CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

There is one thing that town and country folk alike in England, Europe and the North American continent all have in common these days and that is the weather. We read about it, think about it, talk about it. And do we worry about it! But of course, how much we worry depends upon the extent to which it affects us. When you have friends over in the Old Country and you know that cold stormy weather coupled with a drastic reduction in the supply of coal, gas, and electric power, is bound to create a very serious hardship then how can anyone help but be anxious. As if the people in the British Isles hadn't had enough to put up with during the war.

In Ontario, and right on the farms, the greatest worry is naturally blocked lanes and side-roads. A long lane in summer is an advantage; it keeps the house comparatively free of road dust, but in winter . . . it keeps us free of the baker, the grocery boy, the milk truck, visitors and even peddlers. Bob was determined he was going to keep our lane open during the stormy weather and, by dint of repeated shovellings, he managed pretty well for a few days, although the best he could do was drive in as far as the house and then back all the way out again each time he wanted to go to town. Getting the milk cans and the egg crates to the road is quite a job. First the men tried pushing them down the lane on an improvised sleigh—just a wider platform rigged up on a child's hand sleigh. But the snow got too deep for it to be of much use. Then we thought a toboggan would be a good idea but of course there wasn't one in town. However, in a few days the harware store had come come in, so we got one and found it exactly does the trick. Of course the car is now left at the road gate and as long as the highway is kept open Bob can get back and forth to town, and in that way keep us supplied with the necessities of life.

I shall be glad when it will be possible to lay in supplies in larger quantities like we used to. It is a good thing, in the country, to stock up for the winter. Just think how nice it will be to buy sugar by the 100-pound bag again! R. Print — Feb. 11 — Warmington. However, there are some advantages to buying in small quantities. I realised that the other day when I opened a half-pound packet of tea for which I had paid 45 cents. I was sure glad we hadn't got ten pounds of that stuff. Really the taste and smell of that tea was awful and something floated on top of the water that looked like dust. I tried making a second lot and the result was just the same. We simply couldn't drink it—and it was the first time we have ever had that happen.

There didn't seem much sense in taking it back to the store to how could they know what the tea was like? So I looked up the address of the wholesale house and sent the tea back to them. The accompanying letter was not one of complaint, but of inqutry. For one reason I felt sure there had been a slip-up somewhere and that the company would prefer to know about it. After all it was their reputation at stake—all we stood to lose was half a pound of tea.

I wish it were possible, and as easy, to send back the coal we bought last fall! To call it coal is stretching the point. Black chunks of brick and stone would be nearer the mark. About 50 per cent comes out of the ashpan as solid as when it went into the firebox. That is, when it shakes down — and that is our main worry. Very often it doesn't, and the fire has to be let out in order to pry loose the chunks of stoney coal that have wedged themselves between the grates. By the time a person has done a few acrobatic stunts by climbing halfway into the furnace and getting absolutely blackened in the process — tempers are inclined to be a little short and patience at the zero mark.

It will be a great day when the tradespeople and manufacturers are back on a competitive basis.

Well, Bob is back to dinner again so I suppose we shall hear the latest storm news. He is doing an overhaul job to his truck downtown so we don't see very much of him, except at meal-time, when he comes back like a homing pigeon.

Canada's Trade

Canada had a trade of more than four billion dollars last year, nearly half of which was in exports, 40 per cent going to the United Kingdom. We shall thus have a strong argument and an authoritative voice at the trade meetings.

The humming bird's wings, believed to be the fastest moving things in Nature, vibrate 12,000 times per minute.

U. S. Naval Leader

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured commandant U. S. 3rd Naval District, Rear Admiral
11 Excitement
12 Aid
13 Native metal
14 Duration
16 Per
17 Prevents
18 Crazy
19 Prohibit
20 2000 pounds
23 Ontario (ab.)
26 Solitary
28 He is a high-ranking —— officer
30 Virginia (ab.)
31 Music note
32 Stairs
35 Canvas shelters
38 Lubricant
39 Distress signal
40 Owed
41 Sheep's call
43 Average
45 Exclamation
47 Perambulator
50 Skill
51 Skin opening
53 Measures of cloth
54 He is one of the U. S. Navy's ——
VERTICAL
1 Tangle
2 Lyric poem
3 Model
4 On account (ab.)
5 Recede
6 Lock opener
7 And (Latin)
8 Lend
9 Make a mistake
10 Affirmative
15 Man
17 Stable
20 Tantalum (symbol)
21 Oleum (ab.)
22 New
23 Stove part
24 Sodium (symbol)
25 Thallium (symbol)
27 Short sleep
29 Exist
32 Therefore
33 Palm lily
34 Shock
35 Snare
36 Toward
37 Steamship (ab.)
40 Facts
42 Space
43 Spoil
44 Before
45 Coal scuttle
46 Provide with weapons
48 Every
49 Manuscripts (ab.)
51 Father
52 East Indies (ab.)

