# ANNE HIRST
## Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am 60 years old, and a recent pathetic letter you printed touches me. I did the same thing that woman did, married just to say I had a husband. I loved another man, as she does, and someone stole him from me, but to this day when I see him my heart beats faster . . . I was lucky. My husband turned out to be a fine man, and for years I prayed to God to make me love him as he deserves.

"He has been a good husband and father. Never goes anywhere without me, works every day, doesn't drink, turns in his pay and never asks where the money went. During the depression he was out of work five years; I did housecleaning to make a few dollars, and I have raised six wonderful children . . . A few times I was tempted to leave, but I stayed for the children's sake, because they and their father loved each other so.

"Now we have a country home, and we've helped all the children to own theirs. I've been repaid a dozen times by them all, and thanks to God, I've got everything I ever wished for.

"My last wish was for my husband to consent to take my mother (age 83) into our home when my father passed away two months ago. She is with us now, and my husband even built in a private bathroom for her. I love him more than I thought I ever could. I can forget the other man; we will meet in the next world if it is to be.

"I'm still thinking of that other reader's temptation. I hate to see the mother of three children let them lose their father. Ruin a good man's life? Oh no! If she leaves him, it is she who will pay for it . . . I wish I could write her, but she didn't sign her name. Maybe you can make a short letter to her out of this. Every word is true.

**EXPERIENCE"**

* How I wish I could print
* every word of your letter!
* Looking back over your tem-
* pestuous life, you are a con-
* tented woman today because
* in the hours of temptation you
* put your personal desires be-
* hind you and thought first of
* your husband and the children.
* Let us hope that the wife you
* warn will profit by your
* strength and stay where she
* belongs.

You and I know of no substitutes for goodness. To accept the duty that brings heartaches with it, to remember the vow "till death do us part," you drew upon that well of courage that lies within us all. You deliberately chose the rough road which the Golden Rule demands.

Now you have your reward. Because of his inherent goodness, today you love your husband with all your heart. Your children have brought you honor and joy, your mother shares your contentment. Your little world is well arranged, and it is you who can take the credit for it. If you had listened to your heart, two homes would have been destroyed and more than one person have paid for your action.

Once more I am reminded of the power that lies in the hands of a woman. You have used yours for the good of others. I salute you.

* * *

**MARRY HIM AGAIN?**

"Dear Anne Hirst: I expect this problem is new to you . . . Two years ago I divorced my husband and he married again. Now he is getting a divorce from his second wife, and he wants me to remarry him.

"I still love the man, and I'm afraid I always will in spite of the trouble we went through. But would those same old arguments repeat themselves?

"What would you advise me to do?

**M. T."**

* You do not say why you di-
* vorced your husband. If you
* have reason to think he would
* be more mature than he was,
* and you might make a go of
* it now, you have sound reason
* to consider the idea.

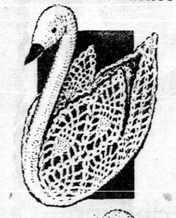
See him for a while after his divorce is final, and learn what kind of man he is today. After a separation, two people are apt to forget the bitterness that parted them and recall only the happy times they had together. It seems to me, though, that a reasonable period of rediscovering each other is in order.

He may have understood how much he really cared for you only after he married again, and asks another chance because he believes now he can make you really content. Since you still love him, you are more than willing to forget the past and make a new start—but this time go slow, and be very sure before you consent to marry him.

* * *

**Help other readers by writing Anne Hirst how you conquered situations that seemed hopeless. Your experience will inspire hope and courage in others facing the same problem. Address Anne Hirst, Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.**

## Decorative Basket



624

Elegant centrepiece to fill with fruit-flowers. "Swan" basket is simple crochet; pineapples alternating with shell stitch give the lovely feather-effect.

Pattern 624: Crochet directions for 11-inch basket, in heavy 4-ply jiffy cotton. Starch stiffly.

Send **TWENTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted; use postal note for safety) for this pattern to LAURA WHEELER, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly **PATTERN NUMBER**, your **NAME** and **ADDRESS**.

Our gift to you — two wonderful patterns for yourself, your home — printed in our Laura Wheeler Needlecraft Book . . . Plus dozens of other new designs to order — crochet, knitting, embroidery, iron-ons, novelties. Send 25 cents for your copy of this book NOW — with gift patterns printed in it!

