CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

So this is June! Cold, wet overhead, and even wetter under foot. Storm windows still on and the only comfortable room in the house the kitchen—that is unless the furnace is alight, as it often is when I get tired of being cold and can summon up enough energy to gather wood and chips for quick heating without wasting good fuel. Partner says he is looking forward to winter so he can be warm in the house without feeling it an extravagance to burn good fuel.

Of course there have been days when a few bright rays of sunshine have penetrated the leaden skies and we have been foolish enough to get optimistic—"Ah, it has come at last," we say, "that bright, warm weather we have been waiting for!" And we feel still more cheerful when we listen to the probs, as told by Ananias, the weatherman. We hear him say—"Tomorrow, clear and warm." And "tomorrow" we wake up and find clear, warm weather more of a dream than any we had in our sleep.

* * *

On fine days we work like fury to get a few jobs done outside. Last Wednesday we moved the chickens from the small brooder house where we start them to a larger pen where they have more room but no heat. On this exercise extraordinary I did the catching and Partner the carrying. And believe me, that was one time I wasn't complaining of being cold. It was a fairly warm day anyway but about an hour after the chickens were moved the temperature began to slide—that was the night we had our first late frost. It was also the first of two nights that I carried hot water bottles to the chickens. What do you think of that? My hot water bottles were quart sealers wrapped around with heavy stocking legs, and I placed them among the chickens to keep them from crowding and smothering each other. Even with that extra precaution I went out next morning prepared to pick up the dead. But there were none. However, the next two nights I did lose five but as they were evidently members of a nudist colony they certainly were not much of a loss.

* * *

The foregoing was written last night. By the time I had got thus far with my speel the furnace had burnt itself out so I went to bed. The rest of the family were already under the covers.

We slept—in blissful ignorance of wind and weather. But this morning . . . one look outside was enough. Rain pouring down from grey unbroken skies; apparently it had been raining all night. The creek had flooded its banks and part of the pasture fields were awash. The cows were the far side of the creek! Normally the cows walk through the usually shallow creek because that keeps the back lane from being churned up all the time. This morning—because of the swollen waters, Bob tried to drive the cows to the gate at the back of the field and on down the lane. Do you think they would go? No sir . . . cows can be the stupidest, stubbornest things on the farm. They broke away, came running back to the creek and plunged into the swirling water. I was watching from the back of the house. The first cow completely disappeared for a minute—I thought she was drowned—then I saw the water churning and the cow scrambled to her feet on this side of the creek. The rest of the cows came after her and swam the creek. All that is, except one. Eva will never as much as put her foot in a puddle of water if she can help it. That cow has personality. She allowed Bob to drive her down the lane to the bridge. But here was more trouble. Brush and debris swept down by the fast flowing creek had dammed the bridge. The water, as water will, had diverted its course, and flowed on across the lane below the bridge.

* * *

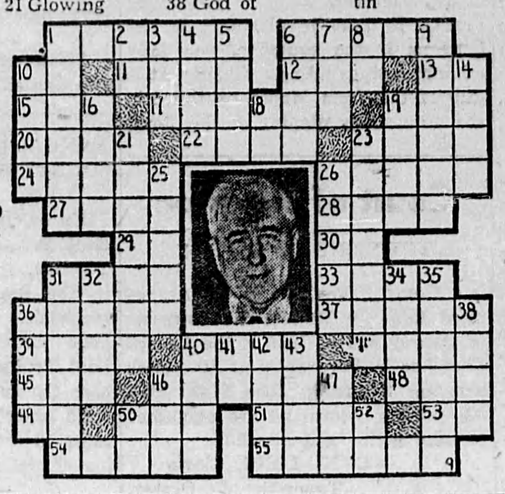
Incidentally, before any milking was done this morning, the men paddled around at the bridge and removed all the planks so they wouldn't get a chance to float away. Now it is ten o'clock, still raining and the water still rising. A ditch at the back of the house has risen higher than the outlet pipe from the cellar so water is backing up into the cellar. Things are beginning to look mighty serious. But, like the man without any shoes who pitied himself until he met a man without any feet, so we in this district have much to be thankful for. At least a tornado hasn't come our way, wrecked our homes or killed helpless victims. Thoughts turned inward and confined to the boundaries of our farm and family are bound to be selfish and despondent. But if we look outward and onward it is more than likely our own troubles will grow less as we come to a better understanding of, and have a keener sympathy for, those other folk whose ills are so often much greater than our own.

