

# Of Interest to Women

## Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes, Household Ideas and Suggestions

### THIS MONTH'S STAR RECIPE

By Betty Barclay

These are cake days. Cool weather makes baking a pleasure rather than a task.

A particularly delicious orange sponge cake with a flavorful filling, becomes the star recipe for the month. If you want to assure yourself and your guests that it is entitled to such an honor, try the following recipe. And if you know of a better cake recipe, let me have it. Perhaps it, too, will become a "Star."

#### ORANGE SPONGE CAKE

- 5 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 cups cake flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon grated orange peel
- 5 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Beat egg yolks, sugar and orange juice for 10 minutes with a rotary hand or machine beater. Add water and beat 2 minutes. Add flour, sifted with baking powder and salt. Beat about 1 minute, or only until the dry ingredients have been quickly and thoroughly blended into the mixture. Fold in the grated peel, and then the egg whites which have been stiffly beaten but not dry. Bake in a 9-inch tube pan, in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 70 minutes.

#### For the filling take:

- 4 egg yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 tablespoon gelatine
- 1 teaspoon grated orange peel
- 1/2 cup sugar

Mix egg yolks, 1/2 cup sugar and orange juice and cook in double boiler. When thick, add the gelatin and orange peel. Cool. Beat egg white mixture into orange custard. Spread on cake and sprinkle with coconut. Chill in refrigerator.

### YOUR HELP IS NEEDED

All this week citizens throughout Canada are being asked to contribute to The Canadian Legion War Services' appeal for \$500,000.

An examination of this non-profit making organization, a subsidiary of the Canadian Legion itself, immediately impresses one with the necessity of enabling it to carry on its vitally important activities, not only in Canada but also in England and France.

Readers of this newspaper who are aware of the Legion's efforts in providing education facilities for the men so that they may continue their studies while on active service and thus equip themselves for their return to civil life, who have read of the splendid work being done in maintaining morale and esprit-de-corps by means of entertainment, and who know of the advice and guidance that the Legion is giving the men on all problems arising from war duty, must surely be encouraged in making their donations generously and without delay.

We in Canada, who are so far removed from war zones are perhaps influenced to some extent by a false perspective of the struggle that lies ahead. We fail to grasp the full significance of the sacrifices our fighting men will be called upon to make. To put it bluntly, we lack a war spirit. It will take but one catastrophe involving our forces to make us realize that we are at war—a war that from all indications is going to be the most horrible in all history.

The welfare needs of our fighting men will be many and it would be unfair of us to expect that the military authorities should assume the added responsibility of providing for these needs. This responsibility can be carried out most satisfactorily by organized and officially endorsed bodies such as The Canadian Legion War Services.

Imbued with the conviction that its efforts must primarily be directed in such a way as to contribute to military efficiency, and thus, help to win this war as speedily as possible, the Legion is also looking to that day when peace is declared and our men return to resume their places as citizens. With that in mind the Legion has under way the most remarkable education scheme ever designed for Canadians under wartime conditions.

Studied from all angles, the services being rendered by this organization cannot fail to make a great contribution to Canada's war effort and the rehabilitation of our men when the war is over. And if we are preoccupied with visions of what is taking place to-day, it would be well to peer a little farther into the future and make our preparations now for the new peace that is so longed for.

Investment in The Canadian Legion War Services is a sound investment in democracy.

## Hints on Fashions

Harbinger of Spring



The advance models of spring reveal the suit as popular as ever. The softly tailored suit with novel, striking new designs like this model, are to be fashionable. Black wool is paired with light royal blue woolen, the latter used for the plastron front of the softly fitted jacket. The low, square neck permits a view of the black draped silk jersey blouse. The eight-point skirt has well-defined fullness. The bright blue felt hat is trimmed with navy satin ribbon.

### A TUBERCULOSIS CONTROL OBJECTIVE

If one province of Canada can reduce its tuberculosis death rate so that it is 47 per cent. less than that for the country as a whole, it is safe to take the lowest rate as an objective in tuberculosis control. Even assuming that Saskatchewan's climate may be more favorable to the keeping down of the tuberculosis mortality, the difference in the death rate is so marked that those who are working to conquer this disease may well be encouraged.

