

Of Interest to Women

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes, Household Ideas and Suggestions

DANGEROUS DIETING

By Betty Barclay

Some day our super-educated great grandchildren will be horrified as they read articles dealing with this diet age in which we live to-day.

Women, whose proper weight should be 120 pounds, and who weight 120, will go to almost any extreme to bring their weight down to 110—because they have not yet learned that stream-lining is out of date so far as the human form is concerned. Even men have been known to go on diets that bring disastrous results. Children, thank heaven, ignore this fad—but children in diet-crazed homes, often suffer because a dieting mother keeps from temptation by refusing to place many of her favorite nourishing foods on the table.

And here's a point that many overlook. Healthy women, seeking slimmness, stare active husbands who care nothing about dieting personally, but insist upon the fare that is prepared by friend wife. In far too many cases, husbands develop into "under-nourished, under-weight, sacrifices to this foolish fad."

Shut your eyes, think up a diet plan of your own, publish it, and you will get hundreds of followers. The plan may be the most dangerous diet in the world—yet followers will flock to your standard.

Please do not think for a moment that I do not believe in diets. Proper diets prescribed by physicians who have made a study, are very desirable. My complaint is against the diet fads that may help Tom, but kill Dix and Harry.

Now, here's a diet that should reduce and could be used by thousands of healthy people who are a little too weighty:

—Drink two glasses of water before each meal.

Simple diet, isn't it? Any liquid may be substituted for water, provided it is a beautiful liquid of little sugar or energy value.

If the foods we eat agree with us, and have agreed with us for twenty or fifty years, let's continue with those foods. If we want to lose a little weight, let's eat smaller quantities. If we simply must eat, let's fill up on fruit cups, salads, and light vegetables, which are more healthful than the fatty and starchy foods.

That's all the average person needs, unless he or she is a "physician's case."

Drink a larger glass of orange juice at breakfast—and refuse the second cup or chop. Eat a good fruit or vegetable salad at lunch instead of chocolate cream pie. Serve a salad and leafy vegetables at dinner. Never mind the diet that Mrs. Jones recommended at the last meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society.

Here are a couple of recipes that will be appreciated by those of you who are healthy, slightly overweight, and sensible enough to keep away from dangerous dieting:

BAKED BEETS WITH ORANGE

- 2½ cups sliced raw beets
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 teaspoon grated orange peel
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 teaspoon salt

Peel raw beets as thinly as possible and slice quite thin. Put in a greased baking dish. Add the rest of the ingredients. Cover closely and bake 1 hour in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SALAD

- (Serves 6)
- 6 navel oranges
- Lettuce
- Apples

Make chrysanthemum cups of oranges. Cut the orange meat in pieces, combine with long, slender pieces of apple and fill shells. Serve any preferred dressing.

CANADA RANKS HIGH IN MINERAL OUTPUT

From a relatively minor position only 25 years ago, says an article in the Canadian National Magazine, Canadian mine production and export of mine products have risen to the place where Canada now ranks as one of the principal sources of supply for many of important minerals. Three Provinces, Ontario, British Columbia and Quebec, contribute 80 per cent of the total, or 90 per cent of the metal production. Two Provinces, Nova Scotia and Alberta, are responsible for 75 per cent of the fuel production. Seventy-five per cent of the non-metallic production, other than fuel is from Ontario and Quebec.

Last year's metal production in Canada, the article goes on, included more than 285,000 tons of copper, 205,000 tons of lead, 185,000 tons of zinc, 112,000 tons of nickel, 4,000,000 ounces of gold and 22,900,000 ounces of silver. Among the non-metallic items were 15,775,000 tons of coal, 410,000 tons of asbestos, 1,000,000 tons of gypsum, almost 400,000 tons of common salt and 3,000,000 barrels of petroleum.

Hints on Fashions

Everybody's Favorite Among Fashion Revivals



Along with all the other-fashion revivals has come one that is pleasing to most everybody. It is good old blue serge, but in light ways, and it is used for this pretty frock that can go places all day long. The blouse top dips down in a point at a rather low waistline and fastens with white pearl buttons. A neckband of white pique ties in a bow, and sleeves are edged with the pique. The skirt is seamed into inverted box pleats with a slight flare.

A LESSON LEARNED

In the last war it took 10 months before any real check was put on the army's wholesale recruitment of skilled munition workers; it took 15 months before a government committee started to frame lists of occupants requiring protection for the maintenance of national trade and food supply, and it was only after the war had been running 18 months that a comprehensive list of "certified occupations" emerged. We have learnt our lesson, and the "schedule of reserved occupations" issued recently is an attempt to do in advance what was only accomplished after so much waste and friction in the middle of the last war. Its immediate purpose is to secure that the essential labor force needed for a country at war shall be kept intact and shall not be drained in advance by the demands of the various kinds of civilian defense.—Manchester Guardian

Princess Pictured on 13th Birthday



A charming photo of Princess Elizabeth taken on the morning of her 13th birthday. The Princess had just enjoyed a ride in Windsor park with her father, the King, and her sister, Princess Margaret Rose, when she posed for this picture.

