

# Household Hints

By MRS. MARY MORTON

## Menu Hint

Liver and Bacon Mashed Potatoes  
Spinach  
Watercress with French Dressing  
Orange Glaze  
Tea

## Today's Recipes

Orange Glaze—One-half cup butter and lard, one cup sugar, two eggs, two-thirds cup sour milk, two cups flour, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon baking soda, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one cup nuts (optional), grated rind one orange. Four juice of orange over half a cup of sugar and let stand while cake bakes. Cream shortening and sugar. Add dry ingredients and sour milk alternately. Bake 45 minutes in tube pan at 325 degrees. Remove from pan and pour orange juice and sugar mixture over cake while hot.

Potatoes—A favorite method of cooking potatoes on a camp fire is to prepare the frying pan at home. In the bottom place bacon cut in cubes and onions sliced thin. Over that place cold boiled potatoes, seasoned. It's all ready to put over the camp fire.

Salmon and Parsley Canape  
Mince salmon and mix with well-seasoned mayonnaise and onion juice. Spread on buttered rounds of toast. Place a slice of hard-cooked egg in centre with parsley and minced chives.



When making baking powder biscuits, lift them on top with a fork before putting them in the oven. They will come out light and fluffy, if properly made.

## TEA CAKES THAT STAY FRESH

By Betty Barclay

Everyone likes cakes and tea breads enriched with fruit, but the economical housewife often hesitates to make these delicacies because they dry out quickly unless eaten soon after baking. Even the next day the fruits are likely to be dried into bulletlike lumps. Thus the taste of the whole cake is ruined.

Lately I have made some exciting discoveries about this. Certain English bakers, I was told, have long used glycerine in various kinds of cakes—especially their luscious fruit loaves—to keep them moist and palatable to the last bite.

I tried it myself in some of my favorite fruit bread and cake recipes, with real success. Not only did the cakes remain fresh many days longer, but the fruit was brighter, juicier, had a more appetizing appearance. All I did was rub the fruit with glycerine, allowing it to stand for half an hour; then I made the cake as usual. Just a quarter teaspoonful of glycerine was enough for a standard small family recipe. The wholesome liquid acts like magic in keeping fresh things fresh.

I know you will want to try this yourself, so here is a fruit tea bread recipe to experiment on. I'm sure you will be as pleased as I was.

### HONEY FRUIT TEA BREAD

- 1/2 cup honey
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup pitted dates, sliced
- 1/2 cup dried apricots, chopped
- 1 teaspoon glycerine
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 egg
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 cup wheat bran flour

Rub fruit with glycerine and allow to stand at least one half hour. Mix honey, sugar, shortening, salt, fruit and milk. Heat slowly until sugar is dissolved and shortening melted. Cool to room temperature. Add lemon juice and beaten egg. Sift flour, soda, and baking powder together. Mix in wheat bran flour. Add dry ingredients to fruit mixture and stir well. Do not beat. Bake in a greased loaf pan, lined with wax paper, in a moderate oven for one hour.

## The Free Press' Short Story

### "WELCOME TO GOLD BUG"

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

WHEN Thorpe Golden received word that his sister Anne was coming from Dakota to "make him a good long visit," he was thrown into confusion. While pleased and delighted that she was coming, he was somewhat agitated over the problem of providing her with comfortable quarters. As an amateur of the California quartz mine, the question of living quarters did not worry Thorpe much. A rough cot in the bunk house and a seat at the camp mess table were all he needed.

Life would now be different—considerably different. Thorpe began preparations by selecting what appeared to be one of the most suitable cabins in Gold Bug, and proceeded to put it in order. Almost four years had passed since he had seen Anne. She was fifteen then, just a spry little girl, with long curls and freckles on her nose. She would be a young woman now, mature, changed, and very much a lady.

Although a score of unattached and unmarried younger men of the crew would gladly have lent a hand at getting the cabin ready, Thorpe generously allowed his bunk mate, Philip Mayfield, the special privilege of raking the dirt out of the shanty, brushing down the cobwebs, cleaning the windows, and putting new paper on the kitchen shelves. The walls were given a fresh coat of whitewash, the plank floor was scrubbed, and a rug was put down in front of the fireplace. A real cookstove, not much larger than a cracker box, was installed in the kitchen. Cups of white china, saucers, plates, and mining camp "silverware," helped make the culinary portion of the shanty complete.

