Few of Canada's Cabinet In Last War Still Alive

Only One of 1914-18 Leaders Holds A Similar Position Today

Few of the men who guided Canada's activities in the First Great War are alive to witness the second. Only one of those who occupied active posts of high leadership then holds a similar position today.

The only exception is Hon. T. A. Crerar, minister of mines and resources, now as in the last conflict. He is now a member of the Dominion cabinet. Other members of Sir Robert Borden's war cabinet are alive and occupy more or less active roles. They include Rt. Hon Arthur Meighen, now Conservative leader in the Senate, and Senators P. E. Blondin, C. C. Ballantyne and J. A. Calder.

Mr. Crerar, An Exception

Hon. Albert Sevigny, chief justice of the Quebec superior court, was a war cabinet minister. Hon. N. W. Rowell, recently retired as chief justice of Ontario and Sir Thomas White are also wartime cabinet survivors. Mr. Rowell was President of the Council in the Union Government. Sir Thomas was Minister of Finance.

But a glance over the list of big names in the First Great War discloses huge gaps made by death. Most of the leaders in the civil and military sphere were in middle age or older when the First Great War was fought. Now they are replaced by men of a later generation, also for the most part in middle age or older.

Returned To Power

Premier A. A. Dysart of New Brunswick, whose Liberal administration was returned to power in the recent elections with a reduced number of seats in the Legislature.

The Versatile, Useful Potato

May Be Employed in Cooking To Stretch Out Ever So Many Recipes

During the last war I always boiled potatoes in large quantities, because once the water had been brought to the boil it took no more gas to cook five pounds of potatoes than one pound, writes an English correspondent. The left-over cold potatoes were passed through a sieve and reheated, in countless ways in a few seconds.

Leftovers For Pie Tops

They were spread, instead of butter on toast, sprinkled with a little grated cheese, and put under the grill to brown. Mixed with cold flaked fish they were made into flat cakes and fried in bacon fat in the frying-pan for breakfast. They made a delicious pie-crust when spread thickly on top of pie-dish containing newly cooked or left-over mince meat or sausages (cut into chunks) and a little gravy and put under the grill to brown.

Another easily cooked pie was made from a cup of sieved potatoes and a cup of grated raw carrot, and a half cupful of grated cheese, all stirred together in a saucepan containing a little milk until hot, when they were tipped into a pie-dish, cheese grated thickly on top, and the pie put under the grill till the cheese was melted.

Storing Vegetables Proper Temperature

The essential points in the successful storage of vegetables are favorable temperature, good ventilation and sound well matured crop. The proper storage temperature varies somewhat for the different vegetables, but generally speaking it should be low enough to prevent growth of the vegetables and also the fungi and bacteria which may cause decay. Root crops and cabbage keep best between 34 degrees and 40 degrees and will withstand a slight amount of dampness. Pumpkin, squash and onions should be stored in a dry place and will keep well at temperatures up to 45 degrees.

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OUT of the NIGHT

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

PRISCILLA PIERCE — heroine, young woman attorney.

AMY KERR—Cilly's roommate and murderer's victim.

JIM KERRIGAN—Cilly's fiance.

HARRY HUTCHINS — Amy's strange visitor.

SERGEANT DOLAN — officer assigned to solve the murder of Amy Kerr.

* * *

Yesterday: The case stacks up against Jim Kerrigan. Cilly finds his name is Kerr, that he is Amy's cousin. And Dolan charges that Jim ran away with $50,000 in stolen securities for which his father is serving a prison term. Photographs show Jim and Allan Kerr to be the same person. The picture in Amy's locket was Jim's father.

CHAPTER XVII

At home in her living room, Cilly paced the floor. In her right hand she held Amy's locket; again and again she looked at the picture it held. There was no doubt about it now. This was Jim's father. The likeness was unmistakable. This was James Allan Kerr, a convict. And Jim Kerrigan, whom she loved above all else in this world, was the son who had run away and deserted him!

