

Of Interest to Women



Holla Homemakers! When is a spot not a spot? Answer: When it has been removed by someone who knows how. Even spilled milk, cocoa, and ink can be taken out of white or fast-die fabrics if you use the following remedies at once—with a little persistence and caution:

Milk, grease and oil stains should be sponged with benzene or carbon tetrachloride.

Ink spots should first be blotted with blotting paper and then soaked with clear warm water or sour milk, but in turn must be sponged out with carbon tetrachloride.

A chocolate stain should be scraped off with a dull knife, then put with borax which has been moistened with water. Let dry, then wash in clear water.

Chewing gum is sometimes difficult. Try to rub into a ball with a piece of ice; next, remove stickiness with carbon tetrachloride.

Whether to soak spotted clothes or to set the machine immediately in motion is a moot question. Answer: If you do not use a water softener, you should soak white fabrics.

What about using homemade soap for the new fabrics? Well this is usually a very strong soap (often not aged)—and since there are a number of tested laundry cleansing agents, it is wise to use these in the washing machine.

How long should the washing machine operate. We recommend 5 to 8 mins. for lightly soiled things, 10 to 12 mins. for dirty clothes, then a change of water if necessary. There has been some controversy over this point, but it was agreed that a short wash period and two or three warm rinses produced better results.

Should clothes be whipped or shaken when wet as they are being on the line. To shake or pull gently after the garments are pinned will save

much ironing work. You know too, that if clothes can be taken from the line and folded as they are placed in the basket the ironing will be much easier.

The family must eat on washday and we suggest dishes that can be cooked at a low temperature and served without much trimming. We recommend the Well Cooker or grandmother's Dutch oven for the suggested meals.

(1) **Pot Roast with Potatoes Onions, Carrots Steamed Pudding**
Time 2 hours

Directions: Sear meat (3 lbs.) in skillet until brown on all sides; place trivet in well, add 1 cup of water and put meat on trivet. Put pudding in tall mold; cover, place beside meat. Cover cooker, turn switch to High until steam escapes; then turn switch to low and continue cooking for 1 hour. Place vegetables around meat; turn switch to High until steam escapes; turn switch to Low to finish cooking for about 1 hour.

(2) **STEAMED PUDDING**

3 tbsps. melted shortening, 2 cups flour, 1/2 tsp. soda, 1 tsp. ground cloves, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1/4 tsp. allspice, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 cup milk, 1/2 cup molasses, 1/2 lb. dates, stoned and cut.
Melt shortening. Sift flour, measure, add dry ingredients and sift again. Mix molasses and milk, add to dry ingredients. Add shortening. Fold in dates. Pour into a greased mold and steam for 2 hours. Serve with cream.

(3) **Veal Stew with Noodles Celery and Onions Spiced Bread Pudding**
Time: 2 1/2 hours.

Directions: Cut 2 pounds breast or neck of veal into individual serving pieces. Flour and brown them in a hot fat in a waterless cooker or deep kettle over high heat; season and cover with cold water. Cover, turn heat to Low and simmer for 1 1/2 hours. Add 6 whole medium-sized onions, 1 cup wide noodles and 1 cup of celery cut in short lengths. Set pudding in covered pan, place on rack above the meat stew, cover, and continue cooking for 45 minutes. Serve stew with meat surrounded by noodles and celery. Sprinkle with paprika and garnish with cress. Serves six.

SPECIAL BREAD PUDDING
1 cup toasted bread crumbs, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tsp. soda, 1/2 tsp. ground cloves, 1/2 tsp. nutmeg, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup raisins.

Combine bread crumbs with the brown sugar, soda and spices. Add the milk and raisins. Pour into greased pudding mold and cover.

Heated opinions are a poor substitute for hearts on fire.

