

IMPORTANT TO KNOW ONE'S ONIONS

Most Precious of the Lilies Should Not Be Taken Lightly or Scorned.

NEW YORK, April 26—It is congruous enough that the sun-bathed Bermudas in their sapphire seas should be piously devoted to the culture of onions and Easter lilies, two precious gems of the monocotyledonous order Liliaceae. To the same distinguished order belong such divergent forms as those of asparagus, yucca, asphodel, hyacinth, tulip, smilax and lily of the valley; but from the age when Egyptians took solemn oaths upon the sacrosanct bulbs of the onion, it has been the most useful and universally esteemed member of its mighty tribe.

Long ago the Sun published an engaging police-court story of a thrifty young man who loaded a push-cart with crimson bulbs, and did a lively business selling "Allium cepa lilies" to commuters near a Jersey ferry. At nightfall of a profitable day the youth was arrested on complaint of a wise-acre for selling common red onions at a handsome profit, and haled to court; but a sapient judge discharged him, because Allium cepa was in very truth a lily, and he had claimed no virtue for it but its own.

Your florist's catalogue shows the bewildering array of Allium cepa's varieties from the sweet and pungent globes to be boiled, roasted, glazed, French-fried, or eaten raw to the silverskins, for pickling, and the minute pearls that ornament caviar; but few catalogues or books lay sufficient stress on the merits of Allium cepa's delectable and useful cousins.

The leak, Allium porrum, is a noble lily, national emblem of Wales; and in cock-a-leekie soup it vies with haggis for Scottish national honors. The Japanese feature its flavor and decorative effect in their national sukiyaki, and all Europe, Asia and Africa celebrate its piquancy in delicate soups and stews and salads.

Chives, Allium schoenoprasum, need no introduction, but should be known more intimately. Buy two bunches at the grocer's, and eat one, but set the other in the garden, or in a pot, at the kitchen window. Fine clippings of the tubular grass-like blades give life and spirit to an omelet with fines herbes, with parsley, chervil, and tarragon, and work magic when sprinkled over a salad chiffonade, or mashed with cottage cheese and spread upon rye bread, or rolled into balls of cream cheese to ornament a salad.

Scallions or Welsh onions, Allium fistulosum, come with bock beer and violets as heralds of spring, and they never grow to be big onions—as some people seem to think—but are spring onions all their lives and never form a portly bulb like Allium cepa. The spring onions that show a round bulb are not true scallions, but merely onions of tender age. The shoots or "sets" of both may be planted as soon as the frost is out of the soil, and they will burgeon with the crocus and the tulip at the bluebird's call.

Shallots, Allium ascalonicum, have been prized in Europe and the Orient two thousand years, but you will have to hunt for them in New York. At the best hotels and restaurants, you will detect a subtle evanescent tang in some entrees or clever conceits in fowl or game—a tang unlike that of garlic or of onions—and it is the essence of shallots. They look like plump cloves of garlic, of a coppery reddish hue, and are sold in berry baskets. Your grocer may swear that he knows them not, but he buys them now and then, and has them left on his hands, for New Yorkers are peculiarly shy of unfamiliar things. Always you would find them in the French market of New Orleans, Lexington market in Baltimore, and Quincy market in Boston; and you may get them in New York if you follow the trail patiently through the markets of Madison Park, and Third avenue, Washington market, and the foreign quarters.

Garlic, Allium sativum—edible dynamite—a terror to the timorous, a joy to the reckless and the unafraid!

Gilbert K. Chesterton says that the use of garlic is not a matter of taste, but of bad taste; yet to the laurel-crowned gourmets of the world a clove of garlic is a gold nugget, and without garlic the esoteric fine art of cookery would languish. The scents of crude ambergris, musk and civet are more revolting to the senses than that of garlic, yet they enhance the charm of the rarest perfumes; and so the mere touch of suspicion of garlic brings out the glories of the richest salads and the choicest viands. The master of the salad bowl rubs a bit of garlic around it, and the garlic haters marvel at the excellence of the salad. The perfect chef incorporates a clove, half a clove, a quarter of a clove of garlic in a sauce for meat, fish, fowl or vegetables and the guests wonder why they cannot have cooking like that at home. The builders of the Egyptian pyramids gobbled garlic by the handful to give them strength and resistance to the sun's heat, and along the Mediterranean and the Adriatic laborers munch it with their black bread. Be duly thankful you were not born to such a habit, but if you would be hailed as a clever cook, let there be always a string of garlic bulbs in the kitchen cupboard.

FAIRY TALES

"The children of today are no longer interested in fairy tales. They want to know about technical advances, and are amazed and delighted when their mother also shows enthusiasm and understanding for such matters."

This is quoted from a current book review. It is interesting. Is it true? Let's hope not.