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

A card on my desk says: "Don't wait until you're a man to be great—be a great boy". How long did Bell, Edison and Marconi wait? I suppose it means that if you do a real job of being good as a boy, you are on the way to being a great man. Many a man is great who has never been heard of other than by his next-door neighbo . Well anyway, I never expect to oe a Bell, Edison or Marconi, but I will try and be good—that should help a little.

* * *

By the time you read this, the best part of the winter will be over except for the odd cold and blustery day. I hope you made the most of the snow we had a few weeks ago and got lots of skiing in. Susie and I were out every chance we had and still remain intact,—the latter being due to luck.

Some of the teeners seem to be down in the mouth because of the fact that a number of the name bands are splitting up and reorganizing into five and six piece outfits. Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Spivak and Charlie Barnett are among the big names that are cutting down the number of men in their orchestras. They claim it costs too much to carry fifteen men and that a small unit can dish it out just as hot and as good. Time will tell on that score.

* * *

Have you noticed how many pictures are appearing these days, marked, "Adult Entertainment"? As far as we are concerned the pictures of late have a very disagreeable odour to them. The last five shows I've seen have been morbid, unpleasant things running along with a thread of a story to them. Who cares a hoot about jealous husbands, fickle babes and characters who are a little too heavy on one side of the bean? Where are the Minivers, the Hardy family, Tugboat Annie and the rest of the characters we used to go and see for a laugh and a sigh?

While on the subject of films, there is one that is currently reviewed as the best picture that will be out this year. It is Samuel Goldwyn's, "The Best Years of Our Lives" and deals with a family re-adjusting itself after the war. The picture carries a distinguished cast and we'll review it as soon as possible. It should hit Canada soon.

* * *

Today's column should have a heading on it titled "Beef Day", because that is about all we've done so far. We might as well get everything off our chest at once and then maybe we'll feel better.

We would be very pleased—

If coffee would come back to five cents a cup.

If the more popular makes of sweaters would come down to a reasonable price.

If only one store had one shirt our size.

If pop would stop watching the mileage of the car so closely.

If I could sleep in on Sunday mornings.

If Jane Russel lived next door.

If popular records were five for a dollar.

If I could smoke a pipe without getting sick.

If cars were made in boy's sizes, at boy's prices.

If Susie could sing like Deanna Durbin.

If the editor would give me a raise—he probably will.

If a good minstrel show would play our town.

If we go to the cottage this summer.

* * *

Well, it is plain to see that it wouldn't take much to please me this week. Ol' Sour-puss Murkar they call me. Well, I feel much better now and so will close this little beef chat and go home and take the ashes out of the furnace. Oh yes, I could add to that list: If I didn't have to take the ashes out on Saturdays, and if the Junior member of the family would quit wearing my socks.

Be back next week in a better frame of mind. Until then, remember, don't wait until you've grown up to be great —be great while you're young

ROOMS BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED $1.50 up

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

... TABLE TALKS ...

Hot Off The Griddle

With Lent approaching many homemakers all across Canada are wishing for new ideas for meatless dishes. This brings up the subject of pancakes and waffles as main of pancakes and waffles as main dishes, thus adding variety to the fish, egg, cheese, cereal or vegetable dishes usually on the menus for meatless days.

Buckwheat pancakes or galettes are browned only on one side. When the top surface is dry they are lifted from the pan, lightly spread with butter, rolled and served hot. Each person dips his galettes in either molasses, maple or corn syrup. Many people like some brown sugar spread on the galette before it is rolled thus eliminating the dipping in syrup.

The home economists of the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture suggest these recipes for pancakes.

