

**"I Never Have to Take Any Special Care With This Flour"**

MRS. H. L. POOLE, of Montague, P.E.I., takes guests in her home and does so much baking she uses up a 95-lb. sack of flour every two weeks. Naturally a flour that would save her trouble and work would be popular with her. She has found such a flour in Robin Hood.

At the 1937 Eastern King's Exhibition, held at Souris, P.E.I., Mrs. Poole won prizes for cakes, white bread, buns, rolls, tea biscuits and pies—all baked with Robin Hood Flour. She won seven firsts, one second and two thirds!

"I never have to fuss with Robin Hood," said Mrs. Poole. "It needs no special care whatever. It is so easy to work with. It mixes into a smooth dough that has lots of life. You can count on it rising nicely, too."

"Another thing I like about Robin Hood," continued Mrs. Poole, "is the ease with which the dough moulds into well-shaped loaves. The dough keeps its shape, too, and has such a nice finished appearance when put in the pans that you know your bread is going to be good."



Mrs. H. L. Poole, Montague, P.E.I.

One of the Island's best home-bakers. In 1937 won seven firsts, two seconds and two thirds at Eastern King's Exhibition at Souris, P.E.I. Her entries were baked with Robin Hood Flour.

Mrs. Poole's Raisin Pie is Delicious

**PASTRY**  
1 1/2 Cups Robin Hood Flour  
1/2 Cup Lard  
1/2 Cup Ice Water  
1 Teaspoon Salt

Cut in lard into flour with knife, add ice water and salt, stir with knife. Turn out on board, and roll. This makes enough for one covered pie.

**FILLING**  
1/2 Lb. Raisins  
1/2 Cup Brown Sugar  
1/2 Cup Water  
1 Teaspoon Corn Starch  
1/2 Lemon and 1/2 Orange

Soak raisins and water to boil, add sugar and corn starch in a little cold water. Add the fruit juices and salt. Cool before putting in pastry.

Wouldn't you, too, like to use a flour that produces the very finest results without a lot of fussing? Then ask your dealer for Robin Hood. Your money back plus 10 per cent. in addition if you are not fully satisfied.

**Robin Hood Flour**  
Milled from Washed Wheat

**DAIRY FACTORIES MAJOR PRODUCERS**

MONTREAL, Oct. 24.—(CP)—Dairy factories are the source of more than two-thirds of the butter production of Canada and of approximately 99 per cent of the cheese, says Agricultural and Industrial Progress in Canada. They also are the source of a large and growing output of concentrated milk. The capital invested in the dairy factories of the Dominion is in the neighborhood of \$65,000,000. Creameries are most numerous with cheese factories second.

The patrons of the three groups of factories combined number around 275,000. Value of the output of all dairy factories last year was \$124,951,000. Number of dairy fac-

ories operating in Canada last year was 2,853. Of this total, 1,269 were creameries, 1,024 cheese factories, 241 combined butter and cheese factories and 24 were engaged in making concentrated milk.

**COCOA WAFFLES**

One and one-half cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 6 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup milk, 3 eggs, 1-4 cup melted butter or shortening.

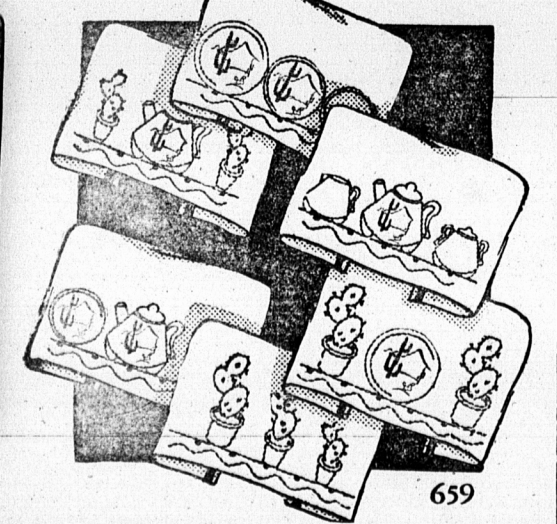
Method: Mix and sift all dry ingredients. Beat yolk and to them add milk and shortening. Add to dry mixture. Fold in egg whites, beaten stiff. Bake in moderately hot waffle iron.

