

Maine a Paradise for the Lover of Lobsters

Bought or Caught in the Good Old Summer Time, They're Equally Delicious. Sometimes in Maine the Source of Supply is Not Over Four Hundred Feet Away.

Vacation land! That's the insignia which every Maine automobile license carries. You may choose the Maine coast with its rocky shores and innumerable coves, or the inland lakes and forests. To serve the vacationers is a summer industry in Maine.



(By Edith M. Barber)

Along the coast, fishing and lobstering provide products, however, not only for residents and visitors, but for city markets. Before sunrise each morning there is the putt-putt of the outboard motors of the small boats as they go from one lobster trap to another, anchored by buoys of various colors near the shore at this season of the year. When the collection is complete, the lobsters are taken to the lobster car, anchored in a cove where they are purchased and put into the pound to await shipment.

A lobster car, by the way, as I found when I was rowed out to it, is a tiny wooden shack which provides merely shelter for the owner. It is built on top of a float under which is a huge trough of slates through which sea water flows. It is divided into compartments in order that the "shedders" may be protected from their cannibalistic relatives while their shells are soft and their claws are weak. During the summer the lobsters are fed on a deluxe diet of crabmeat which must be broken up for them as the shells of crabs are harder than those of lobsters. During the winter for some unknown reason food is unnecessary.

In the pound, the lobsters swim continually unless they are injured. A lazy lobster does not have much chance of survival, whether it is small at the weight of a pound or so, when it is called a chicken lobster, or whether it is large. There is now a limit on large as well as on small sizes. The largest which I saw in Maine weighed about four and a half pounds.

For local consumption, lobsters are offered at the same price whether they are alive or boiled to your order. Twenty minutes before the time you have set the cooking is begun. As a source of supply was only a few hundred feet away, they were still steaming when they came on the table. While there are innumerable small and large eating places which offer crabs and lobsters, you will seldom see broiled lobster on the menu. I did notice a sign which advertised "live broiled lobster"—the neatest trick of the week.

There are a number of so-called lobster pounds along the highways where you may choose your own while they are actively swimming. They will be taken out of the water, weighed and thrown into a boiler. At Orono, a wood fire under a huge stone boiler which adjoins the pound prepares your choice. While you wait for it to cook, you may wet your appetite with steamed clams from another boiler. Inside the house, you may serve yourself with melted butter, rolls and coffee and later with famous New England doughnuts. If you prefer your lobster in salad form, you will find cooked lobsters cooling in a net outside the kitchen door, ready to meet their final fate inside.

Then there is lobster stew. The best I have ever had came from the New Meadows Inn near Bath, Me., which has been providing seafood dinners epicures for thirty-five years. The liver and the tender, smaller portions which are so full of flavor, were evidently used for this milk stew which furnished the first course. Then came steamed clams with the juice as well as hot butter. This was followed by the meat of the lobster, picked from the shell and by fried clams. For good measure there was homemade bread with this course. For dessert, there was ice cream with homemade cookies, and as a final course, doughnuts and coffee.

Doughnuts
2 1/2 tablespoons butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs

3 1/2 cups flour (about)
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 cup milk
Cream butter with sugar. Stir in well with beaten eggs. Sift 3 cups flour with baking powder, spices and salt and stir with the milk. Add more flour if necessary to make a stiff dough. Roll on a floured board one fourth inch thick. Shape with a doughnut cutter and fry in deep hot fat, 370 degrees Fahrenheit, until golden brown. Drain on soft paper and sprinkle with sugar if desired.

Lobster Stew
1 boiled lobster (about 1 1/2 pounds)
1/4 cup butter
1 quart milk
Salt, pepper
Paprika
Pick meat from shell and cut large pieces into small dice. Cook three minutes with the butter over a low fire. Add liver and milk and heat. Season to taste and serve at once.

Fried Clams
1 pint clams
2 eggs
1/2 cup milk
1 1/2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
Salt
Pepper
Clean clams. Drain and chop. Beat eggs until light stir in milk alternately with the flour which has been mixed and sifted with the baking powder. Stir in clams and seasonings. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat, 360 degrees Fahrenheit, and cook until golden brown. Drain on soft paper and serve at once.

