Women's realm

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

And now at Alderlea, our days will be filled with the affairs of the haying — of morning mowings by James and the team. And given favorable weather — sun and a "making" breeze there will be a daily gathering into barns. And at the quiet of day's end, the bed will be indeed a place of rest, though morning will bring one refreshed and with pleasant anticipations to the new day at hand, to those surprises and delights which a summer day holds. And there will be childrens' happy laughter and tears— and mediating when issues appear; the meals to plan and prepare, with little time to spare or warning . . . and James taking note of pond and sky. "I don't know what they will do when I'm gone" he commented at breakfast, and in his words we recognized a plaint of former generations "they never look for a cloud!"

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"You make the squirrel talk!" granddaughter begged, when having picked up the mail, we crossed the road and entered the cool shadowy woodland beside. Seated now on a length of log, a bright "Chir-r-r!" reached us. About mid-morning, it was then, serene and pleasant. Not so clear as we would have wished for the furtherance of haying, because at intervals clouds moved across the face of the sun. It was quiet here, indeed, it seemed as though from this leafy retreat we looked out upon another world, one busy and somewhat beset. Low-growing woods' plants and mosses made a bewitching carpet for our feet. Above these grew taller bracken and about us were the hundred scents of spruce and fern and flower, rare and delightful incense of wood and grove.

• • •

"There she is!" granddaughter whispered, pointing to an overhanging branch of a lacey hemlock, from which two bright eyes regarded us with interest. "She says" we commenced "Hasn't it been a long time since you've been over! And I wishing so much to see you! Did you know that I have babies? Two of them, mind you! Pretty? They're the prettiest creatures you ever saw! Gold lights along their jackets, and well, they are dears!' " "I guess granddaughter nodded "they're not half as nice as my kittens — And what else does she say?" The sound of the mowing reached us, and James' voice guiding the team, muted it was, like a lingering echo.

• • •

" 'And James still manages the mowing! Why doesn't he use the tractor?' " Our make-believe must have sounded impressive, because she remarked "My grandfather would rather use horses — horses are alive!" "And what were they playing with?" we asked her of the home she had visited recently. Her eyes sparkled and she displayed neat teeth in a wide smile. "Cars and trucks and tractors?" "No!" she beamed, "better than those! They played with live things—animals . . . Pups!") "And where's Mackie?" we continued for the squirrel, still regarding us from the heights. "Oh, he's at home" granddaughter replied. "He was inoculated at school yesterday — my mother took him, for he's only a baby yet —and his arm is a little sore . . Ask her" she laughed softly "where is papa-squirrel?" Across road and stream and intervening field the rounds about the piece of cutting were short now, a sign to us that we were treading on time which should be spent in preparing the dinner. "Papa-squirrel? we'll have to leave him to another day" we said rising. "Yes" she nodded "though I guess, he's off somewhere, sitting in the sun, dozing, or minding the children!' "

• • •

"We've got to make an earlier start tomorrow morning, Ellen!" James says, leading off now to the stair-foot door.

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

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

CONQUERING A FORMERLY FATAL DISEASE

When, by careful medical supervision and nursing, a patient recovers from a usually fatal disease it is considered almost a miracle. When a new drug or method of treatment comes along that saves not one but many patients with this disease, we know that physicians have finally found the specific cure for that disease. We are all aware of the two formerly fatal disease, diabetes and pernicious anemia, both of which have been conquered, diabetes by insulin and pernicious anemia by liver extracts.

Now another formerly fatal disease is being gradually conquered, that is, tuberculous meningitis, tuberculosis of the brain covering. It has been discouraging to watch young children suffer and die with this terrible disease; physicians have had to watch with parents at the bedside, powerless to give any help.