Just two days before the scheduled time for Anne to arrive, Thorpe met with an accident, which though not serious, would prevent his "going down the hill" to meet her. She was to reach Boulder, the nearest railway station, thirty miles from the mining camp, at seven o'clock in the morning. The motor stage left just thirty minutes later on its daily trip to Gold Bug.

Once again Philip Mayfield came in high favor. To him was delegated the honor of going down to meet Anne, and of being her escort to the mining camp. Philip, accordingly got two days' leave from the boss. One of these he used in properly fitting himself out for the momentous journey. He bought himself a new Stetson and a full suit of corduroy, a flannel shirt, and boots. He also purchased the biggest and brightest crumple he could find in the camp store. It was a four-in-hand, and Philip, with a miner's clumsiness, could not arrange it alone. Thorpe fixed it for him, with the understanding that it was to remain just that way until Philip's return.

Then came final instructions. No commanding general on the firing line, issuing an order to a special messenger just before the zero hour, could have been more gravely serious than was Thorpe when he sent forth his trusted friend on that important mission. "Do not fall to be at the depot when the Overland rolls in. There won't be many passengers to get off, so you'll have no trouble recognizing Anne, even though you've never seen her. She's changed quite a bit since I last saw her, but you'll know her by her brown hair, dark eyes, and freckled nose. She's probably quite plump, too, and a bit shy. Good-by, Phil, and good luck!"

Very solemnly, Philip grasped Thorpe's hand, the one that had not been burned in the laboratory fire. Bandaged and propped on a cot in the emergency ward of the camp hospital, Thorpe then looked through a window and saw his friend board the outgoing stage.

"The motor coach made the trip to Boulder in less than two hours, where it remained over night. The distinguished emissary found a room at the one hotel, but he did not sleep. He had a number of things on his mind, chief of which was a mental picture of the girl he was to meet. He wondered if she would be as attractive as Thorpe had portrayed—'brown hair, dark eyes, freckled cheeks, quite plump, and a bit shy.' That description, given at long range, and after an absence of four years, might not fit Anne at all now.

It was difficult, too, for Philip to understand why he should have been chosen for this significant function. He knew he was not handsome, and there were a dozen others in Gold Bug who had finer manners. He decided that Thorpe must have picked him for no other reason than that he was homesy, but most of all, because he was Thorpe's friend. Certainly it was big and splendid of his bunk mate to give him this privilege.

Philip had a six-o'clock breakfast, and was at the depot a half hour later. As the train was thirty minutes behind schedule, he had a whole hour to wait. He tramped restlessly back and forth, the length of the station platform. He felt nervous about his personal appearance. His boots had lost their shine, his corduroys their crease, and his crimson tie hung as limp and shapeless as a rag on a line.

Finally the delayed Overland roared into Boulder. As it was making up lost time, it passed very briefly at the desert town. Philip had posted himself mid-

and miscellaneous baggage, sat Philip Mayfield.

"There he is! That's Phil!" chorused a score of diggers.

"And he's got two girls instead of one!"

On up to the post station rattled the laboring machine. The girl at the wheel steered into Gold Bug with the precision and certainty of an experienced pilot bringing a vessel into port. A modish, tight-fitting little hat was drawn close over her bobbed, brown curls. Her lips were red as laurel berries, and her black eyes sparkled alertly as she brought the dusty car to a halt. A smile that was half roughish, half shy, lighted her face.

As if to break the silence, and properly announce her arrival, the alert young lady at the wheel stood up and called, "Gentlemen of Gold Bug, I am returning the worthy emissary my brother sent down to Boulder, Mr. Philip Mayfield. I am Anne Golden."

"The crowd, no longer able to restrain itself, tumbled loose a rousing 'Hoo-ray for Anne! Welcome, Anne, welcome!' "And this is my friend and Philip's friend, Gilda Austin, who has decided to make Gold Bug her home, instead of Silver Bell, if a job can be found for her brother."

"We'll keep her! And find a dozen jobs for her brother!" shouted the diggers.

All lent a willing hand in helping Philip unload the little automobile Anne had hastily rented at Boulder to overtake the coach, when she discovered that Philip had gone on with the wrong girl.

