

TABLE TALKS

The sugar maple trees, native to the North American continent and found nowhere else in the world, no sooner yield their sweet crop each early spring than grocery stores around the country fill their shelves with fresh stock.

Folks who live in syrup-producing areas have long been familiar with a wide variety of uses for this flavoured syrup. To educate the rest of us, the 100% Pure Maple Syrup Institute collected some of the best recipes they could find this past spring. The results show that our maple syrup can and should be used for more than just waffles.

Here are just a few of many possibilities.

MAPLE SYRUP TWISTS
2 cups all purpose flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 pound butter

Milk
Maple sugar
Sift flour into bowl; add salt and baking powder. Mix well into this 1/4 of the butter which is at room temperature but not melted. Wet with sufficient milk to make into a biscuit dough. Spread on a slightly floured board and pat down with fingers to about 1/4 inch thickness. (Do not use rolling pin.) Melt the rest of the butter and spread on dough. Sprinkle on this, to about 1/2 inch thickness, maple syrup tub sugar or that grated from a cake of maple sugar. Roll up tight and cut crosswise, lay on a buttered tin and bake at 400° F. Serves 4.

MAPLE FRENCH DRESSING
1 cup salad oil
1/2 cup vinegar

First thing attractive, twenty-five-year-old Miss Olga Deterding does when she is preparing to make one of her frequent tours of Europe from her home in Paris is to see that her favourite pillow is packed with her luggage.

It is about twelve inches square and encased in satin and lace. "It's really my old gram pillow," she revealed the other day. "I have had it ever since I was a baby and somehow I just can't sleep without it."

She is not the only person who has found that the choice of just the right kind of pillow is important for sound sleep. A famous actress confesses that for years her constant companion on theatrical tours was a feather-filled pillow, one of her wedding presents. She regarded it as a kind of lucky mascot and once calculated that she had travelled 65,000 miles with it.

Soft down pillows are especially popular today, but some people dislike soft pillows of any kind. An American bishop who died some years ago used a stone for his pillow for more than fifty years. Wherever he travelled to preach, he carried the stone with him in a specially-made satchel and used to say: "I owe my robust health to my hard pillow." But once he got to sleep quicker than he expected—he dropped his head on the stone pillow and knocked himself out.

Many sufferers from insomnia use pillows filled with soporific herbs to woo sleep. The herbs—sage, thyme, rosemary, lavender, peppermint and elder—give off a subtle perfume which is said to induce sleep.

Drive With Care

MRS. ELSA JENKINS gets some pointers on the handling of the new ship Bonavita from Captain A. O. Elliott, while on a tour of Newfoundland to assemble an exhibit of handicrafts for this year's Canadian National Exhibition.

Now the hold gambler was to get the greatest chance of his life. One night, a woman, heavily veiled, was admitted into his cell. There was time for her only to press his hand, and to point to the open door. She did not dare speak, but the jailer should recognize the voice of Princess Anne—afterwards Queen Anne of Great Britain—who had a weakness not only for gambling but for gamblers as well.

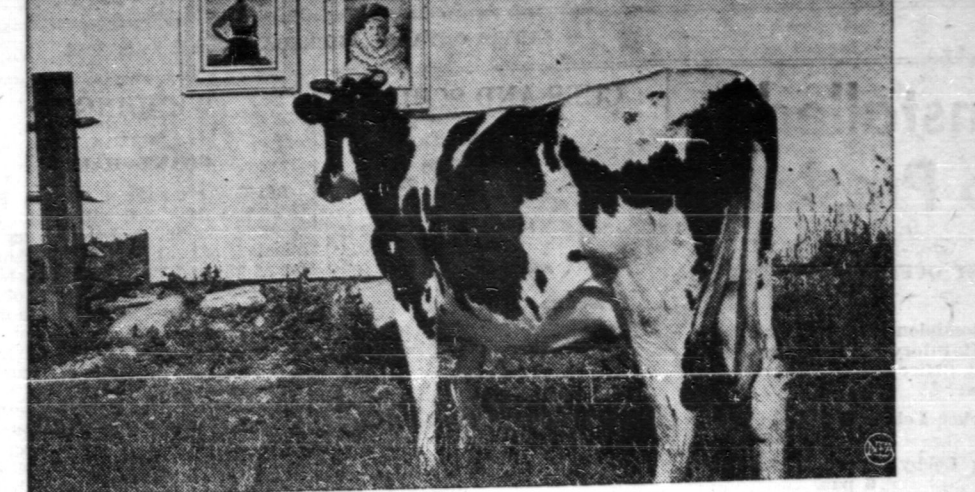
Law did not hesitate. He paused just long enough to take the valuable diamond ring that the Princess pulled off her finger, and lifting her hand he held it to his lips, he strode out of the door.

