

The Micmacs In Early Times

Experts from a work by Nicholas Denys, first Governor of Acadia, published in France in 1672 and translated by Dr. William F. Ganong for the Champlain Society. Continued from last Tuesday.

They observe certain degrees of relationship among them which prevents them marrying together. This is never done by brother to sister, by nephew to niece, or cousin to cousin, that is to say, so far as the second degree, for beyond that they can do it.

If a young married woman has no children by her husband at the end of two or three years, he can divorce her, and turn her out to take another. He is not held to service as in the case of the first; he simply makes presents of robes, skins, or wampum. He is obliged to make a feast for the father of the girl, but not so impressive as one on the first occasion.

For all these festivities of weddings and feasts they adorn themselves with their most beautiful clothes. In summer the men have robes of Moose skin, well dressed, white, ornamented with embroidery two fingers breadth wide from top to bottom, both close and open work. Others have three rows at the bottom, some lengthwise, and others, across, in broken chevrons, or studded with figures of animals, according to the fancy of the workman.

To dress their skins, these are soaked and stretched in the sun, and are well heated on the skin side for pulling out the hair. Then they stretch them and pull out the hair with bone instruments made for purpose, somewhat as do those who prepare a skin for conversion into parchment. Then they rub it with bird's liver and a little oil. Next, having rubbed it well between the hands, they dress it over a piece of polished wood made shelving on both sides just as is done to dress the skins for making gloves upon an iron.

For the skins dressed with the hair, they are only treated with the hands which they are well rubbed by hand; they are passed repeatedly over the sticks to dress them well. If they are not then soft enough, more of the livers is added and they are once more rubbed until they are pliable; then they are dried. All of those robes, whether for men or women, are made like a blanket. The men wear them upon their shoulders, tying the two ends with strings of leather under

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. If one has received a wedding invitation, and because of illness or absence, has not been able to send a wedding gift, is it all right to send this after the wedding?

A. Yes. And it would be nice to send a short note, too, giving the reason for the delay.

Q. If grapefruit is to be served as the fruit course for a luncheon, how should it be prepared?

A. Cut across in half, cut the sections free and remove the dividing skin and seeds, then put sugar into it and allow to stand for an hour or so.

Q. Is it proper for two women when they are introduced, to shake hands?

A. Usually they do not, but there is nothing improper about it.

the chin, while all the remainder is not closed up. They show the whole body with the exception of their privy parts, which are hidden by means of a very simple and very thin skin. This passes between their legs and is attached at the two ends to a girdle of leather which they have around them, and it is called a truss (brayer).

The women wear this robe in Bohemian fashion. The opening is on one side. They attach it with cords in two places, some distance apart, in such a way the head can pass through the middle and the arms on the two sides. Then they double the two ends one above the other, and over it they place a girdle which they tie very tightly, in such manner that it cannot fall off. In this way they are entirely covered. They have sleeves of skin which are attached together behind. They have also leggings of skin, like stirrup stockings, without feet; the men wear these likewise.

They also make moccasins of their old robes of Moose skin, which are greasy and better than new. Their moccasins are rounded in front, and the sewing redoubles on the end of the foot, and is puckered as finely as a chemist. It is done very neatly; the girls make them for themselves, embellished with colours, the seams being ornamented with quills of Porcupine, which they dye red and violet.

They have some very beautiful colours, especially their flame-colour, which surpasses all that we see in this country of a little nature. It is made from a little root as thick as a thread. As for the leaf, they are not willing to show it, something which is unusual with them. Such were approximately their summer clothes. During the winter their robes are of Beaver, of Otter, of Marten, of Lynx, or of Squirrel, always "martachees," that is to say, painted.

Even their faces, when they go to ceremonies with their fine clothes, are painted in red or violet; or else they make long and short rays of colour, according to fancy, on the nose, over the eyes, and along the cheeks, and they grease the hair with oil to make it shine. Those who are finest among them look like a masquerade. Such are their finerities on their days of holiday-making.

(to be continued)

A Country Garden

By Mrs. Gordon MacMillan

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet, With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun, When first on this delightful land he spreads His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower, Gilt, ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth After soft showers; and sweet the coming on Of grateful evening mild; then silent night...

The Rose-of-Sharon shrub is a very lovely late blooming perennial growing to a height of four or five feet. The foliage is attractive and the mallow-like flowers come in many colors.

The ancient name for a mallow was the Latin hibiscus, which occurs quite often in old writings as ibiscus and ibuscum; and the claim is that it was named for the ibi.

