Let's Talk Things Over

When Bob died, the neighbours fell to wondering what would happen to the family. He'd been a real family man, a steady earner, but he wasn't very old when the unexpected overtook him. It looked like disaster for the family. You see he'd recently built himself the nicest of homes and, of course, had made only a few payments on the mortgage. His eldest girl was going to high school, and the boy was looking forward to entering next year. The sudden death of Bob surely would end everything.

But it didn't. Of course, there was great grief, but much to everyone's surprise, the widow kept the home, the kids went to school, and the uprooting which everyone expected didn't come off.

You see Bob believed in life assurance. He knew how important it was to create an immediate estate out of his small savings. He knew too that only life assurance could do this. Now Bob's widow receives a constant income; her home is paid for; and all because Bob realized that it was part of his responsibility to look after his lovely wife and family in the best way he knew how.

Let's talk things over—today!

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- NEWSY NOTES -

By Agricola

THE BRONZED GRACKLE

In Bain's time it was the Rusty Grackle that was rather common on P. E. Island: "the bird that in early spring comes whistling so shrilly and yet so sweetly along the borders of the glassy ponds. Blackbird is the common name, and who does not remember a summer eve when the silvery pond reflected the forms of the unbowed sedges, and one lone swallow skimmed its surface, and the Robin's warble in the distant grove was faintly heard, and

". . . the sooty Blackbird

Mellowed his pipe, and softened every note."

The nest is built in a fir thicket. The four eggs are pale grayish marked with brown. In autumn the birds wander in flocks, the young conspicuous by their rusty coats.

The Purple Grackle is a less common bird with glossy, iridescent black plumage. The nest is placed in a spruce or fir tree, and contains five eggs marked with curiously arranged dark scrawls."

When the 1916 Bulletin was issued the Rusty Grackle was still referred to as "not rare," but by 1925 it was believed to be extinct here, or at any rate driven away by the larger and more combative Bronzed Grackle (the Purple Grackle of Bain.)

And now a more sinister trait came to light: the Bronzed Grackles were found to vary their diet by taking as many small birds' eggs and young, as they could find. It was a common sight to see a gang of Grackles, called together by a peculiar cry, attack a Robin's nest; and while the parents were vigorously defending the nest at one point, one of the raiders would dash in at another and secure a victim. In consequence the number of Robins and smaller birds grew noticeably fewer. Perhaps one should not blame the Grackles alone for this, since the Crows and Jays are equally culpable. The Starling, another newcomer is said to kill small birds at times.

For some years after the above date the Grackles were numerous —too numerous—in this northern district; but for the past six or seven years the numbers seem to have greatly decreased, though Grackles may still be plentiful in the southern districts of the Province. I was once in the Southport district at harvest time, and noted hundreds of young Grackles on the stooks.

Bronzed Grackle, Crow Blackbird. AOU. 511b. Summer Resident, becoming common — 1916. **Male.** Plumage at a little distance appears completely black, but its straw-yellow eye gives the bird a sinister look. Head, neck, throat, and upper breast, vary from purple to bluish-green or steel-blue; **beak bronze;** wings and tail purplish black, (all these parts with a metallic sheen). Lower breast similar to back but duller. **Female** much duller, back brownish, sometimes without metallic reflection. Length of Adult 13 inches.

Dialect Words

In a news item from the Pacific coast I noted a surname, Oxter. This I think was originally Exeter, the name of a city from which the family took its name.

Oxter is the Scot's and the Northumbrian's name for the armpit. I have not heard it for years. In the Anglo-Saxon it is **"oxta,"** and has a distant resemblance to **oxilla,** which is the modern medical term for that part of the body.

In the days of my youth my Scottish friends all ate oatmeal "parritch" for breakfast, a good custom, which I fear is falling into desuetude. The native of Northumbria likewise ate parritch but called it crowdy, with the "ow" as in now. "Howay in, hinny, and get thee crowdy," said the rustic mother to her truant offspring. The word is one of the few that have come down from the Latin of the monasteries, and in contracted form, become the property of the common people. A "corrodium" (or corrody) was a meal eaten together by the brethren, and it is interesting to find the second "o" was pronounced like "ow."