Buckwheat Pancakes
5 cups buckwheat Flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon bakiag soda
2 cups cold water

Mix together buckwheat flour, salt and baking soda. Gradually add cold water and beat until smooth. Heat heavy frying pan, and drop a large spoonful of pancake mixture in pan, spreading the mixture with the spoon to make a pancake of about 4" by 6". Cook until all traces of whitish uncooked batter have disappeared. Lift from p n, spread with butter, roll and dip in molasses. Six servings, allowing 3 to 4 pancakes per person.

Pancakes (French Style)
2 eggs
2 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
Dash of salt
1½ cups milk
1½ cups water
Fat for frying

Beat eggs well. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with milk and water to the eggs. Beat until smooth. Heat heavy frying pan, add a little fat and pour in about 3 tablespoonfuls of the pancake mixture. Tilt the frying pan quickly from side to side to spread the mixture so that it almost covers the pan and makes the pancake very thin and lacy. When under side is golden brown and edges crisp, turn pancake and brown other side. Six servings, allowing 3 to 4 packages, 6" in diameter, per person.

Note: These pancakes should be very thin, crisp and irregular in shape. Serve them flat or rolled with maple syrup, molasses or corn syrup.

Turnip Pancakes
1 cup pastry flour
OR
1 cup less 2 tbsp. all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon ground ginger
2 eggs
1 cup milk
1 cup cooked, mashed turnip
1 tablespoon molasses
2 tablespoons melted fat

Sift together the dry ingredients. Beat eggs slightly, add the milk, mashed turnip, molasses and melted fat. Add liquid mixture to dry ingredients and blend well. Drop by spoonfuls onto a hot greased, heavy frying pan and cook until brown on bottom, and top is peppered with bubbles. Turn. Yield: 10 pancakes 3 ½" in diameter.

The Better Way

Bumptious little Albania is being hauled before the United Nations Security Council, on British charges, for mining an international channel and causing the death of British sailors, injury to British ships. In the bad old days a British cruiser would have taken the matter in hand long ago, and a well-spanked Albania would have subsided.

—Ottawa Journal.

"I fought off a pack of hungry shoppers to bag this package of crisp, crunchy, delicious Grape-Nuts Flakes!"

"Bravo, Sir Archibald! And I'd believe you if you said you fought through a jungle full of lions for that malty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut flavor of Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes!"

"And of course, Gentlemen, we must remember that Grape-Nuts Flakes are not only marvellously delicious—they supply carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood other food essentials."

"Those two golden grains wh malted barley are combine Grape-Nuts Flakes. They're no blended, baked and toasted fo crispness, easy digestion."

"Let us repair to the breakfast and shoot a giant economy pu

Take my WORD for it!

Have you got it? The word is *Brisk . . .* it B-R-I-S-K . . . as in Lipton's Tea. Yes, Lipton's Tea is *brisk* tasting . . . so fresh, lively and full-bodied . . . so tangy and satisfying . . . *you'll never again be content with less.* Change now to *brisk* tasting Lipton's Tea.

Brisk tasting LIPTON'S TEA

REG'LAR FELLERS — Showers Included

By GENE BYRNES

Victory Club

A £1,000,000 Victory C ex-servicemen and women opened in London's West the late spring in premises ously used as an Americ Cross Club.

ENJOYED BY families than any brand of coffee in world . . . that's Maxwell House. Because extra flavor it's "Good to the Last Dr

WHY SUFFER FR HEAD-AC -CO GRIPPE, PERIODIC When You Can Ha Glorious Relief IN 7 MINUTES BUCKLEY'S

"SALADA" TEA

Delicious Flavour

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

WNU FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER IV: A tall beautiful blonde woman appears. She is Mrs. Karen Bigelow. Other members of the family arrive. McCale meets Mrs. Sybil Bigelow, the bride's mother. She is a heavy woman, richly dressed. With her are her children, Victoria, dark and attractive, Stephen, slender and nervous, and Veronica, the bride-to-be, a pretty red-haired girl.

CHAPTER V.

Christopher Storm was tall and lean and athletic. His face missed being handsome by way of a rather square jaw and a generous mouth. His grip and voice were pure steel. He offered McCale a cigarette. They liked each other at once. It was as easy and unassuming as that.

Christopher manoeuvred McCale toward the bottled liquids, mixed them both a drink. He motioned to a seat beside himself, saying without preliminary, "Heard about you in that dyehouse racket. Pretty keen deduction. What brings you here?"

"Wedding presents."

