The Quality Tea
"SALADA"
TEA

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

When I was a little girl and heard a motorcar coming down the street I would run to see it go by. I do the same thing now because cars on our snow-banked roads are as great a novelty as they were in those early days. In the mornings I watch to see if the cars are getting through—we know then whether it will be possible for our milk to be collected. We live on a provincial highway and every effort is made to keep it open but there is still only a narrow cut just wide enough for a car or truck to get through, as the snowploughs have not yet had a chance to use a wing, so quickly does the snow fill in each day. Our own car hasn't been out since Christmas Eve but Partner has made several trips with the sleighs and John has walked to town two or three times. But I—well, I'm a fair-weather traveller—I haven't left the house this year.

* * *

There are plenty of stories as a result of the storm—starting as it did on New Year's day. Many people were caught going to, or from, family "get-togethers" and had to stay wherever the car decided to stop. Many farm homes had unexpected guests overnight, or for two or three days, depending on where the farms were situated, as the ploughs were only able to open the main roads. Some of the back concessions are still impassable even for teams. Milk shippers had their own troubles—farmers having to take their milk to the nearest trucking centre, driving anywhere from one to five miles in open sleighs and often in a blinding storm. (City folk, please note! The milk doesn't arrive on your doorstep without some effort on the part of the farmers.) Doctors, too have been hard-hit, having sometimes to make trips by train to outlying districts. In other cases neighbours have spent many weary hours, digging and shovelling, so that the doctor might make his way where his services were urgently needed.

During the height of the storm, when there wasn't a road open anywhere around here, we heard a plane overhead. Obviously travelling by air has its advantages.

* * *

But we mortals are not the only ones with problems—our feathered friends have them too. One day I saw something flutter to the ground from the big poplar tree, just as a leaf might fall. Presently it moved and I saw it was an owl—a screech owl. It appeared to be stunned but after awhile it found itself a sheltered nook where a piece of bark had fallen away. At dinner time it was still there so John went out, caught it, and took it over to the driving shed where it could shelter from the storm. John said it was stiff with cold. Another time I heard such a commotion in the back porch. It proved to be a little nuthatch come in for cover I suppose, and then not at all happy when it found itself in close quarters. This little grey bird is sometimes called the "upsidedown" bird, as well it might. I watched its antics for awhile and saw that it could hang by its feet from the ceiling just as easily as it could perch right side up from a level shelf. But I couldn't see the little thing unhappy for too long so I opened the door and away it went.

* * *

Yesterday afternoon there was a sudden lull in the wind. The sun came out and it was a nice winter's day for about an hour. And in that time birds came to the field fence from every direction — hopping, flying and running — wherever weeds could be seen above the snowdrifts.

We are often reminded to put out food for the birds in wintertime but I hardly think that is necessary on farms because none of the farm buildings is so tight but what little birds can find a way in, and can feed on chaff or even grain. But no doubt they are like humans—they enjoy a change of diet—and when they can get out—then out they come, to feed on the most delectable weeds they can find.

Wheezing—
Cough-Racked

KIDDIES
and GROWN-UPS, TOO

get prompt relief and restful sleep with Buckley's Stainless White Rub. A brisk massage over chest, back and throat at bedtime with this faster penetrating rub creates a glowing warmth that breaks up croupy congestion, eases breathing, loosens the hard cough. Get a jar of Buckley's Stainless White Rub TODAY. It must bring relief FASTER or money back.

PRICE 30c and 50c Jar

BUCKLEY'S STAINLESS WHITE RUB

ISSUE 3—1945

Keep the home fires burning in a heart-and-flowers apron! Small size, Pattern 4920, takes just ONE YARD! Easy embroidery included.

Pattern 4920 comes in sizes small (14-16), medium (18-20), large (40-42), extra large (44-46). Small size, ONE YARD 35-inch material.

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.

HELENE GARNELL

A leading New York milliner shares her secrets with those who need to save money, but wish to be smart and attractive.

"IT'S FUN TO MAKE A HAT"

In clear, precise language Helene Garnell gives the fundamentals of home millinery. Each step is illustrated and there is no reason why the woman of to-day shouldn't have as many hats as she wants at a very little cost.

Send Postal Note of $1.50 to
SMITHERS & BONELLIE—TORONTO 1
170 BAY STREET

EVER SEE A BLACK MARKET?

Photo above shows a crowd of eager shoppers crowding the "main aisle" in one of Rome's liveliest black markets. The mart, dealing chiefly in food, operates openly in broad daylight in the via Tor di Nona. Business took a setback recently when several black market pastry shops were looted, but in a couple of days the crowd was back in full force.

The Jade God

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER V

Mark lifted his head. "No, I wasn't there by any chance. I don't know her, Mrs. Lynn."

His hostess looked perplexed. "But she should be your cousin; there are so few Byrams. You must come in on the Tom Byram side?"

