

The Stars Say --

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tomorrow

UNDER the sustained promise of yesterday's planetary program for growth, expansion, the putting over of major projects in fresh and untired lines, this day may find its highlight on social contacts, domestic activities, as well as romantic, artistic and glamorous opportunities. The home may be the scene of much jollification and domestic festivity. Friendship and good cheer are accelerated.

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may find themselves in a year of much doing in the realm of the social, cultural, domestic and romantic, with highlights of all manner of festivities and celebration to mark memorable occasions in family life. The accent may be on parties, friendly get-togethers, visitors and gayety. Anniversaries, engagements, all such functions may be centered at the domestic hearth, although kindred celebrations may mark community or social epochs. A child born on this day may find its spot in important activity and indulgence in social, domestic, romantic attachments.

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

OZENA, DRY FORM OF CATARRH WITH UNPLEASANT ODOR

One of the most embarrassing and distressing ailments of mankind is the third or dry form of catarrh in which the lining of the nose and of the adjoining sinuses becomes inflamed, dries into scabs and these scabs have a terribly disagreeable odor. The disease is called ozena.

Various methods of treating ozena, including the use of the drug prostigmin, sometimes called neostigmine, are available. This drug helps many cases as does also sex gland extracts, as there is a very definite relationship between the nose and the sex glands.

In Minerva Medicine, Turin, Dr. G. Finocchì reports his results obtained by use of chlorophyll in the treatment of ozena. "Three patients, with ozena at the initial or early stage, and seven in whom the disease had extended to the back of throat causing headaches, wasting of bone, formation of scabs and the characteristic unpleasant odor, were treated with chlorophyll. A sponge saturated with a 0.5 per cent isotonic solution of chlorophyll or a 1 per cent chlorophyll ointment was applied to the lining (mucous membrane) of the nose daily for two or three hours. Within a few days the bad odor disappeared, scabs and headaches decreased, and the mucous membrane acquired a deeper color.

When the treatment was interrupted for 10 or more days, ozena reappeared rapidly. Elimination or disappearance of the odor was permanent while the chlorophyll ointment or large doses of a powder obtained from the isotonic solution were applied every two days.

Dr. Finocchì does not claim that chlorophyll cures ozena; it neutralizes the offensive odor which means much to the happiness and moral of the patient as the odor of ozena makes it practically impossible for the patient to mix with others.

The above will be good news for ozena patients who have been under the care of nose and throat specialists and found they had allowed the disease to progress beyond the ability of these specialists to give them relief.

In former articles I have written about the good results obtained with prostigmin (neostigmine) and sex extract. I am, therefore, making known the fact that this terrible odor can be made to disappear by use of chlorophyll.

Alice Brooks Designs

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A Country Garden

By Mrs. Gordon MacMillan

All day I watched the summer's treasures
Of leaves spill riches on the withered grass;
I heard the drowsy quiet of the bees
And flight of birds that to the southlands pass;
My thoughts were quiet too and winged no more
In joy among the bride-white apple boughs.
For now the fruit is blushing to the core
And spring has gone with all its vanished vows.
But here within this twilight candle-hour
I'll grieve no more, my love, too, budded green,
Incensed the air with each frail tinted flower,
For if that sweet spring magic had not been
How on this autumn nightfall could I hold
Love's rich remembrance, leaves of gathered gold?
—Harry E. Foster.

Planting bulbs and perennials for the Spring garden these days and remembering all the lovely color and beauty of the season that has passed. At this time the evergreen hedges and the berried shrubs show their worth in the garden; and for many weeks will give us satisfaction.

Violas and pansies were never better all summer as they delight in cool weather and moisture, and annual Larkspur and Marigolds are very good.

The hardy garden Chrysanthemums have been potted up for bloom indoors as they are late varieties, and it has been a busy time gathering in all the Geranium slips for winter blooming. The large Geraniums will be wintered in the basement and with little watering and some light are easy to care for until next year.

Tender bulbs... Tuberous Begonias, Dahlias and some new bulbs, Acindanthera that look very much like Glad bulbs have been stored and some new varieties will bloom later so they were potted up for blooming. At this time the little greenhouse bulges with all the plants that must be gathered in and it is quite a struggle to leave some annuals that do very well as house plants. Fragrant Carnations are brought and fragrant Stocks, also bright Nasturtiums that are covered with fragrant flowers and one of two rose trees for loveliness on a dull day in winter.

