Household Hints

By MRS. MARY MORTON

Menu Hin. Meat Platter Potato Salad Hot Rolls Nut Fig Bread Sour Cream Chocolate Cake

Coffee A luncheon, : buffet supper or a plenic meal is suggested. The roast -pork, veal, lamb or beef may be utilized for the cold cuts, or you can have an assortmen of ham and sausages of various kinds, according to your needs. The nut fig bread may be served as a change with the hot rolls. It makes nice sandwiched, too, for school lunches or for picnics.

-To-day's Recipes

Potato Salad-Two pounds potatoes, two Kosher dill pickles, one and one-fourth cups cooked salad dressing. Boll potatoes in jackets. Skin, cool, and cut in half-inch dice. Add diced pickles and, if desired. one small onion, grated. Mix lightly with the salad dressing. Serve cold Serve eight to ten.

Nut Fig Bread-One and one-half cups white flour, three teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt. two cups trahan. flour, one-half cup brown sugar, one-half cup diced figs, one-half cup nut meats, one egg; one and one-half cups milk Sift white flour, measure and sift baking powder and salt Measure grahan, flour and add to white with brown sugar. Mix lightly together. Add figs and nut meats. Beat egg, add milk and stir in dry ingredients. Beat well. Turn into a greased loaf pan, let stand 20 minutes. Bake in a slow oven, 325 degrees, about 50 minutes.

Sour Cream Chocolate Cake -One cup sour heavy cream, one cup sugar, two eggs, one teaspoon vanila extract, one and three-fourths cups pastry flour, one teaspoon baking powder, one-fourth teaspoon soda, three-fourths teaspoon salt, two squares unsweetened chocolate, melted. Place sour cream, sugar, eggs and flavoring in mixing bowl; beat well. Sift together dry ingredients and add to first mixture, mix well and bake in medium hot oven.



If the cap of a bottle will not unscrew easily, wrap a rubber band around it several times. You will find that will generally give your fingers enough grip to unscrew the

NOT HIS BOUTE

An old Negro was taking a Civil Service examination for the position of rural mail carrier. One of the questions asked was: "How far is it from the moon to the earth?"

The old darky exclaimed: "Ef you-all is gwinter put me on that route I'se rouigning before I begins."

Every great mind seeks to labor for eternity. All men are captivated by immediate advantages; great minds alone are excited by the prospect of distant good.—Schiller.

DINNER **STORIES**

NOW WHAT?

A salesman was eloquent about the merits of a certain vacuum cleaner, but the woman of the house wasn't Impressed. She suggested that he talk less and show her what the machine could do.

He took off his coat, fitte: up the cleaner, thrust his arm into the chimney of the open fireplace and brought out a blg handful of soot which he scattered over the parlor



carpet. He then shoveled some ashes from the grate and sprinkled them over the rug, adding a big Then he smiled and rubbed his. hands.

"Now," he said, "I'll show you what this vacuum cleaner can do You'll be surprised, madam. Where's the electric switch?" "Switch?" echoed the surprised woman. "We use gas."

AND THEN SHE WAS SILENT A well known woman who was asked to a public function, was assigned a place between a bishop and



a rabbl. Eager to be the lady of the moment, she said: "I feel as if I were a leaf between the Old and the New Testament." To which the rabbi responded: "That page, madam, usually is a

AS POPE ATTENDED PRESS CONFERENCE



Here is a splendid picture of his holiness Pope Plus XI, made recently at the Vatican as he visited the Roman Catholic press exhibition.

SCOTT'S SCRAPBOOK by R. J. SCOTT PATIENT IN BED! THIS SORT OF THING FREQUENTY HILL-CLIMBING BOATS OCCURRED IN THE CHOWDED CHARITY - OH A BOAT LINE IN EAST PRUSSIA HOSPITALS OF EUROPE, TWO THE BOATS ARE HUNDRED YEARS AGO PERHIED OVER ILLS BETWEEN ARGE ALITO BALL PLAYING IS ALMOST AS OLD AND UNIVERSAL AS THE WMAN RACK-A 4,000-YEAR-OLD LEATHER-COVERED BALL THE IZE DYNASTY IS

HTHE BRITISH MUSKUM!

A KOLID BROHTE FLATUE

The Free Press Short Story

SW ------

By EARL REED SILVERS

AFTER THE FOG

taurant, almost bumped into the corner of the old King's Building. The fog was regulation which required a sixty per so thick that he could hardly see his cent. passing mark. "He'll stick me hand before his face. "As thick as I Wednesday, sure as fate," reflected Wen- but not by cheating." am in algebra," he reflected, and chuck- dell bitterly. "It isn't fair." led without amusement.

dell," sald the latter.

declared the student. "Not many people, around, I suppose."

"You're the first fellow I've seen in an

eat. Have to study into the wee small hours, General." Wendell hurried upstairs to his room

on the second floor, hung his raincoat in the closet, and sat down reluctantly at the mahogany desk in one corner. textbook in advanced algebra lay open on the top of the desk, and he shook his fist at it. "You're ruining my career," he remarked aloud.

"Name your price, Rick."

