

## Household Hints

Loosely twisted knitting silk is often better than wool for darning the lightweight woollies, especially if the darning is very loosely done. The texture of the darn is then more like the woolly itself than when darning wool is used.

This is a good way to join a new ball of wool to the old one when knitting: Thread the end of the wool you are using into a darning needle, and then "darn" this into the new wool at the beginning of the ball. Run it in for six inches or more, and you will have a firm, invisible join.

To make a tidy of cretonne, to hold magazines and papers, shape it like an open bag the width of a chair back, the two top hems being fitted with wooden rods to keep the bag stretched taut. The under rod is tied at each end to the back of a chair near the top.

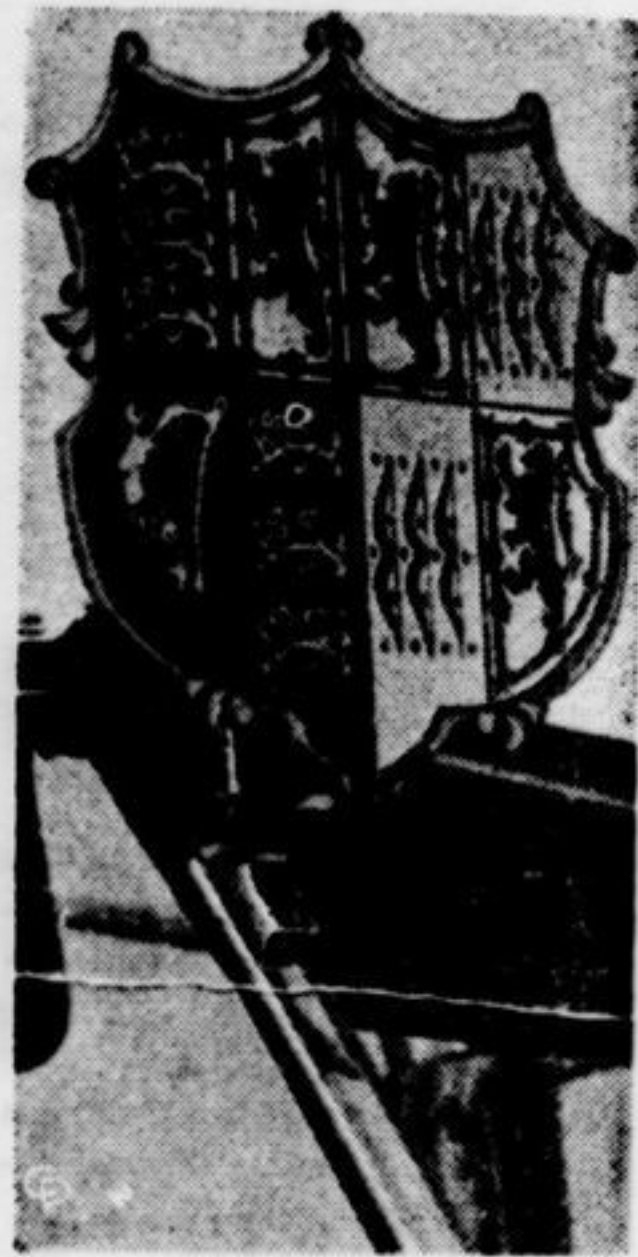
To prevent looms covers "pulling up" and becoming untidy, try this tip. Roll up some sheets of paper flat and push them down as far as possible at back and sides of chairs and Chesterfield. This will keep the covers tight, and a perfect fit, no matter how restless the sitter.

If the white of an egg refuses to beat up stiffly add a pinch of cream of tartar, and in a few moments it will whisk to a stiff froth.

When you have been cutting snoods and you want to get the smell off your hands don't wash them in soap and warm water. Rinse them under the cold tap and the smell will go immediately.

Fat splashes made when frying, especially if the food is of the spluttering variety, are quickly disposed of if the top of the stove's stream with coarse salt. The salt absorbs all the grease and much of the smell, and is easily brushed off when the frying is finished.

## Queen's Crest



The Queen's crest is mounted on the car in which Her Majesty rides while visiting in various parts of Canada. Her Majesty's crest, ABOVE, has a blue light mounted behind it for night driving.

## Straight Line Silhouette In

Return to Favor of "Pencil" Lines Seen in Fashion's Mid-Season Collections

Paris—Current mid-season fashion collections are marked by a return to the straight-line, sheath silhouette.

