CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

AFTER THE STORM! No need to tell you what storm, is there? You had your share of it too, didn't you? Of course by the time this gets into print the storm may be just a memory, but as I write the aftermath is still very much with us.

It was last Monday night when the fun really began around here. At that time Bob had gone to town with mail to post and to take in a show. He had the pleasure of walking home. My goodness, how the wind was blowing! By Tuesday morning the road, of course, was completely blocked. The storm continued all through the day and on into the night. It was no good putting out the milk because there was no chance of the truck picking it up. At the height of the storm a neighbor had a very sick cow and required the services of a veterinary surgeon who said he would get there somehow. Later Bob was walking to town and met the "vet" on his way driving a horse and cutter. But at the first big drift it was obvious the horse just couldn't make it. Finally the "vet" unhitched the horse and led it over. Then Bob and another man who was there pushed the cutter over the drift themselves. The horse was hitched up again and away they went until they hit the next big drift, and thus the trip was made. The "vet" was in time to save the cow but her twin calves were born dead. From that time on there wasn't another moving vehicle on the road that day. But there were plenty of stranded cars. Some where in the district a truck loaded with citrus fruit was abandoned. And of course there were deserted cars everywhere. During the afternoon two ploughs tried to open the road but, after getting a little way past our gate, they gave up and went back.

* * *

That was fine for us but it did create rather a false impression. To those who didn't know, it looked as if the road were open so that the next morning there were cars and trucks and then more cars came up the line until they met the first big drift, then they backed into our driveway and went home again. Naturally we were the only ones on the line who could get to town, and we made the most of it—at least Bob did. Wednesday morning he made several trips —took out two loads of chop, four cans of milk, two parcels for England, two crates of eggs and did various shopping jobs for the neighbours.

* * *

About 2.30 that afternoon there was great excitement. Another plough was on its way to buck the drifts. All the farmers on the line were out watching. I felt like going myself but decided it would be more comfortable watching things from home with the aid of binoculars. It is really a thrill to watch a snowplough at work—to see it chugging along, picking up power and speed as it goes, and then—wham—it hits the drift and you see it bounce before coming to a complete stop. Then at it again—sometimes gaining a foot, sometimes a yard, sometimes not even an inch. Will she make it, you wonder, or will she get stuck? Worse still—will something break? Which will triumph—nature or the mechanised monster made by man? I watched for over an hour and in that time it became obvious nature was losing out. Finally I could see the plough had made it. She was through! At least she was through the one big drift that I could see. I knew there were more farther up the line but I imagined the worst was over. Sure enough, in another couple of hours the line was open—at least to one-way traffic. And after that the road was alive with traffic. There were cars, trucks, sleighs and cutters, all on their way to town. You would think they had all been waiting against a red light.

Since then the road, of course, has been widened out so that travelling conditions are practically normal for this time of year.

But not so on other roads. On what is known as the Third and Fourth Line roads are still blocked. Farmers carry chicken feed on their shoulders across the fields, others trudge home laden with groceries and bread. Many families have not seen any mail for a week. One man who was in hospital and well enough to go home had no way of getting there. There have been the usual stories of shortage of bread and other commodities but I have yet to hear of any real hardship suffered as a result of the storm—no race with the stork; no tragedies occuring through lack of a doctor; and, thank goodness, no telephone or power failure. We, in this district, have much to be thankful for.

And on Wednesday I saw a crowl Today there are patches of bare ground around the house. "Can spring be far behind?"

Hollywood Actor

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured actor-singer,
11 For
12 School dance
13 Skill
14 Upon
15 Sea eagle
16 Toward
17 2000 pounds
19 Hatchet
20 Negative
22 Was seated
23 Either
26 Postscript (ab.)
27 Accomplish
29 Calcium (symbol)
30 Equals
32 Come in
34 Palm lily
35 Southeast (ab.)
38 Spot
39 Abounds
42 Electrical engineer (ab.)
43 Half-em
44 And (Latin)
45 Rough lava
46 Beverage
48 District attorney (ab.)
50 Battalion (ab.)
51 Force open
52 Editor (ab.)
54 Naked
57 Bushel (ab.)
58 Standing room only (ab.)
59 Style of running
60 British account money
62 He is one of Hollywood's

