CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

There is one thing that town and country folk alike in England, Europe and the North American continent all have in common these days and that is the weather. We read about it, think about it, talk about it. And do we worry about it! But of course, how much we worry depends upon the extent to which it affects us. When you have friends over in the Old Country and you know that cold stormy weather coupled with a drastic reduction in the supply of coal, gas, and electric power, is bound to create a very serious hardship then how can anyone help but be anxious. As if the people in the British Isles hadn't had enough to put up with during the war.

In Ontario, and right on the farms, the greatest worry is naturally blocked lanes and sideroads. A long lane in summer is an advantage; it keeps the house comparatively free of road dust, but in winter . . . it keeps us free of the baker, the grocery boy, the milk truck, visitors and even peddlers. Bob was determined he was going to keep our lane open during the stormy weather and, by dint of repeated shovellings, he managed pretty well for a few days, although the best he could do was drive in as far as the house and then back all the way out again each time he wanted to go to town. Getting the milk cans and the egg crates to the road is quite a job. First the men tried pushing them down the lane on an improvised sleigh—just a wider platform rigged up on a child's hand sleigh. But tht snow got too deep for it to be of much use. Then we thought a toboggan would be a good idea but of course there wasn't one in town However, in a few days the harware store had come come in, so we got one and found it exactly does the trick. Of course the car is now left at the road gate and as long as the highway is kept open Bob can get back and forth to town, and in that way keep us supplied with the necessities of life.

I shall be glad when it will be possible to lay in supplies in larger quantities like we used to. It is a good thing, in the country, to stock up for the winter. Just think how nice it will be to buy sugar by the 100-pound bag again! R. Print — Feb. 11 — Warmington However, there are some advantages to buying in small quantities. I realised that the other day when I opened a half-pound packet of tea for which I had paid 45 cents. I was sure glad we hadn't got ten pounds of that stuff. Really the taste and smell of that tea was awful and something floated on top of the water that looked like dust. I tried making a second lot and the result was just the same. We simply couldn't drink it—and it was the first time we have ever had that happen.

There didn't seem much sense in taking it back to the store — how could they know what the tea was like? So I looked up the address of the wholesale house and sent the tea back to them. The accompanying letter was not one of complaint, but of inquiry. For one reason I felt sure there had been a slip-up somewhere and that the company would prefer to know about it. After all it was their reputation at stake—all we stood to lose was half a pound of tea.

I wish it were possible, and as easy, to send back the coal we bought last fall! To call it coal is stretching the point. Black chunks of brick and stone would be nearer the mark. About 50 per cent comes out of the ashpan as solid as when it went into the firebox. That is, when it shakes down — and that is our main worry. Very often it doesn't, and the fire has to be let out in order to pry loose the chunks of stoney coal that have wedged themselves between the grates. By the time a person has done a few acrobatic stunts by climbing halfway into the furnace and getting absolutely blackened in the process — tempers are inclined to be a little short and patience at the zero mark.

It will be a great day when the tradespeople and manufacturers are back on a competitive basis.

Well, Bob is back to dinner again so I suppose we shall hear the latest storm news. He is doing an overhaul job to his truck downtown so we don't see very much of him, except at meal-time, when he comes back like a homing pigeon.

Canada's Trade

Canada had a trade of more than four billion dollars last year, nearly half of which was in exports, 40 per cent going to the United Kingdom. We shall thus have a strong argument and an authoritative voice at the trade meetings.

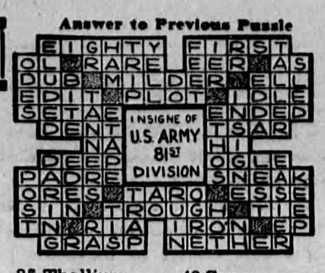
The humming bird's wings, believed to be the fastest moving things in Nature, vibrate 12,000 times per minute.

U. S. Naval Leader

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured commandant U. S. 3rd Naval District, Rear Admiral —— ——
11 Excitement
12 Aid
13 Native metal
14 Duration
16 Per
17 Prevents
18 Crazy
19 Prohibit
20 2000 pounds
23 Ontario (ab.)
26 Solitary
28 He is a high-ranking —— officer
30 Virginia (ab.)
31 Music note
32 Stairs
35 Canvas shelters
38 Lubricant
39 Distress signal
40 Owed
41 Sheep's call
43 Average
45 Exclamation
47 Perambulator
50 Skill
51 Skin opening
53 Measures of cloth
54 He is one of the U. S. Navy's —— ——

VERTICAL
1 Tangle
2 Lyric poem
3 Model
4 On account (ab.)
5 Recede
6 Lock opener
7 And (Latin)
8 Lend
9 Make a mistake
10 Affirmative
15 Man
17 Stable
20 Tantalum (symbol)
21 Oleum (ab.)
22 New
23 Stove part (pl.)
24 Sodium (symbol)
25 Thallium (symbol)
27 Short sleep
29 Exist
32 Therefore
33 Palm lily
34 Shock
35 Snare
36 Toward
37 Steamship (ab.)
40 Facts
42 Space
43 Spoil
44 Before
45 Coal scuttle
46 Provide with weapons
48 Every
49 Manuscripts (ab.)
51 Father
52 East Indies (ab.)

