Miracles Performed While You Wait—At the Ex. this year free miracles are performed in improving milady's looks. In picture 1, Mary Hamilton demonstrates how she might look arriving at the Lovely Woman show; in picture 2, she proudly poses after receiving free permanent, free facial, free lesson in posture and finally free counselling in choosing most suitable wardrobe. All women visitors to Canada's big Fair were invited to see Lovely Woman production produced twice daily in Woman's World Theatre, second floor of Coliseum.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Some like big houses, some small. Generally speaking I like plenty of space. But the last couple of days I've been thinking there is something to be said in favour of a one-room apartment. You see, I've lost my glasses and I haven't any idea in which of our eleven rooms they may be hidden. So I go tramping from one room to another, upstairs and down, turning over this thing, looking into that! trying to remember exactly where I was the last time I used them—but so far to no avail. By the time I have found my glasses — if and when I do — I shall probably have used up the price of the glasses in shoe-leather. If we lived in one room it would at least limit my lost and found area, although those who know from experience tell me it is amazing the things that can disappear even in one room.

Added to my too-many-rooms problem there is Honey! Could she by any chance have taken my glasses outside? If so how far from the house do you stop looking on a hundred acres? Last winter, if you remember, I lost my glasses one time and found them in the coalbin. By the teeth marks on the ear-lugs I didn't need to be a Sherlock Holmes to know how they got there. Fortunately I have another pair of glasses but they are bifocals —and I don't like them—at least not for reading or typing.

However, even without reading glasses I can distinguish good work from bad. And that leads up to a very real "beef."

A few months ago I bought a smock—you know, the kind of thing women wear around the house. It was a very pretty smock, spun rayon, nice lines, and apparently well made. It cost $4.98. But alas, with a few washings the smock started coming to pieces because the seams were neither pinked, bound nor overcast and so frayed right down to the stitching. To save the garment I had to practically remake it. Since I had had similar experiences before I thought to myself—"Well, I suppose that is what comes of buying ready-made things—probably all garments are the same except in the top-price bracket."

But one day last week Daughter brought me home a smock . . . and what a difference! On this smock nearly every seam was pinked—or if it couldn't be pinked it was faced with bias binding. It was made of a good quality print, cost $2.95 and —I hate to admit it—was bought in Buffalo. Naturally the question I want to raise is this: If ready-to-wear garments can be made properly in the U.S.A., why not in Canada? Are things just thrown together in this country because we just accept them and ask for nothing better? If that is so then here is one person who would like to do a lot of asking. The question is where? Is there a manufacturer's association that would give an ear to such complaints or is there any other way in which we women could agitate to have better quality work on the garments that are offered for sale?

I also have another worry—but it isn't exactly a "beef." Daughter also brought home a little white blouse for her three-year-old godson in Toronto. The blouse cost a dollar—and Daughter said it was cheap at the price. But I was horrified . . . a dollar—for that little bit of a thing! It bothered me so much that I promptly sat down, took a pattern off the ready-made blouse, and made two more from old broadcloth shirts I had around.

I was appalled to think of what young mothers who can't sew must spend on children's clothes. But thank goodness some of them know how to use a needle and thread. I had a letter from one reader-mother and what she does in the way of sewing and knitting, for her own family, and for sale, is amazing. Seems to me it would be worthwhile for any young wife and mother to learn enough about sewing to that she could at least make clothes for her pre-school-age children.

And speaking of letters . . . I often wish my correspondents would add a pen-name to their own so that letters could sometimes be answered in this column. My fan mail is often so good and so interesting I sometimes feel I would like to share it. But of course, unless a letter is sent to me with that understanding, I respect the writer's confidence and do not refer to it in any way that will bring recognition to the sender So friends, how about it? Do you think you would care to add a pen name next time you write?

Large Order

Wanted: Small horse. Must be gentle and able to work. Also do auto repairing.—Plant City (Florida) Courier.

Smelling Colors

Can you smell different colours? Two scientists say that cockroaches can—and perhaps human being, too. They believe that colours affect the sense of smell through a sudden loss of heat in the smell organ.

