BUYS AND WHYS BY Barbara Brent

A weekly shopping and information service for today's women

MONTREAL, July 15th—*Sheer magic*, I call it!—the way CERTO assures the perfection you seek in jam 'n' jelly making. Certo, you know, is pectin—the natural jellying substance of fruits—in concentrated form. Follow the Certo instructions *exactly* for unfailing results . . . and for *fifty percent more* jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit. Certo preserves the true bright colour and luscious flavour of the sun-ripened fruit. There is a book of tested recipes under the label on every Certo bottle.

If the Youngsters on Your Street are busily engaged racing and spinning plastic tops that whistle or wail, they're probably Blo-Yr-Top fans! These new Blo-Yr-Tops are SUPER according to my eight-year-old neighbour. (Even adults are amused by them). The only way the youngsters (or you) can get one is to *send 10c* and two KELLOGG'S ALL-WHEAT box tops to Kellogg's, Dept. B, London, Ontario. And, while there is more than one way to increase your energy supply, one of the most pleasant is to eat Kellogg's All-Wheat. It's whole cereal in its most delicious form, literally gives you *energy to burn*—and it's so crisp and fresh, it's a pleasure to eat!

Bold Brave "Glads" to feast your eyes! You'll see them, flower-perfect in form and colour, on the cover of July CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL . . . And, inside, you'll be tempted to some good porch reading—like that fascinating modern ghost story, "Me and My True Love", wherein a rejected lover haunts (and protects) the girl who married his friend . . . or that outspoken discussion by Earle Birney, "Yes, Canadians *Can* Read, but do they?" (you're exempt, though!) . . . or, getting right into your daily problems, those 20 new recipes for delicious, quick-as-wink summer desserts . . . And that's only a small sample of what you'll get in C.H.J. for July. It's at your nearest newsstand now.

Pair To Your Eyes? Few of us are . . . for it's hard to tell when your eyes are tired! You can't "hear" them complain even though they're hard at work all day long and half the evening . . . which is why it's your duty to look out for them! I advise two drops of MURINE in each eye night and morning and whenever your eyes tell you to! Though this is advisable all year 'round, it's especially important in Summer . . . since sun, wind, dust and light glare put an extra tax on your eyes. Murine contains 7 ingredients that blend with the natural eye fluids . . . cleansing and soothing delicate tissues gently as a tear, and relieving that strained feeling! So ask your Druggist for Murine today!

Stuffy Cupboards have an unhappy way of being even stuffier on a hot summer's day! But this is no problem if you have a bottle of Vapair, the new room deodorant that brings the delightful scent of pinewoods into your home. All you do:—simply unscrap the bottle and pull up the wick . . . and see how the stuffiness of your cupboard disappears *almost at once!* Yes, it pays to keep your home as dainty as you are yourself in summer! And Vapair is a real wonder-worker when it comes to banishing cooking odours . . . stale tobacco smoke . . . and "doggy" or bird-cage smells—yet costs less than a cent each time to use. Ask for VAPAIR in the big-value, ten-ounce bottle—at drug and department stores everywhere!

Mother, here's a grand dessert for your youngsters' supper-time . . . they'll call it 'simply super' and ask for second helpings all round! Just pick a cool summer's drop of blueberries and try this — with CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP . . .

FRESH BLUEBERRY PIE
Temp.: 450 deg.-350 deg. F.
Time: 45-50 minutes
Pastry for 2-crust 9" pie
¾ cup white sugar
½ tspn. salt
3 tbspn. Benson's Corn Starch
2 cups cleaned blueberries
2 tbspns. Crown Brand Corn Syrup
½ tspn. lemon juice
1 tbspn. butter (optional)

Line a 9" pie plate with pastry. Mix together sugar, salt and Benson's Corn Starch; sprinkle ¼ of this mixture on unbaked crust. Fill with blueberries. Mix together Crown Brand Corn Syrup and lemon juice; pour over berries. Sprinkle with remainder of Corn Starch-sugar mixture; dot with butter; cover with top crust. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes; reduce heat to 350 deg. F. and continue baking for 25 to 35 minutes or until done.

When Wander-Lust Lures You to far and lovely places come holidaytime . . . you'll want to be sure that the valuables you leave behind are in safekeeping. The best way I know to win this freedom from care is to store your jewellery, silver and such like, as well as your valuable papers, in the vaults of the BANK OF MONTREAL. You can rent a *Safety Deposit Box* for less than the cost of your daily paper! So ask about this service at your nearest B of M branch to-morrow. You'll find B of M safekeeping can be the corner-stone of your holiday peace of mind!

