

Doctors prescribe Swift's Meats for Babies

Meat gives your baby a better chance for his best growth and development!



MOTHER! Here's why Swift's Meats for Babies meet the exacting requirements of infant feeding

- Good nutrition—for growth**
Your baby grows so fast he needs three to four times more protein, proportionately, than you do! He gets complete high-quality proteins in Swift's Meats for Babies. Remember, a small amount of meat in a mixture of foods does not meet baby's big protein need. Be sure — feed Swift's Meats for Babies... they're all meat.
- Compact nourishment—baby's stomach is small**
Your baby is so tiny he can eat only a small amount of food each day—yet he is building his body for life! Every day he needs the nutrients meat provides so abundantly. No other food is added to Swift's Meats for Babies. They furnish the body-building goodness of meat in compact form.
- Controlled feeding—for individual needs**
Ready-mixed food combinations may be all right for one baby—wrong for your baby. That's why doctors recommend feeding baby's foods separately... so you can control and balance the amounts exactly. Swift's Strained and Diced Meats make it easy for you to feed your baby the exact amount of meat that's right for him.
- Variety—to form good eating habits**
Your baby needs a variety of tastes and textures in his diet, to help form nutritionally sound eating habits. By feeding baby's foods separately—not all mixed together—he gets to know the individual flavours of a variety of foods. Swift's Meats for Babies acquaint your baby with six wholesome, distinctive flavours of meats he will be eating all his life.

Never before—all-meat products SO ECONOMICAL... SO EASY to serve to baby!

Prepared to doctors' specifications from selected, lean, Government inspected Meats—strained and cooked just right for your baby by expert.

2 special forms—Swift's Strained Meats for young babies... soft, moist and smooth as custard. Swift's Diced Meats—tender, juicy, bite-size cubes.

6 tempting kinds—beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver and heart.

2 or 3 servings per tin—only a few cents each. A fraction of the cost of home preparation.

No work—no waste... they're ready to heat and serve!

Get a supply today!

Every nutritional statement made in this advertisement is accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

Ellen's Diary
By an Island Farmer's Wife

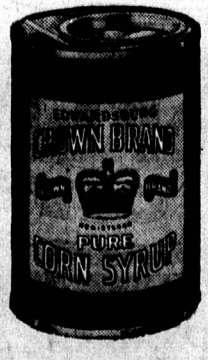
Continued from page 18

James many virtues comes to light on an occasion like this. No matter how dry or tasteless a meal has become in a short or lengthy interval of awaiting his pleasure,



Hello Folks!

"An important part of my diet ever since my first bottle has been Crown Brand Corn Syrup. Now, that may be all right for a little character like myself, but let me tell you, these grown-ups sure are lucky what with Mom serving them Crown Brand Corn Syrup with so many of their dishes. And she uses it in her baking, too, as a sweetener. I can hardly wait until I'm old enough to have some hot waffles or pancakes smothered with delicious Crown Brand. If it's as good as it is in my cereal—mummmmm!"



For years doctors have recommended the use of Crown Brand Corn Syrup as a satisfactory carbohydrate acting as a milk modifier for bottle-fed infants.

CROWN BRAND PURE CORN SYRUP

THE CANADA STARCH COMPANY LTD.
MONTREAL - TORONTO

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nevertheless, needing the young ones or not, it was quite time they were broken to harness. "Old enough!" I overheard James say on a recent morning to Jock, who was trying to find an excuse to delay the breaking. "Well, I should say they are old enough! Many a time I've put in a crop — and a good crop too with one not nearly so old as either of them and nothing else to make up the team but a mare they were young horses when I was expecting her foal by me. I guess they are old enough. Why, they're just spilling to be broken but" and here the two moved off. "I'm darned if I'm going to help at it. No sir, I'm done with breaking horses—I'm not going to bother my head — nor heart about them", which comment, I received with approval, so extremely logical it was in its point of view.

