

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clark

There is an oldish lady in town whose birthday I try to remember. It falls on April 10. Before that day came around this year, instead of sending a card, I took her a bunch of daffodils and narcissus, which I had picked from our own garden. This year—what a difference! With the first green shoots only just about a couple of inches above the ground it will be sometime yet before we can pick a bouquet of spring flowers. "But the flowers that bloom in the spring, they have nothing to do with the case!" it is clearly a matter for the weather.

After all, it is not only the flowers that are backward. It was actually April 11 before we heard the swamp frogs sing—and according to the old saying, the frogs must be shut up three times before we can really look for spring. But it will get here—you'll see—that is if we wait long enough. The robins think so anyway. There are two of them making a nest somewhere near the house—I am not quite sure where yet—but every time I look out I see one and sometimes two cheery little redbreasts tugging around or calling back and forth to each other from adjacent trees. Yes, they are getting the nests are surely being their own way of spring fever. One day last week as I set out for town three blue heron flew from the creek near the road. I watched them as they winged their way over towards the bush and then, to my surprise, one of them landed while the other two half circled and flew on towards town. I wondered why they parted company. Could it be that one of them was a hen-bird and was being escorted to a place of safety by the two gentlemen friends or was one just a young bird and not considered old enough for distant hunting grounds. Again it may have been she had a few chicks to do at home and went back to get on with them. One thing I did discover—watching herons isn't exactly a good policy when one is driving and the road is full of bumps and potholes. I dropped into one hole so hard it was a wonder the springs survived.

And here is yet another sign of spring. It is the time of annual meetings. Last week was our Women's Institute Annual. Oh blessed event—how we look forward to it! Sounds rather as if we were referring to an expected birth in the neighbourhood, doesn't it? Maybe I am not too far out at that certainly both can sometimes be described as painful long drawn out affairs! However, from now on it is our annual meeting to which I am referring. For some unknown reason I was put in as chairman for the election of officers. "Good grief!" I thought to myself, "how am I going to make these women say 'yes'!" You know how it is—some say "Oh no, I couldn't possibly do that"—and then that negative attitude spreads like a prairie fire, and like a prairie fire there is nothing left in its wake. However, on this occasion, except for a few bad moments at the beginning we got along all right. One officer told me afterwards that I just rail-coated the ladies into their jobs. Which of course was just a lot of nonsense—they were just good sports, that was all. After all, you can't railroad a woman into doing anything if she isn't willing. Of course the women eventually turned the tables on me so that I ended up with a conversational myself—which the W.I. may yet live to regret. What do you think, Mrs. H.?

At this point I paused to go down for the mail—and to look for more signs of spring. I found our daily paper, a magazine and a receipted account. That was all, no fan mail this morning, much to my disappointment. I like my fan mail. By the way, "M. J. H." thanks very much for the papers. It was nice of you to send them and I was also glad to get your letter. "Mrs. N. P." you may be interested to know that I received a letter from a friend of mine last week whom I have always encouraged to write and now is meeting with some success. In fact one magazine to which she sent a short story suggested that she try her hand at writing a book. So she is just what she is doing. "W. G." please don't think I have forgotten to answer your letter or that it is in any way offended me. The fact is it contained so much food for thought I wanted to take my time in answering it—and I still look forward to that pleasure.

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TABLE TALKS

The Lunch Box

The spotlight has been turned on the school lunch box. Too often it has been found unattractive, unappetizing, and above all to be lacking in those foods, recommended by Canada's Food rules which are necessary to build healthy, virile bodies.

To overcome these deficiencies, many communities have inaugurated school lunch projects, with great success. The homemaker has learned the necessity of packing lunches, which are good to look at, good to eat and "good for her child". Through this medium, the child has also acquired proper eating habits.

To pack really good lunches day after day is a big task for the homemaker. It requires plenty of planning, particularly at this time of the year to give that needed variety. The home economist, Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, have a few suggestions which will simplify your work.

Plan a lunch box preparation centre in your kitchen. Store all canned and staple foods, also those required at this period, in the cupboard. Have a few suggestions which will simplify your work.

Plan lunches for the next day when planning and preparing the day's meals. This makes possible the preparation of lunch foods while cooking other meals.

Sandwich fillings should be mixed the night before and stored in a cool place. Several fillings may be made from one base—such as with a cheese base vary the fillings with relishes, jellies or hard-cooked eggs.

Use fillings that will cook the bread and do not allow them to run over the edge.

A variety of breads or quick breads add interest to the lunch box.

Wrap in waxed paper all foods not required at this period, in the cupboard. Have a few suggestions which will simplify your work.

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TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

I think it was George Bernard Shaw who said that a woman's tears are the salt of the earth. How true, how true. He might have added that when women pull the act of the fishbowl veranda, they send most men, even the toughest ones scurrying under the yerbals.

And this little introduction takes us into another story.

"What are you doing tomorrow night?" asked Susie over the phone.

"Going fishing," I replied.

"Can I come?" asked the voice at the other end.