Beauty On The Beach . . . that's what these swim suits of nylon are! Swim-'n'-sun in beautiful comfort in these figure-wise suits designed with a flair for flattery by Canada's favourite designers. In a wide range of utterly luscious colours, they're yours for longer wearability in salt or fresh water. And nylon swim suits hold their shape wonderfully. They dry quick as a wink. They're mildew and moth-proof. That's why bathing suits of nylon are a favourite choice of bathing beauties all across Canada. When you buy yours, remember to look for that important tag . . . *"Made of C-I-L Nylon Yarn"!*

Tiny Though He Is . . . baby seems almost too big for the kitchen come mealtimes! Haven't you often thought so? If his food doesn't please him—he can raise quite a rumpus . . . but when it's Heinz Baby Food, the kitchen is full to overflowing with baby-cheer! Yes, he loves Heinz Baby Food! It's cooked to baby-ready digestibility—then vacuum-sealed to help preserve vitamins! And he'll like Heinz Junior Foods when he's a little older . . . scrumptious-tasting diced and chopped vegetables and a complete Vegetable Beef Dinner! So ask your grocer tomorrow for HEINZ BABY AND JUNIOR FOODS in those convenient 5-ounce tins!

Keep Cool!—When the thermometer hits the high spots and unexpected guests drop in, you can meet the situation cooly and calmly if you keep a bottle or two of E. D. Smith's pure Grape Juice on hand for such emergencies. For here's a refreshing drink *everybody* likes . . . either as it comes from the bottle diluted and sweetened to taste . . . or "fancied up" with ginger ale and a slice of an orange. When it's *E. D. SMITH'S* you can be sure of the appetizing flavour-richness of Niagara's delicious Concord Grapes . . . For E. D. Smith's Grape Juice is bottled *full-strength!* Get a bottle or two at your grocer's tomorrow.

Nature Can Be Beautiful in the country in the summer—with the exception of Nature's pests . . . blood-thirsty little mosquitoes—flies of all shapes and dispositions. That's why I know you'll be a SAPHO fan forever—once you've discovered how easily this pest-killer kills insect pests. Sapho 5% DDT, the first liquid spray for flies, moths and bugs, leaves clothes and furniture unstained, for the DDT crystals can be brushed away in a jiffy. It's effective—it's neat—it's so easy to use! Ask for it, with the handy hand-sprayer . . . and ask for equally effective Sapho 10% DDT Pest Dust—available across Canada in drug and department stores.

I'm Practically Willing To Guarantee that this is a certain way to bring that husband of yours out from behind his morning paper! It's an open secret between thousands of wives that husbands react most enthusiastically to CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE when it's served piping hot at breakfast-time! Yes, everyone gets enthusiastic about Chase & Sanborn because it's such enthusiastic coffee . . . rich, zestful . . . with REAL, full-bodied flavour! So if you'd like that man of yours to say . . . "Honey, *this* is REAL coffee!" . . . ask your grocer to send you a pound of Chase & Sanborn right away. I'm sure you'll agree it's the best-tasting coffee you can buy!

Smooth and Soothing as a Lullaby . . . that's what Z.B.T. Baby Powder is. It's perfect protection for your tot's tender skin for it's the baby powder made with olive oil . . . it's moisture resistant! Make this test. Smooth a little Z.B.T. on your hands—then sprinkle it with water. It's truly amazing the way it resists the water and protects your skin. And it protects your baby's sensitive skin in the same way! He'll never again be bothered by squirmy "acid moisture" if you make a happy habit of smoothing on Z.B.T. every time you change his diapers! Do write to me—Barbara Brent, 1411 Crescent Street, Montreal, P.Q.—for your free sample of Z.B.T. BABY POWDER! Baby will love it!

Wisdom's Gate

By Margaret Ayer Barnes

When Cicily joined Albert, Gertrude was still talking to him though moving toward the door. "If you will", she was saying, but rather indifferently, "you will help me a lot."

"Well, of course I'd love to." said Albert, looking pleased.

"We've been talking polo," said Gertrude to Cicily. "I've just discovered this man of yours knows a good deal about horseflesh," she added nonchalantly.

"Mrs. Sewall has asked me to look over a three-year-old in the club stables that she's thinking of buying." said Albert.

"Do you ride, Cicily?" It was Uncle Fred's question.

"No, I don't I'm a fool on a horse. They always back with me."

"Sometimes." said Albert, "they rear, She gave me a great scare once in Peiping when she insisted on riding to a picnic."

Cicily remembered that scare. And also that the reason that she'd been determined to mount that skittish pony was because Audrey Diston—who was one of those Englishwomen who'd hunted all their lives—had planned to ride with Albert on her little bay mare. But it had been worth it because the incident had parred Albert into sudden, sweet solicitude. A tender recollection of his white face, stern eyes and lips that had actually trembled as he'd insisted that she dismount then and there on that dusty Chinese road and take her place in a motor with the food and the older women, now softened her eyes.