**ANYONE FOR AUTOGRAPHS?**—New York stockbroker John I. Taeni gets assistance from his wife as they handle some of the 400 volumes which contain the fruits of his hobby—30,000 autographs. Mr. Taeni owns a collection of signatures ranging from Marie Antoinette to President Eisenhower. Included are such prominent specimens as Adolph Hitler, Maria Theresa, Mussolini and Rudolph Hess. Taeni calls the hobby "my happy sickness. I am a prisoner of it."

# CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Our geraniums are still blooming, thank goodness. We had a touch of frost last week; not enough to do any real harm but enough to get everyone worried about their gardens—just in case. Now the danger seems to be past and we can prepare ourselves to enjoy Indian summer, the maple trees already having taken on a reddish hue. By present appearances it looks as if we should have a beautiful, colourful fall. There is plenty of sap in the trees so the leaves should stay on the trees longer than they did last year. We had a decidedly dry fall then, if you remember. The leaves dropped quickly and there was little of the lovely colouring we associate with the fall season. This year the story should be different.

Another thing we are noticing . . . squirrels! More squirrels than we have seen for many years. Black, grey and red squirrels. A few days ago a big grey squirrel fell out of the Virginia creeper on to our bedroom window. For a minute we wondered what on earth was coming as the furry creature slithered downwards. We are wondering what can be the meaning of this sudden increase in the number of squirrels. Where did they come from and where will they winter? We know it is supposed to be the sign of a hard winter ahead when squirrels lay up a big store of nuts. But an increase in the squirrels themselves . . . that has us puzzled.

Still another surprise . . . I was poking around in the garden and what should I see but four nice buds on the Easter lily that Joy and Bob gave me last April and which I set outside after it had finished blooming. We seem to have the most erratic plants around here. A cactus that blooms at Christmas and again at Easter and now it appears we shall have Easter lillies for Thanksgiving.

Partner is still busy on his "redding up" campaign. And in that connection he told me last Tuesday that he had broken up something over which I was liable to "raise Cain."

"And what was that?" I inquired.

"The old barrel churn," he answered.

He was wrong. I didn't mind in the least. I had no sentimental attachment for that derelict piece of equipment. I was never the world's best butter-maker. Probably I never had the right touch or something. I remember I used to churn and churn for ever so long—sitting, standing, reading or just merely thinking, as I worked the handle back and forth. Sometimes I would hopefully raise the lid expecting to see the cream just about ready to gather. Usually it wasn't. Many times I thought the cream was bewitched—it would get so far and no further. So, it was always with a sigh of relief that I finally heard that welcome plop-plop that told me there was butter at last. And then came the job of washing and working the butter. And last but not least, taking it down town and selling the golden prints at twenty-five cents a pound. Or was it fifteen? Anyway, since I used to regard butter-making as more or less of a necessary evil, Partner didn't get any black looks from me when he demolished the old barrel churn.

Mrs. N. C., may I take this opportunity of thanking you for trying to help us with our TV problem—that is, in regard to Channel 6. It was so nice of you to write and to say so many nice things about this column. Now I am happy to report that we are finally able to get Channel 6 without any trouble at all. Not because of anything we did but because—or so we think—CBLT finally made adjustments so that viewers can now bring in Toronto quite clearly.

This may make you smile. Some people have trouble with children. I have trouble with dogs. You know how it is—a mother is taking little Daughter out visiting. She gets her all prettied up in a dainty little outfit, complete with white socks and shoes. "Now, you just sit quietly in the garden for a minute while Mummy fixes herself up," she is told. Well, nine times out of ten you know what happens. Mother comes out and there is little Daughter with her shoes and dress all mussed up.

Well, last Friday I took Robbie out visiting to a sub-division house in a nearby town. The streets were not marked and I wasn't sure where I was. I parked the car and got out to inquire. Unfortunately two things happened. I was parked near a deep and dirty mud-puddle and I didn't close the car door properly. Robbie jumped out of the car, slap-bang into the middle of the mud-puddle. Of course I couldn't take him into anyone's house after that—and what the inside of my car was like I will leave you to imagine. Robbie didn't like it any better than, I did as he is a dainty little dog and hates to get his feet wet. He was also very hurt because he wasn't allowed to visit in the house. So you see what I mean—dogs can get into mischief just as easily as children. When they should be on their best behaviour they never are.





**PRINTED MATTER**

JIFFY-CUT Printed Pattern! This new paper pattern is all one piece; just pin to fabric, cut entire apron at once! It's so easy and thrifty — takes just ONE yards 35-inch fabric to make! The ideal coverup for kitchen chores.

Printed Pattern 4885: Misses' Small (10-12; Medium (14-16). All given sizes: 1 yard 35-inch.

Jiffy-cut pattern is easiest to cut and sew. All pattern parts are printed on ONE tissue piece!

Send **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS** (stamps cannot be accepted; use postal note for safety) for this pattern. Print plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS** and **STYLE NUMBER.**

Send order to ANNE ADAMS, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

NEW PRINTED PATTERN
EASIER—FASTER
MORE ACCURATE

## Marriage Oddities

Three young ex-servicemen wanted to marry a pretty American girl who liked them equally well.

They were all keen riflemen so she undertook to marry the winner of a shooting contest in which each man must fire only one shot.

Two scored a bull's-eye. The third was so nervous that he missed the target altogether. Turning to him, the girl said without hesitation:

"All right, I'll marry you." And she did!

Two young couples living in France arranged a quiet double wedding in a village church. While driving to the ceremony the two brides-to-be were injured in a collision, a slight operation being necessary in each case.

But they insisted on being married first and the joint ceremony took place while they lay on the operating tables.

At a marriage in Manchester, the bride exchanged her Christian name for the surname of her groom, and her own surname for his Christian name. In other words, Miss Rose Charles became Mrs. Charles Rose.

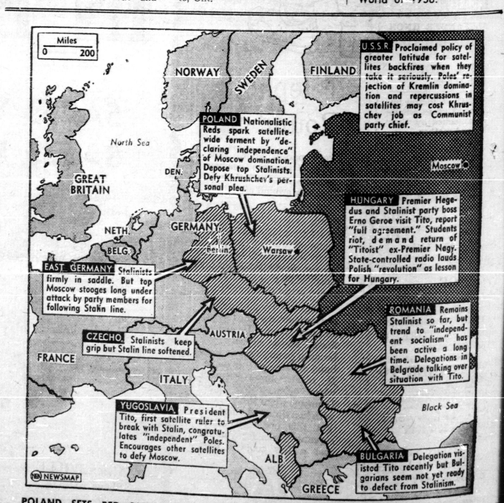
A Rumanian peasant was married in 1939 to the letter-box in which was deposited the note he had posted her last letter to him six weeks earlier.

A year later a builder erecting a house applied to the post office for permission to remove it as it was "in the way." The postmaster refused, saying: "The box is sacred."

The only girl who ever heard her marriage banns announced on the radio was Patricia Bilton, of Hendon. This took place during a broadcast from a British warship in which her future husband was one of the ship's company.

The bride of a British dress designer was married carrying a bouquet of ripe tomates. It was explained that it was the only bouquet she could think of which blended perfectly with dress.

Every year it takes less time to fly across the ocean and longer to drive to the office.





**POLAND SETS RED SATELLITES A-BOILING**—Newsmap above shows some of the repercussions throughout the Communist world following Poland's successful defiance of the Kremlin and installation of nationalistic Communist leaders. Shock waves set off by Poles' revolt apparently reached even to China, where Mao Tze-Tung, Red Chinese boss, is reported to have sent a message of congratulations to anti-Stalinist Poles.

## Modern Etiquette . . .

**Q. How long should a wedding ring be worn after the husband has passed away?**

A. A widow continues to wear the wedding ring during her lifetime, unless she becomes engaged to marry a second time. Following the announcement of her engagement, she ceases to wear her first wedding ring.

**Q. When writing a letter or note to a brother and sister, may one address the envelope, "Miss Mary Morgan and Brother?"**

A. Never. The envelope should be addressed either to the sister or the brother, but never to both.

**Q. When a young girl is introducing her sister to a person, should she call her sister "Miss Harris?"**

A. No. She should merely say, "Mrs. Carter, this is my sister, Joyce."

**Q. Is it proper for a married woman to use her maiden name as a middle name after she is married?**

A. Yes, this is the established custom. In other words, after Joyce Margaret Reynolds marries William Henry Lyons, she then becomes Joyce Reynolds Lyons.