VERTICAL
1 Military police (ab.)
2 Metal
3 Against
4 Top
5 Make a mistake
6 London (ab.)
7 Sign
8 Chapeau
9 God of love
10 Near
17 Apex
18 Native metal
19 Donkey
21 Lyric poem
23 High card
24 Sailor
26 Cost
28 Attack
31 Greek letter
33 Golf device
36 Domesticated animal
37 Sheltered side
38 Finish
39 Five and five
40 Spoil
41 State
47 Pertaining to air
49 Against
50 Wagers
51 Sound made by kitten
53 Put on
55 Vase
56 Canine
57 Snake
58 Steamship (ab.)
61 Like

The Final Bite

Don't belittle dessert — the final bite that can make or mar a meal. Serve a dessert that is really a jewel. Right now, with red, yellow and green winter apples shining for our selection, you have a wonderful opportunity to feature regal desserts. Baked apples are always tempting. Baked apples with crunchie topping are not only tempting but nutritious and delicious too. Try this dish for that final bite of perfection.

Baked Apples with Crumble Topping

2 large apples, cored and cut in halves
5 tablespoons honey
⅓ cup water
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup chopped nut meats
1 cup corn toasties

Arrange apple halves in baking dish and spread each half with 1 teaspoon of the honey. Add enough water to cover bottom of baking dish (about ⅓ cup). Cover and bake in hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes. Combine butter, remaining 3 tablespoons honey, salt, and cinnamon in saucepan and mix well. Cook and stir over low heat until mixture bubbles. Add nuts and cereal flakes and mix lightly. Spread cereal mixture over tops of apples. Return to oven and bake, uncovered, 20 minutes longer, or until apples are tender. Makes 6 servings.

Ottawa's First Phone

What must have been the earliest use of the telephone in Ottawa is disclosed in an account appearing in the Citizen, Ottawa's oldest newspaper, on November 24, 1879.

There it is related that the manager of the Dominion Telegraph Company, desirous of bringing the consolation of a religious service to an invalid who had been confined to his house for four long months arranged a telephonic connection between the pulpit of the Dominion Methodist Church on Metcalf street and the couch in the sick room over a mile away. This was only three years after Alexander Graham Bell had given the first public demonstration of his great invention in Philadelphia.

TABLE TALKS

Canada To Set Up Nine New Weather Stations in Arctic

Striving to unlock still further secrets of her northland wastes, Canada is moving to establish nine new Arctic weather stations—some within a few hundred miles of the North Pole—which in the next five years may make possible long-range forecasting on an accurate basis.

Following her wartime pattern, the Dominion will embark on the new venture arm-in-arm with the United States, with whom she has collaborated in such northern developments as the northwest staging route and the Alaska highway, and, in peacetime, such projects as the present cold weather tests at Churchill.

Announcement of the weather stations, made in the Commons recently by Reconstruction Minister Howe, made it clear the Dominion plans to extend into the international field the key meteorological position she attained through the war and her strategic role in aviation.

Besides posing new technical problems of transportation and supply, the nine stations—two at least of which will be within the Arctic circle—will reach into what meteorologists have come to regard as "Canada's weather factory."

Fond Parents Often Indiscreet

Despite constant warnings by child psychologists and others interested in child training, one of the greatest faults with many proud young parents is that they recount the misdemeanors of their offspring within the hearing of the young offenders, says The Owen Sound Sun-Times. Often the offending boy or girl sits nearby as Mother tells how he or she got into some particularly bad piece of mischief. The child tries to look a bit shamefaced about it all, but with a slowly growing pride quite apparent as the story proceeds.

No matter how the parent tries to keep stern facial expressions and tone of voice, more often than not a show of amusement is easily recognizable both on the part of the one relating the incident and the listener. Such is often the case even when one parent is reporting the incident to the other. The wise parents make no mention of such matters in the hearing of the offending children. Perhaps the matter was not of any great import, but, in the child's mind, it may well become another achievement rather than another transgression.

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

Recent winner of the Baritone Class under age 21 at the Kiwanis Musical Festival, Toronto, was Peter Kaiser of Pickering, who has been making a name for himself in music circles.

Following the contest, Peter was asked to sing over radio station CFRB along with several other winners and he made two broadcasts over that station in the same week. Competing against seven others, he was highly complimented for his presentation.

Peter has been studying voice for several years now and since he first took an interest in singing, has been in front of audiences on many occasions.