"And now I want to meet that injured brother of mine," demanded Anne, jumping out of the machine. She turned and took the other girl's hand. "Come on, Gilda! This is Gold Bug—"

"And you're home, laddest Right at home!" welcomed the big-hearted diggers.

## FINE SPIRIT ON TORONTO'S NEW 1936 HUSTLING CREW

Manager Isaac Morgan Boone has reason to be proud of his 1936 edition of the Toronto Baseball Club. The boys are hustling and a hustling ball club makes their own breaks and wins ball games. Since their arrival home the Maple Leafs have been playing grand baseball. The pitching of Leroy Herrman against Newark when he went for ten full innings and held the heavy hitting Bears not only unscathed but hitless, won acclaim throughout the baseball circles of North America.

It was the first no-hit game pitched by a Toronto hurler since 1928, when Johnny Prudhomme turned the trick for the Leafs against the Reading club. Herrman's fine effort has been followed up by other members of the Toronto pitching staff—Frank Nekola hurled something like twenty scoreless innings, winning two ball games in the bargain, before he was scored upon. Lefty Jimmy Patton has recovered from a sore arm injury and celebrated the occasion with a three-hit pitching victory over the Albany club.

## HORSE BREEDING ACTIVITIES INCREASE

Another old-timer, the horse, is staging a come-back in Ontario. There was a very marked increase in horse breeding in the season of 1935 over the season of 1934. The number of colts and fillies on farms increased from 47,400 on June 1st, 1934, to 49,300 on June 1st, 1935. Some localities reported three times as many foals raised in 1935 as were raised in 1933.

Horse population and demand are both on the increase. The price of farm work horses has increased from 25 to 45 per cent, over 1933, and at the present time ranges from about \$75 to \$175, depending upon age, quality, and soundness. During 1935—a considerable number of high-class horses were exported to the United States. A large number of mares of breeding age were bought in the western part of the province by Michigan buyers, and a shipment of breeding stock was made from the Orangeville district to Pennsylvania. Prices ranged from \$175 for fillies up to \$285 for mares.

There has also been a demand for high-class draft geldings of show calibre, and a considerable number of these have been sold to United States buyers to equip six-horse outfits for advertising purposes.

## Canadian Attacked



DR. T. A. LAMBIE With Addis Ababa in flames as native tribesmen revolt against whites, foreigners' lives are in great danger. A former Canadian, Dr. T. A. Lambie, now a naturalized Ethiopian, and his wife, formerly of Toronto, had a narrow escape when they were attacked by the Red Cross hospital.

