TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

One of the most interesting arguments we have had in a long time was with a teen-ager the other day on whether or not, creed, color and religion should prevent a young person from being able to gain membership in a teen club. My friend was of the opinion that it would save a lot of trouble and ill feeling between nationalities if each would have their own club, where they could enjoy fellowship with each other and voice their opinions without fear of annoying or offending one of another color or belief. We agree with this to a point. On the other hand, if we segregate into groups and stay to ourselves, we are doing nothing in the way of fostering a better understanding between peoples of different countries. We feel that the old saying, "united we stand, divided we fall", applies here as well. We discovered the pros and cons of the matter, and after an hour of discourse, decided, that for the time being, it would be alright to leave it at—"to each his own."

* * *

If you missed the program, "Town Meeting", on the radio last Thursday night, you missed a dandy. A group of teeners from different States met to discuss, openly on the air, the question of whether marriage should be introduced into school education as part of the education of our young people. We hesitate to pass opinions on such a question, because opposition is likely to arise from certain quarters, the same as it did on the radio program. Those teeners were on the bit. Plenty sharp is the right expression.

* * *

April showers bring May flowers—according to someone. April showers also bring spring floods and sucker fishing. Here is a sport that doesn't meet with the approval of all, but can be a lot of fun. We tried it last year for the first time. We didn't get any fish, but the fun of poking along a small creek with a light stirs up the circulation—especially when you think you have a fish and, in your excitement, slip and fall in. If this happens you can build a fire and, if you have something to fry, make a banquet of the deal as well.

* * *

Trailer to paragraph 1. This is the first time we have met opposition to something we have written before it even got into print. A friend just dropped in and, while we were answering the phone, he started to read this copy. He doesn't agree with our settlement on the creed-color problem and thinks we should do everything to bring the peoples together. Well he probably is right—each person to his own opinion.

* * *

We had the pleasure of hearing Bernard Braden, CBC radio actor-writer-director, at a dinner this week, when he presented the CBC problem as it affects business, radio entertainers and the listening audience. There is no doubt about the fact that Canadian radio people have a hard time making a NAME for themselves, when sponsors here are not interested in building up the popularity of the people on their programmes. Braden himself started in radio about 1940 and since that time has gone a long way in making a name for himself among radio circles. He stated that few people in Canadian radio are really well known. However, there are opportunities to get started and, if a person makes the grade, better fields are in he offering.

* * *

Records

Here are a few recordings that you would like to have in your collection, if you haven't already got them.

Up Swing—Victor Album, P146, includes such bands as Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw and Glen Miller.

Dark Town Poker Club—Victor, 20-2075. This one by Phil Harris and on the other side we have Woodman Spare That Tree. Two real Harrisy numbers.

The Pleasure's All Mine—Victor, 20-2084 by Vaughan Munroe and on the bottom side, Beware, My Heart.

Sonata — Victor, 20-2033 featuring Perry Como. On the reverse side you can hear, That's The Beginning of The End.

While on the subject of records, you might like to hear the Victor 12-inch disk by Fats Waller of "Ain't Misbehavin" and "Moppin and Boppin". These records were made over four years ago, but are still plenty popular. These discs will be hard to buy before long, so if you're interested, we suggest you run out and hear them.

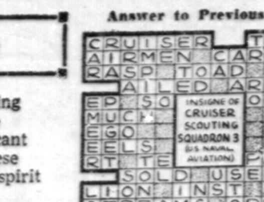
Well that does it for this week. We'll be back in this corner next issue with news, views and stuff on local happenings.

Machinery for U.K.

Britain has ordered £5,250,000 ($21,000,000) worth of agricultural machinery and parts from Canada and the United States for delivery this year, Agriculture Minister Williams disclosed today in a written parliamentary reply.

