

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

Our reaping, about to enter now the last lap of its course, was interrupted today to attend to Mr. A's throbbing. Through a line of spruces in a hedgerow, from this house against a hillside, we caught the color of the threshing-gear as, moved from Alderlea, it entered the lane of that place set cozily beside the millstream. And from here through the sunny hours of his ideal harvest-day we could catch the regular pulse of the machine, and felt somewhat left out of this ever-fascinating endeavour or as an idle spectator regarding a family interest from a distance.

James, husband of ours, his ability curtailed by his misery-formerly reckoned he "wouldn't be much help," yet proved his usual worth of service by taking care of the grain. It would pour in a stream of gold from the machine in first-of-season largesse—the harvest for which the seedtime had been. And selecting a handful from the first measure, he would weigh its quality and reckon on the approximate yield. And smile in a pleased way, we have seen on occasions like this, for here past rain or drought, wind and weather, was substance for the keep and care of fowl and animal of farm through the cold months to come.

Measures for the fowls: for the horses neighing a neighborly greeting in the early light of morning; for the crushing which comes floury and fragrant from the mill. And once upon a time for the tasteful oatmeal to sustain the strength of child and adult and speed them warmly to their subsequent round of day!

The weekend brought folks to visit, kin and friends of other years. And in our chatting we found nice memories, rippling almost forgotten laughter. Once more skies were ever-smiling, days leisurely in passing. From them we contacted by tidings, youngsters we knew who in recent times had slipped away from us, grown up and gone to live lives beyond our ken. And James spoke of the fields and the joys and perplexities of harvest; of "this here shoulder, I much doubt will ever be as good as it was before the accident."

And of those loved and lost. James talked of those too, this morning when before rising to face the new day we lay abed a few minutes after waking. "Ellen," he said softly so as not to awaken the rest of the family, "I guess I must be in my—what do they call it? dotage. I think so often of the past. Even in my dreams I'm with comrades no longer on earth. And they are going so alive. So young. How true these never grow old!"

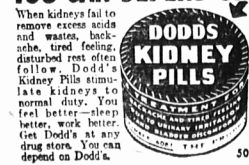
Back to those golden years, we who are older often turn—away from the sad vacancies of the present to find again those unbroken happy ranks—the youngsters of the long ago.

Beyond the stable-door a cricket played a quiet tune for us at the evening milking; the moon looked in through an open window brightening the place where a small fellow, kittens in arms, awaited the calf-pails in an orderly row against a wall. "What is that cricket playing?" Gage asked. Jamie shook his head. "I think," Gage yawned, "he's getting tired. It's not very loud."

"There are always crickets' tunes in the harvest," Jamie said, "and tongs in the cropping!"

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

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That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

MANY MENTALLY RETARDED CHILDREN CAN BE HELPED

I write from time to time about mentally retarded children—some of who cannot be helped, and many who can, if their cases are studied carefully.

I have written often of children, thought to be mentally retarded whose backwardness was due to poor eyesight and who were greatly helped by properly fitted glasses. Also of other children who were hard of hearing and who were helped by correction of slight defects of the ears.

I have written too, of the number of backward children helped by the use of glutamic acid daily, and also of the even larger number who were not helped by glutamic acid.

Just a few years ago teachers, educators, psychiatrists and family physicians learned that many of these backward children could be helped, in fact, helped to the point where they became an asset to the community, instead of a liability. A thorough investigation of each retarded child is the aim of the Association for the Help of Mentally Retarded Children. We can all sympathize with the parents of these children, who see that their loved one is so handicapped that, despite their love for him or his for them, he will not be like other children, and may never reach adulthood mentally. He will always need special care.

In an address, Dr. Taylor Statten Children's Memorial Hospital, Montreal, stated: "Whenever a new child psychiatrist or pediatrician moves into a new area, he is sure to be seized for help by parents who are caring for their mentally handicapped child. These parents find it difficult to allow the child to develop to his fullest extent because there seems to be a human failing that makes us want to isolate and hide away those that are crippled or injured and therefore do not seem to be useful." Parents overprotect these children or perhaps push them beyond their mental limits.

The feeble-minded can be classified under three headings. (1) The absolute feeble-minded for which nothing can be done; (2) the feeble-minded who can be trained in culture—reading, writing, clean habits, health habits; (3) the "apparent" or pseudo-feeble-minded.

