## Household-Hints By MRS. MARY MORTON

Menu Hint Liver and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Spinach

Watercress with French Dressing Orange Glaze Here is a new but simple cake recipe for you to try. Potatoes now are pretty old, and somewhat tasteless, but by bolling, mashing and essoning them well, they will still taste good until the new ones are chesp enough to be used on our

To-day's Recipes Orange Glaze.-One-half cup bulter and lard, one cup sugar, two ever two-thirds cup sour milk, two cups flour, one tenspoon soda, one teaspoon baking sods, one-fourth teaspoon salt one cup nuts (op-

tional), grated rind one orange. fulce of orange over half a cup of sugar and let stand while cake bakes. Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs. Add dry inredients 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

Picnic 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 slice cold boiled potatoes, seasoned. It's all ready to put over the camp fire.

Salmon and Farsley Canape Mince salmon and mix with welleasoned mayonnaise and onion luice. Spread on buttered rounds of Place a slice of hard-cooked egg in centre with parsley and



..-n making baking powder biscuits, then on top with a lock before puting them in the oven. They will come out igid and flully, if properly made.

#### TEA CAKES THAT STAY PRESH 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 molet 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, juicler, 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

14 cup honey 3 tablespoons shortening

1 teaspoon salt 1/4 cup pitted dates, allocat 4 cup dried apricobs, chopped 14 teaspoon glycerine

1 cup milk 1 tablespoon lemon juice

1 egg 14 teaspoon soda 4 teaspoons baking powder is cup wheat bran flour

Rub fruit with glycerine and allow to Heat slowly only until sugar is dissolved in the kitchen. Cups of white china, the hospital now, but he won't stay there and shortening melted. Cool to room beaten egg. Sift flour, cods, and baking portion of the shanty complete. 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.

# Greta Garbo Poses-Willingly



GRETA GARBO UPON HER RETURN FROM SWEDEN Consenting for the first time to an arranged interview, Greta Garbo clusive 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 sickit was something-well, like the grippe-I am glad to be back."

#### by R. J. SCOTT SCOTT'S SCRAPBOOK Amorheles. THE MOSQUITO WHICH CARRIES MALARIA RESTS BY MUCH LIKE SHIPS ARE TODAY -THE GREAT GUN OF GHENT WAS CALLED DULLE GRIETE'- THE BRITISH HAD THEIR 'MARY ROSE' - "THE LION WHICH BURST, KILLED KING JAMES IL OF SCOTLAND-THORABLY THE MOST FAMOUS, MONS MEG, NOW IN EDINBURGH CASTLE, THREW GRANITE SHOT WEIGHING HUNDREDS OF FOUNDS THE MACE OF THE UPPER ANADA LEGISLATURE CAPTURED BY THE AMERICAH ARMY AT THE BATTLE OF YORK, IN 18131. -WAS-PUTURNED BY THE WHILD STATES 16 THE CANADIANS APPER BEING HELD COLLECTORS BEHAVIOR FOR MORE THAN TELL THE

121 YEARS

VALUES ON STAMPS

TROM CHINA

# The Bree Press Short Story

"WELCOME TO GOLD BUG"

By DENIIS H. STOVALL

\*

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 gitated over the problem of providing her with comfortable quarters. As amairamator 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 sprite of a girl, with long curls and freckles on her nose. She would be a young woman now, mature, changed,

Although a score of unattached and unmarried younger men of the 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 stand at least one half hour. Mix honey, fireplace. A real cookstove, not much hastened to assure her. "Your brother sugar, shortening, salt, fruit and milk. larger than a cracker box, was installed will be all right in a few days. He's in temperature. Add lemon Juice and "cilverware," helped make the culinary for your trunk. Of course you have a

Just two days before the scheduled with an accident, which though not the hill" to meet her. She was to reach the checks and gave them to Phillp. Boulder, the nearest rallway 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 corduroy, a flannel shirt, and bcots He also purchased the biggest brightest crimson tie he could find in the camp store. It was a four-in-hand, and Philip, with a miner's clumsings, could not arrange it alone. Thorpe fixed it for him, with the understanding that it was to remain just that way until Philip's

Then came final instructions. commanding general on the firing line, Esuing an order to a special messenger just before the zero hour, could have been more gravely serious than was Thorne when he sent forth his trusted friend on that important mission. not fall to be at the depot when Overland rolls in. There won't be many you've never seen her. She's changed quite a bit since I last saw her, but youll know her by her brown hair, dark eyes, and freckled note. She's probably quite plump, too, and a bit shy. Goodby, Phil, and good, luck!"