Young horses are "kittle cattle" and the breaking may be trying both to the brawn and spirit of any owner. So it was Rob who came to help Jock at those first hitchings, which were "travelling" they reported. I believe it was Jamie who brought the favorable news indoors to me before he went home with Rob. "You'd never know they were young horses at all, Granddaddy said they acted 'very sensibly' and here Jamie laughed and he said it was a good job they did for he never saw such careless breaking of horses in all of his live-long days. That Jamie nodded "is what granddaddy said, and Dad only laughed and said when the Nell-mare's colt was plowing — he was the last one they put in — well they're hauling the plow all right aren't they — what more would a fellow want than that?" So in easy periods, and now supplanting one of the mares, each colt takes his turn and James himself who leads one or the other back to his stin of it is well pleased with the turn of events in connection with our Fall plowing.

At present James' pipe is functioning gaily. In his old armchair he adjusts his glasses and picks up a missive of today's mail. It is short but most kind and good. He read: "Dear James: use this (a pipe-cleaner) and leave Ellen to her knitting!" He examines the postmark closely: "A town in Nova Scotia—now who can have sent it, Ellen?" he wonders, drawing lustily on his pipe. Then laying it aside adds "well, whoever it may have been it came in pretty handy tonight!"

Until tomorrow — Diary — Good-night

Smart Girl

By George F. Worts

CHAPTER I

"The next corner," the girl said as if she were breathless. "The far side, please."

She paid the driver and got out with the big brown paper bundle. The rain was sluicing down. She didn't have an umbrella. Her blue transparent slicker was buttoned up to her throat. Her small blue hat, perched on one side of her head, would be ruined. It didn't matter. And she had to walk around the block. She had to count the eyes.

The rain had driven all but a few pedestrians off the streets. She saw a watchful pair of eyes under a gray hat in a doorway looking steadily at the tall white apartment building across Park Avenue in the middle of the block.

The girl in the blue slicker hugged the brown paper bundle to her side and crossed Park Avenue. She ran her eyes along the opposite side of the street, then looked up at windows. She was sure she saw a pair of eyes at one of them. But there wasn't any real gathering of forces. They were still watching.

She walked through the rain to Madison and around the block. In the araway behind the tall white building she saw another pair. He looked surburred. He wore a black felt hat and had a wet cigarette in one corner of his mouth.

The redheaded girl walked purposefully to the tall white building and went in. She smiled warmly at the doorman, walked briskly into the elevator and smiled warmly at the elevator man. He glanced at the large dripping bundle, then at the slender, dripping girl and saw that she was clearly not a girl to be sent around to the service elevator.

"Four, please," the redheaded girl said.

She got out at the fourth floor, walked to the end of a long hall to a door that opened on an echoing tube of steel. Stairs ran up and down. She went to the fifth floor and was presently facing the door of Apartment 5-B. She inhaled quickly, for resolution, made sure that the hall was empty except for herself, pressed the button twice, waited, pressed it three times, waited again, and pressed it twice.

The door was opened on the chain. The round face of a gray-haired man with brown eyes appeared, disembodied, in the four-inch slot.

"Miss Porter," the girl whispered.

He undid the chain and opened the door. "Mr. Zorane is expecting you."

He took the bundle and led her into a pale green living room as dusky and cool as a pine forest. The Venetian blinds were adjusted to slits. A man was walking up and down beside the windows, occasionally peering out through the slits. He was chewing a long-crooked cigar. The smoke had an odd smell, not rich but pungent and faintly oriental.

"Miss Porter, sir."

The cigar turned sharply and stared, as if startled or frightened or suspicious. The black hair sweeping back from his

OLDER PEOPLE!

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You can now get the benefits of year-round sunshine, Vitamins A and D from good-tasting Scott's Emulsion. Contains natural A and D vitamins and other essential build-up elements that help tone up your system, help build resistance and stamina against colds and other minor ailments. Take Scott's Emulsion daily—it's easy to digest and economical to use. Buy from your druggist today.

TRY SCOTT'S EMULSION YEAR-ROUND TONIC

lean, dark, sardonic face had lots of gray in it. He was very handsome in a cruel way, much sadder than he was in his newspaper photographs. A strong, trap-like mouth betrayed his respect for himself; long-lidded eyes, his contempt for opinions not his own. There was an expression of world-old sadness about his eyes, as if he had looked upon everything hopeless since the world began and viewed all sorrow with an ancient comprehension, but not with tolerance.

The long lids came down a little as he smiled at her. "Every time I see you, Miss Porter, I realize how unfair I was to you all the other times. Why is sheer loveliness so hard to remember?"

