CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

I tried to write this column yesterday but it simply couldn't be done—two days of almost continuous rain just about congealed every thought I ever had. Now the sun is shining and I feel much better—at least I do as long as I stay indoors. A little while ago I went to feed the chickens and in the yard it was like walking on an oversized slimy, slippery sponge. Why all the chickens don't die in this weather I'll never know. We give them the best care we can but when they are running in and out in the wet the bedding gets damp just about as fast as we put it down. And yet we have lost comparatively few. This has been an ideal year for the development of coccidiosis but we have also managed to keep away from that, mainly, I think, by not feeding the chicks too heavily at any time. In fact we have revolutionized our chick feeding methods altogether this year.

The price of commercial feed, as every poultryman knows, is entirely out of proportion to what we get for chickens and eggs. So, instead of giving the chicks high cost feed we give them one feed a day of growing mash, after that the troughs are filled only with a mixture of rolled wheat and oats—from our own grain of course—at night they are fed straight wheat. That has been their menu since they were four or five weeks old. Up to tha time they were fed commercial chick starter. Oh, but I forgot one important item—they get all the sour skim milk they will drink—and that is plenty! We pour it into the troughs—wooden troughs—along with the rolled grain. What will be the final outcome I don't know. I expect the chicks will mature more slowly—perhaps the pullets won't lay as early nor the cockerels develop as fast, but at least they won't have eaten up all our profit in feed.

* * *

Then there are the calves. One of the little rascals went out last week and there are still six running around—and lively little acrobats they are. One morning, Partner suggested that I run four of them back to the pen where they belong and tie them up. Looking at them somewhat dubiously I thought I had better tackle the smallest one first. The first thing was to catch it as it gallivanted in and out among the cows and heifers. Then I caught hold of its collar — they all have straps around their necks like dog-collars so there is always something to hang on to. Immediately this little red fellow felt my hand on his collar he got contrary. The more I pulled the more he pulled—only in the opposite direction. Then he changed his mind and fairly raced through the stable with me hanging on to his collar like grim death. At the entrance to his pen he balked again, gave a sudden twist which loosened my grip so that only my index finger was left holding the collar. Then he did another merry-go-round—but of course in the opposite direction—and I thought my finger had just about had it. However, it only got a bad twist but when I finally had him tied in his stall I decided that that was enough for me so I told Partner he could put the others in himself.

Incidentally, I was just telling Partner I was writing about my tussle with the calf and he said—"What are you talking about him" for—that red calf is a heifer!"

Oh well . . . they are all calves anyway.

* * *

My robins over the front door have left their nest. It was fun watching them. Mother Robin hardly stayed with them at all the last few days—and the fledglings were fighting among themselves in the nest became over-crowded. Naturally as they jostled for position they forced each other out until there they were, out sitting on the ledge over the door. On it they teetered back and forth, far more uncertain of their feet than their wings. Presently I opened the front door to see if Mother Robin was anywhere around and to my surprise the young robins flew, scolding, to the ground. Mother Robin was right on hand to protect them and they all sought the shelter of the shrubs. That was the last I saw of them but I still hear them in that same vicinity.

Authors Honored — These books, the possession of which meant concentration camp or death in Germany under Hitler, are back in circulation. On May 10, 1933, these same titles were burned by the order of the Nazi government in front of Berlin University. Fourteen years later the day was marked by a celebration in honor of the authors of the books on the same spot where their works had been burned.

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

Thousands of teeners have just finished writing their final exams. Their next step is in choosing a profession. And right here the trouble starts. For a long time we have been thinking about writing on the above mentioned theme and we feel that now is the time to do it. We have asked a large number of teeners during the past few weeks just what they were going to do on leaving high school or collegiate. Some of them know what they want; some of them don't. The stickler with them all is not so much what they want to be, but will there be a place for them when they graduate in four or five years. It doesn't seem to matter so much any more about how much education you have it's how much influence you have and that's where the beef comes in.

* * *

In conversation with a group of young university men recently, I learned that what they feared most after graduation was: If I can get a little pull ahead of the other fellow, the job will be mine, but if his dad knows somebody there, I'm sunk.

Fear of the influence the other fellow has through his own or someone else's connections is hard on the nerves of a young man who has spent four or five years of exhaustive study, only to be flunked because some lame-brain's old man knows somebody who knows somebody.

Some will argue that the boy or girl with the brains will win over influence. Don't kid yourself. Every man has his price and if your pop is buying from a certain firm and then tries to get you a job with that firm, I'll bet dollars to bubble gum, you'll be hired in place of the person who has more between his ears than you have.