Very colemnly, Philip grasped Thorpe's hand, the one that had not been burned "You must believe me when I tell you I in the laboratory fire. Bandaged and was sent to Boulder to meet a girl who propped on a cot in the emergency ward was to arrive there on the early mornof the camp hospital, Thorpe then look- ing train from Dakota. Her name is ed through a window and saw his friend Anne Golden, and her brother, Thorpe, board the outgoing stage.

Boulder in less than two hours, where it could not come, so he sent me. And remained over night. The distinguished I've made a mess of the whole works!" emissary found a room at the one hotel. of things on his mind, chief of which was a mental picture of the girl he was "I am as much at fault as you. I to meet. He wondered if she would be as attractive as Thorpe had portrayedquite 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 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 reas n than that he was homely, 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 cordroys their crease, and his crimson eye was turned to the road. A car tie hung as limp and shapeless as a rag climbed up and over the rim- o

on a line. into Boulder. As it was making up lost town. Philip had posted himself mid- buried by the loads of trunks suit cases,

CHEN Thorpe; Golden received word | way of the platform, and tried to look that his sister Anne was coming in both directions when the long line of coaches came to a stop. He saw white-coated porter emerge from a ves tibule and set his little portable step on the gravel. A girl alighted.

> Philip felt his heart take an extra jump as he adjusted his Stetson to the proper angle and fingered his the again; then he boldly advanced. By the time he was halfway to the new arrival, the impatient Overland was rolling on toward the west. A few others had quitted the train here but they were of no increst to him.

"Howdy-er-Mks - howdy!" The stammering digger extended a welcoming hand. Twice he tried to speak her name, but it escaped him utterly-vanished from his confused mind as completely us though he nover had heard it.

His embarrassment amused the girl. She smiled, and took his hand, pressing it warmly. He saw then that her eyes were not dark, but blue, her hair was like spun gold, and there were no freckles on her nose. Thorpe must be color

"I'm here-in your brother's place," Philip told her. "He had an accident. just recently."

"Oh, Brother hurt? I'm no sorry to hear it. I do hope he isn't badly in-"Don't be worried, Miss-" Philip

saucers, plates, and mining camp long. Gimme your stuff and the check trunk. Thorpe said you'd stay a while." "Yes, two trunks!" laughed the girl.

serious, would prevent his "going down the way here to meet me." She found ten full innings and held the heavy hit-

He located the trunks and made certain they were loaded on the coach; then he helped the girl to a seat in the

stage. He had gained his compasure by now, and felt like a prince. scurried over to a lunch counter and gave a ruth order for two sandwiches As he ran back to the stage, he heard shout in a shrill voice but he was in too much of a hurry to glance back.

They had the big car almost to themselves. No others were in the observation compartment. While they munched the sandwiches, Philip waxed eloquent over the scenery.

"It's wonderful-marvelous - beautiful," breathed the girl. "And it will be even more lovely out at Silver Bell-"Silver Bell!" Philip jerked erect and gave her an amazed stare. 'Please now -er-Miss-don't get that measly camp mixed with Gold Bug. It's Gold Bug-

"Gold Bug!" The girl raised up tiffly. A frightened look flashed into in 1933. her blue eyes. "I know nothing about Gold Bug. My brother is at Suver Bell! on the increase. The price of farm work He was to meet me with a car-his own car-this morning. have happened-or there has been a dreadful mistake. I supplie, of course, ing upon age, quality, and soundness. you were telling-me-the-truth." ---

"I did tell you the truth-er-Miss-" "Austin is my name! Gilda Austin!" "Listen, please listen!" begged Philip. my best friend, is her brother. He was "the motor couch made the trip to injured in a fire the other day and

"You must not take all the blamet" but he did not sleep. He had a number interpased the girl. She still looked worried, but the fear had left her eyes. should have taken more time to investigate before leaving Boulder. You have "Brown hair, dark eyes, freckled cheeks, been kind, and I am grateful. But I must go back."