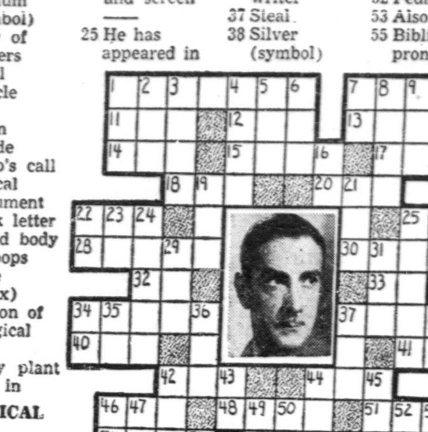
Movie Actor

Answer to Previous Puzzle



HORIZONTAL
1,7 Pictured movie actor
11 Help
12 Narrow inlet
13 Great Lake
14 Golf device
15 Singing voice
17 Negative word
18 An
20 Born
22 Certified public accountant (ab.)
25 Pigpen
28 Treaties
30 Mathematical term
32 Toward
33 Calcium (symbol)
34 Body of soldiers
37 Royal
40 Auricle
41 Self
42 Ocean
44 Recede
46 Sheep's call
48 Musical instrument
51 Greek letter
54 Armed body of troops
56 Three (prefix)
57 Division of geological time
58 Woody plant
59 Came in

VERTICAL
1 Feline
2 Prevaricate
3 Notion
4 Carrying device
5 Lubricant
6 Burmese wood spirit
7 Us
8 Sea eagle
9 Life (comb. form)
10 Wager
16 Upon
19 Numbers (ab.)
21 Make a mistake
22 Common pleas (ab.)
23 Father
24 He is a stage and screen ——
25 He has appeared in many —— hits
26 Palm lily
27 Exclamation
29 Also
31 High card
34 Tellurium (symbol)
35 Egyptian sun god
36 American writer
37 Steal
38 Silver (symbol)
39 Behold!
42 Similar
43 Paid notice
44 Eject
45 Beverage
46 Nocturnal flying mammal
47 Arrival (ab.)
49 Route (ab.)
50 Vase
52 Pedal digit
53 Also
55 Biblical pronoun



CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

And how is everybody, everywhere? Just floating around, I suppose, the same as we are. Of course there is still lots of snow—we certainly had our share of it—but it is melting rapidly now and making little rivulets down to the flats and on to the creek. The creek water as it forces its way through the snowbanks creates a miniature waterfall whose rushing sound is particularly pleasing to the ear. I wonder why the sound of rushing water is always so fascinating? I love to open the door or window at the back of the house just to listen to it.

* * *

Nature is really a wonderful snow-shoveller. Yesterday the snow was just soft and that was all, except for a trickle here and there. But by 5 o'clock it was a different story. When the men went to the barn the flats were really awash and for a few hours the water backed up into the stable faster than they could shovel it out. Things are better now and we do not anticipate any serious trouble unless it starts to rain.

* * *

Cars and trucks on the road rumble along so noisily at this time of year. It sounds as if each one was coming up the lane in low gear. But they are not — I can see them as they go by our gate. Old cars, new cars, trailers and trucks—yes, and there goes a tractor, drawing a manure spreader. Twenty years ago I watched from this same window, looked on to the same road and saw plenty of horse drawn buggies and wagons go wheeling by. But believe me, I am not going to say "Those were the days!" because the only means of transportation we had ourselves at that time was a steel-tyred buggy, drawn by Prince, our prancing Clydesdale work horse. Prince was a splendid beast—even now I can see his sleek brown coat as it glistened in the sun—and several times I was stopped on the road by inquiries as to whether he happened to be for sale. The rhythmic clump, clump of his hooves was really something to hear but these days I think the purr of a smoothing running motor is infinitely more preferable.

* * *

But don't get the idea that WE have a car that purrs. That, of course, is what we would like. What we have got is anything but! And we are beginning to despair of getting anything better. Every time we hear of a car that sounds worth buying we are always a little too late. And of course we won't buy on the black market and we can't afford a 1947 model, so I suppose there is nothing for it but to go chugging along with the old Model A—and come home with a Ford and a prayer. As to that it is something to even come home, isn't it?

* * *

Last Saturday I was feeling a little more energetic than usual and gave the house an extra special "redding up." When Partner came in he passed a remark which will probably be more appreciated by my gentlemen readers than by their wives. Looking around critically Partner said: "Good lord, the house is so clean and tidy it isn't fit to come in to!"