Dominion Government figures for 1938 credit Saskatchewan with having only 28.8 deaths from tuberculosis per 100,000 people. Canada's average was 54.6. This, of course, is a splendid improvement in the last decade, ten years ago there being over 80 deaths per 100,000 people.

If the low rate for Saskatchewan had applied to all Canada in 1938 there would have been only 3,233 deaths instead of the actual number of 6,122.

When it is considered that the Canadian rate is only one quarter of what it was at the turn of the century, an achievement of which this country may be proud, those who are specializing in the fight against tuberculosis may well feel justified in working toward the objective of securing a Dominion average equal to Saskatchewan's.

This would, naturally, mean that some provinces might even excel Saskatchewan's record — perhaps Saskatchewan itself—and to prove that even this is possible, it is pointed out that in some Canadian cities there are now only 15 deaths per 100,000 population from tuberculosis.

### WELL PUT

A long-haired youth entered a music publisher's office carrying under his arm a small roll of paper.

"Good afternoon," said the publisher. "Well—er—I have a song here," he began, "and I was wondering if you would publish it. Er—shall I sing it?"

"Oh, yes, let's hear it," said the publisher, and the youth burst forth. "Well," asked the young man, "what do I get for it?" "Oh," replied the other, with an air of resignation, "I'm a publisher, not a magistrate."

### SALLY'S SALLIES



## Chronicles of a Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press GWENDOLINE F. CLARKE

This week's Chronicle was just about ready to mail when, suddenly and unexpectedly, came the news of Lord Tweedsmuir's death. I say "suddenly" because death, whenever it comes, whether without warning or after a prolonged illness, always has in it a quality of suddenness. And "unexpectedly" because, although one could not help but realize the seriousness of the Governor-General's illness yet, such is one's faith in the marvellous skill of present-day surgeons, that one instinctively had the feeling that somehow the doctors would succeed in bringing their patient through.

But it was not to be. Lord Tweedsmuir, so near the completion of a faithful and momentous term of office, has been called home and our country loses a man who in his quiet, dignified way had endeavored himself to people through-out the length and breadth of Canada.

In fact we suffer a double loss because John Buchan has gone from us too—and we were looking forward to his books with a Canadian background which we had hoped the novelist would write in the quiet restfulness of his country home, whence we know he had hoped to retire after his strenuous years of public life.

Sometimes I wonder how far the responsibilities of public life tend to shorten the years of a man's life. Think of Ramsay MacDonald, and think, too, of what Prime Minister Chamberlain must be going through. The nervous strain resulting from such unprecedented responsibilities must be a tremendous burden to a conscientious man. And yet how quick we are to criticize—whatever is done by anyone in high office. Doesn't it almost make you ashamed sometimes to think of it? Not that Lord Tweedsmuir was criticized. In fact I cannot think of anyone at whom less criticism has been leveled. But we know there are other prominent public servants living in Canada to-day who are even now bearing the full barrage of public criticism. But should they die how differently we should speak of them. What a pity they are not allowed the privilege of reading their own obituaries.

I suppose we all criticize too quickly and unthinkingly. Perhaps if I gave more thought to the difficulties confronting men in public office we might have less to say. Or again we might form a habit of giving people the benefit of the doubt and as give them credit for doing the best they can according to their own way of looking at things.

Glancing back over the week I can't think of anything out of the ordinary that has happened right here at Ginger Farm, except that Partner has taken to knitting! Night after night he has watched me at my knitting, first a scarf, and then a sleeveless sweater.

"I'll bet I could knit a scarf if I tried," said Partner. "I did enough knitting when I was in hospital during the last war so there is no reason why I shouldn't be able to do it again."

That was all for that night. The next evening Partner was watching me again. "Have you got any spare needles?" he asked suddenly. I nodded. "Well, then, set me up some knitting," said Partner. "I'll have a shot at it anyway."

So off I went for yarn and needles and in a little while there was Partner, knitting away as nice as you please. Of course it is only if a scarf he is making, but still there are no mistakes and no dropped stitches and he has done about ten inches!