In The Scandinavin Journal of Tuberculosis, Copenhagen, Drs. C. Choremus, N. Zervos, S. Pantazis and others report their result with the use of streptomycin in the treatment of 132 children between the ages of 12 months and 15 years; 113 with simple tuberculosis meningtis and 19 with tuberculosis meningitis combined with miliary tuberculosis (tuberculosis hrough-out the entire body). Streptomycin was injected directly into the muscles and sheaths, the dose depending upon how the patient reacted. Persistent uncontrollable vomiting is the signal to reduce the size of the doses as these physicians believe that without a rigid system of dosage and method of administering the streptomycin is likely o fail. The average duration of the treatment was 154 days.

What was the result of the streptomycin treatment in this formerly incurable disease? Seventy-two of the 113 patients with simple tuberculosis meningtis and 15 of the 19 with tuberculosis meningtis and miliary tuberculosis recovered and were discharged from hospital. Forty-one of the first group and four of the second group died. Of the total 132 patients, 81 were alive one year after last dose of the drug was given. Follow-up of the surviving children showed them to be in a highly satisfactory condition. Only one had an unsteady gait or walk.

Before streptomycin was discovered, there was no hope for these patients. Streptomycin and other antibiotics (germ killers) have ushered in a new era in medicine.

Morning Smile

Really Quiet

Landlord (to prospective tenant): "You know we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have children?"

Tenant: "No."

Landlord: "A piano, radio or gramophone?"

Tenant: "No."

Landlord: "Do you play any other musical instrument? Do you have a dog, cat, or parrot?"

Tenant: "No; but my fountain pen scratches a little sometimes."

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Teen-Ager's Duties

Child Of Working Mother Should Give Added Help With Housework

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I have a daughter who will be 14 in August. I work nine hours a day. The only work she does is breakfast and lunch dishes which she never puts away. She thinks I ask too much of her as her chums don't do any housework. She takes piano lessons which require an hour of practice a day, though she doesn't always do that much. She doesn't even take care of her own personal needs, such as teeth, underwear, etc. I think she is old enough to take care of these things, as well as keep her room tidy. Would you help me iron out this situation?

FRANCES

ANSWER: Setting down an arbitrary list of duties for a 14-year-old is not easy, but I think the minimum requirements would be to do, and put away, the breakfast and lunch dishes, keep her own room and clothing in order and have dinner started for you in the evening. These things should be done cheerfully, thoroughly and as a matter of routine; she should not have to be reminded of them every morning.

APPEAL TO HER VANITY

As for her personal neglect, an appeal to her vanity should help correct that. I know 11 and 12-year-old girls who do beautiful jobs of hair-setting and manicuring; they know the importance of grooming at even that tender age. Your daughter, too, should have this impressed upon her. If she won't listen to you in these matters, and many daughters do resist advice from their mothers, try getting a friend, relative, or even a favored teacher to talk to her. Of course, the influence of chums who have no home responsibilities is bad, and can only be counteracted with pep talks from you or by the restriction of privileges, such as dates, movies and evenings out with the girls. All children, no matter how sound the family's financial status, should have specific home duties, and the mother who fails to assign them is falling down badly on her job.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a married woman and my husband loves me very much but I am so plain looking all our friends talk about me. When I go out with my husband I come home and cry all night.

MRS. E. C.

ANSWER: There is no need for any woman to consider herself "plain", and you must have a sorry bunch of friends if they criticize you so. I'm afraid you have built up a complex about your looks and just imagine your friends are critical. You must have looked pretty nice to your husband or he never would have married you.

Your first step in improvement is to stop this fretting. That will put lines in your face, and pull down the corners of your mouth in a manner that will most assuredly be unattractive. A friendly smile is the surest antidote to plain looks. Next, go to a good beauty salon. Get a new hairdo, a glamorous make-up and a bright manicure. Above all, practice perfect grooming! That is the one thing that has turned many a Plain Jane into a glamour girl.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am very much in love with a fine young man who has all the qualities I admire. He's in the Navy, and will be meeting all types of girls while in service. We plan to be married in three or four years, when he returns home. Do you think if our love is strong we can wait that long and still have the same feelings about each other?