When these large birds waded into swamps to feed on frogs and water beetles, they were so conspicuous against the showy mallow flowers that the two became associated and the plant was called ibiscum "with the ibis."

Hibiscus syriacus, now the Rose-of-Sharon's formal name. Four hundred years ago it was known as the Althea frutex and to this very day many nurserymen list it as Althea. Just how and when it acquired its most popular name, Rose-of-Sharon, no one seems to know. The flower mentioned in Canticles—"I am the Rose-of-Sharon, the lily of the valleys"—is believed to have been the autumn-crocus.

But Rose-of-Sharon is a delightfully fitting name for this luxuriant shrub. This rose-mallow of the garden, for Sharon was a plain in Palestine celebrated for its fertility. "The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose," we read in Isaiah. "It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon."

It was Linnaeus who named the Rose-of-Sharon H. syriacus, believing that it came originally from Syria. It may indeed have reached Western Europe from Syria, along with that other famous mallow, the hollyhock; but its native home is China.

Perhaps it was yet another of those medicinal which travelled to the Levant by the trade routes from Cathay, at so remote a period that it was well established there when Europeans became aware of it.

"The Rose-of-Sharon was regarded by sixteenth-century herbalists as a providential panacea, there being no ill whatsoever for which the leaves, the roots, the flowers or seeds would not prove an excellent good remedie."

Tigridias, the shellflowers of Mexico or Tige. Flowers are now blooming and they are one of the most colorful bulbs in the garden with their wide range of vivid red and flame shades, as well as pinks, whites, yellows, many with brilliant contrasting spots or softer colored centres. The individual flowers are fleeting, but they keep coming for weeks and I like them very much.

Rich music breathes in summer's every sound; And in her harmony of varied greens, Woods, meadows, hedge-rows, corn-fields, all around Much beauty intervenes, Filling with harmony the ear and eye; While o'er the mingling scenes Far spreads the laughing sky.

—John Clare

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Cracked Window A coat of clear shellac over a cracked window pane will keep it from leaking until a new pane can be installed.

Cooking Odors A little ground cinnamon sprinkled directly on the gas flame will do wonders about those cooking odors.

Fruit Stains Fruit stains can be removed from the hands by rubbing them with a fresh tomato (green or ripe). After this, wash thoroughly with soap and warm water.

Scottish Girl is Forestry Expert EDINBURGH, Aug. 20 — (CP) — Sheila Davies, 22, has one of the most unusual jobs for women in Scotland. She is "nursemaid" to the baby trees planted by the Forestry Commission at Strathrye in Perthshire, and her task is to fix and latch trees.

Miss Davies decided some years ago that town life was not for her and she gave up a job in a Glasgow office to join the Forestry Commission to study trees and seed planting.

After a term as an observer in one of the tall fire towers in the forests, she was assigned to a stretch of forest covering 10,000 acres, of which nearly half now has been planted. The part she likes best is planting young trees on the hillsides, which is done during the winter.

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Princess Anne, who was one year old August 15, investigates the flower beds in the garden of Clarence House in London, between formal poses with her father and mother the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Elizabeth.

Better English

By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I have no desire at all to go in the house."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "abyss"?

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Peninsula, pinnae, parachute, parapenalia.

4. What does the word "buoyant" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with "ex" that means "abnormal growth or increase"?

ANSWERS

1. Omit all and, and say, "into the house." 2. Pronounce a-bis, a unstressed, i as in, accent "no" and syllable. 3 Paraphernalia. 4 Light-hearted. 5. Exuberance.

Cook's Corner

FRESH TOMATO COCKTAIL

(4 6-ounce servings)

One and one-half pounds ripe tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, dash Tabasco sauce, 1/2 teaspoon celery salt.

Wash the tomatoes, remove core and any blemish marks. Cut in quarters or eighths. Put through conical sieve or food mill. If you have an electric blender, place in glass container and blend about 1 minute. Strain. Stir in salt, Tabasco and celery salt. Chill well.

Herb Butter for Vegetables

1/4 cup butter, 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon finely cut fresh herbs, or 1/2 teaspoon dried herbs and 1 tablespoon minced parsley or spinach leaves or chives.

Melt butter in wooden spoon. Add lemon juice and herbs and beat well. Herbs such as chives, tarragon, rosemary, chervil, thyme, oregano may be used individually or mixed. Appropriate for asparagus, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, carrots, cauliflower, peas, spinach and Summer squash.