**Q. When a man and girl are dining in public and another couple stops at their table for a few words, should the man and girl rise?**

A. The man rises, but the girl remains seated.

**Q. Is it proper to tip the pianist in a hotel cocktail lounge if you have requested a certain song?**

A. It is part of the pianist's job to play request numbers, and ordinarily no tip is expected. However, if one person asks for a number of selections, then he should give some kind of tip.

**Q. If one is but slightly acquainted with a bride and bridegroom, and an invitation to the wedding is received, is it necessary to send a gift?**

A. No; under these circumstances, it is entirely optional.

**Q. Is it necessary for the hostess at a cocktail party to wait until all guests have arrived before beginning to serve?**

A. Not at all.

**Q. How should one take an olive stone from the mouth?**

A. With the thumb and forefinger, and then lay it on the plate.

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## Sad Boy Of Boxing Died A Hero

Films about the fight game are always popular, so don't be surprised if one of these days they don't make a movie about boy of the ring who died a hero at the age of twenty-seven. They'll never get a better fight story.

Al came from Brownsville, a tough section of New York. There's a murder a day in the big city and Brownsville contributes its full share.

He was the third son of a family of tenement dwellers. When Al was a schoolboy his elder brothers were constantly in trouble with the law. You wouldn't say the younster was bright, but no one could question his loyalty. He was fiery-tempered, and it needed only a nasty remark about his brothers to send him belting into action.

Soon it was discovered that he had a punch above the average. When he connected with a left hook the recipient went down for the count.

You can't have a reputation for being a puncher without the news reaching a fight promoter or a boxers' manager. Soon Al found that he could earn quick money with his left hook and he decided to try his luck in the ring.

A few preliminary bouts convinced the townsfolk they had a potential champion in their midst, a colourful fighter and a real character.

Young Al could box a bit, but as soon as he got hurt or his opponent landed a low punch, he would lose his head, stamp his feet, roar and fight like a demon. And the crowd loved it.

Deciding to cash in on this, a promoter one day billed him as Al (Bummy) Davis, Bummy being a slang term for anyone who went berserk like Davis.

When Al spotted the posters he saw red. He rushed to the promoter's office.

"What the blazes is this?" he screamed. "I don't want to be called Bummy! You take them posters down!"

"Cool off, you hothead," snapped the promoter. "You fight bummy and the fans like it. Where's your sense? As plain Al Davis you're just another fighter. As Bummy Davis you're a crowd-pleaser."

Al saw the logic of that. He went on to more and more wins.

After he had scored thirty-five in a row he had a argument with another Brownsville boy and they started to settle it in the street. Someone told the promoter, who rushed over to stop the barefist battle.

"Are you crazy?" he demanded of Al. "You don't fight on the street any more. Besides he's a better boxer than you — you're not in his class."

"Ain't I?" said Al sullenly. "I could lick him anyway!" "All right, lick him for me — but in the ring," snapped the promoter. So many fans wanted tickets for that fight that they had to take it to Madison Square Garden: The 20,000-seat stadium was packed to capacity.

For three rounds Davis tried in vain to land his celebrated left hook. The crowd jeered as his clever opponent made him miss and the jeers infuriated Al.

Early in the fourth round he was about to toss another left hook when he remembered that he would get booed if he missed. So he threw a right hook instead — and knocked his man out.

After that Al went on winning and his purses got bigger and bigger. With the money he bought a small bar. Along the front in flashing neon lights were the words: "Al (Bummy) Davis." All his pals were given free drinks and he never before realized how many pals he'd got!

He asked his promoter, Mike Jacobs, to get him a match with the welterweight champion, Fritzie Zivic.

"I don't think you can beat him," said the promoter. "But you can have the chance." He knew the fans would flock in to see Al get a hiding.

Davis did well at the start. Too well for Zivic, who stuck a thumb into Al's eye.

When he got back to his corner, Al complained about the thumbing. "That guy's fighting dirty," he growled.

"Well, go out and tell him," advised his chief second.

Al went right into a clinch and did just that, whereupon the champ stuck his other thumb into Bummy's other eye. That did it.

"So you want to fight rough!" bawled Bummy. Then he hooked his left so low that all over the arena they could hear the crack as Zivic's protector buckled.

Bummy hooked again, even lower this time. Then he went to work with both hands as the champion backed into the ropes and called for help.

