

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

Well, friends, how goes it with you? Have you settled down to the fact that you are pretty well launched on another year, and have you greeted it with a song in your heart, or accepted it with foreboding—or, just accepted it? Maybe like us, you have been too busy to even attempt much in the way of speculation as to what 1947 may bring forth.

You know I really like January and February. The first of the year we can enjoy Christmas and all its excitement retrospect; we can let our minds relax and we can take time to catch up on the things that the festive season crowded out. There are always plenty of odd jobs that have to be looked after, isn't that so? I know my mending basket, it will do "peak for itself, would surely float to the hostess—"You said it!" All right—all right, M.B. I know you are just about bursting with socks and stockings. Matter of fact, until yesterday I thought I would have to do something about it, and then in the mall, came a present for Bob—four pairs of socks. Yes, a present for him but a reprieve for me.

What have I been doing? Well, what does anyone do after having the house full of friends and relations? You know only too well, don't you? Unfortunately the weather was definitely against me. Last Tuesday morning for instance, there was water on the stove, hot and waiting for the huge washing I had promised myself would be done. But when we got up the power was off and we started the day with candlelight. Nine o'clock it was on again and away we went, the washing machine and I, trying to make up for lost time. But at eleven o'clock I got the power again for nearly an hour—and two more tubfuls still to go. By the time I was through the washer was really roughing it up. So much so that it was two days before the sheets could be hung outside and the small stuff of course, had to be dried in the house. What with ironing and mending it, the end of the week before that wash was out of the way. And how we women like a job that hangs around like that! But save the mark—I still see that pile of socks telling me I should move the basket.

Partner had plenty of extra work at the barn too. Shovelling snow and pushing milk cans out to the road. (I forgot to tell you, we are back in the milk business again. The dairy was short of milk so we were asked to come to the rescue).

Another of my problems was how to get to town. The lane was impassable. Bob leaves the car at the road at night and is away with it all day. I don't want it when roads are bad anyway. But I just had to get down to the bank. So one day when it wasn't so cold I started hoofing it. Started, yes, and finished it too! Soon after leaving our gate I heard a car behind me. I looked back hopefully. I didn't exactly stick my thumb out because I thought my beseeching look would be enough. But not a bit of it. That car went whizzing by as if I didn't exist. And in it were two MEN, they certainly were not gentlemen. Or were they? Maybe they were gentlemen and had an idea I wasn't a lady. And maybe they were right because the thoughts I had of them after they had passed were certainly not those of a lady. My faith in the milk of human kindness having received such a jolt I hired a taxi to bring me home.

Here is a very different little incident which may give some of you an idea if you should be visiting in a home where there is only one woman to do the work of a big house. Before she left the last of my visitors took the vacuum cleaner and gave, not only her own room, but all the rooms upstairs a thorough going-over. Believe me, such thoughtfulness was a tremendous help and was certainly very much appreciated.

And here is a thought on our new citizenship status. When we think of ourselves as Canadians we might also remember that we share that honour equally with all others who qualify as Canadian citizens. The Jewess who rides with us on the street car, the Frenchman on the train; the Italian at the corner fruit store; the Chinaman at the restaurant; the porter who carries our bag through the subway; they too, are CANADIAN CITIZENS. Properly speaking I should refer to them only as Canadians but to make my point clear I thought it necessary to mention their racial origin.

Movie Actress

HORIZONTAL	VERTICAL
15 Pictures	1 Chief
13 Christmas carol	2 Organ of small
14 Musical sound	3 Born
16 East southeast (abbr)	4 Morning-day
18 Weight (abbr)	5 Mix
20 Number	6 Toward
22 Standard of value	7 Half-cent
23 Ocean	8 Current
25 Myself	9 News notes
27 High cards	10 Five and four
28 Alternating current (abbr)	11 Strike lightly
31 Transpose (abbr)	12 Beverage
32 Ruthless (symbol)	13 She plays an motion
33 Daybreak (comb. form)	14 Exchange
35 New	
37 Inquires	
38 Actor (abbr)	
40 Dine	
42 Twice	
43 Tantalum (symbol)	
45 Cries	
47 Italian river	
49 Paid notice	
49 Auricle	
50 Ventilates	
53 Close	
55 Leave out	
56 Small plot of ground	

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

A good many of the young fry are guilty of being inconsiderate and impolite. An elderly lady told me that last week and, as I mentioned to her that I was going to straighten out the situation by pointing out some of our evil habits and how best to remedy them. First of all, we are noisy in public—that I mean in theatres and restaurants. We chew gum in church. The boys like to doff their hats to ladies and the girls greet their elders with a smack of the bubble gum. Oh, yes, and we crowd people off the street and are dreadfully sloppy. Oh my gosh, we're awful.

