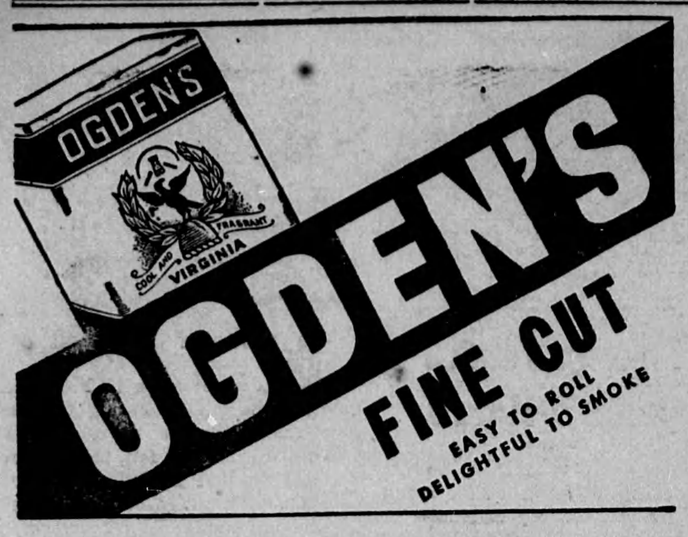

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

It is surprising the things one can find to do around the house in stormy weather. For instance, last week Partner and I got ourselves a job of real hard work, lasting for two whole days. It was no less than wrecking our old square piano. A black piano that had long since become a white elephant. There was no other way of getting rid of it. It wasn't worth giving away; no junk dealer would take it in its entirety; its case was of no particular value and none of its "insides" could be used for repair work on any other type of piano.

* * *

This piano, you may remember, occupied a big corner of the room we moved into when we went "south". So imagine the state of our bedroom for two whole days. Almost the first thing Partner did was to unstring the instrument. Have you ever examined the works of a piano? Have you noticed how taut are the wires and how each one is tightly twisted around an iron peg? Those pegs had to be turned by brute force to release the strings—and Partner's hands are still sore from the struggle.

* * *

My job was dissecting the keyboard and in so doing I made several discoveries. Haven't you often wondered what makes piano keys come up again directly your fingers release them—or worse still, why, sometimes, they don't. Well, I can give you the answer. Away at the end of each key is a tiny brass spring which controls the action of the key. And of course you know what happens when a spring becomes weak or breaks. Really, it was quite fascinating, this job. In fact it seemed almost a crime to deliberately destroy the marvellous and instricate workmanship that had gone into the making of this aged piano. Dear knows how much glue was used, for glue was everywhere. Not one nail did we find anywhere; nothing but screws, wooden pegs, brass pegs—and glue. And yet, with all this fine workmanship, the wood was poor — nothing more than pine with a covering of thin veneer. The only parts worth saving were the lid, the hinges, and the screws —we won't need to buy any screws for years. Of course, the iron frame and brass pegs will go to help beat Hitler, and if from the melting pot there emerge a few shells to go singing through the air in a death dirge for Nazi devils, then the last music from our old piano may yet be its best.

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For pain due to:

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COLDS . . . HEADACHES: Take two Aspirin tablets with full glass of water.

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ISSUE 7—1945

TABLE TALKS

Serve Cheese And Egg Dishes

Eggs and cheese are good companions and, as with most good companions, they have many things in common. They are both protein or "building" foods and either of them can step into the mealtime role of meat. They react poorly to high cooking temperatures which turn them into "tough guys." They like to be cooked over hot water and when they go into baked dishes in any quantity they ask for a pan of hot water to sit in.

Cheese Puffit

12 half-inch slices stale bread, ½ lb. cheese, sliced, ¾ teaspoon salt, 2⅔ cups milk, 4 eggs, pepper and paprika.

Trim crusts from bread. Arrange alternate slices of bread and cheese in a greased baking dish. Beat eggs slightly, add milk and seasoning and pour over the bread. Cover baking dish and allow the mixture to become thoroughly chilled before baking. (This is necessary to make the Puffit puff). Set in pan of hot water and ovenpoach in a moderate oven 350°F, until set, about 45 minutes. Six to eight servings.

Baked Tomato and Cheese

2 eggs, 2 cups tomato juice, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 6 half-inch slices buttered bread cubed, 1 cup cheese, cut in ¼ inch cubes.