Recently, station CKDO of Oshawa presented a fifteen minute program made up . . . songs written by two men of Whitby, Ontario, and Pete, along with a young lady of Oshawa, was invited to present the songs. Those in the know predict he has a great future ahead of, him, so hats off to Peter Kaiser, young baritone of pickering.

* * *

Teeners of Halifa., thousands strong, are going after the music union—and no fooling. Spokesmen down there say that the music union won't let thgm use non-union members on their radio broadcasts. The gang say they will put the union in their place once and for all. What steps they will actually take has not been disclo ed, but the spokesman stated that if they get together and decide to stay away from dances where union bands play (and where don't they play) the dances will be decided flop for lack of attendance. Well, that's one case where looks as if a teener union is going to fight a union.

* * *

There is a story appearing in the current issue of the Ladies Home Journal (we had it occasionally to see the table displays) called "The Heller." As the editor's note at the to stands, it will no doubt shock a great many parents by its presentation of the way read the story carefully. We were some of young America lives. We not shocked—just mildly disgusted The story was so true to life, we felt ashamed to admit that all too many of us live the type of life portrayed there. Fortunately the most of us are not of the character depicted in the story, but nevertheless, many of us should smarten up and realize that life is only what we make it. I suggest that all teeners read "The Heller" and then size up the situation as it affects you personally. After reading it, you may want to make some advance New Year resolutions.

* * *

These Fridays until mid-May are red letter days for would-be crooners and warblers of Toronto's younger set. Art Hallam, the genial maestro of Casa Loma, has started a weekly contest in which a boy and girl vocalist from one of the Toronto schools will sing with the band. One winner will receive $15 and the other a record album. By May, when all but two of the teen-age vocalists have been eliminated, the grand winner will be presented with a $100. The chance for a professional debut will also be given the winner. He or she will sing with the Hallman band on a trans-Canada network and again with the Canadian Cavalcade radio programme. Winners will be selected each night by the students attending Casa Loma. If you happen to be in Toronto on a Friday p.m., drop in and watch the show.

* * *

A teen-ager the other day asked me if it was easy to get a job writing a column. The answer is no. Then she asked me if it was easy to write a column. The answer is still no.

"Well then, what is nice about it?" she asked.

"Pay day and the occasional compliment," I replied.

* * *

If you have any news, you would like to see in this space, pass it along to Teen-Topics at Box B, Pickering, Ont.

Handy

Light switches, keyholes, lamps, and alarm clocks can now be made easy to find in the dark by the use of "Atomic Dots." Coated with polonium and made with an adhesive base, they stick, without moistening, to almost any surface and glow in the dark.

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WHAT A BREAK! Get the same Superb Maxwell House Coffee blend in either the Super-*Vacuum Tin* (Drip or Regular Grind) or the *Glassine-lined Bag* (All Purpose Grind).

When your BACK ACHES...

Backache is often caused by lazy kidneys. When kidneys get out of order, acids and poisons remain in the system. backache, headache, rheumatic pains, tuned rest or that tired out feeling 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 blue box with the red band. Sold everywhere.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

GOOD FOR SPRAINS JUST RU IT ON

REG'LAR FELLERS—It's In The Stars

By GENE BYRNES

Help The Red Cross

"SALADA" TEA

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN

W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER VIII: McCale leaves Ann, and goes to a newspaper man's club where he talks to Jerry Tate, a well-informed reporter.

CHAPTER IX

"Oh, well, if I had to be cast away on a desert island or if some rainy afternoon—or—"

"That's it—just or—To proceed. That little romance was short-lived. Don't ask me why."

"Maybe Stevie got wind of it."

"Stephen Bigelow? That washed-up Romeo. One look from Karen Mother Sybil would squelch him. I've seen them all together.

Young Tate surveyed the table top with wise old eyes. He shook his head. "He finally did get around to Veronica. Right through the family to the pot of gold."

* * *

"Kind of roundabout you think?"

"Now, I don't know. It may be as thought he was being clever."

McCale rose to go. "You don't know of any tie-up between him and Shari Lynn, the singer that's doubling at the Abbey and Latin Quarter shows?"

"Nothing I can vouch for. They seem to be on pretty good terms. By the way, I do know that pressure was brought to bear somewhere along the line over a bit of gossip Watts printed in his column. Orders went through to squelch anything more of the sort that might come under the snooping eye."