The referee tried to haul Davis off, so Bummy turned and smashed him on the chin. Through the ropes came the police and half the ringsiders. Soon Bummy was fighting all and sundry until sheer weight of numbers bore him to the canvas.

He got a life suspension for that little riot, so he joined the army. But soon the army were asking Mike Jacobs to take his fighter back again. They thought they could win the war better without him!

On his discharge Bummy got his suspension revoked and landed a return with Zivic. Fritzie was in his best form this time and gave the ring-rusty Davis a fearful beating before the referee stopped it in the tenth round.

Other defeats followed and the demand for his services slackened. Soon promoters had lost all interest in him and Al was forced to sell his bar.

The new owner kept the glittering sign up and every day Al used to go in for a beer. It made him feel he was still the owner.

On the afternoon of November 21st, 1945, he was sitting there when he saw four men enter and go over to the proprietor who was standing behind the till. A gun appeared and the nervous proprietor began gathering up the bills in the cash regisier.

Bummy got to his feet. His eyes were blazing and his fists were clenched. He walked quietly up to the four hold-up men and, grabbing one by the neck, dropped him with a terrific left hook.

The next man turned. Al aimed a left at his stomach, but a gun barked and the fighter took one bullet in his neck and two in his body.

The thugs picked up their unconscious comrade and made for the door, Bummy, still on his feet, staggered after them. They scrambled into a car and, as Al reached the pavement, they finished him off with more hot lead.

A cop took a shot at the fleeing car and hit one of the gunmen in the shoulder. Later all the gunmen were surrounded in their hide-out.

In the tremendous battle that followed, one of the four men was killed. The one with the wounded shoulder was sent to the electric chair. The other two were given life sentences.

Al Davis was given a simple funeral, but everyone who was anyone in the fight game attended. He hadn't a dime to his name when he died. The quarter-million dollars he had earned with his blazing fists had all gone long ago.

Engineering students are baffled by the fact that often the girls with the most streamlined shapes offer the most resistance.

**TOKYO TOYLAND**—It won't be too long before Santa makes his annual trip. The Tokyo youngsters above, find themselves in a children's paradise already, as they enjoy a wide variety of "Made in Japan" toys. The peak period has begun for the island nation's toy manufacturers, with 80 per cent of the products going to Canada, the United States and some European countries.

## Safe Hunting

Shoot first and ask questions later!

This adage may have had its place in bygone days when the safety of the community depended on immediate and effective action against prowlers. It has no application today and especially not by hunters.

Hunting is one of Canada's largest participant outdoor sports. Hundreds of thousands of men and women from every walk of life enjoy healthful recreation from the days afield on the annual hunt. For some of them this pastime will be spoiled by the irresponsible gun-toter who will do such things as fire "sound shots."

"Sound shots" are those fired at sounds made by some unidentified person or animal moving in the woods. It seems incredible that anyone would be so careless or show such absolute disregard for human life as to shoot at something he cannot even see, let alone recognize. Yet it happens every fall and, sometimes, with fatal results.

It has been said that you cannot legislate brains into anyone. But sportmen can, by example and a word of caution to their fellow hunters, eliminate the few who would give this great sport an undeservedly bad name.

True sportsmen respect the right of others to enjoy their sport in safety. They respect the rights of the property owner, his fences, his buildings, his livestock and crops. They obey the game laws and, most important, they practice these "Ten Commandments of Safety":

**Treat** every gun with the respect due a loaded gun.
**Carry** only empty guns, taken down or with the action open, into your automobile, camp and home.
**Always** be sure that the barrel and action are clear of obstructions.
**Always** carry your gun so that you can control the direction of the muzzle.
**Be** sure of your target before you pull the trigger.
**Never** point a gun at anything you don't want to shoot.
**Never** leave your gun unattended and loaded.
**Never** climb a tree or cross a fence with a loaded gun.
**Never** shoot at a flat, hard surface or at the surface of water.
**Don't** mix gunpowder with alcohol.

## How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

**Q. How can I render fabrics fire-proof?**

A. Soak in a solution of one pound ammonium phosphate to one gallon of cold water. Or, add one ounce of alum or sal ammoniac to the last rinsing water, or to the starch used for wash fabrics. This will prevent the cloth from bursting into flame, although it may smoulder.

**Q. How can I make a good silver polish?**

A. Mix equal parts of whiting, ammonia, and alcohol. Apply with a flannel, allow it to dry, and then polish with tissue paper.