* * *

This game of life is no easy game, and I've been around only a little—but long enough to know that few care about you, but yourself, and when it's all boiled down, it's every man for himself. A short time ago I tried to get a job as a reporter on a city daily. The city editor told me there wasn't a chance—they were filled up. Well, I knew a lady who was a friend of the associate editor and had her speak to him. In less than five days I was part of the fixtures of the editorial room. Does influence count? You bet it does. My advice—if anyone cares for a little—is to get your big fat feet in there solid and stay anchored. If you have a certain line you want to follow start now to make post-graduate reservations and then you'll be sure.

* * *

Let's face it. When these thousands of veterans finish their courses along with all the civilians who seek higher education, there's going to be some fun trying to place them all. If you are there first—you'll no doubt be the lucky one and if you miss—well, let's face it again. There was a time, not so long ago, when men with degrees were digging ditches, with their diplomas plugging up the holes in their pants. Yes kiddies, now is the time to think—and think hard. Get your foot in now at the early stage, and when the flower blooms, you'll get a sniffer of it. Education vs Influence is hard to cope with, but you'll have to—so make your mind up to it.

I sure hope you stayed with me long enough for me to wish you the best of luck and also to remind you that we are still open for comments, re this column. Until next issue, happy holidays.

The Bookshelf . .

Victory Cook Book

In 1942, when the war was raging, the Carleton County women's Institutes (35 branches) decided, through their county organization, to publish a cook book, the proceeds from the book to be utilized to purchase an ambulance for the Carleton & York Regiment.

Members gave their favorite recipes, paying 10c to have them placed in the cook book.

700 copies of the book were given to the Institutes to sell. They sold rapidly and all money ($2,900.00) was turned in to the Central Fund.

On publishing the second edition, it was decided to share the profits with individual Women's Institutes, the county organization to act as distributor, and local branches, by selling books, to get a small profit for their own branch.

When thes. books are all sold, the Carleton County Institutes will have sufficient money to augment their funds, so that they can give a $100.00 yearly scholarship, to the child of a veteran of Carleton County. The money may be used to further their education, or to take training for any occupation. They must have completed Grade IX at least, and years of age, furnishing certificates of health and character. They are recommended by the local W.I. A Women's Institute Committee makes the award.

Victory Cook Book
Compiled by the Women's Institute of Carleton County, New Brunswick
Price .50 Cents

Holland's Industries Rapidly Recovering

Wollen mills in Holland are now producing 120 percent of their 1939 output records. Their cotton mills have reached 60 per cent of prewar levels. That's a record established against overwhelming odds by a country which knew the crushing effects of the German military heel early in the war.

It's apparent that the Dutch, while willing to accept a helping hand, are not above helping themselves. They offer an example in which manly another nation might well find inspiration.—Kitchener Record.

Keep Away From It

"For safety's sake, hold your nose when you jump into deep water," advises a writing doctor. For greater safety's sake, don't jump into deep water.

—Kitchener Record.

U.S. Farm Work

The number of farm work... the United States today is a... at 9,242,000, compared with ... at this time last year and ... 000 before the first world ... Department of Agriculture ... this number about 7,500,000 ... ignated as family workers, ... 1,700,000 as hired hands. ... age wage, not counting ... ay is $4.77 a day, compared ... $1.44 during 1935-39.

GIRLS ENTERI... WOMANHOOD

This fine medicine is very effec... relieves pain, nervous tension ... "dragged out" feeling ... "certain days"—when due to ... monthly disturbances. Perh...

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S ...

50,000 GALLONS

Interior WAR ASSETS Exterior

Paints, Enamels, Lacquers, Varnishes

The manufacturers are Lowe Bros, C.I.L., Scarles, Sherwin-Williams, Berry Bros.

Suitable for Wood, Cement, Metals, Etc.