The new "pencil" silhouette will be welcome to those women who are tired of fitted bodices, short and flaring skirts, and the generally schoolgirl made which has recently prevailed.

Most leading couturiers are now busily suppressing a hitherto popular profusion of pleats, godets and gathered flounces, taking in fullness, and offering moderate, though sometimes severe, substitutes in the way of lines.

Shoulders remain square, though not exaggerated, sleeves reasonably full, and waistslines indicated by side corset belts serving rather to mold the figure from waist topline than to cut it in two.

Jeanne Lanvin's interpretation of the new line results in a sheath silhouette—long, clinging, and so narrow the skirt is usually split at the side.

Alix, famous for her sculptured effects, is showing nothing this season but the "pencil" silhouette, still draped, rarely cut by a belt, whose fullness is limited to embroidered panels or one pleat.

Thirty-seven theatres in Russia will send companies on summer tours.

# Orange Pekoe Blend "SALADA" TEA



## CHAPTER ONE

"Blair General Hospital. Yes, Mr. McCarthy, the telephone operator, glanced up from the switch board as Wyman, the burly ambulance driver, lumbered into view. She gave him a short nod and turned back to her work.

"Blair General Hospital. Yes, Mr. McCarthy. Just a minute, Mr. McCarthy." She thumbed through her card index. "Your wife and baby are doing fine, Mr. McCarthy." She pulled out the plug in exasperation. "New fathers make me sick," she shot at Wyman.

"Why?" he grinned.

"It's like a barnyard," she answered. "Who lays the egg? The hen. Who crows? The rooster."

A boy in uniform approached her desk. "Special delivery for Dr. James Kildare."

Sally signed for it, then handed the letter to Wyman. "It's for your pal—want to take it up?"

"Sure." He held up a container of coffee and a sandwich. "I'm bringing him his supper."

"Well, why don't you bring it before it gets cold?" she suggested.

Wyman draped himself over the switchboard. "Listen, Sally, I got through on the ambulance tomorrow at seven. How about you and me having dinner together?"

Sally shook her head in an emphatic No. "I'll have no more meals with you, Joe Wyman. I didn't expect you to have the manners of a dake—but you're the first guy I ever saw drunk a lamb-chop!"

Her remark sent Joe on his way in double quick time, the letter in one hand, the "groceries" in the other. He opened the hospital laboratory door and peered inside. Dr. Kildare was contemplating a case holding a newly marked guinea pig.

"Here's your coffee and hamburger, Doc," greeted Wyman.

"Special Delivery Letter"

"Thanks, Joe. I'm hungry."

"Sure you are, Doc. There's nothing makes a guy hungry as brain work. Believe me, I know. And I got a special delivery for you too."

He smelled the envelope. "Smells of onion—but maybe that's the hamburger."

Jimmy laughed, and placed the letter in his pocket.

"Aren't you going to read it?" questioned Wyman. "It's from your girl in Dartford, ain't it?"

Jimmy nodded. "It's from Alice, alright. But it's got to wait. Everything has to wait until my experiment is over—"

"Girls don't like to be kept waiting!" Wyman announced with the conviction and assurance of a benevolent Romeo. "You keep that Alice waiting long enough and one day she'll write you she's broken the engagement."

"Not Alice," laughed Jimmy. "My mother will see to it that nothing like that happens."

"I'm afraid you don't know nothing about modern girls, Doc. It's bad enough you called off your young trip home, without no more warning than a telegram—but not to read a special delivery letter from the girl that was expectin' you—"

"Have no time, now," Kildare interrupted.

"What's the experiment this time, Doc?"

"Q-Fever." Jimmy pointed to the guinea pig. "I shot that baby full of Q-fever."

"Q-Fever?" Wyman stopped back in alarm. "Oh, yeah, I never heard of it."

"It's a rare disease, Joe. But when this guinea pig dies, I'll show you the germ in a microscope."

"No thanks, Doc. I don't look at germs and I don't want them to look at me."

"I got the idea for this experiment from something they're doing in Australia—the Queensland Board of Health just found out—I've stopped short." "Look!" He pointed into the case. The guinea-pig which a moment before had been scurrying about, now lay huddled in a lifeless heap.

"It's a shame," Wyman consoled. "Just when you were going good, the darn thing dies on you."