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

A Music Festival in housecleaning time doesn't exactly speed up the work. That is how I find it, anyway. Not that I put in three whole days at the Festival, but I did put in part of every day, and had two late nights in succession. And late nights—and I don't agree, so it took me Sunday and Sunday to get back to normal. However, I wouldn't have missed the Festival, although I do wonder each year whether the game is worth the candle. It means so much work, for everybody—the school teachers, the music teachers, the Festival Executive—to say nothing of the nervous strain it puts upon the children and the "disorganizing" effect it must surely have upon their school work. And then, too, however great a success the Festival appears to be, there is bound to be dissatisfaction among a certain number of people—something which the organizers try to please everyone, so we have hurt feelings and a sense of injustice on the one hand and on the other a perfectly justifiable feeling of pride and the opinion that the Music Festival is very desirable indeed.

So there it is, and if the rest of you people are anything like me, you will feel as if you were on a see-saw in regard to the Festival. First one way, then another—I never can make up my mind whether I think it's a good thing or not. Certainly I think music should be taught in every school, but I'm afraid I think of the Festival rather as a research that needs prying. You know how it is, even the most perfect rose will become a lot if allowed to grow unchecked.

Would you believe it we are actually experimenting with Daylight Saving Time. The result so far has been rather amusing. It is my custom to collect the eggs several times during the forenoon—that seems to be the surest way to keep the hens from eating eggs. To my surprise, when I went after the eggs for the first time this morning, there were only about six, and I wondered what on earth had happened to the biddies. Then I remembered. The hens, of course, were still on Standard Time.

My menfolk are getting a rise out of me over this time-changing stunt. They pretend to be surprised when I get the meals and Partner will insist that later on he intends coming in to supper on Standard Time. We shall see!

To-day is the first day of May, and Partner was out on the land for the first time this spring. He says he is not at all pleased with the way the land is working up. There is plenty of moisture down under, but the top soil is hard and baked and just breaks up in chunks. The grass does not seem to be making any headway either, and along the fence at the back of the house, where the ground is usually thick with May flowers, this year there are only just a few here and there. But my daffodils are out in full bloom. I don't know why it is, but our daffies are always the first ones out in this district.

Yesterday our Son and one of his boy friends took the car and went over to the Mallon airport. I think they were a little disappointed with the trip. They were not allowed on the grounds at all. There were plenty of sight-seers around but none of the flying field officials were anywhere in sight. There were two Transport planes in the hangars, but as they were under cover the boys could only see them through the glass enclosure. However, they had the trip, and as it was the first time Son has had the car away from home for any distance, I suppose he likely got quite a thrill out of that.

When we went to the Festival, Son was driving. After I got out, Son went to park the car and before he knew what was happening, a traffic officer was after him to show his permit. He seemed quite surprised when Son was able to produce it. I was very glad when I heard about it—it takes a jolt like that, once in a while to keep youngsters from getting too sure of themselves.

Would you like to hear my latest housecleaning adventure? I had been painting, and Son told me that to keep a skin from forming on the paint I should turn the can upside-down for a little while. So I did, and then decided to put the can of paint in another place. So I lifted the can very carefully and as I walked across the dining-room with it I stopped, lifted the can—still upside down—fairly high, so I could see if the lid was on quite tight. It wasn't! And the paint went all over the floor. Fortunately the can was only about a quarter full and the paint didn't go anywhere else but on the floor. But that believe me, was quite enough. Why it didn't spread itself all over my face is more than I can guess. But it didn't—so I am naturally thankful for small mercies. And, after all, I did keep a skin from forming on the paint!

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GRAY COACH LINES

Students Return to School They Condemned as Unfit



Leaving their strike against attending an unlighted school, 300 pupils of Port Haney, B.C., trooped back to their class room. They had trooped out of the school, parading with signs such as the Above, but the strike ended after three days, when the Students' Council voted 11-5 for returning to classes. "Too many girls on the Council!" exclaimed some of the trade males.

2000 Men, 4 Engines for Canadian National Movement of Royal Train



This diagrammatic outline summarizes man power—Royal Train included engineers, architects, decorators and a greatly diversified force of craftsmen engaged in work on the units of the Royal Train which were remodelled and redecored in the shops of the Canadian National Railways. This work in the National System shops included the preparation of the cars in which Their Majesties, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, will actually travel. Four of the C.N.R. engines which will haul the Royal Train are being finished in Royal blue. A fifth engine, an oil burner, will be used to haul the train through the Rocky Mountains.