Mark caught the gleeful malice in Landon's eyes.

"No," he replied flatly, "not on any side. You're mistaken, Mrs. Lynn. I'm not related to the Utica Byrams."

She was a little taken aback. But a woman of the world passes such things over lightly; she turned the conversation swiftly, though her eyes flashed one keen question at Landon. He reddened and moved uneasily in his chair. It was Pam who spoke softly to Mark.

"I'm so glad! Those Utica Byrams are so stodgy. I didn't see how you could belong!"

"I might be a hop out of kin, you know," he answered quickly, and then, in an undertone: "Suppose I'm not a Byram at all; what then?"

"Oh, but it's your name!" she laughed, as if at a huge joke.

"But if it wasn't my name?"

She lifted hre shining eyes, mischief in them. "What was it Juliet said? 'A rose by any other name?' "

"Do you remember about that?" he asked her daringly.

"The play?" she laughed outright; "of course I do!"

"With Romeo it was love at first sight," said Mark.

* * *

Again the flame that played in his eyes held hers. She drew a quick breath, smiling, clinging desperately to the conventions. She did not know that prison had made a pagan of him, like a pagan he was wooing her, and he knew he had no right to do it. The dinner ended too soon for him. He outstayed the other guests. There was music and a little dancing again. Burleson took off a few to the opera. Pam taught Mark some dancing steps in the deserted ballroom. Landon had been carried off against his will, by Burleson. Mrs. Lynn was in the drawing room.

"I can't see where you could have been!" Pam laughed. "Why, you know steps I never heard of—and not one I know!"

"Nomansland has only one—the lockstep"—Mark replied recklessly.

He might have stayed too late but for Mrs. Lynn's entrance. She sent him away, still graciously. If he was not a Utica Byram he was something of a man. She was woman enough under her worldliness to be a little thrilled by that. Before she knew what she was doing she had told him her days at home.

"But, of course, Archie will bring you," she ended, suddenly cooling.

* * *

Pam said nothing. She had told him all these things already, and another—she was in the habit of riding her pet horse in the park, mornings. This was something Archie Landon did not know; she did not want Landon and Banks there! It was after he left the house that Mark had his bad quarter of an huor. He had gone there as an impostor, on the wager of two worthless boys, under an assumed name. It would be black enough for a mere joke, but he was an ex-convict. Given that, and they found him out, he would deserve something worse than mere expulsion.

"A man does mad things when he's in love!" he thought.

But it troubled him. He tramped the streets, thinking of it, wretched at heart. It was past midnight when he went in search of Teddy Banks. He wanted his own clothes. Besides, it was part of the bargain to report to the young scapegrace. He found Banks alone and sulky—his rooms, a bachelor's suite, thick with cigarette smoke.

"I won," said Mark, beginning to take off his coat.

Banks stared at him, biting his cigarette.

"I know! Archie's been here, ripping mad. What the deuce did you do there, anyway?"

"Got asked to dinner. Did he pay his wager?"

* * *

Teddy nodded. "He did, and swore he'd like to murder me! Come, what happened? Tell me!"

"Nothing happened. I was well received and asked to dinner."

"By the great lady herself? Teddy slapped his knee, laughing uproariously. "What did I say? Any fellow with a clean shirt! I got my money out of Archie."

"Archie says you threw back five hundred dollars. Why?"

"You'd better ask me why I took it in the first place," Mark retorted bitterly. "I think I was mad."

Some remnant of conscience stirred in young Banks.

"It was only for tonight!" he called after him thickly. "Only for tonight; that's flat, remember—you can't go back there, you know!"

Mark thought the boy had been drinking again. He did not answer. He shut the door on him and went out to walk the streets all night. There was even an exhilarating freedom in doing it.

It was nine o'clock when Mark Grant, sleepless and breakfastless, went back to Fosdick's office. Today he would receive his aunt's legacy. It would give him the means to go away. He remembered his relief at that thought yesterday; today it means exile!

* * *

Fosdick, coming in to find him there, waiting, was no more cordial than on the previous day. But he took the matter up; it was apparent that his idea was to get done with it and with Mark.

"You'll have some papers to sign,' he said bluntly. "Come over to the courthouse, there are formalities."

Fosdick showed scant courtesy, but the money was intact—thanks to the little lawyer's scrupulous care.

"I wouldn't have let her leave it to you if I'd had my way," he said bluntly, as they closed the business up.

Mark reddened in spite of himself. "Mr. Fosdick, do you remember Herbert Burleson?"

The lawyer shot another look at him. "Sure, I do! He's the great Burleson, now. Why d'you ask?"

"I saw him yesterday."

Fosdick started, and then he remembered that it might have been the merest chance. He nodded. "Very likely. He's got a kind of palace here."