Beat eggs, add tomato juice, salt, pepper and onion. Place a layer of bread cubes in a greased baking dish, pour on some of the tomato mixture, then add a layer of cheese. Repeat until all ingredients are used, having the top layer of cheese. Set baking dish in a pan of hot water and ovenpoach in a moderate oven, 350°F, for 40 minutes. Six serving.

Spanish Eggs

6 eggs, 2 strips bacon, 1 small onion, chopped, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups canned tomatoes, 1 green pepper, chopped or 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 cup chopped celery, salt and pepper.

Hard-cook eggs: — cover to a depth of one inch with cold water, heat to boiling point, set where water will keep hot and let stand 15 minutes. While eggs are cooking cut bacon in small pieces and cook until crisp. Remove bacon from pan and cook onion in the bacon fat until clear. Blend in flour, add tomatoes, green pepper and celery and simmer 20 minutes. Add bacon, salt and pepper. Remove shells from eggs, cut in half lengthwise and arrange in serving dish. Pour hot sauce over eggs. Six servings.

Dressing Up

The next time that there is some dressing left over when preparing poultry or dressed tenderloin you might consider the following delicious way to use it up. Spread it on bacon strips, roll up, fasten with toothpicks and cook in the oven till crisp.

Easy Way to Relieve
RHEUMATIC
Aches and Pains

Here is a simple, easy way to get relief from the agony of swollen, rheumatic joints and muscular aches and pains. Go to any drug store and get a bottle of Ru-Ma. If you are not pleased with the help it gives you—go get your money back. This is a generous offer you can not afford to ignore.

THEY LIKE IT

While Britishers shiver in near zero weather, polar bears have the time of their lives biting off ice at the London zoo with the same relish that a child might eat ice cream.

The Jade God

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER IX

"Who's the man?"

Pam blushed furiously; for the twentieth part of a second she hesitated; she had a terrible remembrance of Fosdick's "Byram," and Mark's reply. But she had no hint of its real significance.

"It's Stewart Byram. Don't you remember him at dinner that time, Uncle Herbert? The tall fellow with —with the different look?"

"I seem to remember quite a number of tall fellows with different looks," Burleson replied, musing.

Pam laughed uneasily, "Oh, you noticed him! I saw that myself. He's—he's not like anybody else."

Burleson glanced down at her quickly and caught only the sweep of her thick lashes on a red cheek.

"Come to think of it, I do remember the man you mean," he admitted slowly; it occurred to him that it was the one whose face recalled somethng forgotten. It had been vaguely familiar "What sort is he, Pam?"

* * *

Pam did not reply at once; they had come to a crossing and Burleson observed that she took advantage of it to hurry him across and point out the magnificence of a florist's display.

"Those are blue carnations. I don't like them; they're unnatural."

"I see that I'll have to observe this blue carnation young man, myself," Burleson retorted dryly.

"Uncle Herbert, I want something of yours," said Pam, coaxingly. "Will you give it? It's not much, really!"

He looked at her and his big mouth widened into a hard smile.

"Not to be caught, young woman. What is it?"

"Your little jade god — please, Uncle Herbert!"

"No!"

* * *

She had coaxed for it before, but never before had she been refused with such violence. A red streak went up over his thin face! it showed vividly between his eyes like a scar. She was startled; for a moment she said nothing and then she ventured.

"Why?"

"That's my business," he replied sharply; then, seeing her face fall, he qualified it. "It's not transferable; a friend gave it to me long ago. Besides, it's unlucky; you needn't covet in!"

His sharpness alarmed her; she peeped at him as they parted to pass through a crowd at the corner. He looked at her shrewdly and knew he had frightened her.

"I'm sorry," he said, more considerately, "ask something else, Pam. You can't have that bit of jade! Before I die I'm going to smash it."

"I wish you'd tell me all about it, then!" she pleaded.

"I expect to tell the Angel Gabriel," he said, "but no one else."

* * *

She smiled, shaking her head at him, but she said no more about the jade god. Something intervened, too, to sweep it from her thoughts. They had come to another corner, waiting for the traffic. Suddenly she caught his arm.

"Look!" she said softly, "don't you see that tall man getting into the bus? See, he's had to wait for that old woman and the child to go first. He doesn't see us — that's Stewart Byram."

It was a moment before Burleson found the young man in the crowd at the curb. Then Mark stepped up and began to climb to the top of the bus. Seen in profile thus, his face showed clean-cut and pale. Burleson studied it.

