

Of Interest to Women

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes, Household Ideas and Suggestions

FOR SNIFFLES AND SNEEZES—HOT LEMONADE

By Betty Barclay

When Grandma prescribed hot lemonade for Grandpa's sniffles and sneezes, it was even then an old-fashioned remedy. Nobody knew the "reason why." To-day lemonade is just as effective as ever in treating the common cold and other respiratory conditions with the approval of modern medicine.

At this time of year when colds and "flu" are prevalent, hot lemonade is "top" on the drink list in many a home. Even some who lay down their "Lemon Hot Water Sore" away back in the 13th century when the Yuan dynasty ruled China folks have been drinking hot lemonade. But whereas the ancient Chinese boiled their lemon juice with sugar or honey to make what they called "She-hi-ute" up-and-coming lemonade mixers to-day use fresh lemon juice, just as it is expressed from the lemons. But the vitamins which are potent elements of value when cooked.

To-day people know "lemons" to be rich in vitamins. Thanks to research workers that it is better to pour boiling water on fresh lemon juice to make hot lemonade.

The wise housewife chooses clean-skinned fruit of fair size since this is the greater economy in the end. Larger fruit-gives more juice and clean skin assures good quality.

For one glass of hot lemonade, take one lemon; two is better. Add one cup of boiling water and sweeten to taste. Honey is an excellent sweetening agent.

Managers find an "eye-opener" of lemon juice and water an excellent conditioner and cold preventive when made into an early morning habit. This lemon juice brace may be either warm or cold.

As a cold preventive, a daily health drink of lemon juice and water with baking soda added is recommended. Taken first thing in the morning, or even just before retiring, lemon, soda and water helps regularly. It assists in maintaining normal alkalinity and gives the added protection of vitamin C, abundant in fresh lemon juice.

Hints on Fashions

Grand Dinner Dress



The right dinner dress can go to dinner many many times through the season, and never outwear its welcome or its usefulness. Here is such a model, a delightful affair of silk jersey, with a color scheme of red and black and dots on a white ground. The V neckline is softly draped at the shoulder yoke. The top pockets are placed at either side of the gathered front section. Wide belt is of black kidskin.

For this beautiful beverage, squeeze the juice of a lemon into a tall glass half full of water, put half a teaspoon of baking soda in another glass, pour back and forth and drink as the foaming subsides.

Chronicles of... Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press Gwendolene F. Clarke

Last Thursday was a red letter day for our Institute. Those of you who take the Canadian Countryman will remember that early in the year a War Work Club was organized, called "The Shoulder-to-the-Wheel Club," and a prize of \$25 was offered for the organization showing the best record for war-work done during any given month.

Since our Institute was already working by the month, our members thought it would be a good idea to try our luck as we seemed to have a good showing for our month's work. So we did and we actually got the prize.

The first we knew of our good fortune was when we got the Canadian Countryman last Thursday. I can tell you, when we got our mail, and I saw the name of our Institute right there in black and white, my eyes were fairly popping. But with the prize of \$25, we were surprised because our members have really been wonderful workers and I thought several times that any organization that could do more work in one month than we had would have to work mighty hard. So now we have \$25 to add to our war work fund. And what a lot you can do with \$25 plus hard work.

After sending in our prize-winning entry we did not sit down on the job. No indeed, we have done just as much work this month, if not more. I don't mean this month, I mean February. The time slips around so fast I can hardly get the month's work off the calendar. It doesn't seem possible we are into March again already but I suppose the calendar caught up.

We have been having trouble in our henhouse. Partner suspected the presence of rats so one night at feeding time he stayed in the henhouse for a while and kept very quiet. Presently out came a rat—and then another, and another, and so they kept coming until there were six rats, all chasing around, picking up feed and taking no notice of Partner at all. In fact, they just behaved like nice large little pets.

