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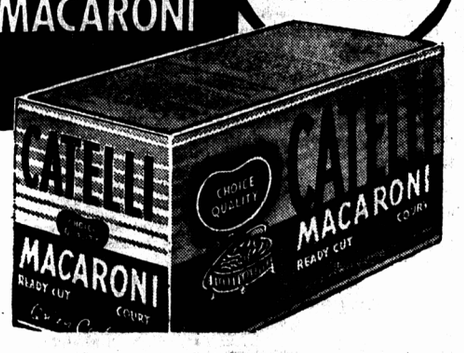


ELLEN'S DIARY—

Continued from Page 2

road overlooks another one of God's acres. And in both of our cemeteries loved ones sleep their last sleep—good folk, who faced the rigors of pioneering in the district, bravely, and added their best efforts to the community welfare. Presently, the softest winds will play music above them, and loved ones will come there to drop a tear and perhaps re-dedicate themselves to pattern their lives more closely to the life of their sainted ones—now gone. February's snows held Churches and grounds all so intimately in a white embrace, and, I know, the flakes settled quietly and tenderly there. At least, so it seemed on my trips to the corner-store. And like the passing of time, some days and nights, the water through the white-gates at the mill, went easily without much sound or notice of its going, and again, as today in its disturbance departing from "the even tenor", it escaped in a tumult of noise. February brought, the shy hesitancy of St. Valentine's Day, which surpasses many another day for sentiment, smiling benignly and encouragingly on the younger folk and catching the older ones, in tender reminiscences—picking up Valentine's of former years, to regard them with respect and then return them a bit wistfully to the dim recesses of some dresser-drawer.

* * *

And this day, which saw the last of a pleasant Winter month off, with rain on the windows and Mattie, the Muscovey duck and her hybrid son disporting themselves in barnyard puddles and a mist on the hills, was a day for marking time—for sitting comfortably with James to read the papers, for the mail comes rain or shine and for attending to the bit of mending that seems indeed to be, as Karolyn sometimes complains of that occasioned by her small family: "never done." The usual round of chores was taken care of, although early James despaired "with this leg of mine" of being able to assist with any of his old time agility. But then it limbered up surprisingly and he stepped off very briskly a few minutes since, en route to the wee hoose across the lane. The wind that flirted with the tree-tops this morning has gone to rest. Quietly, this month is preparing to take its departure—a month that saw a great many changes in this Island Province of ours: Lads from the Services back to the sanctuary of home again, bonny brides frae across the sea, welcomed to our shores, grandchildren—and the joy of them—taken to the homes and hearts of their ain folk, linking the old land which gave them birth, more closely with the new in affectionate ties—close ties of kinship. It brought other changes to farmsteads: loved members, taken away from family circles, leaving vacant chairs and lonely hearts when processions wound slowly along a snowy road to a family plot in a cross-roads cemetery; it saw the miracle of birth, when wee babes were given to waiting arms and some Island folk were bound together i' matrimony, when love which laughs at locksmiths smiled also at distances and frosty snowy winter trails.

Dark it was, today, but at sundown a blush of rose came through the grey, with a promise of a finer day to come. Stars are lit now and a crispness has settled in the air. "White frost, Ellen" James says, returning from his brief "kayley", and rubbing his hands together, from the sting of it after the thaw "but, I believe we're going to have a good day tomorrow. "Now Ellen" he asks me, from his armchair, and with an expression of hunger I have sometimes surprised in Pard's eyes "I suppose since you don't do much work yourself you think no one else ever gets hungry?" That then is James' "word to the wise" and is 'sufficient.'"

Until tomorrow — Diary — Goodnight.

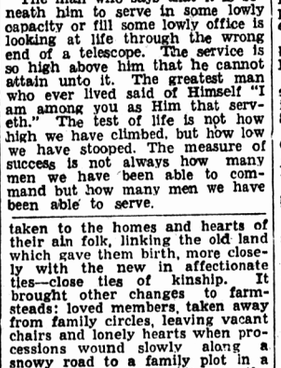
Lenten Meditations from The Times, London

THE ART OF HUMILITY

G. K. Chesterton once reminded us that "Humility is the luxurious art of reducing ourselves not to a small thing or a large thing, but to a thing with no size at all." Humility, we should gather, from a general knowledge of mankind and in much of our contemporary literature, is not a popular virtue, or one which in our education of the young we hold up before them as something of high dignity. On the contrary, there seems to be a disposition to eject humility altogether out of our standard of human excellence, and to regard it as a servile quality. In so doing we are tending to return to the estimate of humility which prevailed in the world before Christianity came into it. That was the general estimate of humility, that it was the virtue of slaves. It was Christianity which picked the word and the idea of humility out of the mire and raised it, with its twin sister charity, to the highest place.