Answer to Previous Puzzle



TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

A card on my desk says: "Don't wait until you're a man to be great —be a great boy". How long did Bell, Edison and Marconi wait? I suppose it means that if you do a real job of being good as a boy, you are on the way to being a great man. Many a man is great who has never been heard of other than by his next-door neighbors. Well anyway, I never expect to be a Bell, Edison or Marconi, but I will try and be good—that should help a little.

* * *

By the time you read this, the best part of the winter will be over except for the odd cold and blustery day. I hope you made the most of the snow we had a few weeks ago and got lots of skiing in. Susie and I were out every chance we had and still remain intact,—the latter being due to luck.

Some of the teeners seem to be down in the mouth because of the fact that a number of the name bands are splitting up and reorganizing into five and six piece outfits. Harry James, Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Spivak and Charlie Barnett are among the big names that are cutting down the number of men in their orchestras. They claim it costs too much to carry fifteen men and that a small unit can dish it out just as hot and as good. Time will tell on that score.

* * *

Have you noticed how many pictures are appearing these days, marked, "Adult Entertainment"? As far as we are concerned the pictures of late have a very disagreeable odour to them. The last five shows I've seen have been morbid, unpleasant things running along with a thread of a story to them. Who cares a hoot about jealous husbands, fickle babes and characters who are a little too heavy on one side of the bean? Where are the Minivers, the Hardy family, Tugboat Annie and the rest of the characters we used to go and see for a laugh and a sigh?

While on the subject of films, there is one that is currently reviewed as the best picture that will be out this year. It is Samuel Goldwyn's, "The Best Years of Our Lives" and deals with a family re-adjusting itself after the war. The picture carries a distinguished cast and we'll review it as soon as possible. It should hit Canada soon.

* * *

Today's column should have a heading on it titled "Beef Day", because that is about all we've done so far. We might as well get everything off our chest at once and then maybe we'll feel better.

We would be very pleased—

If coffee would come back to five cents a cup.

If the more popular makes of sweaters would come down to a reasonable price.

If only one store had one shirt our size.

If pop would stop watching the mileage of the car so closely.

If I could sleep in on Sunday mornings.

If Jane Russel lived next door.

If popular records were five for a dollar.

If I could smoke a pipe without getting sick.

If cars were made in boy's sizes, at boy's prices,

If Susie could sing like Deanna Durbin.

If the editor would give me a raise—he probably will,

If a good minstrel show would play our town.

If we go to the cottage this summer.

* * *

Well, it is plain to see that it wouldn't take much to please me this week, Ol' Sour-puss Murkar they call me. Well, I feel much better now and so will close this little beef chat and go home and take the ashes out of the furnace. Oh yes, I could add to that list: If I didn't have to take the ashes out on Saturdays, and if the Junior member of the family would quit wearing my socks.

Be back next week in a better frame of mind. Until then, remember, don't wait until you've grown up to be great —be great while you're young.

ROOMS BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED $1.50 up

HOTEL METROPOLE
NIAGARA FALLS
OPP. — G.N.R STATION

. . . TABLE TALKS . . .

Hot Off The Griddle

With Lent approaching many homemakers all across Canada are wishing for new ideas for meatless dishes. This brings up the subject of pancakes and waffles as main dishes, thus adding variety to the fish, egg, cheese, cereal or vegetable dishes usually on the menus for meatless days.

Buckwheat pancakes or galettes are browned only on one side. When the top surface is dry they are lifted from the pan, lightly spread with butter, rolled and served hot. Each person dips his galette in either molasses, maple or corn syrup. Many people like some brown sugar spread on the galette before it is rolled thus eliminating the dipping in syrup.

The home economists of the Consumer Section of the Dominion Department of Agriculture suggest these recipes for pancakes.

Buckwheat Pancakes
- 5 cups buckwheat flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 2 cups cold water

Mix together buckwheat flour, salt and baking soda. Gradually add cold water and beat until smooth. Heat heavy frying pan, and drop a large spoonful of pancake mixture in pan, spreading the mixture with the spoon to make a pancake of about 4" by 6". Cook until all traces of whitish uncooked batter have disappeared. Lift from pan, spread with butter, roll and dip in molasses. Six servings, allowing 3 to 4 pancakes per person.

Pancakes (French Style)
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- Dash of salt
- 1½ cups milk
- 1½ cups water
- Fat for frying

Beat eggs well. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with milk and water to the eggs. Beat until smooth. Heat heavy frying pan, add a little fat and pour in about 3 tablespoonfuls of the pancake mixture. Tilt the frying pan quickly from side to side to spread the mixture so that it almost covers the pan and makes the pancake very thin and lacy. When under side is golden brown and edges crisp, turn pancake and brown other side. Six servings, allowing 3 to 4 packages, 6" in diameter, per person.