"Which only shows that the great can buy protection."

"Oh, well. Come the revolution."

"Just. Well, thanks, old boy."

"For what?"

"For almost nothing, but thanks anyway."

He left the Club and trudged through the midnight city, a sullen gloom curtaining his thoughts.

The lights of an all-night lunchroom winking through the murk drew Duke inside. It was a dismal enough place, peopled with a few down-at-heels stragglers.

* * *

The restaurant door banged and tall, wasted figure in a bedraggled coat and hat slouched to the counter. There was something familiar about that back. Instinctively, McCale half rose to his feet to see, but his movement was too late. Joe Leach saw him as he turned, tray in hand. He shuffled over and sat down.

"Hi, shamus," he said. "Well, all turned out in tails, I see. Excuse me, but you look as though you'd just been thrown out of the Ritz. What are you disguised as—a magician?"

McCale grunted noncommittally. "Won't talk, huh? It just happens I am a bit of a dick myself, bud, so I dig down in my bag of tricks and pull out the fact that you've been hobnobbing with the elite—the Bigelow tribe to be exact. What're they been having—a soiree?"

"Good God. Have you had a tail on me?"

"Deduction, shamus. No. To be honest, every agency in town knows you've knocked off the Bigelow job. How'd you do it? What's all about?"

"What'd you give to know?"

"Oh, Lord, I'm just curious."

"It might be worth your while."

"Look, I won't argue with you.

* * *

"Either you tell me or you tell it to the marines. I'm indifferent now. What does it matter?" He made a quick movement as if he were about to get up and go.

"All right, all right. I just thought I might soak you for a five, lost my pants in a game tonight. The truth is, Stephen Bigelow called at our office to get the low-down on you, late this afternoon."

"Called your office? To get dope on me?" Duke gave a raucous, derisive howl. "That's too darned funny!"

"What's the connection—between your outfit and Stephen Bigelow, I mean?"

* * *

"We did some work for him once."

"You did?"

"Uh, uh."

"What kind of work—the usual?"

"Sure."

"Who was the dame?"

"His wife."

McCale's spine began to prickle. He hoped his sudden interest did not show too much on his face. He lit a cigarette slowly, deliberately, before he asked cautiously, "Divorce angle?"

Joe Leach didn't answer. He pushed a half-eaten piece of apple pie away from him, sipped his coffee.

McCale reached inside his coat and withdrew his wallet. He extracted a five-dollar bill and put it on the table. He kept one finger on the end nearest him.

* * *

"All right, you robber," he said. Leach laughed. He made a sly snatch for the bill and got a hard rap on the knuckles with a table knife for his pains.

"My, you're fast, my little one. You may not think it's worth the five, but here it is. About six months ago this Stephen Bigelow came in to see Watkins. Wanted a tail put on his wife. He didn't say much, but the boss figured it was the old divorce routine. I got the night job—following her around to the nightclubs. She went out a lot alone. I trailed along for a couple of weeks. She'd stop in a lounge or two and then, always met people she knew, but never seemed to gather in anyone particular. Then one night I followed her as far as a studio building in Copley Square. A dumb elevator boy couldn't place her or tell me where in the building he took her. I'd wait and in a few hours she's come out—alone. This happened two or three times a week until one night, late, she came out with a middle-aged guy. They went to a quiet little restaurant around the corner. I tagged along. It looked like the old, old story to me."

* * *

"You found out who the man was?"

"Sure. Well, here's where the drama falls apart. Hmm, I see where I don't get paid off. He was a piano teacher, name of Parecini. Not an old foxy grandpa with a weakness for blondes, after all. We turned the news over to Stevey boy, and damned if he didn't seem relieved. He came in a week or so afterwards to pay his bill. He told us his wife had once shown great talent for the piano, but had lost the use of an arm from nervous shock or arthritis or something. She was getting back her old wallop again, slowly. She'd been going to the old bird for lessons, keeping it from the family for a surprise, or so he said. Now, how do you like that?"

"I like it."

"You think it was the truth? Now, see here, in spite of the fact that it looked on the level, I think it was fishy. I wasn't pulled right off the tail, see? It was over a week before Stevey came in to pay up. We hadn't heard from him to the contrary, so I kept on the job. But the blonde bombshell never went near Parecini's studio again. She must have backed down somewhere along the line."

