CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

There is an oldish lady in town whose birthday I try to remember. It falls on April 10. Before that day came around this year, instead of sending a card, I took her a bunch of daffodils and narcissi, which I had picked from our own garden. This year—what a difference! With the first green shoots only now just about a couple of inches above the ground it will be sometime yet before we can pick a bouquet of spring flowers. "But the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la—have nothing to do with the case"—it is clearly a matter for the weatherman.

* * *

After all, it is not only the flowers that are backward. It was actually April 11 before we heard the swamp frogs singing—and according to the old saying, the frogs must be shut up three times before we can really look for spring. But it will get here—you'll see—that is if we wait long enough. The robins think so anyway. There are two of them making a nest somewhere near the house—I am not quite sure where yet — but every time I look out I see one and sometimes two cheery little redbreasts hopping around or calling back and forth to each other from adjacent tree tops. Yes, the birds and the beasts are surely getting their own variety of spring fever. One day last week as I set out for town three blue heron flew up from the creek near the road. I watched them as they winged their way over towards the bush and then, to my surprise, one of them landed while the other two half circled and flew on towards town. I wondered why they parted company. Could it be that one of them was a hen-bird and was being escorted to a place of safety by her two gentlemen friends or was the one just a young bird and not considered old enough for distant hunting grounds. Again it may have been she had a few chores to do at home and went back to get on with them. One thing I did discover — watching herons isn't exactly a good policy when one is driving and the road is full of bumps and pot-holes. I dropped into one hole so hard it was a wonder the springs survived.

* * *

And here is yet another sign of spring. It is the time of annual meetings. Last week was our Women's Institute Annual. Oh blessed event — how we look forward to it! Sounds rather as if I were referring to an expected birth in the neighbourhood, doesn't it? Maybe I am not too far out at that—certainly both can sometimes be described as painful long drawn out affairs! However, from now on it is our annual meeting to which I am referring. For some unknown reason I was put in as chairman for the election of officers. "Good grief," I thought to myself, "how am I going to make these women say 'yes'!" You know how it is—someone says "Oh no, I couldn't possibly do that!"—and then that negative attitude spreads like a prairie fire, and, like a prairie fire there is nothing left in its wake. However, on this occasion, except for a few bad moments at the beginning we got along all rght. One officer told me afterwards that I just rail-roaded the ladies into their jobs. Which of course was just a lot of nonsense—they were just good sports, that was all. After all, you can't railroad a woman into doing anything if she isn't so inclined. Of course the women eventually turned the tables on me so that I ended up with a convenorship myself—which the W.I. may yet live to regret. What do you think, Mrs. H.?

* * *

At this point I paused to go down for the mail—and to look for more signs of spring. I found our daily paper, a magazine and a receipted account . That was all—no fan mail this morning, much to my disappointment. I like my fan mail. By the way, "M. J. H.," thanks very much for the papers. It was nice of you to send them and I was also glad to get your letter. "Mrs. N. P.," you may be interested to know that I received a letter from a friend of mine last week whom I have always encouraged to write and now is meeting with some success. In fact one magazine to which she sent a short story suggested that she try her hand at writing a book. So that is just what she is doing. "W. G.", please don't think I have forgotten to answer your letter or that it in any way offended me The fact is it contained so much food for thought I wanted to take my time in answering it—and I still look forward to that pleasure.

By the way I didn't find any more signs of spring on my way for the mail—in fact when I got back to the house my first thought was to put another chunk of wood on the furnace.

TABLE TALKS

... The Lunch Box ...

The spotlight has been turned on the school lunch box. Too often it has been found unattractive, unappetizing, and above all to be lacking in those foods, recommended by Canada's Food rules which are necessary to build healthy, virile bodies.

To overcome these deficiencies, many communities have inaugurated school lunch projects, with great success. The homemaker has learned the necessity of packing lunches, which are good to look at, good to eat and "good for her child". Through this medium, the child has also acquired proper eating habits.

To pack really good lunches day after day is a big task for the homemaker. It requires plenty of planning, particularly at this time of the year to give that needed variety. The home economists, Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, have a few suggestions though which will simplify your work.

* * *

Plan a lunch box preparation centre in your kitchen. Store all canned and staple foods, also equipment required at this point.

Plan lunches for the next day when planning and preparing the day's meals. This makes possible the preparation of lunch foods while cooking other meals.

Sandwich fillings should be mixed the night before and stored in a cool place. Several fillings may be made from one base—such as with a cheese base vary the flavour with relishes, jellies or hard-cooked eggs.

Use fillings that will not soak the bread and do not allow them to run over the edge.

A variety of breads or quick breads add interest to the lunch box.

Wrap in waxed paper all foods not packed in covered containers.

Desserts such as baked custard and fruit gelatine may be packed in the custard cup in which they are baked or molded.

Put salads, creamed or scalloped dishes in a screw top jar.

To give added interest and variety slip in a few tid bits from time to time—such as candies, nuts, raisins, dates, or a wedge of cheese.

Be sure to serve raw, either a fruit or vegetable each day to provide something fresh and crisp

Mock Chicken Spread

- 1 cup coarsely ground cooked pork or veal
- ½ cup chopped or shredded raw carrotts
- ½ cup chopped celery
- 2 tablespoons sweet pickle relish
- 3 tablespoons mayonnaise
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper

Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Yield: 1¾ cups.

Baked Bean Salad

- 2 cups baked beans
- ½ cup diced cooked beets
- 2 stalks celery, chopped
- 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle
- 1 tablespoon catsup
- Boiled salad dressing to moisten

Mix lightly together and serve well chilled in lettuce cups. Serves five to six.

Sour Milk Gingerbread

- ½ cup mild-flavored fat
- 2 eggs
- 2/3 cup sugar
- ½ cup molasses
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 ¼ cups sifted pastry flour
- 2 teaspoons baking soda
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon allspice
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sour milk

Cream fat until fluffy; gradually cream in sugar. Add beaten eggs and molasses and beat well. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with sour milk, combining lightly. Bake in moderately slow oven, 325 deg. F. 50 to 55 minutes. Makes gingerbread 8 x 8 x 2½ inches.

School Days

Junior came home from school after the third day thoroughly disgusted and declared that he wouldn't go back. Mother, troubled, questioned him about the cause of his displeasure.

"Well," declared he, "I don't know how to read and write and they won't let me talk, so what's the use in going?"

Governor

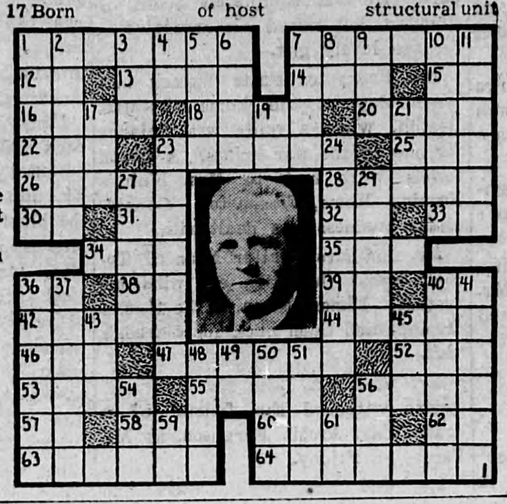
Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1,7 Pictured governor
12 Cloth measure
13 Notion
14 Silkworm
15 Bone
16 Skin
18 Assistant
20 Native of Latvia
22 Fish
23 Annex
25 Scottish sheepfold
26 Requires
28 Silly
30 Natural power
31 He —— governor of South Dakota
32 Proceed
33 Symbol for thulium
34 African antelope
35 Steal
36 Epistle (ab.)
38 Print measure
39 Electrical unit
40 Street (ab.)
42 Clear space in a forest
44 Cut
46 Crimson
47 Sensibilities
52 Dined
53 Facility
55 Meat
56 Girl's name
57 Tasto solo (ab.)
58 Lixivium
60 Pertaining to laity
62 Lieutenant (ab.)
63 Searcher
64 Lasts

VERTICAL

1 Kind of sheep
2 Ignored
3 Disencumber
4 Editor (ab.)
5 Conduct
6 Prostrated
7 Observed
8 Hour (ab.)
9 Be indisposed
10 Puissant
11 Revere
17 Born
19 From
21 Age
23 Claims
24 Deviate
27 Ate
29 Hangman's knot
36 Herons
37 Gratify
40 Colonize
41 Plays the part of host
43 Paid notices
45 Tun
48 Constantly
49 Compass point
50 Transaction
51 Ardor
54 Wapiti
56 Small shield
59 Biblical pronoun
61 Hypothetical structural unit



TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

I think it was George Bernard Shaw who said that a woman's tears are the Salt of the Earth. How true, how true. He might have added that when woman pulls the act of the flushed eyeballs, it sends most men, even the tough ones scurrying under the veranada. And this little introduction takes us into another story.

"What are you doing tomorrow night?" asked Susie over the phone.

"Going fishing."

"Can I come?" asked the voice at the other end.

"No, you'll fall in and anyway, women are only in the way."

The sound of soft sobbing, trickled over the line. I weakened fast.

"Do you really want to go?"

"Yes, Barry, and I won't be in the way, honest. I'll bring some sandwiches and some cokes."

"Okay, I'll pick you up at seven."

* * *

It was getting dark the next evening as we started down through the bush, following a small stream. Susie carried the lunch and I played the flashlight on the water. It was quiet and long lines of moonlight played through the openings in the branches over our heads. Suddenly I jabbed into the water. There was a splash.

"Missed him," I groaned. We moved along a little farther. Susie walked behind, not saying a word.

An hour later we had seven fish in the basket.

"Gosh I'm hungry," said Susie. "let's stop and have lunch."

"Just wait until we get up a little farther and then we'll quit," I replied.

"What's that?" asked Susie, pointing to a tiny light, playing back and forth through the trees up ahead.

"Yipe'," I gulped. "Game wardens, let's make dust." We scrambled along the edge of the stream. "Don't fall in now, whatever you do," I called over my shoulder.

* * *

We fell over logs and crawled through underbrush. There was a steep bank on our left and the stream on our right.

"There's a log up here somewhere," I whispered, "we can cross there and cut through the bush on the other side of them."

The light was coming closer and the voices of two men carried through the cool night air.

"Here it is, you cross over first. Give me the light and I'll shine it on the log."

Susie stepped gingerly across not making a sound. When she reached the other side I tossed the light across. Grabbing our equipment, I stepped out on the log.

"Hey you, wait a minute," roared a deep voice from behind me.

"Jeepers," I yelled, slipped and fell into five feet of ice cold water. My heavy boots pulled me completely under for a moment. I reached up through the water and felt a hand. It pulled and I came with it. Opening my eyes, I looked into the face of a man wearing a hat with a badge that plainly said —Game Warden.

"This way you dope," shrieked Susie. I turned and lunged back across the stream, stumbled up the bank and we headed through the bush as hard as we could go. A crashing of broken twigs and underbrush followed us a short distance and was lost.

* * *

Up at the far end of the bush we fell on the ground, panting and exhausted. Soon my teeth were chattering.

"I'll get a fire going," offered Susie and try to get you warmed up. In a few moments, my clothes we're steaming from the heat and Susie was stuffing warm sandwiches in my mouth. We trudged home, tired, without our equipment and our seven fish.

To make the night complete, pop had gone off to bed and locked the door. As Susie turned and headed for her house, she called out: "I don't think I'll take you fishing again. You get in the way and you fail in."

"Huh," I grunted, "some people think they're mighty smart."

"What happened to you?" asked pop as he opened the door, letting the light fall on a drowned rat. As if he didn't know.

"Fishing, bah! Women, bah! Game Wardens, bah." I growled and headed for bed without answering him.

Giveaway

"Dogs are a terrible nuisance, Mrs. Biggs."

"Oh, you don't have any either, Mrs. Diggs.

How to Combat RHEUMATIC PAIN

Rheumatic pains may often be caused by excess uric acid, a blood impurity that should be extracted by the kidneys. If kidneys fail, and excess uric acid remains, it may cause severe discomfort and pain. Treat rheumatic pains by keeping your kidneys in good condition. Get and use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's help your kidneys get rid of trouble-making poisons and excess acids—help you feel better. See what Dodd's can do for you. 137

Oh, To Be In England . . .

Oh, to be in England, now that April's here . . .

"Package of cigarettes, please?"

"Sorry, sir. None 'till Thursday."

Oh, to be in England, now that April's . . .

"A friend of my husband's just got a new car—and we'll be on the waiting list for at least two years."

"You have to be an American to get anything in this country."

"Oh, to be in England, now that . . .

"Will you leave me the Daily Bugle hereafter, please, instead of the Daily Clarion?"

"Sorry, sir, if you discontinue the Bugle we can't serve you at all. We're not allowing any changes because of the staff shortage."

Oh, to be in . . .

"Package from America for you, miss. With the duty and purchase tax, that'll be two pounds ten (10 dollars)."

Oh, to be in England, now . .

"I know it's chilly darling, but there's no use fiddling with that electric fire. The power doesn't come on until four o'clock."

Oh, to be in England . . .

"Yes, I can renew your ration book — but you have lost three months' clothing coupons by coming in late for your renewal."

"Oh, to be . . .

"Let's see. I'll have the soup, the roast beef—"

"Beef's gone. I'll see if there's a portion of fish left."

Oh, to . . .

Oh . . .

Britons Must Stay at Home

About a million British people would like to take a sea voyage, but they won't be able to for an indefinite period, writes J. F. A. Frost in the London Daily Telegraph. The reason: ships requisitioned by the Government during the war haven't been all turned back to owners; those that have been returned aren't ready for service yet or are being held up by fuel shortages. Britons will stay home.

An editorial approves the order allowing British and American firms now to import German goods. It says such a lifting of restrictions is good because any increase in German exports, which will help to pay for imports of goods, will reduce the burden on the British taxpayer.

Carrier Pigeons Replace Telephone

Few men are less concerned about a telephone strike than Howard Ackerman, a mechanic, because: (1) He uses carrier pigeons to communicate with his wife and (2) he doesn't have a telephone anyway.

Mr. Ackerman frequently takes to his work at the Todd Shipyards in Brooklyn, N.Y., a few of the 20 pigeons he keeps in the backyard of his Queens home. They can make the six-mile flight home in 10 minutes, with any messages Mr. Ackerman might wish to send.

"I can tell my wife, Mabel, when I'll be home, what to have for supper—things like that," Mr. Ackerman told a reporter.

The mechanic likes to take birds along on trips out of town, too.

Encore

A concert was being held in a village schoolroom, and it was Sandy's turn to give his bagpipe solo. When he had finished and the applause had died down, a voice from the back shouted: "Give us 'Annie Laurie,' Sandy!"

"What!" asked Sandy, surprised and flattered, "again?"

BOILS

Poultices of Mecca relieve pain, bring out core heals quickly, no scar. 25c, 35c, 50c, $1.00.

"MECCA" OINTMENT

Says Rheumatic Pain Runs in her Family

But Safeguards Health With Kruschen

Many people seem to think, because a complaint runs in the family, that there is little they can do about it. On the contrary, all the more reason for taking steps to avoid it. Especially if that complaint is rheumatic pain. Read how one woman keeps free from it:—

"Rheumatic pain runs in my family. My father suffered very badly with it. I have been taking Kruschen Salts, off and on, for about seven years, a little morning dose, in my first cup of tea. Kruschen is a great help in keeping rheumatic pain out of my shoulders. My general health is very good. I am 57 and can do a day's work with anyone. I would not be without Kruschen."—(Mrs.) A.B.S.

The whole secret of Kruschen is in its action upon the organs of elimination. Kruschen helps these organs to remove from the body the acid deposits which give rise to rheumatic pain. So try the morning dose of Kruschen for the next month or so. For rheumatic pain, take half to one teaspoonful in hot water first thing in the morning. Two sizes: 25c and 75c at your drug store.

Lemon Pie-m-m-m!

Sure it's delicious, when you make it with Canada Corn Starch and it will be a favourite with the whole family.

The quality of Canada Corn Starch is the reason for its popularity with housewives from Coast to Coast. When your recipe calls for Corn Starch be sure to use Canada Corn Starch, its dependable quality ensures excellent results.

Also Manufacturers of Crown Brand Corn Syrup CCS

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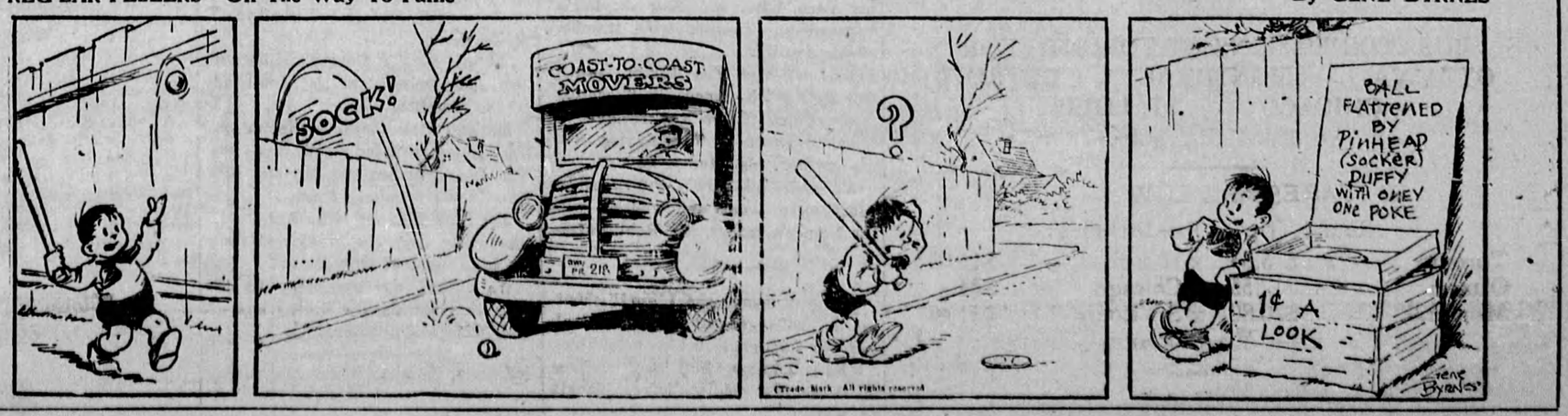
REG'LAR FELLERS—On The Way To Fame By GENE BYRNES