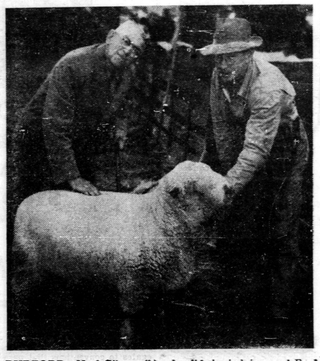
.. Fall Fair Time In Ontario ..

BURFORD—"So round, so firm, so fully packed!" Comedian Jack Benny could possibly use this pair when he takes to Television. Actually the plump pair happen to be (l. to r.) a 215 pound squash grown on the farm of John Rodnorm, R.R. 4, Brantford, and Joseph Pert, who just happened to be passing when the MOLSON'S photographer lined him up for this shot.

BURFORD—All bound to go up in smoke! This shows the manner in which tobacco is graded and made ready for sale. Smiling in the background are R. C. Campbell and Wm. Henchin, both First Prize winners at the Fair.

ALVINSTON—Sec.-Treas. Mrs. George Ross and Pres. Mrs. J. William McEachren are seen with a portion of the Brooke Women's Institute Exhibit. The display, "With Canadian Artists from Coast to Coast" aims at teaching better understanding and appreciation of art.



BURFORD—Noel Gibson (L) who did the judging, and Fred Gurney the owner are seen with the First Prize Winner in the Shropshire Class.

BURFORD—Roy Rogers and Gene Autry may have a little fancier saddles and trappings, but they couldn't be any prouder of their famous mounts than Richard Farrell of Hartley is of this winner in the Western Saddle Pony Class.

ALVINSTON—"Tisn't fair! The exhibit is supposed to be of prize pumpkins—but when a smiling wee miss like this one steps into the picture, she's almost bound to "steal the show." However, the pumpkins dont' seem to feel too badly about it, so why should we?

THE PICTURES SHOWN ON THIS PAGE Were Taken By The Molson's PHOTOGRAPHER As A Public Service

ALVINSTON—There's no lake in the Alvinston Fair Grounds, although it might seem like it Water and mud, however, failed entirely to dampen the crowd that attended. The reflection shows part of the Ferris Wheel, one good place to keep out of the mire.

After all is said and done, how does it taste in the cup? That is what counts!

"SALADA" TEA BAGS

yield the perfect flavour.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counsellor

"Dear Anne Hirst: When we married over a year ago, we decided to live with my parents until we could afford our own home. During that period my wife was willing to live any place, just to we could be alone.

"But when we started looking, she wouldn't settle for anything less than a five-room house. She considered only the most expensive furniture. She decided my clothes were not fine enough. And she didn't like people. (She quit three jobs because she couldn't get along with her co-workers.)

"Now that we live alone, she wants me to come home earlier, because she gets lonesome during the day!

"I have tried leaving her money to run the house. But when the month is up, she hasn't any left to pay the bills. Her mother (who works) and her sister (married) are always wanting me to go on their notes of security.

"What can I do- My wife won't take a job to help with finances and I can't tell her mother to stay away. S.O.S."

LAY DOWN THE LAW

Your wife was so anxious for a home of her own that she would have been grateful, you say, to move into a modest apartment.

Ask her whether she would like to go back to your family's home now?

If she keeps on spending as she is doing, you will not only be unable to pay the rent, but you will be bankrupt. And then she will have no choice about where you two must live.

From what you tell me, she comes from a family of spendthrifts, people accustomed to living beyond their income, taking no thought of the future. And to obtain that end, they would borrow from anybody who is foolish enough to lend them money.

So perhaps your wife's irresponsibility is not entirely her own fault.

She must, however, learn that she cannot spend money that she does not have. And you will have the difficult job of teaching her to do without those things for which she cannot pay cash.

Take over the handling of your income for a while. Close the charge accounts. Give her just enough to pay for the week's (or month's) household expenses and make her understand that is all there is.

Don't do this in anger, nor impatiently. Go over the figures of your income and living expenses, and remind her that every month you must save a sum toward the future and any emergencies. You and she will want your own home and family some day. Now is the time to provide for them.

Remind your wife that she is your partner in an economic sense, too. That you depend on her to co-operate in this new and necessary arrangement. And that so long as you love each other and have a place of your own, these "sacrifices" should not be sacrifices at all—but the chance to prove to each other that you understand and accept the true essentials of life together.

Her family must learn, and now, that they cannot look to you any further to help them out of their financial straits. If your wife will not tell them, you will have to.

A man's social life is largely in the hands of his wife. This girl you married should be making friends through her church and neighborhood acquaintances —not only to keep her from being lonely, but to establish yourselves as an important social unit in your community. It will be hard for her at first, but it is the only answer to her childish dependence upon you. With your help and encouragement, she can gradually creep out of her shell and become the real helpmate that every man has the right to expect.

In other words, you will have to help your wife grow up. Patience and gentleness, combined with firmness, should solve all your problems.

* * *

If you find the girl you married is still an adolescent dreamer, ask Anne Hirst's advice. She understands, and can be of practical help. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ontario.

