IT'S FREE...

Pauline Harvey says...

Ladies, now's the time that calls for extra-special baking know-how. If Christmas baking is important to you, why not send today for your gift copy of my new recipe booklet? It's free, and it will help you bake finer, tastier Plum Puddings, Christmas Cakes and other delightful Holiday fare this year.

Write to:
PAULINE HARVEY
P.O. Box 6400, Montreal, P.Q.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

for all-purpose baking

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I am a woman with a past," and as such, I feel qualified to give you some opinions. Please preach, 'Think twice before you act.'

My very impulsiveness has brought me to where I am—gutter of alcoholism. And do you know that I have reached the stage where I no longer care too much?

"I have made two marriages, which have not been successful. I am living with my second husband, who is a 'good Joe' in every sense, except one: He is a mother's darling boy. I was rather a spoiled brat myself, so I can only pity him. (His first wife has caused us constant trouble.)

"But lately we have indulged ourselves in drink and self-pity and 'confessions', until we are about to lose the respect and love of both our families.

Lost In Despair

"Oddly enough, that fact doesn't really bother us. We love each other deeply (he adopted my son) but we are like two lost souls in the ocean of despair.

"Is there any possible hope for us?

"We met in that halcyon year of 1940, and our hearts were high with ambition and childlike dreams—only to be shattered by fate—until the day he walked back into my mother's living room, an aged war veteran. He is 30 now, and I am 26. We have two sons by this union.

"I started out to give you some opinions. But now I am crying for advice.

HOPELESS"

In writing this letter to me, reviewing the circumstances which led to your present sad state, you have seen yourself more objectively than you have for a long while. The shame you feel is the first step toward hope.

If, through your mutual respect for each other, you have not succeeded in lifting yourselves from this slough into which you have drifted, try once more—

And this time, with the help of Alcoholics Anonymous.

You will find them a group of people just like yourselves who know every step of the heartbreaking path you have trod. They can help you find the strength to become once more the fine, upstanding citizens you used to be.

They are non-sectarian, and ask only that you admit your need for encouragement. Write for information to the Secretary, Alcoholics Anonymous, in your nearest large city or town.

That information will come to you in a plain white envelope. And you two can go on from yourselves and in each other.

If you are honest in your appeal (and I believe you are) you will do this not only for your own sakes, but because of these three sons you have brought into the world. Whatever you two do lowers or raises their ideals, and must retard or forward their becoming the good, right-thinking men you want them to be.

It is never too late.

* * *

..If you have been weak, do something about it. There is hope for all who are sincere. Tell your troubles to Anne Hirst, and see how she can help. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont.

4736 12—20; 40

ANNE ADAMS

It's smart to have a French Accent! Here it is, in that shawl-plunge collar, the wing-cuffs, the French-type cuffed pockets! Skirt fulness controlled by pleat!

Pattern 4736 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40. Size 16 takes 4⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

This pattern, easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Upside down to prevent peeking.

Helpful Hints For Housewives

To shave chocolate finely, use a potato peeler — it's quicker and better than a knife or grater.

* * *

Use a meat cleaver and wooden chopping board for dividing frozen food packages. Just chop off what you need. Handy when cooking for two.

* * *

Whip cream ahead of time. It will not separate if you add a touch of unflavored gelatin. The gelatin also speeds up whipping.

* * *

Bake cookie dough scraps along with the cookies. Saves re[illegible] the dough (which toughens [illegible] Children delight in the queer shapes of scrap cookies.

* * *

Cover recipe cards with transparent shellac. Greasy fingermarks and food stains can then we wiped off with damp cloth.

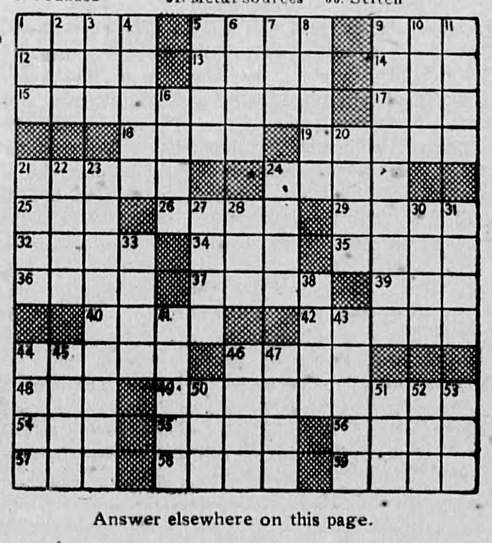
* * *

After washing dark-colored sox, roll them up and put them in a large muffin pan — a pair to a section — to carry them to the line. Then they can't fade on the other laundry.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Gifts for the poor
5. Thrust
9. Rolling vehicle
12. Vehemence
13. Edible fern of New Zealand
14. Hurry
15. Slum dwellings
17. Girl's name
18. Devours
19. Sinned
21. Incentives
24. Notion
25. Mr. Carson
26. Jewish month
29. Resound
32. To an inside spot
34. Artificial language
35. Move
36. Equal
37. Not any
39. Piece out
40. Float
42. Peels
44. Little
46. Of the ear
48. Numeral
49. Like an elm
54. Killer whale
55. Drudgery
56. Increase
57. Tiny
58. Diminutive suffix
59. Was windy

