

Seeing Week-End Market With Aunt Maria's Eyes

Want to cut down the high cost of meat? Why not try rabbit pot pie for Sunday dinner? The woman who certain sure is going to have one told Aunt Maria Saturday that she really prefers rabbit pie to chicken. Sometimes she just has rabbit stew, others she makes a deep pie, nicely seasoned and absolutely delicious the family votes it. In rabbit season "Father" is sure to be early at market to get his rabbit. He is leaving with a nice big pair, just as she got there shortly after 9 o'clock.

Rabbits there, were a-plenty. One vendor, who always has a big supply when there are rabbits at all, announced that he had brought in sixty pairs—or was it sixty dozen? He had a rapidly disappearing pile, in any case, and he asked 40 cents each, or 70 cents a pair.

It was the first really big rabbit catch of the season, though he had brought in a few earlier. "But you can't get anything like a satisfactory number till the snowfall," he said, "because the dogs get so tired tracking when they can't see the rabbit tracks."

How did he and his partner-son catch them? Mostly with traps. Son had a queer looking little animal in a wire-screened box for sale. A ferret, he told the curious people who inquired, the little animal that plays aloof when it comes to getting the rabbits out of holes.

For quite another purpose than to form the chief dish of the Sunday dinner was a fluffy looking white Belgian hare held in the arms of a friendly small boy.

"Your rabbit?" he was asked.

"Yes," he said, "but I'm going to sell it. It's the last one I got this morning. I've sold all the rest already for pets."

"Moulted, isn't it?" queried Aunt Maria.

"Why, no," was the reply, with just a hint of resentment.

"Did you give it a bath last night then?"

The boy looked at the treasure in his arms. "No," he said, laughing. "She's always nice and fluffy like that. Isn't she a beauty?"

The slaughter of fowls, ducks and geese for Thanksgiving apparently didn't begin to deplete the available supply in the district surrounding London. There were almost as many Saturdays as the week before, especially of chickens, which sold at prices ranging from 75 cents each to \$1.60. Aunt Maria was offered a plump partridge for \$2.25. Beautifully dressed wings, and plump enough for the most finicky housewife could be purchased all the way from \$1.15 to \$1.75.

Geese were about the same as a week ago, \$3 up to 30 cents a pound.

Lots of "Bite-Em-Ins."

What kind of cabbage do you prefer? One farmer had curly green Savoy cabbages, taken out of his garden on Armistice Day, and selling at 10 cents each.

"The English people especially, I find, won't have any other kind of cabbage."

Length Depends on Material



If they can get the Savoy," he told a woman who contemplated trying an experiment with a variety new to her. "They seem to think the greener the cabbage, the healthier it is. In though some folks won't have it unless it is white, and the whiter the better."

"One of these flossy, high brow wimmen that's learned cooking according to rule, come along not long ago, and said she'd take the Savoy every time because they got more 'bite-ems' whatever that may be. We never noticed no unusual kind of a nip in 'em when we cook 'em at home."

White radishes, big as turnips, were quoted by the bushel. "But who would think of buying a bushel of radishes?" asked the surprised writer person.

"The Chinese do. They are our best customers for white radishes. We find a lot of foreign-looking people who want them, though a good many English seem to favor 'em, too. What do they do with them? Search me."

He turned aside, just then, to sell a big bunch of red radishes of the garden variety night for 10 cents.

Many vegetables still in the gardens? A good many apparently, cuddled down towards the week-end under a blanket of snow. The cabbage would be left out any longer. The majority of roots brought in for Saturday's market had been dug up for the occasion.

Talking of roots, a marketer hesitated about buying parsley.

"Is it true," she asked the grower, "that it is dangerous to eat them until they get a touch of frost, owing to the poison in them?"

"Don't worry over that, lady," he replied. "The only time it's dangerous to eat them is in the spring when they've started to sprout."

If time isn't any particular object, it really pays to look about the market in search of bargains. One man got four big Hubbard squashes for 45 cents, same size as were retelling elsewhere for 25 cents each. A market gardener kept his price for big, tender bunches of lettuce down to 5 cents a bunch, while others interviewed were asking 10 cents, or as a very big bargain, 15 cents for two bunches.