The absolute feeble-minded require care in an institution. The feeble-minded who can be trained require special adjustment and guidance. Fortunately, many cities now provide special teaching facilities for this class and many of these children learn to support themselves.

The third group (apparently or pseudo-retarded) require the facilities of a children's hospital with psychiatrists, psychologists, social service workers, neurologists, x-ray specialists and all needed apparatus and many of these become citizens.

Morning Smile

Diplomat

A clergyman was spending the afternoon at a house in the village where he had preached. After tea, he was sitting in the garden with his hostess. Out rushed her little boy, holding a rat above his head. "Don't be afraid, mother," he cried, "it's dead. We beat him and bashed him and thumped him until"—and then catching sight of the clergyman, he added, in a lowered voice—"until God called him home."

Crying Record

In England more than 3,000 borrow phonograph records from public libraries. One man in Burnley, Lancashire, rather puzzled the assistants at the public library as he called regularly to renew a record of a Hungarian lullaby. It was not until he complained that it was worn out and the scratching noise made the baby howl, that they learned that he had used it every night for four months to send his young baby to sleep.

The Crocheted Cloche



Whether it's back to school or back to business for you, a smart little crocheted cloche would be a welcome addition to your wardrobe. It's quick and easy to make and requires only 4 ozs. of lovely soft wool. If you would like a direction leaflet for making this attractive chapper, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Needlework Department of this paper requesting CROCHETED CLOCHE, Leaflet No. CW-40.

Cook's Corner

ORANGE GLAZED DOUGHNUTS

2 eggs and 1 egg yolk, 1 cup sugar, juice of 2 oranges, water, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 2 tablespoons vegetable shortening, 4 cups sifted flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 4 teaspoons soda, 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar.

Put eggs in mixing bowl and beat very light. Beat in sugar gradually. Put orange juice in cup and add water to make 3/4 cup. Add with orange rind to first mixture and mix thoroughly. Drop in shortening. Sift flour, salt, soda, and cream of tartar together. Add half of flour to first mixture and beat until smooth. Add remaining flour and mix well. Turn out on floured board and roll as little handling as possible, roll dough 3/8-inch thick. Cut with 2 1/2-inch doughnut cutter. Fry in hot fat 375 degrees F. about 1 1/2 inches deep until brown, turning when first crack appears. Drain on absorbent paper. Glaze while hot with 1 1/2 times the recipe for Orange Glaze. Makes about 3 dozen doughnuts. Fry the little "holes" too, and roll in confectioners' sugar or orange-flavored granulated sugar.

Orange Glaze — 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon each, lemon juice and orange juice, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 1 1/4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar. Place butter, lemon juice, orange juice and orange rind in small bowl and heat over hot water until butter is melted. Remove from hot water, add sugar and heat until smooth.

How Can I

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove gelatin mixtures from the mold more easily?

A. It is often rather difficult to do this. Try dipping a clean cloth into warm water, place under the mold for ten seconds — no longer. Then loosen the edges of the mold with a knife and quickly invert the mold with even edges.

Q. How can I make a good toilet perfume?

A. A good toilet perfume may be prepared by putting into a bottle two ounces of alcohol and one-half ounce orris root; cork tightly and shake well.

Q. How can I remove indelible ink stains from fabrics?

A. Soak the article in strong ammonia solution. If necessary, repeat the process.

Q. How can I clean soiled feathers?

A. Cover the soiled feathers with warm pipe clay and allow to stand for several days. Then beat out the powder.

Q. How can I remove peach stains on linen?

A. Rub the stains with glycerine a few days before washing.

DOROTHY DIX'S COLUMN

Man Seeks Freedom

Marriage Is Satisfactory; He's Just Tired Of Responsibility

DEAR MISS DIX: I have been married for 15 years and, although I have a fine wife, I want to be free. We have worked hard to own our home and car. We have a good income, I belong to various clubs, like to play golf and want to feel free to go where I want, when I want, without worrying about my wife waiting at home for me. We fell out of love a long time ago and I don't see any reason to go on like this. There is no one else. Why is it in life we have to hurt the ones we love?

ANSWER: If you succeed in your plan to shed a devoted wife, you will be hurting yourself far more than you will hurt her. You are assuming that she isn't in love with you any longer, and I think you are making a like assumption about your own feelings, in order to gratify a desire for freedom that is, I assure you nothing more than temporary.

