

Webster describes "frigid" as being simply cold and "zero" as nothing. However the frigid atmosphere of the past few days can hardly be classified as nothing.

Senior citizens characterize citizens of today as weaklings when they complain that it is cold. "Away back," said one resident, "We had below zero weather for days and days and weeks and weeks — it was common weather."

How true. Remember the days of the old pump in the back yard when it was necessary to hammer a long icicle off the spout before any water would appear?

Remember the days when some silly youngster stuck out his tongue to touch the icy handied pump and the tongue stuck like glue to the iron handle and sometimes hot water had to be poured on the spot to loosen the organ?

Remember the days of the commercial traveller when he put up for the night at a village hotel and signed for two rooms in order that he might take the covers and quilts off the second bed and pile them on top of his bed in order to keep warm?

These were the days when the hotel rooms were heated? by a long string of tin pipes fastened to the high ceilings with loops of wire.

Remember when the hotel guests awoke in the morning to find the wash basin filled with ice and a trip was made to the kitchen to secure a pitcher of warm water? Hot water for shaving was at a premium.

Remember when the "privy" or sometimes it was called the "parliament" was many yards away from the dwelling and the chilly blasts of winter whistled around the two holes and nearby was the Toronto store catalogue, a veritable picture book, but it was too cold to bother about big store bargains? Commercial travellers were made of good stuff in days of yore.

One thing which was plentiful — home-made bread and large hunks of butter. Then there was the tasty and nutritious bread, sometimes steaming fresh. Eggs were plentiful and no attention was paid to grade, and often there were two yolks in one egg. Oatmeal porridge, lots of milk and all the brown sugar one wanted, were on the bill of fare.

Generally speaking, the months of winter today cannot compare to the long and cold winters of several years ago. This is true in the country and in towns and villages.

Remember the days when the farmer crawled out of the feather tick and started a fire in the kitchen stove, turned up the wick in the lantern, waded through snow a foot

deep to the barn, opened the big door and breathed in the wonderful smell from warm bodies of cattle and horses, cleaned out a messy stall, grabbed a three tine fork and tossed hay into the wooden manger and at times allowed the horses to thrust long snouts into a wooden receptacle containing oats or a mixed mash?

Chores attended to, the farmer picked up the lantern hanging on the peg and trudged back in the darkness to the

kitchen where already awaiting was a breakfast of oatmeal porridge, a couple of strips of fat pork, a couple of large eggs, toast and hot tea — perhaps some honey to finish off with?

Cold! Sometimes as low as 50 degrees below zero. Today some people become chilled to the marrow at zero temperature. The “good days” are no more and perhaps in this generation of apparently thin blooded people, it is just as well.

It is possible that farmers were happier in days of yore. They labored hard, ate and slept well, only worked on Sunday in case of emergency, held Sunday night meetings and gathered around the organ to sing hymns. There was something healthy and wholesome in those almost forgotten days on the farm. What do you think?