The only way of cultivating this "luxurious art" of humility is to learn the true greatness of life; its glorious heredity and splendid destiny. The great test of dignity is capacity to stoop. The true test of our greatness is the measure of our power to be humble. The only man who can afford to be humble is the man who has learned the real greatness of his life. The man who only has a little dignity is always painfully worried, and afraid of losing it. That is what is wrong with many of us. We are so anxious to preserve the little dignity we have that we are fearful if we stooped to lowly service we will never regain our dignity. Jesus who knew that He was truly great was not afraid to do little things. Soon after the publication of Darwin's famous book The Descent Of Man, Henry Drummond published a complementary book The Ascent Of Man. In it he demonstrated that the struggle for life has always been supplemented by, and eventually will be superseded by, the struggle for the life of others. As man's body has learned to walk erect, so his soul has learned to walk uprightly. Even so, the greatest capacity in human life is not the power to stand erect, but the power to bow oneself in self-effacing, self-forgetting service. The higher a man rises the deeper he is able to stoop. The glory of the religion of Jesus is that it stoops to the lowest. Jesus Himself proved His heredity by His humility, and demonstrated His greatness by His lowly service. No other religion stoops as the religion of Jesus does. The Hindu outcaste does not come near the Brahmin's temple to worship the gods. Brahaminism cannot stoop to the level of the outcaste. We can measure the reality of our religious life always by this standard: how low can we stoop in humble self - forgetting service. Nothing that will help another man along the road or lift his burden; though it be but for an hour; nothing that will in the very least help to make the crooked places straight is beneath us. If we cannot do it it is because we are not high enough to stoop, not good enough to serve.

The man who says that it is beneath him to serve in some lowly capacity or fill some lowly office is looking at life through the wrong end of a telescope. The service is so high above him that he cannot attain unto it. The greatest man who ever lived said of Himself "I am among you as Him that serveth." The test of life is not how high we have climbed, but how low we have stooped. The measure of success is not always how many men we have been able to command but how many men we have been able to serve.



The Second Mrs. Draper

By Noel Pierce

CHAPTER XXII

Josie, entertaining the "children" and their "dates", was just conscious under her rattling pleasantries of strain. Yet this hour after dinner had been so amusing! All four of them very chirpy and attractive. That Clara. What's her-name, the Texas heiress now certainly had "tied one on." Her father, a famous general, had done his drinking from the boot through four wars and Clara possessed the same martial capacity plus the command. Pure example of atavism, Josie thought, but most refreshing. For the result of the best "malaprops" Josie had heard since Minnie Fiske. As when Clara, forecasting what Mrs. George Hewitt would wear to the club, had said, "Mrs. George'll be the dinosaur of all eyes." Cornelius had nearly burst. Even Jim rather still and pale by the south window, had grinned at that one. Josie had a quip about Clara tucked away to spring on Cornelius later. "She's the face, dear, that launched a thousand slips!" She was rather proud of this mental gem. It had done her good, also, to note that her husband had evidently "seen to" Dorian. For Dorian had come back from the garden vivacious and full of prattle. Yet what persisted in Josie as an underlying weariness of strain here in the drawing-room was an uncomfortable and unaccountable feeling that Butch, Clara, Jim and Dorian were "in cahoots." As if they were putting on a whacking good skit for their elders. Dancing, joking, laughing, with never a pause so no silences fell. Josie, whose ideas were modern, but whose tempo was not, liked silences. Small pools of comfort just looking at people you loved, and not forcing conversation. This lack of pause and rest in the children had Josie puzzled. It couldn't be that Jim and her Butch were still at loggerheads about Kitty! Because Butch had been most forlorn about it. And since the awful night on the Water Witch when dear Kitty must have given Jim a sensible heart-to-heart talking to, things had been much easier for everyone. Both dear boys sharing the same lockers once more. After all, perhaps she had been prone to a little bit of an "anxiety neurosis" they called it, these clever days. Silly to imagine Dorian and Jim weren't — well, "hitting it off." Look at them now, across her pretty room, Jim banging out those fascinating tunes on the piano. "I'll Follow My Secret Heart—" A lovely thing, melodious, catchy, the kind of romantic tune you hummed under your breath in church, Dorian, swaying there beside him, her hands going out to touch his hair. How sweet the gesture was! "I'll Follow My Secret Heart Till Dreams Come Tru-ue." But Jim stopped in the middle, shut the piano and got up. Josie's feet stopped tapping. She wanted the music to go on and these bubbly spirits. She heaved over to the gramophone and flung on a record. It happened to be an Astaire song and the words came lilting out, "A Fine Romance. My Friend. This is! A Fine Romance. With No. Kisses!" Josie loved it. Such a clever twist, for a change! Then for some funny reason Dorian stopped dancing with Jim and switched off the record sharply.