A. B.

ANSWER: Thousands of servicemen leave their sweethearts for overseas duty and return with, if anything, added devotion. There's no reason to fret over the many things that can happen during your separation. If you truly love each other, you won't change. Of course he'll meet many girls around the world, and you'll meet many boys at home, but your love will remain with each other.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

Better English

By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "If I was her, I would cease being so infantile."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "cache"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Resurrection, restaraunt, resplendence, restitution.
4. What does the word "graminivorous" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with der that means "a failure in duty"?

Answers

1. Say, "If I were she, I should cease being so infantile." 2. Pronounce as though spelled cash. 3. Restaurant. 4. Feeding upon grass. "Horses and cattle are graminivorous." 5. Dereliction.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Painting

If there is mildew on a surface that is to be repainted, be sure to remove all traces of it. This can be done by washing with a strong soap solution to which a little household ammonia has been added. Flush the surface with clean water and allow several days to dry.

Double Strength

Be sure, when making coffee, tea, or chocolate, that is to be served iced, to double the strength. This allows for the ice used in cooling the beverage.

Watering Flowers

Always water the flower beds at night, and not during the day when the sun is shining. The soil will then retain the moisture until the plants have had a chance to get the benefit of it.

How Can I ! ! !

By Anne Ashley

Q. What is a good fertilizer for peonies?

A. Bonemeal is excellent for this purpose. Just as soon as the shoot shows above the ground, cultivate the soil thoroughly and work in the bonemeal. Each peony should be allowed three to four feet radius of space to give the best results.

Q. How can I whiten my teeth?

A. One method is to saturate the brush with lemon juice and rub the teeth hard. Then rinse the mouth thoroughly. Do this once a week.

Q. How can I temporarily repair a leak in a wash tub?

A. Press firmly some ordinary soap into the crack from the outside. This will prove satisfactory until permanent repair can be made.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. What does a woman do if a man offers his hand when being introduced to her?

A. Although it is her place to offer her hand or not, as she chooses—if the man puts out his hand, she must not hesitate to accept it. Nothing could be more ill-bred than to treat any spontaneous friendliness curtly.

Q. If a widow has a son, who has the name of his father, and he marries, how does she distinguish between herself and her daughter-in-law?

A. The widow may have "Sr." added to her name.

Q. If the wedding is to be so small that wedding invitations are not to be engraved, how should the bride and bridegroom invite their guests?

A. The bride should write each invitation personally.

Laird - Smith Wedding

A quiet and pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Smith, Kingston, on June 27th at 6 p.m. when their daughter, Norma, was united in marriage to Grant, son of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Laird of Winsloe. The house was trimmed for the occasion with orange blossoms and mixed flowers. The bride and groom stood under a decoration of pink and white streamers and white bells. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev M. K. Charman in the presence of about fifty guests. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was beautifully dressed in traditional white satin, with fitted bodice and nylon yoke, long full skirt with lace flounce, her finger-tip veil was held in place with a halo of white icebox roses, she wore white slippers, and carried a bouquet of American Beauty roses. Mrs. Roland Buchanan was her sister's bridesmaid; she was gowned in blue taffeta with pleated yoke and long full skirt. She wore a head dress of pink flowers, and carried a nosegay of pink carnations. The groom was ably supported by his brother, Mr. Eric Laird. The wedding music was nicely rendered by Mrs. Stanley Newman, who also entertained through the evening.

The bride's mother was dressed in black crepe trimmed with white and wore a corsage of American Beauty roses. The groom's mother was attired in navy sheer and wore a corsage of dusty pink roses.

Following the ceremony the bridal party sat down to a daintily prepared supper. The table was centered with two three-tier wedding cakes, which were cut in the traditional manner by the bride and groom. The Misses Olive Barrett, Shirley Newson, Edna Colwill and Velda Green waited on the table. Mrs Zylpha Newson and Mrs. May Willis served.

A large number of serenaders gathered and after paying their compliments to the bride and groom were treated to refreshments.

The many beautiful and costly gifts received testified to the high esteem in which the young couple are held. They also received a telegram of congratulations from the groom's aunt, Mrs. Jean Laird, Sarnia, Ontario.