Former Official

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL
1,6 Pictured former U. S. Secretary of Commerce
10 Greek letter
11 Plunge
12 Consume
13 Us
15 Mischievous child
17 More concise
19 Offer
20 Heroic
22 Black (Fr.)
23 Circle
24 Asiatic kingdom
26 Great
27 Nevada city
28 Extremities
29 Accomplish
30 For instance
31 Regrets
33 Belt
36 Swiss canton
37 Brilliance
39 Remainder
40 Battles
44 Friends (Scot.)
45 Winglike part
46 Flyers
48 For
49 Symbol for tellurium
50 Grease
51 Ventilates
53 Symbol for erbium
54 Mournful song
55 Spoke monotonously

VERTICAL
1 Sleeveless garment
2 South Dakota (ab.)
3 Be seated
4 Level
5 Demigod
6 Gibe
7 Boat paddle
8 New Testament (ab.)
9 Sways
10 Bearing
14 Rim
16 Tubular part
18 Yes (Sp.)
19 Feathered vertebrate
21 Glowing with heat
23 Search through
25 Lax
26 Rent
31 Staggered
32 Constellation
34 Error
35 Intense dislike
36 Naughty child
38 God of thunder
40 Ruse
41 Morindin dye
42 Thoroughfare
43 Ado
46 Hog
47 Standing room only (ab.)
50 Either
52 Symbol for tin



TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

GUEST COLUMN BY SUSIE

Well, Barry finally left for a week's holiday up north, and what a time we had getting him off. His mother is having a much needed rest and I am looking forward to a week of peace and quiet—instead of bomb shattering days.

It was quite a struggle to get the privilege of writing his column. Four nights and days I worked on him and only during a weak moment on the last day did he consent. It was too late then—for he had promised and I had accepted. Barry likes the names of the kids around the province and the different things they are doing in his column, and the thought occurred to me that Barry is doing things different, day in and day out; so why not tell his readers what he is like.

* * *

On thing in your columnist's life, is the fact that he can get in some of the finest messes without even trying. He was helping his mom paint the ceiling of the living-room a few days ago. He turned round to ask her something, knocking over the paint can. Lovely white paint poured down his trouser leg onto the hardwood floor. After the excitement had died down and Barry had stopped admiring his white flannels, he sauntered over to our house to see what was cooking (taken literally). On the way over he decided the car needed fixing, as it wasn't picking up speed properly; and we were going to a dance that night (Saturday Nite).

Well, whatever happened, I don't know, but about fifteen minutes later I looked out to see what he was doing and the largest black cloud of smoke was pouring out from the back end of the car. To make matters worse, he jumped in and roared up the street, gunning her as hard as he could. When he came back everything was normal and the usual load of kids was piled in the back and hanging over the sides—just like any other day.

* * *

One Sunday last summer the gang decided to go up to Lake Simcoe for a picnic. Barry said he knew a short cut. After wasting hours going up and down sideroads and farmers' lanes we arrived on the scene in time for supper. Then everyone decided to hire some canoes and go cruising up and down the lake before it got too dark. Barry picked out the best canoe of the bunch—giving me a line about the different kinds of wood, the best built boat. While I was standing there listening to this, the other kids were way out on the lake.

* * *

Finally we got going and I settled myself comfortably, handing him both paddles in case any question came up as to who was to do the work. Things went fine for about five minutes until Barry saw some kids he knew in a sailboat. Nothing would do but that we tie the canoe to the sailboat and have a free ride. We were really clipping around the lake—me hanging onto both sides and Barry waving at the gang as we flew by. It seemed as though we flew part of the way and bounced the rest. After hous or maybe fifteen minutes of this torture, Barry asked if we could ride in the sailboat. I had had enough of boats to do me for months and politely refused the invitation — meanwhile glaring at Barry and thinking to myself, wait until I get on land will I tell him off? Feeling much better when they let me off, I sat on the beach and waited for the sailor. They seemed to be taking the corners much too fast for my liking, and I was glad to be on dry land. They nearly tipped about five times, but what was worrying me more than the boat tipping was the girl with the honey coloured hair and the trim bathing suit. Barry's quite dependable, but forgets himself sometimes—especially when there is something extra nice around. He was sitting beside her. When they landed he helped her out and stood there laughing quite excitedly. Well, I just tripped over and put a stop to any ideas that migh crop up, and things resumed their usual fashion.

* * *

We were just sitting down to supper tonight, when Mrs. M. phoned to say that Barry was back on the scene again. This time by telephone, asking for twenty dollars. She is sending six. He had trouble with the car and took it into a garage to have it fixed. The man at the garage had two bear cubs, and Barry bought one and was shipping it home.

So friends you now have an idea of what your columnist is like and the life he leads; also the disturbance he causes wherever he goes. I can just see him and that bear cub sauntering over here after supper every night. Well, I can tell you now, I won't play second fiddle to any grizzly.

Oil-Rich

The newly rich oil farmer, unable to write, deposited his first royalty cheque in the bank and arranged that his signature should be two crosses. Soon, a cheque showed up signed with three crosses and the banker summoned the farmer for an explanation, "Well, my wife is gettin' into society," he explained, "and she thinks I should have a middle name."