At an experiment scientists used a board with alternative squares of lampblack—which has no odour—and unpainted aluminum. Cockroaches in a cage were placed over the board and the lights turned out. When the test was over all the cockroaches were found to be directly over the black squares.

Not A Thing

Girl (arriving late at game)—"What's the score, Larry?"

Escort—"Nothing to nothing."

Girl—"Oh, goody! Then we haven't missed a thing!"

Teeth Sewn Into Your Gums

Free dental service in Britain has caused the biggest boom ever in the manufacture of artificial teeth. Cyprus is sending nine million teeth a year and a Blackpool factory is turning them out at the rate of forty million per year, with production still climbing.

Before the war thirty million false teeth were used in Britain every year, ten million being home-produced and the rest imported.

Chief material used for their manufacture is acrophylic plastic. Sets are "authenticated" by touching them up with colours and markings found on your own natural teeth.

But the time may come when your new teeth will be "sewn" into your gums. This has already been done with cats. "Tooth buds" have been taken from the gums of one-week-old kittens and transplanted into full-grown cats. It is claimed that the buds developed into normal teeth.

In early times it was believed implicitly that the pain of toothache was caused by the efforts of a small worm persistently boring through the tooth, and to this day in parts of the Hebrides toothache still goes by the name of the worm.

In China, too, travellers have reported seeing a patient writhing in agony whilst the village "dentist," having inserted a long, sharp-pointed instrument into the hollow of the tooth, calmly taps away with a little wooden mallet to impale the mischief-making creature.

Toothpicks have been used from Roman times. In the seventeenth century it was considered fashionable for a gentleman to carry a case of toothpicks round with him. On the Continent they are still used by the million.

In France several factories do nothing else but manufacture them from wood or quills. They are exported to all parts of the world. One firm boasts that they turn out 172 different models, flavoured with essences such as mint, rose, cloves and violet.

Much Too Much

The Oppenheimer brothers were interviewing applicants for the job of private secretary. One Amazonian creature had excellent references, but the brothers did not enthuse after she waddled out. "I don't think she'll do," said one. "There's too much of her in the first place." His brother added, "That goes for the second place, too!"

By Request

Bernard Shaw was eating his usual meatless dinner with a learned confrère when the restaurant's orchestra struck up a particularly noisy piece. When, after the briefest of intermissions, it launched into an even noisier one, Shaw summoned the headwaiter. "Does this orchestra play anything on request?" he asked. "Oh, yes, sir," said the headwaiter. "Excellent," snapped Shaw. "Kindly tell them to play dominoes."

Show Must Go On—Despite the strike of Paris seamstresses for higher wages, models and fashion designers were anxious to have their fall collections ready in time. So they took things into their own hands to make sure the show goes on. Using a statue for a dressmaker's form, these models put the finishing touches on a dress in the gardens of the swank shop where they work.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

Tomatoes are plentiful—in our district at least, and I hope in yours—and as far as my immediate family is concerned, recipes about "fancy" ways to serve them are just a waste of time.

That is to say they eat them before meals, after meals, and with meals, just as they come from the vine—raw, raw, raw. (I do try and make them wash the tomatoes first.)

However, there are others—like myself—who sometimes like our tomatoes dressed up a bit. And it's to them I'm passing on this recipe for a very hearty, and tasty, luncheon or supper dish.

BROILED TOMATOES ON CORN CUSTARD

3 cups corn, (canned or fresh cooked)
3 tablespoons fat
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
2¼ teaspoons salt
¾ teaspoon pepper
1½ tablespoons chopped pepper (green or red)
4 eggs, slightly beaten

Method: Combine all the above, then turn into greased individual molds, placed in a pan of hot water. Bake until set, (about 30 minutes at 325 degrees). Then top your corn custards with tomato slices made as follows: Dip 6 tomato slices in one egg, slightly beaten; then into 1 cup cracker crumbs. Then broil the slices in a pan with 3 or 4 tablespoons butter or shortening. A friend of mine adds a "finishing touch" by garnishing with diced, crisp bacon—but they're grand eating even without that.