CHAPTER VIII

Her husband hadn't spoken on the short drive home and Cicily wondered what his thoughts were. As soon as they entered their front hall, he took her in his arms. "Darling," he said, "I've been thinking of how you looked on that horse as it reared. Jolted like a doll—your black hat slipped back on your yellow hair—helpless and terrified—God, I saw you trampled on! It still makes me sick."

She felt his hands holding her, his body pressed close, his mouth seeking hers. It didn't seem just the moment to ask when he was going to go with Gertrude to look at the three-year-old and how she'd happened to ask him to give her his advice. But she wished that she had managed to slip in those inquiries earlier, for they were the sort of thing which if you didn't mention instantly you couldn't mention later without seeming to stress a triviality unduly.

"Sweetheart." said Albert as he turned out the hall light, "you must never do anything ever again that will frighten me. For I love you too much."

The very next evening when he came home as usual from the five-fifty, Albert called her into the living room and handed her a copy, typewritten by Miss Sadie, of the longhand letter he had written to Belle.

"My dear Belle" it ran, "It was like you to write me as you did and both Cicily and I appreciate exactly how you feel. We admire and respect you tremendously for the scruples you expressed but, my dear girl, I hope you will realize—and Billy too—that I cannot take advantage of your extreme generosity.

"Frankly, it would make me feel like a cad to do so, for I owe you in many ways much that can never be repaid. But of course my main reason for declining your offer—which I repeat, overwhelmed me by its kindness and consideration— is that I find it impossible to let the children down. I don't doubt that you are eager to do everything for them, but it is my inalienable privilege to share in that responsibility. Moreover, I cannot but feel that they have a right to the allowance that the court made them which neither of us is justified in setting aside. If you prefer not to use it for current expenses, it can accumulate in a fund for future emergencies.

"I say nothing about the happiness it gives me to remain a factor in their lives because I know I have forfeited the right to appeal to you on any emotional ground. I merely urge you to detach yourself from our personal situation and to consider their best interest, even at the expense of your own inclination

"Faithfully,
"Albert Lancaster."

Cicily put down the letter, not caring to answer Albert's bright amused glance, feeling inexplicably a little ashamed. She had urged him to be nice about it—to concede everything gracefully—but the grace of this letter was a trifle appalling.

"Albert said, "Neat, don't you think?" with the candor of an artist applauding his own handiwork.

"Oh, very," said Cicily, with a touch of listlessness.

Belle's letter came promptly just two days later, and it was very characteristic.

"Dear Albert,

"Familiar as I am with your epistolary gifts and with the fact that the felicity of your phrases can always be counted upon to outrun the strength of your convictions, I must admit that your argument has had some weight with me. I mean all that affecting sentiment about not letting the children down.

"I don't understand why you didn't jump at the chance to beg off your bargain and I was quite honest in saying that I would like things between us to be at an end. But it's perfectly true that a little extra cash would, under the circumstances, make possible music and dancing lessons and help with the teeth straightening which is horribly expensive but absolutely essential, in a man-made world, for three impecunious girls.

(To Be Continued)

You Pay No More Than You Did 10 Years Ago!

The same high quality... delicious and nourishing as ever!

Good news in these days of high food prices! Appetizing Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies still cost you *no more per ounce than in the pre-war year of 1938!*

You get the same tempting Quaker Puffed Wheat Sparkies you love so well . . . the same appetizing crispness . . . the same inviting toasty whole wheat flavor . . . the same grand whole wheat nourishment . . . all for no more than you paid 10 years ago!