Steamed Soft Clams
Wash and scrub clams thoroughly, changing water several times. Put into large kettle, allow one-half cup water to four quarts clams; cover closely and steam until shells partly open. Serve with dishes of melted butter. Serve the liquor left in kettle in glasses or cups.

Sauce for Steamed Clams
(Individual serving)
2 tablespoons melted butter
2 drops tabasco sauce
1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Salt
Paprika
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Preventing Biliousness
We are apt, when an attack of biliousness occurs, to blame it on a "sluggish" intestine, or a sluggish, lazy, torpid liver.

As a matter of fact the liver may be able to do its normal amount of work but when it is suddenly overloaded with work—too much food—it isn't able to do its work properly and the regular symptoms of biliousness—lack of appetite, headache, dizziness, nausea or vomiting—occur.

The usual treatment for a bilious attack is to stop eating for one or two days, a dose of Epsom salts, and on the third day start eating soft, easily digested foods.

So important is the liver to the whole body that Nature has made it the largest organ in the body and the one that not only does the most work, but does more different kinds of work than any other organ.

The liver takes part in digestion, the use of fats and proteins by the tissues, control of the carbohydrate (starch) content of the blood, the use and throwing away again of uric acid and other substances, taking poisons out of the blood, taking sugar out of the blood and string it away in its tissues for future use. It manufactures the bile salts which are poured into the intestine in the bile and assist greatly in the digestion of fats (breaks up fats so that they can be absorbed into the blood), and it avoids putrefaction in the intestine by preventing the growth of organisms.

When the flow of bile is scanty or when it is prevented from flowing into the intestine (by inflammation, growth, stones), then follows the clay-colored, foul-smelling stools showing that the fat is not being used up properly, and that the organisms in the intestine are being allowed to multiply.

In order that the liver can do its work normally two things are necessary, (a) proper food, and (b) exercise.

Cutting down on fat foods and rich meats and exercises, such as trying to touch toes with knees straight or bending from side to side with knees straight, will give the liver its best chance to do its work and thus bilious attacks will be avoided.

Eating Your Way to Health
Send today for this special booklet (No. 101) by Dr. Barton, dealing with Vitamins, Minerals, Calories, and What and How Much to Eat. Enclose ten cents to cover service and handling and be sure to give your name and full address. Send your request to The Bell Library, in care of The Advance, Timmins, 247 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y.

BE BEAUTIFUL By ELSIE PIERCE FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT



A new summer offering in perfume is a combined eau de cologne, dusting powder and deodorant to be used after one's bath. (Photograph, courtesy of Jurelic.)

Heavy, Heady Perfume Odors as Oppressive as Unpleasant Odors During Summer

Men have a way of saying things with a frankness that is brutal. I heard one say (about an apparently nice, smart, well-dressed woman) "If only she wouldn't use that heavy, oppressive perfume; it gives me a headache on a hot day; it's enough to send you spinning. If I didn't have her around the office for a year now, if I didn't know her so well I'd think she was trying to cover up, you know what I mean."

I did know what he meant. And I managed to draw the young woman into conversation and to draw out the following confession: "That she uses the same perfume all the time, started using it last winter, everyone admired it on her. 'Can you smell it,' she asked. 'I've gotten so used to it, I can hardly smell it myself.'"

Little did she suspect that therein lies the trouble. Women make two principal mistakes in the matter of perfume. One—in using the same odor the whole year round. Two—applying more and more of it (because we humans suffer from what is known as allfactory fatigue—we become so accustomed to an odor that our sense of smell suffers, becomes less keen to that odor).

Light, Floral, Bouquet Odors Best

Perfumes "pour le sport" have become more and more popular—for those who love the great outdoors and active or spectator sports, for those who love to live in smart, simple sport's clothes all summer; for those who golf and fish and play tennis or badminton. Many of these perfumes are spicy without being heavy.

For general wear the light, floral bouquet odors are still favorites—and rightly so. On a hot, sultry, summer day if a man sincerely says "I like that perfume on you," that is the nicest compliment to your choice of the fragrance.

There are perfumes that blend rose, jasmine and gardenia in a delicate blend—they are utterly feminine and romantic and perfect for floating summer chiffons. Lavender, lilac, gardenia are favorite florals. Woody odors with a freshness that speaks of rain-washed leaves are delightful.

