

SMALL FRY... by Steig

HOT WEATHER DISH



What a dish! I mean Kellogg's—naturally!

Again in 1948, 4 out of 5 vote Kellogg's First for Flavour!

Neat heat beater! Yes, when the temperature sizzles upwards, you'll enjoy a bowl of crisp, cool Kellogg's Corn Flakes even more!

And more people do like Kellogg's Corn Flakes best. Yes, again this year, 4 out of 5 Canadian housewives voted Kellogg's their flavour favourite.

Because everybody likes them so much, Kellogg's Corn Flakes are often eaten right up before you notice! So if you've opened your last package order a new supply tomorrow. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

The Greatest Name in Cereals!



Advertisement for Vi-Tone milk, featuring a comic strip and a product image. The comic strip shows a child and a woman talking about the benefits of Vi-Tone.

Wisdom's Gate

By Margaret Ayer Barnes

She heard Gertrude's low laugh and turned again to look at her. She was standing now, balanced on the seat of the swing. Her thin arms were raised, her hands clutching the ropes, her face and her neck blanched white by the moon.

"Come on, jump up." So she was commending him, her tone very peremptory. For an instant he hesitated and Cicily saw him glance over his shoulder as if faintly preoccupied by a quest of his own. But he did not see her, half hidden by the cedars. Then he seized the ropes and stepped up, facing Gertrude on the seat of the swing. Their bodies moved rhythmically, bending and straightening, and soon they were swooping, rising and falling in the arc of the swing.

Avery said cheerfully. "Gert looks like a bat out of hell!" and chuckled. Cicily deliberately looked up at the moon. Absorbed in her thoughts she did not notice Avery, who was looking at her sharply.

Then he folded his arms and broke the silence by observing with quiet intent, "Don't take it so hard." She said very coolly. "I don't know what you mean."

"You're a strange woman, Cicily. I can't quite define you." "Must I have a definition?" The cigarette helped her to take it all lightly. He ignored the interruption. "You seem so shocked and somehow—unarmed. As if you'd never been hurt before. Bewildered and girlish, in spite of your experience. I can hardly believe that you've been the wife of two men and the mother of four children."

She was thinking in alarm. Why, he mustn't talk like this! I hardly know him. Presently he laughed and said half pityingly. "There's another suffering soul."

Her glance followed his and she saw Baines standing near the plane trees staring up at the swing where Gertrude and Albert were swaying more quietly.

As she looked Baines called curtly. "Gert, come down off that swing!" "Why should I?" Gertrude's voice floated down on a dreary inflection, as if she were bemused by the swing's rhythmic motion.

"You darn well will!" Baines's words burst out raucously as if they were torn from him by some inner anguish. He started forward to seize the swing's ropes. Avery jumped to his feet. "That you, Baines? Come here."

Baines turned, arrested, a trifle unsteady. Avery walked forward and took him by the arm. "I agree with you, old man. Those swings are played out. Gertrude, I need your advice. I'm reeling my responsibilities in a big way. What would you think of a game of Blind Man's Buff?"

"Marvelous!" cried Gertrude. "And so in the picture. It had caught her fancy. "Stop swinging, Albert. Let the old cat die."

Avery was speaking. "Come help me organize it. You too, Baines. I've a clean handkerchief. Gert, you must be first Blind Man."

Then Albert saw Cicily alone on the parapet. He joined her immediately. "Were you sitting here alone sweet?"

"No, Avery was with me." His fingers found her hand. "What's the trouble, dear? Are you bothered about anything?"

"Albert," she said, her tone cold and critical. "has it ever occurred to you that you're making us conspicuous?"

His fingers twitched on her hand in surprise. But his voice was guarded. "What on earth do you mean?"

Up to this point blind anger had carried her. Now she felt the need of wisdom. But she felt the need blurt out miserably. "I mean—you and Gertrude. She never for an instant lets you alone. And you—you, Albert—" her voice sank into a despairing silence.

"Just what do you mean?" "I mean, if you loved me, if I satisfied you fully, she wouldn't entertain you."

He broke in impetuously. "I do love you, darling. I can't imagine my life without you." His lips were



seeking hers. "See here—really kiss me."

She complied, at first reluctantly then with increasing ardor.

"Well, what have we here?" It was Avery's voice, laughing.

"Can't I kiss my own wife?" Albert's inflection was bracingly humorous. But he didn't know what Avery was thinking.

The game of Blind Man's Buff was progressing in the moonlight. Belle blindfolded now, dim figures running.

"Let's play," said Cicily, slipping her arm through Albert's in a conjugal gesture deliberately designed to put Avery in his place.