OLIVE DRAB PAINT—5 gallon can	$1.50 gal.
DARK GREEN PAINT —5 gallon can	$2.50 gal.
MEDIUM GREY PAINT—1 and 5 gallon can	$2.75 gal.
BLACK ENAMEL—1 and 5 gallon can	$2.00 gal.
MED. BROWN PAINT—5 gallon can	$2.00 gal.
RED OXIDE PRIMER—1 and 5 gallon can	$2.50 gal.
ZINC CHROMATE (all purpose primer) 1 and 5 gallon can	$2.50 gal.
ZINC CHROMATE THINNERS—1 and 5 gallon can	$1.75 gal.
ALUMINUM (lacquer enamel)—5 gallon can	$3.00 gal.
PEA GREEN (lacquer enamel)—5 gallon can	$2.50 gal.
BUFF (lacquer enamel)—5 gallon can	$2.00 gal.
DARK EARTH (dark brown spray paint)— 5 gallon can	$2.00 gal.
LIGHT GREY (lacquer paint)—5 gallon can	$2.00 gal.
MAROON (enamel)—5 gallon can	$2.50 gal.
CLEAR LACQUER—5 gallon can	$2.50 gal.
LACQUER THINNERS—5 gallon can	$1.75 gal.
CLEAR "COPAL" VARNISH—1 gallon can	$2.50 gal.
CLEAR "COPAL" VARNISH—45 gallon drum	$2.25 gal.
3" PURE BRISTLE PAINT BRUSHES, SUBS	75c each
4" PURE BRISTLE PAINT BRUSHES, SUBS	$1.50 each

THE ABOVE PRODUCTS ARE THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY—THE GOVERNMENT USED THE BEST—TRY A SAMPLE ORDER

CLIP OUT THIS ADD FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

4 Gal. HEAVY DUTY Safety Gas Cans, with detachable 18" spout. Each **$3.25**

ARMY TOOL BOX #1 Inches long, 8 inches wide, 7 inches deep. Cost the Government $7.90 to manufacture. Only, Each **90c**

YOU MAY SEND A DEPOSIT OR REMIT IN FULL THE BALANCE WILL BE SHIPPED C.O.D.

SHERMAN'S HARDWARE

537 Queen West Toronto, Ont.

ONLY LIPTON'S BRISK-TASTING TEA GIVES YOU THAT FLAVOR-LIFT

● What a *lift* you get from *Lipton's* Tea! It's Lipton's FLAVOR-LIFT . . . a delicious, stimulating combination of brisk, mellow *flavor* . . . plus a *lift* that sends exhilarating new energy right through you! Lipton's Tea is a wonderful "pick-me-up"—wonderful *anytime*, morning, noon and night! And only *Lipton's* gives you that FLAVOR-LIFT—because it's the *blend* that makes Lipton's . . . and *Lipton's* who make the blend. Ask for Lipton's at your grocer's *today!*

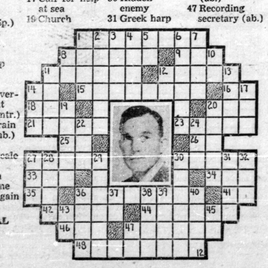
Copyright 1947—Thomas J. Lipton Limited

U. S. Air Unit Head

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured commander of U. S. 10th Air Force, Maj.-Gen. Howard C. ——
8 Alarms
9 She
11 Lesson
12 Mother of Aphrodite
14 Depart
15 Small spoon
16 Manuscript (ab.)
18 Joist
20 River (Sp.)
21 Dissolves
23 Braids
25 The gods
26 Steamship (ab.)
27 Glossy
30 Outer covering of nut
33 Over (contr.)
34 Cereal grain
35 Nickel (ab.)
36 Nervous
41 Note of scale
42 Oozes
44 Spallation
46 Girl's name
47 Wagers again
48 Force

VERTICAL
1 Soil
2 Arabian gazelles
3 Large vein
4 Suffix: (pl.)
5 Dal segno (ab.)
6 Native of Ohio
7 Type of light
8 Spain (ab.)
10 Royal Navy (ab.)
11 Painful
12 Accomplish
13 Man's name
14 School of whales
17 Call for help at sea
19 Church official
22 Stair part
23 Covert
24 Burnt coal
27 Male child
28 Hawaiian wreath
29 Retainer
30 Hidden enemy
31 Greek harp
32 Sheltered side
36 Lowest tide
37 We
38 Native metals
39 Forbidden
40 Quote
42 Type measure
45 Nova Scotia (ab.)
47 Recording secretary (ab.)

Answer to Previous Puzzle



REG'LAR FELLERS—End of the Limit — By GENE BYRNES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER XXII: Veronica tells McCale she has discovered the plot, and that confronted Vallaincourt with the evi... Shortly after midnight, Veronica is found unconscious in the shrubbery right outside his office. McCale finds her wounded in the shoulder. When she regains consciousness, he is in a quandary, being unsure of her motives. Veronica tells him that Vallaincourt has been murdered, and that she is afraid she herself will be accused of the crime. McCale promises to help her.