"Not really? Didn't know you went in for small stuff."

"I have to make a living. Cases like the dyehouse murders are few and far between."

Storm's blue eyes narrowed. "Well, it just didn't seem to me that the array of brica-a-brac downstairs warranted your special talents."

McCale didn't answer. "Too true, that bright young fellow," he thought, "but if I told you that all day I've been coddling a tingle that now and then raises the hair on my head—"

"Who called you in?"

"Family." To himself he continued. "Darn. This fellow is too inquisitive." Suddenly McCale caught a glimpse of something—something lay behind that hail-fellow attitude, that mantel of jauntiness—something he did not like.

* * *

"Not Sybil?" Christopher prodded. "Not darling Sybil, surely."

McCale was saved from making a reply by a peal of light laughter outside the room. A door banged somewhere. There was another ripple of merriment mingled with a deeper one, running feet on the stairs, and Veronica ran into the room, followed by a man.

They might have been preceded by a fanfare of trumpets. Everyone stopped talking; everyone turned toward the door as to a stage. It was as if a spotlight had been turned on, startling the audience to quickening anticipation of the star's entrance. It was sudden and complete. Even McCale was checked in the act of raising his glass to his lips.

Something electric came into the room with Curt Vallaincourt. Even if there had not been the little piping ecstatic thrill of Sybil's "Curt, dear"; the quick fire that lighted Victoria's glistening eyes; the husky overtones of Karen saying "Behold the bridegroom cometh," McCale would have known the identity of this physical rhapsody.

Here was a consciously beautiful young man in a great big way: tall and wide, sleek and strong. He was a dynamic person—the kind to whom things were bound to happen.

He acknowledged the introduction to the detective in a deep strong voice, with a handshake that made McCale almost buckle at the knees.

It was three or four minutes before the blitzkrieg of his arrival settled into a steady, slow appreciation of him.

* * *

Afterward McCale was to come back to that short scene many times, trying to put together the pieces of the riddle as they presented themselves in the next few moments. It was all there, had he known it, the wheels within wheels, the red thread of danger, the shadow of death. Each intimate gesture, the shading of a phrase, each bit of conversation overheard, held portents deep and inevitable.

As it was, the things that remained in his mind to puzzle him were these: Conversation became general though the atmosphere still contained a peculoar effluvium of underlying edginess. e noticed that Adelaide Bigelow seemed as overcome by the positively theatrical charm of Curt as the rest, and that even Stephen had pulled out of his alcoholic depression, and was watching Curt with an almost physical worship. Karen glowed, silver and white. Victoria's eyes were slits. Sybil was watchful. Storm was quiet, but appreciative. And Veronica was chatting nervously, the same note of strain in her golden diction.

* * *

It was when Curt said, in that compelling voice of his, "Very magnanimous of you, Chris, to give us The Nest," that a warning signal flashed in McCale's brain. It was spoken with such charming naivete, as if, thought McCale, the one thing he really lacked was manners. He was making a studied conscious effort.

Storm only smiled, steadily. He shrugged, retorting, "Veronica always gets everything she wants."

"Oh, Chris," Veronica put out her hand to him, started to say something, stopped.

Chris turned to her for a brief moment, a blank look coming over his face. There was a lost world in his eyes.

Victoria laughed shrilly. She made a quick, nervous gesture, bit her lower lip, and looked a sudden significant, pleading question — to Curt. Curt seemed to square off to her. He shook his head as if he were saying, "No."

Everyone was concentrating upon Storm and Veronica at that moment and McCale thought no one else saw that exchange of glances between those other two. Afterward he was to wonder.

Vallaincourt went over to his future stepmother-in-law, almost as if in apology for neglecting her. In a bad-tempered manner she shook off his attempted coddling. There was a puzzle there in the coolness between Curt and Sybil.

(To be Continued)

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I mix a good steel and nickel polish?

A. By mixing 1 tablespoonful of turpentine, 1 tablespoonful sweet oil, and enough emery powder to the consistency of cream. Apply with a soft rag, and then wipe off and polish with a dry flannel cloth.

Q. How can I test table linen?

A. Secure a sample and dip it in any kind of oil. The linen threads will become almost transparent, enabling one to see very readily how many cotton threads it contains.

