

Dorothy Dix Says —

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place, nor the love that depends upon youth and gaily and physical beauty, but the long-enduring love of a wife that binds a woman to her mate through all the vicissitudes of life.

No man knows what love is who has not had a wife's love, who has not known that there was a woman who would always see him as a young godling, no matter how old and fat and bald he got, and who had not known that there was one woman who would never judge him, but to whom he would always be right, no matter what he did.

MAN GETS HOME

A man gets a home by marriage. The bachelor may have every comfort that the expert service of a fine club or hotel can give. But a home is a thing of the spirit as well as of the flesh, and the humblest cottage, in which a woman waits with outstretched arms to welcome her man back on an evening, is more of a home than a palace where nobody cares whether a man ever comes back or not.

Marriage gives a man children. Listen to the fathers brag about their sons' achievements at school. Look at the fathers gloating over their pretty young daughters. They are ten years younger and a thousand times happier than the old bachelors who have no one to carry on their names, or do the things that they failed to do.

There is no one so lonely as the old bachelor who has nobody to bear him company in his old age.

DEAR MISS DIX: I have a problem that has been on my mind for a long time and that worries me a lot. It is this: Every time my husband's birthday rolls around his sister gives him a birthday present, but she doesn't give me one. I don't give her a present either, but it makes me mad because she shouldn't give a present to my husband when she doesn't give one to me.

This causes a lot of hard feeling and quarrels. What do you think of the problem?

PUZZLED

ANSWER: If you and your husband had the same birthday, it would, of course, be obligatory for your sister-in-law to send presents to both of you, but such is not the case. The same rule of returning a gift for a gift would apply if both your family and your husband's family had the custom of celebrating birthdays.

But inasmuch as you state that you and your husband never make presents, you haven't any good excuse for griping about your sister-in-law not sending you a birthday gift. Evidently you are a trouble-bearer, one of the women who can find the crumpled rose leaf under her 40 mattresses of ease.

DEAR MISS DIX: Please tell me how to cope with a husband who on one day professes his love for me and on the next tells me that he hates me. I am a good cook and housekeeper and do everything to please him, but in the 25 years I have been married to him I have never been able to do it.

What would you advise me to do?

A FAITHFUL WIFE

ANSWER: If you have stood that sort of domestic martyrdom for a quarter of a century, I should think you would be so hardened to it that you wouldn't know his good spells from his bad spells.

My suggestion to you is to keep your bag packed and, whenever he gets on one of his hate spells, to leave home until he cheers up.

Happy-Go-Lucky

By Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith

CHAPTER V

Tony and Barbara had planned to be married very quietly. They intended to go down to the rectory Friday afternoon with a couple of witnesses and make their vows in front of the old clergyman who had known Barbara all her life, but everybody from Tony's mother to Champ Field's wife opposed the idea.

"You can't do that," said Nora Fields. Like her husband, she was fond of Barbara. Nora was also fond of Tony. She came down to the office quite often. She had been a newspaper woman herself before her marriage. "I'm not going to let you sneak off and get married," she told Barbara firmly. "Every woman ought to have a wedding to remember for the rest of her life."

"Thank you," said Barbara, her eyes misting. "But I couldn't have a wedding. There's nobody to give me one."

"I'll look after that," said Nora Fields. From that point she took charge of proceedings. The time was short but when Nora undertook a thing, she saw it through. After several telephone conversations with Tony's mother, who had her own ideas about how and where her only son should be married, it was decided that the wedding should take place at the church on Friday afternoon at three o'clock, followed by a informal reception at Nora's.

"Why all the fuss and bother?" groaned Tony. However, once committed, he did not actually mind. Champ Fields gave Barbara a day off before the wedding. Nora

Today's Bargain in CANNED SALMON

RED ROSE

HIGH IN FOOD VALUE ECONOMICALLY PRICED



Potato and Salmon Loaf

- 1 lb. can "Red Rose" Keta Salmon
3/4 cup milk
1/2 tsp. grated onion
1/2 cup bread crumbs
6 medium potatoes
1 egg
Salt and pepper.

Alternate layers of potatoes and salmon, with onion, salt and pepper added, to a buttered baking dish; pour egg and milk mixed over top. Top with bread crumbs and bake at 350° F. until potatoes are cooked. Serve six. Cost per person, 99c-1.00.

LEGENDS OF

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had occurred. Toward late afternoon of the second day, Mr. W.'s pick struck an object that was not rock or earth or metal. Great excitement spread through the little group of miners and they worked feverishly to clear away the loose earth.

Finally they uncovered the opening to a shaft, with a flight of wooden steps leading downward. John Lathers, with pistol in hand, was the first to go down. He was immediately followed by Mr. W. and another gold seeker whose name the writer has not been able to learn. When the three reached the foot of the stairs all was black as night, and they shouted to their companions above to throw down some candles.

When a light was struck they saw themselves standing before the entrance of a narrow passage that appeared to lead out under the river bed. The three advanced cautiously and in silence; something about the underground passage filled their hearts with an unknown fear.

There might be enemies lying in wait for them, or there might be spirits guarding the gold. Indeed, anything could happen, such as a weird subterranean tunnel. The three drew close together as they continued to explore the passage.

They had covered about a hundred yards when the passage took a sharp turn toward the left and away from the river.

They were just making the turn when a blast of air swept them full in the face, extinguishing the three candles simultaneously.

To add to their fears, a shot rang out, causing bits of loose earth to fall from the ceiling and walls. But the shot had come from Lathers's gun. He was holding the weapon at cock when the gust of wind entered the cave and its force had thrown his hand against the wall, thus discharging the weapon.

Now that the other two knew the source of the shot, they were somewhat reassured; but what had caused the gust of violent wind? Where had it come from?

While this discussion was taking place a low, moaning noise reached their ears. It was like somebody suffering great pain.

For the space of seconds the men stood and listened. The sound came a second time, but much louder. The moaning was followed by some incoherent words that ended in hysterical laughter.

That was enough. Quickly the three retraced their steps, groping their way through the dark passage as best they could. Twice more the strange blasts of air swept down upon them, almost throwing them to the ground. Then, as they reached the foot of the stairway, the entire passage collapsed behind them with a deafening roar.

The men who waited above saw three badly scared, wild-eyed fellows climbing the stairs pell-mell. "What's all the rush about?" they questioned. "You fellows look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"Didn't you hear that awful noise," asked the others. "Not us," said their spokesman. "Up here everything was as silent as sunset."

When the strange yarn had gone the rounds, every last one of them pulled stakes and left the place forever.

Tradition says that for many years the steps leading to the mysterious passage lay exposed to all who went to visit the spot. But the secret passage, where the moaning voice, mingled with the rushing wind, almost scared three gold seekers out of their wits, was never seen again by mortal eye.

What unexplained something was loose in that subterranean passage? Whether this day the mystery remains unsolved.

The next story: "Murder at Todd's Hollow."

she said. "I mean, I've always been Tony's best girl, but sisters are out of luck; aren't they, when brothers get married?"

"Be your age, infant," said Tony, pinching her cheek. "Nobody could out you out with me."

Mrs. Blake sighed and smiled sweetly at Barbara. "Everyone tells me that you lose your son when he takes a wife, but I know that isn't true in my case. I've gained a daughter."

"You bet!" exclaimed Tony, beaming.

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Ellen's Diary

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were our family units, and how pleasant in the succeeding calm of clearing to pick up the threads of our usual round of living. To see trails being made in the white fields, and once again to hear Paul hail the mailman's team, as it made its way out beyond the hill. In time, out of the frost and cold and snow, thawing streamlets ran.

One heard a new bright note in the sparrows' chirpings; crow call became more jubilant, and the blue-jays' calls from the old orchard were gayer somehow, and one knew that at last Spring was here.

Tonight as March takes a last step beyond our ken, it will greet the entrance of the new province of Newfoundland as it becomes a member of the Dominion. Not a stranger people we receive but in many a place "bone of our bone" and a land, an ancient and much respected Colony, known to many an explorer long before many parts of the rest of Canada had revealed any of their territory or charm. Even an island we perhaps shall always feel more kin to her, than the other Provinces, which linked together in a wide sisterhood, "one for all, and all for one" extend indeed now from sea to sea.

Today the woman at this spot, for the most part, in bed. It may have been wholly on account of a sudden misery we stayed there, or perhaps it was to escape the bitter wind outdoors and the gray, drear, skies. Someone has well said that an occasional day spent in bed at any time gives one a fresh perspective and we recall that when a young son asked his busy mother once: "Now what shall we give you for Mother's Day? What do you want most of all?" she replied without hesitation: "A day in bed!"