Let's hope that the children of today, tomorrow, and the day after may continue to preserve one of the most precious heritages of the ages, and one of the most real. Yes, that final word is meant literally. For if fairy tales are not real, what then have you to say about radio, airplanes, telephones, submarines, and dozens of other actualities which in one way or another smack of the tallest fairy tales ever told!

And if the children of today prefer news of technical advances to Aladdin, Jack and the Beanstalk, and that marvelous output of the Brothers Grimm, how then are we going to expect them to become at all familiar with such fundamental realities as faith and love?

Can these most powerful of all forces that operate in life be seen or felt or stowed away in bags or bundles? Can they be measured by any known standards, detailed in figures, or otherwise technically described and classified? And is the tale about Cinderella any more of a fairy tale than such actual happenings as come to light every little while in the next block or in a nearby city or some foreign land?

One trouble with many of us, which gets us pretty much tangled up with life, is that we are too technical in our approach to and dealings with this human experience. We confuse the issues. That continual compromise between the ideal and the possible, upon which should be based any attempt at successful living, is a mixture of the real and the unreal. After all, what is unreal?

SEEK AMENDMENT

OTTAWA, April 25—A group representative of the All Canadian Congress of Labor called upon Finance Minister E. N. Rhodes today and urged an amendment to the British and Foreign Insurance Act which would exclude from Canada the operations of brotherhood insurance agencies from the United States. Mr. Rhodes agreed to study the complaint and bring it to the attention of the government.

The Daily Mail is the only "daily" in New Brunswick with a full radio page and programme.

MARKETS FOR MOUSETRAPS

An "It" in the Old Saying: Sales and Profits and Prosperity Depend on Purchaser and Purchasing Power.

If one makes a better mousetrap than his neighbors is his fame and fortune assured?

You remember the famous "better mousetraps" quotation? May I refresh your memory of it? In Volume VIII, Page 528, of Emerson's Journals (1855-1912 Edition) he says, "If a man has good corn, or wood, or boards, or pigs to sell, or can make better chairs or knives, crucibles or church organs than anybody else, you will find a broad, hard-beaten road to his house, though it be in the woods."

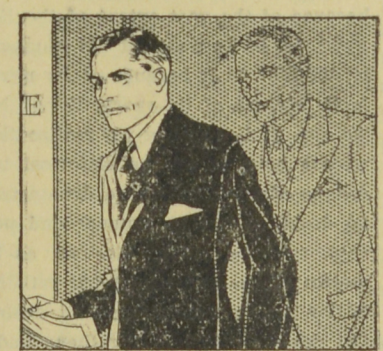
Dr. John D. Paxton, pastor of the West Presbyterian Church, New York city, back in the '90's, thought the idea a good one and used it (some say originated it) in his sermon on "He Could Not Be Hid." Afterwards he used the thought, while lecturing on the Chautauqua circuit.

Then Elbert Hubbard, the "Philistine," who was a bear at borrowing and improving the raw material he borrowed—wrote, "If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

The original quotation has grace and ease of literary style, and is distinctly Emersonian. You will notice, however, that there is no "mousetrap" reference in it. That popular feature was added by Fra Elbertus. He made it as striking as a city set upon a hill. Possibly a thing becomes all the more original if we dig out the raw material, improve and reconstruct it. Anyhow, I like Hubbard's paraphrase the best.

But whether the Sage of Concord, or the "Fra" of East Aurora wrote it, it is one of those glorious half-truths which we wish were entirely all true—but it isn't. If you doubt it, go out in the wilderness and produce a match, a mousetrap or a manuscript, and then sit down and wait for the market-wagon to come tearing down the road after your stuff. If you can not convert your message or your mousetrap into currency it is more likely the wolf will beat a pathway to your door. Meanwhile some fellow making a poorer mousetrap will sell his idea to Japan or Czechoslovakia or his mass production to the five-and-ten. In some markets claptrap

Why at 40
You Think You're
"GROWING OLD"



It's Frequently Just an "Idea." Not "Old Age." And According to Scientists, May be Something No More Alarming Than A Touch Of Acid Stomach

At about 40, many people think they're "growing old." They're tired a lot. Have headaches. Stomach upsets. Dizziness. Nausea.

Well, scientists say the cause, in a great many cases, is merely an acid condition of the stomach. The thing to do is simply to neutralize the excess stomach acidity.

When you have one of these acid stomach upsets, all you do is take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia after meals and before going to bed.

Try this. You'll feel like the familiar liquid "PHILLIPS'". Or the convenient new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Made in Canada.

Also in Tablet Form: Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at all drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

sells better than mousetraps. Do you suppose the fellow who preaches a better sermon or writes a better article always finds pulp committees or responsible editors beating a pathway to his door? No; seldom so!

