

Of Interest to Women

MILTON

In the recent list of King's Council, appointments released by Attorney-General Blackwell, one of the honorees came to Milton and Mr. T. A. Hutchinson, of Milton, will shortly be K.C. We join with others in congratulations to Mr. Hutchinson on the honor bestowed.

The Milton Canadian Club got off to a flying start for 1948 when about 60 members turned out last Friday night to a dinner meeting at the Milton Inn where they enjoyed the finest address heard in a long time, by Judge C. H. Auer of the Family Relations and Juvenile Court, Guelph.

The Hon. Iona Porter and Mrs. Porter were guests of the Board and teachers of Nelson Township at their Annual Banquet held at Glenora school last Tuesday night. Canadian Champion.



Hello Home-makers! For wholesome winter meals at low cost, cereals are the homemaker's best buy. From porridge at breakfast time through the whole day to the stack at bedtime, cereals can play a useful role.

Today we will focus attention on Cornmeal, that favorite cereal of southern cooks. How can cornmeal help out with low cost winter meals? For breakfast, an appetizing dish of golden cornmeal porridge sprinkled with brown sugar or drizzled with honey or corn syrup will provide lots of energy for the day. For lunch or supper, cornmeal soufflé makes a satisfying main course dish. You can vary the flavor by adding different seasonings and a little grated cheese or finely chopped leftover ham or chicken. At dinnertime you can stretch a chicken or meat stew with cornmeal dumplings. And an excellent winter dessert is that of popular Johnny cake served hot with applesauce.

With this quick survey you can see the versatility of good old-fashioned cornmeal in everyday meals. The following recipes show how to make some of the dishes we have mentioned.

CORNMEAL PORRIDGE:
4 cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
Two thirds cup cornmeal

Put water and salt in saucepan over direct heat. Bring to a rapid boil. Add cornmeal gradually, stir

ring constantly. Cook five minutes. Cover and cook over water for 20 minutes. Yield 8 servings.

CORNMEAL MUFFINS:
2 cups yellow cornmeal
2 cups boiling water
1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine

1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, well-beaten
4 tablespoons baking powder
Grease muffin pans about 18 medium. Preheat oven to 475 degrees. Mix cornmeal and salt. Gradually add boiling water, then milk. Beat eggs until fluffy, then add to cornmeal mixture. Add butter. Stir in baking powder. Pour at once into pans and bake for 20 minutes.

CORNMEAL NOODLES:
1 cup yellow cornmeal
5 cup chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt
1 table spoon sugar
3 egg whites, beaten
4 cups milk
5 cup chopped celery
5 teaspoon pepper
3 egg yolks, beaten

1 tablespoon margarine
Combine cornmeal with onion, celery, salt, pepper and sugar. Cook for 20 minutes over low heat stirring frequently. Remove from heat and gradually mix into egg yolks. Allow to cool slightly, then fold in beaten egg whites. Pour into greased casserole. Dot with margarine and bake in slow oven 1 1/2 days for 1 hour or until set. Serves six or eight.

TAKE A TIP:
If you prefer your cereal cooked a long time do most of the cooking the night before, then reheat over boiling water in the morning.

A little more water may be added during cooking if a grain is preferred.

Serve cornmeal muffins for breakfast with marshmallows, jam or jelly. For supper, they are ideal with applesauce, salad or fruit cup.

The addition of a few chopped dates or raisins just makes a deliciously different cornmeal muffin.

Stove muffins in a tightly covered tin accompanied by an orange to keep them moist.

Reheat muffins by sprinkling with water and placing them in a piece of aluminum foil. Then heat in a warm oven for 10 minutes.

Toast split muffins, spread with butter and serve with maple syrup over each half.

Chronicles of... Ginger Farm

Written Specially for The Acton Free Press
GIVENOLINE P. CLARKE

Actually I am right here at Ginger Farm but in memory I am back a good many years, in a boarding house in the city of Moose Jaw. I was staying there alone... waiting for the doctor had brought me there a couple of days and then had to return to our temporary home fifty miles west of the city.

I can see that boarding house now, plain as day in the living room, big square window with a lovely window seat and lots of magazines. An archway led to the dining room and hall way to the kitchen. There was a curtain across one dark corner of the kitchen, behind the curtain was what I believe is known as a continental bed, one that could be tipped sideways and fastened to the wall for daytime convenience. During the long summer months I forgot the name of the lady who was there yet I remember those little details in connection with the house. I suppose because they were different from anything I had seen at home.

I still remember standing around in the hall about twelve o'clock one night waiting for a taxi to take me to the hospital. It didn't come and it didn't rain. I finally got impatient and called a taxi myself. They had a car and I got in. It had got into heavy snow on a side street and had a wheel. Was I glad I was not in the taxi when the wheel came off?

I finally reached the hospital without my bag. It was a small private hospital and I had to wait for a doctor. I was able to be around the next day and soon discovered there were only a few other patients, some with babies some waiting.

I felt rather foolish and alone as indeed I was a stranger in a strange land just six months out from England and England. My mother's name was... but what I remember most to my homecoming was the fact that among the ladies waiting year in and year out was evidently very popular and with plenty of this world's good.