**FRY'S COCOA**

PREFERRED BECAUSE OF ITS FINER QUALITY

FRY'S PURE BREAKFAST COCOA

**To-Day's Popular Design**  
By Carol Aimes



MEXICAN MOTIF TEA TOWELS  
DESIGN NO. 659

Miss Aimes receives at least 200 votes for each design before it is accepted for this column. Send us your votes. We print all the popular designs.

Dear Readers: With requests for Mexican designs in every mail, our designer was inspired to create these pretty motifs to decorate tea towels. Worked in the bright colors so typical of this kind of embroidery, the towels will make lovely gifts. For an extra special set search the shops for sun-yellow linen for the towels. It makes a perfect setting for both the designs and the colors.

The pattern includes transfers of the designs, stitch and color guides and keys and material requirements. Send 20 cents, coins preferred.

Pattern Order Form—To be used when ordering Patterns and Voting for POPULAR DESIGNS.

To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept.  
DESIGN NO. 659

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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I suggest the following as a POPULAR DESIGN \_\_\_\_\_

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**THE COOK'S CORNER**

**RICE PUDDING**

One-half cup rice, 1 cup finely chopped dates, 3-4 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 orange, 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon syrup from preserved cherries, 1 cup whipped cream.

Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and mix with dates and sugar. Soften gelatine in 2 tablespoons of cold water for 5 minutes, dissolve over boiling water and mix with juice of orange and lemon and cherry syrup. Whip cream until firm and beat into it gelatine mixture. Add to rice mixture and beat until thoroughly blended; stir from bottom to top until pudding begins to set and then turn into small moulds. Let stand on ice for several hours until firm. When ready to serve, unmould and sprinkle finely chopped candied cherries over the top of each form.

**QUICK CHOCOLATE SAUCE**

1 square chocolate  
1-2 cup corn syrup  
Few grains salt  
1-3 teaspoon vanilla  
2 teaspoons butter

Melt chocolate over hot, but not boiling water. Stir in syrup and salt. Keep hot in double boiler. Add butter and flavoring when serving.

**CUSTARD SAUCE**

This is one of the most useful sauces we have for serving with desserts. Well-chilled, it is delicious on a deep-fruit pie, on various delicate cold puddings. It offers an excellent way to use up egg yolks.

2 cups milk (scalded)  
1 tablespoon cornstarch  
1-4 cup sugar  
1-2 teaspoon salt  
2 egg yolks

1-2 teaspoon flavoring extract. Combine cornstarch, sugar and salt thoroughly, and stir in hot milk gradually. Return to double boiler and stir and cook until thick—then cover and cook, stirring occasionally until no raw flavor of starch remains. Beat into slightly-beaten egg yolks.

**GRAPE FUDGE**

5 lbs grapes  
3 lbs sugar  
1 lb. raisins  
1-2 lb. walnuts

Method: Wash the grapes and pick stems from the stems. Separate the skins and the pulp and heat the pulp until the seeds are free. Mash this through a sieve to remove seeds.

Cook the skins in a very small amount of water so they will be tender, then chop them and the raisins. Add to the grape pulp and boil for about 20 minutes. Add the sugar and cook until the jam is thick.

About 5 minutes before removing from the fire, add the chopped walnuts. Turn into hot, sterilized glasses and cover with paraffin.

You can make another which is not so different, but to which the flavor of the oranges adds a certain tartness that is rather unusual.

**Old Fashioned Vinegar Pie**

2 eggs  
1 cup sugar  
2 tablespoons cornstarch  
4 tablespoons vinegar

1-4 cups water  
1 tablespoon butter  
1-2 teaspoon lemon extract

Method—Beat the egg yolks until they are thick, then add the sugar gradually and continue to beat until this is dissolved. Heat the vinegar and 1 cup of water to the boiling point, then add the cornstarch which has been dissolved in the remaining 1-4 cup cold water. Add the sugar and egg mixture and cook over hot water until the filling is thick and smooth and has no taste of raw starch.