There's one woman who is seen regularly at the Saturday market, always looking as she sits behind her big wooden boxes heaped with bottles of beet salad, little white onions pickled with mustard, red cabbage, finely shredded and spiced, and absolutely delicious, grated horseradish.

"I've sold half I brought in already this morning," she announced shortly after 10 o'clock, and she still had dozens of bottles. In addition, she does a good "store trade."

"I'm very busy through the week," said Aunt Maria, "if you put up all those pickles yourself."

"Busy from morning to night," she answered. "I've got a big trade, and I want to see your goods are up to the mark yourself and then be ready with the quantity. It's the only way to get along in any business."



BY MARIAN HALE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—It makes quite a lot of difference when we come to consider the long and the short of fashions—what the material is. Meaning, of course, that the longer the better when the material is dishonored.

In the gorgeous Stein & Blaine gown of crepe and lace, the length has certainly gone about as far as the floor will permit.

Flame-colored crepe forms the under-gown while golden shot lace adds to the richness of the creation.

The lace is further enlivened by silken roses of shaded, corresponding tones.

A cape-like drape in the back really forms a demi-sleeve.

The lace extends high in the neck but the crepe is cut low.

It is an evening gown of commanding distinction.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

3739

A Pretty Negligee.

Pattern 3739 was used for this pleasing model. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 36-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. For sack length 4 1/2 yards will be required.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps. Address all pattern orders to Pattern Department.

Name

Province

Town

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

Measurement: Bust..... Waist

CAUTION: Be careful to include the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent, please enclose only money, 25c, 40c or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of application.

To Be Continued.

(Copyright, 1921.)

There were Professor Peetrabou's eyeglasses with the big rims.

Everything went smoothly for a while in the Land of the Wigglefish. Cap'n Pennywinkle and Curly his sea-horse mingled the traffic where it was thickest, and took care that the big fishes from the north did not bump into the little fishes from the south, and that the big fishes from the south did not get in the way of the little fishes from the north, also that the big fishes from the east did not—but goodness me! You know the rest of it. But perhaps you don't know, my dears, that the reason for such care was that when a big fish bumps into a little fish, or a little fish bumps into a big fish, usually one of them disappears, skin, bone, tail 'n' all, and it isn't the big fish.

Nick and Nancy did lots of errands. Indeed, they were busier than you'd ever think. For one thing there were so many things to be returned, and

Cap'n Pennywinkle hadn't a single minute to spare from his duties to do it. Did you think that the Fairy Queen was the only person who lost anything? No, indeed—think of the boats! Folks were so careless about things, and dropping all sorts of belongings overboard. There were Professor Peetrabou's eyeglasses with the big rims, and Aunt Fanny Fingert's knitting needles one of the pair that her second cousin Josephine Fiat had sent her from the city, with the green knobs—I mean the ones she uses this time, the books didn't have any knobs. But what am I talking about? Oh, yes, I started to tell you what the Twins found.

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Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

Dear Miss Grey: This is my first letter to your interesting page. I find some very helpful things in your mail-box. I go to high school and like it fine. Our motto is "Ever Forward." I am very much interested in the Sick Children's hospital, also the S. C. H. P., as I am going to train for a nurse. If you receive this letter and I see in print it will contribute to the fund next time. My school chum is going through for a teacher and wants me to be one also, but I would like to correspond with some one between the ages of 16 and 18 and I wish they would please write first. I will leave my address with Miss Grey. P. B. C. S. I have placed your name on file in case it is asked for.

WANTS THE TWINS' ROOTS.

Dear Miss Grey—I noticed where The Twins had dahlias roots to exchange. I would be very grateful to her if she would send me a few roots of white and orange dahlias and I will be willing to send a few pink dahlias roots in return.

Please find inclosed a dime for the Sick Children's Hospital.

ALL.

If The Twins see your request I am sure they will send for your address in order that they may send roots to you. It is more satisfactory to send roots or slips direct to the person wishing them.

LEAVES A DOLLAR.