Do you like reading stories of Nazi Germany? If you do, then "Escape," by Ethel Vance, is one book you shouldn't miss. It is a wonderful story of its type and holds your interest to the very last word. It is the story of a German-born American who has property in Germany and tries to sell it. She meets with some difficulty and goes to Germany to straighten things out. It is against the Nazi law to send money out of the country and so this woman, who had unfortunately omitted to take out American citizenship papers, is arrested, tried and sentenced to death. What she and those who connive at her escape endure is just about hair-raising, especially as it does not sound at all far-fetched—knowing what we do of present day German atrocities.

Some friends of mine have invited me to go with them to a performance of "Come With the Wind"—if and when they go. And here's hoping they decide to go, and that they can manage to obtain tickets.

### A BIT MIXED

"I am so glad to see so many new faces here this evening," said the vicar, "and after the meeting I should like to shake hands with them."

### "IT ALL DEPENDS"

The Duke of Windsor, when he first visited High River, where the E. P. Ranch is located, is quoted as having said that the difference between a farmer and an agriculturist is that "the farmer makes his money in the country and wastes it in the city and an agriculturist makes his money in the city and wastes it in the country."

Naturally, the sally—which was not original—met with loud laughter from the roomful of farmers and ranchers at the luncheon at which H.R.F. spoke.

No matter who said it first, the saying has a great deal of truth in it. I am neither farmer nor agriculturist, although I live in the country—but I am rapidly becoming philosopher enough to realize that without the ingrained knowledge of living things that comes from growing up with them, a city man is just 180 pounds of inept weight.

And I haven't even the satisfaction of thinking that a lawyer in my job would be as helpless as I would be in his. It always seems to me that anyone who has passed out of "Grade Seven" or "Senior Fourth," is capable of writing down what he sees, and does and thinks.

To get back to the subject of weight. Last Saturday we felled a tree. It was an elm, a lovely majestic tree, a century and a quarter old. Of course it was a shame to cut the tree down, but there was a reason. Forty or fifty years ago a high wind or a flash of lightning tore a big branch from the elm and ripped a cruel gash down the trunk. For a long time that didn't matter to anyone except the tree, and it, bravely making the best of things, grew thicker and taller and spread its leafy branches wider and wider. Unfortunately, the thicker the trunk grew the wider and deeper grew the wound in its trunk until at last there was danger that the next high wind would blow the tree down.

There was only one thing to be done. Just as a decayed tree must come out for the good of the rest of the body, or a dictator-infested people must be disinfected for the good of the rest of the world, the tree had to come down.

In its century and a quarter of life that elm had grown to a great height and had spread its branches over such an area that the problem was to get it down without breaking nearby trees or injuring the house.

I wrote, "we felled a tree"—as a matter of fact I felled it. But only because I weigh 180 pounds—not because I am a woodsman. A friend of mine who is as good a stone-mason as ever built a chimney, as might a hurrer as ever spent two weeks in the bush and came home with an alibi and as good a logger as ever topped a B.C. fir, together with a fellow-sawyer, undertook the job.

One of the two huge main branches they lopped off on the Friday while I was at work. The other was cut neatly through when I arrived on the scene on Saturday afternoon. Eight above the cut an end of a 150 foot rope was tied. The other end of the rope was anchored to a sturdy trunk 100 feet away. As I watched they cut through as far as was safe. Then because the big limb had been inclined by decades of prevailing westerly winds in the wrong direction, they put a strain upon the rope to start the fall towards the clear space.

They strained, and took up the slack of the rope, and strained again. The tree swayed towards them. Yet each time it reached a certain point the long

habit of years asserted itself and the massive limb straightened again and inclined to the east.

So I volunteered. Volunteered with all the diffidence of the untried amateur. "Can you use more weight?"

My friend looked me over. Not as you would look over the man who is paying you for the job—more as you would look over a helper or a shoat at the country fair before making an offer.

"I think your weight will just about do it," he said, "pull when I tell you to, and when she starts to go run back towards the house."

With my added weight about the fourth pull started the fall. But I didn't run towards the house. Neither did the two experts.

We all fell on our backs in the snow and watched the big branch crash down. It didn't fall just where we wanted it, but our efforts were sufficient to keep it from doing any great damage.

