CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

The wheat is cut and stooked; the oats are ready for the binder; threshing has started in this district—and the drought has ended. As a result the shrubs have taken on a new lease of life and the garden—what there is of it—has perked up quite a bit. And, glory be, the cistern is full.

Those really, are the high lights of the past week insofar as our farm activities are concerned. But I suppose our usual everyday work is still going on. I imagine the cows are still being milked and the hens continue to lay eggs—in fact I am quite sure of it because I have the milk pails to wash and the eggs to clean—if it wasn't for that I wouldn't know because— well, we still have our visitors coming and going and you know how it is—you work a little, talk a little, cook meals and wash dishes. You take a trip here and there; go shopping, take in the odd show, and then when you come back it starts all over again—work a little, talk a little, get meals and wash dishes—so if it were not for the pails and the eggs how would I know what was going on outside?

One niece has gone, another is still here; still another brother-in-law arrived for the day; and our English visitor will be with us for another week. And, joy of joys, Daughter is on her way home. It is eighteen months since we have seen her—and that is a long time. How she is coming we don't know—rail, boat, road or plane — she didn't know herself the last time she wrote. But of course we are not worrying how she comes—just so long as she gets here, that is all that matters.

Yesterday I took our visitors to the back of the farm to hunt raspberries. We got enough to give us a good feed for one meal, and they were very nice. Now I am wondering if I dare mention a real berry-picking expedition. Daughter always says—"Just let anyone come around when the fruit is ripe and first thing you know Mother has them off to the bush to pick berries."

Well, why not? What could be a nicer change for city folk than a few hours in the bush—that is providing they don't step into a ground-hog's hole or get bitten to death by mosquitoes. Yesterday we heard a queer chirping noise going on in the trees and my sister-in-law said, "There, that's the noise I have been asking you about—now tell me what it is?"

I listened, and while the noise was quite familiar I couldn't tell her what insect was doing it. But I kept thinking about it and suddenly remembered that last year there was quite a lot written up in the papers about cicadas. So I looked in the encyclopedia and the description given exactly fitted the noise we had heard. Apparently cicadas are members of the locust family and are far more frequent in dry weather. Some species take as long as seventeen years to develop, others get around and do their chirping at various stages of their development. So that is one more little item to add to our treasure house of knowledge . . . and will help to make us younger. It has been said, you know, that you never grow old as long as you keep on learning—anything at all, just so long as it is something new.

According to that theory two of us here must be at least five years younger than we were a week ago ago because we not only learnt a little about cicadas but we mastered the art of tatting. Both of us had tried our hand at it ever so many years ago but had given it up as being beyond our comprehension—or maybe our patience. Now we tackled the job with greater determination, and, with the aid of oue niece, plus a book of instructions, we at least mastered the rudiments of the art. So, for the benefit of other discouraged would-be tatters, let me assure you it can be done. Apparently it is all in the tricky way that tatters have of letting the thread in the left hand twist itself with each stitch that is made.

Well, from the sound of things, I think I have been typing long enough for the breakgast dishes to be washed. There are times when this column provides me with a good alibi! It is also what happens when one has friendly, accommodating visitors to entertain. But I mustn't overstep the mark — so here's where I say "goodbye."

Juke Box Television—A "pay as you go" plan is the latest thing in the home television for those who can't afford to buy a set outright. This couple, right, simply insert a quarter into a new device, the visimeter, and can sit back and enjoy video for an hour. All the money collected in the visimeter, shown in closeup at left, is applied against the purchase price of the set.

You Could Choose From 180 Makes

Ever hear of an Abbot, a Crestmobile, a Kelly, or a Rabbit?

These forgotten names are but a few of the horseless carriages that chugged along Canada's roads more than 30 years ago.

Back in 1915—when 40 m.p.h. was fast, 50 m.p.h. was foolhardy, and 60 m.p.h. was for flying machines only — there were more than 180 different makes of cars in Canada.

You might have taken your best girl for a spin in a Maxwell, a Moon or a Minneapolis, and it's a sure thing you wouldn't have had much competition for road or parking space.

Although the automobile industry has made great strides in 30 years, the variety of makes has been cut drastically. Nowadays, car buyers have only about 30 different cars, imported or otherwise, to choose from. Of the many makes available during the first world war, only around ten car names have survived to this day.

Laura Wheeler

You'll be in fashion with these new crocheted handbags! Done in straw yarn they are simplest crochet, washable, too!

Thrifty, smart accesories for your every costume! Pattern 714, directions for three.

Send twenty-five cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont. Print plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Answer to Crossword Puzzle

C	H	A	F	E	R		S	P	I	R	A	L
A	E	M	O	T	E		P	O	M	A	D	E
Y	R		R	O	B		A	L	P		A	T
I		P	E	N	U	R	I	O	U	S		
S	C	U	M		T	U	N		T	O	S	S
T	O	T	E	M				D	E	D	A	L
A	R		N	O	T	I	C	E	S		L	A
M	A	P		B	A	C	O	N		S	A	D
P	L	O	T		D	E	W		B	A	D	E
		S	O	P				P	A	L		
D	I	S	P	A	S	S	I	O	N	A	T	E
O	D	E		Y	E	A	R	N		A	E	R
N	O	T		S	A	T	E	D		M	A	G

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

Corn on the cob is one of the many good things we look forward to in late summer, and I'm hoping that YOU are one of the lucky ones to be located in a part of Ontario where the "eating corn" crop isn't ruined. (I'm not.)