Ours was brightened by visits from the several members of the family; James with that perplexed look we never can place; grand-daughter padding up the steps herself to inquire quietly: "When people are sick, is it all right for other people to come upstairs to see them?" Jock to wonder: "Now isn't there something we can get you? Perhaps we'd better get the Doctor . . . ?" and Jeanie, with tempting trays—set with her "Sun-

day" dishes, steaming cups of tea, and appetizing foods and a spig of pink cream to brighten all. Perhaps the best part of it all was to see James' features light up (for the reason, we can only conjecture!) when nearing the supper hour, he came indoors to say in pleased surprise: "Why, Ellen, you're up!"

But now "the hours of day are over"—our day.

Until tomorrow . . . Diary . . . Good-night . . .

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M. D.

REMOVING THE STIGMA OF MENTAL DISEASE

During the First World War, I was president of a medical board examining the various units just before they went overseas. The medical examiners of each unit presented the cases to the board along with their medical history sheets.

I regret to state that these medical officers, and also the members of the board, were concerned almost entirely about the condition of the recruit from his neck down — his chest size and shape, the heart, and its reaction to exercise, weight and height, hernia, varicose veins, flat feet. Where they failed was in not sizing up each recruit from the standpoint of his mental and emotional balance.

Many of the recruits accepted as fit were unable to withstand the ordinary discipline and change of scene and work of a training camp before they even went overseas.

The lesson learned from World War I was of great value to medical officers and medical boards of World War II. Every recruit was thoroughly tested — in most cases by trained psychiatrists — as to his mental and emotional balance, so that hundreds were rejected and returned to their occupations instead of becoming a liability to the country and a "failure" in their own eyes and in the eyes of others.

The New York City Committee on Mental Hygiene recently interviewed 314 men rejected and 309 men discharged for mental and

emotional disabilities in World War II. They found that the great majority of these cases were made up of those who had a neurosis (thinking an ailment is present where no ailment exists) and those who had an "odd" personality.

An important point discovered was that many of the men who were shown that they needed help from the mental and emotional standpoint refused treatment "because of the fear and scorn popularly associated with these disorders." Psychiatrists were able to help these cases by assuring them that they were not crazy, "slap happy," "loco" or "wacky." Even after everything was explained to them and that, if necessary, care and treatment would be free, only 28 per cent accepted treatment.

We still have some distance to go before the mention of psychiatry-mental treatment — does not suggest to most persons the frightening implications of insanity and lunatic asylums.

NEUROSIS

Neurosis — believing you have a physical ailment when none exists — is becoming increasingly common. Send today for Dr. Barton's informative booklet on this subject entitled "Neurosis." To obtain it, just send 10 cents and a 3-cent stamp, to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Bell Syndicate, in care of this newspaper, Post Office Box 99, Station G, New York 19, N. Y., and ask for your copy.

ASHFORD, Kent, England — (CP) — Ashford traders plan to install window-boxes outside their shops to attract business.

IS YOUR SKIN "BREAKING OUT?"

with pimples, eczema, psoriasis, rash?

TRY CUTICURA! For more than 70 years, Cuticura has been highly successful in helping clear up pimples, eczema, rash, psoriasis. Scientifically medicated. Economical. Buy Cuticura Soap and Ointment at drug stores.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Better English

D. C. Williams

- 1. What is wrong with this sentence? "One should do his best."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "recourse"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Perimeter, arbirter, creditor.
4. What does the word "demonstrable" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with "on" that means "present everywhere at once"?

ANSWERS

- 1. It is better to say, "One should do one's best." 2. Accent last syl.

Macleaned TEETH ARE CLEANER

FRESH Treat Anytime! Morning... Noon... Night Kellogg's CORN FLAKES Quick! Nutritious! Mother Knows A Best!

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY COLGATE-PALMOLIVE! Happiest wishes from The Happy Gang to Colgate-Palmolive on this, their 143rd anniversary. Our Happy Gang is mighty proud to be a part of the famous Colgate-Palmolive family that has provided Canadian families with highest quality products throughout these 143 years of progress.

ANNIVERSARY SALE 1906 ANNIVERSARY SALE 1949 Special Offer! FREE Happy Gang Family Photo with your purchase of FAB. Special Offer! FREE Happy Gang Family Photo with your purchase of VEL. Special Offer! FREE Happy Gang Family Photo PALMOLIVE SOAP. Special Offer! FREE Happy Gang Family Photo ODEX SOAP. Special Offer! FREE Happy Gang Family Photo CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP. Special Offer! FREE Happy Gang Family Photo SUPER SUDS or Princess Soap Flakes.

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