You've got to hand it to the modern youngster. He refuses to wait on himself.

PRODUCT OF HOLLAND

Growing Appetite—Linda Van Langen and Robert Ryder, Jr., donned authentic Dutch costumes and were on hand to greet the largest single shipment of Dutch flower bulbs ever to reach America. Shown aboard the SS Defender, Linda sinks her teeth into a sample of the vessel's half-a-million-dollar cargo.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

One day I was in a local butcher store when another customer turned to me and said—"What, you here again, Mrs. Clarke . . . do you live downtown?" "Well, not quite," I answered, and then remembering this other woman also came from the country I added—"How about you?" She laughed—"Yes, I deserved that question—but it seems every time I come downtown I meet you in one or other of the stores, so I just wondered . . . thought maybe you had moved to town."

* * *

That started me thinking—just wondering if I did make a lot of unnecessary trips. I remembered the gas-rationing days—when I never made a trip to town unless it was absolutely necessary and always found it quite easy to keep well within my gas ration. But now, although I begrudge the time it takes to get dressed and go down town, yet I do go quite frequently —on Saturdays sometimes two and three times. Take last Saturday, for instance. Business at the bank—so I had to go down in the morning—banking hours being from 9:30 to 11. At the bakeshop we have a standing order for fruit buns on Saturday but they are never ready before 12 o'clock. Naturally I couldn't wait for them—there was dinner to get at home. So I picked up a few groceries and ambled back home . . . I would have to go down later.

* * *

About 4:30 I set out again—and I had to hurry because the library closes at five—but I thought I could change my books, pick up the buns, get the evening paper and be home in plenty of time to get supper. I got the books and buns but the papers were late coming in. I waited and waited, determined not to make a third trip downtown. That way I saved on gas but I wasted a lot of time and barely had supper on the table before the men came in to eat it.

* * *

Or take any other day. Very often if I miss the overnight mail I take my letters to the 8:50 train in the morning. Occasionally Partner has said—"You might bring me so-and-so from the drugstore." Without thinking I agree. But then I find the drugstore don't open until 9:30. Oh well, at least the butcher store will be open and I can get served there in a hurry at this time in the morning. But one man is very much occupied with hacking up a side of beef and the other fellow is constantly at the telephone taking orders for the day. Eventually they get around to serving me. Perhaps another day I am busy at a paint job and leave my trip to town until around 5:30. There are only a few things to get anyway. But, oh dear, the town is busy—you don't know which place to go first because they all close at six. So I start at the post office but get behind two people both wanting money orders—and making out money orders is slow business. From the post office I go from store to store and apparently I'm the only one in a hurry —certainly the ones behind the counter are not. Well, might as well take back an evening paper —they are sure to be in by this time. "Paper?" says the girl at the drugstore—"Oh, I'm sorry—they came in early today and we haven't one left!" I give up and go home.

So that's the way it goes when everyone is on an eight-hour-day . . . except the farmer. Go downtown early and you have to wait for the stores to open. Go late and you have to rush around to get everything you want before the doors close for the night. Back in those leisurely days when the main purpose of the storekeepers and their assistants was to serve the public rather than beat the time clock, then you could do all your business on just one trip to town. In fact it was often possible to make only one trip a week by using a little forethought. In fact I do that even yet in winter-time as I get Bob to pick up my orders then. But in summer, with company coming and going all the time, I like to do my own shopping.

* * *

But, oh dear, I shouldn't compete this column without mentioning what happens at the doctor's office. Our doctor has his office hours from 1-4 and 7-9, morning hours by appointment. So to save time I get an appointment for 10 a.m. Get there right on the dot . . . and there are four people ahead of me! "What time was your appointment?" I asked one young girl. "Ten o'clock," she answered. The others said their appointment was 10 o'clock too. I begin to wonder what good is an appointment if it is given to more than one at the same time. "That's old stuff," says the young girl. "The doctor says 10 o'clock but he sees you when he gets around to it." That may be true but at least we can't grumble about the doctor's hours—I never knew one yet who had too much leisure time on his hands.

EGGWHITE SUBSTITUTE

Eggwhite is albumen, a protein. What The Chemical and Engineering News describes as "synthetic eggwhite" is now produced in Norway from codfish. One pound of this fish protein is equivalent to the eggwhite contained in 140 hen'seggs. Nobody has even synthetized protein. The highly purified fish protein can be used for making bread, cake, ice cream, mayonnaise, pharmaceutical products, textiles, paints, soap, cosmetics and paper. Trial production of more than 600 pounds of eggwhite a day has been started by two Norwegian firms.

Churchgoers: When people in Jacksonville, Florida, say: "I am going to church" or "I have been to church," they travel free on buses.

FOOT MISERY

When feet burn, sting, itch and shoes feel as if they were cutting right into the flesh, get a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil and rub well on feet and ankles morning and night for a few days.

A real discovery for thousands who have found blessed relief. Moone's Emerald Oil is easy and pleasant to use—it does not stain. Economical — money back if not satisfied.—Good druggists everywhere.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your digestive tract every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the digestive tract. Then gas rises up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those bile-making Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 25¢ at any druggists.

