each pound of meat, allow about 2 cups water and 1 teaspoonful salt. Simmer for about three hours in covered vessel, turning meat at end of first hour. Add more water if necessary during cooking to prevent meat burning. At the end of cooking, most of the liquid should be absorbed. Remove ribs, season and brown in hot oven for about half an hour. Remove some of the fat from gravy, thicken, and serve with the ribs.

SWISS STEAK

Found as much flour as possible into round or flank steak with edge of a plate or back of cleaver brown steak in small quantity of fat in hot skillet; add some canned Canadian tomatoes, chopped onion, pepper and salt, and sufficient water to cover, over dish and simmer until tender—about two hours. Add more water if necessary during cooking, and if gravy is too thin, thicken with flour before serving.

STREAK ROLLS

Season minced round, chuck or shoulder steak, adding a small amount of fine bread crumbs. Form into rolls about the size of small sausages, and wrap with pastry rolled fairly thick and cut into four inch squares, moistening the edges and pressing well together. Bake for three-quarters of an hour in moderate oven, and serve with tomato sauce.

CURRIED BEEF WITH RICE

Grind left-over beef with small amount of onion, and pepper, and salt to taste. Heat in thin white sauce with which has been blended curry powder in proportion of 1 teaspoonful to each cup of sauce. Serve surrounded with hot boiled rice.

STRANGE BARTER

The German ice dealer at Dunellen, N.J., who has swapped his home there to a Jewish family in Germany, in exchange for their home, has fulfilled his desires and has helped a persecuted family. He wanted to go home to Germany to stay. The Jewish family wanted to get out. How the barter was brought about is yet a mystery, but it is probable that Germans abroad arranged the deal with or without the help of the officials.

This shows that racial animosities are few among the people. Intolerance is artificially fomented.—Boston Post.

Hints on Fashions



Dirndls Still Popular With Many

Despite emphasis on other silhouettes and styles, it is good to know that the dirndl type of frock is still with us. Many women like this line and for the proper figure it is charming. This model is of sheer crepe in a caramel shade and the diagonal pin-stripe and dot are black. The bodice buttons to the waist with self-covered buttons. Slanting slit pockets on the skirt.

NOT OUTMODED

Out of California recently came a success story which surpasses in fact anything that Horatio Alger might have conceived in fiction. Alger would probably have called the story "From Prisoner to Police Chief," and it would have been a good title, for it pretty well tells what happened.

SUCCESS STORY

This story tells of a man who 15 years ago was sentenced to a western state penitentiary for embezzlement. After serving 11 months he was released and went to another state to live. In his new environment he made many friends, won respect, and eventually became chief of the local police department.

Then one day it was revealed to the people of this city that their police chief was an ex-convict and it appeared as if the success story were about to end. It is to the credit of the residents of that community that the past record of this man weighed little when cast in the balance with his present record of service and unquestioned honesty. They voted that he be allowed to continue in the post he filled so well.

Unfortunately all men who bear the stigma of a prison term do not appear to be worthy of such confidence, but from this experience society may learn one lesson: many of them are worthy, and will prove it if given the chance.—Christian Science Monitor.

PEACE --- AND WAR



Amidst the mud and carnage of Japan's invasion of China, a pigeon, the proverbial dove of peace, perches himself on a rifle carried by a Japanese soldier and seemingly asks innocently, "What's all this about?" Paradoxically enough, the symbols of peace are actually important factors of war. They carry messages from Japanese outposts to headquarters far behind the lines.

Chronicles of a Ginger Farm.

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press Gwendoline F. Clarke

To-day I was looking through my farm-dairy-house account book for 1936 and this is what I read: "March 26... Lovely day—out in the garden raking." "April 13... Started re-building rockery."

Well, right now it is the middle of April and there hasn't been a day yet when I could have taken much pleasure in raking the garden, even had it been dry enough. And as for building or re-building a rockery—ugh, I shiver at the thought.