"You'll believe in me, no matter what?"

Over and over, his words echoed in her brain. She prayed for faith in a man so callous. A man who could run away . . .

Jim would be back. She was sure of that. Just as sure as she was that tomorrow morning would bring another surprise. Dolan knew criminals; that was his business. What he didn't know was that there are still men so fine that they can only do the right thing.

Such a man was Jim Kerrigan, and a thousand Police Sergeant Dolans could never make Cilly believe otherwise.

Jim would be back.

A reassured Priscilla Pierce then straightened her shoulders.

Jim would be back. If not today, then tomorrow. If not this week, then the week after. Sooner or later, Jim Kerrigan would be back, and he would explain each startling circumstance.

From Across The Street

Still too nervously excited to think of sleep, Cilly went into the living room and sat down by the window. The night was cool, and the breeze from the bay was delightfully refreshing. She looked across the street at the St. Ann Apartments, into the other living rooms where people gathered for the evening.

All normal, commonplace people each living his or her own private life secure in a tiny cubicle. Cliff dwellers, crowded together under one roof, yet each a stranger to the other. That is the way of New York reflected Cilly.

Just as easily could those across the street sit at their windows and look at the tenants of the Bayview. They could watch these people carry on their normal routine of existence, private and undisturbed. And they could overlook the doings of each person in the house — and one of these persons was a murderer.

"Suppose I were across the other side of the street," Cilly asked herself, "what would I see in this house? Would I see people playing bridge, and listening to the radio, or could I see clearly where a cloud of suspicion hung over one apartment. Over there, I could see these people as they actually are, and not as they pretend to be while the police are questioning them."

The more she thought of it, the stronger became the urge to get across the street and regard the different families in the Bayview. But how?

The only windows which fronted on the street were apartment windows; she could not go over there and ask someone to let her sit in the front window for a while. She could walk across the street and stand there, but standing in the street, you could see nothing above the first floor. You had to be up high, where you could look down into the rooms. Her eyes traveled slowly upward; the dark roof of the house opposite held her gaze hypnotically. Up there, on that roof, she could look down into the Bayview Apartments. She could watch every family; the Smiths in 2-B, the Downeys in 4-A, the Hunters in 5-A. She could look, unsuspected, into the vacant apartment of the Carruthers who were in Bermuda, and into the recntly deserted 4-B where Mrs. Wheeler lived.

With Opera Glasses

The longer she thought of the idea, the more it absorbed her. The roof across the way was dark, too, and just as terrifying as the one above her. Amy's shriek of death still rang in her ears. It would be an ordeal to linger on that black roof long enough to catch a good glimpse into the lives of the tenants. Cilly's mouth felt dry, her hands were clammy. But she just brought her teeth together decisively and swallowed hard. If she could discover just one tiny clew, it would certainly be worth the trip.

She went into the bedroom and looked for the old pair of opera glasses which had been her mother's. They would not be as good as field glasses, but they would do. She put on a dark coat and slipped the glasses into the pocket.

A few minutes later she was at the door of the St. Ann Apartments. She tried the door. It was locked. To get into the house, you rang the apartment bell and the tenant pressed the buzzer in his apartment. The front door clicked, and while it was clicking, you could open it.

To get into the house, therefore, to reach the stairway to the roof, Cilly had to ring somebody's bell. She looked at the name plates. Mrs. Corbett, of course! She just might stop for a moment to inquire if Mrs. Corbett had seen Sergeant Dolan. Without hesitation, she rang the bell. Almost instantly the front door clicked, and Cilly entered. She walked up the five flights to the Corbett apartment, hoping that she had not disturbed them as they were preparing to retire.

In On A Party

But no. The sounds emanating from the Corbett apartment gave no indication of retirement. Cilly halted on the stairway. Were they having a party? All the better, she decided. She would have an excuse not to stop in: she could continue immediately up to the roof.