Morning Smile

Guessing

"George, dear, you'll never guess what I got from the butcher's to day. I haven't guessed what it is myself, yet."

Plenty of Nerve

Macpherson took his gramophone back to the shop from which he had bought it. Said the assistant: "It is most unusual to have a machine returned after a year's use. What's wrong with it?"

"The needle's broken," explained Macpherson.

Not His Church

The vicar of a village church

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How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I keep grapes for a longer time?

A. Select the best clusters of grapes, pick off all the decayed and unripe grapes, drop a bit of sealing wax on the ends of the stems, and hang up in the cellar. They will keep for quite a while.

Q. How can I remedy a st-aw hat that droops at the brim?

A. Sponge the hat well with the white of an egg that has been thoroughly beaten. Then place on a hat stand to dry.

Q. How can I renew the lids of fruit jars?

A. Add one cup of vinegar to a gallon of water, in which the jars and lids are to be sterilized.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By an Island Farmer's Wife

"I guess this road wasn't much like this when you and my grandfather were farming first" Jamie said as we entered the newly-surfaced highway that runs by the corner store and moved smartly along then on our way to the city.

At that intersection another opportunity to make a crossing. Perhaps he was loitering there in the hope of catching one of the sparrows ranged teasingly on the fence beside. Or maybe he presently intended to stretch himself on a bank there in the sunlight that was spreading its gold in a molten stream of it over the rolling farmlands beyond. This was Buttercup, the tawny likeable store-cat, of languid appearance but extremely wise in his feline mind. Gage admiring him, laughed, "Perhaps he's off to The Fair too?" he said.

"No — not much like this," we agreed as the little truck rolled smoothly along. "It was narrower, of course . . . and . . ." But what a vast difference there was even though we had forgotten much of it in mind we pictured the mass of wild roses that had rambled and bloomed in the dyke there, beyond which one lay a garden and a house wherein flocks dwelt — lit hearth-fires, spread tables, banked buildings against the winter and welcomed the spring. And now no trace remained to tell the story, last reminders removed in building this highway which carried us so easily cityward this morning.

And the traffic! We had contrasted present and past — the great lumbering trucks and transports — and recalled that once when we had been driving here our steed had been so frightened at the sight of an automobile, he had turned and quick as a flash tried to climb the steep bank beside. What would he have done with this fearful structure on wheels we were meeting? And would he have noticed in that plane overhead? — the gleaming sleek cars.

These, indeed all the haste and confusion of this age we compared in mind with the past, with that era of horse-drawn vehicles. . . slower certainly but pleasant, since we knew none better. "There were no cars then" we continued "but you knew almost every team you met — or that passed you — at least along here. Your grandfather was the best one to recognize a horse . . . give him a sight of one, just once and he would know him again. So many came to the mill. Yes, he used to pride himself on the fact that he knew by sight every horse for miles around!" Jamie nodded "Just like nowadays we learn to know the different tractors and trucks and cars."

Gage, following our conversation, observed: "When I get big, I'm going to buy me a John Deere tractor — they're green, did you know? and a great big truck and" he dimpled "won't I have fun?"

"If you like to ride in little planes or a wee train . . . and see everything, you'd better come with us instead of going to town. You'll like it!" he coaxed. "Yes," he declared "you'll wish that you had!" We however, enjoyed very much this day we had chosen to spend leisurely in the city, leaving every companion and care behind . . . the turkey to her, setting in a bowery spot in the border, the two maturing poult in their confinement, and Jamie to dine with the family in the house across the lane. We stopped at will to window-shop and took our time loitering along fascinating displays with no one to say suggestively, "Well, I did plan to be home within the hour . . . you see, we intended to do this and so. It would be good to have it done!" Or an amazed "You'd like to try on a hat! Woman, have you lost the little bit of sense that you had? Did you ever hear of a good doing lady's wife stopping to try on the like . . . and her hat on all gathered in?" We enjoyed too our unhurried lunch with a cousin of James, and experienced our first ride in a Taxi which at length at afternoon's close took us to join the family for the homing. Was there a fly in the ointment? Certainly! In our absence, we should have like to see . . . "Is it five to or five after?" James glanced at the clock "well, no matter — whichever it is, it's bedtime!"

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

The Stars Say - -

By Genevieve Kemble

FOR Tomorrow DESPITE certain deceptive conditions, sinister and subtle, with shrewd and strategic handling of the menacing situation, it is possible to maneuver a difficult impasse into a really constructive and surprising state. Ambitious plans, put over with daring and initiative, could move a critical state of affairs onto a level of achievement. Try speculation, taking rare chances with others.