Note: These pancakes should be very thin, crisp and irregular in shape. Serve them flat or rolled with maple syrup, molasses or corn syrup.

Turnip Pancakes
- 1 cup pastry flour
- OR
- 1 cup less 2 tbsp. all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1½ teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon ground ginger
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup cooked, mashed turnip
- 1 tablespoon molasses
- 2 tablespoons melted fat

Sift together the dry ingredients. Beat eggs slightly, add the milk, mashed turnip, molasses and melted fat. Add liquid mixture to dry ingredients and blend well. Drop by spoonfuls onto a hot greased, heavy frying pan and cook until brown on bottom, and top is peppered with bubbles. Turn. Yield: 10 pancakes 3 ½" in diameter.

The Better Way

Bumptious little Albania is being hauled before the United Nations Security Council, on British charges, for mining an international channel and causing the death of British sailors, injury to British ships. In the bad old days a British cruiser would have taken the matter in hand long ago, and a well-spanked Albania would have subsided.

—Ottawa Journal.

Victory Clubs

A £1,000,000 Victory Club for ex-servicemen and women will be opened in London's West End in the late spring in premises previously used as an American Red Cross Club.

ENJOYED BY MORE families than any other brand of coffee in the world . . . that's Maxwell House. Because of its *extra* flavor it's *always* "Good to the Last Drop!"

WHY SUFFER FROM HEAD-ACHES -COLDS GRIPPE, PERIODIC PAINS
When You Can Have Glorious Relief
IN 7 MINUTES WITH
BUCKLEY'S CINNAMATED CAPSULES

"I fought off a pack of hungry shoppers to bag this package of crisp, crunchy, delicious Grape-Nuts Flakes!"

"Bravo, Sir Archibald! And I'd believe you if you said you fought through a jungle full of lions for that malty-rich, sweet-as-a-nut flavor of Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes!"

"And of course, Gentlemen, we must remember that Grape-Nuts Flakes are not only marvellously delicious—they supply carbohydrates for energy; proteins for muscle; phosphorus for teeth and bones; iron for the blood; and other food essentials."

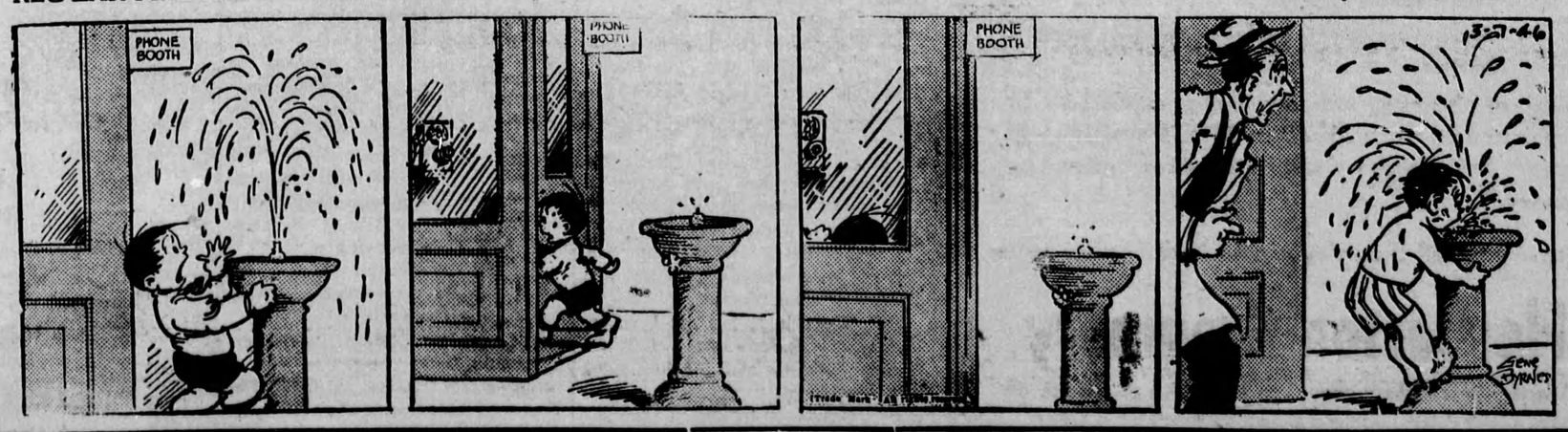
"Those two golden grains wheat and malted barley are combined in Grape-Nuts Flakes. They're specially blended, baked and toasted for flavor, crispness, easy digestion."

"Let us repair to the breakfast room and shoot a giant economy package."

Take my WORD for it!

Have you got it? The word is *Brisk* . . . B-R-I-S-K . . . as in Lipton's Tea. Yes, Lipton's Tea is *brisk* tasting . . . so fresh, lively and full-bodied . . . so tangy and satisfying . . . you'll never again be content with less. Change now to *brisk* tasting Lipton's Tea.

Brisk tasting LIPTON'S TEA

REG'LAR FELLERS — Showers Included

By GENE BYRNES