Even as she decided this, the door opened wide. A man appeared on the threshold.

"Who's doin' all this ringing . . . . " He stopped, seeing Cilly. He was an enormous, uncouth sort of person. Preliminaries to retirement had apparently been considered, for he was in his undershirt, and only one half of his suspenders supported a sloppy pair of slacks. He held a tall drink tightly in his big hand.

"Oh-h-h-! Hello, sister. Come on right in."

He lurched forward and with exaggerated gallantry held open the door. Cilly noticed that he was drunk, very decidedly drunk. She hesitated.

"Come on in, baby. You're just what we need to make this a real party."

At that moment Mrs. Corbett appeared in the hallway. "Why, it's Miss Pierce!" she beamed. "Come right in deary, I do want to get better acquainted with you."

Graciously she took Cilly by the arm. Mrs. Corbett was less inebriated. But in her present state, she was a marked contrast to the timid, nervous little woman Cilly met on Monday morning.

"No, perhaps I'd better not stop now," Cilly demurred. "It was nothing important . . . "

"Of course you are coming in!" Mr. Corbett had her other arm now; it was useless to protest.

Pretty Far Gone

"Tom," Mrs. Corbett ordered, "fix Miss Pierce a drink. She needs it, poor dear. This is the young lady I was telling you about Tom, the one from across the street. It was her friend who was mur . . . "

"Shut up!" Tom ordered. Evidently he did not like the word "murder."

"Oh, Mama!" Mrs. Corbett called across the living room, unconcerned by her husband's rudeness. "Mama, come here a minute. Here is Miss Pierce. Come, Mama, come meet Miss Pierce . . . " But there was no reply.

To Cilly, she explained: "Mama is asleep, I guess. She's like that . . . falls asleep early."

Mr. Corbett entered, carrying a tall drink for her.

"No, no thank you," Cilly begged, "I don't drink . . . doctor's orders, you know."

"Aw, never mind that. Have a litt' drink with me. Come on, be a sport, baby!"

Cilly took the glass and sipped at it. It would be easier if she appeared sociable.

"I'm sorry to stop in at such an hour" she apologized. "I wanted to ask you something, Mrs. Corbett." Whatever excuse she offered, it would not be important. Tomorrow morning the Corbetts would probably not even remember that she had stopped in.

(To Be Continued)

Canada's Royal Family Of Hotels

Notice Of All Interest Payments

Interest on all outstanding FIRST Mortgages having been provided for, on presentation and surrender of coupons due December 1st, 1939:

THE ROYAL CONNAUGHT HOTEL COMPANY LIMITED will pay interest due on its Second Mortgage Fifteen Year Sinking Fund Bonds.

THE PRINCE EDWARD HOTEL (WINDSOR) LIMITED will pay interest due on its Second Mortgage Debentures.

THE GENERAL BROCK HOTEL COMPANY LIMITED will pay interest due on its Second Mortgage Bonds.

CANADA'S ROYAL FAMILY OF HOTELS
VERNON G. CARDY,
President.

Hamilton, Ont., November 18th, 1939

Ironing Tip

When ironing artificial silk undies or frocks slip a double sheet of tissue paper between the iron and the garment and there will be no shine at all. Also, you won't cause the material to shrivel if the iron is a little too hot by using the paper method.

Current Songs Most Favored By the Soldiers

Canadian Troops Just Now Prefer "Beer Barrel Polka" and "South of the Border" —Old-Timers Make Hit Too

A slow, sentimental ballad and a rollicking bit of swing from Manhattan's tin-pan alley are catching on with Canadian troops, as the favorite songs of the new war.

The tunes of the first Great War —the British Tommy's "Tipperary" and the French Poilu's "Madelon," are not forgotten but the young men of the new Canadian army concentrated at Ottawa say the songs they like best are the currently popular "South of the Border" and the boisterous "Beer Barrel Polka."