"Did you see him?" Pam asked eagerly.

He nodded. "You say he's Landon's friend?"

"Archie brought him. You remember, don't you?"

Burleson assented, musing. "Yes, I noticed him. I wonder if Landon always knows his friends?" he added dryly.

* * *

He did not hear the girl catch her breath; she gave him a quick sidelong glance from under her dark lashes, and then looked away. She was angry — the blood rushed up to her hair.

"Do you mean you don't like his looks?" she asked after a moment

He turned quickly; he had apparently forgotten her. "I meant nothing of the kind," he replied briefly, "he's extraordinarily like a man I knew once — in profile, that's all. But you say Landon brought him, and he's a Byram?"

"That's what he's called," she was ill at ease. Fosdick's horrid stare came back to her. "Whom does he look like, Uncle?"

They had come now to a corner where some taxis were signaling for fares. He called one and put her in it.

"You go home," he said authoritatively, "I'm going to stop at the club."

But she leaned out, calling to him. "Whom does he look like, Uncle Herbert? I've got to know!"

* * *

He seemed surprised at her persistence; he answered with a shrug, shutting the door on her.

"Look like? Oh, like a dead man!" and he gave his own address to the taxi-driver. The girl, peeping out of the back window at him, felt a ueer tightening about her heart.

"How ill he looks," she thought, "how broken and how old!"

She could not remember that she had ever seen him really happy!

Teddy Banks had been losing money since he won his wager and forced the indignant Landon to pay up. The young man had the habit of losing money, but he had inherited a good deal from those unimportant people whom he called the "Mudbanks." The only difficulty about it was the fact that it was tied up and old Fosdick, that dry-as-dust, crusty old lawyer, had charge of it. Thus it happened that Teddy had to make occasional visits to the lawyer's office and take — usually — a lecture before he got his money. Nevertheless, he got the money, because under his grandfather's will, he had a right to a fairly large income, paid quarterly.

* * *

The day after Pam lunched with Mark happened to be quarter day and Teddy Banks called a taxi and drove down into the swarming street where Fosdick's hive rose imposingly. He found the old lawyer in his usual mood; he looked Teddy over with his lizard eye.

"You've been gambling again," he remarked dryly, "drinking, too, I should imagine from your eyes. Of course you're after money."

"I'm broke," he admitted cheerfully; "stony broke!"

"Humph!' Fosdick began to turn over some papers. He had no valid excuse for holding up the legacy, but he wished he had. He despised the young man heartily, there was nothing in Teddy's make-up that appealed to him. "I suppose you're in debt, too, as usual?" he snapped.

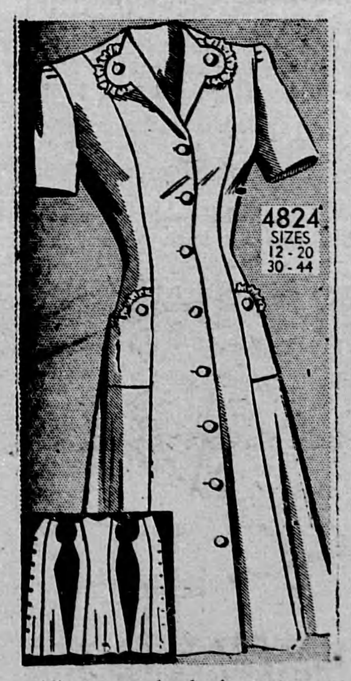
(To Be Continued)

Fancy Wheels

Invest your spare time and very little money in these sheer, lacy doilies of a hundred-and-one uses.

Crocheted doilies you can use as chair-sets, plate doilies, dressesr or buffet sets. Pattern 550 has directions for doilies; stitches.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly pattern number, your name and address.



All-purpose frock in cotton or rayon. Pattern 4824, panel-cut to slim you; button-front to save time and "hair-do," to make ironing easy.

Pattern 4824 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, Size 16 takes 3⅝ yards 35-inch fabric; 1¼ yards lace edging.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St West, Toronto.

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WAR STAMPS .25¢
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"SALADA" TEA

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LAMBLY'S HEADACHE POWDERS 14

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It's grand how Vicks Va-tro-nol clears congestion from nasal passages—gives sinuses a chance to drain. Results are so good because Va-tro-nol is specialized medication that works right where trouble is—to relieve painful congestion and make breathing easier. Try it—put a few drops up each nostril—follow directions in folder.

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