And the moral? Well, there isn't much of a moral unless it is that just a little bit of additional weight added to the practised work of the expert will sometimes do a job that could not be accomplished without the co-operation.

### SIXTY YEARS OF SOMETHING

Let's step for a moment into the world of 1880," suggests a certain very progressive Canadian corporation in a newspaper statement which goes on to mention with a touch of humor the stuffy parlor of sixty years ago, the gloomy draperies, the what-not with its sea shells and glass-enclosed flowers seen in the dim light of the primed hanging lamp. Then along came progress, the statement continues, and "The Victorian household was never to be the same again. The pace at which life moved began to speed up. A new era had begun."

There will be a great many people in this country who will look with nostalgic interest upon the invitation to step back into the world of 1880. They will appreciate that to do so would be to give up tremendous advantages, but in these days they will at least pause to regret that they cannot also have the advantages of 1880.

To go back would mean to lose their automobile, telephone, radio, electric lights, most of their plumbing and heating appliances and all their chances of seeing "Gone With the Wind" in the movies. For a factory worker it would mean lower wages and worse working conditions. For sick paupers it would mean that anachronism, the potter's field. For a large part of the population it would mean less schooling but perhaps more horse sense because the horse was more important then. For everyone it would mean mud and a startling amount of filth in food and elsewhere. And there would be no junk organs.

Yet, the invitation to step back into that less hurried era has its attraction. Indications of this longing may perhaps be seen in the current old-fashioned styles of women's clothes. Even after "the good old days" have been thoroughly debunked, there still remains the fact that in this country at least we could in those times achieve some measure of sociological and economic freedom by debate and vote. Now freedom balances in the valor of our arms and of our allies' arms. All our vaunted progress has to be used to defend life itself.

The Victorian parlor may have been a bit dull, but it was not so likely to get bombed.—The Printed Word.

**\*They Make Delicious Tea**

# "SALADA"

**\*TEA BAGS**

**LITERARY EVENING**

Not long ago admirers of Canada's oldest living poet gathered to celebrate his eightieth birthday. The occasion brought together not only readers but also writers who were glad to show by their presence the respect in which they hold the dean of their profession.

In fact, admirers were so numerous that the small hall where they met was uncomfortably crowded. When the guest of honor rose to acknowledge the tributes that had been paid to him and to read some selections from his own works, those at the rear of the hall had some difficulty in hearing his voice above the noise of passing footsteps.

It was observed that a younger poet, Mr. Blank, took this annoyance philosophically. He drew from his pocket a slender book of poems and began to read them. A neighbor, also finding it difficult to following the reading, looked over Mr. Blank's shoulder, but discovered that the book did not assist him. It was the latest (and only) publication of Mr. Blank himself.—The Printed Word.

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Honourable James G. Gardiner, Minister

**"Carry On!" --- Watchword on Home Front**

Guns and grain, meat and machinery, agriculture and aircraft—Canada is "carrying on" at home with a gigantic up-swing in production in all kinds.

War effort is readily recognized as three young airmen study a reconnaissance map (Upper Right), and as Major-General McNaughton, commanding the First Division, C.A.S.F., discusses operations with Lieut.-Col. Lee, Camp Commandant, C.N.E. Barracks, Toronto. But behind the scenes, the blast furnace and forge call the expert metal workers to the colors (Centre) and armed only with a dinner pail, Canada's army of workers march to win this war through their power to produce (Upper Left).

The CBC Feature Production Staff, three of whom are shown Lower Left, including Samuel Harsenboorn, Musical Director, Harold Symes, sound effects operator, and J. Frank Willis, producer, will give Canadian listeners, each week, a glimpse behind the scenes of Canada's great war effort on the home front. CBC Mobile Units will visit munition plants and granaries, machine gun factories, abattoirs and shipping depots.

The CBC Feature Department is working in close co-operation with the office of the Director of the Department of Public Information to bring to National Network audiences each Sunday evening, an up-to-the-minute survey of Canada's war effort in all its aspects. The first broadcast of "Carry On" will be produced from Toronto, Sunday, February 18th, 9.00 to 9.30 p.m., E.S.T.