

### EXPECT QUITE A DEMAND HERE FOR OLEOMARGARINE

#### U. S. Factories Busy Preparing Large Supplies For Canadian Use

Since the announcement that the man was to be lifted from the importation of oleomargarine into Canada, local housewives have been anxiously awaiting an opportunity to test the palatability of the butter substitute. As yet no definite information as to the date when oleomargarine will be on sale by local dealers has been obtainable; but it is thought that the license will be issued from the food controller's office some day next week.

"No one knows but the food controller, and he isn't saying," said a wholesaler this morning. "The licenses will be issued all at once, and priority will not be given any special dealers."

It is expected that practically all the local produce firms and retail stores will sell margarine; and there is every possibility that it will be manufactured in Canada. Since the bars have been let down, factories in the United States have been working overtime getting ready shipments for Canadian consumption. Whether or not the admission of the substitute will make for lower butter prices is a disputed question, but it is generally conceded that it will be widely used, as with butter at 50 cents a pound, it will fill a long-felt want. People who have tasted oleomargarine in all its varieties express the belief that Canadians will wish to retain it after the war.

According to the word of the manager of that department of one of Canada's largest packing houses, oleomargarine should sell to the retailer at from 30 to 38 cents a pound and no higher.

"We should get the 'top grade' product at 38 cents a pound," said he. "Some very good oleomargarine is selling in the United States now for 30 cents."

Save 12 Cents a Pound  
Any attempt to raise the price of oleomargarine now should be carefully guarded against. In this way the housekeeper should save from 12 to 20 cents a pound on her butter expenditure—and at thirty or even thirty-two cents a pound poorer housekeepers will be able to provide more edible and nourishing food for the children.

At present all of our oleomargarine must be imported from the United States, though we are exporting the best fat from which it is made. Each of the large packing houses now has agents across the line testing and sending over samples, and when the last red tape of government regulation has been complied with the shipments will arrive. Several large retail grocery and provision establishments are buying direct from United States firms. All importers must have the government license, which is sent from the Ottawa office of the Food Controller on approval of the application.

Some of our storekeepers are enthusiastic about oleomargarine and are preparing to have a big stock, but others are Scottishly canny and gloomy about the matter. Their minds resent being asked to turn over a bit. They are quite sure the "fad" won't last; the fat supply won't hold out; oleo will sell up until it is dearer than butter; it won't agree with us, and finally we will all die from fatty degeneration of the pocket book.

But Uncle Sam has thriven notably on it. He says we don't know what we have been missing.

Five Grades  
It is understood that there are five grades. A sample of the best quality recently submitted for examination where it was manufactured, was of a tallowy hue. A gelatine capsule, filled with a yellow coloring fluid, was sold with it; the purchaser, if she cared to "mash" up her oleomargarine and reshape it, being able by means of the capsule, to add the golden tint and delude the family into the belief that they were eating butter. Certain brands are already colored when sold. The best grade is expected to sell at about 38 cents a pound, the actual cost, laid down here, being 32 1-2 cents. Margarine differs from butter in that dealers

## SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH E. CAMERON

LOST AND FOUND AGAIN

Before I insert the several lost notices that have come to me since our last issue of this column let me extend my very cordial thanks to the many readers who found "A Shropshire Lad" for me. I have thanked by letter all those who enclosed their addresses, but there were several who preferred to remain anonymous and I don't want them to be unthanked.

I was delighted to have the poem again and actually liked it as well as I thought I did—something which does not always happen when one re-finds an old friend.

Several other "lost" were also found, but I think I was able to thank all the finders by mail. "An Old Fashioned Scrapbook Poem." "I am going to take the liberty" writes a letter friend, of asking if any of your numerous readers can recall the whole of this dear little piece of poetry. I only remember two verses.

"Speak gently to the aged one Grieve not the careworn heart. They have enough they must endure Without an unkind word."

Speak gently; it is better far To rule by love than fear, Speak gently; let not harsh words mar The good we might do here."

A Boy Brought Up by Apes  
I have been reading your Lost and Found Again department with much interest, and it occurs to me you could help me out. Would like to get a story in book form that I read as a serial about eight years ago. The title was "Targan of the Apes." It dealt with an English officer, his wife and infant son, shipwrecked

and cast on shore of a wild country inhabited by Apes. The father and mother died leaving the infant son. He was discovered by the mother ape who fed him and he grew to manhood. Also I would like to find the words and music of a song I heard nearly forty years ago called "The Faded Coat of Blue." It began like this:

"My brave lad he sleeps in the faded coat of blue In a lonely grave unknown lies a heart that beat so true."