Sensuous, oriental, exotic perfumes are for the siren at any season, but perhaps not even for her on a heavy summer day. The lighter fragrances, more lightly applied are preferable. (Copyright 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

If You Like Books (By A. H.)

Richard Le Gallienne was born and educated at Liverpool, England. In 1896 he came to America, but later made his home in Paris. He was an intimate friend of Bliss Carman, and like Carman's, his eye caught "each small miracle" of spring's coming. The poem "May Is Building Her House", by Richard Gallienne, is one that all will enjoy:

May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and wall
She pictureth over, and peoplet it all
With echoes and streams,
And singing of streams.

May is building her house. Of petal and blade,
Of the roots of the oak, is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clever,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, travelling green things strayed,
Her windows, the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair thing blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea: out of winters flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

Onward—Wisdom which only elevates the head without making the heart kinder is not what humanity needs the most.

Pretty Wedding at Mattawa Last Week

Mr. and Mrs. J. Vernon Bourke to Reside in Timmins.

Mattawa, Aug. 14.—A charming August wedding of much local interest was solemnized in St. Columba's Cathedral, Pembroke, Monday morning, when Beatrice Fink, Mattawa, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. N. Fink, became the bride of J. Vernon Bourke, Timmins, son of Mrs. Bourke, Timmins, and the late J. E. Bourke, Rev. John L. Bourke, LaPasse, a cousin of the bridegroom, performed the ceremony.

The bride was given in marriage by her sister, Mrs. W. J. Yates, of New Liskeard. Joseph Bourke, Montreal, a cousin of the bridegroom, was best man. Miss Lucille Martin, of Pembroke, sang "O salutaris" and "Sacred Heart in Accents Burning", with Miss Aline Spooner, Pembroke, at the organ. Dr. C. T. Fink, of Ottawa, a brother of the bride, sang "Ave Verum" (Dubois) and "Pater Noster" (Neidermeyer).

The bride was prettily dressed in shell pink silk marquisette, with inserts of Chantilly lace. She wore a jacket and hat of Chantilly lace, and matching shoes. She carried a white prayer book with markers of white satin ribbon, roses and lily of the valley.

A reception for about 50 relatives and friends was later held at the home of Mrs. Alphonse Demers, Jr., a sister of the bride, at 235 Pembroke street east, where Mrs. Harry Morel, Mattawa, and Mrs. E. H. Blackburn, Ottawa, poured. Later Mr. and Mrs. Bourke left on

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Wedding Thursday at Church Nativity

Miss Mary Shuster and Mr. Walter Umphress Married
A quiet wedding took place in the Church of Nativity on Thursday at 4 p.m. when Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Shuster, of Timmins, became the bride of Mr. Walter Umphress, son of Mr. and Mrs. Umphress of Kapuskasing. Rev. Fr. Gabriel officiated.

Showers in Honour Miss M. Rochefort

Bride-to-be the Guest at Pleasing Events Last Week.

Miss Marie Rochefort, who will become the bride of Mr. Joe Cantin, on August 17th, was guest of honour at two showers during the past week.

The first, a kitchen shower, at which Mrs. Joe Rochefort, aunt of the bride-to-be, was hostess, was held at 30 Sixth avenue, on Wednesday night. Games were played, the winners being Mrs. C. McCann and Mrs. Lacroix. A delicious lunch was served by the hostess and the evening was a very happy one. The ladies present were: Mrs. Emile Cantin, Mrs. Edmund Rochefort, Mrs. Adjutor Blais, Mrs. Z. Richer, Mrs. Lacroix, Mrs. L. Beaulieu, Mrs. C. McCann, Mrs. S. Poirier, Mrs. David Martin, Mrs. Albert Bouchard, Mrs. Robert Guillemette, Mrs. Edmond Savard, Mrs. Thomas Harris, Mrs. Omer Gauthier, Mrs. Pierre Morin, Mrs. Sarah Audet, Mrs. David Lapierre, Mrs. A. Rochefort, Mrs. C. Black, Mrs. H. Guillemette, Mrs. A. Rochefort, Mrs. J. Tremblay, Mrs. A. Cantin, and the guest of honor, Miss Marie Rochefort.