I agree partly with the above criticisms, but not altogether. Why, I know a fellow on our street and he's very polite. For myself and in consideration, I think my worst habit is that of waiting until there is a lull in conversation and then blowing my nose into my handkerchief one about two feet off their chairs. I often down out Jim Hunter with a blasting knock that makes my father turn blooded with anger. I don't wipe my feet and I leave pop's electric shaver sitting around instead of putting it back in the case. (Okay, okay, even peach fuzz looks better trimmed). Being honest about it, the most of us could find a number of faults that would be better left in some ash can.

Here are a few suggestions that should help to make us better ladies and gentlemen.

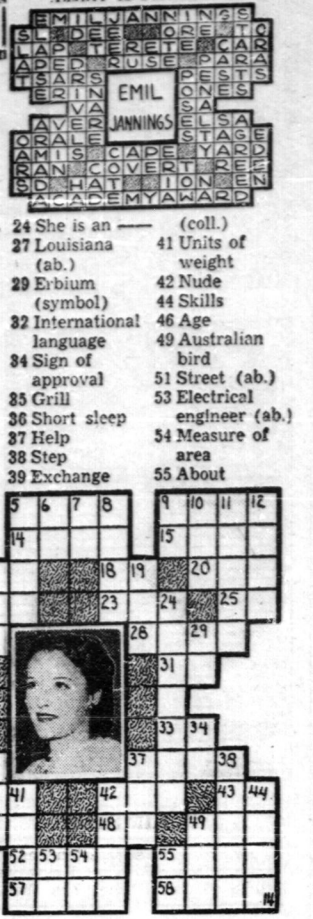
1. If wishing to speak to a friend in a theatre or restaurant, use a megaphone and get it over with in a hurry—this saves a lot of repeating and things get back to normal sooner.
2. Never chew gum in church. It may give the minister the idea you are cursing under your breath. Park it behind your ear or on the vestibule door and collect same on the way out. Above all don't put it under the seat—you may forget it and the gum is still hard to buy.
3. In regard to dressing, we should smooth out a little. Especially the boys. Let your pant cuffs down—your legs don't look that nice, and wear your hats right side out. People may mistake you for a character from Mars.
4. Girls should try to remember that greeting mixed with a smack of bubble gum could sound like anything. Please don't do that.
5. And last, about herding down the street like a load of runaway elephants. When meeting an older person on the sidewalk, step smartly into single file until all danger is passed. This gives the pedestrian a much better chance of making the home porch without loss of limb—or even of life.

Well, I think Uncle Barry has covered the situation fairly well. I may have left out a few items, but if the above are watched more closely, I'm sure the nation will receive us with more pomp and dignity, and what could be better than being received with more pomp and dignity.

I hope you have been out enjoying the snow and the wonderful skiing. Pushing cars out of ditches and shovelling until the back of your hat through has really been worth it.

Announce to Previous Puzzle

EMIL JENNINGS



... TABLE TALKS ...

Flavourful Soups

Meat soups, that is soups made with bones and meat trimmings, not too much fat please, and pea soup are best if cooked slowly, really simmered for a long time. The meat and bones are covered with cold water, brought to the boil and then simmered for two, three or four hours. Whole vegetables like carrots, onions, turnips, celery stalks and leaves may be put in with the meat for added flavour. The stock obtained can be easily clarified by adding crushed egg shells, bringing the stock to the boil and then straining it through cheese cloth. From the stock, which should be kept in a closed container in a cool place, a great many varieties of soups can be prepared.

The home economists of the Consumer Council of the Dominion Department of Agriculture give recipes to make meat stock and to use it.

Beef Stock

- 1 lb. meat trimmings with bones
- 3 small carrots
- 3 small onions
- 2 stalks celery
- 2 quarts water—cold
- 1/4 teaspoon whole peppercorns
- 1/2 bay leaf
- 1 spray of thyme or
- 1/4 teaspoon dried thyme
- 1 sprig parsley

Salt and pepper to taste. Put beef, carrots, onions, celery and water in kettle and bring slowly to a boil. Tie spices and herbs in cheesecloth bag, add with parsley to soup mixture and simmer, covered for two hours. Strain. Yield: 6 cups.

Russian Beet Soup

- 3 large beets (3 cups peeled and finely shredded or chopped)
- 6 cups meat stock
- 1 tablespoon butter
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice

To the prepared beets add 6 cups stock and cook 15 minutes. Add remaining stock and cook until the beets are soft—about 30 minutes. Add butter and season to taste.