A carriage was waiting to take him to Greenwich, and at Greenwich State a yacht was ready to sail.

By the evening of the following day, John Law, his only capital a diamond ring, was safe in Holland. For a few months Law studied the banking system of the Dutch merchants and government, even while he perfected his analysis of the various games of chance. Then, with a fair run of money, he set out for Paris—at that time the greatest gambling city in the world.

Law had had time to make his plans. He now wished to gain fame, not as a gambler or as a fop, but as an economist.

He wished to be a banker, as



YOU CUD TITLE THIS BOVINE CONTEMPLATION
Grade A appreciation of art is expressed in this attitude of this cow as she gazes in the mood of the Georgia County Artists Assn. annual Barn Art Show. Some 15,000 persons saw the show. Proceeds of several thousand dollars went to the Georgia Historical Museum.

Saved From Gallow

Without retiring, the jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the elegant young man in the dock.

Not one of the jurymen belonged to London's Smart Set, and to them there was no difference at all between killing an enemy in a witnessed duel—as Law had done—or waylaying him on a dark night. So John Law—"Beau" Law—was found guilty. The handsome, boldest gambler in Town was taken off to Newgate prison, there to await his last journey—to the scaffold at Tyburn.

Locked in his bleak cell, evilminded cell, he had ample opportunity to reflect with despairing bitterness on the appalling mess that he had managed to make of his life.

Still only twenty-three, John Law had been born to great advantage. His father, a wealthy Edinburgh banker, and John had been left a fortune when the father died seven years earlier. Yet though Law had come to London only when he was eighteen, he had acquired his fortune so rapidly that, no more than three years later, he was forced to part with his ancestral estates of Lauriston.

Even so, he had been living comfortably for the past two years on his winnings at the gaming table.

And now— he was awaiting death at the hands of the public executioner.

The tragedy of the situation lay in the fact that Law was no ordinary fop, dissolute though he was. As a boy he had shown an astonishing aptitude for mathematics, and even after having played his heart out the riotous night life of London, Law had still found time to ponder on the economic problems of the day, and to write pamphlets, advocating serious measures of commercial and financial reform.

A young Scotsman, Patterson, had just persuaded the English government to let him set up the Bank of England. There were many—Law included—who thought that John Law had a better financial brain even than the famous Robert Patterson.

The difference was that Patterson had not wasted his money and his reputation in so-called living. Law, though, could look back on his wasted life, and realize that he had used his mathematical genius only for working out gambling systems. He had not been unlucky at the tables, as soon as he had been able to apply system to his play.

But, the young man thought despairingly, he could surely have done better with his life.

"If I ever get out of here," he murmured, "I'll see that things are different."

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Hardtimes

The Rotarian magazine has some fine philosophy for business and sales people. It's the psychological effect that depressive talk has.

It begins with the French artist who sat stipping his wine in a cask. Spying a headline "Hard Times Coming" in a newspaper on a rainy day, he cancelled his order for a second bottle of wine and explained why.

"Hard times?" exclaimed the cask owner. "Then my wife must not order that silk dress."

"Hard times?" said the dress maker. "Then I must not remodel my shop."

"Hard times?" sighed the contractor. "Then I cannot have my wife's portrait painted."

After receiving the letter from the contractor cancelling the order to paint his wife's portrait, the artist went back to the cask and picked up the same newspaper he had read there before. Studying it more closely, he found that it was two years old!

It was from the wind-swept pasture knoll in March, a man's head, that he heard the first spring call of the killdeer plover, loud and clear and sharp. It was from the pasture thicket that the first song sparrow sang. Now field and meadow were alive with the sounds of spring. The birds were singing, the flowers were blooming, and the sun was shining.

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Save Fish And Feel Brainier

If only there were some truth in the old saying that "fish is brain food," what a nation of quick kids we would be! For the fact of the matter is, Canadians are eating more fish these days.

A constitution of elegance is replacing the "poor man's label" that used to be associated with fish and fish dishes. This is reflected not only in the increased Canadian consumption but also in the seafood specialty restaurants which have sprung up in most large cities.

Annual per capita consumption of fish increased four pounds during the period 1944-54, raising the rate from 25 to 29 1/2 pounds. Moreover, the fishing industry hopes to boost this figure considerably over the next generation.

Perhaps the most spectacular acceptance of a fish product is the overnight rise to fish sticks. Sales in Canada last year exceeded 5,000,000 pounds and "mates for the United States for 1955 run as high as \$2,000,000. Encouraging from the Canadian point of view is the fact that a large part of this volume is represented by Canada's fish supply to U. S. processors in block form.