YOU WON'T BE HAPPY

You place much importance on lessening your responsibilities (which seem very small). Let me tell you the day you face the world without responsibility or obligation will be the saddest one of your life. It's a tragic fact that many people are actually resentful of responsibility yet, when they are faced with the loneliness that complete freedom brings, they rail to high heaven. Make no mistake about it, responsibilities toward other human beings are the greatest blessings God sends us.

What you aim to do, Tim, is replace the ministrations and love of a devoted, considerate wife with the conviviality of golf companions. My, but you're in for a letdown! When you have to depend on these men for solace in time of trouble, care in time of sickness, or comfort in time of fatigue, you'll look a long time. They are not going to break—or even strain—their own family ties to match your unlimited freedom, so there will be plenty of lonely hours for you, my son. There are far worse things than a lovely wife waiting home for you at night. And why keep her waiting every night? How about taking her along on an occasional jaunt?

Think this matter over very carefully, Tim, before you come to a rash decision. You won't care for the free live very long; it can become most palling.

DEAR MISS DIX: I come from a large family and my parents are very strict. I am 18 years old and have to be in nights at 12. So, I have to save most of my money so I have little for clothes. Nine months ago I met a sailor who is 19. I wrote to him, and in all his letters he said he loved me and wanted to marry me. He came home two weeks ago and I saw him for a few hours. Again he talked of marriage. But since then I haven't seen him. Should I write and ask why he hasn't been in touch with me?

ANSWER: Your first set of worries, about your treatment at home, are not altogether just. Midnight is a fair curfew for a girl of 18, and the fact that you are expected to save money is good training for later life. Learn to make your clothes, and they won't cost so much.

As for the boy, you have been rather overwhelmed by a uniform. He, I am sorry to say, is not a very serious type, and best forgotten.

DEAR MISS DIX: I had an affair with my secretary which ended in a very public blow-up. My wife stuck by me loyally when I needed her. She saved me a great deal of trouble, but I can feel the change in her now. How can I convince her that I am truly sorry for the episode?

ANSWER: When will callous man ever realize that a wife's heart can be broken by these extra-marital romances they dismiss so easily, and that a broken heart is not easily mended? You had an affair that ended rather disastrously for you and so, as far as you are concerned, the matter should end. You don't deserve the fine wife you have, and a lifetime of abject devotion wouldn't begin to pay for her loyalty. It's up to you to discover how you can convince her of your love, and you'd better make it very convincing!

The Stars Say

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tomorrow

THERE may be a revision of plans and objectives, and certain factors may demand somewhat drastic revision. Perhaps there will be new elements or contacts to deal with. The whole program may include drastic changes and these may emotionally distress or disturb. Keep calm and unruffled, giving emotions and feelings time to appraise new elements, rather than to precipitate some dubious emergency. On the other hand, do not be forced or coerced into false positions. Possibly a gracious gesture may work wonders in turning the tide.

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is are in line for a year of challenge and possibly spectacular developments, perhaps not to their liking. Previously-planned programs and desires may develop unlooked for angles, interfering and modifying the original layout. Such may bring forth petty annoyances, setbacks or obstacles, perplexing rather than vital. These may be composed by a show of generosity in thought and action, friendly and understanding. "Be a good sport" might be the magic formula. Those born on this day are richly blessed with talents, character and vivid personality for a life surmounting many obstacles or strange predicaments.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Leo

Scratched Silverware

To remove scratches on silver purchase a small quantity of putty powder, put it in a saucer and add just enough olive oil to make a paste. Rub this paste on the silver with a soft flannel cloth, then polish with a chamamois and the scratches will disappear.

Grease Spots

To remove grease spots from silk material mix and apply one ounce of castile soap shredded, one teaspoonful salt, two ounces ammonia, and one quart of water.

Cement

A cement for attaching objects to glass can be made by melting together one part of resin and two parts of yellow wax.

richly blessed with talents, character and vivid personality for a life surmounting many obstacles or strange predicaments.

The Unlatched Door

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Continued

"They are the same!" he exclaimed. "But they can't be! The dead don't come to life and put real signatures on real documents!"

He jumped to his feet, caught up the two papers and hurried to another room. The occupant looked up in surprise at his tempestuous entrance.

"Look here, Raikes," said Kenway, slamming the papers on the table. "I want your expert opinion about those two signatures. Were they written by one person or by different men?"

Raikes gave the documents a careful inspection. "I should say they came from the same hand," he said. "Are you sure? Look at the dates. There's more than ten years between them."