New And Useful .. Too ..

Tire Warning—A device which when placed on the valve stem of an automobile tire, whistles loudly when air pressure drops to the danger point. It can be adjusted for any specific pressure.

Pressure Pancakes—A pancake and waffle batter packed in a pressure can. No advance preparation is needed, a slight pressure on the top of the can releases the desired amount of batter directly into the griddle.

Light Mattress—A full-sized springless mattress built of air-filled vinyl cubes. The cubes are individually sealed and, the company says, have successfully undergone 250,000 "torture tests" under a 250-pound roller.

Mechanic's Aid—A special device for "starting" screws and bolts which are rusted on to another surface. Tapping the device with a hammer produces a turning action which loosens the object.

Horse-Opera Cheese—Packages of cheese in four-color plastic containers shaped like a saddle horse and a stagecoach. After the cheese has been removed, the containers can be used as napkin holders, cigarette trays, or as book ends.

No Washing-up: An edible plate made of waffle batter with a thin coating of chocolate, and a glass that can be eaten after the contents have been drunk, are being manufactured by a Bavarian firm.

TV Queen—Beating out six other finalists, Marjorie Adams, 22, was chosen Miss Television at a recent contest.

Rheumatic Pain?

HERE'S QUICK COMFORT!

And the RELIEF *is* LASTING

Nobody knows the cause of rheumatism but we do know there's one thing to ease the pain . . . it's INSTANTINE.

And when you take INSTANTINE the relief is prolonged because INSTANTINE contains not one, but three proven medical ingredients. These three ingredients work together to bring you not only fast relief but more prolonged relief.

Take INSTANTINE for fast headache relief too . . . or for the pains of neuritis or neuralgia and the aches and pains that often accompany a cold.

Get Instantine today and always keep it handy

Instantine

12-Tablet Tin 25¢

Economical 48-Tablet Bottle 69¢

Don't Overload That Washing Machine

Experiments in household equipment laboratories prove that, although it may be time-saving to load the family washing machine to capacity, it also means sacrificing washer efficiency.

Nineteen machines, of various types, had their efficiency tested with different sized work loads. Maximum loads in most were nine pounds, or in some cases 10.

Summing up the experiment, Katherine Taube, household equipment specialist states:

"In general, a load of six or seven pounds in a domestic washing machine will result in better soil removal and more even washing than a heavier load."

Definition of a Communist: One who borrows your pot to cook your goose in.

Looks pretty—Tastes pretty WONDERFUL!

Fruit Bread — made with New Fast DRY Yeast!

● Don't let old-fashioned, quick-spoiling yeast cramp your baking style! Get in a month's supply of new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast—it keeps *full-strength, fast-acting* till the moment you bake! Needs *no* refrigeration! Bake these Knobby Fruit Loaves for a *special* treat!

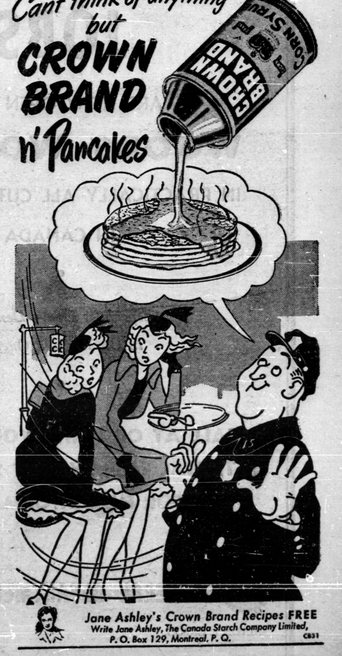
KNOBBY FRUIT LOAVES

● Scald 1½ c. milk, ⅔ c. granulated sugar, 2 tsps. salt and ½ c. shortening; cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, measure into a large bowl ½ c. lukewarm water, 3 tsps. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 3 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

Add lukewarm milk mixture and stir in 2 well-beaten eggs, ½ c. maraschino cherry syrup and 1 tsp. almond extract. Stir in 4 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat until smooth. Work in 2 c. seedless raisins, 1 c. currants, 1 c. chopped candied peels, 1 c. sliced maraschino cherries and 1 c. broken walnuts. Work in 3½ c. (about) once-sifted bread flour. Knead on lightly-floured board until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set in a warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough, turn out on lightly-floured board and divide into 4 equal portions; cut each portion into 20 equal-sized pieces; knead each piece into a smooth round ball. Arrange 10 small balls in each of 4 greased loaf pans (4½" x 8½") and grease tops. Arrange remaining balls on top of those in pans and grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 1 hour, covering with brown paper after first ½ hour. Spread cold loaves with icing. Yield—4 loaves.

Note: The 4 portions of dough may be shaped into loaves to fit pans, instead of being divided into the small pieces that produce knobby loaves.

Can't think of anything but **CROWN BRAND n' Pancakes**



Jane Ashley's Crown Brand Recipes **FREE**

Write Jane Ashley, The Canada Starch Company Limited, P. O. Box 129, Montreal, P. Q.

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