The word "stamp" has been roughly handled. "He stumped away," writes an English author. Had he been American, he would have used "stomped." The young Tynesider, however, has ingeniously given us a hybrid of stamp and tramp. "He stramped on me toes!" he complains. At the seaside he "plodged in th' water," and seemed to combine the verbs plod and trudge. "How vulgar!" said the precisians, referring to the Tyneside dialect "No," I said, "how ancient! Old Bishop Coverdale would have understood us at once, and Shakespeare would have come in a good second!"

A Philosopher's View (3)

"So much for what requires our repentance — these are the specific sins of ourselves as individuals, of the Church, and of the nations," continues Dr. Niebuhr. Our task, he says, is to present the Gospel of redemption in Christ to nations as well as to individuals, though these collective forms of life do not have as direct an access to divine judgment and grace.

We have made shipwreck of our common life through the new powers and freedom which a technical civilization has placed at our disposal. This shipwreck is seen in the misery and insecurity of all the world, and is an objective historical judgment: it is the death which has followed upon the vainglorious life of the nations. It is our business to so mediate the divine judgment and grace that nations, classes, states, and cultures, as well as individuals, may discern the divine author of their wounds, that they may also know the possibility of a new and whole life.

Against those who make the state sacrosanct we must insist that the state is always tempted to set its majesty in rebellious opposition to the divine majesty. To those who fear the extension of the state for the regulation of modern economic life we must point out that their fears are frequently prompted not by a concern for justice, but by a jealous desire to maintain their own power.

And with this we come to the end of Dr. Niebuhr's searching address, the gist of which is that man has built up a civilization which is out of his control, and that until he seeks divine help it will remain so.

Our Scallops

Renewed interest in our Scallop fisheries has come about through the discovery of the "Small Scallop" bed off our south coast. We have two species of Scallop, but comparatively little is known about them: hence the notes that are here presented have some value.

The first species of Island Scallop to come under notice was the Large, or Smooth Scallop, **Pecten tenuicostatus,** otherwise **P. Magellanicus** or **P. grandis.** This was first reported by W. B. Dawson in his "Survey of P. E. Island" in 1871. It is an attractive shellfish, the valves ("half-shells") being nearly circular, one flat, and the other convex. Usually they are from 5 to 6 inches in diameter, though an 8-inch specimen is on record. The flat under-valve is very smooth, white or cream color. The upper valve, usually of some reddish color, has very slender radiating ribs over its outer surface, to which are often attached barnacles, Bryozoa, and other parasites. It is really a beautiful shell, the interior being smooth and satin-like; the exterior, especially in young shells, presents delicate and attractive colors, white, pink and so on. The "wings" or ears of this species — the outgrowths of the hinge — are equal in size, and almost similar in shape.

Our "Small Scallop" is the **Pecten islandicus,** which is found from Iceland to the State of Maine. It is usually referred to as the Northern Scallop. It is pale orange to reddish brown in color, says Morris in his "Field Guide to the Shells of the Atlantic coast," and grows to a length of about 4 inches. The shell carries about 50 narrow, unequal, radiating ridges, frequently grouped together to form unequal ribs. The "wings" are very unequal, one fairly long, and the other very short.

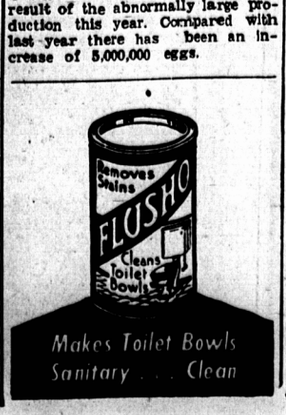
In my collection is a fine shell of **Pecten irradiens,** found from New England to Cape Hatteras. It derives its name from the radiating lines on the "wings." Tons of this scallop are dredged annually for market.

PRISONER THREE YEARS

MANILA, Oct. 12 — (AP) — Police in Tondo, Manila's slum, rescued Lourdes Cornejo Santos, 28, from three years in a locked room where she had given birth to three babies. Her husband, Alfredo Santos, 31, a second-year medical student, said it had all been by agreement. He was charged with maltreatment. Little Alma Xella, the couple's 2 1-2-year-old daughter, had never been outside of the room until police broke in the padlocked door. Two other children had been born in the room but had perished shortly after birth. The woman now is pregnant.

EGGS FOR BRITAIN

PRETORIA, South Africa—(CP) —Britons will eat 3,000,000 more South African eggs this year as a result of the abnormally large production this year. Compared with last year there has been an increase of 5,000,000 eggs.



Lonely Parade

By Fannie Hurst

Don't worry about the money, my dear. Let little Kitty do your thinking and scheming. She's going to give you reason to remember her right name."