I remember she had beautiful red hair and wore a satin bed jacket to match her blue satin underclothes. From her hospital bed which didn't look like a hospital bed at all but a couch among a bowler of flowers, anyway from it she held court. There were many visitors and ponds of laughter drifted into my little back room. She was definitely the glamour girl of the hospital, even to the nurses. Perhaps I envied her a little.

I don't know if I did it wasn't long. The next day a baby was born to each of us. Daughter was just about perfect just as any normal baby is to its mother. But Lady Blue Satin... her baby was born dead.

That is a terrible thing to happen in any language but this girl was apparently a spoiled darling and reacted accordingly. Before the baby was born there had been kidney complications. She had been put on a strict diet and yet had persuaded her friends to bring her in some of the very things she wasn't supposed to eat. Nature plays no favorites but she had a way of catching up with spoiled darlings. But for all that I felt awfully sorry for Lady Blue Satin. When I was going out of the hospital she called me in and asked to see the baby. She looked at her and said nothing. My lady was still wearing blue satin, her room still bedecked with flowers, but the glamour was gone. I never did know who she was.

This hospital as I said before, was just about top for efficiency and comfort, and yet, a month after I left it was closed by order of the Health authorities. Several mothers had died from blood poisoning, others were seriously ill, and all through infection getting into the hospital from an unsuspected source.

Why do I think of all this just now? Because this is the eve of Daughter's birthday. It is a truly natural to look back and think how much we have to be thankful for. And I wonder what happened to Lady Blue Satin.

And I wonder is there a "puff" towards the district where one was born? Both our babies were born out West, when we came East I was largely on their account, to give them, as we thought, a better chance in life. Now Daughter is in Fort William and when Bob was in the army he thought B.C. was as good a place to live as any he had struck.

ERIN

Harold Griffin, R.R. 2, Acton, was among the directors elected at the annual meeting of the Central Ontario Seed Growers' Association held at Hamilton. The 1947 chairman is W. E. Hiebert of Peterborough. Objective of the organization is to stimulate the growth and sale of registered seeds as a means of producing better crops.

Wellington County Council has passed a resolution to pay the amount of which will be \$22,000. It was estimated at \$22,000.

Reverend Edwin Hart, R.M.P., was named chairman of the fund committee and Rev. John M. Milligan, R.M.P., head of the Finance committee, the two money spending groups of Wellington County Council.

At an August held in Caledonia, last Friday, the coroner's jury found that Rev. J. Staines of the Methodist Church died of a heart attack in a parked bus. The coroner died following a crash landing his car and a tractor trailer driven by E. C. Cook of Toronto on Highway 111, November 1946.

The jury recommended the bill be stricken. Advocate.

Scientists Check Under Microscope Farm Supplies

A greater number of microscopic analyses are now necessary for the enforcement of the Food and Drug Act, officials of the Plant Pathology Division, Department of Agriculture report. With the advancement in science it has become important to the public health to have the products analyzed under the microscope for best results.

These products now contain as many as 100 different kinds of bacteria, some of which are in such small amount that their presence can only be determined satisfactorily under a microscope.

Scientists, for example, it is not enough for a food to be claimed as an improvement of a food. It must be in an assimilable form. The same applies to bones in a fertilizer and copper in a pesticide. Each of these chemicals must be of certain form in the product and usually this can only be determined under the microscope.

COAL OUTPUT UP 12 MILLION

Although the United Kingdom coal industry missed the 1946 production target by 1,000,000 tons, just over one per cent of the total output for the year, the 1947 figures show that the Ministry of Fuel recently stated that the coal output will be 15,000,000 tons, double since the beginning of 46. The total output during the year was just over 2,000 million tons while coal exports up to Christmas had totalled 15,000,000 tons. The export target for 1947 was up 15 to 16 million tons.

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Money on Trees

Windfalls do occur. As a matter of fact it's not so long ago that a gentleman in an Ontario industrial centre received the pleasant news that he had won the tidy sum of \$34,000 simply because he held a sweepstake ticket on the winner of the Manchester handicap. But the best brains of this and any age will persist that there is no substitute for hard work in the task of getting on in the world, while practically every father has at some time or another come up with the non-theoretical announcement to his children that money doesn't grow on trees.

Unfortunately, there is more than a fair share of the globe's population suffering from the delusion that money does grow on trees. Witness the state of Oregon which held an autumn referendum on a scheme to pay a pension of \$50 a month to all men of 65 and over and the same amount to all women of 60 and over, even with out the "means" test. The Oregonians not only approved the plan with a whacking majority, but on the same ballot plumped for higher income tax exemptions.

Come the dawn and a study of practical details. Somebody with a flair for mathematics discovered to his and the state government's horror that in 1948 there would be more than 175,000 male and female Oregonians eligible for the pension, and that the cost to the state would be in excess of \$600 million a year!

This astronomical figure turned out to be three times the state's budget for all purposes. Not only had the get-rich-quick voters ignored the fact that such a sum could not materialize except through ruinous ruinous taxes, but they had voted for a tax reduction. All in all, the Oregon legislature is in a pretty pickle. Whether or not the facts were pointed out to the voters before the referendum is beside the point. The obvious moral is that the glitter of money growing on trees was far brighter than any glow cast by common sense.

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