The bride chose for travelling a grey shortie coat, mauve nylon dress with white accessories.

The young couple toured the Maritimes on their honeymoon, and on their return they will reside in Winsloe, followed by the best wishes of a host of friends for a bright and happy future.

CHELTON W. I.

The July meeting of the Chelton Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Earle Pearson, with six members present.

The meeting opened in the usual manner. After roll call the minutes were read, approved and signed.

Correspondence read included a letter from Mayor MacDonald re Sanatorium Radio Fund, and it was moved and seconded to send $3.00 to this worthy project.

A lengthy discussion followed on ways and means of raising money. Plans to hold an ice cream social soon were made; a member offered to enquire about size and price of a new freezer; definite plans for social to be made afterwards.

It was moved and seconded that Mrs. Helge Peterson and Mrs Earle Pearson be the official delegates to the Provincial Convention.

The sick committee reported no sick in the district and the school commmittee reported a map of the Maritime Provinces was needed, the secretary was asked to write the School Supply for prices, etc.

The August meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. Helge Peterson, with Mrs. Heber Schurman making out the programs.

The collection was taken and the meeting adjourned on motion.

A delicious lunch was served by the hostess.

The Jade God

By Mary Imlay Taylor

"It's uncle's." She was shaken by his emotion; she felt the tension, the excitement of his discovery. "He wouldn't give it to me—I put it here for—fun!"

He looked at her for the first time without seeming to be aware of her; his face was so white that his eyes looked black.

"Where's your uncle?" he asked excitedly.

"He ought to be here soon. It's late now for him," she glanced toward the window.

It was quite dark outside; the eye of a street-lamp flickered in her eyes. The room was dim except for the fire and the lamp behind her chair. Its radiance lifted her figure out of the gloom and touched her cheek, her chin, her young full throat.

Mark, holding the jade god in his hands, looked down at her and seemed to come to himself.

"I must see your uncle" he said gravely. The girl's eyes traveled from his face to the ugly green jade god in his hands.

"That's the key to something," she said excitedly, "I see that! Will it—help you?"

"It will—if your uncle will tell me about it—tell me where he got it. I know when—I know almost to a minute about that!"

She rose and came over to him, touching it in his hands, wonder in her eyes. "It has always held me—was this why?"

He did not touch her; he knew that she cared; but she might have been wrapped in fire, he would never take her in his arms until he was cleared! But his eyes held hers.

"If you hear hard things of me, unbelievable things, will you trust me? Will you believe in me?" he demanded passionately. "Can you—believe in me, Pam?"

It was the first time he had spoken her name thus, and she was touched by it. It had a new sound on his lips, he made it a symbol of love—the love he could not claim.

"I'll believe in you!" she smiled back bravely, but her eyes were wet with tears; she suddenly saw his hands again and now she understood—they were the hands of a prisoner, knotted with work!

• • •

CHAPTER X

They were still standing thus, looking at each other, when there was the stir of an arrival in the hall, voices, the rush of cold air that comes from the opening of big doors. Mark looked at her questioningly; she nodded.

"It's Uncle--and Aunt Lynn."

Something like triumph came into his face; he gripped the jade god in one powerful hand, the other fell at his side, clenched.

"You're going to ask him now?" the girl breathed. She was only vaguely aware of the thing it meant to him, but she knew that it had some deep significance.

He nodded.

They were standing together on the hearthrug, the light of the lamp cast a soft glow behind them, outlining them. Mark looked like a man from another world, powerfully built, primitive, a pagan in his freedom from all the little rules and conventions that made up the lives of the people who lived there. The girl felt it—she made no attempt to restore things to mere formalities; life was not like that for him. They stood waiting. They were still waiting silently when Mrs. Lynn came rustling in and, behind her, a little bowed about the shoulders, looking a little older, the millionaire himself. Mrs. Lynn, seeing the two, exclaimed:

"Why, Pamela, I thought you were out! Mr. Byram, please touch that light-switch behind you. I hate gloom!"