"That doesn't matter. The characteristics remain. But—" Raikes had inspected the signatures closely through a magnifying glass. "These are very interesting. At first glance the earlier writing seems the older—note the shakiness and general uncertainty of the strokes; but on closer inspection I can see that is not the result of age but of some acute nervous condition."

"That's right. I don't know how you guessed it, but the writer was suffering from a complete nervous breakdown when the document was signed."

"I didn't guess it, I knew," said Raikes calmly. "Now, when he wrote this," he indicated the letter from James Matthews, "his nerves were practically normal, but there are distinct signs that he was suffering from some form of heart trouble."

"Heart trouble—digitalis capsules!" exclaimed Kenway. "You are a wizard, Raikes! But as for their being by the same hand, what would you say if I told you the man who wrote the first died 10 years ago?"

"I should ask you to show me his death certificate—and I shouldn't believe it if you did. How is he supposed to have died?"

"Drowned. His body was taken out of the sea at Table Bay."

"How long had it been in the sea?"

"I don't know that."

"Then, if it's of any consequence, it should find out; also how the identification was made. The police at Cape Town would do that for you."

"It won't be necessary to trouble them. His son is in London—matter of fact, he only left my room a quarter of an hour ago. I wish I'd seen you before he came! But I can get on to him at once."

"That seems to be your next move." Raikes handed the papers back to Kenway. "I suppose this concerns the Darnley Mansions murder; I see the dead man's on the paper of attorney. How is it going?"

"Round and round and up and down and then crossways for a change. I never saw such a case. I no sooner get a clue that starts me in one direction than another crops up and sends me somewhere else!"

"Things do happen like that," said Raikes philosophically. "It's a pity we can't institute one-way traffic for criminal investigation."

"It is! Well, thanks for your help—I suppose I must call it that, though I don't know where the dickens it's going to land me! I'd better be getting after that young chap."

Kenway returned to his room intending to put his papers away and set off for Roy Hemersley's boarding house at once, but as he was taking up his hat, the telephone bell rang. Putting the receiver to his ear, he heard the voice of Inspector Rathbone.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Kenway. "I'd forgotten all about you!"

"Thanks. Don't mind my feel-

The Experts Say

By Kay Kay

Anyone want any "Lion's Gate pancakes?" These are described as a distinctive dish of British Columbia in a cross-country book of recipes published by the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The recipe: Two cups sifted pastry flour; one-half teaspoon salt; four teaspoons baking-powder; two eggs; 1 1/2 cups milk; three tablespoons melted shortening.

Sift dry ingredients into bowl and add beaten eggs, milk and melted shortening. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls onto a hot greased griddle. When bubbles appear, turn cakes and brown on other side. Serve immediately on hot plates.

Serve with hot applesauce and whipped cream instead of the usual syrup. Sweeten the cream with brown sugar or ground-up maple sugar. Put hot applesauce and whipped cream into separate large bowls, sprinkle both with grated nutmeg and let each person help himself.

Yield: Four servings.

From Quebec where "The French Canadian cuisine" is the result of a dozen generations of good cooks, there comes a recipe for Laurentian family soup.

Ingredients: One small cabbage; one carrot; one-half small turnip; two onions; four tablespoons butter or margarine; salt and pepper; two cloves; two quarts beef stock; one tablespoon chopped parsley; French bread; grated cheese.

Method: Wash cabbage, peel carrot, turnip and onions; cut in small cubes. Melt the butter in a sauce-pan and add the vegetables, stir. Season with salt and pepper and add cloves. Cover and cook slowly for 20 minutes. Add the stock and simmer for 30 minutes. Add parsley and a little grated nutmeg. Brown thin slices of French bread. Sprinkle with cheese. Place on top of each serving of soup or put in bowls, then fill bowls with soup.

Yield: 8 to 10 servings.

Recipe Rhyme

The St. Thomas (Ont.) Times-Journal recently published several rhyming recipes printed for housewives of 100 years ago. Here's one for bread-pudding:

Get a dish deep and wide And rub round the inside With a little fat butter or lard, That the pudding may be, To a certain degree, Good in form, when turned out, but not hard.

Then of stale bread procure Half a pound, and be sure To reduce it to crumbs: next obtain Four-sixteenths of a pound Of loaf-sugar well ground And some lemon-peel cut up. Ag-gain

Beat to cream five or six New-laid eggs, to which mix Two half-pints of pure milk by degree.