Many perennials and biennials from the field have been transplanted to their borders and carefully covered with wire because of some busy young hens. These hens have been so busy scratching out little seedlings and this week they will be fenced in their permanent quarters or this gardener will go foolish.

Sixty small seedlings of a choice variety of Delphiniums were lifted into pots and carefully laid under a shrub until time could be found for planting; when that time arrived the hens had scratched them all out on the grass and as they were small and tender many of them were lost. I had planned leaving them in the field until spring, but the land was to be ploughed and they had to be lifted. I am carefully watering the plants that are left and hope that some beauty will be left for June days.

Dozens of fragrant garden Pinks were planted in the new garden wall among the rocks and the foliage is so good all year in these plants and they are never out of bloom.

Linum was also planted in the rock wall and the dainty blue flower is very attractive on the slender stems. Sweet William and Foxglove in quantities and a few Canterbury Bells will give lovely color when it is needed before the Annuals begin. October is a busy month in the garden.

Song For October

"Now singing colors chord their trumpet tones
The maples make orlight music up the hill,
The brook runs amber over polished stones,
The pond is deeper than the sky, and still,
Come the late wagons rumbling down the lane
Freighted with pumpkins, cabbages and corn,
Wheeling the dust into a golden rain,
Leaving behind the ravished fields forlorn,
Sweet summer is again a memory,
And lyric April a lost fairy story,
This is the season of the singing tree,
The winding horn of Autumn's ambient glory."

FAMOUS LIBRARY

The national library of Scotland developed from a legal library founded in 1682.



SAME DAY — Mrs. James Uniack (left) and Mrs. Bruce Robert Taylor, sisters, each gave birth to a daughter at a Stratford, Ont., hospital on the same day, an hour and seven minutes apart. Mrs. Uniack was married July 8, 1950 and Mrs. Taylor, Feb. 9, 1951. (CP Photo.)

DOROTHY DIX'S COLUMN

Flimsy Excuses

Sons Offer Weak Grounds For Infrequent Visits

DEAR MISS DIX: My ailing sister lives with me; she pays her own way and is quite a help to me in household chores. My son and daughter also live with us.

The problem concerns my five married sons, who say that, as long as their aunt is with me, they will not visit us. I love my children and don't know what to do. Should I tell my sister to get a home of her own? When I visit my children they never make me welcome. I have been on my own for twenty-eight years, brought up my children alone and now, though I have been sick for the last ten years, they give me very little attention. I don't ask any support from them, though they are all well off and could easily spare money for the doctor and medicine bills I find it so hard to meet.

N.T. ANSWER: Obviously, your sons are offering a very flimsy excuse by claiming that it is the presence of their aunt that keeps them away from your home. Since they appear little interested in your welfare otherwise, they are very unlikely to become devoted if you put your sister out. Having her sure of a possibility of more attention from your sons. Your chances of getting it are mighty slim.

THEY ARE INGRATES

You certainly have a prize collection of ungrateful offspring. About all you can do is pray that God will open their eyes to the great wrong they are doing.

DEAR MISS DIX: I have been married for six years, and have a child of 4. I am four years older than my husband, who is 23. He thinks he is too young to settle down and has been going out every night alone, coming in at all hours with no explanation. He says a wife's place is in the home while he has every right to do as he pleases. We have been quarrelling so much that my child is becoming nervous.

MRS. B. B. ANSWER: The mathematics of your case appalls me. At 21, you married a boy of 17 and expected him to assume the responsibilities and obligation of married life! Surely you were old enough to know better! He was irresponsible then, and is now; there's little likelihood of improvement.

DEAR MISS DIX: We are a group of 14-year-old boys and girls. A few months ago the brother of one of us opened an ice-cream parlor. At first, we all went in and there were no complaints from anyone. Then a group of kids from all over town began trooping in. That's where trouble began. They were rowdies, roughnecks and wise guys (boys and girls). Then we weren't allowed to go there any more. We all live in apartments and we can't gather together in each other's houses since the neighbors complain of the least little noise. Our neighborhood center is also overrun with the same sort of kids who took over the ice-cream parlor. The question is, where can we go to dance and have a little fun without running into the wrong sort of people?