"Sorry, Mum. We want a rhumba-dumba. Clara's got a new step, haven't you, Clara?"

"It's named for a drink," Clara said hastily, and began sliding and swinging around. "The Singapore Sling."

"More like a Highland Fling," Cornelius grunted.

"You can't drink that," Clara laughed.

Cornelius chuckled. She was a great girl. Kept things bouncy. When they—weren't.

It was while Clara executed a series of champagne-charged loop-the-loops of feet and arms, that she and Dick managed to give Jim a chance to whisper to Dorian.

"It's good to see you again, sweet."

"Yes. Meet an old friend," said Dorian and held out her hand.

"Oh, Dorian. No irony between us."

"What am I to give you, Jim, when I don't see much of you?"

He laughed at himself rather miserably. "I've given you a bad time. But since the night of the storm Ive felt a need of being by myself a lot, and doing a good deal of thinking."

"I understand that. But even if it's glum thinking, Jim, you could have done some of it in my house, too."

"Shall you go over to the club with me, Dorian? We'd have a little while together." He was very kind about it with no eagerness at all.

"No, Jim. I need Dick and Clara tonight. So do you. They're like the unfailing bottle on the closet shelf, when your tummy aches badly."

He bent down and caught her hands. "You don't want to be alone with me?"

She couldn't say anything at all. Then after a minute in which she saw her father's heavy anxious face turned toward them she managed, "No, like you the night of the beach party, I'm tired of words!"

Jim sat clutching her hands. She saw a small vein throbbing over and over in his temple. And gratefully they heard Dick and Clara laughing and thumping around like blazes.

"Jim, dear! Yoo-hoo!" Josie called. "We're going over now. Will Rupert and Kitty be at the club?"

"No. They're dining at Canoe Place." All at once Dorian knew the reason for his stillness.

Dick was there. He caught her up, grinning, and swept her through the door. "We're off now!" Clara took Jim's arm. "Away with us! 'Night Life of the Dogs'," she flung out, her eyes crinkling.

"Why, Clara?"

"Because you look like a terrier who missed winning the ribbon! Come on."

The Mill Club ballroom, crowded for the Thursday supper dance, lacked, however, the final distinction which the presence of the Drapers, senior, brought to Hampton parties. With Kitty absent, Mrs. Josian Hancock and Mrs. Georgie Fell heirs to the social leadership along the verandas. That bombshell which Rupert had exploded in the form of Kitty three months before, had now become a permanent trophy at Hampton gatherings. To capture her was to guarantee "flair" and what Mrs. Georgie...so antagonistic at first...rolled around on her tongue as "eclat."

To Jim, making the veranda rounds, this turn-about was very evident. He remembered the night he had rushed over here to find Dorian, wild with rebellion toward Kitty, stammering his mother's name in the dark, feeling lost. Now as he bowed, murmured courtesies to his elders, he heard on every side the kudos which was Kitty's. He realized, with no shock, that in another year she would wholly represent the house of Draper. And his mother, to only a few of the older people here would be a nostalgic but steadily fading memory.

(To be continued)

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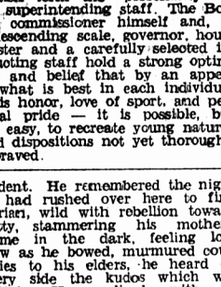

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Borstal System Tries to Save Wayward Youths

By TIM DICKSON
Canadian Press Staff Writer

The English village of Borstal in Kent gave its name to a system which several prominent Canadian jurists have endorsed as a possible solution for this country's problem of how to correct lawbreakers once they are caught.