I am not an apostle of modesty, but an observer of the evident. If you do not advertise your mousetrap, its success will be more or less adventurous, which means that there will have to be some more fortunate circumstance than quality to make it known. Some motorist making a detour, or a pedestrian hiking on the bypath through the woods, will need to stop at your door to inquire the direction to the nearest cross roads or hot-dog stand. You will have to remark that you would like him to look at a mousetrap you have just made. He's likely to make reply, "Yes, but we have a maltese cat at home, terrible good mouser." Or "That's queer. I'm selling 'It-gets-em' mouse biscuits—sure kill!" Indeed, you need not make a better mousetrap to have the world beat a pathway to your door. Just give \$50 to some worthy cause and tell them not to mention it!

Even the fellow selling tin whistles on the street has to blow them to attract attention. And may I remark that no one blew his tin whistle louder, longer or more musically than the afore-mentioned quotation-improver from Erie county, New York. However he made the best of things that he found at hand. I remember that he took common field stones and built a workshop, or chapel, up there at East Aurora. If he were living today he would be selling them at a dollar a bushel to make rock gardens. Conversely, to the disillusioned it may seem that a man may shout eternal verities from the city house top and he will be unheard; but if he babble nonsense in a wilderness it will travel round the world—at least, so it sometimes seems!

MANY ANGLICANS LACK PRAYER BOOK

Synod Also Discusses Religious Education At Session

MONTREAL, P. Q., 25—Strong objection to the encroachment on the Lord's Day that is being made by commercialized sports was voiced at yesterday afternoon's session of the Synod. A resolution moved by Rev. G. R. Forneret and seconded by Rev. H. M. Little was adopted.

Allegations that 75 per cent of Anglicans do not own a prayer book, and of those that do 50 per cent do not know "what it is all about," led to lengthy discussion of religious education at the morning session yesterday of the 76th annual session of Synod. Bishop Farthing presided.

A. R. Cheffins, of St. Chad's Church, Longue Pointe, startled both clerical and lay delegates with his assertions that Sunday Schools are teaching too much Scripture and not enough concerning the history and worship of the church. He claimed that young Anglicans had only the haziest idea, of great figures in the Anglican Church and in English history.

His remarks followed the presentation by Harold Cross of the report of the Diocesan Board of Religious Education. Various speakers, both clerical and lay, took up the discussion. Blame was attached to parents who, it was held, were lax in giving children in the home a proper background for further religious training in Sunday Schools. Too often the attitude of parents, and clerical delegate pointed out, was to take their children to church if nothing else interfered.

No Instruction

Others concerned themselves with the lack, they claimed, of religious instruction in day schools. It was explained by Prof. Henry Armstrong that ministers had not the right to enter day schools to give religious instruction; but that they could visit schools in their district and enquire into how the period set aside by law for religious instruction was being utilized. Many claimed that the period was utilized very much according to the dictates of the headmaster of the school or his teachers. Dissatisfaction was expressed in this regard.

Of Interest to Women

Chilled Dough is New Pastry Making Secret

Long known to skilled pastry chefs and a very few house-wives who were fortunate enough to pick up the information as it slowly passed from one to another, the fact that pastry making is essentially an operation, which requires cold is at last obtaining deserved circulation.

Chefs whose reputations have been founded upon their art in pastry making always insist on cold. Their lard or shortening must be thoroughly cold when it is cut into the flour. Ice water is used in mixing, and the dough is chilled for hours, often overnight if time permits. So that none of the effects of this cold treatment are lost in handling, they chill their other utensils and keep their rolling pins in as cold a place as possible until just before rolling out pie crust shells, or other pastries.

Special Pastry Set

Seeing in this state of affairs an opportunity to enable its customers to obtain more service out of their electric refrigerators, Kelvinator Corporation has introduced its refrigerated pastry set, developed to aid the average housewife in taking greatest advantage of the secret of the pastry making kings. Through research work carried on by its Kelvin Kitchen, the company is conducting a campaign to educate women in the art of applying cold to pastry making and from the response this idea already has met, home economists from Kelvin Kitchen are predicting a considerable improvement in the average American pie crust.

The pastry set itself consists of a refrigerated rolling pin and a thick pottery bowl which holds the cold for storing the pastry dough on the food compartment shelf. The hollow china rolling pin, when filled with ice water and chilled several minutes in the defrosting tray, acquires, and holds cold to a degree impossible in an ordinary wooden or metal rolling pin. The pastry bowl when in use for chilled dough is set on the bottom shelf of the Kelvinator which is the coldest part of the food compartment outside the freezing unit.