Trade With Former Enemy Countries

Resumption of trade with former enemy countries must be considered and considered immediately, states the Windsor Star. This question of German and Japanese trade is not one of generosity to losers, it is one of generosity to losers who have a distinct economic bearing on world prosperity. So far as Canada is concerned, it must be based on buying from these two countries, as well as selling to them. The alternative is to relegate them to a permanent status of serfdom, and to leave them out of the picture as if they did not exist at all. Such a course has been considered, but only briefly. It soon became apparent that any such policy could not safely be contemplated.

Flying at Speed Of Over 750 M.P.H.

In tracing the evolution of flight at supersonic speeds Brigadier Malcolm C. Grow predicted in Cambridge, Mass., last week that probably would be necessary to re-ignite the cockpit because the heat generated by friction of the plane's "skin" at a speed of over 750 miles an hour is more than enough to boil water, states the New York Times. The general idea of military planes in mind. Also important is the matter of escape. The maximum naked windblast that a man can withstand is recorded at about 500 miles an hour, which is exceeded now. Unless the whole person is encased in a capsule the air blast at supersonic speed would burst lungs, cut and distort faces and possibly bend arms and legs.

LYMOID

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Outstanding Quality

Murder in Plain Sight by GERALD BROWN



Outside, the sidewalks were damp and slippery. It was late February. The sky was blurred with an approaching storm. McCale walked down Smart street slowly, stopping to buy an early morning paper at the corner.

He'd just had some mid-morning coffee and a couple of extra cigarettes "eyes" and they'd told him in great detail how Miss Adelaide Bigelow, of the Bigelows, had been training from office to office for the "right" detective. Just what she needed a detective for, promoting his "know, but it looked promising."

To McCale it looked like lorum; besides, he wasn't interested. He did not, at the moment, realize that the first thing he had started to do, that then even he was being gently prodded into the relentless advance of a big case. He stopped for cigarettes at a drug store and stood at the counter idly turning the pages of a newspaper.

Under a misty photograph of a very debby deb, he read the caption: "Lydia Kendrick of Marlborough street and Magnolia, one of the bride's attendants at the wedding next Saturday of Veronica Perkins Bigelow to Curtin Vallinour."

A society wedding. He laughed soundlessly as he thought of Leach and Garry making a big story out of a crowd of gild-edged guests, while they kept a sharp eye on the wedding presents.

As he folded the paper, his eyes took her in at a glance. It was the new one, "After Dark." It read: "At the Latin Quarter last night, Curt Vallinour, the handsome hand food connoisseur, was seen with Veronica Bigelow next week, waited in vain for her to appear. He ended his visit by hipping up Zombies with Shari Evans, the torchy singer from the floor show. We didn't know they knew each other."

McCale frowned at the last allusion. Too had these keyhole lads had to spice everything up so.

McCale's office and living quarters combined were on St. James street, a bit far up town for that sort of thing. They were in a block of old-brick houses, the last that remained in that vicinity. Here, while they lasted anyway, McCale was able to cling to the illusion that he was a cut above the average detective. His background, surely, was worse than most. Born in the summer port of Chicago, he had been brought up among thieves and mobsters. At fourteen, he knew all the answers. To himself, he often admitted that he had a criminal twist had saved him from putting it into practice. It may have been the merest glimmer or craving for something finer than the obviously brick splash made by the racketeer, snip-top today, shot full of holes tomorrow. But at sixteen he went into the world to find out if there was any good in it. Somehow he discovered that he had a love for books and a real aptitude for learning. He worked his way through a Midwestern college. He took summer courses here, there and wherever he heard of something that might interest him. And he was interested in many things.

He woke one morning knowing that detection would be his career. Then he took a course in criminology at a famous university, sat in lectures at police college, talked himself into a job with a run-down detective agency. After that, he had set himself up as a private investigator. Cynical over police methods as he found them in practice, sick to death of the strike-breaking jobs, the "dirty work" of the undercover bribery, the questionable ethics of many of the men masquerading as

REPARATIONS MAY HELP CANADIAN DAIRY INDUSTRY

This machine of futuristic design is actually a butter maker which was observed in Germany by Dr. W. H. Cook of the National Research Council and was brought to Canada by the Research Council at the request of the National Dairy Council of Canada. It represents a new principle in buttermaking as far as Canada is concerned and may take the place of the large butter churns in most commercial creameries. Still in the experimental stage it has been set up at the National Dairy Council meeting in Winnipeg. Several improvements are already in view to adapt it to Canadian needs, such as devices for adding salt and reducing moisture content. On initial tests the machine has made over 1,000 pounds of butter an hour. It is very compact and despite its appearance, a very simple principle is involved. Its manufacture is not expected to present any great problem. In this picture are: Dr. W. H. COOK, Secretary of the National Dairy Council of Canada, and H. TESSIER, Research Council technician.