Starting point for establishment of the plan was a series of British surveys which revealed that thousands of persons between the ages of 16 and 21 years who entered prisons each year constituted a veritable recruiting ground for the dangerous professional criminal of later years.

Great Britain set up the plan in 1908 by passing the Prevention of Crime (Borstal) Act and the Children Act after strong protests against a penal scheme under which young persons and even children were subject to the same harsh penalties of imprisonment imposed on older persons.

Instead of the ordinary system of imprisonment, the Borstal form of detention under special rules seeks to develop mentally, physically and morally all young persons detained —who are referred to as inmates, not prisoners. The term is not less than one year nor more than three, and except in special cases, no sentence of imprisonment can be passed on any person under 16.

At Borstal, Kent, experiments with youths aged 16 to 21 were carried out in an old convict prison prior to the passing of the act, and the name was appplied to the new system.

Institution For Girls

None of the present institutions are at Borstal. The establishments for young men are at Chatham, Feltham and Portland, and the one for girls at Aylesbury.

The Borstal act empowers a court to order detention of any person between the ages of 16 and 21 "where it shall appear to the court that by reason of criminal habit or tendency it is expedient that the offender shall be subject to such instruction and discipline as appears most conducive to his reformation and to the repression of crime."

Basis of the Borstal system is the principal that, up to a certain age, every offender may be regarded as potentially a good citizen; that his lapse into crime may be due either to physical degeneracy or a bad social environment; that it is the state's duty at least to try to effect a cure, and not to class the offender offhand and without experiment with the adult professional criminal.

The Borstal act also set up an association to aid the rehabilitation of all persons of both sexes discharged from Borstal institutions. Statistics show that two of every three Borstal "graduates" are reclaimed.

Chief difference between the Borstal plan and the ordinary prison system is that Borstal institutions treat an inmate as a person worthy of trust rather than as a felon who deserves only severe treatment for his offences against society.

An important factor is what the British term the "personality" of the superintending staff. The Borstal commissioner himself and, in a descending scale, governor, house master and a carefully selected instructing staff hold a strong optimism and belief that by an appeal to what is best in each individual —his honor, love of sport, and personal pride — it is possible, but not easy, to recreate young natures and dispositions not yet thoroughly depraved.

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a newsy nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

CRASWELL for photographs.

ELECTRIC IRONS and Pinup Lamps, Toombs Music Store. 3-7-1i.

HOWARD McINNIS for Fitted Footwear. 2-9-Stt-tf.

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER will be held in St. Peter's Schoolroom on Friday, March 8th, at 3.30 P. M. 3-7-2i.

SEE "YOU SAID IT" in Three Acts and hear Miss Minnie Downe and Mr. Jeff Young tonight, Baptist Church Hall. Curtain 8.00. 3-7-1i.

CITY POLICE COURT—At the City Police Court yesterday two drunk and disorderlies were remanded to jail until Saturday. A third accused on a similar charge was remanded one week. A drunk and incapable was fined $5 and costs or 10 days. Two drunks who had been previously remanded to jail were each given 30 days suspended sentence. A third was fined $5 and costs or 10 days and a fourth drunk had his case dismissed.

TO PREACH AT BASILICA — Lenten Devotions will be held in St. Dunstan's Basilica every Wednesday and Sunday evenings. A series of sermons on "The Christian World Order" will be preached by Rev. G.N. Dowsett, Oblate of Mary Immaculate. He will also speak at the 9.30 and 11 Masses each Sunday. Fr. Dowsett is professor of Theology at St. Patrick's College, Ottawa. He was born in London, England, and came to Canada in 1926 to join the English Speaking Province of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Returning from Rome in 1940 Fr. Dowsett was appointed Archdiocesan Director of the Catholic Youth Organization and of the Lay Catholic Apologetic Association of Ottawa. He is well known as a playwright and dramatic critic.

Rev. A. A. MacLeod Leaves For Maine

SAINT JOHN, N. B., March 6—Honorary Captain Archibald A. MacLeod, who recently retired from the Canadian chaplain service in No. 7 Military District has left for West Buxton, Me., where he has accepted a call to serve as minister at the First Baptist Church. He will take over his new duties immediately. Honorary Captain MacLeod is a graduate of Acadia University and former minister in various churches including Montague. He served with the Canadian Army Chaplain Services in Saint John from July, 1943, until his retirement.