The next day—Sunday—Daughter arrived home with a car load of friends, including a toddling infant. Today, according to Partner's standards, the house is quite fit to come into.

The first thing our visitors did was to get stuck in the lane. One of the girls was learning to drive and the men had no more sense than to let her drive—or try to—up our snow-rutted lane. Now I ask you, who was to blame—the girl or the men?

* * *

Came supper time and Daughter was helping me get the meal. "what is there for supper, Mum?" she asked.

"Eggs," was my laconic answer.

"Eggs—but we had eggs last time!"

"Yes, and you may have them next time too—if I have as many cracked ones around as I have now. You can have them fried, poached, scrambled or in an omelet—but eggs it is!"

Fried eggs was the choice and so a platter of twenty eggs was soon on the table.

Surplus eggs are quite a problem on many farms. I give quite a few away but always with apologies. After all good eggs are a part of our living. The hardware man doesn't give you nails or the butcher a roast of meat but yet there are people who think that eggs are what we pick up for nothing.

No, we can't give our living away but when visitors come we can sure feed them eggs. When Partner's mother was staying here some years ago she said one day—"What, eggs again? You'll soon have me look like an egg!"

Farmer in Norway Plows from Boat

In Norway, in some of the fjord districts, fishing and agriculture have long been combined. Recently, however, the peak of efficiency in combining land and water in agriculture was reached by a certain fjord farmer who was able to plow his field from a fishing boat.

The farmer had a field close to the edge of the fjord, and by rigging up a system of cables and blocks, backing his motorboat to the shore and hooking it to the plow, he plowed a furrow in record time by pulling out from shore. A long cable and pully at the far end of the field enabled the plowman to signal his water horse and a furrow could be plowed in the opposite direction. By this means, farmer Ole Mjeltbik attained the status of an inventor.

4602 SIZES 2-10

Mother, you'll be so proud of her in the yoked version of this dirndl, or in the party frock with bowed shoulder straps! Make Pattern 4602 both ways, they're so cute!

This pattern, easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Includes complete illustrated instructions.

Pattern 4602 in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 with yoke takes 1¾ yards 35-inch; ⅜ yard contrast.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

The Himalayas ("Temples of Snow") are 1,600 miles long with 20 peaks more than five miles high.

... TABLE TALKS ...

Eggs at Easter

With the coming of spring, a sense of joy and happiness seems to invade all domains. The snow is rapidly disappearing, grass, crocuses, leaves, etc., are coming out and all nature smiles.

Men, women and children go about their business as if they had shed a heavy burden. The animals also feel the change, the hens for instance decide they have been lazy long enough and start laying aplenty.

Yes, spring is a wonderful season but sometimes before its good effects are felt a person feels sort of limp after the winter struggle and needs a little extra food. This surplus food might take the form of egg nogs between meals. Again, a plain egg nog might be objectionable to some people, this can easily be overcome by flavouring the egg nog well with spice or a sweet flavouring.

The home economists of the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture suggest ways of using eggs in the daily meals.

Spanish Eggs

6 eggs
2 strips bacon
1 small onion, chopped
1 tablespoon flour
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 green pepper, chopped OR
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 cup chopped celery, salt and pepper

Hard-cook eggs: cover to a depth of one inch with cold water, heat to boiling point, set where water will keep hot and let stand 15 minutes. While eggs are cooking, cut bacon in small pieces and cook until crisp.

Remove bacon from pan and cook onion in the bacon fat until clear. Blend in flour, add tomatoes, green pepper and celery and simmer 20 minutes. Add bacon, salt and pepper. Remove shells from eggs, cut in half lengthwise and arrange in serving dish. Pour hot sauce over eggs. Six servings.

Moulded Egg Salad

1 tablespoon unflavoured gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
3 tablespoons chopped pickle
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 tablespoon chopped pimento

Soften the gelatine in the cold water. Add boiling water, vinegar and salt. When the gelatine mixture begins to stiffen, add the remaining ingredients. Pour into wet moulds and chill until firm. Serve on crisp lettuce or other salad greens and garnish with mayonnaise.