Songs of New War

And they showed it at the Canadian Legion show in the Capital last week, when the Dumbells returned to entertain the boys in khaki once again.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police band struck up a standard band selection and then the cry went up "we want the beer barrel" and when the band beat it out the young lads who are heading for France really rolled out the barrel and got the blues on the run.

Be Your Age With The Baby

Act your age in talking to a baby, advises Dr. Max Steer, director of Purdue University's speech clinic at Lafayette, Ind.

"If you must talk baby talk," he told a parents' institute there, "go some place where he won't hear you."

Dr. Steer said young children always should be given a chance to hear good speech.

LAURA WHEELER SKILFULLY COMBINES CROCHET AND CROSS STITCH

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HOUSEHOLD LINENS PATTERN 2347

Easy-to-do cross stitch bouquets and filet crochet baskets soon beautify scarfs, towels and pillow cases. Pattern 2347 contains a transfer pattern of 12 motifs ranging from 6 x 7½ inches to 2 x 3 inches; directions and chart for crochet; ill. of stitches; materials required. 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.

Big Increase In Adoptions

Applications Being Received From Enlisted Soldiers in Ontario

Robert E. Mills, director of Toronto Children's Aid Society, said that recently there has been numerous applications for adoption of children. Many of the applications were from enlisted men who wished to put their family affairs in order before they proceeded overseas.

Mr. Mills said there also had been an increase in applications for adoption of adult wards of the society.

Adult adoptions usually concerned young men who had been raised by families, the formality of adoption having been put off previously. Between 25 and 30 wards and former wards of the society have enlisted with the Canadian Army, Mr. Mills said.

FOR HANG-ON COUGHS DUE TO COLDS
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS
and other Respiratory Ailments Take the Old Reliable
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ISSUE NO. 49 —'39

A

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

ICING THE CAKE

Holiday suggestions:—

Now that the Christmas season is coming apace and every day and in every way we are busier, it is time we were decorating the cake or at least laying all plans for just what it is to be like and when it is to be done. As this icing of the cake is quite an important function we give more care and thought to it than to an ordinary cake. There are quite a few recipes I might pass on to you but I think you will find this a general favorite.

CHRISTMAS FROSTING

2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup sweetened condensed milk
1½ cups confectioners sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon almond flavoring (if using almond paste omit this flavoring)

Cream the butter and the condensed milk very thoroughly. Add very gradual the confectioner's sugar and beat until the frosting is very smooth. Add the flavoring. Other flavoring may be used and coloring (food) it can be made very effective always keeping red and green in mind as the holiday colors.

Another interesting addition is to drain and chop ¼ cup of maraschino cherries in red and green or a combination. The cherries must be finely chopped.

For those of you who like the almond paste and would like to try an economical substitute use the following:

1 cup hot sweet potato which has been mashed and put through the colander to be sure no lumps remain. Add 1 cup icing sugar and 1 teaspoon almond flavoring.

HOLIDAY TARTS

Make a custard of 1 pint of thin cream, 4 beaten eggs and 6 tablespoons sugar. Stir constantly making in the double boiler; remove from heat when thick; give a few turns with the egg beater to insure smoothness. Add a teaspoon of vanilla. When cool, add to tart shells. This recipe will make six. Whip 1 cup of cream, add a little cochineal for coloring. Cover the tarts; add to top green mints.

SALTED ALMONDS

Shell the almonds, then blanch them by covering the kernels with boiling water for ten minutes. Drain off boiling water and add cold water to cool the nuts. Rub off the brown skins, dry the almonds on a clean towel. When perfectly dry, place in a flat baking dish (for every ½ lb. of nuts use three tablespoons of salt and 1 tablespoon of cooking oil). Pour the oil over the nuts, sprinkle with the salt and put in a moderate oven. Shake the dish occasionally; bake until a light brown. Drain on paper towelling.