We considered how best we might deal with them. We thought of traps. But how could we get traps without catching hens and cats? We thought of shooting them. But to shoot them at night would have meant scaring all the hens off the roost. We thought of putting down poison but how could we be sure the hens wouldn't get it? Anyway, we were told that none of the commercial poisons were any good to kill rats—they just seemed to thrive on it. But we just had to do something so we finally decided on the quickest, surest—and riskiest means of extermination—and that is strychnine. So I baited bread with dripping, sprinkled it with strychnine, spread more dripping and dusted it with sugar. At supper time Partner went out with this club sandwich for the rats and the hens, of course, had all gone to bed. When Partner went out to milk he looked to see what was happening in the henhouse. Two pieces of bread were gone. After milking, Partner looked again. All the bread was gone. Well, that's the end of the rats—so we thought! I guess it was the end of some of them, all right, but either some were more wary than others, or else the ones that died were the greediest and didn't give the rest a chance. Whichever way it was, there are still two rats quite hale and hearty and very much at home in our henhouse.

But that isn't the worst. Son went down cellar for me the other night to fetch some fruit and saw two rats down there. Is this a specially good season for rats, I wonder? It isn't often we are bothered with them. We do see the occasional one of course—but the cats usually look after it in a hurry. Now, apparently, we have more rats than cats.

We put General MacNab down cellar—you will remember that that is the new name for our cat—and we certainly hope the General will soon put the enemy to flight or get the better of him in honest conflict. In the meantime, Son will continue to fetch the fruit for me from the cellar.

Last Saturday I listened in fear and trembling to a Quiz Program that comes on the radio at eight o'clock. You see, I bought a pair of shoe laces and the salesman insisted that I put my name on the sales slip so that he might send it in. And I let him do it, and then I got petrified in case my name should be drawn. If I ever had to answer an unexpected question I know my head would be as empty as a drum, and I am sure if I knew a correct answer would win me two hundred dollars I wouldn't know the answer, supposing they asked me to name the capital of England. But do I like to hear how other people get along and how pleased I was when an eight-year-old farm boy walked off with a pot of \$250 a few weeks ago. I think these Quiz Programs are lots of fun.

ACTON'S NAME

The following article on how Acton, England, secured its name, appeared in the Acton, England, Gazette, on February 21st. In view of the fact that our town was so named because of the fact that the first Postmaster's home was in Acton, England, citizens here will be interested in this article.

Accept an invitation to set aside troubles for a while. And old controversial subject is offered. It has provoked great interest on many occasions "How did Acton get its name?"

The original source of some names is readily traced, as, for instance, Canada and Chiswick in America, but of others it is obscure, indefinite, or controversial. Acton, I suggest, is the latter. It is often said that the derivation of the name is from Anglo-Saxon, "ac," an oak, and Celtic "don" or "ton," a fortified settlement or enclosure on the crown of a hill. This explanation has been accepted by the Corporation in including a representation of an oak tree in the official crest, and by the postal authorities in naming the local exchange "Acton." But is this derivation a correct one? Where is the evidence that a "tree," hamlet or village was to be found here in ancient Celtic, Roman or Saxon times? Around this hill, being situated so close to London, one would expect to find evidence of a few wattle-and-ebble huts, of charcoal burners, woodmen, and hunters, but little else.

The word "don" or "ton" was long questioned, for although a Druid shrine—a "chapel-of-ease"—in Horwood Hill temple—may have existed here, the flag laid around the hill itself would not have been suitable, it seems, for a fort or compound. That the oak was plentiful is certain and it is known that the people of the forest were called "oaks," and afterwards became athletes, gospel-makers, and boundary marks. The Romans followed the latter practice and planted them for boundary purposes. The oak has been said to be 300 years growing, 300 years a-standing, 300 years a-dying; boundary-posts of such duration served their purpose well. A stark and isolated oak standing a few yards north of Boston Manor Station, marking a boundary between Brentford and Harewell, was felled about ten years ago. It must have been of great age.