A peculiarity of fish sticks is that, as modified that the food appeals to people who don't ordinarily care for fish. Between the bread crumbs, cooking oil and the seasoning it hardly seems to matter what fish is used.

The industry believes that Canadians will eat more fish if they are assured of a product of consistently superior quality and standard. Hence, the attention being paid to this aspect of consumer requirements.

In the early stages of fish marketing the most critical phase was storage time at sea. The Atlantic fisheries scientists feel that the most important thing being done to raise the quality of the fish in retail stores is to have a higher percentage of better quality fish.

Backed by the Regent, Law founded the French West India Company, and acquired sovereign rights over a vast area of North America—Louisiana, and the entire valleys of the three great rivers, the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Ohio.

Soon the French Africa Company and the French East India Company were added to Law's "empire." He was made controller-general of the finances—"Chancellor of the Exchequer"—and a marquis.

The public subscribed wildly to his various enterprises, and the shares rose and rose in value. Within a year of their issue the value of each share had risen from 500 livres to 10,000 livres (about \$2,000). And when, on January 1st, 1720, five years only after he had returned to France, Law declared a dividend of forty per cent, the shares rocketed to the fantastic ceiling of 18,000 livres.

But the crash was near. It came when the crash was made. Fortunes were added by Law's "empire" and their "paper," the bottom dropped out of the market, there was a run on the bank, and the French government was in a national panic. The Regent could not protect Law from the fury of his enemies.

With nothing but a few possessions—which included the diamond ring that Princess Anne had given him—Law slipped out of France only a step ahead of a mob which would surely have lynched him had they caught up with him.

There were offers from other rulers—among them the Tsar—to set Law up in business again. But he had grown disillusioned, and he wandered about Europe, playing the tables for just enough to get by.

Yet, though hundreds had been ruined when Law's bank and trading companies crashed, the French colonies that the gambler had founded were still thriving.

The Regent of France had lost \$300,000 to Law. Nearly a century later, a French ruler needed money for the State.

So that other ruler, Napoleon, sold the empire that Law had founded to the United States for \$2,000,000.

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THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

When I was a small boy—which wasn't yesterday or even the day before—about the only sort of hay you ever heard mentioned by name was Timothy. In fact to me Timothy and hay were pretty well synonymous and when I had to repeat the books in the New Testament, or attempt to do so, I always had a picture of tall, heavy-headed hay whenever I came to that particular Apostle. Or was he a disciple?

Anyway, it seems as if, nowadays, as I drive along the roads, I find a host of bountiful Timothy hay is about as much a hack number as the writer of the Gospel of Luke. I may need new glasses, or I may need a new car, or I may need a new house, or I may need a new wife, or I may need a new job, or I may need a new life, or I may need a new everything, but I don't need a new Timothy hay.

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Baseball on the Boulevard--

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Folks in Pittsburgh get a big kick out of Traffic Officer John Zurick, who works a busy downtown intersection. He is famous for his dramatic gestures as he keeps traffic flowing smoothly. His enthusiastic motions suggest, at various times, a ballet dancer, a third-base coach, a baseball umpire and a boxing referee.

Officer Zurick, a nine-year traffic duty veteran, formerly played baseball, basketball and boxed a little. Maybe that explains the sports angle of his traffic direction. Here, the candid camera catches his "baseball" routines.

There is something of pride that finds a glowing expression as he looks out of a man when he looks out over a field of time. Timothy, the tall hay undulating in the slightest wind that pushes down with a summer gentleness over the slopes and the hills. He saw the same fields turn green in April. He saw the May rains nourish his fields with the season's stirring growth, and its vibrant hope. Summer has fulfilled that hope; the shades of the earth are full and provident.

The Timothy stands almost shoulder high. The heavy heads away this way and that; the tall grass bends and rises in the wind, changing the moods of a field, changing the shades of green. There are the darker hues, and the lighter, depending upon the mood of the hour.

When the Timothy grows, a man finds the maturity of his season reaching surely across a field when the pollen clouds are carried by the wind, or by a man pushing his way through the high and swirling hay.

It is a never-ending wonder to a man that these flags of bloom, born of air and soil, should wave so bravely across his acres. A thousand combinations of growth and maturity, of life and death, of richness and loveliness across the land. They make the days rich and splendid in the sun. A man is not surprised that the bobolinks and the meadow larks have found his fields good, and that the pheasants, on a few occasions, have nested there.

A countryman can ask for as good a field of land more appropriate than his field of Timothy, growing as tall, sometimes, as the walls and the fences in which his meadows are enclosed. The green waves of Timothy, on a high hill slope are from oceans that whisper and sigh to a man's heart, and they fill him with gladness for being so close to the purpose of the summer of the year.

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