"They probably had a nice old-fashioned heart-to-heart talk and patched it up. My guess would be that she wanted to continue her studies with the idea of going on the stage, or something of the sort, but Stephen put his foot down. The family probably wouldn't stand for it."

"Yeah. Funny, isn't it? Not that either of them seem socially conscious."

* * *

"Your insight is amazing. They are both good family, but not quite—as you say."

"Well, whether you know it or not, Stevey was quite a gay dog once. Used to do a bit of chasing in the old days."

"I don't doubt that, but I think he's in-love with his wife."

"Umm. Better to have loved, et cetera. He sure seems nuts about her."

"Decidedly."

"That's all of my little offering. Do I get the fin?"

"Oh, sure. . . . Take it."

(To Be Continued)

TAKE FROZEN BEETS TO TEA!

All of us with frozen food lockers have been baffled, at one time or another, with the problem of picking up some food from the locker and NOT wanting to go right home with it. In the hot summer months it's hard to get things home in good shape if you live any distance from the Locker anyway. The lady shown above has solved her problem happily with a specially made bag insulated with Fiberglass superfine wool. It's said to keep frozen foods firmly frozen up to eight hours or more. It will even keep a brick of ice cream hard and solid up to four hours. With the Fiberglass bag you can pick up your food from the locker and then go on to a show or out to tea without a worry in the world. Fiberglass is one of the promised post-war marvels. It's glass in fiber form . . . sometimes used as soft, fleecy wool, sometimes woven into interesting fabrics. It's being made in Canada now and you'll find it becoming more and more useful in your home.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make a hair setting solution?

A. A good hair setting solution can be easily made by taking 3½ pints of water, to which is added 2 tablespoons of quince seed, allowing it to boil for 5 minutes, then strain.

Q. How can I prevent grease from popping?

A. Sprinkle a little flour in the frying pan and it will stop the spattering at once. Also try a colander over the pan, removing it only when turning.

Q. How can I keep the top of the cake or bread smooth and tender when baking?

A. Before placing the cake or bread in the oven for baking, put a saucepan full of boiling water in the oven. The steam will keep the top smooth and tender.

Q. How can I prevent ingrowing toenails?

A. Stockings which are too short in the foot are very often the cause of ingrowing toenails. See that both the stockings and the shoes are not too short.

One main pattern piece! That's all there is to either of these blouses. Pattern 4565 is a happy idea whereby you get two beautiful blouses with very little effort!

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Send TWENTY CENTS (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Danger Lurks In "Slimming"

The feminine craze for "reducing," or "slimming," does not seem to be as extensive as it was some years ago; but Canadian and American women and girls are said to spend many million dollars a year on drugs, in the hope that they will remove "surplus" fat the easy way, says the Stratford Beacon—Herald. Just two or three pills a day, say some manufacturers, and the figure will melt away to the desired weight. The purveyors of these pills and other products which, it is vowed, will produce the same results, are described by Mary Patrick in The Woman's Home Companion as making enormous profits. The drugs are also very dangerous and sometimes fatal, she says.

* * *

A multitude of women worry about their weights, believing that it is necessary to be slim to be attractive. They use "patent" medicines, and one of the dangers is that, if the reduction is not fast enough to suit them, they increase the amount of such remedies. According to Mary Patrick, no good and safe reducing drug exists. One of the chief reducing ingredients is thyroid extract which is legitimately prescribed for overweight. This should, of course, be carefully prescribed by a doctor, for cases of thyroid deficiency; but women have ways of obtaining the extract with or without the aid of a physician. The usual result is ruined health by excesive use. Other drugs employed are belladonna and benzedrine for the purpose of destroying the appetite for good. Again the effect on health can be disastrous.

* * *

"Reducing" salts is another much sold product, but Miss Patrick says it is merely a combination of perfumed Epsom salts and table salt, which, if used for long, can create Bright's disease, dropsy and other ailments. There are also "slenderizing" creams, which, the writer asserts, are simply lubricants and have no effect on fat whatever.

Miss Patrick gives a word of comfort, however, to women who think they have to reduce. It is to go to a physician and get him to devise a food schedule eliminating the fattening foods, but furnishing a well-balanced caloric diet. Stick to that formula and avoid the "reducing" potions as one would avoid poison.

Fogproof

A combination cleaner and fogproofer for lenses, windshields and face shields is claimed by a U.S. manufacturer. It is a chemically treated cloth, which is wiped across the inside surface.

Teaching Nutrition

As a guide to teachers who want to interest their classes in healthful eating, National Health authorities suggest copies of "Canada's Food Rules" — simple outlines of the principles of nutrition. The material is distributed by Provincial Health departments and by local health units.

Sunday School Lesson

Prayer for Christian Brotherhood

John 17:1-11, 20-23.

Golden Text: "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, even as we are." —John 17: 11.

Jesus' Intercessory Prayer

The dictionary defines intercession as "a prayer or series of prayers for persons of different conditions."

Following the solemn conversations of Jesus with His disciples on the eve of His death, recorded in chapters 14 to 16 of John's Gospel, Jesus "lifted up His eyes to heaven" and made the prayer recorded in the 17th Chapter.

Though this is the only long intercessory prayer recorded, it was not the only intercessory prayer of Jesus. We may recall His words to Peter: "Simon, Simon, satan hath desired to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." We may be sure that as Jesus prayed for Peter, He prayed for the others also.

Function of Prayer

He prayed, first of all for Himself. Is not that the beginning of true intercessory prayer? Not that it is in any respect selfish, but the first function of prayer is to bring us near to God and to prepare and strengthen us for the doing of His will.

Note how definite and specific was the prayer of Jesus for His inner circle of disciples. His prayer was not a vague, general, and sentimental prayer for all humanity. "I pray for them," He said, " I pray not for the world."

Prayer for the Disciples

But here were the men, the Twelve, though one was a traitor, through whom the ministry of Jesus was to be carried on. If salvation was to come to the world it was to come through them. And shortly, Jesus was to give them the commission to go into all the world and preach the Gospel. He knew that they would face hardship and persecution; so He prayed for them, that they might be sanctified and made strong.

And He knew when they had passed on other disciples must continue the work. So He prayed not for them alone, but for all who should believe through their word.

Gift To Britain

New Zealand is making Britain a gift of £10,000,000 in recognition of the British war effort, Peter Fraser, New Zealand Prime Minister, announced recently.

Australia announced a gift of £25,000,000 to Britain.

Farmers' Insurance

Agricultural Minister Kennedy's announcement that his department and farm organizations are studying a form of financial protection against accidents for farmers will be welcome news to agricultural communities in Ontario.

The plan will give the farmer, his wife and children and hired help financial protection against accidents for 24 hours a day at a cost of about $14 a year for the average farmer.

The threat of injury is ever present in the business if farming. Present too is the dark threat of financial ruin following serious injury.

TO BE POPULAR insist on serving Maxwell House coffee. It's packed 2 ways. In *Super-Vacuum Tin* (Drip or Regular Grind) or *Glassine-lined Bag* (All Purpose Grind).

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Mint-Flavored PHILLIPS' Tablets are easy to take, bring quick relief

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GIRLS! WOMEN! TRY THIS IF YOU'RE NERVOUS On 'CERTAIN DAYS' of The Month!

Do female functional monthly disturbances make you feel nervous, fidgety, cranky, so tired and "dragged out"—at such times? Then do try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This fine medicine is *very effective* for this purpose!

For over 70 years thousands of girls and women have reported benefit. Just see if you, too, don't report excellent results! *Worth trying.*

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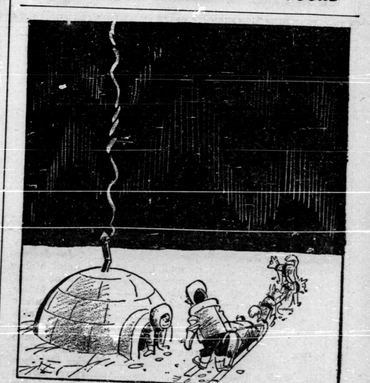

"Ma wants to know can she borrow a package of crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts Flakes until tomorrow?"

"Sure thing, Ukluk, we always keep an igloo full of malty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes."

"Brother, we can use that good nourishment in Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes: carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; other food essentials."

"Those two golden grains, wheat and malted barley sure are cleverly blended, baked and toasted to achieve that glorious flavor and honey-golden crispness of Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes."

"Know what? We're going to cook up some cookies and muffins too, from those recipes on the Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes package. Better make it the big economy size."