Almond Sponge

½ teaspoon salt
4 eggs
½ cup sugar
1 cup sifted pastry flour O[R]
1 cup less 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon almond extract

Add salt to egg whites and until stiff but not dry. Grad beat in ¼ cup sugar. Beat and gradually beat in ¾ cup sugar and flavourings. half the stiffly beaten white the yolks, then add the flour, and sifted with the baking stirring lightly. Fold in the maining egg whites. Turn lightly greased 8 x 8" cake Set in a pan of hot water and poach in a moderate oven, F. for 30 to 40 minutes. squares and serve with the ing sauce. 8 to 10 servings.

Fruit Sauce

1 tablespoon cornstarch
2 cups juice from canned
dash of salt
1 teaspoon almond extract

Mix the cornstarch with the cold juice and blend smooth. Heat remaining gradually add the cornstarch ture and the salt. Cook minutes, stirring constantly thickened. Add flavouring servings.

Prince Philip Now Plain Lieut. Phi[lip]

Prince Philip of Greece has ficially become plain Lieut. Mountbatten of the Royal Na[vy]

The handsome young often mentioned as a possible band for Princess Elizabeth, been granted British citizen the London Gazette announced.

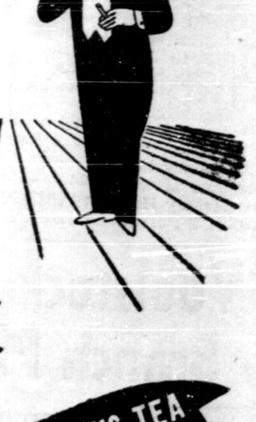
Philip is a second cousin of cess Elizabeth and is the nephew of Viscount Mountbatten, named Viceroy of India. His was Prince Andrew and his mother was Princess Alice of Battenberg.

The Greek Royal Family, started with King George of Hellenes, who was Prince of mark, has no surname. The Royal Family is one of those cient ruling families which none.

For this reason there is no name on the father's side Prince Philip can take on becoming a commoner. He therefore the surname of his mother's —Mountbatten.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT
Good for BUMPS and BRUISES
JUST PAT IT ON

I have a WORD to say



To get more out of *brisk* tasting Lipton's Tea: Scald the teapot ... use one teaspoonful of tea for each person ... apply fresh, bubbly, boiling water ... *then stir* ... let tea brew for five minutes ... *then stir again* before serving.

FOR MORE REAL TEA ENJOYMENT—

Brisk tasting LIPTON'S TEA

REG'LAR FELLERS — How To Lose Friends

By GENE BYRNES

The Quality Tea

"SALADA"

ORANGE PEKOE

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

Synopsis

Chapter X: Rocky is not impressed with Vallaincourt but thinks he is in love with the beautiful, but not very intelligent, Veronica. On leaving the Bigelow mansion Cristopher Storm solemnly and in a brotherly fashion kisses Veronica goodnight.

CHAPTER XI

"Well, while he was having his snort, the wife comes in. She stood there in the doorway, looking daggers at him. 'Going out, Steve?' she says, and he walks by her without a glance. She put her hand out, but he brushed her off."

"She's kind of helpless where he is concerned, I guess."

"Helpless! You got her docketed all wrong. She just watched him go and gave me a big icy stare. Then King, the major-domo, calls her to the phone and she goes out."

"She had a phone call?"

"Yep. After which she banged back out of the piano for another half hour."

"She went out, you say?"

"Yes, she did. She wasn't gone long. About an hour. When she came home, she messed around the frories until hubby rolled in, about twelve o'clock. Then the place quieted down for the night."

"Stephen came home late?"

"Yes. He must have heard her ...g in, 'cause a door opened up... The piano stopped. He ...ted something or other at her ... I didn't get. Then a couple ...e doors slammed."

"That the story?"