"He Has Q-Fever"

"That's what it had to do," cried Jimmy. He glanced at the wall clock. "And right on schedule!" He hurriedly pencilled the time on his report. "Everybody's wrong but me," he announced triumphantly.

"The patient in 412 has Q-Fever." "That's fine," observed Wyman without enthusiasm. "Now maybe you can go to bed at a decent hour—"

"No bed for me, interrupted Kildare. "In ten minutes his germs will be on a microscope slide."

"What are you breaking yourself in half for?" protested Wyman. "All day with Gillespie—all night up here. Every day and every night. It don't add up."

"Gillespie doesn't know anything about this," confided Jimmy. "Joe—I was so sure it was Q-Fever. Just wait till I show Dr. Gillespie this experiment—"

"Yeah," drawled Wyman. "And I hope your girl and your ma and dad will be happy to hear that the reason you didn't come home like you promised was because a guinea pig had to die of Q-fever—"

"Listen, Joe; you don't understand. But they do. And so will Dr. Gillespie."

"Say," answered Wyman with sudden interest. "Maybe this experiment will prove you know more than Gillespie does—"

Jimmy laughed heartily. "I'm afraid not, Joe. Dr. Gillespie's the greatest diagnostician in the world. Why, most people, if they couldn't walk, would fold up and quit; but he's pushed himself right up to the top in a wheel-chair."

"The Patient in 412"

"Then why is he mad all the time?" Wyman demanded. "The next time that Gillespie says to me: 'Get out of the way you fat-head—'"

"Get out of the way, Wyman, you fathead!"

The words echoed thunderously from the door as Dr. Gillespie wheeled himself into the laboratory.

Wyman swung around in terror. "Yes, Dr. Gillespie," he gulped. "Sure—I was leaving—"

He rushed out of the room, leaving Gillespie howling in enjoyment at his exit.

"Kildare," chuckled the old man. "I don't know whether the rest of us are descended from monkeys, but I'll give you two to one on Wyman."

"I like him," Jimmy grinned.

"That's possible," the other agreed wryly. He wheeled himself toward the case. "What's going on here?"

"I found the answer to the patient in 412," Kildare answered, trying to keep his pride out of his voice.

Gillespie raised his eyebrows quizzically. "So you've solved the

mystery? Did you have another talk with him?"

"I didn't have to!" Jimmy answered proudly. "You see, Dr. Gillespie, there's an obscure disease called Q-Fever—"

"Mmm. Is that so?" inquired the other.

Kildare's eagerness blinded him to Gillespie's warning tone of sarcasm. "Yes. So I injected twenty cc's of concentrated serum from the patient into this guinea pig—and the pig died right on schedule."

"Then you must be right," Gillespie peered at the animal. A wry smile lit his eyes. "Q-Fever, eh?"

"Yes, sir!" cried Jimmy.

An Experiment Fails

Gillespie looked again at the pig. He leaned over and clapped his hands suddenly. The "dead" guinea pig jumped up with a start; it had merely been asleep.

Dr. Gillespie turned his wheelchair about. "Goodnight, young Dr. Kildare," he said pleasantly, and disappeared out the door.

Jimmy threw his notes into a wastebasket and made for the interne's quarters. He was silent to the greetings of his co-workers. He pulled off his hospital coat and threw it down the laundry shoot. It disappeared out of sight before he remembered that Alice's letter was in his pocket. He shrugged, too disconsolate at the failure of his experiment, to be concerned.

But, if, at that moment, he dismissed Alice from his mind, she had no notion of it. She was sitting in the Kildare living-room in Dartford, talking to Jimmy's mother.

"He hasn't written me a single line in over two months," she said unhappily. "So I wrote to him."

She paused. "I'm just playing Hard-to-Get! I've tried everything else—"