> At this moment they were interrupted by the rancous honking of an automobile horn, and the golsy clattering of a car. Philip and the girl looked back quickly. "There's a car coming!" the young man exolatment. - Maybe we can get it to turn round and take us back!"

Instead of g ing directly to their bunks soon after breakfast as was their usual custom, the diggers of the night shift that May morning, joined the crowd of lotterers who waited at the post station for the arrival of the B uldermoor stay;".

"Philip will soon be here!" said one! to another. "He la bringing Thorpe!

Golden's stater! The lucky dog!"

This morning was heard, not the deeptined thunder of the high-powered stage, but a wild clattering, intermingled with a hoarse "Honk! Honk!" Every waiting digger was at once on his toes, every the grade, its engine spluttering, the Pinally the delayed Overland roated radiator steaming. A girl was at the wheel, and another girl sat with her in time, it patied very briefly at the desert the front seat. In the rear, almost

and miscellaneous baggage, sat Philip Mayfield. "There he is! That's Phill" chorused

score of diggers. "And he's got two girls instead of

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 rogulah, half shy, lighted her face. As if to break the slience, 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. am Anne Golden-"

The crowd, no longer able to restrain itself, turned loose a rousing "Hoo-ray for Annel 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 dig-

All lent a willing hand in helping Philip unload the little automobile Anne had hastily rented at Boulder to overtake the coach, when the discovered that Philip had gone on with the wrong girl. "And now I want to meet that injured brother of mine," demanded Anne, lumning out of the machine. She turned and took the other girl's hand. "Come on, Gildat This is Gold Bug-"

"And you're home, ladlest Right at homel" welcomed the big-hearted dig-

FINE SPIRIT ON TORONTO'S NEW 1936 HUSTLING CREW

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 time for Anne to arrive, Thorpe met 'Here are the checks. It's very kind of baseball. The pitching of Lercy Herryou to help me this way and to come all man against Newark when he went for ting Bears not only runless but hitles; He grabbed them hurriedly, and load- won acclaim throughout the baseball ed himself down with suit cases, pack- circles of North America. It was the ages, and parcels. "The stage leaves at first no-hit game pitched by a Toronto once," he explained; "so we'll have to 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, winnings two ball-games in the bargain, before he was scored upon. Lefty Jimmy Pattison has recovered from a sore arm injury an 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 fille 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

Horse population and demand are both horses has increased from 25 to 45 per cent, over 1933, and at the present time ranges from about \$75 to \$175, depend--During-1936-a-considerable-number-ofhigh-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 slock was made from the Orangeville district to Pennsylvania. Prices ranged from \$175 for fillies up to \$285 for marea. There has also been a demand for highclass draft geldings of show calibre, and conciderable number of these have been sold to United States buyers to equip six-horse outfits for advertising

### 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. Lamble, now a naturalized Ethiopian, and his wife, formerly of Toronto, had a narrow escape when natives attacked his Red Cross

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# TEA

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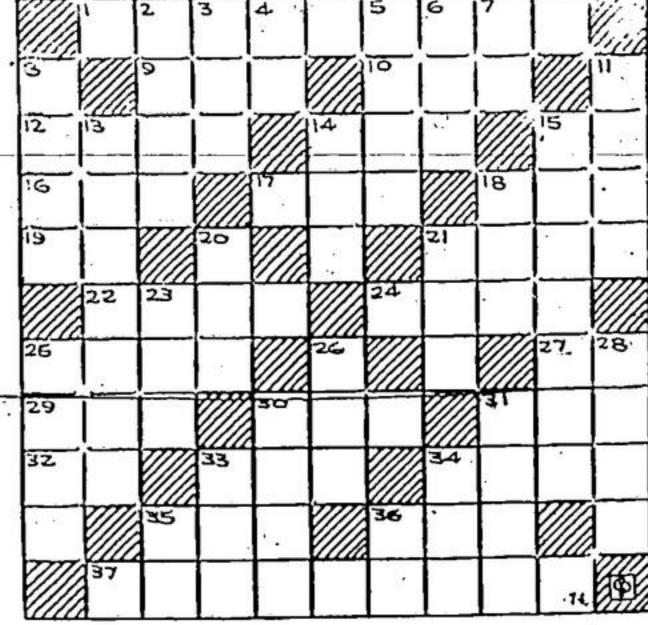
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