Dear Miss Grey—As this is my first appearance in the Mail-Box, I will make my little bow and leave a dollar for ten names that I had put on patches and mailed to Tip for quilt. Here's hoping she has received sufficient for two blocks.

Thank you, Nip, for making a patch for our quilt. I hope you received Tip's address, and that the names have reached her all right.

WANTS RECITATIONS.

Dear Miss Grey—Isn't this delightful weather? Could you send me "The Face on the Barroom Floor," please? Also the play entitled "That Rascal That I Had Put on patches and mailed to Tip for quilt. Here's hoping she has received sufficient for two blocks.

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Club Studies Hugh Walpole

Miss Macpherson Predicts Still Greater Achievements for Successful Novelist.

Hugh Walpole was the subject of study at Saturday night's meeting of the University Women's Club held at the Arts Building, Western University. After a brief but intensely interesting account of the life of this distinguished man of letters, given by Miss Skelton, Miss Mary Macpherson undertook to give a critical paper of his works, which proved not only entertaining but exceedingly instructive.

During the course of her critical study of Walpole, Miss Macpherson read brief passages from his works to illustrate his style, mentioning the three groups under which his works are classified: Studies in place, including the "Golden Scarecrow," "The Wooden Horse," and "The Gods of Mr. Perrin"; Prologues, including the "Prelude to Adventure" and "Fortitude"; and the Rising City, including "The Duchess of Rox," "The Green Mirror," "The Secret City," "The Dark Forest," "Jerome," "The Wooden Horse" and "The Thirteen Travelers," this latter group of books showing the struggle between the old aristocracy and the new democracy.

The speaker referred to the author's habit of using the same characters in different novels, without making any attempt to have them grow up in sequence. She also pointed out his very happy faculty of catching just the right word or phrase to set a picture vividly, and concluded with the thought that Walpole showed promise of even much greater achievement in the future.

At the close of the meeting a social hour was spent.

ALLISON-WHITLOCK.

A pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitlock, of Toronto, when their second daughter, Verna Ina Ruth, was married to Mr. John Allison of Springfield, Rev. W. Williams of Springfield officiating. The bride wore a gown of ivory silk with a high collar, heavily embroidered in beads, and the gift of the groom, a pearl sunburst, carried a bridal bouquet of Sweetheart roses. The house was effectively decorated with yellow mums and palms. The wedding march was played by Miss Evelyn Whitlock, sister of the bride. After the ceremony a wedding dinner was served, the only guests being the immediate relatives.

COWLEY-BAILEY.

On Thanksgiving Day a very pretty wedding took place in the Anglican Church, Wheatley, when Miss Gladys Bailey became the bride of William R. Cowley of Tilbury. Rev. A. Kinder of Leamington performed the ceremony in the presence of numerous friends of the bride and groom. Miss Joan Bailey, sister of the bride, and Miss Jennie Cowley were bridesmaids, and were becomingly gowned in yellow and pink respectively. The bride was given away by her father, and looked very sweet in a gown of white satin with gold and carried a shower bouquet of Ophelia roses. Two little tots, Elaine Campbell and Roy Hyatt acted as flower girl and ring bearer. After a wedding dinner, the happy couple left for a honeymoon trip. Upon their return they will reside in Tilbury.

PLEASING PROGRAM

GIVEN AT RECITAL

The overture to the "Occasional Oratorio" and "Finlandia" (Sibelius) were the big numbers of the program presented by Mr. J. Parnell Morris at the second of his series of monthly organ recitals on Saturday afternoon in Dundas Street Central Methodist Church. Mrs. W. E. Wortman, contralto, sang "The Cry of Rachel," and the Misses Dorothy and Gertrude Cahill, talented young violinists, delighted with their duet, "The Angels' Serenade" (Brazz).

"Whose? Whose? Anyone we know?"

When she announced, in an outraged tone, that a certain persistent admirer was taking his hand-writing, Mother dear and I were immediately interested. But for quite different reasons, probably I was thinking, but I honestly hoped that Jimmy Alcott might be the man! Though certainly it was a poor role to wish onto Jimmy!

Miss Bothwell ruined my drama. "It looks like—" she began, then stopped abruptly. Mother dear had motioned to her. I saw the gesture in a mirror.

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