Six mornings a week, before eight o'clock, three breakfasts were delivered on immaculate trays by the vigorously trained small maid, a graduate in precision of Kitty's relentless tutelage.

Sunday mornings were the exception. At ten-thirty during the winter, the card table in Charlottenburg's office-living room was opened up before a coal fire and spread to the perfection demanded by Kitty. A Honitan lace cover over yellow sateen. Frail daffodil china, painted by Kitty. The smell of steam from hot muffins being opened for a slide of butter.

Kitty, on these Sunday mornings which she intended to establish as tradition, loved to breakfast in a pink woolly bed jacket that encased her as softly and warmly as a sachet bag. Never lost upon her was the contrast of Sierra, her face calm above a gray wool bathrobe, and of the Charlottenburg, shirtwaisted and doing quick justice to three two-minute eggs, whose heads she slashed off with a stroke of her knife and drank from the shell.

These clearinghouse breakfasts constituted a weekly balance of affairs and experiences. It was pleasant to loll over muffins piled with marmalade, sip hot coffee —with the exception of Kitty who never drank it or tea—and verbally thumb back and forth over the record of the week's events.

This Sunday morning, a luminlus object, surrounded by three women at breakfast, lay on the lace cloth. The color and size of half a frosty grape, it shot off a shy milky sort of radiance, its star burning down into its depths. "My little lavender dove has swallowed the evening star," whispered Kitty, leaning over it.

"A little lavender piece of loot has swallowed your blarney, hook and bait," remarked the Charlottenburg, crackling toast along her vigorous teeth. "How you managed to extract, on consignment, one 'grade-A' star sapphire from a firm like Olin and Collins, without so much r leaving something negotiable as collateral, is beyond me. Kitty Mullane, who makes arty lapis labuil and silver breastpins, goes suddenly star sapphire on a shoestring.

"On good straight business thinking," interposed Sierra.

"That from you, my dear Sierra, is praise from Caesar. It was both good and straight, if I do say so. I went to Olin himself. Never mind how I bribed, pined, whined and tarried for three days of waiting to reach him. You remember the evening I pawned off on you for dinner the little girl who paints velvets when I couldn't get home in time, Charlottenburg?"

"Yes, so do I remember my chicken pox."

"That was the evening the office boy tipped me off that Peter Olin was to be in his office late, and I waited in his anteroom until eleven and caught him! And please note, Charlottenburg mia, that all this was accomplished with no collateral beyond my frank young Kerry Patch face, the address of my one-room, one-man organization in semi-precious jewels. Yum, yum, my beautiful starlight, starlit darling, kiss Mullane! You are going to lie on a dingy Pretorious neck but it cannot dim your splendor. I never had enough of anything—clothing, blankets, candy, love, beauty. That's what I missed most and that's what I want most. Hanging star sapphires along even a wattled old neck is a kind of attempt at beauty. Sierra's strange still face looking at me is a kind of beauty. Even I in this cruel morning light, with the lines all out in my thirtyish looking face, and my eyes too old from wanting things, am a kind of beauty; the beauty of being lean and unsatiated and eternally hungry."

"Lean and hungry? What about hungry for a little kippered herring!" interpolated the Charlottenburg, her eyes small, amused and sardonic.

"Kippered herring," cried Kitty, her expression pricking up, "wait a minute, there. In spite of yourself I think you've said something!"

The Kitten's forthright little mind must be working somewhat like this: Kippered herring breakfasts could start a fad and become town talk among our local idiotics."

"There's more than idea there, Charlottenburg! There's inspiration," cried Kitty. "'Miss Ames, Miss Baldwin and Miss Mullane at home, Sundays. Twelve o'clock breakfast.. Kippered herring.' Oh, Charlottenburg, suppose I hadn't ever found you! Suppose I were not living with the Charlottenburg and the High Sierra in Twenty-one East! Suppose!"

"The answer to that," observed the Charlottenburg to her knitting needles, "is either engraved across eternity or written on a pinehead. Both equally illegible to our aging eyes - - -"

CHAPTER IX

Going to dine in her father's home and the new dominion which Leonore had created there, was still a disturbing, not to say upsetting, experience. Invariably Sierra braced herself for the occasion, facing with dread the ordeal of entering as guest the house which had been the citadel of her schoolgirl years and over which she had presided ever since, as a horrified child, she had beheld her mother half carried, her heels dragging, out of the home to that big house on a hill from which she had never returned.