PERSONALS

Mr. Walter MacNutt has arrived home from Halifax, after having received his discharge from the Army.

British Women Stick to Jobs

LONDON, March 4 — (CP) — English women aren't flocking back to cradle and kitchen quite as fast as was expected. But the reason the British girl is clinging to her job is not purely a desire for career. More often than not it's a case of "I would if I could, but I can't" become a housewife again.

Last available Ministry of Labor reports admitted that the Novem ber estimate of 170,000 expected to go back to home life now has shrunk by 100,000. The exodus of married women from their jobs definitely is slackening. More than 6,000,000 women hold jobs in Britain today—over 1,000,000 above the pre-war figure.

"I've had a job for six years now. Can't afford to stop work, duckie." Legs apart, hands on hips, the stocky little railway porter at Charing Cross terminus grinned ruefully. "The old man don't make enough, now with those two youngsters of mine wearing out their boots the way they do. Besides — I've got used to it now. Like the life, you know. Like all the people and all." and off she trundled a mountainous truck full of baggage.

"I'll stop work just as soon as my husband comes home," declared the slim, pretty, dark-haired London bus clippie, juggling her ticket puncher and a handful of pennies as she spoke, and breaking off repeatedly to call, "Pass down the car plese," or "Plenty of room upstairs, dear."

"We've been married five years. Since I was 18. But we've never had a home yet. I'll stay on until he's been demobbed. It's good to have the money, and living in one room what else is there to do? But once he's back—it's home and a baby for me."

Holds Political Job

But the immaculately dressed, highly efficient member of England's titled landed gentry, mother of an eight-year-old daughter and holder of a responsible political job since 1939, was as emphatic on the other side.

"I've tasted blood now," she declared firmly, "I've known what it's like to hold down a paid job during war. I'll never to back to doing nothing at home again.

The worn looking, gentle faced countrywoman from the Women's Voluntary Services smoothed her neat bottle green uniform lovingly as she talked.

"I'm terribly tired. There's the family, and the rations, and the evacuees only just gone home, and all the W.V.S. work. And then, of course, the garden. I feel now I want three months' rest. But I know I'll want to do something after that. Perhaps not full time, with my husband home again. But something useful; part time perhaps."

Typical of many of their countrywomen, if not of all, these women in their answers probably give a fair indication of how their sex is feeling. There must be thousands like the titled worker, who feel they can never give up the satisfaction of being needed in a real, honest-to-goodness job.

"Most married women in their hearts want to go back to their homes and care for their children and husband with all their time and energy," said the chief officer for release and resettlement of women in one of the Ministry of Labor's wide-spread information offices. "But many of them can't yet do so in the way they wish. And until they can, they'd rather work."

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10 lbs. White Beans	69c	1 lb. Floor Wax	29c
2 doz. lge. Oranges	55c	2 lbs. Steel Wool	29c
Tomato Juice, 105 oz.	49c	3 tins Sardines	25c
2 Shr. Wheat	25c	3 lge. Grapefruit	25c
Tea, Mother's Own, lb.	69c	Pickles	29c
Old Cheese, lb.	35c	2 All-Wheat	27c
Toilet Tissue, 3 for	23c	Vanilla, 8 oz.	25c
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Fashion Horoscope by Colette

Chicago Sun Syndicate

Say it with curves in your dress, especially now that softly tailored suits are smart for every hour of the day. The severe, tailored classic, flattering only to born-beauties or out-of-this-world individualists, is always fashionable but the easier-to-live-with dressmaker suit is special this 1946 spring. How the soft suit hides bony areas and puts you in the siren class instead of "skinny" lineup.

You're the lucky one today: fullness, gathers, above all, softness spells high fashion, the new 1946 silhouette so perfect for the tall, thin shape.

FRENCH MODEL

The University of Paris was the model for Oxford and Cambridge

TIBETAN TIPPLERS

Tibetans drink an average of 30 to 50 cups of tea a day.

MILLIONS OF TINY WAX PARTICLES IN OLD ENGLISH

Old English No-Rubbing Wax lives up to the high standards you have always demanded of this famous product.

Old English is made by an exclusive process to get floors, linoleum—smoother and brighter. Contains *millions* of tiny particles of long-wearing Carnauba wax. And so easy to use! You just spread it on floors, and it *polishes itself* to a gleaming, longer-lasting brightness. Still only 49¢ a pint... and a little goes a long, long way.

Old English NO RUBBING Wax