* * *

"All but mama. There's an old ...e-hard. If there's anything rocks ...y boat, it's the old gals that won't give up the ship. She stopped King in the hall and asked for Stephen. ...e almost dropped when he told ... sonny boy was doing the town. Then she yelled for Karen. When the butler reported that Karen had gone out too, she made a beeline for the upstairs. In about twenty minutes, she came down, called a cab anad made her exit."

"When did she get home?"

"Just before Stevey-boy. She came in, or floated in, would be more like it. She had just got the shock of her life. No act this time. I actually had to help her upstairs, though I'll bet she won't remember it."

McCale nodded thoughtfully and they fell silent for a few minutes. The figment of his imagination was jumping about wildly. He was surer than ever that tragedy stalked the Bigelows. Finally with a gesture—half disdain, half despair —he launched into a description of the events witnessed by Ann and himself at the Abbey.

* * *

When he had finished, he cocked an eyebrow, looking interrogatively at his friend and employee.

Rocky said at last slowly, "The thing that sticks out farthest, chief, at least, as I see it—"

"Is what?"

"Is what Mr. Curt Vallaincourt, bridegroom-to-be, seems to be as busy as a bee, painting himself right into a corner."

At four-thirty that afternoon, Duke McCale stood before the fireplace in the upstairs drawing room of the Beacon street house. He was facing Adelaide Bigelow, who was huddled in the corner of a Victorian sofa. There was something held back in her a studied remoteness.

McCale had been talking quietly, in a voice which surprised himself in its own compassion.

"You'll have to pardon me if I say you have been—shall I say—extremely British about this situation. You have made a concession here, an appeasement there, until it is quite futile to take any action. You have called me in months too late."

"Mr. McCale," there was a light touch of hauteur in her tone in spite of herself, "you are presuming too much. I called you in to look after the house during the week of the wedding."

"I'm sorry, but that is not the truth. Never once have I believed you came to my office with that in mind. I knew you were in trouble even though you withheld your confidence. Even now you will not admit it, even to yourself. I have gone on that premise from the first—that you wanted me to find out things without even the rsponsibility on your part of telling me what."

She rose stiffly, without answering, and crossed the room to the front window.

"I wish to withdraw from the case, Miss Bigelow. There's nothing I can do for you."

* * *

"Oh, no!" The words, half muffled in the heavy atmosphere magnified themselves in the vastness of the room.

"It is necessary for me, since you will not confide in me, to tell you exactly what it is that is bothering you—what it is that you fear. You see, I know. What is it?"

Miss Bigelow turned and McCale saw into her mind quite easily.

"So many things are not as we want them to be, nor as we believed them to be," she said. Her eyes clouded. "What do you know?"

"I know that a certain young man of undeniable physical attraction is marrying thirty million dollars next week. I know that in your subconscious mind, you believe him to be an adventurer. I know that you should have investigated him months ago—that you are also bothered by the fact that your entire family seems jealous of his marriage to your niece. Not jealous, mind, of his perhaps having the benefits of a great fortune, but jealous in a more personal way, as if secretly they were all in love with him and wanted him for themselves."

* * *

"You are so—right," she faltered. Her eyes lit up in admiration. "How in the world—"

"I am a trained observer. It is my job to see what others miss. Then, too, I have sources of information."

"I know," he went on, his voice low and impatient now, "that you must have another reason, for surely you are not caught in the trap this fellow sets for the unwary. Are you afraid Veronica will lavish too much of the Bigelow money on him, forgetting the others? You see, I have heard that she inherits the bulk of it upon her mariage."

"I will tell you," she said simply. "Veronica's father, my brother," she began, motioning him to sit, "was a hard man, I suppose, but not unusual for his time, I think. He believed that women have no heads for business—cannot handle money. He was heir to my father's business and fortune of about twelve million dollars. With real estate and clever investing, he more than doubled that fortune. There was no male heir to whom he could leave it, you see."

* * *

"There was his adopted son, Stephen," McCale put in quickly.

"Yes, she hesitated, "but not his own flesh and blood. But there was certainly Stephen.