Remove from the fire and stir in the butter and flavoring. Turn into a well baked pie shell and cover with a meringue made by beating the egg whites stiff and then beating in 4 tablespoons granulated sugar. Spread this roughly over the pie and brown in a slow oven at 325 deg. This tastes a good deal like a lemon pie, particularly if you use white vinegar.

Buy "FIT-ALL-TOP"



Kayser prescribes a modern tonic for hosiery strain: Fit-All-Top. No matter how knee-racking your day's activities, its stretchy two-way top bends but won't give in. Fit-All-Tops are pleasant to take, too, in mellow new tones. Both sheer and service weights.

Be Wiser—Buy Kayser

ON THE ISLAND IT'S MOORE & McLEOD FOR FASHION AUTHENTICITY

**IDLE RAINBOW**  
By Phoebe Sheldon

Downstairs Lindsay sat in the library writing in square black letters. Dear Rufus:

Poppy has gone to bed early and I write and thank you for providing us with this beautiful treat. It's doing Poppy worlds of good. She has color in her cheeks and has gained two pounds. We weigh ourselves every day on the scales in the barn.

Every day I feel better acquainted with you and the Haydens. On that old cupboard in the kitchen Nettie showed me yesterday the marks she made every year on your birthday to show how you'd grown. Scratches on the kitchen door, some high ones made by a big dog and some by a little one. The big one was Fritz and the little one was a spaniel you called "Prince Charlie."

And here in the library I can see your whole set of Tom Swift beside your father's Alger boys. I've been surprised to see what an excellent library the elder Haydens gathered together and apparently they which one liked Dickens and which one Kipling? And then there is a Latin Grammar and the translations of Horace. And in front it says "Rufus Hayden, Garrison, N.Y. If ever this book should roam, give it a kick and send it home."

Today Nettie got out the loveliest old chessman and showed me the marks of your first teeth on one of the pawns.

Nettie and I are getting along beautifully. She even consults me

about meals which gives me a tremendous kick and makes me feel as if I belonged here. Johnny Raymond has given me a few simple tasks in the nursery which I perform with care and reverence and a growing interest in the whole process of cultivation. And yesterday I took the husks of a half cupful of very fancy vermicelli seeds and they are now sprouting. I hope, in a mixture of garden loam and sand.

I'm saving up a lot of other things about your past and tell you when I see you, Rufus, please, no end of thanks for your generous hospitality to us both.

As ever,  
Lindsay.

She finished and folded the letter. She put it in an envelope and locked it, then stared at it lying on the desk. She sat there for some time and then rummaged for a stamp, put it on the envelope and placed the letter on the hall table beside the kerosene lamp.

Friday was a glorious day. Johnny Raymond drove them over to the Alexanders' for lunch. The Alexanders lived on a hill. The house was gray-shingled with blue shutters and low red brick chimneys. Everywhere it smiled of spring while little white clouds blew across the bright sky.

Inside Terry and Gwen both began to talk at once. They drew Poppy in and asked her how she was feeling and Gwen took Lindsay aside and put her arms around her and said she hoped she was

**A Morning Smile**

**BAD ENOUGH AS IT IS.**  
Mose—Ah sho' is glad Ah wasn't King Solomon.  
Rastus—Whaffer yo' has dat pinion.  
Mose—Huh, huntin' up washing's fo'n one wife keeps me plenty busy.

**A NASTY DIG**

Helen—He told me I was the prettiest and most interesting girl he had ever met.  
Aunt Irma—And you will trust yourself for life with a man who larks to deceive you at the beginning of your engagement?

They wanted anything at all they must call no matter what time of day it was.  
Lindsay sat relaxed and happier than she had for days. The two Alexander girls at opposite ends of the table talked incessantly, but seemed completely in accord with each other, so much so that one finished the other's sentences. Each always seemed to know what the other was going to say.

Gwen said, "I wish you girls lived out here all the time. We're simply mad about this part of the world, but every now and then we do like a little feminine company. We couldn't find any sort of inducement to make you stay, could we?"  
Lindsay selected a strawberry cup cake and dipped her spoon into the sherbet glass of ice cream. "It wouldn't take very much, I hope Rufus doesn't find a buyer for the place before Poppy recovers entirely from her blood pressure or whatever is wrong with her."