Pop it into the pot When the water is hot, Boil one hour, and then it will please. (Wonder if the housewives sang at their work 100 years ago?)

EDINBURGH —(CP)—A collection of tartans left by the late Marquis of Bute has been presented by Lord David Stuart to the Edinburgh National Museum of Antiquities. Articles include a lowland blue bonnet and an early diced boinnet.

"Resurrection!" "What?" "Never mind. That's my trouble. Many thanks for your help. Kenway hung up adding, for his own satisfaction: "I'm getting a lot of nice helpful help this morning!"

He went back to his table and sat down. Roy Hemersley must wait. This new information required consideration. He got out the folder containing the papers relative to the Borden case again and began to go through them and he noted once more. How was he ever going to fit all he had learned that morning into any reasonable and connected whole?

To be continued



TOPS TALL TALK

People of Elkhart, Ind., really looked up to Gilbert Reicher, above, who claims to be the world's tallest man at 8 feet, 4 inches. The 319-pound giant, who lives in Cleveland, O., has a normal-sized wife and daughter. He and his family visited Elkhart while on their way to a Minneapolis state fair appearance.

Variations On A Two-Piece Theme

By Jeandine

(Service d'Information Francals) At this time of the year the Paris couturier begins to think of the in-between days—in between summer and autumn. And for a number of his creations are so adaptable that anybody with a little sewing experience can either buy or make a two-piece outfit and add the variations so useful at this season.

Depending upon the climate, the two-piece outfit can be made of light silk, of cotton, linen or wool. One variation is to have a silk two-piece with a jacket in wool to match either the basic colour or the trim. To it can be added also the stole which, in Paris, is called this year a "modestie". A silk or linen two-piece may have with it a long stole of the same material as the skirt, or one contrasting in colour but matching trimming or pattern. This can be worn with the skirt and a light blouse. It is particularly attractive for the cocktail hour when the stole will be welcome at the later hour of the day.

Another idea is to have a sun or cocktail top made to go with the two-piece, and in this case the matching stole is particularly useful to cover the shoulders on the street, or for warmth in the evening.

With many of the two-piece suits a wide elastic belt is worn. This may be in contrasting colour, and with a light blouse it makes an outfit; the jacket of the two-piece suit then becomes the accessory. Some of these belts are made of linen, of rafia, of jersey, or even of silk. Raffia belts are particularly attractive this year with the basket-shaped purses carried by many women.

Better English

By V. O. Williams

- 1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Regardless of what you say, every one of the girls were there."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "ragout" (dish of stewed meat and vegetables)?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Auctioneer, mountaineer, jardeneer, gondoller.
4. What does the word "prejudicial" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with la that means "sparling of words"?

ANSWERS

- 1. Say, "Regardless of what you say, every one of the girls was there."
2. Pronounce ra-goo, as there.
3. Pronounce ra-goo, as there. How was he ever going to fit all he had learned that morning into any reasonable and connected whole?
4. "To be continued"

Alice Brooks Designs



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Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Leo

Q. What is the rule on the introduction of young and old persons?

A. The younger person is always introduced to the older or more distinguished, but a gentleman is always presented to a lady, even though he is an old gentleman of great distinction and the lady a mere slip of a girl. Of course, a woman is presented to the President of the United States, a royal personage, or a dignitary of a church.

Q. Does it make any difference

whether one sits down from the right or the left side of the chair at the dinner table?

A. No; whichever side offers the easiest and quickest access is the one for you.

Q. What is the proper time of day to make a call of condolence?

A. This call may be made at any time of the day.

BACKACHE

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whether one sits down from the right or the left side of the chair at the dinner table?



Duke, a huge St. Bernard, seen above with his master, lived up to his reputation as a "life saver" when he led the five-year-old boy, Vance Gilson, of Elmvale, Ont., out of thick bush which had trapped the youngster for over three hours, the object of a district wide search after he was discovered missing shortly after dinner. Vance was found on highway three miles from his home, trudging behind his pet. When reunited with his parents he told them, "I just went for a walk. I got lost. So I just followed Duke and he brought me to a road." —S. N. S. Photo



NORMAN BERRY, 7, holds this bushel-puffball grown on a farm at Hillsburgh, Ont., 20 miles northeast of Guelph. The mushroom-type product, weighing 1-2 pounds, provided a meal for farmer David Brydson and his neighbors.