A. S. ANSWER: Unfortunately, objectionable groups such as you mention do have the unpleasant habit of taking over any gathering center started by nice boys and girls. I have seen many fine community dances ruined the same way. Why not try taking your problem to the pastor of your church or, if you belong to different churches, approach each one. Ask him if he wouldn't sponsor weekly dances for your youngsters, and you will promise to keep the hall clean and tidy. I do hope you can find an agreeable center for your activities.

Better English

By G. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "What did you do that for?"
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "solace"?

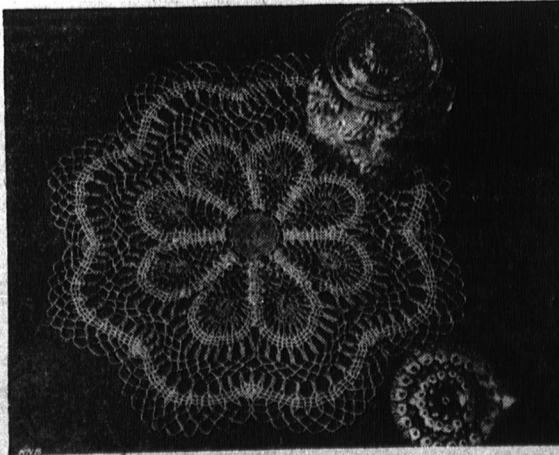
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Mongrel, maraschino, magnetto, mastiff.

4. What does the word "propagation" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with ge that means "sympathetic cheerfulness"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "Why did you do that?"
2. Pronounce sol-is, o as in doll, not as in sole. 3. Magnetto. 4. Continuation by generation or successive production; as, "The propagation of animals or plants." 5. Geniality.

Doilies For Gifts



Christmastime is crochet time. Since smaller items are the answer to last easy-to-make gifts, you'll enjoy crocheting this lovely doily which is an ideal creative piece. It's an unusual design made by first crocheting the braid for the petal outlines and then filling-in the fragile-looking lace. A direction leaflet is available for making the LAGOON DOILY if you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Needlework Dept. of this paper and ask for Leaflet No. C-S-213.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

"And where do you stay?" a summer visitor asked with some curiosity of James, who, poor fellow, finds some inconvenience in shuttling between Alderlea and this place "in the road" from there... "Now bring me my glasses!" we have heard him say, as we settled himself in the arm-chair of kitchen, the children about him smiling in anticipation of being read to. But where were they? Out Home on a mantel... And "Send out my pipe, Ellen," has been a request which has reached us more than once in recent weeks when duty or a fancy had taken him there for the day. "But never mind if you can't see to read to us," Gage has made compromise. "We'd just as soon you'd tell us a good yarn, wouldn't we, Jamie? One about long ago... about foals — and the heifer that went away to the heart of the woods to have her calf — and how old you were when you learned to plow — and about that horse that could open a hooked stable-door with his teeth. Do you know," with an ingratiating smile, "you've got some real good stories! We like them." And James replied, "Why, I mostly stay here with Ellen!" "Then," the visitor laughed, "your heart is here?" James considered a long moment, viewing, we suspected the old rooms and buildings, the familiar fields of Alderlea. He grinned boyishly. "I... I wouldn't say that," he replied. "It's habit, I reckon!"

What interesting visitors we have, bringing to us intimate glimpses of their lives and living! From the ends of the Island — the sides, and between; kindly older folk, wise and understanding in their years, calm as the autumn fields that these days smile in content in the sunlight; parents of bright young hopefuls, hoping much, planning much for their welfare; a precious new babe in a basket looking about with the new-blue of eyes that had caught the shade of "the sky, as I passed through." Little ones trying out their first steps and school-children like ours.

Folks visiting The Island from afar — girls of our yesteryears on holiday, lads of James' childhood, couples from the long ago; farmers and their wives "enjoying a day off" with like interests to ours; an artist loving the lights and shadows — and present glory of the farmlands; a career girl not unlike young Ellen, curious at "how the other half lives." Intrigued by our farm-life. How good to touch hands — and hearts with these!

"And then it was sundown." James said this evening speaking of the brevity of these October days. And we recalled of it that the sky to westward had flamed then in exquisite coloring — crimson that turned to rose, orange fading to amber and a purple which spoke of falling leaves. The cows meandered down the farm-

Anne Adams Patterns

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12-20
30-42
4834
by Anne Adams

lane in the afterglow to wait at a closed gate — from some scented, quiet meadow of farm they had come. And now the twilight was drifting in along the valley, shadowing the trees beside the stream. How still the surroundings — the silence how deep! The truck, this afternoon to town, came around a bend of road, entered the lane. "The hours of day were over; the evening called us home."
Until tomorrow... Diary... good-night.....