Tarts For March

A March dessert of high-volt deliciousness is the apple or new rhubarb tart, shining with that glazed, sugary and juicy look and chopped delicately with whipped cream. A tart is a combination of pastry and fruits, berries or custard filling, of which every mouthful is tempting and tender. Its definition is a "small, open, fruit pie" and in its making, all depends upon the shells which should be tender, flaky and a delicate pale gold when taken from the oven. The lack of any new fruits in the spring market, with the exception of rhubarb, may decide in favor of a butterscotch banana filling or the chocolate ice cream and meringue filling given in the Kelvin Kitchen recipes below.

Rich, tender, flaky pastry, for tart shells, as for pie crust, depends largely on the element of cold. Cold water should be used in combining the crust and the dough should be chilled before baking.

The individual chocolate meringue pies given below are a radical departure from the accepted idea of tarts. In fact, their English forebears wouldn't know them. This recipe below, were developed in Kelvinator's research kitchen, the Kelvin Kitchen.

INDIVIDUAL CHOCOLATE MERINGUE PIES

Simply fill baked meringue shells with chocolate ice cream which has been made in the Kelvinator. Cover completely with a thick meringue made of stiffly beaten egg whites and sweetened with confectioners' sugar. Put in hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) to brown. Meringue is a poor conductor of heat and if the ice cream is well covered with it, the ice cream begins to melt. When ready to serve, pour chocolate sauce over tarts and serve at once.

BANANA BUTTERSCOTCH TARTS

1 can caramelized condensed milk
8 baked pastry tart shells
3 large bananas
2 tablespoon hot water
Caramelize the condensed milk by

placing the can of milk in a pan of boiling water. Keep at boiling temperature for three hours. Make sure that the can is kept covered with water. Chill. Blend 1-2 can of the caramelized milk with the hot water. Fill the baked pastry shells three-fourths full of the caramelized milk. Slice the bananas thin and fill each shell by arranging the banana slices on top of the caramel. Garnish with whipped cream and serve.

DAINTY APPLE TARTS

Peel, quarter and cook in water 6 tart apples. When tender, mince fine and chill. Beat the whites of three eggs very stiff and add one-half cup of powdered sugar. Fold in finely chopped apples and add a dash of vanilla. Place in partly baked pastry shells and continue baking in a slow oven (300 degrees Fahrenheit) for 15 minutes. Chill in refrigerator and top with whipped cream. Apple filling sufficient to fill 6 medium tarts. (We suggest a cheese pastry crust for these or other apple tarts. This may be made by adding grated cheese to the flour before mixing the paste).

Home Gardening Starts

Spade the flower-beds and the garden-Rake, hose roll a roller, fertilize, sow grass-seed; build a hot-bed or a rock garden. Use those long-idle muscles; they'll ache, but sound sleeping fixes that. Nothing like it!

So say the home gardeners. They say also that while they work, the birds sing sweeter, the buds spear forth more richly and the grass has a more luscious green.

We're for them. For city workers who can, and whose tastes do not run to other outdoor uses for bright days we recommend home gardening—in reasonable doses.

REGAINS SIGHT AFTER 5 YEARS

NEW YORK, N.Y., April 25—They took the bandages off Sam Langford's right eye yesterday and for the first time in five years the one-time terror of the ring saw the world about him.

The dusky battler they called "The Boston Tar Baby", although he came from Nova Scotia, couldn't find many words to express his feelings. He just lay on his cot in the Neurological Hospital repeating "It's wonderful—just wonderful".

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

In order to be sure that your advertisement gets in The Daily Mail all changes should be handed into the business office of this paper at 9 a.m. Short transient notices will be taken up to 10.30 a.m. Advertisements requiring extra space and requiring to have mats cast for same should be handed in the day previous to publication.

THE DAILY MAIL

is on sale at the following places of business in the city—

UP-TOWN:
W. G. Quinn, 147 Westmorland St.
F. Denahoe, Smythe, & Charlotte St.
Geo. A. Farris, 332 York Street.
W. A. Erb, grocer, York St.
Alonso Staples, York Street.
S. Keetch, grocer, Charlotte-York St.
J. E. Saunders, 199 Northumberland Street.

DOWN-TOWN:
Crowley's Cigar Store, Queen St.
Royal Cigar Store, Queen street.
Hawthorne's Cigar Store, Queen St.
A. E. Eardley, Grocer, St. John and Brunswick Streets.
H. C. Jewett, cor. Charlotte & Regent.
VanWart Grocery, Cor. Charlotte and St. John Streets.
A. T. Sweed, Grocer, Charlotte St.
C. C. Wood, Grocer, University Ave.
White's Grocery Store, George St.
John F. Timmins, Grocer, King St.
Devon, N. B.
Claude J. MacDonald, South Devon.
J. R. Monteith, North Devon.
and from the carrier boys in the city and in Devon and Marysville.
If you have any trouble in the delivery of your paper, please complain to us. Ring Phone 67 and we will have your paper at your door at ONCE!