Q. How can I remove red wine stains from linen?

A. By dipping the stained portion into boiling milk. Keep the milk boiling until the stains disappear.

Q. How can I make use of the juice in which asparagus has been cooked?

A. A good soup can be made from this juice. Use a few of the leftover stalks, thicken, and add cream, butter, and seasoning. Serve with hot, round crackers.

Q. What is a good method for making buttonholes?

A. Baste a strip of cloth on the underside of the hem. Then cut and work the buttonhole through both strip and hem. Cut away the surplus strip.

Q. How can I prevent an oily skin?

A. Wash daily with hot castile soap suds. Rinse in hot, then cold water. Do not eat fats. Drink plenty of water.

'LOOK—NO HANDS'

Mamma seems properly astounded at her child's precocity and Junior appears smugly self satisfied, with, perhaps, just a little touch of ham. Young "strong man" is six-month-old Andrew Hanik, Jr., of Chicago.

Sunday School Lesson

The Good Shepherd

John 10: 7-18

Golden Text—"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—John 10:11.

The Sheepfold

The sheepfold pictures the salvation, safety and sustenance of the sheep. The parable is radiant with metaphor.

The sheep represent God's people; the sheepfold, God's kingdom; the door, the entrance into the kingdom; th porter, the Father, or as some think, the Holy Spirit; the thief and robber, the enemies of the flock; the stranger, the false religious teacher; the shepherd, chiefly the Divine Shepherd, but secondly the human shepherd under divine appointment.

The Shersherd's Work

The shepherd's work in the present is the protection and progress of his flock. Contrast with him the hireling who may be in mercenary charge of the flock. He is not a shepherd in any sense of the term. He is not the owner of one single sheep. He sees the wolf coming at a distance and knows the danger. But in cowardice and selfishsness he forsakes the flock and flees to a place of safety. He cares nothing for the flock beyond its fleece and flesh.

The Good Shepherd

The Good Shepherd is infinitely better than the hireling. He knows and is known by his flock in an intimacy and fellowship like that existing between the Father and the Son. He laid down His life for the sheep, and they trust Him as Father and Lord.

The Shepherd's Call

The Shepherd's work in the future involves His program to the end of the age. The handful of followers clinging to Him during His earthly ministry were to be multiplied a thousand times over in many lands. Even then He declared that He had other shepe not of this fold.

Out of the Gentile world .aust be gathered a great flock. Multitudes of them shall hear the Shepherd's call and become a part of His undivided flock. The unity He foresaw was not a unity of organization nor of creed, nor of ceremony, nor of anything that is material and external, but a spiritual unity in Christ.

"Love-Lure" Traps Catch Mosquitoes

One of the most extraordinary war-time inventions is credited to an American scientist, who announces that he has designed a "Love Lure" trap of dealing with this pest, and put such things as mosquito netting and sprays out of date.

The "Love Lure" consists of records of the female mosquito's love call to her mate. These are played inside a trap. Hearing the call, the male mosquito immediately heads for it—and never emerges alive.

Dr. Kahn, the inventor, hopes that traps will soon be available for use all over the Pacific, with a consequent reduction in the numbers of malaria, yellow fever and elephantiasis-carrying mosquitoes.

The sounds made by the record are inaudible to the human ear, for the mosquito is a quiet creature. In fact, so far as the malarial type is concerned, it is seldom possible to hear the "ping" commonly associated with the flight of this disease-carrying insect.

Coast-to-Coast

Plans to establish the first coast-to-coast railway system in the United States are now being discussed there. Canada has three transcontinental railway lines, two of which are operated by the Canadian National Railways.

"Gin Pills Helped my Sore Back"

says Montreal man.

"I had rheumatic aches and stiff back—could hardly straighten up after bending. A friend advised Gin Pills . . . now I'm ever so much better"—I.T., Montreal.

For more than 40 years Gin Pills have brought relief to victims of Rheumatic Pain, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago. Get a package today. Use proves their merit.

Regular size, 40 Pills
Economy size, 80 Pills

GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS

(In the U.S.A. ask for Gin Pills)
National Drug & Chemical Company of Canada, Limited

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. When a married woman signs the register of a hotel, should she sign her name "Mrs. Mary Brown"?
2. Is it obligatory at a dance for a man to ask his hostess to dance?
3. May a calling card be engraved in any color ink desired?
4. Should a man always rise when a woman asks to be excused from the table during a meal?
5. Is it still customary to use black-edged mourning notepaper?
6. What should a girl do if a man is calling and another man calls during the same time?

