THE
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The Farm And Christmas Time

"Christmas and the Farm; the Farm and Food."

Christmas 1936 should see a revival of this ancient Christmas toast. Those were the days when the value of the farm was universally recognized, but in the whirl of modern life the farm, as the sure foundation of material civilization, is apt to be forgotten. The word farm means food and was so called because in older times the tenant was required to provide the landlord with food by way of rent. Today this definition has been considerably extended in that the farm supplies the nation with food, and without food, without the feeding of the multitude, it is not given to human beings to be able openly to express that spirit of universal kindness and peace and good will evoked by the teachings of the Master in the celebration of the festival of Christmas.

The connection between agriculture and Christmas has been intimate from the beginning. It was to shepherds watching their flocks by night that the words "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy" were addressed. It was in a lowly stable attached to a farm-khan that the Saviour of the World was born, and a few days later it was on the back of the most humble farm animal, the ass, that He was borne to Egypt in safety.

It was from the agricultural population mainly that the early Christmas drew their adherents, and many years later it was over the farms and orchards in the vicinity of Rome that the early Christians scoured the country in search of holly branches to decorate their churches and dwellings at Christmastide.

Meanwhile, the farm, as ever, continued to furnish the wherewithal for the feast, and at the same time, as centuries rolled by and towns became swamped in their own activities, it was the farm that kept alive the kindly, ancient rites of the feast. Many centuries later, Charles Dickens restored to the townsfolk of England something of the joy and beauty of the spirit of Christmas which still flourished among agricultural communities. Even today many of the ancient agricultural Christmas celerations, as distinct from the towns, survive, some of them under limited conditions. There is Plough Monday, for example, which is still observed in several countries, including the British Isles. In olden times in Europe, Plough Monday marked the end of the Christmas holidays. It was held on the first Monday in January after the Twelfth Day. It was customary on Plough Monday, before the ploughman returned to work on the following day, to draw a plough from door to door of the parish to solicit "plough money" to spend in a frolic. The queen of the banquet was called Bessy.

The phrase "Christmas Box" originated in the early Christmas times. It was really then a box which was placed in the church for promiscuous charities and was opened on Christmas Day. The contents were distributed the next day (Boxing Day) by the priest, and where the contributions consisted of cash were known as box money. However, farmers were accustomed to leave their contributions in kind, eggs, butter, flour, meat, and other agricultural products, much the same as the farmers of Quebec today place fruits at the church entrances on Thanksgiving Day, the results of the sales of which go towards masses for the soul of relatives. In many churches in Canada, the accumulation of Christmas gifts is distributed in much the same manner as in the earliest Christian days.

And at this Christmastide, as in the days gone by, the farm has furnished the chief necessaries for the Christmas feast, such as the meats, the turkeys, the geese, the ducks and chickens, the cereal foods, the vegetables, the cream, milk, eggs and cheese, not forgetting that many of the essentials, the candies and confectionery, the pickles, cigars and cigarettes are all of agricultural origin.

So once more, the ancient toast: Christmas and the Farm: the Farm and Food".

A local lad was wondering what he would be when he grows up. The answer seems obvious. He will be a taxpayer.

Christmas At The Barracks

By Helen Gaisford

"I HATE Christmas!" Marcia thought passionately. She pressed her face close to the toy window, so passersby would not notice her burning cheeks nor tear-filled eyes.

Suddenly she was face to face with it—that overwhelming longing for some one to make Christmas worthwhile. "Why am I such a fool?" she asked herself miserably. "A grown woman weeping at a store window display!"

She hurried on to her lonely flat, and stood looking in the mirror. Thirty-two! "I don't feel old," she said.

After a while she got up and washed her face, determined to be sensible. She couldn't eat yet—she was too shaken—so she sat down with the home paper. No use trying to avoid the Christmas ads. Might as well face the fact that no one really cared—

Well, why not find some one? And then, as though in answer, she saw the item in the paper.

"Poor children of this and neighboring communities will be treated to a real old-fashioned Christmas dinner and tree at the McKinley barracks. Officers and men are providing turkey and all the trimmings, and several hundred children are expected. Churches and social agencies are being asked to furnish women to act as chaperones and also cars to transport the children to the barracks."

Marcia stepped timidly into the social welfare bureau. "I wonder if you could use me to help take the children out to the barracks on Christmas," she asked. "It would be so much nicer than—than anything else," she finished lamely. She had really meant that it would be nicer than a sympathy dinner invitation from one of her friends. "I even thought maybe, if I happened to find the right youngster—I might adopt one."

He Was Taking the Coat Off a Tousle-Headed Boy.

She stopped, a little breathless. She hadn't meant to commit herself so far. Yet the lady was very kind, and arrangements were easily made.

She had never been to the barracks before, and she thrilled to the ride over the snowy road, but she was more fascinated by the children under her care. Their too-bright eyes glittered, and they pressed sharp noses against the car windows, leaving marks where they had touched.

They were excited, terribly excited, but happy, too. So was Marcia. Joy and excitement shone from her eyes, making her usually pleasant but rather plain countenance radiant.