For the Birthday Those whose birthday it is may have a period of unusual adventures, with speculation, gambles, and an enterprising grasp of difficulties. In this, resort to strategy and strategic handling of the menacing situation. Power and due cooperation may accelerate sudden moves to surprising heights.

A child born on this day is boundlessly supplied with energy, ambition, initiative to turn the tide of defeat into strategic climax, perhaps by taking bold chances to achieve its end.

Out Of This World

Letting the rest of the world go by is 10-month-old Keith Conway of Dalston, London, Eng., on a visit to Bournemouth. With a cap to shade his eyes from the sun's glare and a pacifier stuck firmly in his mouth, little Keith is content to snooze the summer day away.



DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Independent Mother

Woman Finds Happiness In Self-Sufficiency

DEAR MISS DIX: You often urge fathers and mothers to keep their own homes instead of going to live with their children, and inasmuch as an ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory — as the old saying goes—I would like to corroborate what you say. I am a woman of 84. Have two sons and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. I live in an apartment alone, for which blessing I thank God. I do my own cooking and marketing so I can have exactly what I want to eat. My sons and their wives drop in on me nearly every day, and if I was sick they would rush to see and care for me. I can have the company of my old friends whenever they wish to come, and we can talk of old times without fearing we are boring anybody. I never was so happy in my life because I am free and independent. I am never alone for the unseen friends and those I love who have gone before are always with me.



ANSWER: When I urge old mothers not to go to live with their children if it can possibly be helped I get many angry letters from women who accuse me of not having any sympathy for them. Such an idea is far from my thought. I am thinking of the old woman's happiness in an apartment alone, for which blessing I thank God. I am trying to make Mother understand that the woman who has been at the head of her own house for thirty or forty years can never be satisfied to take second place in even her own daughter's home.

IT SELDOM WORKS

Of course, when Father dies and Mother is left alone her loving children say: "Come and live with us." But, somehow, the plan doesn't work out as she anticipated. She finds she is a guest who is expected to act like a guest and fall in with the way that Mary or John's wife keeps house. Much as she loves her children, she misses her old friends, those to whom she could say, "Don't you remember?" But mainly her trouble is that she feels herself useless and a burden. She wants to be independent, to stand on her own feet, to have her own friends, her own place in the world, and this she cannot do in another woman's house.

And that is why every old mother should hang onto her own home, even if it is only one room in a boarding house. In that she is mistress of all she surveys. She is independent, and that is the one indispensable factor in happiness.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am 14 years old. I am going to graduate from the ninth grade soon and I will have to wear my sister's old formal. I suppose it is all right, but when she graduated she had her own formal. She is also graduating soon, but from the twelfth grade, and she just got a new gown. Mother says I will have to use that when I graduate from the twelfth grade. Don't you think I should have a new dress instead of wearing all my sister's hand-me-downs?

ANSWER: Your mother knows her financial condition better than you do, Jane, and I'm sure she is trying to do her best for both her daughters. There is nothing you can do about this year's problem, except to put a little fresh trimming on your sister's old dress to make it look less like a second-hand model, but I do think with three years ahead of you, it's possible to get a new gown for your next graduation. How about earning a little extra money baby-sitting, or helping a neighbour with her chores, then setting that money aside for a pretty dress? Better yet, why not learn to make yourself a nice formal? This is not a difficult task and will help you get not only an attractive evening dress, but nicer clothes all year round at a fraction of the cost of ready-made dresses. If your mother can't teach you to sew, I'm sure you can find a course in some school near you, or (here comes that handy neighbor again) you could exchange some household tasks for lessons in dressmaking.

DEAR MISS DIX: What chance of happiness is there for a girl in her early twenties who is primarily interested in a home of her own, and the man she loves who is in his early thirties and loves to have a good time? He promises faithfully to settle down after marriage. Do you think in this case the difference of character and age could cause unhappiness?

ANSWER: The difference in age is immaterial, but the difference in character is so vast that to my mind it precludes the possibility of a happy marriage. Completely disregard any promises a man makes to reform after the wedding. If he loves the girl sufficiently he'll do the reforming before. There is no plane on which a home girl and a man-about-town can meet on equal terms, and either one invites disaster by marrying the other. Perhaps the home girl is too cloistered and would be better off for a little gaiety. If the man just likes a generally good time once in a while it would pay her to meet him part way and have a little fun, too, but if riotous living is the end and aim of his existence, she'd better forget him.

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

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