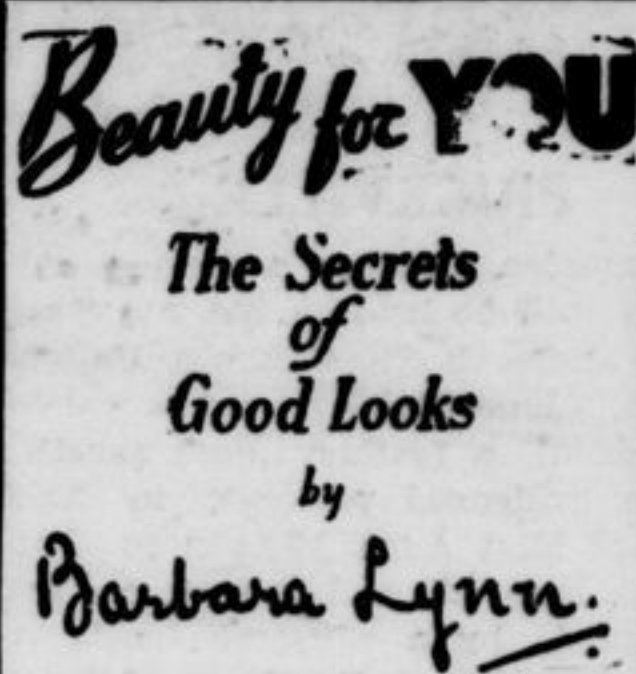
Jimmy's mother nodded sympathetically. "It ought to work," she comforted. "It did with his father."

"I hope it works," sighed Alice. "At any rate, it's too late to worry about it. The deed's already done."

"What's already done, dear?" his mother asked.

"Well—it was my last stand, but I decided to try it," Alice said slowly. "So I wrote him a special delivery letter breaking our engagement."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Many of my readers have too little time to spare to carry out any extended beautifying treatment, so this article suggests a daily routine that even the busiest woman can fit into her schedule.

First must come a few setting-up exercises, carried out briskly. Then your hair needs vigorous brushing, from the roots right to the ends.

Cleanliness is essential, so wash your face, neck, bust and hands with gentle palmolive soap, to help cleanse, smooth and youthify your skin. And if you adopt the "six minute make-up", using Three Purpose cream, it will solve your make-up problem.

You simply cannot neglect your hands; they need extra attention. Rub them at odd moments with Indian balm to help keep them smooth and white. Here is a point you should not overlook, either: pat cream or lotion into your elbows. It takes the roughness away, and you'll appreciate this when you are wearing a sleeveless dress.

Two other little duties that add so much to feminine charm—clean your teeth morning and night, and after meals, and look to your nails.

This schedule is for a fairly normal woman and doesn't cover cases which require special treatment. You can write for my confidential advice in your personal beauty problems. And detailed leaflets on the following subjects are available for 5c stamp each: Face, Eyes, Hair, Hands, Bust, Feet, Superfluous Hair, Underweight, Reducing in Spots, Slimming.

Please write direct to: Miss Barbara Lynn, 73 West Adelaide St., Room 421, Toronto, Ont.

## Gold Plate Our Gift To Royalty

Handsome Piece Featuring Map of Their Route Across Canada Will be Presented to King George and Queen Elizabeth by Dominion as Souvenir.

Canada's souvenir gift to King George and Queen Elizabeth in connection with their month's tour of the Dominion will be a handsome piece of gold plate featuring a map of Canada with route and stopping places of Their Majesties' tour inscribed on it.

The gift will typify Canada as to the Dominion's great gold production. It will be a masterpiece of the Canadian goldsmith's art. It will have special value as a souvenir of Their Majesties' trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and back again.

Presentation of the gift will be made by Premier King, possibly at Ottawa on May 20, which is being celebrated as the King's birthday, or more probably, at Halifax just before Their Majesties sail for home on June 15.

## Hoods and Snoods To Match Sweaters

We've had parkas, babushkas and bonnets to match ski jackets and sweaters so why not open mesh headgear to go with cardigans and pullovers for spring and summer?

One New York shop puts a mesh hood on a V-neck cardigan and a ribbed pullover, while another has just introduced the snood to match the sweater. A crocheted mesh scarf that can also be twisted about the head into a turban is another idea for summer. The fishnet turban dyed to match cotton sweaters promises to be a big favorite.

## Household Science

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

### A ROYAL DINNER

As everything and everybody tends to have a "Royal" air this month, why not our menu? Now when Canadians in general are having their first opportunity to express their own loyalty and devotion to the King and Queen let us celebrate with a dinner in their honour.

I have chosen roast lamb for the meat course for in spite of the fact that we think of roast beef and of English dinners synonymously, those of you who have visited in the Motherland will remember a frequent serving of lamb. Lamb does seem somehow to be more suited to spring appetites for a special dinner.