You could count upon Leonore, who made her moves as slowly as a chess player, to make the transition from gloom to brightness in the brooding brownstone rectangle of a house. Baldwin, at this period, would tell you that horses would remain in his stables as long as God made little apples, automobile shenanigans to the contrary notwitstanding. But it was surprising what ground Leonore could cover with that little electric cab of hers in which she skittled about like a glider bug.

(To be continued)

Toy-Making Girls Once Turned Out Munitions of War

By NORMAN CRIBBENS
Canadian Press Staff Writer

LONDON, Oct. 12 — (CP) — Girls who broke production records in British war factories are still breaking records — making toys for export.

For three years pretty 27-year-old Alice Turner produced shell cases by the thousand. Now she paints eyes on dolls at the rate of 900 a day.

"This work is much nicer," said Alice, between operations in a London toy plant, "and from my point of view it's a darn sight more useful. I got to hate the sight of a shell case."

Then there is bright-eyed Lesley Walkham. In wartime Lesley packed eye-shields for fighting forces at the rate of 150 an hour. Today she gives dolls their rosy checks, spraying more than 2,000 a day.

"It's monotonous all right, but when you see the finished product and think of all the kiddies get out of dolls you feel it is worthwhile. And, mind you, there's a touch of art in it. Some mornings I spray better than others."

April Lesseinger, plump and good-humored after 15 years of factory work, made camouflage netting during the war. Now she designs and produces dainty dresses for dolls.

"I've always been keen on dressmaking," April said, "and this is right in my line. There's more scope in dressing dolls than human beings. You have so much more material at your disposal."

These three girls with thousands of others, are helping Britain's toy trade to turn out £17,000,000 ($52,700,000) worth of toys a year of which £3,000,000 worth are for export.

Canada last year absorbed 12 per cent of the export total amounting to £412,941. The United States and the Argentine each received six per cent and South Africa 11 per cent.

Export target for the end of 1948 was £500,000 a month. Although that figure was exceeded in one month, October, the monthly average was only £272,000.

"In view of all the difficulties inherent in the change-over from a sellers to a buyers' market, the industry put up a very creditable performance," a Board of Trade official said.

"The total for the year, £8,296,241, was more than seven times the 1938 value of exports."

Target for the end of 1949 is £350,000 a month. The monthly average for the first quarter- - usually regarded as a dead season for exports- -was £171,971 and for the second quarter £261,653.

Manufacturers say that the main obstacle to increasing exports to the United States is the tariff of 70 per cent on mechanical toys. They are hopeful, however, that the recent devaluation of the pound will mean a substantial increase in orders from dollar countries.

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The Turner Valley oil field, in spite of its shrinking output, continues to contribute about 40 per cent of Alberta's oil.

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——— M.D.
(Name and Address on Request)

Mr. David Fingard,
The Duke-Fingard Inhalation Hospital,
923 College Street,
TORONTO

Dear Mr. Fingard:

As requested, I am reporting on the progress of some cases I have seen for you recently.

1st. Miss K. :- Asthma and allergic to many foods for 33 years. This patient has been under treatment for 16 weeks with the small electric cup. She can already eat all foods that she was previously allergic to. She now has very few attacks of asthma, and has gained in weight from 88 to 100 lbs. and looks very well.

2nd. A. McF. :-Hay Fever, Chronic Bronchitis, and Asthma, which according to the records of Dr. A. G. McPhedran, he suffered with from early infancy. He was considered cured after 16 weeks' treatment. On recent examination he was found to be in excellent health. He has had no recurrence in 10 years.

3rd. J.A.L. :- Age 79. Bronchitis and Asthma for 30 years. After taking treatment for 8 weeks consisting of inhalation from the small electric cup, for 2 hours each day, all symptoms disappeared. He has been without recurrence for the past 4 months.

4th. Terry H. :- Age 54 years. Bronchiectasis. After 8 weeks' treatment, his cough is greatly improved, there is no longer any foul sputum which had been very copious and very offensive. He can now sleep through the night. His chest is greatly improved.

It is a pleasure to be able to report these findings to you and I am reminded of the authoritative and expressive statement of the late Prof. D. F. Fraser-Harris, "These results are well nigh unbelievable".

Sincerely,
Toronto Doctor

Note: Above cases were treated under medical supervision. Chronic cases are advised to take overnight treatment on doctor's orders.

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