"Still plugging on algebra, Todd?"

term Preshman subject," he said slow,y, closed around him, "I took it as a Preshman and fulled. I haven't a chance in the world to pass." bachelor members of the faculty. A light

Wendell spoke with bitterness. "I knew Bruisley's room. When he was a few the stuff last year. Rick, but I was flunk, feet away he, he saw that it was open a ed. I know it better now but I'll be few inches.

exam for you."

prides himself on his honesty and con- ckled.

won't graduate, will you?"

"Means another year in college, doesn't the examination in advanced algebra.

know, and he nourishes prejudices. He notice the missing paper, docen't like me, and nothing in the wide world could persuade him to pass me."

strange, though. He's a queer old codger, down the frame until it was open only but people seem to respect him. I saw a few inches. Even if some cne should. him going to the lecture at Abbot Hall meet him now, there would be no danger. to-night. Well, I'd better leave you to He could say that he had been down your studies." Richard walked to the tiwn for a cup of coffee. There was a door and hesitated. "Maybe you got pressure upon his forehead, and his Bruisley wrong, Todd. But anyway, good temples throbbed. He shuffled forward

picked up a pencil and jotted down some ried upstairs and into his room. figures on a large sheet of paper. He he decided that he was simply suffused downward. with algebra. "My mind's in a fog." ne

had been his home for the greater part before him and rested there. He saw of the past four years. On the wall in himself in the centre of the group holdfootball team, with himself in the centre were inscribed the figures. Rarltan 13, holding the ball. Beside if was the Strellen Tech 7. A celebration had been Senior Council, of which he was a mem- held after the victory and the dean of ber, on the other side the Sentor class men, speaking from the steps of Willetts officers. He was vice-president of his Hall, had referred to Wendell Todd, the class, and the other men liked him. He team captain, as a man who could be was a leader, an athlete, and a good depended upon to play the game, student-except for algebra. Braisley, however, Professor Charles II. Braisley, against his forehead relaxed, as though of the department of mathematics; would some one had removed an invisible hand

flunk him, and he would not graduate. the window. Kneeling on the window part which was altogether dishenorable. sent, he rested his elbows on the sill and, gave way to moody reflection. His four the examination paper and gazed at it' years of college had been happy ones blankly. The type was turned downward With the single exception of algebra, he and he could not read the questions. had mastered his lessons easily. Algebra suddenly he knew that, even though his was his Nemests, however; he had no college degree depended upon it, he could mind for mathematics and simply could not stoop to cheating. "I must have

Still, he had tried. He had almost drew on his hat and cout and left the made the grade as a Sophomore, and room again in Junior year. A man less exacting than Professor Braisley would open window, and return the examinahave passed him. After all, Wendell was tion questions but when he reached the through with mathematics for life; he faculty club, he saw to his dimay, that was taking a course in journalism, which the professor had come back from the required little technical knowledge of lecture. Wendell stood uncertainly in

Bruisley, however, had uncompromis- ed to do was to destroy the paperingly held him, to a definite stan- More than that, however, he decided,

***************************** HEAVY gray fog blankeled the the gray- haired professor that by fallure hour ago. I had intended to use the campus. Wendell Todd, return- to pass in a Freshman subject, Wendell ing to the dormitory after a would be deprived of the honor of gradusandwich and coffee at a down-town res- ating with his class. Braisley was unmovable in his adherence to the faculty

A sense of injustice swelled within Head down, he followed the campus, him, and his growing resentment against path to Willetts Hall, where General the professor flared into a seething desire Cobb, the night watchman, was standing for reprisal. "Four years," he argued, in the lighted lobby. "Good night, Wen- "I've played square. Now it's up to me to get a passing mark in any way I can. "I wouldn't call it much of a night," He glared into the fog which pressed against the window, remembering suddenly, that Braisley was at the locture and would not return for an hour two. The professor lived in a corri room on the ground floor of the faculty club, with windows looking directly upon the campus. Wendell knew that one of those windows would be open, even on a foggy night, for Braisley, in campus parlance, was a fresh-air flend. It would be an easy matter to allp through the win- dornitory. Once in his room, he closed dow and search the open room for exam- the algebra book with a gesture of finalmution questions.

Wendell's eyes narrowed. Something strained and taut gripped the young man, He rested his chin in his cupped and his lips became suddenly dry. He handful of soll from the garden | hands and glared at the book The door seemed, miraculously, to have become

opened and Richard Jones came in. He unother person. He was not the captain was the ranking honor student of the of a varsity team who was looked upon Senior class and Wendell regarded him as a square player, but rather a scheming enviously. 'How about renting your stranger he had never known, bent on brains for a couple of days?" he asked. Vengeance upon an enemy who would offer no quarter.