Chapter XXIII

He walked toward the Common, anxious that it had grown darker and wetter. There was a grim smile around his mouth.

The one thing he was sure. Curt Vallaincourt had really loved Veronica Bigelow. Start with that fact. He had banned his bridges, carefully and conscientiously. Including Mari Lynn? He thought so. Funny how love will do for a guy. But he must have been aware of his unfaithfulness — of their viciousness if that he intended doing became known. He was certain that he knew his danger.

McCale was silently deriding the hoodwinking he had been indulging in when he came abreast of his own doorway. Just when it was, that the first warning came, he couldn't afterwards recall. He had just looked up to see the lights of his office gleaming faintly. He was only a few feet from the doorstep when it came—that intuitive message from his nerves. He started to turn; then thought better of it. Then he began to run.

The report came like a firecracker, followed by on his right. He heard the sound of running feet. He felt a ghastly blow near his heart. He reeled, stepped in his tracks. A bow pistol escaped his lips. He thought, Oh, God, this is how Curt Vallaincourt died. I wonder what went through his mind—crawling up those office stairs?

He was conscious of wrenching himself upright against the door, of fumbling for the bell.

After a thousand years, the door swung open. Ann stood there. She seemed far away in the dark. He forced a smile.

"You're right," she said.

"No." His own voice sounded different and from way back somewhere. "I don't drink. You know that. I've been held up."

"Yeah—all the way home, I'll bet. What have you done with Veronica Bigelow?"

"I don't tell me you're jealous of her." He swayed, hardly aware of the insane stalling.

It must have been then that she saw pain glaze his eyes, bare his teeth. She moved forward, sudden terror striking her.

"Duke!" she gasped.

His legs gave way again. Slowly he slid to his knees.

He didn't hear Ann's scream.

Once during the night, he became conscious. He asked for water and a phantom floated into view. It was Ann. She held a glass of water for him. Her eyes, he noticed were big and filled with love for him and fear for him, too.

"That's Ann," he thought. "I'm sick and she's worried about me. She loves me and she's worried. That's great. That's fine."

When the black curtain of Morphia lifted again, it was another day.

"Where am I?" he mouthed confused thoughts.

"Why, darling, this is Ann. You know where you are."

He started to put an arm about her. Pain seared his shoulder. He groaned a bit coming wide awake.

"Behave yourself," Ann said. "Good lord, did you see that?" She flung the morning paper on the floor. "The papers have you at death's door. Here, let me lift you up a little."

She propped a pillow behind him and sat down. There were deep shadows under her eyes.

"Have you been here all night?" he asked.

"Sure, why not?"

Just then the door opened and Rocky stuck his head in. He grinned broadly on seeing McCale awake and sitting up.

"Doc Preble is here, nurse." He dropped a curtsey to Ann.

"Preble!" McCale bowed. "The coroner! What is this? I'm not dead —or am I"

Ann chuckled. She did not look too tired or harassed now that she smiled.

"When you fell in the doorway last night, you looked pretty dead to me. I fainted. Rocky had the sense of us on his hands. Of course, he simply let me lie there. With the door wide open, I wasn't unconscious long. I came to and stumbled up the stairs to find he had stretched you out on the office desk. What with Rocky beating his own brains out and cursing that someone had bumped off the boss, I dialed headquarters. The homicide squad, down to the last legman were here in three minutes flat."

Preble looked McCale over shrewdly, examined the wound, and bandaged it in short order.

"You'll do," he said. "Stay in bed for twenty-four hours. Don't want you running a temperature. You're a lucky guy. The bullet was deflected by the cigarette case you carry in your upper vest pocket."

"Was it a forty-five?"

"Undoubtedly, from the nature of the wound. It hadn't been for that cigarette case, it would have ripped you wide open. Well, mind what I say now. The girl needs some sleep."

The telephone rang. Ann, provokingly placing the bedside telephone out of his reach, and with a smug expression on her face, went into the outer office to take the call.

"That was Veronica Bigelow," she said matter-of-factly. "I had the devil of a time before she'd trust me with the message. She's upset no end. It seems that Donlevy has arrested Christopher Storm."

"When?"

"Last night or early this morning. She's been trying to get the office ever since, I suppose?"

"You suppose?"

"Well, I—I stuffed blotting paper in the telephone bell last night. I thought the ringing might disturb your rest—the doctor said—"

"Get Donlevy on the wire," Duke said.

Obediently she called police headquarters, only to learn that the homicide man was on his way there at that very moment.

