

keep one eye out for the A.P.M., the other on the lookout for a little stray jollity to wind up a stolen evening in a very fine old town of ancient Picardy.

If the porridge-pot is an institution north of Berwick and the Tweed, the vegetable stew-pot is as persistent a feature of domestic economy in rural Flanders and Northern France. The ordinary Flemish cooking-stove burns soft coal and faggoted hedge twigs, and is in the nature of a fuel economiser. Ash pit with firebox above, hour-glass fashion, support one end of a flat top three or four feet long, and one pot hole wide which enters the brick or cut limestone chimney by a short neck of flue. A rectangular oven, double walled of light cast iron and sheet metal, usually detachable, is suspended below the table-like top. Damper arrangements enables the heat when required for baking purposes to be diverted around the oven through its double walls on its passage to the chimney. Where the flue enters the chimney sits the vegetable stew pot.

Into this wonderful pot go peas and beans, as greens in summer, or as grain from store in winter, along with pot barley, the leaves thinned from young sugar beets, celery root, parsley, carrots, turnips, onions, cabbage and potatoes. Beets add sweetness when wanted in the fall, parsnips are used in the spring. The vegetable stew is enriched with stock from bones, giblets, or any fresh meat scraps available. There is no thought in Madam's mind, of boiling meat anywhere except in the vegetable stewpot. Nowadays, fresh meat stocks are much depleted and North America has helped France and Belgium to feed her hungry people while her fighting farmers are in the firing line. So now, on week days, to add strength and savor, the pot contains a piece of fat pork,

the kind we used to be acquainted with on Canadian exploratory survey work, the real old rattlesnake brand, Chicago chicken, "le bon gros lard" of the vegetable stew pot.

Now, whatever may be the alteration in the political status of the Church in France, the peasantry of the north and their Belgian brethren across the border are Catholic still. Sundays and Feast Days find their best clothes on their backs, and in the pot, even the poorest may have a rabbit.

If your culinary acquaintance with rabbit has been confined to the English Wild Rabbit, or his long-eared, long-legged American cousin, you have no good idea what a savory edible is a hutch fattened rabbit of the large or early maturing medium types that are fed for white-fleshed, tender-meated carcasses by the Belgians and French.

When feed is plentiful, the young rabbits are allowed a long growing and fattening period, and may furnish quite a sized carcass. Their usual marketing weights are at least twice the average of English Wild Rabbits.

When feed is scarce, the young rabbits find their way to the stew pot as soon as weaning and subsequent moulting permit proper fleshing.

Nothing is waste from the garden when rabbits are fed.

For the prevention of waste, and the most economical utilization of animal by-products the patronage of the public abattoirs is compulsory when livestock are slaughtered for market or home consumption. Rabbits are of course excepted. But a wary eye on the giblets in a rabbit and vegetable stew would suggest that waste in this line has in some instances, been reduced to an uncomfortable minimum Curious the influences on the evening