"No, you'll fall in and in any way, women are only in the way."

"Yes, Barry, and I won't be in the way, honest. I'll bring some sandwiches and some cakes."

"Okay, I'll pick you up at seven."

It was getting dark the next evening as we started down through the bush, following a small stream. Susie carried the lunch and I played the flashlight on the water. It was quiet and long lines of moonlight played through the openings in the branches over our heads. Suddenly I jolted into the water. There was a splash.

"Missed him," I groaned. We moved a little farther. Susie walked behind, not saying a word. An hour later we had seven fish in the basket.

"Gosh I'm hungry," said Susie. "Let's stop and have lunch."

"Just wait until we get up a little farther and then we'll quit," I replied.

"What's that?" asked Susie, pointing to a tiny light, playing back and forth through the trees up ahead.

"Vipe," I gulped. "Game warden, let's make dash." We scrambled along the edge of the stream. "Don't fall in now, whatever you do," I called over my shoulder.

We fell over logs and crawled through underbrush. There was a steep bank on our left and the stream on our right.

"There's a log up here somewhere," I whispered, "we can cross there and cut through the bush on the other side of them."

The light was coming closer and the voices of two men carried through the cool night air.

"Here it is, you cross over first. Give me a light and I'll shine it on the log."

Susie stepped gingerly across not making a sound. When she reached the other side I tossed the light across. Grabbing our equip-

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"Package of cigarettes, please?"
"Sorry, sir. None 'till Thursday."

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"A friend of my husband's just got a new car—and we'll be on the waiting list for at least two years."
"You have to be an American to get anything in this country."
"Oh, to be in England, now that April's here..."

"I know it's chilly starting, but there's no use fiddling with that electric fan. The power doesn't come on until four o'clock."
"Oh, to be in England, now that April's here..."

"Yes, I can renew your ration book—but you have lost three months' clothing coupons by coming in late for your renewal."
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"Let's see, I'll have the soup, the roast beef..."
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Mr. Ackerman, however, to his work at the office in Brooklyn, N.Y., a few pigeons he keeps in the cage of his Queens home. These make the eight-mile flight in minutes, with any message Ackerman might wish to send.

"I can tell my wife that I'll be home, what to have per—things like that," Mr. Ackerman said.

"Will you leave me the Daily Bugle hereafter, please, instead of the Daily Clarion?"
"Sorry, sir, if you discontinue the Bugle we can't serve you at all. We're not allowing any changes because of the staff shortage."
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An editorial approves the order allowing British and American firms now to import German goods. It says such a lifting of restrictions is good because any increase in German exports, which will help to pay for imports of goods, will reduce the burden on the British taxpayer.

"I'll get a few going," I offered Susie and try to get you well dressed up. In a few moments, my clothes were steaming from the heat and Susie was stuffing warm sandwiches in my mouth. We trudged home, tired, without our equipment and our seven fish.

"To make the night complete, pop had gone off to bed and locked the door. As Susie turned and headed for her house, she called out: 'I don't think I'll take you fishing again. You get in the way and you fall in.'"

"Hub," I grunted, "some people think they're mighty smart."

"What happened to you?" asked pop as he opened the door, letting the light fall on a drowned rat. "If he didn't know..."

"Fishing! All Women, bah! Game Warden, bah." I growled and headed for bed without answering him.

The Quality Tea

Salata Orange Pekoe

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Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

CHAPTER XIV
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"What?" asked Susie, and flattered, "again?"

Encore
A concert was being held in the village schoolroom, and the Sandys were to give the solo. When he had finished the applause had died down from the back, shouting "Amen!" "Laurie!" "Susie!"

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C.N.E. BULLETIN

Cupboard Space Makes a Home!

Open the cupboard, Hubbard! That's what happened five or six years ago when a housing shortage began to grip Canada. And ever since then, people have cried out for more cupboard space in their homes. Manual training classes in Ontario Technical schools are devising new ways of making more cupboard space in the home as their contribution to the Home Exhibits at the Canadian National Exhibition this year. It is reported. The students are conceiving ideas for new-type cupboards and experimenting with ways of concealing storage space to provide more comfort and tidiness in cramped housing quarters.

Kate Aitken, in charge of Home exhibits, says that students from the manual training classes will be Johnny-on-the-spot at the C.N.E., demonstrating their accomplishments. This means that amateur carpenters may talk over their individual storage problems with the students and pick up dozens of new ideas for their own homes.

No Excuse For Hunting Accidents

With one suggestion made by Ontario hunters to the fish and Game Committee of the Legislature, there is bound to be fairly general agreement, says the Windsor Star. From the Kawartha district comes a recommendation that anyone causing a fatal accident should suffer cancellations of his license for life.

If this seems to be a harsh penalty, consider the fact that there is not one of these mishaps in which negligence does not figure to a greater or less extent. There is simply no excuse for shooting a man in mistake for an animal, or for the unintentional discharge of a shotgun or rifle. Anyone guilty of such carelessness is not a fit person to carry arms in the woods.