* * *

Names are funny things; and when a friend out in the far west sent me this next recipe, I couldn't help wondering why it was so titled. But after I'd tried it, I understood. The "Oh's" and "Ah's" represent the appreciative sighs you're liable to hear after folks taste the first piece—and pass back their plates for a second. It's:

MOTHER'S OH'S AND AH'S CHOCOLATE CAKE

3 egg yolks
1 cup sour cream
1½ cups sugar
2 ounces chocolate
¼ cup hot water
1 teaspoon vanilla
1¾ cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda

Method: Beat egg yolks and sour cream together. Add the sugar and beat until thick. Dissolve chocolate in hot water and add to cream and eggs. Add the flour; then the three egg whites, which have been whipped. Bake in a moderate oven (350-375) for about 50 minutes, or until done.

* * *

And with the grape season upon us—or pretty nearly—perhaps it wouldn't be out of the way if I included a couple of fine ways of using that delicious fruit. The first is:

SPICED GRAPE JAM

2 quarts grapes
2 pounds sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon allspice
1 bottle certo or other fruit pectin

Method: Wash and crush the fruit. Add the sugar and spices. Bring quickly to boil in large kettle, stirring constantly. Boil for 2 minutes, then add the fruit pectin. Skim carefully and pour into hot, sterilized pint jars, or into jelly glasses. Seal. (Paraffin, if you use jelly glasses). Makes 3 pints or nine 6-oz. glasses.

* * *

AMBER GRAPE MARMALADE

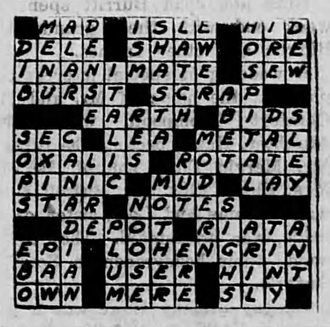
4 cups grape pulp (skins removed)
2 cups sour applesauce
3½ cups sugar
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind

Method: Cook the grape pulp in a small amount of water until soft enough to sieve. Pass through a sieve and add the sour applesauce, and bring to a boil. Then add the sugar and grated lemon rind. Simmer until thick and jelly-like. Pour into hot, sterilized glasses. Paraffin. Makes about seven 6-oz. glasses.

Obliging

"Madam," said the kennel owner to the newly rich sportswoman, "I offer you this thoroughbred bloodhound." "How do I know it's a bloodhound?" she asked doubtfully. "Hector," the owner ordered the dog, "bleed for the lady."

Answer to Crossword Puzzle



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Many wise women take Pinkham's Compound regularly to help build up resistance against this distress. Pinkham's Compound acts on one of woman's most important organs and has such a grand soothing effect.

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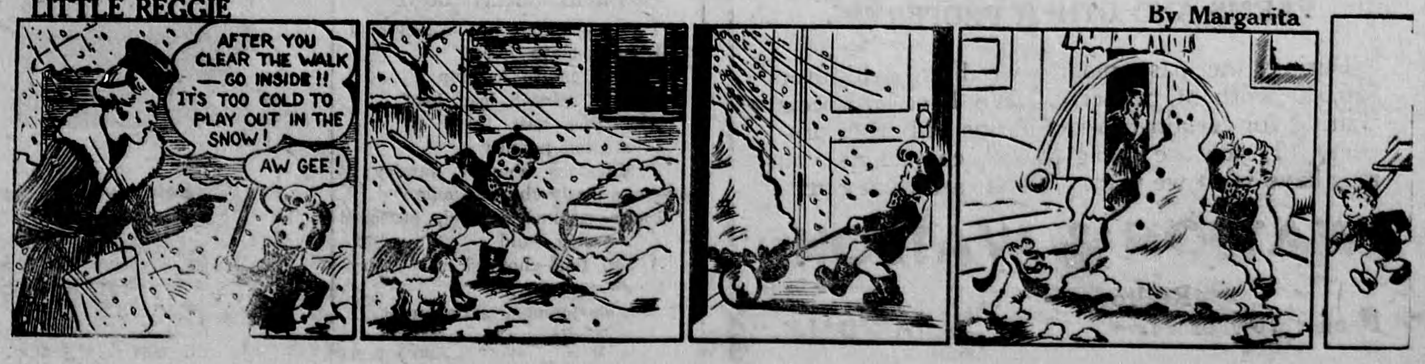
By Margarita