Burleson laughed a little harshly. "Butterflies like light," he remarked humorously, smiling at his sister-in-law.

"Pam, I want some tea—" her aunt began, and then she stopped. She had become abruptly aware of their attitude, and she saw Mark's face. "Why, Mr. Byram!"

He did not seem to hear her; small courtesies were lost to him just then. He was as primitive as he had been marching in the prison-yard with his fellows—year after year. He walked slowly over to the library table where Burleson stood, and the older man, searching his face in the new strong light, did not move. He seemed suddenly to see something in it that held him. Mark came nearer and opened his hands. In the hollow of his palms the jade god squatted like a toad. Burleson stared at it and stared up at the young man. He apparently linked the two by some chain of circumstances, and the age in his own face deepened, the lines grew sharp, his eyes dulled. The two women watched them, Mrs. Lynn in amazement, Pam with a beating heart. It seemed eons before Mark spoke.

"I know this thing," he said slowly; "it has a curious mark underneath—see?" He turned it over, holding it close to Burleson. "Will you tell me when it came to you?"

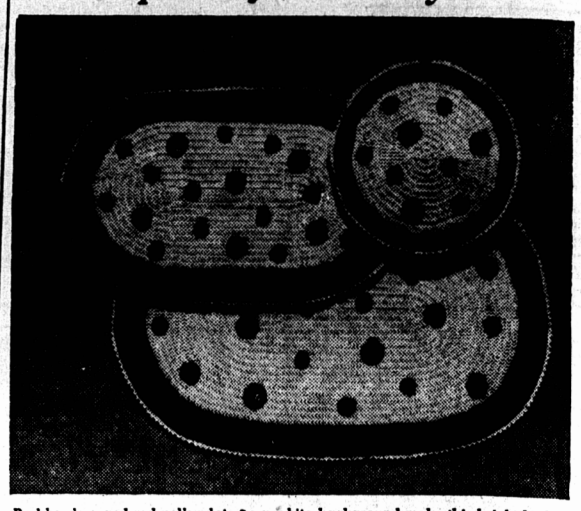
Burleson's hands clenched, he grew grayly white, then, suddenly, that red streak ran up between his eyebrows to his hair. The effect was ghastly. Mrs. Lynn caught Pam's wrist in clutching fingers and whispered:

"Send that man away—your uncle's going to have a fit!"

Her voice was only a murmur, but it broke the spell that held them—staring at the jade god.

(To be continued)

Spots Before Your Eyes



Red borders and red polka dots on a white background make this bright kitchen set of crocheted hot plate mats and potholder. You may, of course, choose any combination of colors you wish to match your kitchen or breakfast nook. If you would like to have instructions for crocheting this POLKA DOT KITCHEN SET, write to the Needlework Dept. of this paper, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope and ask for Leaflet CN-19.

Anne Adams Patterns

IT'S A DUTY-BEAUTY

Look darling while you dust! Look cool while you cook! Look super at the market—all in this precious pinafore! Big wings, ruffled pockets, and a sun-neckline modest enough for street wear!

Pattern 4529 in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42. Size 16 takes 3¾ yards 35-inch.

This pattern easy to use, simple to sew, is tested for fit. Has complete illustrated instructions.

Send Thirty-five Cents (35c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly size, name, address, style number.

Send order to Anne Adams, c/o The Guardian, 60 Front St., West Toronto, Ontario.

The Stars Say - -

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tomorrow

The day is likely to start off with a "blitz" bang—sudden, dynamic. Possibly the high-powered awakening may be precipitated by some unusual event, a bit of staggering news or other dramatic and spectacular situation. The "fireworks" may be further ignited by a furious, wild and tempestuous reaction to the inciting cause. The curious aspect of it is that, managed with strategy, subtlety, great good fortune could be the denouement; otherwise look for real loss.