There is still quite a lot of snow around here—just in the places where the huge drifts were piled up a few weeks ago. Friday I was down along the lake front and although there did not appear to be as much snow alongside the roads there, yet there was little sign of spring and the air was bleak and unpromising. For a change there was not much traffic along the Middle Road, so I had time to notice that repair work was already needed on the pavement—small holes here and there being very much in evidence. When I returned home, Partner broke the glad tidings that the grader had been up and down our road—Highway No. 25—several times during the afternoon and had backed up and gone over the road again—just outside our gate. Now, were we being given special attention? I wonder! I wish I could think so—I might feel that talking did some good.

Saturday I went to an auction sale. Not because I wanted anything in particular or had any money to spend but because I like going to sales—it is rather like opening up a surprise packet. This sale was held indoors and it was as bad as riding in a Toronto street car around five-thirty at night. There were a few unusual things at the sale and of course they were soon snapped up. An old-fashioned cast-iron muffin pan—relic of a by-gone age—I think it was knocked down at fifty cents. There was also a lovely cut-leaf fern, taken from touching the ground from its high jardiner stand. It sold for five dollars. All I brought home was a maiden hair fern, complete with a lacquered brass bowl.

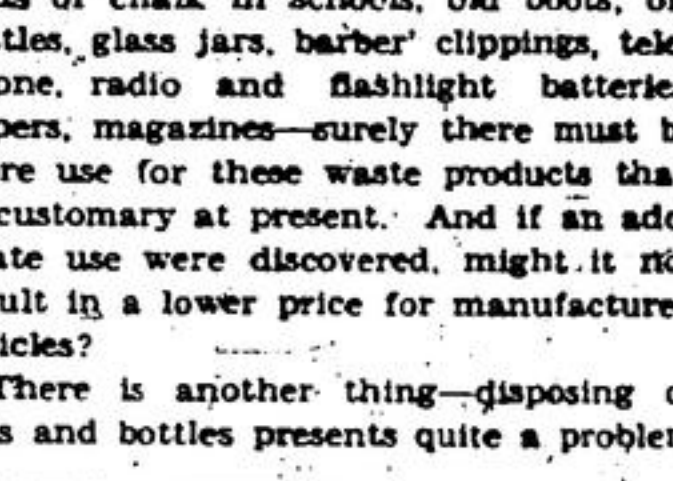
You women who are thrifty housewives, does it ever worry you when you throw empty tin cans out with the garbage? It does me. Times without number I have looked regretfully at a freshly emptied can—just as clean and shiny as if it were new, and the thought will persist—Is it right to throw this can away? Surely old tin might be melted down and used again and again.

Then my thoughts travel back to childhood's days, when jam jars were saved and every so often a man with a push-cart would go through the streets calling out to the children, as he passed: "Windmills, windmills—bring your jars and get a windmill!" The windmills were only paper—wallpaper, I believe—but we thought as much of a paper windmill in those days as youngsters do of an electric train now—and by the time the windmill man had got through the streets there were not many jam jars left in the houses. I suppose are jars were returned to the factories and by being used again the selling price of jams was naturally kept down. We don't often see crockery jam jars now, but couldn't tin cans be salvaged in much the same way. If tin cans were collected and melted down, wouldn't it be possible for them to re-manufactured at less cost per can than if new metal were used each time?

Thinking along these lines I was glad to read in the Globe and Mail that "Eldie Broder" was thinking and writing with this same idea in mind, referring in her article to a young man who when travelling in the United States had seen "car after car loaded with old tin cans which had been flattened out and were on their way to either Germany or Japan."

Tin cans are not the only things that are wasted in this country—bottles, sealer rings, both rubber and zinc, cartons and containers of all kinds, odd ends of chalk in schools, old boots, old kettles, glass jars, barber clippings, telephone, radio and flashlight batteries, papers, magazines—surely there must be more use for these waste products than is customary at present. And if an adequate use were discovered, might it not result in a lower price for manufactured articles?