"I wish I could, answered the other. He crossed the room and drew on his slicker. With his felt hat drawn far "Yes." . Wendell leaned back, clasp- over his eyes, he slipped from the room. ing his hands behind his head. Richard closing the door quietly. Suspecting that knew the whole story, but Wendell felt the general would be in the lobby, he that it would be a relief to tell it over went down the back stairs and out of again. "Advanced algebra is a second the side door of the dormitory. The fog Ears alert, he shuffled down a side

repeated as a Sophomore and failed, and path, around the rear of the old King's did the same thing as a Junior. Now, Building. He came, eventually, to the in Senior year I'm taking it again-and nondescript building which housed the "Do you think Braisley will stick you lickered over the front porch, but he. gilded past it like a shadow, and turned "It's as inevitable as the morning sun." left toward the window of Professor

His face was wet with the mist and "That's hard luck," Richard sym- his hands felt clammy. Wendell waited pathized. "I wish that I could take the a minute or so, his eager eyes searching the room. On the centre desk was a "Braisley's been here at college for stack of papers, held down by an ivory that the sun was breaking through the thirty years," Wendell continued. "He weight. "The exams are there," he de-

scientiousness. In Sophomore year he He raised the window slowly and gave me fifty-nine, when sixty would climbed into the room, stepping to one have passed me. Last year it was fifty- side so that he was beyond the aquare of light. Calmly and deliberately he step-"If you don't pass to-morrow, you ped to the table and lifted the paperweight. As he had guessed, the sheets beneath it were mimeographed copies of

He ploked one from the centre of the "Yes," said Wendell. His voice hard- pile, folded it, and jammed it into his ened. "Brakley has had it in for me pocket. This was almost too easy, he ever since Preshman year. He's old, you reflected. The professor would never

Without conscious impulse he went to the window and dropped to the ground Jones nodded thoughtfully. It's into the safety of the fog. pausing to pull automatically until he reached the sid-"I'll need it," mumbled Wendell. He entrance of the dormitory; then he hur-

He hung his coat and hat in the closet, found it simost impossible to study, drew the examination paper from hi, however, and after about fifteen minutes, pocket and tossed-it-on-the desig-face

Seated at the desk, he reached for the paper, but his eyes drifted to the picture He glanced around the room which of the varsity football team on the wall front of him was a picture of the varsity ing a football upon the surface of which

His eyes widened, and the pressure He felt as if he had just awakened from Wendell stood up and walked over to a vivid dream in which he had played a After a moment, Wendell picked up

not cope with the intricate problems pre- been all in a fog," he thought,

With clearly functioning mind, he

It was his plan to slip through the the fcg, telling himself that all he needpaper, he was obligated to return it to its owner. With fast-beating heart, he entered the house and knocked lightly

upon the door of the professor's room. The elderly man greeted him impersonally, showing no surprise at the lateness of his-visit. "What can I do for you, Todd?" he asked.

Wendell reached into his pocket and drew out the rumpled sheet of paper. "I want to give this back to you," he said evenly. "It is a copy of the advanced algebra questions for the examination." The professor's face was inscrutable Where did you get it?"

"I stole it from your room about a half when I got back to the dormitory, I jus couldn't do It."

"I've always played square," said Wendell. "I want to graduate, of course, The professor's faded eyes looked down

upon the paper, "Have you read the questions, Todd?" "No, sir." The professor looked up, and Wendell

found it hard to meet his eyes. "What do you think I ought to do about 1t?" "I don't know," sald Wendell. "It's a matter which requires thought."

The elderly man tore the paper in half and tossed it into a wastebasket, "You will report for the examination to-morrow," he said. "I shall make known my

Wendell nodded. "I'm sorry, sir." be

The gray fog enfolded him in its wet embrace as he made his way to the ity, undressed, and tumbled into bed.

He clept fitfully, and the next morning reported for the examinations. Pur still hung over the campus, but it had thinned comewhat and had hat must v its cold dampness; yet Wendell welcomed the comparative warmth of the class-

He sat down at one of the front decks, devold of hope, but grimly resolved to see the affair through. At the stroke of eight the gray-haired professor advanced to the front of the platform, a small notebook in his hand. "As is my usual custom," he announced tonelossly. "I shall read the names of those who, because they have attained honor marks. are excused from taking the examination." He paused, and a murmur of expectancy arose from the waiting students. "There are four men this year," he continued; "Johnson, Fishbein,

Miller-and Wendell Todd." -Three men wrose happily and stalked from the room, but Wendell remained in his place. There must be some mistake.

He looked up and found the instructor's eyes upon him. "You may be excused, Tod." sald Professor Braisley.

Wendell nodded uncertainly, replaced his pencil in his pocket, and stumbled from the room. He was a man in a daze, but when he reached the campus, shadowing trees.

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CANADIANS AND THEIR INDUSTRIES - AND THEIR BANK

· FRUIT GROWING .

grape business?"

GRAPE GROWER: "Pretty fair, Jonathan. How are apples?"

APPLE GROWER: "Likewise. My young trees are growing like weeds and the old ones are in fine condition and bearing well again. And my financial side is good, too. I've paid off my loan for seedlings at the Bank of Montreal and the Bank has agreed to help me market my crop."

GRAPE GROWER: "So you're another customer of that bank. I'm not surprised, though, the way it takes care of us. I don't

APPLE GROWER: "Hello, Peter, how's the have to worry about credit. The Bank knows I always keep my agreements with them. You will remember, Jonathan, that I enlarged my vineyard last year, and the Bank financed my new posts and wire."

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