The port of Marseilles is almost cut off from the rest of France by high hills.

Spring Fever

Nature's own remedy is recommended by the medical profession for "Spring Fever." The tonic is simply composed of lots of vegetables and fruits, plenty of water, and milk, adequate sleep and as much fresh air as one can get.

This, say the authorities, is much to be preferred to the old-fashioned Spring tonic of sulphur and molasses.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

NEW FEATURE

By ANNE HIRST
Who presents kindly and intelligent solutions for many of Life's Personal Problems

WATCH FOR IT

Sunday School Lesson

The Glory and Decay of a Nation

1 Kings 2:3-9; 4:20-30, 34; 5:15-17; 11:2-5, 11.

Golden Text—Trust in the Lord shall add length of days, and shall not unto thine own understanding.—Proverbs 3:5.

The national glory and decay of Israel were associated with the glory and decay of one man—King Solomon, man of wisdom, temple builder, consolidator of the kingdom. At the height of his glory decay began to set in, and in almost every field in which strength and character count one will find innumerable instances where some man who died was really indispensable, and failure and decay ensued because no one arose to take his place.

The sort of strength and character that Solomon represented in his early career was indispensable to a strong and stable kingdom. The outward glory lasted while Solomon lived, but decay began to set in after his death. The story of the rise and fall of the Kingdom of Israel is instructive and full of guidance and warning for our own times. The opening chapters of the First

Youth Training

The wise approach to the problem of juvenile delinquency is based on the assumption that boys who get into trouble are boys who have nothing else to do. It is a wise parent who encourages his sons to get into trouble. He will go to some trouble to provide whatever they need to pursue the instinct of self-expression in the making of things. Countless men, so encouraged in youth, find that skills then acquired become sources of gratification through life. Needless to say, young builders are not conspicuous for the delinquents in their ranks.

BACKACHE

The Plague of Outdoor Men

The outdoor man, whether he be farmer, truck driver, or railway Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. By reason of their stimulating action both the liver and kidneys, you have two chances to one of getting relief from your backache by using Dr. Chase's Pills. The torpid liver is anxious to get rid of the waste and stimulate and consequently these organs help to purify the blood of the poisonous impurities which bring pain and aches and tired feelings.

Keep regular and keep well by using Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. 35c. a box.

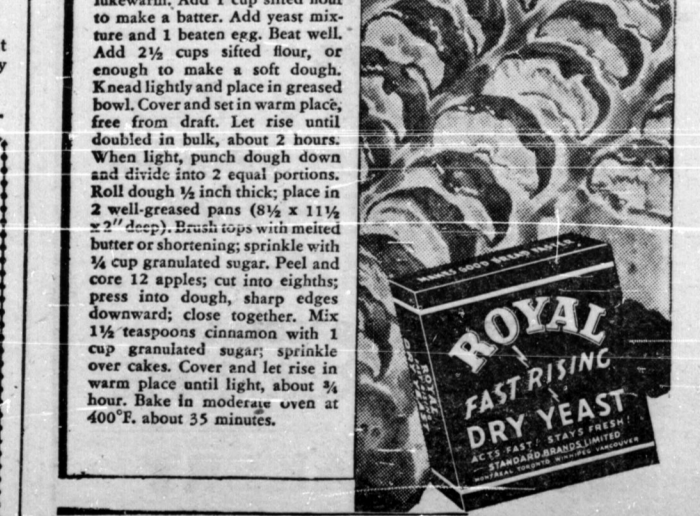
Dr. Chase's Kidney Pills

Liver Pills

APPEZING APPLE CAKE

RECIPE

Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 teaspoon sugar to 1/2 cup lukewarm water, and let stand 10 minutes. Then stir well. Scald 1/2 cup milk, add 3 tablespoons shortening, 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 teaspoon salt and cool to lukewarm. Add 1 cup sifted flour to make a batter. Add yeast mixture and 1 beaten egg. Beat well. Add 2 1/2 cups sifted flour, or enough to make a soft dough. Knead lightly and place in greased bowl. Cover and set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 2 hours. When light, punch dough down and divide into 2 equal portions. Roll dough 1/4 inch thick, place in 2 well-greased pans (8 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches). Brush with melted butter or shortening, sprinkle with 1/2 cup granulated sugar. Peel and core 12 apples; cut into 1/2 inch slices and place in layers in the pans. Press into dough, sharp edges downward; close together. Mix 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon with 1 cup granulated sugar, sprinkle over cakes. Cover and let rise in warm place until light, about 1 hour. Bake in moderate oven at 400° F. about 35 minutes.



REG'LAR FELLERS—On The Way To Fame

By GENE BYRNES

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How to Combat RHEUMATIC PAIN

By GENE BYRNES

Rheumatic pain may often be relieved by using Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. These pills help to purify the blood of the poisonous impurities which bring pain and aches and tired feelings.

Lemon Pie-m-m-m!

By GENE BYRNES

Sure it's delicious, when you make it with Canada Corn Starch and it will be a favourite with the whole family.

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