Diana's Fatal Mistle The early-English word "Acton," via Norman-French refers to a "Golfon" covered or padded leather coat or body-shield worn to protect the warrior from wounds. In that sense the word cannot possibly have any connection with this district, industrially or otherwise. We must step further into our history for the suggested origin. From the earliest times the howlands of the Vale and Acton Green, and the river-side marshes of Chiswick must have teemed with wild animals, such as the bear, badger, stag, fox and wolf. They were rich hunting grounds for generations. The Romans, seven hundred years before the Saxon invasion, having driven the Celts to the Western Hills, established themselves securely and made stern and harsh forest laws governing both timber and hunting.

It might be assumed with safety that the Roman "squire" was a keen hunter, and that the dry uplands of Acton Hill made an ideal meeting place and a spot suitable for the erection of a temple to the goddess of the chase. The Romans, for the first two centuries here were polytheists and among their gods not the least important was Diana, goddess of hunting. It has been stated that a shrine to her honor was situated on Ludgate Hill and suggestion has it, on Acton Hill also. The former shrine was later dedicated to St. Paul and the latter to St. Mary. It was a Roman belief that Diana had been seen by one mortal only, the active young hunter Acton. He saw her bathing in a forest pool and, immediately upon seeing him, she splashed water into his face, which caused him to be transformed into the shape of a sprightly young stag.

A Prancing Stag Soon the buying of hounds started Acton and he bounded away, but was speedily overtaken and destroyed. Ever afterwards, all huntsmen's petitions to Diana for success in the chase were coupled with the name of Acton. The London "squire" of Roman times, when proceeding to the hunt would be asked "Whence bound?" and he probably replied "Up to Acton, and let us hope he bless us with a fine stag or two." And to Acton Hill he would wind his way, and there, at the temple, make an offering to Diana beseeching Acton's favor and assistance. As London expanded the need for agricultural land became greater, the forest diminished in size and the significance of Diana and Acton gradually became forgotten.

In the course of time the Saxons took over the decaying temple basilica and used the sites for parish churches. The questions asked are, did, Diana and Acton cause Acton to be so named? Should the official emblem of the borough contain a representation of a prancing stag instead of an oak tree? Ought the town's natives to be actonians, instead of Actons or Actonites?—Stanley P. Mark.

GOVERNMENT RECEIVES MORE CONTRIBUTIONS In the course of a day last week, voluntary contributions amounting to \$1,378 were received by the Canadian Government in Ottawa. Eight of these were from Japanese firms and associations in Vancouver and British Columbia. Other contributions came from the Province of Manitoba. All contributors said they wanted to help the Government carry on the War Effort successfully.

CONTINUING THE NARRATIVE

How many sandbags has the war piled up in Europe? Great Britain's share must now be well over one thousand million. Here in "Dundee" alone the late mills have turned out 110,000,000 of them since the war began. They have been working steadily on full time at the rate of 5,000,000 bags a week, and the rate is going up, what with an extending demand at home and in France and large repeat orders for sandbags piled by the front and rear.

Dundee takes practically all the raw jute which India sends to Britain, and India herself has doubled the number of sandbags made during the Great War. The latest Government order placed with the Calcutta mills is for 72,000,000 bags. Millions of yards of a lighter type of the Hessian cloth, from which sandbags are made have also been made and dyed in Dundee and used as camouflage cloth for aerodromes at home and overseas, and it is expected that millions of yards more will be required as spring reviews the colors of the countryside.

Dundee, incidentally had a domestic sideline in Hessian when the children were evacuated and a London sewing factory set to work day and night producing thousands of jute sandals which the poorer mothers purchased at a shilling each, to hold the one light slipper with which the children wind off to their ballets in the country.

A SAFETY PLAN Wife: I'm buying these pyjamas for my husband. Aren't they cozy? Girl: What's the idea of getting such load pyjamas? Wife: Well, he wants to be cozy and I don't want the poor dear to get hit by a truck.

*They're So Convenient "SALADA" TEA BAGS

SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK By R. J. SCOTT



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ANY DAY A FISH DAY

On Britain's Air Patrol of British Isles

Released by the British Ministry of Information, this picture shows a Daffin plane about to land on the flight deck of the British Aircraft Carrier Eagle on the aerial patrol of sea routes around the British Isles.