In less than twenty minutes, the lieutenant strode in in the wake of Rocky. The two of them so big, but so different, lumbered hugely in the doorway. Donlevy, with a muttered greeting to McCale, flung himself into a chair. Crevices of fatigue and worry lined his face.

(To Be Continued)

4909
SIZES
M-52

Such a pleasure to sew—Pattern 4909, knowing how slim you will be in that dart-fitted waist, how graceful in soft full skirt, easy flare sleeves. Make it for Sunday "best"!

Pattern 4909 comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52. Size 36 takes 3¾ yards 39-inch.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 427, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

OK! OK! Whence The Abbreviation?

Constant use by old, as well as young, in recent years, has made O.K. one of the most widely used and familiar abbreviations of speech in our language today, comments the Huron Expositor.

In a book, "American Language," the author says: "The first known use of O.K. in this sense appears in the court records of Sumner County, Tennessee, October 6, 1790.

"On that date, Andrew Jackson, Esq., proved a bill of sale from Hugh McGary, to Casper Mauser, for a negro man, which was O.K. James Parton in his biography of Jackson suggests that what appeared to be O.K. in the record may really be a poorly penned O.R., which was the abbreviation for Ordered Recorded. Apparently O.K. came into general use after Jackson was elected President."

But despite its hoary age, we still don't see any sense in it.

"Just What I Needed."—The heat was rough on poor Tony, a bear cub at the Ross Park Zoo in Binghampton, New York, until he discovered ice cream. He has one firm paw on the keeper to be sure that the ice cream cone doesn't get away before he can get in all his licks. Mmm . . . love that cold stuff.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Marriage Needs More Than Love

DEAR ANNE HIRST: I've stopped going with the boy I love because my family talked me into it. They said we couldn't get along, because he quarrels with me so much. He does have a lot of temper, and gets mad at the least little thing. He doesn't fuss much at the time, but he never forgets a thing. Since he left, I make better grades at school. But I want him back!

This 18-year-old girl is so much in love that she cannot reason. She

doesn't see that marrying a boy who constantly criticizes her and quarrels with her could only sentence her to a life where quarrels would increase and love be destroyed. Her family want to protect her from such a tragedy. They could not bear to see how unhappy this boy made her, and they know she would be more unhappy as his wife, for he would hurt her so much more.

All she knows is that she's in love. And, like so many young girls, she thinks that is all that marriage needs.

• PASSION OR LOVE?

It is not to be expected that a young girl can distinguish between passion and love. She thrills to caress, her awakened emotions declare this is what she was made for. There may be nothing in common between the two except this physical magnetism, but to her it seems love itself. She does not know (and would resent being told) that she would react to almost any other presentable young man in the same exciting way. To her he now appears as the only one with that magic glamor—and so she pictures their marriage as just one long life of the same ecstasy.

Marriage, such as this one would be, doesn't work out that way. The thrills grow less, the allure is dimmed. And the girl finds herself tied to a youngster with a bad temper who spends his time trying to make her over. He is fractious and selfish, impatient and dominating. He "never forgets a thing" she did that displeased him, and their life becomes a series of sordid scenes which shame them both. Then how she wishes she had listened to her family!

In no other association is the need for restraint and patience, compromise and forgiveness, so necessary as in marriage. It is not for those who do not understand these essentials. Only a deep and understanding love, which implies an overmastering desire for each other's happiness, can make it a good one.

• Grow up before you think of marrying. Anne Hirst will help you be patient. Write her at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

532
by Laura Wheeler

Create your own heirlooms! This popular pinwheel design is fascinating to crochet. And its lacy loveliness endures for years.

What an elegant luncheon set these squares make! For larger articles, join them. Pattern 532 has directions; stitches; list of materials.

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

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Should the hostess plan some entertainment for each day of a house party?

A. Yes; to make the house party a success, this should be done. However, some free time should be left for the guests to do as they please, usually the morning.

Q. When two women are driving, who enters the automobile first, the hostess or her guest?"

A. The guest

Q. Is it customary to tip the coat-room attendant of a dining room?

A. Yes; the usual amount is ten cents, more if desired.

Q. When autographing a photograph, should a girl add a few words of sentiment to the signature?

A. Not unless her fiance, or some very intimate friend, has asked her to do so. Just the name "Mary" is far better than to inscribe some sentiment, and then regret it in later years.