DOWN
1. American Indian
2. Shelter
3. Adult boy
4. Pilot
5. Let it stand
6. Browns in the sun
7. Knack
8. Founded
9. Symbol
10. Helper
11. Peruse
16. Southwestern corn meal
20. Sandpipers
22. Omit
23. Cone-bearing tree
26. Voice
24. Metal
27. Force
28. Fuss
30. Tramp
31. Metal sources
33. Spoken
38. Poem
41. Sloping water channel
43. Bitter
44. Pack
45. Simple
46. Leave out
47. Yarn
50. Piece of ground
51. Painting medium
52. Employ
53. Stitch



Answer elsewhere on this page.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
by Gwendoline P. Clarke

Did you hear this little item in the news last week? An old gentleman, celebrating his 109th birthday was asked what he thought had been the most wonderful invention during his lifetime. His answer was—the refrigerator! "Because," he said, "you can buy any food you like and can take care of it after you've got it." That amused me because some women have to be pretty good at the art of convincing before the average man will admit the advantages of a refrigerator make it worth the money it costs. And that is understandable, too, because it isn't the man of the house who has to run up and down the cellar stairs with the butter, and the milk, and the little bit of meat which you hope will keep all right until tomorrow. But wouldn't it be too bad if the average man had to live to be over a hundred before attaining that much wisdom? Fortunately the light usually dawns a little earlier than that . . . and then again, sometimes it doesn't dawn at all!

* * *

Did you also hear of the co-operative enterprise among a group of home-builders who have become tired of the high cost of construction and have decided to form a little company of their own and build their own houses, doing the work between them? That sounds like a good solution to our skilled labour problem, and applies to more than building houses. The same principle is working all right here just now as my menfolk are pretty busy doing a job on the driving shed for which they have tried to get a carpenter for over a year. As for eavestroughing at the barn—that job has been hanging fire for nearly three years. Could be that when skilled labour has caught up with its waiting list—and has also become a little less independent—maybe it will find that a number of potential good customers have learned to do quite a lot of this extra work for themselves.

A few years ago a discussion often arose as to whether it was better policy to tackle a job which was outside a person's ordinary line of work or hire a person to do it who had been trained for the job. The idea steadily gained ground that it was better economy to hire an experienced person to do the job. And it sounds logical. Why should a man try to fix his car when there are mechanics to do it? Or a farmer spend days, perhaps, trying to uproot a tree that a bulldozer could move in fifteen minutes? Or a woman do her own paper-hanging when there are experts for the job? But that isn't the way our pioneers worked. In those days, necessity drove a man to be a jack-of-all-trades and the only time he called for help was when a job was too big for him to handle alone. Then a community bee was the obvious answer.

But we have lost that independence, and now we are paying the price. On every side the hue and cry goes up—"We can't do this or that because we can't get help, there isn't a carpenter or plasterer available for months ahead. Sure, they promise to come but that's as far as it goes."

So I was glad when I heard that significant little news item about these men getting together to build their own homes; and I was glad when Partner and Bob took over this driving shed job themselves. Actually, for that, this grand mild fall is responsible. Until the field work was done big repair jobs had to wait. So it was the time element that made our men feel a carpenter was necessary—not unwillingness or lack of initiative. And I suppose that is true of many farms, and the main reason why a lot of farm buildings are in need of repair. The field work has to be attended to first. However, I am still not anxious to see my menfolk put eavestroughing on the barn. A broken neck would be more expensive than a plumber's bill.

The same applies to women and paper-hanging — or at least for those who have lost the agility to balance themselves on a step-ladder while wrestling with a contrary piece of ceiling paper. There are limitations—and there are also other jobs to do that help keep down the high cost of living. You don't have to risk breaking your neck to make your own aprons and house dresses, nor to do your own baking. And where there are children . . . I have said it before, and I say it again, the cost of keeping children well dressed can be literally cut in half by mothers making over garments to fit the youngsters. A little pair of pants for the wee boy; a play suit or a pretty frock for sister, can be made for next to nothing and will outwear any ready-made garment bought from a store. Not only that, whether what you make or repair is a chicken pen or an apron, something else is also gained—a sense of achievement, that inner sense of satisfaction that comes with a job well done. You can't buy it—you can only earn it.

Give a pig what it wants when it grunts, and a child when it cries, and you will have a fine pig and a bad child.

Courageous Scout—Scout Don Lee, 18, who has had no legs since he was nine months old, beams with pride as his foster mother pins an Eagle Scout badge on his chest. The youth, who lost both legs in an accident 17 years ago, completed all the tough physical requirements for the badge, including a 14-mile hike. Don is saving his money for the trip to the next Scout jamboree.

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