

## That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

### TREATING THE PEPTIC ULCER PATIENT

Several years ago a young man who had been treated for ulcer of the stomach met his physician on the street and the physician complimented him on his appearance. The patient admitted that he looked good but stated that for months he had been unable to eat solid food.

"I drink several quarts of milk a day and for solids I drink egg-nogs, using siphon soda instead of milk." The physician advised him to return to his present physician because he should be able to eat solid food now that his ulcer was healed.

An X-ray test using barium sulphate was made which showed that while the ulcer had healed, it had left a large amount of scar tissue which was blocking the passage from stomach to intestine so that instead of having an inch or more passage, the scar tissue had reduced it to the size of a lead pencil so that only fluids could pass from stomach to small intestine.

Where, of course, most of digestion takes place. The milk and eggs accounted for his gain in weight and good appearance. Although the ulcer was healed, by diet and medical treatment, this "scar" obstruction made it necessary for a passage to be made from stomach to small intestine.

I am writing the above because some ulcer patients are undecided as to whether to have an operation or undergo medical treatment. The fact is that the majority of these patients are treated by diet and alkalies and recover.

Some years ago I quoted Dr. Joseph Daly, Toronto, in the Canadian Medical Association Journal in which he stated that it is now admitted that no one treatment is suitable for peptic ulcers (ulcer of stomach or small intestine). "The physician no longer aims to treat the ulcer but to direct the management of the patient who has the tendency to ulcer."

Ulcer patients have a tendency to worry and the symptoms disappear when there is a prolonged period of relief from the wear and tear of life.

A return to usual work, worry or mistakes in diet bring on a return of ulcer symptoms.

### DIET SUGGESTIONS IN PEPTIC ULCER

Send 5 cents, coin preferred, and a 3-cent stamp to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Best Syndicate, Inc., Post Office Box 39, Station G, New York 19, N. Y., and ask for Dr. Barton's helpful leaflet entitled "Diet Suggestions in Peptic Ulcer."

## Cook's Corner

### DRESSED CABBAGE

Most delicious—you will probably be asked for second helpings, so maybe you will want to increase the amounts given in this recipe. Yield—4 servings.

6 cups finely shredded raw cabbage  
1 cup diced raw apple  
½ cup lightly packed brown sugar.

½ teaspoon salt  
½ cup boiling water  
3 tablespoons vinegar

1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Prepare the cabbage and apple in a saucepan; add the apple. Sprinkle cabbage and apple with brown sugar, salt, cloves, boiling water and vinegar; combine thoroughly.

Cover closely and cook over medium heat, stirring occasionally, until the apple and cabbage are tender—about 12 minutes. Remove from heat, add the butter or margarine and toss lightly. Serve piping hot, as a dinner vegetable.

# -Needlecraft-

— FOR THE HOME —

### WORKDAY WONDER

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## ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

Our farmstead has long ago entered the hours of its rest, as have those of the countryside round about. We can vouch for this, especially of those which lie between the corner-store and Alderlea, a route we traversed only minutes ago. Briskly we may say, yet resolutely. And while not exactly fleeing from those fancied terrors which could lurk behind, or regarding apprehensively the dim unknown which lay before, at the same time we did not walk the unconcerned pace of day or evening. Not that we fear a solitary walk abroad near to the witching hour. On the contrary, barring the disturbing thoughts of coming into the presence of a prowling skunk, stepping on a wriggling snake, or suddenly meeting an animal escaped from pasture, analyzing our sentiment on such an outing, it is to find that it is only fear we fear.

But not so deeply as to have us forgo many an evening stroll alone, slipping quietly off in the tranquil dusk, careless farm-wife that we sometimes are, to the howling of hungry calves and the rattle of the milk-pails being carried to the stable. And once we recall to the sound of James' calling: "When you come, Ellen, bring another pail will you?", a request which fell on deaf ears in the twilight. And as we went down the short-cut and along the dam where the faded colors of the afterglow still lingered in the quiet waters of the pond where glowed a wishing-star on its bosom, we have smiled to picture James' chagrin when he should find us missing. And then our smiles would be accusing when we considered how heartless we were in turning to some selfish interest of the moment, before the farm work of the day was done.