Poetry More Popular Than Prose  
Poems seem to be in much greater demand than stories, (an interesting fact for the student of the influence of literature). Here are three more that different readers would like to find:

"Do not look for wrong and evil, You will find them if you do. Look for goodness, look for gladness"

"The Assyrians came down like a wolf on the fold, And their cohorts were gleaming with purple and gold"

(Sounds to me like Lays of Ancient Rome).

"We were eating, you and me, 'Twas thus the meeting came to be— Missing Lines— Though your father to be sure thought it rather premature And your mother strange to say, was another in the way. Don't let anybody know that was many years ago, What a Heaven vanished then. You were seven; I was ten."

must get in fresh shipments every few days, or the quality deteriorates. Housekeepers are warned against laying in large supplies as it is necessary to use it within a short time.

Oleomargarine will be sold in cardboard cartons as butter is sold, and also in bulk. When it is colored to resemble butter that fact will be stated on the box or tub.

The coming of oleomargarine will take a weight from the minds of certain farmers' wives, who have been unable to fill orders given back in August when country butter was 38 cents a pound, and are sending in belated tubs to irate city housewives at the rate of 50 cents a pound, including transportation. Indeed, according to the complaints of the country folks as to the scarcity of food and other troubles, we will be finding our friend "Margarine" stealing self-consciously out to the tables of the farmers themselves.

And Dad will at last be able to drop the old slogan with which he opened the evening meal. "Go easy on the butter, kids. It's fifty cents a pound." He'll chant instead, "Eat lots of oleomargarine. 'Twill make you fat and round."

Popular in Scandinavia  
The Scandinavian countries have been using oleo for many decades as a butter substitute. Denmark, the most prolific dairy-producing country in the world, has used margarine for many years, and its consumption has not interfered with the production of butter one iota, it is claimed. The poorer class of Danes, Norwegians and Swedes have been accustomed to eating oleo for so long that it is said that they do not know what the taste of butter is like. England has created a form of margarine that is practically the equal of butter in taste, color and nutriment, but the American producers have not been able to manufacture the butter substitute to the same extent as Great Britain.

Welcome in West  
With a ghastly recollection of the sickening taste of a recent purchase of Western Butter at fifty cents per pound, we are delighted to read of the probability of an immediate repeal of the idiotic law which prohibits the manufacture or importation of margarine. On many different occasions we have proclaimed the national need for some substitute for the rubbish we are compelled to buy under the name of butter.

We know, and the average consumer knows—to his cost, unfortunately—that there is some dirty business going on some where in connection with either the sale of manu-

facture of some butter that is forced upon the people. Mind you, we do not inter that there is any butter in the world superior to Western butter, provided we get it. But, unfortunately, we find that much of the high-grade Western butter is shipped to Eastern points, while we, on the prairies, are compelled to consume some concoction that only looks like butter, but which is sold for the price of gold.

We have tried to discover why it is that such positive rubbish is being sold as butter throughout the West, but, not being in the butter business, which apparently is a pretty close organization just now, we have been left to our own deductions. It is possible, therefore with the large proportion of Hungarian and Austrian farmers, scattered throughout the prairie provinces, that the mottled concoction which they sell locally as butter, finds its way into urban markets where the highest price is demanded and obtained? We know of a good many "farming districts" throughout the West wherein this class of stuff is handled, but, if it is good enough for the manufacturers thereof—and we do not doubt that it is—it should never be allowed to find its way into a market where 50c a pound is asked for.

### A GRAND MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

Baby's Own Tablets are a grand medicine for little ones. They are a mild but thorough laxative; are absolutely safe; easy to give and never fail to cure any of the minor ills of little ones. Concerning them, Mrs. J. S. Hastey, Gleason Road, N. B., writes:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and have found them perfectly satisfactory for my little one." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Mrs. R. L. McInloch, of Sturgeon Falls, while driving a motor car to North Bay, was suddenly taken ill, stopped the car and died.

Rev. O. C. Elliott has resigned as pastor of Centre street Baptist Church, St. Thomas, to accept appointment of general evangelist under the Baptist Home Mission Board.

John A. Westaway, superintendent of the ferries at Windsor, lived to his eightieth birthday, according to his strong desire, though he suffered a paralytic stroke some weeks ago.

### Good Night Stories

HOW MISS LEGHORN WON.