Between the two men she strolled to join the players. Avery's intervention had irritated her extremely, but it had set her, her thinking.

CHAPTER XIII It was four o'clock in the afternoon of Robin's tenth birthday—the nineteenth of November—and Cicily was resting in her bedroom, if you could call it "rest" with four lively children clustered about her chaise longue, in preparation for the party that he was having that evening.

It was to be a cobweb party and the twenty-five members of the Fifth Grade of the Lakewood Progressive School were coming to it. The children—thank goodness!—didn't come for two hours. Cicily on her chaise longue was resignedly girding herself for impending pandemonium. Children's parties were fun, but they were also exhausting.

(To Be Continued) A DAY IN JUNE

And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, comes perfect days; Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune.

And over it softly her warm ear lays; Whether we look, or whether we listen, We hear life murmur, or see it glisten; Every clod feels a stir of might, An instinct within it that reaches and towers, And, groping blindly above it for light, Climbs to a soul in grass and flower.

James Russell Lowell.

Advertisement for White Swan cigarettes, featuring three packs of cigarettes.

Advertisement for White Swan cigarettes, featuring a pack of cigarettes and the text '3 rolls for 32¢'.

Advertisement for North American Life L. S. Stevenson, Branch Manager, 140 Richmond St. All Profits for Policyholders.

Ellen's Diary

(Continued from Page 8)

saw some of the neighborhood there come awake, as he continued with his cultivating. In fact he said that he "never laughed so much for a long time" as when he watched Rob hurry to lane's end to have his cream there in time for the hauler. "But I was up long before that" Rob protested laughing and James teased "then I suppose that you always run to the road with the cream-can?"

All the repairing was finished by supper time. when Ellen came strolling up the short-cut from the mill. A scented route this path is at present, fragrant with red and white clovers and stirred lazily in the sunshine by any breath of breeze that chooses to wander into our valley. She is on holiday now from her studies—"if you can talk of it like that, since we have had to help with the weeding and so on will be into the haymaking" She is following a course which she hopes will take her into the nursing profession. Jamie was our guest today, and grand-daughter received her final inoculation of the series at the school-clinic this morning. Favoring an arm she was quite willing to go to bed when the sun had only gone down behind the dark woodlands, leaving the sky rosy and bright with promise for the day to come. Ellen closes her book now and sits watching the play of moonlight through the ivy on the verandah. The quiet flow of the water at the mill is the only sound in the silence—a steady sleepy tune. "I think if you don't mind, Aunt Ellen, I'll sleep in Judy's room" she says "I like to listen to the sound of that. It's a small sound of what we hear at home, the waves of the Strait, you know." And so end of day has come to us at Alderlea, and if dawning comes to James and me it will bring us a new and strange morning.

Until tomorrow — Diary — Good-night.

In Memoriam

In loving memory of Mrs. John H. Buntain, Rustico, who passed away three years ago today.

We know that she is happy in our Saviour's home above. Growing fairer, as she lingers in the sunshine of his love.

In Memoriam

In loving memory of our dear grandmother, Mrs. John H. Buntain who passed away July 22nd, 1945.

BUNTAIN—Your heart was the truest in all the wide world. Your love the best to recall. For no one on earth could take your place; You are still the dearest of all.

Lovingly remembered by grandchildren.

A Favourite Remedy

For the past hundred years DOCTOR FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY has been a favourite remedy for bowel complaints. It is safe, pleasant and effective.

Prescribed for Diarrhoea, Intestinal Pains, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint.

You will be surprised how quickly it works and how much better you feel. DOCTOR FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY.



Advertisement for Certo jam and jelly. Text: 'Your Fruit will make 50% MORE Jam or Jelly WITHOUT RISK OF FAILURES if you use CERTO'. Includes an illustration of a woman and a bottle of Certo.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Text: 'GOOD GOSH, SODA-- YOU'VE KNOCKED DOWN THIS HULL SIDE OF TH' CORRAL! YOU MUST BE BAD HURT! NOT A BIT--TH' FENCE EASED MY FALL!'. Includes an illustration of a man on a horse.

Advertisement for the Spiritual Head of Nigerian Yoruba in London. Text: 'Spiritual head of 3,000,000 Nigerian Yorubas, Oba Aderemi Oni of Ife, meets two-year-old Ayo Shonkan during first visit to Britain at reception of British Empire Society in London. Performing the introduction is the Oni's daughter.'

Advertisement for The Giles Automobile. Text: 'THE GILES AUTOMOBILE HEADS WEST'. Includes an illustration of a car and the text 'We'll have to go back—we've left Grandma and the swins in the bar at the top of the Empire State.'