Cook's Corner

LEMON FINGERS WITH LEMON SAUCE

The lemon-soaked sugar melts during the baking and gives each finger of rich dough a crisp top. And here is a tip on cutting small sugar cubes in half: Place them on the table smooth side down — then cut down through the rough side.

The lemon sauce is a rather thin one, delicious not only for this dessert, but for other dishes where a hot sauce is wanted.
2 cups prepared biscuit or baking mix
2 tablespoons chilled shortening
1/4 teaspoon ground mace
2/3 cup milk (about)
Cube sugar
Lemon juice.

Measure the biscuit or baking mix into a mixing bowl; add the chilled shortening and cut it in finely; mix in the ground mace. Lightly mix in sufficient milk to make a soft dough that is not sticky.

Turn dough onto lightly floured canvas or baking board and knead a few seconds; roll into a rectangle 6 by 12 inches. Cut rectangle into 2 long strips then cut each strip into 6 rectangles (making a total of 12 rectangles).

Cut a lengthwise slash in each finger of dough, not all the way through; fill each slash with 3 half-cubes of sugar that have been dipped in lemon juice — do this, put first piece of sugar into slash then pinch the dough, put in second piece of sugar and pinch

the dough, then put in third piece of sugar.

Arrange fingers on greased cookie pan and bake in a hot oven, 400 degrees, about 14 minutes.

Serve piping hot, with the following Lemon Sauce.

1/2 cup granulated sugar
2 tablespoons corn starch
Few grains salt
2 cups boiling water
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Measure the sugar into a saucepan and add the corn starch and salt; combine well. Gradually stir in the boiling water.

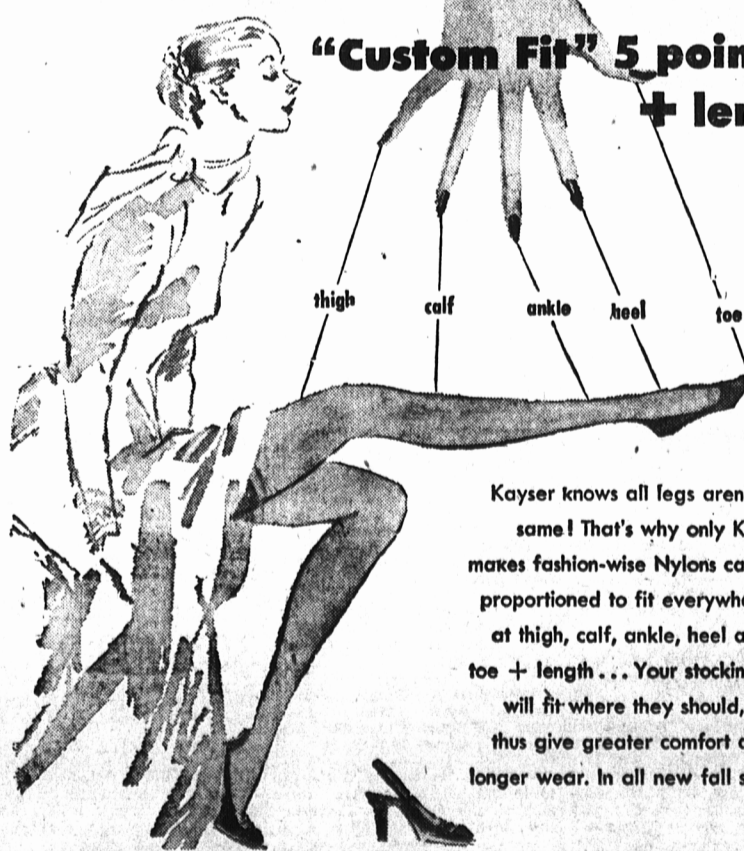
Cook the sauce, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened; cover and cook over low direct heat, stirring occasionally, until no raw flavor of starch remains — 6 to 7 minutes longer.

Remove from heat and stir in the butter or margarine, bit by bit; stir in lemon rind and lemon juice. Serve hot.

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