Salada Tea Bags are handy for afternoon tea

"SALADA" TEA BAGS

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P Clarke

Early in the year I had reason to feel I was like the old Quaker—you remember—the one who said to his wife—"Everyone is out of step except me and thee—and thee is out of step most of the time." Why did I feel that way? Just because the radio, and every paper and magazine I picked up spoke of 1950 as the beginning of the second half-century, whereas I had said in my column two weeks ago that 1950 is not only the beginning of a new year, it is also "the closing year" of a half century. And you know I gave that little matter quite a lot of thought before I wrote it. I also sought advice from my menfolk and we were all agreed that the second half of the 20th century does not begin until January 1st, 1951. Then came the papers and I thought to myself—"Well, either they are all all this second half century talk in crazy, or I am". Even MacLean's Magazine jumped the gun in one of its editorials, at which I was very surprised because I thought MacLean's prided itself on being almost infallible. However, in a few days, J. V. McAree, in his column, backed me up—not that he knew it, of course—later a letter in the Globe and Mail, and another in the Family Herald, all pointed out the error of calling 1949 the end of the first half century. So now I feel very much better, despite the fact that Don Fairburn said that while those who think as I do may be technically correct yet the popular opinion is that Father Time has closed his books on the first half of the 20th century. Oh well, everyone has a right to his own opinion—but on one point I am sure we all agree—that 1950 is bound to be an eventful year.

When I started writing this we were having a little bit of sub-zero weather, but by the look of things it will be like spring again before this gets into print. Personally, I would rather have it a little on the cold side—except that we are grateful for what the rain does to the wells. The coal bins have also benefitted by the mild weather, which is just as well because the coal nowadays is like the old grey mare—"It ain't like it used to be". We have one bin of Alberta coal and one of American anthracite, and both kinds burn away far quicker than they should. And, oh dear, the dust in the house is worse than I ever knew it. I wonder if other housewives find it that way. Daughter was almost in despair when she was home. Had she been here very much longer the vacuum cleaner would have got worn out. The poet was right who said "Dust will keep but violets won't". Dust will keep all right—for the simple reason that you can't get rid of it. But I imagine Daughter won't be worrying much about our dust from now on—she will have enough of her own to look after. he has already rented all the rooms in her nine-room house—and two of the roomers are young couples with small children, so Daughter has probably been the means of solving one of their major problems—for which I am very thankful. Married couples with small children must often be just about desperate.

The sun is shining and icicles are dripping from our windows right now, but the other day when it was cold the windows without storm sash were frosted over. Just to look at them made me think of the west—especially since I have read several letters in the papers recently about the loneliness of women on the prairie. Reading them I thought of our own life in Saskatchewan and I remembered that the only thing that really got me down was sometimes living for weeks at a time without being able to see through the windows at all. We had no storm windows and there was frost on the outside and frost on the inside. Sometimes I would clean off a small patch with salt but it would soon freeze over again. We literally saw nothing beyond the four walls of our own home during stormy weather—except, of course, for the times when we had to go out. Partner had a few chores at the barn, and water to draw from the well. And he generally went to town with team and sleigh once a week for mail and supplies, no matter how bad the weather. I remember one time he could not see to drive through the blinding blizzard so he fastened the lines to the sleigh and left the horses to find their way home by instinct—and that is more than anyone could do with a car! Our faithful team came home all right and I heard them stop at the back door. But when I looked out I found Partner huddled on the floor of the sleigh, his back to the storm, and in a semi-conscious condition. It was well he had no further to go. But it was not always stormy weather. One remembers things like driving home from a party on a still, frosty night, with the Northern Lights hanging a fringe of coloured streamers across a cloudless sky. At such times one hardly dared to breathe, it was so beautiful—like a winter fairyland.

Lonesome on the prairie? Maybe . . . but it had its compensations.

From parish magazine: You are helping to improve our churchyard. Will you add to this help by bringing your own clippers and cutting the grass round your own grave?