White Leghorn was very unhappy because the hens of the barnyard didn't seem to like her. When she went near them they stopped talking and either walked away or gave her a peck on the head. Red Rooster saw the whole affair and sympathized with White Leghorn.

One day as Yellow Hen and Waddle Duck were talking together, Red Rooster slipped up behind them. "She makes me fired!" exclaimed Waddle Duck. "Strutting around in her white gown and yellow stockings!" "She thinks of nothing but looking nice and laying eggs to keep on the good side of Red Rooster. He's so silly he can't see we do more for the barnyard, a success than she does. Would she make a family? I should say not!" cackled Yellow Hen. "Every time I see her pass I feel like pulling her topknot."

Just then Red Rooster strutted into view. "Good morning, ladies; who is this you feel so badly toward?" questioned Red Rooster.

"Miss Leghorn, if you must know," cackled Yellow Hen. "Why, shame! There isn't a hen on the place that lays a prettier egg than Miss Leghorn," replied Red Rooster.

"That's just it," quacked Waddle Duck. "If she'd try to raise a family, like Yellow Hen and me, then she might have cause to be proud. Anyone can lay an egg."

"I think if you ladies would try as hard to see Miss Leghorn's good qualities as you do her faults, you'd soon change your mind," replied Red Rooster, and he strutted away to join Miss Leghorn.

"Cut, cut," cried Yellow Hen. "He's the only one who seems to find good traits in her, the lazy thing!"

"There's one of your babies right over by them; maybe he can tell us what they're saying about us," quacked Waddle Duck.

"But I don't allow them to go so far from the coop," and Yellow Hen chuckled her sweetest, to call the little chick.

Just as it turned to answer her call a big rat grabbed it. Yellow

Hen gave a frightened cry and tried to get out of the coop. The other chickens, hearing her cry of alarm, quickly scuttled under anything that offered a safe hiding place.

The rat was making for the wood pile with the chick in his mouth, when a flash of white shot from under a bush and Miss Leghorn pounced upon him and pecked him with her bill until he dropped the chick and ran away.

"Oh, dear Miss Leghorn, you've saved my life and I've been the one to turn all the hens against you! I said you were good for nothing and lazy. Oh, I'm sorry. Please forgive me!" cried Yellow Hen.

Miss Leghorn shook out her dress and went into the chicken house. The others had seen her bravery and flocked up to pay their respects; but Miss Leghorn settled herself on a nest without a word. When she stepped out a few minutes after she saw a straw over her back and began cackling in a loud voice that she had laid an egg. Every chicken on the place took up the cry, and Miss Leghorn knew that the hens had at last accepted her as one of them, and she was very happy.

Yellow Hen tried to make up in every way she could for the harm she had done, and after a time Miss Leghorn forgave her. Ever afterward they were the best of friends.

### Courier Daily Recipe Column

Escalloped Tomatoes.  
One pint fresh or canned tomatoe, 1 generous pint bread crumbs, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 of sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, little pepper; put a layer of the tomato in a dish, dredge with salt and pepper and dot butter here and there; continue adding layers of crumbs and tomatoe until all the ingredients are used, having crumbs and butter for the last layer; if fresh tomatoe are used bake 1 hour; if canned bake half hour.

Egg Plant.  
Peel the egg plant very thin; let stand 1 hour in salt and water; let dry; make a batter with 2 eggs, little flour, salt, pepper and a pinch of sugar; slice egg plant very thin; dip in batter and fry in deep fat.

Salsify or Vegetable Oyster.  
Boil until tender; scrape off skin; cut in thin slices; dip in egg batter; roll in fine cracker crumbs and fry in deep fat.

Bolled Tomatoes.  
Wipe and cut in halves crosswise, cutting off a thin slice from the round ends; then dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs again; place on a buttered broiler; cook over very hot fire; serve with melted butter.

Squash.  
Quarter a small squash; pare, take out seeds and string; pare, steam 2 hours; take it off and put in the oven to dry; then mash, season with butter, salt, pepper and 1 teaspoonful sugar.

CAN'T TELL ALL HE KNOWS.  
By Courier Leased Wire  
Montreal, Nov. 15.—Rev. Dr. George Hanson, invited by the civic authorities to furnish the facts and figures upon which he based his charges before the Montreal Presbytery that white slave operators are carrying on their trade in departmental stores and moving picture theatres, announces that he is not in a position to divulge this information, which has been given him in confidence.



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