"At one time, I think he intended for Stephen to inherit. But Stephen, in his eyes at least, proved himself unworthy. Sybil always spoiled him. He grew up precocious, extravagant. He ran away once and joined the navy. A bitter experience for him. The more so when he found that Joel could no doubt have procured an appointment to Annapolis for him. Marriage to Karen has straightened him out somewhat."

"So the Bigelow fortune is held in trust?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

After a Hard Winter—This!

After a harrowing winter of the worst snows and blizzards in half a century, the English are plagued with floods. This woman at Maidstone, Kent, wears boots in her own home while she hangs up the children's laundry to keep it out of the River Medway's overflow, which is swirling right through the room.

Sunday School Lesson

THE RISEN LORD
John 20: 19-21, 24-29; 21: 15-17

Golden text.—As my father hath sent me, even so send I you.—John 20:21.

The Resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth is the one great ray of light, hope, faith, and inspiration in what, without that fact, would be a gloomy world.

So if the grave is the end of it all, the joy and happiness are short-lived, and the glory, no matter how great, is tarnished. The greater the life and the more splendid its achievement, the more startling its end.

When news came to the world of the sudden death of the late President Roosevelt, the shock to the nation was more than the passing of a foremost world figure. Much of the shock was at the fact of death itself—that death could so suddenly end a career of such forcefulness.

It is in the presence of death that we seek some evidence that can assuage its sadness and create some overpowering hope and confidence that can bring light into darkness and tragedy. And there is no evidence in nature, life, or history, except the evidence of the Resurrection of Jesus. It is the one supreme fact.

And what evidence have we of that Resurrection? The evidence of disciples whose lives, outlook, and actions were changed by the fact that they saw Him after His crucifixion.

They were affected by His death just as we are all affected by the death of one we love.

But beyond their sadness was the intensity of a great disappointment and discouragement, the blasting of hopes that had been great enough to induce them to leave everything and follow a master about to establish a kingdom.

Then suddenly their complete despair was transformed into a revival of faith. In that new-found faith their vain ambitions about who should be the first were left behind.

The miracle of what happened to the disciples is the miracle of the Resurrection. And faith in the Risen Lord has been the power and inspiration of those who have followed in their footsteps to bring to men God's gift of eternal life.

875

Laura Wheeler

Teenagers—it's for you, to make you look your very best. Slim, smooth, swirling and you'll love the sleeves. The embroidery's a cinch. Pattern 875 has transfer for embroidery. Teenage dress pattern in sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16.

Laura Wheeler's new, improved pattern makes needlework so simple with its charts, photos, concise directions.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to the Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. What is a treatment for ringworm?

A. A remedy for ringworm is one part of iodine in two parts of water, or alcohol. Touch the surrounding flesh with this solution. It will prevent spreading, and in about two weeks the ringworm should disappear.

Q. How can I prevent fruit from turning black when using cloves?

A. When whole cloves are used, if the round heads are removed and only the stems used, the fruit or vegetables will not turn black, but merely a light brown color.

Q. How can I wash windows on the outside during freezing weather?

A. Add a little salt to the hot water and it will prevent freezing.

Q. How can I mend a kitchen knife or fork that has become loose in the handle?

A. Fill the opening in the handle with powdered resin. Then heat the handle end of the knife or fork and force it into the handle opening. Tie a string around it and allow it to remain until dry.

Q. What is a good cleaner for jewelry?

A. A solution of one-half ammonia and one-half water is excellent for cleaning jewelry. Then polish with a chamois.

Q. How can I relieve baby's hiccoughs?

A. A few grains of granulated sugar placed on baby's tongue is often an effective remedy.

Ear Troubles

Head colds may be followed by ear infections. Sufferers from chronic head colds are advised to consult their doctors so that these infections may be cleared up before they can cause more serious trouble.

ISSUE 14—1947

C.N.E. BULLETIN

You Might Win Cash Prize For Public Speaking

Where are the future politicians of Canada?

Right now, they are popping up as speakers—at the school concert, the Sunday School Easter program, the community charity affairs. They are learning to convince an audience by taking sides on debating teams, by being master of ceremonies on athletic night at the town rink. In fact, these are the very springboards from which young Canadians will so shortly flip into the important business of steering the nation.