He stood tall and straight in his officers' uniform, a handsome man, not many years her senior. As soon as the children began eating, he came over and introduced himself.

"Having a good time?" he asked.

"Glorious!"

"So are you."

"What?"

"Glorious, of course. Don't mind my bothering, do you? I thought you seemed, well—understanding. When I was looking at you—remember?" Marcia nodded. "Somebody once said that if you look into a person's eyes, you create a bond that can never be broken. I know what he meant, now."

"I felt it, too," Marcia murmured.

He looked about. "I say, shall we ditch the program? I'd like to show you around the barracks, if you'd let me."

They didn't notice the cold, the falling snow, nor, later, the children's carols.

"Goodness!" Marcia exclaimed at last. "They're leaving. I must look after my carload of youngsters."

"Wait!" He caught her hand, held it fast. "I'll want to see you again, soon. We have so much in common, you know—we're both lonely, we like children, we enjoy Christmas parties—and I want to know if you like hiking and tobogganing, movies, operas, lots of things. Me, for instance."

"Of course," answered Marcia. "But let me go now. Here comes that welfare lady." She pulled away. "We were just coming," she apologized.

The lady smiled. "No hurry. But I wonder—you said something, you know—have you decided what child you want to adopt?"

"Heavens!" declared Marcia. "I forgot!"

"Well, why," asked the soldier, "adopt one? I mean—wait until next Christmas. Things change so in a year."

"In a day," breathed Marcia.

There is one sure test for an ideal husband. Would his wife marry him if she had to do it over again?

Advance Recipes For The Ladies

MAPLE SYRUP TARTS

1 egg
½ cup brown sugar
3 teaspoons melted butter
1 good teaspoon flour
¾ cup maple syrup
2 tablespoons sweet cream
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup water
½ cup raisins (cooked).

Wet flour with ¼ cup water, add egg and beat, add sugar, butter and syrup, stir well together, add cream and vanilla, pour into unbaked tart shells in which raisins have been divided and bake in a quick oven.

—Mrs. Wesley Plantt

CHRISTMAS CAKE

8 eggs
1 lb. butter
1¼ lbs. brown sugar
2 lbs. flour
1 lb. mixed peel
½ lb. shelled almonds
4 lbs. seeded raisins
2 lbs. currants
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 glass brandy,
1 glass wine
1 teaspoon soda

Buttermilk may be used for liquid. Good recipe for wedding cake.

—Mrs. D. W. Adams

BUTTER TARTS

1 cup currants or sultanas
1 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
1 egg
½ teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Clean raisins and put in mixing bowl, scald with boiling water, drain and while raisins are still warm add brown sugar, butter and beaten egg, stir well. If ingredients are mixed while raisins are still warm there will be a nice butter scotch like syrup.

—Mrs. Ray Genoe

CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP

1 basket tomatoes
6 onions
1 bunch celery
1 cup brown sugar

4 tablespoons salt, red pepper and cloves to taste. Boil all together for two hours and strain

Melt ½ cup butter and add ½ cup flour, blend and add to juice. Put away in sterilized jars.

TOMATO JUICE

Wash and cut up tomatoes without peeling. Boil until they settle to bottom of kettle, put through sieve. Return and let come to boil. Fill sealers and add one level teaspoon of salt to each quart and seal.

—Mrs. Ray Genoe

NEVER FAIL SPICE CAKE

1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 good tablespoon shortening
½ cup sour cream
½ cup buttermilk
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 pinch of salt
1 cup raisins
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder.

—Mrs. Lewis E. Fisher

CARMEL PIE

1 cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon butter

Let brown on stove then add:

1 cup sweet milk and mix
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 teaspoon vanilla
Yolk of 1 egg

Pinch of salt in a little milk, then add to boiling sauce. Beat white of egg stiff and put on top of pie and brown.

—Mrs. Lewis E. Fisher

CRUMB CAKE

1 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup raisins or chopped dates

Crumb butter, sugar and flour together and remove 1 cup for top of cake. Beat eggs well, add sour milk and soda, mix well and add crumbs, fruit, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt, bake in moderate oven.

—Mrs. F. D. McTavish, Regina

GUM DROP CAKE

1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup butter, 1 lb. gum drops, 2 eggs, ¾ lb. sultana raisins, ¾ cup milk, 2 cups flour and 1 heaping teaspoon baking powder. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs and beat well, add salt, milk and flour alternately, flour chopped gum drops and add to mixture, then add raisins and baking powder. Bake in loaf tin in moderate oven for one hour.

—Mrs. F. D. McTavish, Regina, Sask.

COCOANUT TART FILLING

2 cups white sugar
1½ cups water

Boil ten minutes and add 1½ cups cocoanut, cool slightly and add 3 well beaten eggs, ¼ cup butter, add vanilla or almond flavouring, and a pinch of salt. Pour into tart shells and bake till a delicate brown.

—Mrs. W. Inkster

SPICE CAKE

½ cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
3 egg yolks
1 cup milk
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg.