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

KIDNEY ACIDS Rob your Rest..
Many people never seem to get a good night's rest. They turn and toss—blame it on 'nerves'—when it may be their kidneys. Healthy kidneys filter poisons and excess acids from the blood. If they fail and impurities stay in the system—disturbed rest often follows. If you don't rest well get and use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's help the kidneys so that you can rest better—and feel better. 136

... TABLE TALKS ...

"Can All You Can"

Canning methods, like everything else, have changed greatly during the past decade or so. They are no longer haphazard. When each step is followed with care there should be no worry about the keeping quality of the canned product, success is assured. For up-to-the-minute canning information, the home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture recommend their new, revised bulletin "Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables."

In this booklet you will find the essential steps of canning outlined in a clear, concise and easy-to-follow manner. It gives detailed information on such topics as the equipment used in canning, the preparation of containers, the selection and preparation of the product to be canned, packing the product, along with the processing, cooling and storing of the canned product. It also contains a Question and Answer section, where the reason for many failures may be found.

You may obtain your copy by writing to the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

STRAWBERRY JAM

4 quart boxes strawberries
OR 8 cups crushed strawberries
6 cups sugar

Wash, hull, crush and measure strawberries. Bring to boiling point and precook uncovered, for 15 mins. Add sugar, bring to boil and boil, uncovered, until jam stage is reached—about 12-15 minutes.

Yield: 6½ cups.

TO CAN ASPARAGUS

Wash, break off tough ends of stalks. Remove scales if necessary. Cut in lengths to fit containers. Tie in uniform bundles and stand upright in 2 inches of boiling water. Cover, bring to boil and boil 3 minutes. Pack hot, all tips up, except 3 with tips down in centre. Add 1 teaspoon salt per quart. Cover with boiling water, leaving headspace. Time to allow if processed in:

Boiling Water Bath—Pints and 20 oz. cans — 2 hours
Quarts and 28 oz. cans — 2 hours
Pressure Cooker (10 lbs.) Pints and 20 oz. cans — 30 minutes
Quarts and 28 oz. cans — 35 minutes.

RHUBARB CHUTNEY

2 lbs. rhubarb (7 cups)
1 large onion
few grains cayenne pepper
¾ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon allspice
1 teaspoon whole pickling spices (tied in cheesecloth bag)
1 cup vinegar
1¼ cups sugar

Wash and cut rhubarb into ½" pieces. Peel, slice and cook the onion in a small quantity of water for 20 mins. in a covered pan. Add rhubarb, seasoning and ½ the vinegar. Cook until rhubarb is tender. Add sugar and remaining vinegar. Continue boiling over low heat, uncovered, until the chutney is of the consistency of jam—about 45 minues. Yield: 2 pints.

TO BE POPULAR insist on serving Maxwell House coffee. It's packed 2 ways. In *Super-Vacuum Tin* (Drip or Regular Grind) or *Glassine-lined Bag* (All Purpose Grind).

Ford's Answer

A favorite story about Henry Ford is the one told on the occasion of the Ford's fiftieth wedding anniversary, when a reporter asked: "Mr. Ford, to what do you attribute your successful marriage?"

The kindlly automobile man answered: "The formula is the same as one used to make a successful car—stick to the same model."

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A dual-purpose DDT Powder Mixed with water one pound makes one gallon of Barn Spray OR five gallons of Livestock Spray in their most effective form. Convenient, economical and no fire hazard ½ lb., 2 lb. cans.

*Reg'd trademark

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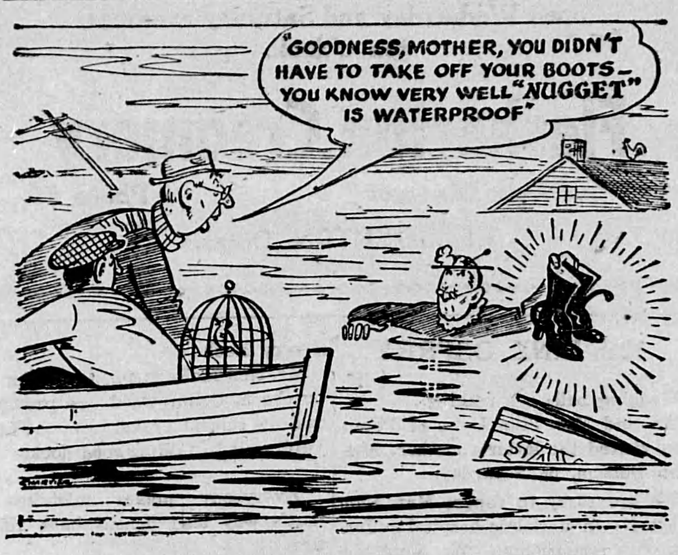

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NUGGET SHOE POLISH

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