Both girls stopped, their mouths open, their spoons poised in the air. Terry recovered first. "Lindsay Abbott, you mean to say Rufus is selling the place? I simply can't believe it!"  
"It isn't possible. He'd rather out off his right arm."  
Poppy nodded her head. "Fonessy has been listed since the first of the year. I'm surprised you didn't know about it."

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"Rufus did tell us he was going to sell," said Terry, "but he's said that so many times before just when the taxes were due that we didn't think he meant anything by it."  
"Of course," said Poppy. "It's all Julia's doings."  
Gwen and Terry exchanged looks. Then Terry said, "Let's have our coffee in the living room."

After a little while Lindsay thought ought to go back but the Alexanders said they must see the farm. As they wandered around Poppy and Gwen were separated from the others, and Poppy seized the opportunity to ask, "Isn't there anything Rufus could do instead of marrying Julia?"

Gwen said, "Let's sit down on this stump. I can't think of any place where Julia Graham would be really useful. And sometimes I think I just can't sit by and watch her ruin Rufus. And if she doesn't marry John which would be infinitely worse, so I just say to myself, 'Don't you meddle!' But Terry says we'll blame ourselves if we don't meddle, because maybe it would be better. Well, in the first place, Rufus can't sell off a few corners here and there and not know the difference, and get plenty of ready cash. He could rent that roadside frontage down there to a roadside inn. Then he has a good thing in his nursery and green tree food. Most of the big estates around here would hire Rufus as a tree expert, even though they do have their own gardeners."

"You don't like Julia much do you?" asked Poppy.  
Gwen looked at her. "Neither do you."  
"I think," said Poppy slowly, "if somebody could eliminate Julia from

happy over the Hayden farm. If the contest everything would come out all right. I've got some thinking to do. Some hard thinking. Maybe we'd better get started for home."

Morning streamed in the window. Lindsay threw back her arms and stretched. Then she turned over and shook Poppy.  
"Wake up! It's Saturday and Rufus is coming out today! Wake up, lazy bones!"

Poppy yawned and said with her eyes still closed, "Isn't it pretty funny that you should be so excited about Rufus coming out when

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**MARVEN'S PASTRY-SHELLS**  
NEW IDEA - YOU-FILL-EM

MARVEN'S QUALITY

**THE HOUSEWIFE - AND - HER ACTIVITIES**

**KINDNESS**  
Friends, in this world of hurry, and work and sudden end, if a thought comes quick of doing a kindness to a friend. Do it that very minute; don't put it off, don't wait. What's the use of doing a kindness if you do it a day too late?  
—Author Unknown.

**REMOVING STAINS**  
Finger and nails stained with vegetable paring or gardening will soon become clean, whitened and softened if they are rubbed with a lemon cut in half. Dig the nails well into the centre of the lemon.

**STAINED CLOTHES**  
"Tablecloths that are stained should be put in the boiler when the water is actually boiling. When the cloth is removed the stain will have vanished. Do not put it into the water and then bring to the boil. This will only set the stain more firmly and eventually make it more difficult to remove."

**GLASSES**  
Eyeglasses will not become misty in a steamy atmosphere, such as during jam-making or preserving, if they are rubbed with a little glycerine.

you're engaged to Toby and he's coming out too? Oh, um!"  
"You're half asleep. It's just that being here in Rufus's house and seeing all his things lying about, you just get to thinking about him."  
Poppy sat up. She flung her arms out wide. "It's wonderful out here. Lindsay! Sometimes it seems just criminal to me to stay cooped up all day long in an office when there's all this green sky-free space to move about in. After all, we have only one life to live."

Lindsay was running a comb through her hair. "You sound a little like Aunt Spiddy."  
"She is a grand person. Which reminds me of something. Who's looking after all Rufus's greenery while he is down town selling bonds? It may be one of those insect and making notes?"  
"Johnny Raymond is doing some of it, and I told Rufus we'd be glad to do anything we could."  
"It seems a terrible shame. He really shouldn't sell the farm."

"No, of course not," but Julia wants him to."  
(Continued on page 9, Col 5)

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