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# "SALADA" TEA

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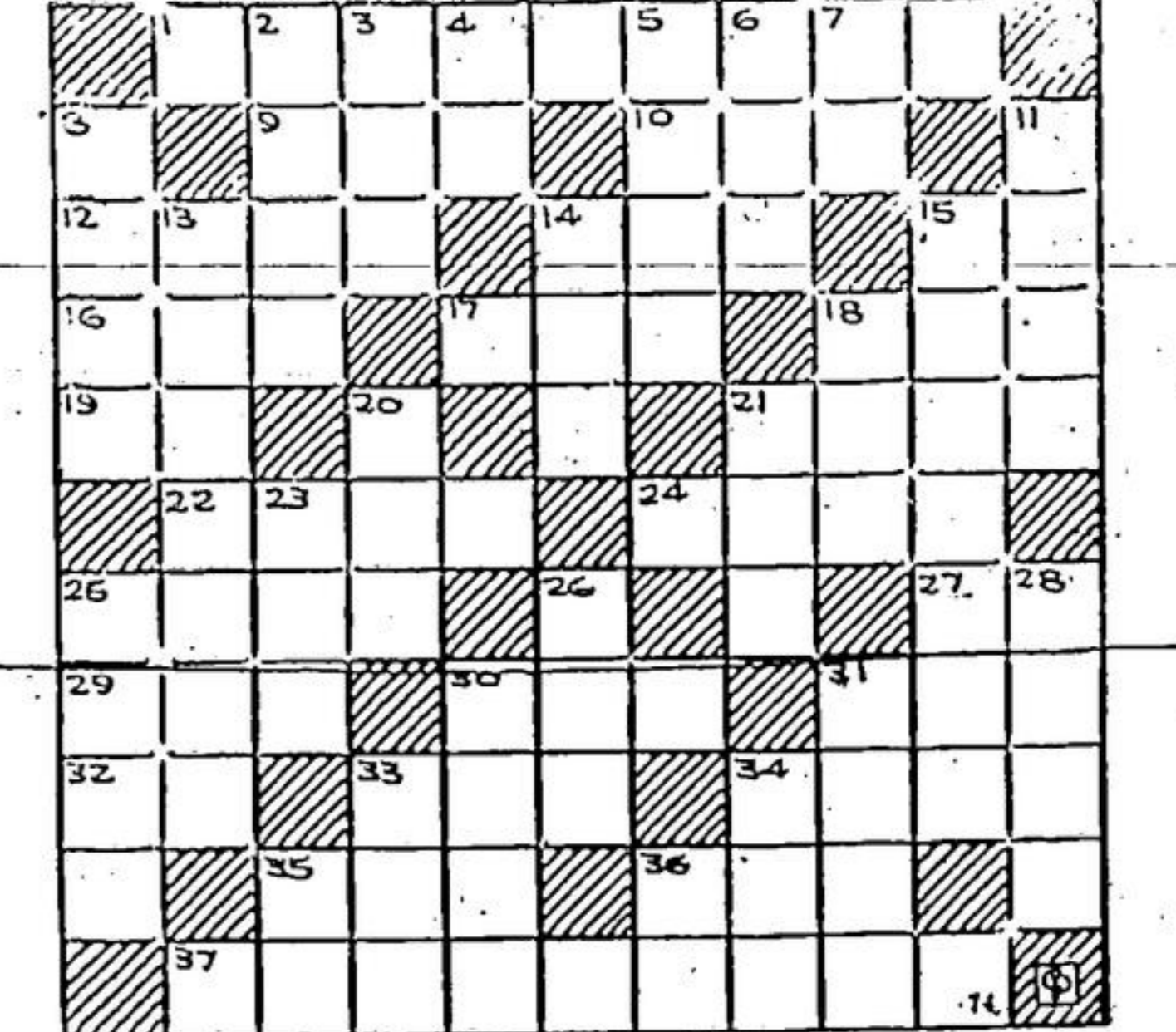


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## CROSS WORD PUZZLE



- ACROSS
- 1—Mixed
  - 2—Itemize
  - 3—Spare the and spoil the child
  - 4—An island and treaty port in China
  - 5—A rapid drop followed by a climb (aero.)
  - 6—Note of the scale
  - 7—A kind of bean of China
  - 8—A slit
  - 9—Definite article
  - 10—Thus
  - 11—A hubbub on the surface of a liquid
  - 12—An armored
- nickname
- 13—An oddish fish
  - 14—Variantly mottled
  - 15—Debating
  - 16—Excavated
  - 17—Make sharp
  - 18—A golf peg for raising the ball
  - 19—Writing fluid
  - 20—A Turkish governor
  - 21—A connective
- 22—A culinary herb related to the onion
- 23—A drinking cup
- 24—Known table
- 25—Sical in this
- 26—South African antelope
- 27—Expression of surprise
- 28—By

- DOWN
- 1—Surfeit
  - 2—One of the rods supporting the roof of a fish
  - 3—Chopping tool
  - 4—A young herring
  - 5—To cut off
  - 6—Masculline

## Greta Garbo Poses—Willingly



GRETA GARBO UPON HER RETURN FROM SWEDEN  
Consenting for the first time to an arranged interview, Greta Garbo elusive screen star, is pictured posing willingly following her arrival in New York from a year's vacation in her native Sweden. Nervous and pale, due to illness, the actress answered questions in this manner: "I have no home—I am just a wanderer—I did not enjoy my year in Sweden—how can you enjoy yourself when you have been sick—it was something—well, like the gripe—I am glad to be back."

## SCOTT'S SCRAPBOOK

by R. J. SCOTT

Amphibious, the mosquito which carries malaria, rests by standing on its head.

THE MACE OF THE UPPER CANADA LEGISLATURE, CAPTURED BY THE AMERICAN ARMY AT THE BATTLE OF YORK, IN 1813, WAS OBTAINED BY THE CANADIANS AFTER BEING HELD AS A WAR TROPHY FOR MORE THAN 121 YEARS.

HOW COLLECTORS MAY TELL THE VALUES ON STAMPS FROM CHINA

How collectors may tell the values on stamps from China