Her Night Out—Charles Kane, of Windsor, Ontario, anxiously clutches his daughter, Noreen, 7, after the missing child was found following an all-night police search. Noreen had spent the night with a girl friend, without telling her parents. Kane spotted his daughter in the street, as she strolled with friends.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

MEDDLING MOTHER-IN-LAW

A mother-in-law who tries to separate her son and his wife must be stopped in her efforts.

But how?

She cannot be disciplined like a child, though she deserves to be. She cannot be shut out completely from the family life, though she is not welcome. Yet something must be done to prevent her accomplishing her vicious purpose.

One plagued wife relates her experience:

Her mother-in-law tells actual lies about her son. She informs her daughter-in-law that he is being untrue to her, which the wife, thank goodness, know is not so. She exaggerates his faults, even advises the girl to leave him! Of course she is jealous, eager to have her son to herself.

Added to the faults she interferes with their children's training, to the point where they actually fear her.

THIS MUST STOP

Of course this wife sees through these machinations. But it is hard not to become upset and nervous under their influence.

She should talk the matter over with her husband, and enlist his support. (This does not mention what his attitude is.) He must stand behind her, give her his entire loyalty.

For the wife will tell her other-in-law, calmly but firmly, that from now on she will not listen to attacks upon her husband. It is not loyal, and she has too much respect for him to sit quietly by, without protest. Even if they were true, it would not be proper.—And she will have no more of it.

She will also remind her mother-in-law that she and her husband agree completely on the way they are bringing up their children. They, and they alone, are responsible for the training, and they cannot brook interference from anybody.

When this mother-in-law comes to see them (as she does regularly) the wife will make a strong effort to keep their conversation impersonal. If the older woman offends again, the wife will rise from her chair and refuse to listen.

* * *

A HOME OF HER OWN

"Dear Anne Hirst: I've been married almost a year. I want a home of my own.

"We've been living with my husband's parents, and we have a big and noisy dog. My husband makes the dog an excuse for not moving.

"Of course nobody wants to rent us an apartment with this dog, but my husband's parents are willing to keep the dog for us until we can get a house. (I would be willing to move into one room!) Yet my husband refuses to move!

"Is a man's dog supposed to mean more to him than his wife?

"I do love him, but I've even thought of leaving him because of this. WONDERING"

Of course you will not leave your husband for such a reason. That would be childish.

It is hard to believe that your husband refuses to move on account of the dog. It is more likely that he feels comfortable where he is. He has less responsibility in his mother's home than even a small apartment would entail. I suspect this is the real reason for his wanting to stay.

Few men have any idea of what a home of her own means to a wife. In it, she reigns supreme. She manages it alone, and it becomes the foundation of her family life. No matter how kind and thoughtful her in-laws are, she cannot relax, completely in another woman's house.

Husbands who lack imagination do not realize this. Yet if a man loves his wife as I expect your husband loves you, he will provide her with a place of her own. Until he moves in there with you, he will not understand what joy he, too, will feel living there alone with you.

I hope your husband will find a good place for you soon. Every wife deserves it.

* * *

When older people offend, call on your patience and your tact. It takes a great deal of both but if you do not lose your composure, you can win. Anne Hirst will help, if you write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

He Builds Planes He Never Sees

Ninety-mile-an-hour model planes perfect to the thousandth of an inch, are being built by a 46-year-old blind man, Mr. Robert Jones, of Brighton.

This is how he does it. His wife and son spread the plans of a plane on the table and put pins in the outlines. Then Mr. Jones's wonderful sense of touch comes into operation. By letting his fingers go round the pins, he gets "the feel" of the model-to-be. Then he gets busy.

Deftly he builds the planes, using ordinary materials, including fine gauge wire. When they are finished his son flies them.

Recently his son entered one of the models in a controlled flight competition. It did 81.6 miles an hour and young Mr. Jones felt sure he had won a cup. But he hadn't. The trophy went to a friend who won, at 90 miles an hour, with another aircraft which had been built from Mr. Robert Jones's plans.