Chronicles of... Ginger Farm

Written Specially For The Acton Free Press by GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

So much has been going on since the last time I put pen to paper that I hardly know where to begin, although very little of it concerns honest-to-goodness farming. Farm work, that is, field work, has been practically at a standstill because of wet weather. But there is still plenty of work at the barn—don't ever think there isn't. Partner calls it his "nursery," and it certainly looks like it with six little calves running around at feeding time. That is the way I like to see little calves—playing around like so many puppies. They are not quite so happy before they are let loose to visit their mothers, in fact you would think all hellam was on the rampage what with the bleating of the calves and the howling of the cows. To make one's voice heard above the din is impossible; if we have anything to say we have to use the sign language.

Well, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday were my extra-special days last week. Tuesday our W. I. entered for the luncheon at which entrance class students representing every school in the county were guests of the County Council.

Thursday was a still bigger day. It was the day of our W. I. District Annual, also a special program to celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the W. I. in Canada. Our branch was hostess to the other twenty branches in the county so you can imagine we had plenty to do. It was really a very nice day not too hot, and we had a record attendance. It is nice to see rural women so interested in such a worthwhile organization and I believe all the women enjoyed their day out. There is one thing about these county affairs, the women get together and most old friends and acquaintances whom they have not seen since the last District Annual and might not see again for dear knows how long if it were not for

Ms. D. A. Miss Anna P. Lewis, our new provincial superintendent, was there in person and we found her a very likeable and easy-to-talk-to sort of person. In the afternoon we were just one happy family out for a little fun and we certainly had it. About a dozen of the women staged a W. I. meeting of by-gone days with all the members attired in old-fashioned costumes. There was also a dress parade in costume. The audience was just about convulsed with laughter at different times. Some of the women not only dressed the part, they acted it too. I thought as I watched them the art of dramatization isn't dead after all, but it has certainly been lying dormant an awfully long time. One young woman, wearing a red silk dress and the most demure expression imaginable, yet managed to surreptitiously lift the front of her floor-length gown, thereby revealing a very fine pair of legs clad in knitted white silk stockings. The audience literally howled. If it hadn't been for the girl's innocent expression it wouldn't have been nearly so funny. She looked very like pictures you have seen of Queen Victoria in her younger days.

At four o'clock we had afternoon tea there were about two hundred of us—and Miss Lewis and the president and immediate past presidents of the district were in the receiving line, greeting each guest individually. Around five o'clock the whole affair was over, each of us going our separate way, home to the chores on the farm, or to a house in town; in any case back to our men and our families—to each his own! but all of us, I think, were far more relaxed than when we came and very well content that we had taken time from our daily duties to attend the W. I. D. A.; it is so very easy to think we haven't time for social life of this kind.

And now we come to Saturday—and this really concerns Ginger Farm. If you have followed this column lately you may be aware that we had been hunting for a car. We had heard of and looked at several but none that we thought worth buying—not at the outrageous prices that were asked. But on Saturday a car was sent up for us to try out. With me it was a case of love at first sight! It was just such a car as I had hoped for—good tyres, nice appearance and easy to handle. Partner and I left Bob to worry about the motor and such, and I think he examined every bolt and bearing before he got through. Then we took the car out on the road and to my ears it just purred along. Finally we made a deal and now the car is ours. It is a coach with a trunk at the back which will just take a crate of eggs nicely. At first I was scared to try driving the car at all—all the do-dads on the dashboard confused me so I let Bob go with me at first. And then when the men were at the barn

I took it on to the road myself. This afternoon I went for a ten-mile spin and soon found it far easier to handle than our old jalopy. Now if I had lots of time and plenty of free gas I would like to take that car and really go places.

GEORGETOWN

Last Wednesday evening, thieves entered the ration office in the Waterworks Building. Entry was made by breaking a back window in the building. The office was ransacked and seven ration books and forty cans of condensed milk coupons removed. The break-in is being investigated by the local Provincial Police.

Bob Goldham, Georgetown's Maple Leaf hockey player, was able to leave hospital yesterday where he had undergone an operation on his arm which was badly injured in a hockey game early last season. The arm had not healed properly and it was necessary to graft a bone from Bob's leg in place of the broken arm bone. The cast will not be removed until June.—Herald.



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