### DINNER MENU

Pineapple Juice Cocktail topped with cherry  
Roast Lamb Mint Sauce  
Potato Nests filled with Green Peas  
Royal Pie topped with whipped cream sprinkled with red and blue crystals

Beverage of Choice

The table decorations can be carried out according to your individual tastes, either in flowers, flags or crepe paper, or as a combination. Then commencing with your cocktail, the red cherry starts you off on your colour scheme. On the serving plate of your cocktail drop a few small blue flowers. I am sure you will find some if you search in your garden. I found some tiny ones this morning huddled away from the cold May wind so glad to be rescued, if using finger bowls drop a few petals there too, which is a very colorful and artistic scheme.

I have named the dessert "Royal Pie."

### POTATO NESTS

3 cups hot mashed potatoes.  
2 tablespoons butter.  
3 well-beaten eggs.  
Salt and pepper.

Beat together. Add ½ cup hot milk gradually. Add 2 tablespoons chopped chives. Beat until light and fluffy. Form nests on greased baking sheet with pastry bag or shape with a spoon. Bake in a mod-

erate oven until lightly browned. Fill with seasoned peas—canned ones will do, if out of green pea season.

## DELICIOUS... REFRESHING



Enjoy the genuine peppermint flavor of DOUBLEMINT GUM! Get some today!

erate oven until lightly browned. Fill with seasoned peas—canned ones will do, if out of green pea season.

### ROYAL PIE

¾ cup sugar.  
¼ cup flour.  
½ teaspoon baking powder.  
5 egg whites.  
5 egg yolks.

Beat the egg yolks and add the sugar, mix smoothly. Then add the flour mixed with baking powder. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, stirring as lightly as possible. Rub two cake pans (round, nine inch) with shortening, dust with flour, pour the mixture into these. Moderate oven is needed for time for baking twenty minutes.

### FILLING

To make the filling use one cup milk, one egg yolk, one-fourth cup sugar, one tablespoon flour, two teaspoons vanilla, one cup butter and one-half cup sugar additional. Cook the egg yolk, milk and one-fourth sugar, which has been mixed well together with the flour, using the egg beater to mix thoroughly. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until it thickens. Let it cool, add vanilla. Then cream the butter and remaining sugar together, and stir in the cooled filling a little at a time. Mix smoothly. And spread between layers. Top with whipped cream sprinkled with red and blue sugar crystals.

Sadie B. Chambers

## Ash for BEE HIVE



FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

P.S. 2

Pouring Spout on every tin

DELICIOUS MEALS ANYWHERE.

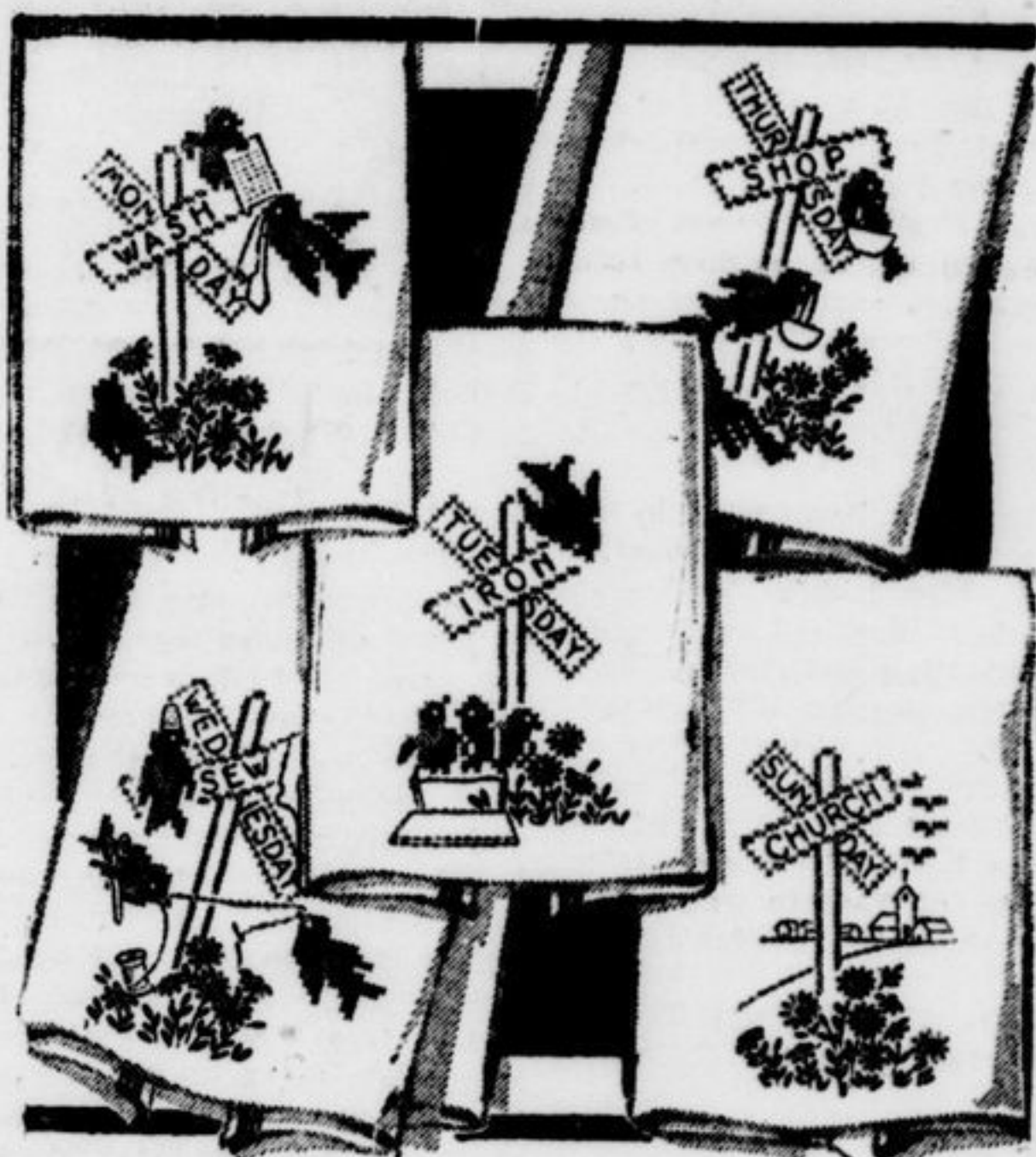
with the Stove that MAKES and BURNS ITS OWN GAS