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may be ready for something startling, dramatic, breathtaking and smashing, all enhanced and exaggerated by the fire and fury with which the situation stirs the emotions and temper to the core—a true Mars-Uranian tempest. Indulged, this mad incitement, "without rhyme or reason," could exaggerate the whole condition, provoking combustion and real loss, whereas a use of calmness, suavity, craft and strategy could find rich, bewildering benefits or dramatic crises.

A child born on this day may have a life of unusual, spectacular and thrilling adventure, sensational, dangerous. With early discipline, this might be mitigated to some extent.

DRINK Coca-Cola TRAVEL REFRESHED

Alice Brooks Designs

Give this star doily the showplace in your home! As a living-room doily it will be background for your handsomest vest, as a lunch set, it's for special use!

Star doily Pattern 7377 has crochet directions for two sizes.

Send Twenty-five Cents in coins for this pattern (stamps cannot be accepted) to Alice Brooks Designs, c/o The Guardian, 60 Front Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Please print plainly name, address, pattern number.

YOUR HANDSOMEST

Cook's Corner

Ambrosia Punch
(Makes one quart)

One cup orange juice, 1 cup pineapple juice, one third cup lemon juice, 5 sliced maraschino cherries, ½ cup maraschino cherry juice, 3 tablespoons honey, 1 cup ginger ale.

In a large pitcher, combine all ingredients. Stir to blend. Chill in refrigerator before serving.

Raspberry Pie

For the fresh raspberry pie you need at least 4 cups berries, ½ to ¾ cup sugar, 2 or 3 tablespoons minute tapioca for the filling. If pie is to be made 5 or 6 hours before using, 2 tablespoons tapioca or cornstarch are sufficient.

"Difficult Day?. . take a Disprin"

Why DISPRIN? Because DISPRIN is *soluble and substantially neutral.* When taken in water as recommended, it enters the stomach as a *true solution* and not as undissolved particles. It is therefore less liable to cause stomach discomfort.

DISPRIN is *readily absorbed.* Because it definitely dissolves (not merely disintegrates) DISPRIN permits speedy absorption and gives quicker relief.

DISPRIN *is palatable.* Even children will take it readily.

DISPRIN REG'D ...FOR PAIN RELIEF

SAFE SPEEDY PLEASANT

Science Progresses

For 50 years we have used little white tablets—acetylsalicylic acid—for relief of pain. Today this familiar pain-killer is available in a new form without the disadvantages of acidity, insolubility and bitter taste. It is called 'DISPRIN' and is sold at druggists everywhere.

'DISPRIN' is available in Bottles of 25 tablets or Handy Pocket Folders of 8.

D1-9

BY THE MAKERS OF 'DETTOL' ANTISEPTIC... RECKITT & COLMAN (CANADA) LIMITED, PHARMACEUTICAL DIVISION, MONTREAL

QUIX WASHES CLOTHES COMPLETELY CLEAN

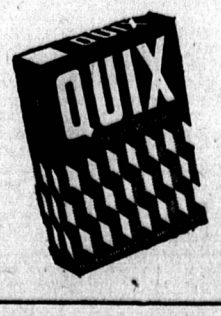
Yet Quix costs less

Quix is quicker because it dissolves quicker.

Quix never clots, jells or runs together in water like ordinary soap powders

Quix contains a special ingredie that actually makes colours brighter, whites whiter.

Quix sells for less than other soap powders yet each package contains more actual net weight.



WIN a Westinghouse Electric Iron, Washer or Mixer: Listen to Canada Packers newscasts for particulars.

Of many letters received, here is one from— Mrs. Mary E. Hatcher, Armdale, Nova Scotia

Dear Sirs:

Already I have begun to boast to my friends and neighbours about Quix and Maple Leaf Soap. Both these products are all you claim them to be.

The soap powder Quix gives an abundance of lather which helps you get through washing dishes and clothes much quicker, and with best results.

I find "Maple Leaf Soap" very mild and I just love its fragrance. I intend to keep passing the good word along and will also remember to put Quix and Maple Leaf Toilet Soap on my shopping list hereafter when needed. Many thanks to you, the sponsors.

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