That's how Kate Aitken put it in announcing plans for the public speaking competitions to take place at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, this Fall. There is a total of $200 in cash money and bronze medals to be won by six young Canadians. Mrs. Aitken explained that there would be three prizes of $50, $30 and $20 for both the elementary and secondary school students.

"Canada's Place in the World" is the subject of the oratorial contests. Public school pupils will be allowed to speak for three minutes and secondary students, five minutes. Competitions will be held on the C.N.E. Grounds during the day and winners presented before the public at the Band Shell at night.

Students wishing more particulars should write direct to Kate Aitken, Director of Women's and Educational Activities, Canadian National Exhibition Grounds, Toronto, it is pointed out.

Mass Seeding Conducted by Plane

Reforestation on a streamlined scale in 1946 saw Ontario Government experts harness the airplane in mass seeding experiments, R. N. Johnson, chief of the Lands and Forest Department's research division, said in Toronto recently.

Mr. Johnson said that one experiment, in which a pilot sprayed a 60-acre plot with 300,000 tree seeds in 10 minutes, will be "elaborated upon" this year.

He said white pine, red pine and spruce involved in 1946 experiments should reach Christmas-tree size within 15 years, and full growth of 120 feet in 100 years "if the experiments were successful."

Before planting the seeds are treated with rodent and fungus repellents and coated with fertilizer. "They are given a better start in life than the ordinary bush-born seedling enjoys."

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. Is it permissible to dip celery or radishes into the salt dish if the dish is an indivdual one?

2. Should a weddng announcement and an invitation be sent to the same person?

3. When a man caller is ready to leave, should a girl get his coat and hat for him?

4. When in a cocktail lounge with a man, should a woman tell her escort what she wants or give her order directly to the waiter?

5. What kind of trousers should be worn with a morning coat for a formal daytime function?

6. What should a man call his wife when introducing her to his employees?

Answers:

1. No; take a little of the salt in the saltspoon or with the end of a clean knife and place it on the side of the dinner plate, or the bread and butter plate. 2. No; when an invitation is sent to a person, it is not necessary to send this one an announcement. 3. No; she should let the man wait on himself. 4. She should tell her escort what she wants to drink. 5. Striped trousers. 6. "Mrs. Allen."

Satisfied

In Capetown, South Africa, when postwar radio-telephone service to Eire was resumed, a nostalgic citizen, who had been 51 years away from the Emerald Isle, put in a station-to-station call, instructed a dazed Dublin operator to "give my love to the purple hills of Wicklow," and contentedly hung up.

—Time Magazine.

STOP FALLING HAIR PREVENT BALDNESS

No drugs or tonics needed. The safe and easy way. For free details write —
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1190 West Hastings, Vancouver, B.C.

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HOTEL METROPOLE
NIAGARA FALLS
OPP. — C.N.R. STATION

It Makes You Feel So Much Better

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

The Vitamin B₁ Tonic

Extensively used for headache, loss of sleep, nervous indigestion, irritability, anaemia, chronic fatigue, and exhaustion of the nervous system.

60 cts. Economy size, $1.50

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

PARKER HOUSE *Rolls*

Better Bake Plenty

Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 tsp. sugar to 1 c. lukewarm water. Stir; let stand 10 min. Scald 1 c. milk, add 5 tbs. sugar; add 2 tsp. salt, cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture. Add 3 c. sifted flour, beat until perfectly smooth. Add 4 tbs. melted shortening and 3 c. more sifted flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Knead well. Place in greased bowl. Cover; let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours. Punch dough down in bowl; let rise again in warm place until nearly doubled in bulk, about 40 min. When light, roll out ¼" thick. Brush over lightly with melted shortening. Cut with 2" biscuit cutter, crease through center heavily with dull edge of knife, fold over in pocketbook shape. Place on well-greased shallow pans 1" apart. Cover; let rise until light, about 1 hour. Bake in 400°F. oven about 15 minutes.