And what is left over from that corn on the cob the night before is also mighy good if you serve it as

Corn and Pepper Fritters
- 2 cups cut cooked corn
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup cream or evaporated milk
- 2 eggs, beaten
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- 1½ cups sifted flour
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder

METHOD: Combine corn, sugar and salt. Add cream, eggs and green pepper. Sift flour with baking powder and add to corn mixture. Beat well and drop by tablespoons into greased skillet. Cook slowly until puffed and browned. Serve hot with tomato sauce, six servings.

* * *

Now, when I look at the picture that has just come in from the photographer, it begins to look as if this was going to develop into a rather "corny" column. (If somebody in the back row said "Not for the first time," I choose to ignore it.)

Anyway, it's a picture of—and here's the recipe for

Corned Beef and Potato Pie
- 3 Cups warm seasoned mashed potatoes
- 2 cups (one 12-ounce can) of chopped corned beef
- 3 cups corn flakes, crushed
- 1 cup milk
- ⅓ cup catsup
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¾ teaspoon salt

METHOD: Spread mashed potatoes over bottom and sides of greased baking dish (8" x 8" x 2") or pie plate. Combine remaining ingredients in order given and mix well. Place corned beef mixture in potato shell, letting potatoes form border around edges. Bake in preheated moderate oven (350°) about 45 minutes. Yield: 6 servings.

* * *

And now, just in case you feel like—or have to do—a spot of baking one of these days, I suggest that you try these:

Chocolate Hermits
- ¾ cup shortening
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup plus two tablespoons of flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- ½ cup cold coffee
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 3 cups quick-cooking oats (uncooked)
- ½ cup chopped nutmeats
- 1 seven-ounce package chocolate bits.

METHOD: Cream shortening, adding sugar and blending well. Add beaten eggs, one at a time. Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Add to the creamed mixture, alternately with the coffee infusion. Add the oatmeal, and, lastly, the nutmeats and chocolate bits. Drop from a teaspoon on a well-oiled cooky sheet and bake for approximately 12 minutes at 375°. Makes five dozen (or more) cookies.

Want A Lot Of Gold? O.K. — Just Dig!

Underneath the earth's crust is a "heart of gold," says Dr. Harrison Brown of the University of Chicago.

In a recent physics seminar at the University of California at Los Angeles, Dr. Brown disclosed his belief that there is enough gold and platinum to plate the earth's entire surface several yards thick in a hitherto untapped source.

The prospector seeking these bonanzas will not need the traditional pick and pan. The faithful burro can be put out to pasture permanently. But a grubstake of giant proportions would be necessary.

If Dr. Brown's theory is correct, a hole some 1,500 to 2,000 miles deep would be required to tap these rich deposits. He believes that most of the precious metals in the earth were concentrated in the iron-nickel core of the earth when it was formed.

This has been determined, according to Dr. Brown, by the examination of meteorites which he believes may be portions of a planet similar to the earth in properties.

Should the prospector become discouraged at the thought of such extensive boring into the earth's center, he may prefer to look for uranium. This newly precious metal, says Dr. Brown, was deposited in the earth's outer crust.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Festival Songs: Psalms 105:1-6; 118:19-24

Golden Text: Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, call upon His name; make known His deeds among the people. Psalm 105:1.

To appreciate the life of ancient Israel, one must remember that the large annual gatherings were religious festivals. To our shame, we admit that at many of our great gatherings, exhibitions, conventions, etc., not only is religion not the prevailing motive and incentive, but religion is actually tabooed. Religion ought to have first place in a nation's life. Religion is not a killjoy. On the contrary, the pure religion of Jesus Christ affords life's d[illegible] and pleasures.

Psalm 117 is the shortest chapter i[illegible]e. Though little in its letter, it is exceedingly large in its spirit, for bursting all bounds of race or nationality, it calls upon all mankind to praise the name of the Lord.

Psalm 117 is one of the great Hallel psalms which was sung at the feasts. Accordingly Jesus and the apostles sang this psalm after the last supper. Matt. 26:30. Jesus was the rejected stone which was to become the head stone of the corner. We marvel to think of Jesus singing on this night a few hours before His crucifixion, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." But He sang triumphantly because He knew that the Divine purpose for the salvation of men would be accomplished by His giving himself to bear their sins. If He could sing those words on such a day, then we should be able to sing them any day, for "No cross I bear could be like His, nor could I suffer such pain."

One man had the verse placed on a cord on placed it where he could see it first thing each morning. It is a good thought with which to begin the day.

DOES INDIGESTION WALLOP YOU BELOW THE BELT?

Help Your Forgotten "28" For The Kind Of Relief That Helps Make You Rarin' To Go

More than half of your digestion is done below the belt—in your 28 feet of bowels! So when indigestion strikes, try something that helps digestion in the stomach AND below the belt.

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