There is another thing—disposing of tins and bottles presents quite a problem



SALLY'S SALLIES



SHE WANTS A SAMPLE

Some little Jessie in the Bronx wrote to the General Electric Company the other day: "Kindly send me some booklets and a little sample of electricity, if you can spare it. We are studying about it in geography."

Jessie may be unreasonable, yet she has the making of a research scientist in her. Booklets, mere talk, are not enough for her. Only a sample will do, something that a practical person like herself can study. Probably she does not know it, but she belongs to a hard-headed school of philosophy known as logical empiricism (don't be frightened of the term, Jessie), a school which has no use for anything that it cannot observe or experience, and to which such worthies as Bertrand Russell, Niels Bohr and others equally eminent belong. In fact, Jessie's empiricism would have no truck with the atom for many a year, simply because it could not be kept under a microscope and because it had to be inferred from its behavior.

The logical empiricists are not as adamant as they used to be. Even though they will never see the other side of the moon they are willing to admit (by a mysterious process of verifiability) that there are mountains there as grand as those that stand out on the side than we can see. In the end they had to admit that invisible atoms, not to mention still smaller electrons, do exist solely by reason of their effects. If Jessie is willing to make similar concessions the General Electric Company ought to find no difficulty in satisfying her curiosity. "Dear Jessie," they might reply, "it is unnecessary to send you a sample of electricity. Pick up a match, a pin, a pebble, anything you please. It's just a lump of electricity, but so nicely put together that it will not shock you when you touch it. If we were a good deal smarter than we are we ought to be making matches, pins, pebbles, out of electricity. Maybe we will some day. Probably this will bewilder Jessie. But the theory of the convertibility of mass into energy and energy into mass bewilders physicists too. Jessie is keeping good philo-sophic and scientific company.—New York Times.

TRIBUTE TO A DOG

We have a dog. He came to us as a pup, and so we taught him the rudiments of gentlemanly canine conduct. But these things we have taught him are in small measure indeed to the things we have learned from that small black dog. He taught us how to play again—to throw off care and worry in the exhilaration of a good romp. He taught us to laugh wholeheartedly, without reservation or cynicism.

Much that we know of beauty has come to us because of him—the glory of an early sun, its slanting rays just touching the tops of the tallest elms, and setting them on fire; the magic of a full moon, poised momentarily between twin steeples; the gentle, growing loveliness of soft rain on one's hair and upturned face—these and a thousand other phases of the world about us we have found because there was a little black dog begging for a walk.

But most of all, we have learned the beauty of loyalty that lies in a pair of worshipping brown eyes.—Chicago Tribune.

"How did Tom manage to get so much of his uncle's estate?" "He married his lawyer's only daughter."

on many farms, because the dump pile can be quite a menace. Cattle and horses sometimes break bounds and a visit to the dump heap might mean cut and bleeding hooves and the possible loss of an animal. So if waste products could be collected and used, a two-fold purpose would be achieved.

But where should such a scheme originate? Perhaps the suggestion would come best from the Department of Mines and Fisheries to manufacturers all over Canada.

A WIFE FELLOW

"Does he know much?" "Well, he not only knows that he doesn't know much, but he knows enough to keep others from knowing it."

There never was a man so good but that a good woman will make him better.—Jack Miner.

THE THIRSTY FELLOWS

The fervent temperance orator stopped in the midst of his speech and said impressively: "My friends, if all the public houses were at the bottom of the sea, what would be the result?"

From the back of the room came the loud reply: "Lots of people would get drowned."

Danish Royal Couple to Tour U.S.



Seen as they arrived at Los Angeles to start a tour of United States are Crown Prince Frederik and Crown Princess Ingrid of Denmark and Iceland. It was their first visit to this continent and the royal couple expressed themselves as "enjoying it immensely."

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