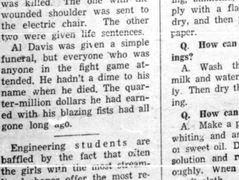
**Q. How can I wash oil paintings?**

A. Wash them with warm milk and water. Rub very gently. Then dry them without rinsing.

**Q. How can I clean tinware?**

A. Make a paste of powdered whiting and ammonia, olive oil or sweet oil. Dip a rag into this solution and rub the tin thoroughly. When dry, polish with a soft cloth.

## MERRY MENAGERIE



"For Pete's sake, is EVERY day Friday around this joint?"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TOWN Podner! Las Vegas calling you. Have fun in the sun. Low Winter rates $5.00-$7.00. Make reservations or send for brochure. Sky Ranch Motel, 2609 Fremont, Las Vegas, Nevada.

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**WANTED**

WANTED! Small country store in Ontario. No close opposition. Box 147, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont.

WANTED — One to 100 acres, reasonable, snow ploughed road, bus or truck service, state cash price. Boy Markle, Grafton, Ontario.

**TENEMENT SYMPHONY**

A very weary ground flat occupant of a block of dwellings in Lexington is growing more and more waxy at the antics of a woodpecker. This particular bird has developed the annoying habit of pecking long and loud at a dustbin which stands near the flat-holder's bedroom window. The metallic tattoo starts promptly at 5:30 a.m. every day.

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Protect your BOOKS and CASH from FIRE and THIEVES. We have a size and type of Safe or Cabinet, for any purpose. Visit us or write for price, etc. to Dept. W.

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ASK for free booklet and testimonials telling how Leonard's Invisible Ear Drums have helped many deafened or send $10 for complete kit.
**A. O. LEONARD COMPANY, Dept. 4, Box 306, Station F., Toronto, 5.**

$1.00 TRIAL offer. Twenty-five deluxe personal requirements. Latest catalogue included. The Medico Agency, Box 22, Terminal "Q" Toronto, Ont.

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BUDGIES — good talking strain, variety of colours males $7.95, females $4.95. Canaries, guaranteed singers, $8.75. Hamsters, $1.95. Aquariums and supplies. Write for prices. Pet House, 742 Welland, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

**SALESMAN WANTED**

WANTED: **A real live salesman to take orders for one of Canada's oldest established Chick Hatcheries. Liberal commission said Box 146, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto.**

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LANDRACE are gaining in popularity in Canada as they have in European Countries as well as in United States. Why? Because they are a bacon type hog and make you more money. We have 4 and 5 month old sows, boars, weanling sows and boars, guaranteed in pig sows for immediate delivery. Imported stock. Catalogue.
FERGUS LANDRACE SWINE FARM
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Everybody gets a bit run-down now and then, tired-out, heavy-headed, and maybe bothered by backaches. Perhaps nothing seriously wrong, just a temporary toxic condition caused by excess acids and wastes. That's the time to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's stimulate the kidneys, and so help restore their normal action of removing excess acids and wastes. Then you feel better, sleep better, work better. Get Dodd's Kidney Pills now. Look for the blue box with the red band at all druggists. You can depend on Dodd's. 52

"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE


ISSUE 45 — 1956


Jane Ashley Says

**"Corn Starch Makes Tasty Supper Dishes!"**

**BAKED EGG SQUARES**

2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons BENSON'S or CANADA Corn Starch
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup milk
4 egg yolks, slightly beaten
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten

MELT butter in saucepan; remove from heat.
ADD BENSON'S or CANADA Corn Starch, salt and pepper; blend well.
ADD milk gradually; mix until smooth.
COOK over medium heat, stirring constantly, until thick and mixture boils.
REMOVE from heat; pour over egg yolks slowly, mixing well.
FOLD egg yolk mixture lightly into beaten egg whites.
POUR into ungreased 8-inch square pan; place in pan of warm water to oven-poach.
BAKE at 350°F. for 50 minutes or until silver knife inserted in centre comes out clean.
CUT into squares; serve immediately with tomato sauce, if desired.
YIELD: 4 to 6 servings.

For free folder of other delicious recipes, write to:
Jane Ashley,
Home Service Department,
THE CANADA STARCH COMPANY LIMITED
P.O. Box 129 Montreal, P.Q.