Tonight rather eerie it was, as we commenced our homing-lights out in the neighboring houses then into their rest. Only the beams of commerce glowed distant yet friendly as stars as they twinkled above the dim fields and woodlands toward the path of the sunrise. Eerie at first, but then truthfully delightful as our steps followed into the velvet shadows of the road ahead. Peaceful in the stillness, blessed with a beauty and balm as soothing and restful to a wearying mind and body as a cooling ointment spread across a ragged tissue or an area of burned flesh. The crispness of Autumn hung on the still air and an aroma which bespoke ripening bracken, and blighted foliage in the potato-fields also lingered there. A night-cricket in a harvest field crooned for us in passing and away down in the valley a cow lowed, the sound echoing mournfully in the stillness. "I believe Ellen," James offers from the couch where he has been napping, "that Dramatic Club—or whatever you like to call it, is just an excuse for a pleasant outing!" "Then not so drowsily: 'Are the stars out now?' But how could one, watching the path before, and listening to that we were leaving, and walking circumspectly be expected to know much about the state of the heavens? So we find ourself in a dilemma, one we may not solve with either smile or glance. We learned that, back when our world with James was young. Silence betrays us. "Well, well," he sighs, "a fine farmer's wife you are, Ellen! Here we are with grain to be cut yet, to say nothing of the fields waiting to be threshed, and you don't know if the stars are out!" But there was no time to look . . . it was late . . . and we had to come the long way round . . . and . . . we tried to make excuse. And invariably excuse, excuses. "And why didn't you like to

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## Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

### Renovating Velvet

Use the following method for renovating velvet. Put a little water into a tea kettle, tie a piece of cheesecloth over the spout and let it boil vigorously. Hold the velvet in the steam shaking it gently until the pile stands up. Be careful to keep the velvet from the flame.

### Shoe Horn Substitute

When putting on a close-fitting slipper and no shoe horn is available, lay a corner of a handkerchief into the shoe, and grasping the remaining portion firmly, use in the same manner as a shoe horn.

### Cracked Eggs

An egg that is cracked at one end cannot be boiled successfully. However, if it is cracked at both ends it will prevent waste and the egg will boil as well as if it had been whole.

### The Stars Say --

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tuesday, September 19

SHOULD perplexing or obscure problems come up for decision, a conciliatory, gracious or idealistic approach may be put over with finesse and the understanding of subtle underlying factors. The judgment, as a purely intellectual force may not be dependable or clear. There may be tricky angles or curious aspects, intriguing, but not to yield satisfactory or accurate results unless all hidden factors be shrewdly coped with.

### For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is, may find themselves on rather slippery grounds, with difficulty in finding out which way the die is cast by the "fates" of fortune and the stars.

There are subtle elements and peculiar angles, alluring, inviting and intriguing with the stakes high and deep in their power to make or mar. And the judgment as a purely objective force may be uncertain, obscure and erring. Because of this it may be well to resort to the subjective forces, faculties and urges for gratifying results.

A child born on this day may gain more by use of its "inner" forces or ideals rather than an uncertain mentality. Intuition may be safer than rationalizing.

## Marrying Mark

By VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN

Continued

She closed the door carefully and ran downstairs. Everything depended on secrecy. And speed. If Chiltern should see her, if Mark should come back before she got away—it was almost like an escape. The big hall was empty. The house slight almost had been deserted. She pulled the soft fur of her coat around her and opened the front door, running down the drive and around to Catlet's quarters.

Lucy was with her, for Catlet was just running out the big car to go for Mark and Valerie. Lucy blessed her genius for getting on with servants as she called to him. She had, she said, a sudden longing to take the Ark out for a little run. Was it in working order? Catlet assured her that it was as he had run it out only the day before to put it in a different place.

She supposed, she said, that Catlet had heard the funny old thing was here. Catlet had heard so, and told her gravely it was a fine old bus. Would he get it out for her before he started? He would indeed. He did. The lumbering old hybrid, its new engine humming quietly in its aged sides, rolled majestically into the drive.

Lucy almost forgot her grief to smile as Catlet stepped out of it in his smart uniform. She invented delays, poking inside, waiting for Catlet to leave. He evidently had no suspicion, for he stood a second waiting to see if she needed him. Then he got into Mark's car and drove away. Lucy ran the car quickly to a side door.