Mark, folding some papers in his pocket, assented thoughtfully. "He was with my uncle that last day; he knew there was no quarrel between us. He could have testified for me."

Fosdick drummed on his desk. "It's late to think of that," he said coldly.

"I tried to bring it out; no one believed me."

* * *

Fosdick shrugged. "Are you trying to imagine Burleson will clear you now?"

Mark rose. He had money in his pocket; he looked grimly down at the sneering little man.

"A man has a right to fight for his life, Mr. Fosdick. I'm young still. I've got red blood in me—I'm going to fight for my life."

Fosdick looked him over thoughtfully. For the first time he seemed to realize the man who had come back. There was power in the figure and the face; Mark stood upright, unashamed. In spite of himself the little lawyer was impressed. But he fingered the papers on his desk impatiently; he was not one to admit he had been touched by anything.

"Better go west and live it down," he advised dryly; "no easy thing to dig up evidence after fifteen years. It would take your twenty thousand all right. I suppose — when you find the evidence—" he grinned—"you'll set up your claim to the Barton fortune."

"Yes," said Mark slowly—"then I might—but not until then. Goodday, Mr. Fosdick."

(To Be Continued)

One Gesture — Two Desserts!

If you're at a loss for time, try out this quick-method system for preparing desserts for two meals with little more effort than it takes to make one dessert. Make a double batch of pastry. Line pastry tin with half the dough and fill it with a spicy Pumpkin Chiffon filling. Mold the other half of the pastry into tart shells, and fill with Lemon Chiffon. It's as simple as 1-2-3, and you're all set with a pie for dinner one day, and tempting tarts for the next day!

Pumpkin Chiffon Pie

1 envelope plain unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
3 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
1¼ cup pumpkin (canned or fresh)
⅔ cup milk
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspon cinnamon
½ teaspon nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
3 egg whites

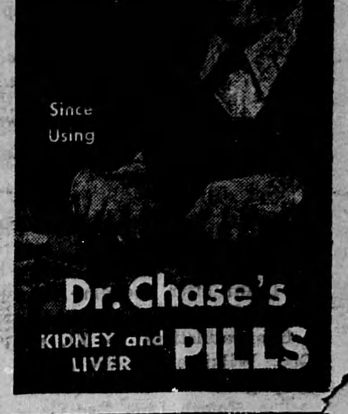
Beat egg yolks, add one-half cup sugar, pumpkin, milk, spices, and salt. Cook in double boiler until thickened, stirring constantly. Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot custard. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which remaining sugar has been added. Pour into baked pie shell or crumb crust and chill. Garnish with whipped cream if desired, just before serving.

Lemon Chiffon Tarts

1 envelope plain unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
3 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ cup honey
½ cup lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Add honey, lemon juice and salt to beaten egg yolks, and cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot custard mixture. Add grated lemon rind. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which sugar has been added. Fill baked tart shells and chill. Just before serving spread a thin layer of whipped cream over tarts, if desired.

Do I Enjoy My Meals



Since Using

Dr. Chase's KIDNEY and LIVER PILLS

The Army has a new type of fuel tablet. It weighs about an ounce, yet it will supply enough heat to get a can of food piping hot in five minutes.

Relieve Headache Pain

FAST!

Aspirin Eases Headache Almost Immediately

Genuine Aspirin's new prices now make it easier than ever for you to get *fast, effective* relief from headache misery.

WHY ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

See with your own eyes why Aspirin takes hold of pain a few minutes after taking. Drop an Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. Almost instantly it begins to dissolve. And that same fast action takes place in your stomach. That's why Aspirin relieves you so quickly. For years Canadians have relied on Aspirin for fast relief, for effective relief—above all—for *dependable* relief. Get Aspirin at your druggist's today!

NEW REDUCED PRICES
Pocket Box of 12.....now 18c
Economy Bottle of 24.....now 29c
Family size of 100.....now 79c

BAYER ASPIRIN

The Bayer cross on each tablet is your guarantee that it's Aspirin

You Will Enjoy Staying At
The ST. REGIS HOTEL
TORONTO
- Every Room with Bath, Shower and Telephone.
- Single, $2.50 up—Double, $3.50 up.
- Good Food, Dining and Dancing Nightly.

Sherbourne at Carlton
Tel. RA. 4135

LYMOID
BRONCHIAL EASE
COUGH SYRUP
Usually brings quick, sure relief in coughs, bronchitis and throat irritations.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS 25c
LD-2
MADE BY THE ORIGINATORS OF LYMOIDS

"Ah! Now I Can Breathe Again!"

Surprisingly fast, a few drops of Va-tro-nol up each nostril help open the nasal passages—make breathing easier—when your head fills up with stuffy transient congestion. Enjoy the grand relief it brings! Va-tro-nol gives quick relief, too, from sniffly, sneezy distress of head colds. Try it! You'll like it! Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL