CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Well, farm work is still practically at a standstill because of wet weather. That is, field work. There is still plenty of work at the barn — don't ever think there isn't. Partner calls it his "nursery", and it certainly looks like it with six little calves running around at feeding time. That is the way I like to see calves—playing like so many puppies. They are not quite so happy before they visit their mothers, in fact you would think all Bedlam was on the rampage what with the bleating of the calves and the bawling of the cows. To make one's voice heard above the din is impossible; if we have anything to say to one another we have t ouse the sign language.

* * *

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday were my extra busy days last week. Tuesday our W.I. catered for a lucheon at which entrance class students representing every school in the county were guests of the County Council. This is an annual event.

* * *

Thursday was a still bigger day. It was the day of our W.I. District Annual, and a little special because of it being the 50th Anniversary in Canada. Our branch was hostess to the other twenty branches in the county so you can imagine we had plenty to do. It was a lovely day—not too hot—and we had a record attendance It is nice to see rural women so interested in such a worthwhile organization, and in these county affairs, the women get together and meet old friends and acquaintances whom they have not seen since the last District Annual and might not see again for dear knows how long if it were not for the D.A.

Miss Anna P. Lewis, our new provincial superintendent, was there in person and we found her a very likable and easy to talk to sort of person. In the afternoon we were just one happy family out for a little fun—and we certainly had it. About a dozen of the women staged a W.I. meeting of by-gone days with all the members attired in old-fashioned costumes. There was also a dress parade in costume The audience was just about convulsed with laughter at different times. Some of the women not only dressed the part, they acted it too.

I thought as I watched them the art of dramatization isn't dead after all, but it has certainly been dormant an awfully long time. One young woman, wearing a red silk dress and the most demure expression imaginable, yet managed to surreptitiously lift the front of her floor length gown thereby revealing a fine pair of legs clad in knitted white silk stockings! The audience literally howled, but if it hadn't been for the girl's innocent expression it would not have been nearly so funny. She looked very like pictures of Queen Victoria in her younger days.

* * *

At four o'clock we had afternoon tea—there were about two hundred of us—and Miss Lewis and the president and immediate past presidents of the district were in the receiving line, greeting each guest individually. Around five o'clock the whole affair was over, seach of us going our separate way; home to the chores at the farm; or to a house in town; in any case back to our men and families—"to each his own" but all of us, I think, were far more relaxed than when we came and very well content that we had taken time from our daily duties to attend the W.I.D.A.—it is so very easy to think we haven't time for social life of this kind. But country women need it — countrywomen especially.

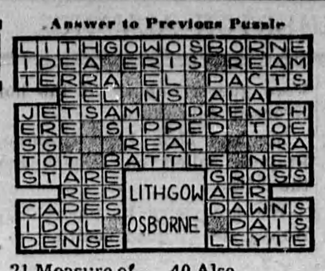
* * *

And now we come to Saturday—and this really concerns Ginger Farm. If you have followed this column lately you will know that we have been on the hunt for a really good car at a reasonable price.

We had heard of and looked at several but none that we thought worth buying—not at the outrageous prices that were being asked. But on Saturday a car was sent up for us to try out. With me, when I saw it, it was a case of love at first sight! It was just such a car as I had hoped for — good tires, nice appearance and easy to handle. Partner and I left Bob to worry about the mechanical end of things and I think he examined every bolt and bearing before he got through. Then we took the car out on the road and to my ears it just purred along. We were quite satisfied, and now the car is ours. It is a coach with a trunk at the back which will just take a crate of eggs nicely. At first I was scared to drive it—all the do-dads on the dashboard confused me. But as soon as I learned how to handle it I found it far easier to drive than our old jalopy. Now if only I had the time and lots of free gas would I get in that car and go places!

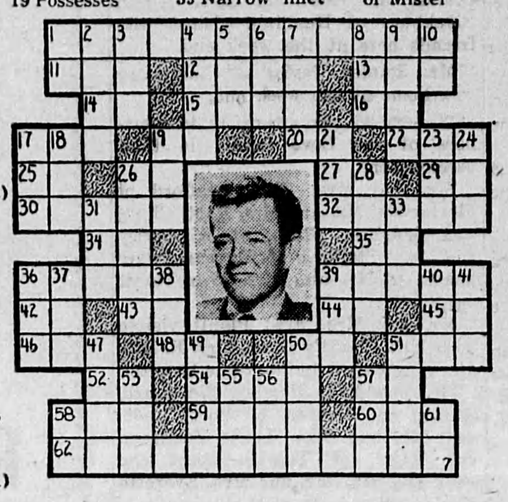
Movie Actor

Answer to Previous Puzzle



HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured movie actor,
11 Lyric poem
12 Verbal
13 Evening before
14 Alleged force
15 Transgressions
16 Biblical pronoun
17 Spoil
19 Him
20 Either
22 Negative word
25 Paid notice
26 Tantalum (symbol)
27 Upon
29 Toward
30 Portals
32 Station
34 Us
35 Virginia (ab.)
36 Sugary
39 Leases
42 Electrical engineer (ab.)
43 Therefore
44 Iridium (symbol)
45 Exclamation
46 Greek letter
48 Place (ab.)
50 Rough lava
51 Pedal digit
52 Sodium (symbol)
54 Frosts a cake
57 Measure of area
58 Et cetera (ab.)
59 Simplicity
60 Edge
62 He is a motion

VERTICAL
1 International language
2 Smell
3 Sleeping furniture
4 Flower
5 Three (comb. form)
6 Pale
7 Too
8 Lock opener
9 Smooth
10 Musical note
17 Crazy
18 Excitement
19 Possesses
21 Measure of length
23 Indian
24 Infant
26 Woody plants
28 At no time
31 Be indebted
33 Kitchen utensil
36 Observe
37 Moist
38 Uppermost part
39 Narrow inlet
40 Also
41 Her
47 Against
49 Place
50 On the ocean
51 Group of three
53 Account (ab.)
55 Vehicle
56 Compass point
57 Skill
58 Epistle (ab.)
61 Written form of Mister



TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

There has been a lot of advice spread around about marriage, and ew note that this is the time of year that the journals usually try to help the prospective bridal couple out with a lot of do's and dont's. One thing the writers fail to mention is who handles the dough. Susie and I were arguing the other night about this when the young couple who were sitting behind us in the restaurant got up to pay the bill. She opened a wallet and handed him the money to do the honours. The clerk handed back the change to the man and then he handed it to the wife. Susie won her point.

* * *

It seems to me that the government or somebody was putting the pressure on prices during the war. Most things are sky-high yet, but last week we went in to a store to buy some sport shirts. The counter had a pile of those heavy jobs we used to see during the winter at $10.50. After Christmas they went down to $7.50 and we bought them at this store for $4.50. If that store could cut the price down $6.00, there was a neat profit in it for someone. And yet merchants are beefing because the prices are going up. Who is trying to fool who?

* * *

That gal Linda they're singing about 24 hours a day on the radio is going to lose her popularity soon —we hope. Maybe by the time you read this she will have gone somewhere. While on the subject of recordings, we predict that a lot of you will be buying Frankie Lane recordings before long. CKEY's Make-Believe Ballroom is giving him plenty of publicity. Mr. Lane is a Hollywood product, but he has something that is different. His waxing of "The Sunny Side of the Street" is worth a listen-to.

* * *

Sunday afternoon we tried to communicate with nature—all because it was so warm out. Susie and I went for a walk down by the old mill stream. I went too close to the edge and sank in mud over my ankles and Susie put about four runs in her new stockings. But nature is nice anyway.

* * *

Summer must be on the way. Kites, hoops and marbles are making their appearances with the real young set and that's a sure sign. Teeners are worrying about final exams and that's another sign. The teen-twenties are making life plans and that's another. Stores are featuring bathing suits and brother that does it. They talk in shocked tones about the scanties that women don as beach apparel, but some of the wide neckties they are selling to the men this year for the purpose of bathing have nothing on the women.

* * *

Susie and I saved our nickels and dimes and went dancing at Toronto's Casa Loma last week as a special treat. Friends went with us and we had a lovely time, but I was disappointed in one thing. We traded our old sport jacket in on a new job at Mike's Used Clothing and before we had been in the castle four minutes and 20 seconds, five of the same brand marched by. Mike will have to take back his sales talk. He said it was the only one of its kind in exitsence.

* * *

L'il Arthur King, the tanned young boxer from Toronto is making a name for himself—in fact he's already made it. We read the sport pages, but know little of his history. Maybe we can induce Frank Mann Harris to send us some details for a spotlight, as we think this colorful litle fighter deserves more credit than he gets. Especially in comparison with some of those freak wrestlers that seem to find little trouble in getting themselves draped over two columns of space every other day.

* * *

It's a funny thing about this writing business. When I sat down to write this column, I had every intention of telling you about the troubles Susie and I had trying to hang wall paper. It's a laugh now, but at the time it was a fat pain in the neck. Well, my space is gone and I haven't mentioned it. Oh, well you probably are in the middle of just such a job and wouldn't appreciate such a yarn anyway.

Papa Kiwi Looks After the Babies

In a letter written from New Zealand to a small child in England some new details about that almost extinct oddity the kiwi, are related. Thus: "Last week I was in Hastings and I saw three kiwis, father, mother and son . . . A kiwi mother weighs about 5 lbs., but lays an egg 1 lb. in weight. A white Leghorn hen weighs 5 lbs. but lays an egg which is only 2 ounces in weight. When the egg hatches, father kiwi looks after the chick and won't let mother have anything to do with it . . Kiwis have a long beak, as you know, and right at the end of it are the two nostrils. At the other end—near the eyes—are whiskers like a cat's. The birds are practically blind in daylight and only come out at night. That is the story of the kiwi, one of the strangest birds in the world."

"What do you suppose Admiral Byrd and his crew learned on their polar expedition?" asked the teacher.

"They learned," replied the sober little lady in the first seat of the second row, "that penguins make good house pets."

Do you suffer distress of MONTHLY FEMALE WEAKNESS?

This fine medicine is *very effective* to relieve pain, nervous distress and weak, cranky, "dragged out" feelings, of such days—when due to female functional monthly disturbances. *Worth trying!*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

. . . TABLE TALKS . . .

-- Milk Desserts --

Milk is a food and not a beverage. In fact it is one of the most valuable foods, particularly for children. No other food can be substituted for milk without disastrous results. It gives the proper balance to the menu and helps to correct the deficiencies of the average modern diet It is the soundest foundation on which to build wholesome meals for the whole family.

Cooking with milk is an easy way of meeting the family's daily requirements. This can be accomplished by serving milk soups, cream sauces, casserole dishes, custards, puddings, ice cream or flavoured milk beverages.

The home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture offer a few of their favorite milk dessert recipes, which will prove the delight of all members of the family both young and old.

Butterscotch Sponge

1 pkg. gelatin
¼ cup cold water
½ cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
1¾ cups hot milk
2 egg yolks
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar

Soak gelatine in cold water for 5 mins. Caramelize the sugar and butter. Add the hot milk and stir until caramel mixture is dissolved. Add a little of the hot mixture to the beaten egg yolks and return to the first mixture. Cook until smooth, but do not boil. Add soaked gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add flavouring and chill until partially set. Beat egg whites with salt until stiff and gradually add the two tablespoons sugar continuing to beat until mixture will form peaks. Fold meringue into partially set mixture and pour into slightly greased moulds. Chill until firm and serve with plain or whipped cream. Six servings.

Banana-Rhubarb Pudding

4 cups rhubarb, cut in ½" pieces
⅓ cup sugar
3 bananas, sliced
1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
2 cups milk
3 egges, slightly beaten
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine rhubarb with sugar and let stand 10 minutes. Add bananas and mix well. In a large greased baking dish, place a layer of fruit and sprinkle with one-half the bread crumbs. Cover with remaining fruit and top with remaining crumbs. Combine the milk, eggs, sugar, salt and vanilla and pour over fruit. Oven-poach in a moderate oven, 350 deg. F., for 1 hour. Eight servings.

Mint Bavarian

4 teaspoons gelatin
¼ cup cold water
2 cups milk
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1-2 drops oil of peppermint
few drops green vegetable -colouring
½ cup whipping cream

Soak gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes. Scald milk, add sugar and salt. Add soaked gelatin and stir until dissolved. Cool slightly, add flavouring and green vegetable colouring. Chill mixture until partially set, then fold in cream, which has been whipped until stiff. Line slightly greased mould with chocolate cookies or thinly sliced chocolate cake and pour pudding mixture over. Chill until firm. Six servings.

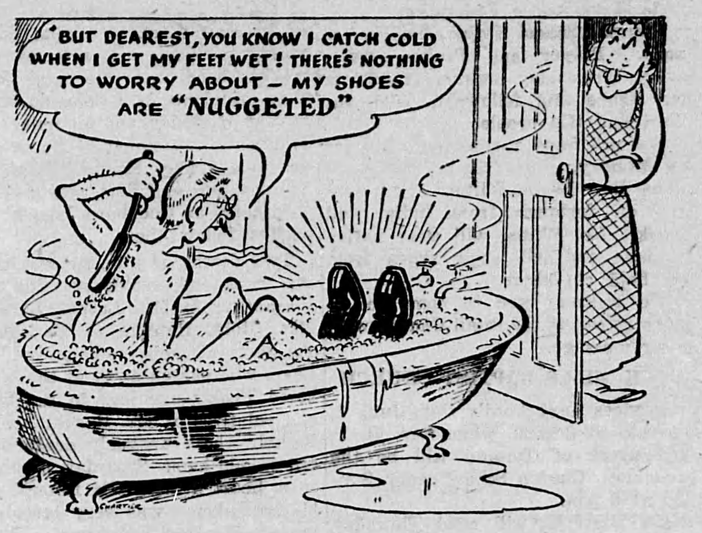
We always have two reasons for doing things, a good reason and the real reason. —Brandon Sun.

A Tired Woman's Epitaph

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired.
For she lived in a house where help wasn't hired:
Her last words on earth were:
"Dear friends, I am going
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing
And everything there will be just to my wishes,
For where they don't eat, there's no washing dishes;
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But having no voice I'll get clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,
For I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.

It is better to have dents in your automobile fender than in your reputation. —Guelph Mercury.

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!"



"NUGGET" GIVES A BRIGHT, LASTING SHINE—THAT REALLY *WATERPROOFS* YOUR SHOES.

NUGGET SHOE POLISH

ONLY LIPTON'S BRISK-TASTING TEA GIVES YOU THAT FLAVOR-LIFT

● Yes, it's really exhilarating—that delightful FLAVOR-LIFT you get with *Lipton's* Tea! It's a grand combination of rich, full-bodied tea flavor—plus a *lift* that just makes you feel good all over. And only *Lipton's* Tea gives you this FLAVOR-LIFT . . . because it's the *blend* that makes *Lipton's*—and *Lipton's* who make the blend. Try Lipton's the next time. Ask for it at your grocer's today!

REG'LAR FELLERS—Slight Change — BY GENE BYRNES