Katharine Cornell Got The Part

I think it was the advent of Maude Adam's Peter Pan in my father's theater that first made me know that I wanted to devote my life to the stage. I had looked forward to Maude Adams with such eagerness that, when the time came . . . I hid my face in the curtains of the box because I couldn't bear to look. Then, afterward, utter enchantment; particularly the flying part.

After that the theatre—everything about it: backstage; front of the house; performance time—that marvelous hush just before the curtain goes up; the clutter and clatter of rehearsals; the glamour of the theatre's great stars—Bernhardt, Sothern and Marlowe, Tree, Sir Henry Irving, Mrs. Fiske became an intimate and realistic part of my life. Naturally I saw more plays than the average child would see.

Jessie Bonstelle, who even then came to Buffalo for a season of stock each year, was always lovely to me. She would let me sit all day, day in and day out, and watch her rehearse her plays. I never got tired of it. "Hurry and grow up and play Jo for me," she said one day. I was thrilled, of course—but never dreamed it would come true . . .

Miss Bonstelle played leads, of course, and did her own directing. She had that rare gift of getting a smooth production together in a week—week in and week out. She was not a great actress but an extraordinarily good one for that particular job. She could manage any kind of stage. . . .

In September—that was the Fall of '19— Miss Bonstelle had decided to do **Little Women** in London with an English cast. Marian de Forest wrote the play (in 1912, you remember), and after fifteen managers turned it down, Brady bought it for his daughter, Alice, who played Meg—beautifully, they say. I never saw her performance. "Who for Joe?" asked Miss de Forest. "Katherine Cornell!" answered Bonstelle. —From "I wanted to Be an Actress," by Katherine Cornell.

Poor Prophet

Back in the hills, just out of sight of Manhattan's night-glow, an elderly character with a prophetic beard is sulking in a little house in a valley. Beside the house, handy to a snow-bound householder, is a large pile of fireplace wood, neatly stacked. The house itself is stoutly banked with last fall's leaves. In the larder is a store of canned food and cured meat. But all last week the elderly character himself sat on his front stoop in his shirtsleeves and glared at the sky. Last fall, he forecast a heavy winter, an old-fashioned winter full of ice and snow and bone-chilling cold. The week before Christmas he said the turn was at hand. On Christmas Day, he said the new year would come in with a howling wind and two feet of snow.

It is obvious what happened. The lilac bushes in his front yard looked, a few days ago, as though they might burst into leaf at any moment. There wasn't enough ice on the near-by pond to cool one long drink. The elderly prophet hadn't been able, try as he might, to burn one full cord of wood; in fact, as he sat there and glowered the other day, the doors of his house were wide open to the balmy breeze. And he knew that if he went poking through the woods, he might find hepatica in bud. Maybe even shadbush on the verge of color.

Winter isn't over yet, by any means. But it is January, and Groundhog Day is going to be here before you know it. Then February will fray away into March. And the January that should have started off snowbound started off with a burst of 60-degree weather.

Those who know the elderly character best say now that he is about to lock up his house and take a trip. He wants to get away from this awful winter, they say. He talks of going to Northern Canada.

—N.Y. Times, Jan 8.

Chairman at church gathering: "We welcome tonight the Rev. Mr Jones. This is the first chance he has had to speak since he married."

They Had Sausage 2000 Years Ago

Sausages have been a popular dish since the fifth century, B.C. The Greeks had a word for them!

The Romans, too, are known to have indulged in fried sausages made from fresh pork, chopped pine nuts, cumin seed, bay leaves and black pepper.

They are also thought to have introduced the haggis to England, where it was very popular at the time of the Commonwealth. Since then, the delicacy seems to have retreated over the border into Scotland, and many of us would not recognize a haggis if we saw one.

No doubt many of us have chuckled over the story of the housewife who, receiving one as a gift from her husband in Scotland, planted it in her rockery and proudly displayed its flourishing condition on his return.

In the Middle Ages, the "Sausage-Makers' Guild" produced a popular delicacy consisting of ground pork flavored with eggs, powdered pepper, and spice, encased in the neck of a capon.

