

Learn to recognize ...

CANCERS DANGER SIGNALS

If you detect any of the following symptoms, see your doctor at once. It may not mean cancer, but if it should, remember that most cases can be cured if treated in time.

- Any sore that does not heal particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips. Do not pass it off as "nothing at all." Go to the doctor.
- A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip, or tongue. Don't wait "to see what happens." Go to the doctor.
- Irregular bleeding or discharge from any natural body opening. Do not wait for pain. Go to the doctor.
- Progressive change in the color or size of a wart, mole or birthmark. Do not try salves or ointments. Go to the doctor.
- Persistent indigestion. Do not wait for loss of weight. Go to the doctor.
- Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing. Do not assume that it is due to smoking or some other form of irritation which will clear up. Go to the doctor.
- Any change in normal bowel habits. Don't attempt to diagnose yourself. Go to the doctor.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

(Continued from Page 2)

married nine years and have been very happy until about five months ago when her sister came to live with us. She has a perpetual motion tongue and her one theme is her job. She has no other interest in life. When I come home tired and have to listen to her tell about her work and about the lunch she ate—how many peas, carrots and what sized rolls she had and what butter she devoured—it makes me crazy. I have tried monologuing along about my job just to bore her as she does me, but in vain.

I am afraid I will have to tell her off some night, but I hate to hurt my wife.

DESPERATE

ANSWER: Science has perfected many marvelous inventions, but no one yet has discovered any way of gagging the perpetual talker. Probably there is no other pest in the world that is so afflicting as the man or woman who is enamoured of the sound of his or her own voice and who, like the brook, babbles on and on forever. And the terrible thing about the tongue-waggers is that they are so often our next of kin.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a boy of 18 years old, very much in love with a girl, but for some reason the bottom has dropped out of my dreams. My girl has suddenly asked me if she could go out with other boys for a few weeks. Of course, I didn't like the idea, but what could I say but yes?

It has been about a month now and she still doesn't want to go steady with me; but she says that she is very much in love with me and some day hopes to marry me. What should I do?

INA RUTT

ANSWER: I think the girl is showing her good sense and also giving you a break by calling off your youthful romance until you are old enough to know what it's all about. At 18 you are too young and immature to know what real love is, or what you would want in a life mate. Your tastes and ideas change from day to day and you should keep yourself free to make your decision until you have seen more of people and know more about life.

LEGENDS

(Continued from Page 2)

The iron pot which lay before his eyes was filled to the very brim with gold coins. And so were the second and third ones. Now almost beside himself with excitement, he heaved upon the set of coins and watched them falling through his fingers, he pondered on the sudden wealth the Fates had so unceremoniously thrust into his lap, and dreamt about the places he newly acquired wealth with this newly acquired wealth.

But his thoughts were cut short by the sudden feeling of a bony hand on his shoulder and the sound of a strange voice crying out loudly: "Avast thar, ye thieving son o' a landlubber. If it weren't fer this peg leg o' mine I'd cut the tongue from yer rotten carcass, so I would. Avast thar! And let the gold that me and me chums took from the bones of dead men—and livin' ones too—lie where it be."

The terrified settler looked up to see a group of ghosts standing beside him. They were a bloodthirsty lot if appearances counted for anything. Their faces showed the scars of battle and two of them had empty sleeves where once arms had been. And one, who appeared to be their leader, strutted about on a peg leg, cursing and swearing in a manner dreadful to hear.

The man tried to speak, but the tongue in his mouth was frozen. He tried to run, but his legs had lost their power to move. "Coward!" cried the spook with the peg leg. "I never knew a landlubber yet that had guts enough to talk back to a buccanier."

"He's a coward, all right," said another. "Let's strip him and teach him not to go nosing into other folks' property."

While two ghosts were busy tearing off the man's clothing, a third fellow stepped forward and, drawing his sword, brought the flat blade of the weapon down on the prisoner's back with such force as to cause him to cry out in agony. "He's a tongue in his head, by thunder," said Peg Leg, "but it's the tongue of a landlubber coward. The feller only yaps when he's whipped like a dog. Give him a bit more of that medicine, mate."

Several more strokes were laid on the poor creature's naked back, but this time he held his peace. "That's showin' more spirit," Peg Leg was speaking again. "I likes 'em with lots of guts. Now turn him loose, mates, and may the devil swallow him, boots and all, if he ever comes a-snoopin' round this place of ours again."

The settler finally reached home completely exhausted—and no wonder, for the poor chap had passed through a terrible experience. Questions were put to him thick and fast. The folks of the district naturally wanted to learn what had happened while he had been off on his bear-chasing expedition. But the man gave no information. His tongue was sealed by fear—fear of what the spooks might do to him, should he talk too much.