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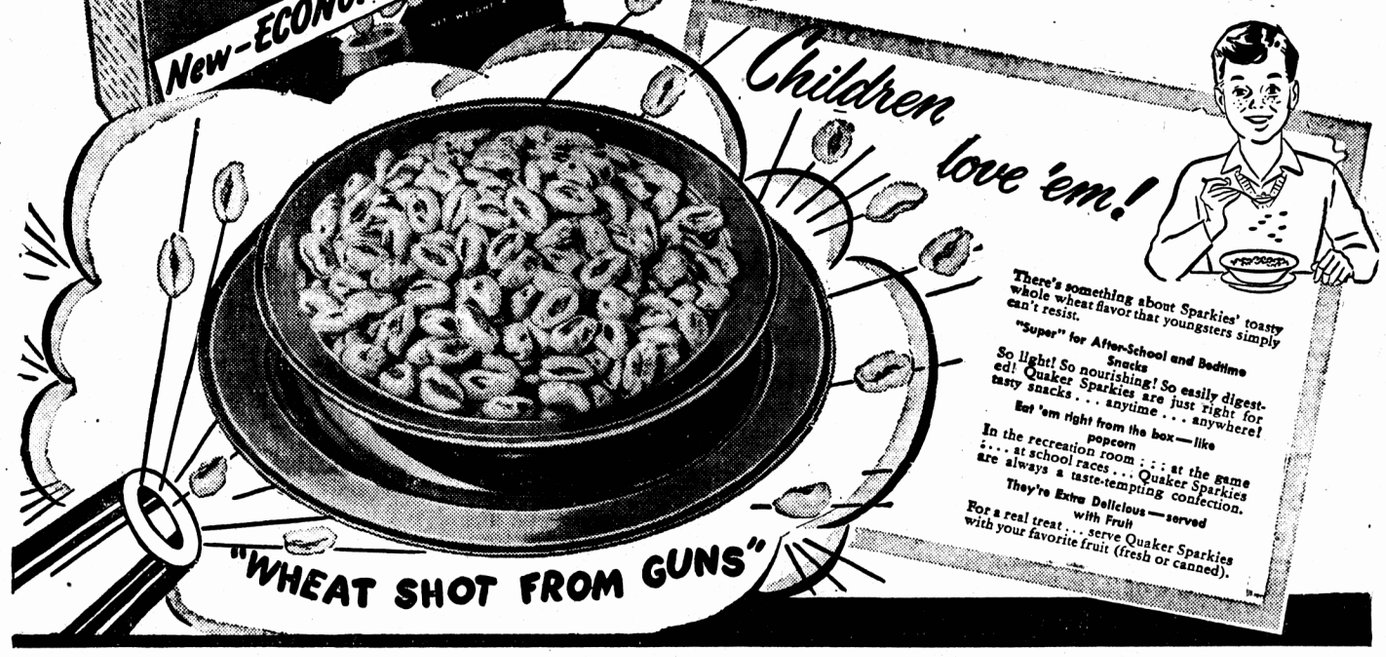

ELLEN'S DIARY

(Continued from Page 2)

ceal many a womanly wile. And besides as Aunt Kitty Manoney used to state: "there's more ways of killing a cat than by hanging —I'm telling you!"

• • •

There was that wedding to attend this evening, an event to draw women-kind across a continent and certainly from Alderlea. But James not at all taken with social affairs, I suspected at the moment was inclined to remain at home well content to hoe his rows of turnips until darkness should dim the surrounding hills and the new sickle of moon appear in the sky. Indeed when the time had arrived for us to set out for the occasion, he was still in the valley of indecision, this time before a mirror — though in a critical rather than vain state—wondering "now which hat shall I wear, Ellen?" And I laughed then from the sheer joy of anticipation and replied: "Now there it is! If you were like me, you would have no worry over that. You would clap the only one you owned on your head and away you'd go!" And presently joining another couple, away we went.

• • •

I am sure that James and I regard a wedding from widely different points of view. While I come to admire the setting of it: the music, the bridal pair and the intimate glimpse of heaven the scene affords, James looking at the ceremony, I fancy perhaps catches none of these. He, being of course more practical, is wondering about the qualifications the two possess that will go towards making a success of their married life. He has a notion that people are not put into this world "to dream, to drift" but to give of their best to it not so much in offering any dubious talents to it but rather in doing the chore which lies nearest to the best of one's ability.

• • •

So he would be as he says 'sizing up" the winsome bride. Could she make bread—or butter, if need be? Would she know what it meant to make of her house a comfortable home? Would she remember that men can get quite as weary at their work as women and help at a busy season: to run an errand, to fetch the cows from pasture or perhaps to milk one or to feed a calf? And above all, James would be asking: would she do such things willingly and with a good heart? I have often overheard James say to Mr. C. our bachelor from the house on the hill: "Ay, they'd help, but if they won't do it with a good heart much better if they'd not do it at all!" The "For Better" part—that was easy but the 'For Worse," would this little bride stand up bravely against every adversity? James would be weighing all of those things this evening forgetful that in his own choosing he had quite neglected to verify any one of these essentials though as he tells Mr. C. smiling "looking back, I see I left altogether too much to the working of chance!" I wonder if the birds that trill so sweetly at their wooing ask those things? . . . But

Until tomorrow —Diary—Good night.

Don't Make This Mistake When Child Is Constipated

Don't upset a child already upset by constipation with nasty-tasting laxatives or harsh, griping cathartics. Give Children's Own Tablets. This new corrective made especially for growing youngsters' needs is so pleasant to take—acts so gently and normally without disagreeable reactions that even the fussiest child won't object to their use. Make laxative-taking time easy on the child and yourself, mother! Get Children's Own Tablets today at your druggist. 25¢.

Doctors Prove the Palmolive Plan brings 2 out of 3 women Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

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If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

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