She crept up a back stairway to her door unseen. The upper hall was empty and she carried her luggage down piece by piece, making three trips and hiding her things in the back of the van. At last they were safe. Chiltern, she was sure, was at the front door.

She got quietly into the Ark and started the engine. She drove silently down the back drive and out of the service gates. She knew where she was going, but headed instinctively for Allington.

Now that the excitement of getting away was beginning to wear off she was filled with a sort of panic, which gave way at last to complete desolation. It was terrible, she thought, how quickly she had learned to be taken care of. She brought all her reason to bear on the thing. Less than a year ago she had never heard of Mark, had never seen Wide Acres, had never known what it was to be looked after.

It ought to be easy to take up the old ways again. Easier, because she was rich! She had over a thousand dollars in the bank at Allington. But while she was telling herself this, she began to think of things that hurt her. A line from a senior dramatic club's performance of Cymbeline two years ago came back to her. She had smiled tolerantly then, thinking the words a bit too bombastic for a modern age.

She whispered them over and over to herself now, as she looked out of the Ark into the gathering darkness. "There cannot be a pang in death more sharp than this!" She reached out and switched on her headlights. Then she pulled up by the side of the road and, laying her arms over the wheel, gave herself to grief.

Dorothy was resting in her room when Mark and Valerie returned. She could hear them laughing in the hall below, and then on the stairs. She was by now thoroughly frightened by what she had done. She had acted on impulse, as usual, with no reason about the thing. She would have given anything now to undo . . .

If she could only have got away before Lucy went. But if she had done this, how could she be sure that Lucy would get it all? What was to keep her from carrying the whole story to Mark? What would he do when he found out she had gone?

Dorothy had of course intended to see the thing through; get Lucy safely out of the house, see that no incriminating note was left behind. She wondered now how she could have been so weak as to leave Lucy alone. Just because a girl from nobody knew where had had the impertinence to order her out of the room!

She excused herself by self-flattery. She was sensitive. She loved peace. The whole thing hinged now on whether Lucy had left a note. What she had said in it. If she had told Mark the truth, things would be worse than ever. If, however, she had gone decently and said nothing, or merely "good-bye," who could connect it with Dorothy?

She longed to stay in her room through dinner. But that would give the thing away. She must act as if nothing had happened, at least for the present. Perhaps Lucy had refused to take the thing seriously and hadn't even gone! Dorothy began to pray that this was so. She put on what she considered a particularly fascinating frock and went downstairs trying to look as if nothing had happened.

To be continued



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## DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

### Tip Top Husbands Slovenly Ways Can Kill Wife's Love

DEAR MISS DIX: What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. You are always telling women what they should do to retain their husbands' love. Why not tell men what they should do to keep their wives' interest in them alive? We no more admire unshaven, slovenly husbands than men do slovenly wives. Marriage does not blind us to the fact that there are other attractive men in the world any more than it makes our husbands unaware that there are other charming women. After all, love has been woman's game since time immemorial. So men need advice on this subject more than we.

MRS. S. J.

ANSWER: You are quite right in saying that women are fickle even as men are, and that wives fall out of love with their husbands just as easily as men fall out of love with their wives. And this is a fact that men do not sufficiently appreciate. They cling blindly to the theory that there is something curious in a woman's make-up that enables her to love the unlovable and enjoy kissing the unlovable. Which, of course, is all nonsense.

Women are no more enamoured of a three-days' beard than men are of cold cream and curl papers. Nor does any woman see in a slovenly man, who thinks home is a place where you can go about in a soiled collar and your stocking feet, the hero of her girlish dreams.

### MISTREATED WOMEN

Most of the disgruntled wives in the world, the women who are

peevish and fretful and complaining, the neurotic semi-invalids, the slack housekeepers and the extravagant women are the direct result of men believing that no matter how they treated their wives they go on worshipping them, and so it isn't any use in bothering to keep their wives in love with them.

They didn't think it was worthwhile to dress up for wife and try to be easy on her eyes. They thought a grant was all the conversation that was necessary to come her way and made no attempt to entertain her. They never noticed what she had on, or paid her a

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"And when you've finished you'll have some Shirriff's Marmalade"