The second, a miscellaneous shower was held by Mrs. A. Audet at her home 13 Tamarack street, on Thursday evening. The gifts had been arranged in a large circle in the centre of which was a stool bearing the name of the bride-to-be, and each gift being attached to the lamp up above by means of a string thus somewhat representing a prize draw. The ladies who attended this shower were: Mrs. Charles McCann, Miss A. Brazeau, Mrs. E. Cantin, Mrs. L. McNeil, Mrs. L. Brousseau, Miss J. Carbonneau, Miss D. Brazeau, Mrs. E. Bouchard, Mrs. Joe Rochefort, Miss Martha Martin, Mrs. A. Rochefort, Mrs. A. Rochefort, Mrs. J. Tremblay, Miss Marie Audet, Miss Jean Audet, Miss G. Rochefort, Miss S. Savard, Mrs. D. Martin, Miss T. Pilon, and the guest of honor, Miss Marie Rochefort.

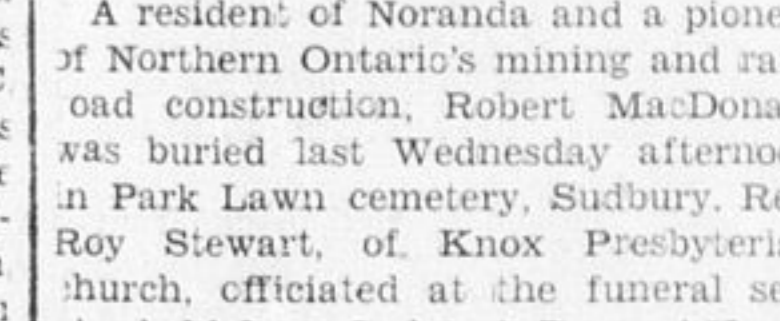
Blairmore Enterprise:—A lady correspondent writes us an indignant denial of the old saying that a woman cannot keep a secret. She says it isn't the woman that gives the secret away—it's the people she tells it to that let it out.

Funeral at Sudbury of Former Schumacher Citizen

A resident of Noranda and a pioneer of Northern Ontario's mining and railroad construction, Robert MacDonald was buried last Wednesday afternoon in Park Lawn cemetery, Sudbury, Rev. Roy Stewart, of Knox Presbyterian church, officiated at the funeral service held from Jackson's Funeral Home, 13 Larch St., at 2:30 o'clock. The pallbearers, all old friends of the late Mr. MacDonald, were: K. Storms, William Hall, J. Latraille, Wilfred Leck, Alex McLean and John Symons. The late Mr. MacDonald was a stationary engineer at Noranda and died Monday afternoon while carrying out his duties. He was well acquainted with the mining industry in Northern Ontario, having worked at Creighton mine, the old British-American mine, Schumacher and Cobalt. He was also a former resident of Sudbury, leaving Sudbury 10 years ago to take up residence at Noranda. He was employed by the C.P.R. when the railroad was being pushed through Port Arthur on its way westward through the Dominion. He was 73 years old and was born at Picton, Nova Scotia. He is survived by his wife at Noranda and one brother in Picton. Remains were accompanied to Sudbury by three of his friends, James T. Kirkwood, Walter Turner and J. J. Keaney, all of Noranda.

Forbes Magazine:—Large-size women's shoes are used in window displays in Denmark. Seeing them, women with large feet believe that theirs are average; women with small feet are flattered.

SNAP Cleans Hands Quickly



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There is nothing like an abundance of iced drinks, ices, sherbets and frozen desserts to assuage thirsts and soothe ruffled tempers. And, too, there's positively nothing that equals an electric refrigerator to provide, unfailingly and abundantly, these thirst-quenchers and palate-tickers. It's the ice cube-making capacity, the never-failing cooling power of a modern electric refrigerator, that's worth its weight in gold!

TRY THIS:

FLORIDA FIZZ—First mix the juice of two lemons and two oranges with three-fourths cup sugar, and let stand till sugar is dissolved. Beat up a whole egg with a fork, and shake this up with fruit juices in a shaker. Pour this mixture over ice in four glasses. Fill up the glasses with iced gingerale, stir, and serve.

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