Q. Should a woman who is smoking observe the same courtesies as a man?

A. Yes; she should be careful not to drop ashes all over the rug or blow smoke into another's face.

Q. How are guests invited to a christening?

A. By telephone or an informal note.

Road Accidents

Motor car accidents in Ontario in the first quarter this year totalled 4,540, an increase of nearly 29 per cent, over the same period a year ago. The 101 deaths were one less.

C.N.E. BULLETIN

Rodeo Attracts Student Drivers

There's to be a high school "Rodeo" at the Canadian National Exhibition this year supervised by the Toronto City Police and the University of Toronto Safety Division. Open to all Canadians between 16 and 18 years of age who hold temporary or permanent drivers' licenses, this safe-driving competition is being sponsored by the C.N.E. in the interests of traffic accident prevention.

Of the licensed drivers in Ontario under 18 years of age, 738 were involved in traffic accidents in 1946. There were 15 deaths as a result of these 738 teen-age accidents, according to safety records.

Basic skill safe-driving tests are recognized as one of the most effective ways to prevent traffic fatalities. Proper driver-education when the student is learning to handle a car makes for safety among new drivers who are Canada's potential drivers for the next 50 years, it is pointed out.

A test - driving diamond will be set up just inside the Princes' Gate at the C.N.E. where, on Sept. 4, finalists will have to demonstrate their driving ability by taking the various safe-driving tests on the spot. Standard model cars will be supplied, it is explained.

Two sets of cash prizes will go to the best three boy drivers and the best three girls at the wheel. Entry forms must be returned to the C.N.E. not later than July 1.

Cover Burns

First-aid treatment of burns consists in covering the affected area and keeping it covered until competent medical attention is obtained. Burns are sterile when sustained, but they may become infected by careless handling immediately afterwards.

Do not attempt to alleviate pain by applying an ointment. Only sterilized dressings, such as a doctor will apply, should be used, and first-aiders are urged not to remove clothing or expose the burned surface meanwhile.

GIRLS WANTED

Several openings are available for girls to learn power sewing machine operation. Piece work earnings of operators, $20.00 to $25.00 weekly for five day week. No Saturday work. Excellent working conditions in bright, modern plant equipped with Cafeteria. Plant located on St. Lawrence River, 60 miles from Ottawa and 100 miles from Montreal.

Apply Caldwell Linen Mills,
IROQUOIS, ONTARIO

It Makes You Feel So Much Better

The Vitamin B_1 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

SWEETER TASTIER White Bread

RECIPE

Put 1 c. lukewarm water in bread bowl, add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 tsp. sugar, stir; let stand 10 min. Scald 2 c. milk, add 5 tbs. sugar; add 5 tsp. salt; cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast with 2 c. water; add 6 c. sifted flour; beat well. Add 5 tbs. melted shortening and 6 c. more sifted flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Knead dough quickly and lightly until smooth and elastic. Place dough in greased bowl, cover; set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch dough down in bowl; let rise again until about ⅔ as high as first rise. When light, divide into 4 equal portions; shape into balls. Cover with cloth; let rest 10 to 15 min. Shape into loaves; place in greased bread pans. Cover; let rise until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. Bake in 425° F. oven for 15 min., then reduce heat to 375° F. Finish baking about 30 min. longer.

Lime In Kettles

Lime deposits in any cooking utensil can be removed by boiling strong vinegar water in it, or water to which cream of tartar has been added—one teaspoon per quart of water.

When your BACKACHES...

Backache is often caused by faty kidney action. When kidneys get out of order excess acids and poisons remain in the system. Then backache, headache, rheumatic pain, disturbed rest or that "tired out" feeling may soon follow. To help keep your kidneys working properly—use Doan's Kidney Pills. Time-tested, popular, safe, non-habit-forming. Demand Doan's Kidney Pills, in the blue box with the red band. Sold everywhere.

Why The Scarcity Of Stewardesses?

What happens to good little airline stewardesses? They get married. And too quickly, United Air Lines said in New York, as the line issued another appeal for girls to become stewardesses. The company said its girls stay only an average of eighteen months before they leave to get married. Girls must have a year of college and a year of business experience; or two years of college; or hold a registered nurse certificate. They must be between twenty-one and twenty-six; between 5 feet 2 inches and 5 feet 7 inches; weight a maximum of 135 lbs. "The poundage must be distributed proportionally," the line said, wondering why stewardesses get married so quickly.

kill FLIES

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Spray & Brush DIDIT

Residual toxicity 2% DDT. Will not cause to kill for months.

ROACHES, MOTHS, fun MOSQUITOES

DISTRIBUTED BY ARNOLD CANADA LTD. RITCHIE.