Bake, and when taken from oven, spread top with 3 egg whites beaten stiffly with 1 cup brown sugar and ½ teaspoon baking powder. Sprinkle a little cinnamon over the top and put back in oven to brown.

—Mrs. W. Inkster

IMPERIAL SUNSHINE CAKE

1½ cupfuls sugar
½ cup water
6 eggs, beaten separately
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup Swansdown cake flour
¾ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 teaspoon vanilla or orange flavouring.

Boil sugar and water till it threads when dropped from tip of spoon, pour the hot syrup in a fine stream on the beaten egg-whites, to which salt has been added. Beat mixture for 5 min-then add beaten egg yolks. Fold in flour and cream of tartar (sifted three times) do not beat much. Add extract and pour into ungreased angel cake pan. Bake 50—60 minutes in oven 325 deg. F. When done, invert to cool.

—E. M. Jones

MARROW CREAM

4 lbs. vegetable marrow, steam till tender, drain well, put into preserving kettle, add juice and rind of 6 lemons.

4 lbs. white sugar
½ lb. butter

Simmer gently until it is a nice smooth paste. Fill into jars and seal. Makes nice tart or cake filling.

—E. M. Jones

DATE AND NUT SMACKS

Walnuts, 10c (chopped fine)
1 lb. dates (chopped fine)
1 egg, beaten well
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and rest of ingredients. Mix together. Take one teaspoon of mixture in palm of hand and form a ball, roll in dessicated cocoanut, place in greased pan and bake until golden brown, about 20 minutes in moderate oven.

—Rose McGirr

RED AND WHITE SALAD

1 cup diced cooked beets
1½ cups shredded cabbage
½ cup diced apples
1 teaspoon horse radish (if desired)
Seasonings

Cooked salad dressing. Combine ingredients, chill for a few minutes, place on cupped lettuce leaves and garnish with hard cooked eggs.

—Lottie M. Whittaker, Ceylon, Ont.

THE DOUBLE-BARRED CROSS

International Symbol of the Crusade against Tuberculosis

As armies march across the pages of history, fighting for their rights or their wrongs as the case may be, one custom seems to have been common to them all: each carried flags and banners on which appeared the emblem of the cause. Good or bad, the cause was always blazoned forth in terms of heraldry which gradually became a highly specialized study. After the dawn of the Christian era the cross became a tremendously popular symbol and with this emblem upon their banner, many a doughty knight rode forth to do battle for his principles and to save or reclaim the Holy Land from the Infidel.

Crosses of all shapes, sizes and ornamentations have been used by innumerable families, cities, orders, guilds, nations and causes. The Spaniards found a religious symbol among the Aztecs which was very similar to our cross. The swastika of Hitlerism is an old symbol made of several crosses. Thus the habit of choosing emblems has carried over into our modern civilization and clubs and such peacetime associations still follow that age-old custom.

It was therefore quite the natural thing that as the war against tuberculosis gathered momentum, and nation after nation took up the cause, that some international emblem should be chosen which would be symbolic. The matter was given careful consideration for it was important that the symbol should be internationally accepted and have a universal appeal, and yet it should be decidedly distinct from any already adopted international symbol such as the Red Cross.

It would seem that the tuberculosis campaigners of the eighteen-nineties or thereabout, deliberately went out after a symbol that would have something like the significance and universal acceptance of the Red (Geneva) Cross, and yet be quite distinguishable from it. They had to avoid not only the Red Cross, but those of the various saints, George, Anthony, Andrew and so on. They had also to avoid the Celtic, the Greek, the Maltese and the Papal. In the words of Dr. D. A. Stewart, 'After that, it would seem that what they thought they might require they went and took.' And so we have the patriarchal cross, the Lorraine cross of the two crusades accomplished, now a symbol in every land of a new popular, enthusiastic and successful crusade against entrenched tuberculosis, a new crusade to win back for all the people of the world the Holy Land of Health."

This is the banner under which the Muskoka, the Toronto and the Queen Mary Hospitals for Consumptives have marched these many years—the banner under which they and other sanatorium and tuberculosis workers' organizations in the Province have won such marked success.

But victory can only be won with the continued effort and the financial support of the people at large.

Your contribution to National Sanitarium Association, 223 College St., Toronto will be greatly appreciated.

Christmas
Duncan's

Extend the Season's Greetings and wish you and those whose happiness is yours a full measure of Christmas Joy and Success for the New Year.

FRANK W. DUNCAN
'Phone 54 -:- FLESHERTON, Ont.

Anyway, Santa Claus has not abdicated.

A motorist who thinks he can avoid an accident even though he drives without due caution when the roads are slippery is skidding himself.

Christmas Greetings

To the

Producers of Livestock

We appreciate your splendid co-operation in supporting us in OUR WORK FOR YOU. We have done OUR BEST to uphold live stock prices, which have been better this year, compared to the past three years.

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AND HIS 7 PIECE ORCHESTA OF TORONTO
A NIGHT OF FROLIC AND FUN
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The Season's Greetings