From then on the fellow grew more silent and withdrew himself from all company. They say he lived only about six months after his great ordeal and when he lay on his death-bed he summoned a few of his trusted neighbors and told them the startling story you have just heard.

The secret was too big to be kept. The yarn soon got nosed about, and people from far and near rushed like madmen to seek the treasure. Ghosts or devils—it was all the same to the hungry, grasping adventurers who took up the hunt. Come hell or high water, they would find the gold and wrest it from its hiding place.

The woods around Riverton and Lorne Valley were torn from their roots. The soil was dug into, leveled and re-dug time and again, but all in vain. One by one, the searchers gave up and returned to till the fields and tend their flocks. Some maintained the story was nothing but a myth; others claimed they had discovered the exact spot where the gold had lain, but that the ghosts had removed it to another hiding place. They based their argument on the fact that a handful of the yellow coins had been found near the place where their dead neighbor had said the treasure lay.

Whether the treasure actually was removed to a new hiding place may never be disclosed. If it still lies buried where the band of French Acadians are supposed to have hidden it, no living mortal can tell. Today the tale must be looked upon as just another legend—the legend of the ghost-guarded

Ellen's Diary

(Continued from Page 2)

cold is much better, joined me as my appreciative audience this morning as we cubed a fat yellow pumpkin, designed for preserve. "What are we going to make?" she asked. "Is it for 'mamalade'?" "That's what the chicken said about herself," I teased. "Yes," she agreed laughing, "mamalade, that's what the chicken said!"

Home came men and teams and plows from the last of the plowing at the other farm this afternoon. "Strike out" and plow an area in "that field" at the end of the road along the stump-field. "It's a curious thing, Ellen," James said, when he came to stop briefly in his old armchair this evening before the churning commenced, "but there has never been one year, since I began to farm that we weren't able to get all of the Fall plowing done." "Today, this is only a slip' yet," there can be many a slip' yet," Shares bit into this year's last piece today. Rob, lending his team to our endeavors remained at home to build wide doors for the new cellar-entrance there—a place that heretofore has been open to the North wind's blowing.

In order to keep muscles supple—James is bound they stiffen when not in frequent use!—our outdoor exercise was taken in the garden today. This is only a small piece of land adjacent to the house and fast becoming enclosed with wandering plum and cherry trees. Their growth reminds one that the story of the Sleeping Beauty, which came and I enjoy reading over and over contain much truth. Let Nature have her way, and much less than a hundred years would enclose a place with her plantings. Certain of ours that have borne delicious fruit, have only lately been infected with Black Knot, and it was among these with trusty butcher-knife, saw, axe and ladder we turned our efforts this afternoon. Sawing, cutting—missing many a mark! but finally we succeeded in ridding the branches of every sable growth, though "you might as well have been sleeping, Ellen," James prophesies, "they'll be covered again in no time." "You had better run away home!" I cautioned grand-daughter, who had chanced along, "it's damp out here, and it's almost night now. See it's over there on the hills!" "But I like it here," she protested. "I like to watch you. And the sun is not gone to bed yet. Look!" she laughed happily pointing to the bright streak to the Southwest that was all of the sunset this sober, gray, November day.

"But I believe, Ellen, we're going to get another day of open weather tomorrow," James tells me, hanging up cap and jacket at end o' day, "not that it would make so much difference if the plow would be stopped now, but it's kind of now isn't it?"

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

The next story: The Monster and the Haunted House.

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"HOME"

A WORD THAT SPEAKS VOLUMES

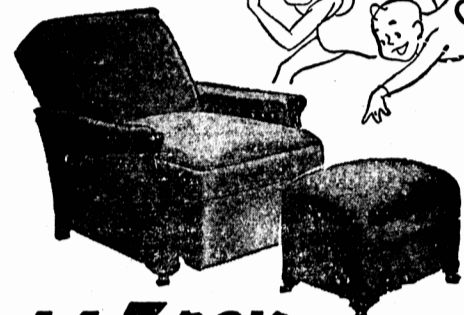
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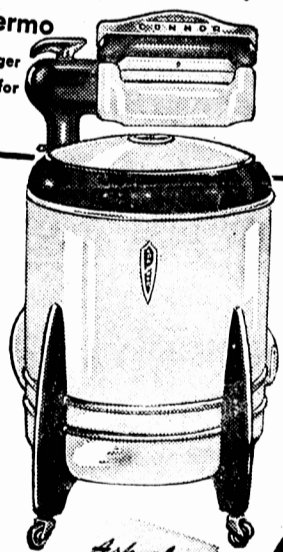
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