His voice was deep and rich with vibrations. More than his fascinating dark face, it was his voice that was so dangerous.

"I counted three men watching the building," the girl said. "but I'm sure there isn't any danger—not if you hurry."

"I'll hurry," Stefan Zorane said. "Where are you, Featherly?"

"Here sir."

He went into the room where the manservant had gone with the bundle. The girl went to the telephone table and slowly stretched out long slender white fingers to the telephone. She watched the points of her coral-tinted nails quivering against the black rubber. She drew back her hand and tried it again, more slowly. This time the quivering was even more pronounced. She put her hands palm-down on the table and pressed. The quivering went down her sides to her hips.

Stefan Zorane came out in a few minutes. He no longer wore a black suit. He wore a single-breasted white duck coat, white duck trousers, white shoes, a white shirt, a white four-in-hand tie, and a dark blue cap like a streetcar motorman's with a leather visor. Across the front of it, in gilt letters, was the word Bellevue. He carried a medicine bag in his right hand.

The girl in the blue slicker looked him over quickly and picked up the telephone and dialed the operator. Now was the time for the quiver. She didn't try to subdue it. "Operator! I want an ambulance in a hurry! It's Apartment 7-A." And she gave the operator the address of the apartment house.

(To Be Continued)

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DESIGN NO. 1015

Attractive crocheted potholders are made in a wide variety of colors and combinations. Pattern No. 1015 contains complete instructions. Needlework Book 20 cents.

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The new look in the Sculptured Silhouette. Smart Chesterfields... popular box styles and flared backs.

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1/2 Price

KENNEDY'S Ladies Ready-To-Wear.

166 QUEEN ST. PHONE 1766

MAYFIELD INSTITUTE

The November meeting of Mayfield Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Willard McDonald on Tuesday, November 4th.

The President Mrs. William Nicholson presided and meeting opened with the Institute Ode followed by the Creed repeated in unison.

Roll Call was responded by eight members and two visitors.

The minutes of the October meeting were read and approved. Correspondence was read and discussed. The sum of \$9.00 was realized from the sale of the Nursery Mat. Cards were sold to increase the funds.

It was decided to get a new minute book for the Secretary. It was also decided to meet the first Monday

day of each month. The Sick Committee reported two visits made. The sick thanked the Institute for fruit sent them. School Committee reported articles needed in the school, Wash basin, blinds. It was moved and seconded that Secretary get articles needed. The minutes of last annual meeting was read and Secretary gave a report of the year's work.

The following officers were elected for the coming year:—
President—Mrs. Willard Nicholson, re-elected.
Vice President — Mrs. Blair Andrew.
Secretary-Treasurer—Mrs. David Johnston.
Auditors—Mrs. Thomas Butler and Mrs. Willard McDonald.
Directors — Mrs. Warfield Orr,

Mrs. B. Andrew, Mrs. M. Orr and Mrs. Eddy Cole.

New Committee were appointed, Sick—Mrs. David Johnston and Mrs. Thomas Butler.
School—Miss Marguerite Houshor and Mrs. Warfield Orr.
Lunch—Mrs. Millar Orr.

Nine members paid their dues. Collection of 70c taken. It was decided to have an exchange of Christmas gifts at the December meeting to be held at the Home of Mrs. Millar Orr. Mrs. Willard McDonald to take charge of the program.

The meeting was brought to close by singing God Save the King. A delicious lunch was served by Mrs. Willard Nicholson and Mrs. Willard McDonald and a pleasant social hour spent.

... double the value with no loss in flavour... 20 ozs. for price of 10 ozs.

Add an equal quantity of cold water or milk, heat to boiling point, simmer a few minutes, stirring occasionally.

SOUP + MILK OR WATER

Heinz Soups

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Now it can be yours—the gleaming beauty of shining waxed floors—with danger of slipping reduced to a minimum! Through scientific research, beauty and safety are now combined in sensational new Lin-X Anti-Slip Wax! This anti-slip feature means you'll have bright, beautiful floors with added safety.

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For hardwood floors, ask your dealer for Lin-X Paste Wax... the finest that money can buy! The rich glowing finish it gives your floors will wear and wear. There's no other paste wax like Lin-X!

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