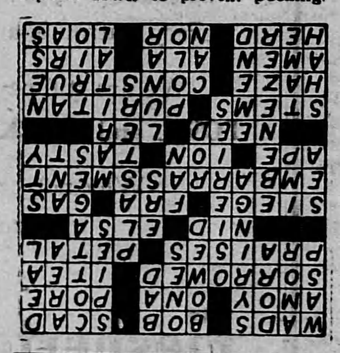
When sausage are cooking, there is often shrinkage due to loss of fat and water; this may be reduced by dipping in boiling water before frying.

Fine Idea

Gerry: "Don't you think it a good idea to rate all cars according to their horsepower?"

Bill: "Not as good as rating drivers according to their horse sense."

Upside down to prevent peeking.



And the RELIEF is LASTING

Nobody knows the cause of rheumatism but we do know there's one thing to ease the pain . . . it's INSTANTINE.

And when you take INSTANTINE the relief is prolonged because INSTANTINE contains not one, but three proven medical ingredients. These three ingredients work together to bring you not only fast relief but more prolonged relief.

Take INSTANTINE for fast headache relief too . . . or for the pains of neuritis or neuralgia and the aches and pains that often accompany a cold.

Get Instantine today and always keep it handy

Instantine

12-Tablet Tin 25¢

Economical 48-Tablet Bottle 69¢

Anne Adams

ONE yard of 35-inch for the small size! Little more for the larger. As shown in diagram this apron is ONE piece plus ties and pockets. It whips up very quickly!

Pattern 4718 comes in sizes small (14,16) and medium (18,20) Small size one yard 35-inch.

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

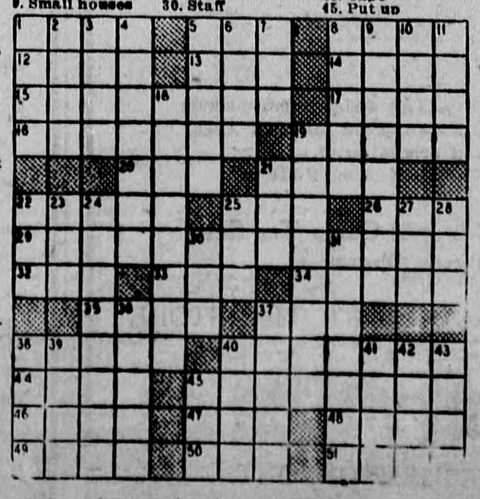
Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Send order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Little masses
5. Kind of sled
8. Cigar fish
12. Chinese port
13. Indian
14. Minute orifice
15. Grieved
17. Virginia willow
18. Extols
19. Leaf of a corolla
20. Pheasant brood
21. Lohengrin's wife
22. Beleaguerment
25. Brother
26. Vapor
29. Discomfiture
32. Any monkey
33. Electrified particle
34. Savory
35. Require
37. Sea god
38. Stalks
40. Early New England settler
44. Dimness
45. Interpret
46. So be it
47. Wing
48. Ventilates
49. Cattle drove
50. Anger
51. African [illegible]

DOWN
1. Hornet
2. Cupid
3. Girl's name
4. Mock orange
5. Nodded
6. Units
7. Spoiled
8. Watches secretly
9. Small houses
10. Open court
11. Bargain
16. Beds for raising willows
19. Daubs
21. Bitter vetch
22. Billow
23. Young devil
24. Man's name
25. Winnow
27. Emmet
28. Pigpen
30. Staff
31. Relating to marriage
36. Make corrections
37. Of the moon
38. Persian ruler
39. Not exciting
40. Horseback game
41. Set of three
42. Subtle emanation
43. Cape
45. Put up



Answer elsewhere on this page.

Gingerbread Cup Cakes

Combine ½ cup melted shortening and 1¼ cups molasses and add 1 beaten egg. Stir until well blended. Mix and sift together 2½ cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder, 1 teaspoon Magic Baking Soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon salt, and add alternately with ¾ cup hot water. Bake in 24-2½" cup cake pans in moderate oven (350°) for 30 minutes. Then blend one 3-oz. package of cream cheese with enough milk to make of sauce consistency. Top each serving with a spoonful.