Sunday School Lesson

Christ for All People
John 4: 4-10, 27-30, 32-42.

Golden Text—But whosoever will drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.—John 4: 14.

The Woman of Samaria

On their way northward from Judea to Galilee, Jesus and His disciples came to Jacob's well close to Sychar. Jesus, wearied with His Journey, seated Himself on the stone steps of the curbing around the well. The disciples went into the village to purchase food and so Jesus probably was left alone.

A Samaritan was from the village of Sychar came to Jacob's well for water. Jesus asked of her, "Give me to drink." Such knowledge of Samaritan nature and tact added to disregard of the barrier between Jew and Samaritan, excited the wonder of the woman. How was it she queried, that he asked a favor of her? For Jews do not associate with Samaritans. He replied that if she could but see in Him the Christian gift of God, she would be a suppliant before Him who alone could lead her to the fountain of living water.

The woman in her haste left her waterpot at the well and sped back to Sychar to tell her neighbors of Him who told her all that ever she did. It is not certain that the woman gave Jesus the drink he desired from the well, but it is certain that she took the water of life which he offered her so graciously and freely.

The Campaign in Sychar

The campaign in Sychar was marked by four things: (1) The testimony of the converted woman was astonishingly effective. What she said about Christ brought to Him many of her fellow townsmen. (2) The saved Samaritans wanted others saved; hence they brought Him to stay in Sychar. The Saviour, always anxious to save, "abode there two days." (3) The circle of believers widened as they saw and heard Jesus. "And many more believed because of His own words." So Jesus taught and the converts testified and the saved were multiplied. (4) "Now we believe," they said in happy chorus. And they went on: "for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

Rumor Claims Princess to Wed

Those who are "on the inside" insist that Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth will marry Prince Philip of Greece within the next year. Buckingham Palace does not confirm or deny it. It merely issues a polite statement that may be taken to mean that the announcement is at least premature, says the Windsor Star.

Weight is given the rumor by the fact that the Prince is taking British citizenship, renouncing any right of succession he may have to the Greek throne. It is also said that this is a real love match, but of course that is said in all such cases. However, in the case of Britain's beloved Princess, there is good reason to believe that this is so, for she is known to be an independent young lady, not likely to accept too much dictation in affairs of this kind.

If Prince Philip it is to be, Britons everywhere will unite in hoping that she is following the dictates of her heart, that she will find real happiness, and that her consort will prove himself worthy of the honor bestowed.

Left Scotland

During the last ninety years 1,000,000 persons have emigrated from Scotland—more than a quarter of the country's present population—says the 1946 report of the registrar-general for Scotland just issued.

Burnproof Covers

Asbestos, a fabric developed during the war to protect fire-fighters in the armed forces in Canada, made up into ironing board covers. The fabric will not burn even if a hot iron is accidentally left on the covered board.

"Yes, indeed, Veronica Bigelow. Her pictures are very lively." He'd never seen one!

She brightened considerably. "It's lovely, My favorite niece. My brother's child." The wedding, of course, will be at Trinity, but the reception is to take place at the family's town house. There are great many beautiful and priceless gifts on display. They will have to be guarded night and day."

"The police," ventured McCale. "I saw." The police? She became more assertive. "We don't want plainclothes men all over the house. They'd stick out like sore thumbs. I want someone quiet and unobtrusive—just—just someone—"

(To Be Continued)

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. When staying in a hotel and one has meal service in his room, it is necessary that he choose a meal from the regular menu?
2. How much of the hand should be dipped into the finger bowl, and should both hands be dipped at the same time?
3. When a man is standing and talking with a girl at a dance, and the music begins, what should he do?
4. Does the family of the bride compile the list of invitations for a wedding?
5. Which is taken from the dinner table first in removing a course, the dishes containing the food or the soiled plates?
6. Should a woman permit a man to pay for her meal in a restaurant when they have met merely by accident?

ANSWERS

1. This is customary, but if desired, additional special dishes will be prepared. 2. Dip only the finger tips, and one hand at a time. 3. If neither has the next dance engaged, he must certainly ask her to dance. 4. No; the bride and the groom should make out this list together. It would be very selfish to forget or disregard the personal friends of the bridegroom. 5. The dishes containing the food. 6. No; she should permit it—a well-bred man will not suggest it.

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NOT THAT I'M VERY ROND OF SNAKES!

By J. MILLAR WATT



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