ANSWERS

1. No; the correct form for a married woman is "Mrs. James Brown." 2. Yes, it is the courteous thing to do, especially if it is a small, informal dance. 3. Black is the only color in which a card should be engraved. 4. Yes; he also rises when she returns and holds her chair for her, if she happens to be seated near him. 5. Yes, though it is not so popular as formerly. 6. Show the same cordiality to both men; be tactful.

Chemical Treatment Fireproofs Fabrics

Fewer little girls may burn to death by having their fluffy dresses catch fire from candles, open heaters or carelessly handled matches if the United States congress passes a bill for the chemical treatment of wearing apparel and other fabrics to make them less flammable. California already has such a law, applying only to wearing apparel, and other states are considering similar measures. The textiles and dry goods industries are handled by national legislation rather than to allow a chaotic situation to arise from divergent state laws.

Already available are two processes for treating cloth to make it flame-resistant and another is promised in a few months from charring and to keep from flaming and burning. The proposed federal measure would provide a yardstick for testing fabrics and probably would apply to all fabrics, since the danger from burning curtains is almost as great as that from ignited clothing. Though not intended as a substitute for personal caution, the general treatment of fabrics for flammability might prevent many mishaps from having fatal consequences.

Anger

Anybody can become angry — that is easy; but to be angry with the right person, and to the right degree, and at the right time, and for the right purpose, and in the right way—and that is not easy. — Aristole.

Non-Frosting Glass

Motorists in Canada will be pleased to learn of a non-frosting glass patented by a British company. Perfect virbility is ensured no matter what changes of temperature occur. Successfully used in aircraft cabins during the war, it will doubtless in time be available for motor cars.

SIMPLY DELICIOUS! The Superb flavor of Maxwell House makes it the most popular of all brands of coffee. It has *extra* flavor because it contains choice Latin-American coffees.

FOR FASTER RELIEF OF CHEST COLDS

Try Faster Penetrating

BUCKLEY'S STAINLESS WHITE RUB

GIRLS ENTERING WOMANHOOD...

This fine medicine is *very effective* to relieve pain, nervous distress and weak, "dragged out" peerless feelings, of "certain days"—when due to functional monthly disturbances. *Worth trying!*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

for faster PAIN RELIEF Neuritis Neuralgia

Instantine

12 TABLETS ONLY 25¢ ALL DRUGSTORES

for BETTER SLEEP... BETTER DIGESTION.. BETTER HEALTH!

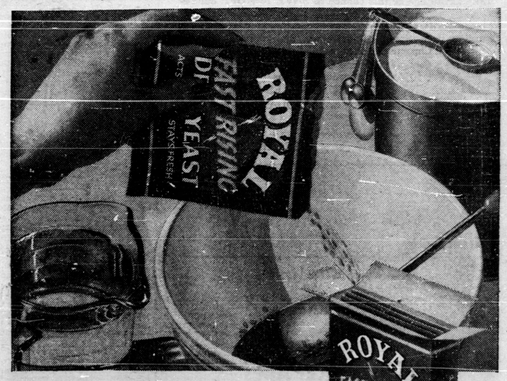
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

CONTAINS VITAMIN B1

Dark Egg Yolks

Feeding experiments with Barred Rock Pullets at the Dominion Experimental Station, Harrow, Ont., have shown that due to the nature of the diet, quantities of succulent green feed, such as cut and steeped alfalfa hay, have a tendency to intensify the colour of egg yolks. Eggs with rich coloured yolks are now favoured in the overseas market because a darker yolk is generally accepted as an indication of a satisfactory diet and the presence of valuable food factors, notably Vitamin A.

NEW FASTER ACTING ROYAL DRY YEAST



Add New Fast Rising Royal to water. It starts working in 10 minutes.

New Granule Form Saves Time!
Saves Work! Scores New Baking Success!

No fussing with "setting bread" the night before when you're tired and "not up to it." No risk of overnight baking failure because of temperature changes. New Fast Rising Royal lets you do your whole baking in a few hours in the daytime when you can watch the dough.

New Fast Rising Royal stays full-strength, ready for use on your pantry shelf for weeks. Try New Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast today. At your grocer's.

4 packets in each carton. Each packet makes 4 large loaves.

MADE IN CANADA