CARROT PUDDING

1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 cup of brown sugar, chopped suet and seedless raisins
1 oz. citron peel shaved fine
1 cup of grated carrot and 1 cup grated potato (raw)
½ cup milk

Mix dry ingredients, then add in order given. Steam 2½ hours in well greased mould. Serves 8, serve with hard sauce.

HARD SAUCE

¼ lb. butter
¼ cup powdered sugar

Mix butter and sugar until mixture becomes very white; add a few drops of lemon extract. Roll in waxed paper, chill until hard. Cut in slices.

READERS, WRITE IN!

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto."

Fashion Favors Costume Jewelry

The Bigger the Better Is The Rule for Necklaces, Bracelets and Brooches

Costume jewelry — the big, showy kind — becomes more important by the minute in the season's fashion picture.

Massive necklaces and bracelets, set with glittering stones, encircle the smartest throats and wrists. With women who have sumptuous wardrobes as well as with girls who try to make a basic dress do the work of five, collars of semi-precious stones, sparkling earrings and huge, unusual clips are finding widespread favor.

Yellow gold jewelry outshines all other types. There are platinum and silver finishes available, but gold is highlighted.

Rings, Earrings Catch On

Earrings — forever reported as "coming in", never seeming quite to make the grade — really have caught on this season. Chic women actually are having their ears now pierced again. For those who would not dream of having their ears pierced, screw-on and the newer clip earrings come in all types of finishes and in a variety of interesting stones as well as amusing settings. Little flower-like enamel clips with a compartment for perfume in the centre of each flower are lovely.

Rings of huge, semi-precious stones are worn again. The amethyst in a simple gold ring is as large as an acorn and the stone in the matching bracelet is almost twice that size.

Removing Hairs From Woollens

At some time or other many people have been annoyed by dogs' or cat's hairs weaving themselves into one's clothes. A clothes-brush is unsatisfactory for removing them, but the rough rubber side of a table-tennis racquet takes them off beautifully.

Non-Listeners

Only 1 per cent. of Singapore's half-million inhabitants have wireless receiving sets.

Sequel of War

National health is to-day, more than ever, a matter of paramount importance, and it is well to bear in mind that tuberculosis kills more young people between the ages of 15 and 45 than wars or pestilence. Local tuberculosis programs must be intensified under present conditions in order to counteract the rise in this death rate which has been the inevitable sequel to previous wars. Christmas Seals provide the sinews of this war against disease. Our local campaign must be supported generously if we are to do our community's share in fighting this battle.

Women Can Make Or Break Nation

Executive Says "Powderpuff Financiers" of U. S. Own 70 Per Cent of Country's Wealth

A man's world?

Well, hardly — in the opinion of Henry W. Stanley, executive secretary of the Hot Springs (Ark.) Chamber of Commerce.

According to Stanley, the women of the United States, or "Powderpuff Financiers," as he calls them, own 70 per cent. of the country's private wealth, buy 85 per cent. of all the merchandise sold through retail outlets, have $10,000,000,000, or 66 per cent. of all savings bank deposits, possess titles to 48 per cent of all the homes and comprise 49 per cent. of the 15,000,000 stockholders.

"The American woman," he claimed, "has it in her hands to make or break this nation.

"I wouldn't say the gentlemen are hiding behind the women's skirts, but there may be something to it."

American women, he said, even buy 65 per cent. of the men's underwear.

"And," he added, with a touch of bitterness, "the men wear it."

London Women Don Trousers

Slacks Are Ousted As Everyday Wear In English Cities

Fashions are changing fast in England, and the "slacks" of the beaches are giving way to trousers for everyday wear for women in the cities now. "Lots of women are wearing them in London, and they are calling them trousers, too, not slacks," Miss C. S. Lowry, recently told a Montreal Star reporter.

Miss Lowry said that she was impressed with the new styles that have been evolved since the outbreak of hostilities. "They are based on war motifs," she said, "and are very economical. The air raid suits, designed for warmth, comfort and utility and which are slipped on as soon as the air raid warning is given, are particularly smart."

Bargain Event!

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