Coleman's Iron

Issue No. 21 - '39

## These Laura Wheeler Blue Birds Are In Easy Cross Stitch



BLUEBIRD TOWELS. PATTERN 1983

"Lucky you—to be embroidering us on a set of tea towels!" say these cross stitch bluebirds. We're in simplest stitchery and colorful floss—so you're sure of a grand result! Pattern 1983 contains a transfer pattern of 7 motifs averaging 5 x 7 ½ inches; materials required; illustrations of stitches; color schemes.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly Pattern Number, your Name and Address.

## Must Stand Tall For Good Posture

Poor Posture Is Responsible For A Great Many Ills

Digestive disturbances, constipation, strain and nervousness may be caused by poor posture, Dr. Edward S. Godfrey, Jr., New York State Health Commissioner, says.

"Most posture defects creep up on us slowly without notice," Dr. Godfrey said, "curvature of the spine, round shoulders, protruding stomach, bulging diaphragm and rear protruberance, strangely enough induce other and worse ills which we little suspect. Faith in yourself, courage and self-respect may be created through good posture by sitting and standing erect so as to get the fullest amount of oxygen into your lungs."

Five Points To Remember

Dr. Godfrey recommended five "tall" points to help the individual improve his posture. They were: Stand tall (draw in abdomen pulling it upward and backward); walk tall, sit tall, and straight; think tall (imagine your back from head to heels touching a wall), and rest tall, stretched out.

## Ten-Year Silence Ends In Divorce

Extended 10 years beyond its normal conclusion by mutual silence, the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Booth, Detroit, was ended last week. The couple could hardly quarrel under the circumstances but finally decided the silence was unbearable and were divorced.

"He hasn't talked to me in 10 years though we lived in the same house," Mrs. Booth testified. "He left money to pay the bills and I would prepare his meals and then retire to the kitchen while he ate."

Booth said nothing.

**FREE**

4 cups of GARFIELD TEA to show you the easy way to KEEP CLEAN INSIDE!

If you are peppy and full of fun, men will invite you to dance and parties. BUT if you are cross, listless and tired, men won't invite you. Men don't like "quiet" girls. What they go to parties they want girls who are full of pep.

So in case you need a good general system tonic, remember for 3 generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps build up your physical resistance and thus aids in giving you some pep and helps drive from female functional disorders.

You'll find Pinkham's Compound **WELL WORTH TRYING!**