

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

"And if you 'just jump into it' how do you manage to get your self out?" granddaughter inquired this morning as we patted and smoothed the billows of the old feather-bed in the look-out room that was Judy's into shape there. It had truly taken something of an effort to rise from these depths, where so that Jamie might occupy our space beside 'James, we had betaken ourself last night at re-tiring. We had preferred the room to others not because of the comfort of the ancestral tick, soft as it is and engaging, but for the wide view of mill and pond, of road and field — and the night-heavens, it affords. How mellowly the July moon beamed in upon us, lighting brightly the coverlet and sending us off presently into a desired place of abiding where there were no floors to be treaded, no cakes to be mixed, nor bread for hungry workers but where one might follow up with serene mind the various and succeeding phases of the haying!

Gently too, in spells of wakefulness came to us the summer lullaby of the over-flow of the dam. Scents of field too... of mowed hay, of sweet low-growing white clover, of garden-roses. Silence of night, as well, cool after the heat of day, restful, refreshing. Moonlight, dimness then a starless sky. And after a nap, the cleanliness of dawn, bringing a day new and cleansed by the night-dews. And straight out of a dream, James at the doorway, easing a suspender into place, to comment teasingly, one eye on the mill-pond below: "Don't think you're on your holidays, Ellen! Guess we'd better get moving — though I do believe we're going to get a rainy day out of this!

"More rain — more rest?" But not today at Alderlea. Any time left from the choring was given over to pieces of carpentry. The farmers and Jamie, placed loft-flooring on the broad beams of the barn, nailing them securely so that small ones may visit in safety their bit-cats secreted in strawy places, without danger of dropping without warning to the concrete floors below. It was as well that the family had known no rest until last evening until every window had been gathered into tidy coils according to James' wishes, against the showers and dampness of today. We saw Jamie's eye on the pond more than once. Not to read there the signs of the weather but with obvious disappointment that in the inclemency prevailing and then in the later clearing, the waters were red and unsettled, unfavorable for angling.

However, it has been a nice day — one for us to remember. The noon respite was lengthened while James spun tales of the vanished days to the two — Jamie and granddaughter. Tales of "When I mowed my first hay — in that very field where the stack is." And in fancy they followed him on many a fascinating trek, back to those no-car, no-truck, no-tractor times. "And gates at the ends of the lanes — to keep out prowling stock! And how did one get by these?" "Oh the horses were used to waiting... or not he smiled at an old memory "the man got out to open the gate and the woman, a rein in either hand, guided the horse through, being careful the wheels of the buggy didn't touch the gate-posts — then she waited for him to get in and take the reins. I had one horse the d... himself couldn't hold anywhere else, but if I'd put the lines on the dash-board, he'd always wait for me while I opened and closed a gate. And when I got in again and

Anne Adams Patterns



IT'S A TEEN-EASY Teener! Make it sweet, make it simple, make it easily! This cute little dress is so darling whether you choose eyelet or braid trim. Just what you need for soda and movie dates all summer long! Pattern 4502 in Teenage sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 takes 4 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric. 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.

Morning Smile

Showing His Hand Preacher (at close of sermon to one of his deacons, half asleep): "Well now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you open?" Deacon Brown: "Open? I just dealt."



MacDonald - Cantwell Wedding Group



Mr. and Mrs. Joseph MacDonald photographed during their wedding reception which was held at the Queen Hotel following their wedding at St. Dunstan's Basilica. From left to right: Miss Lorna Ford, maid of honor; Miss Noreen Noonan, bridesmaid; the bride the former Miss Joyce Cantwell, and the groom Mr. Joseph MacDonald, and the groomsmen, Mr. Raymond MacDonald of Toronto, brother of the groom. The little flower girl is Joan Mary MacDonald.

Cook's Corner

Cherry Tarts

Two cups drained, unsweetened cherries, 3/4 cup cherry juice, 3/4 cup sugar, 2 1/2 tablespoons tapioca. Heat cherries, juice and 1/2 cup of sugar to boiling. Use double boiler top placed on stove. Skim cut cherries, add tapioca to juice and boil five minutes, then cook in double boiler over water until clear, which takes about 20 to 30 minutes. Add cherries and remaining sugar. Cool, then pour into individual pie shells. Top with whipped cream before serving. Pastry for nine shells—This standard piecrust recipe will make 9 small, individual pie shells: 1 1/2 cups sifted flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup cold lard, cold or ice water (about 3 tablespoons). Mix salt with flour. Work shortening into the flour, using fingertips, case knife or pastry mixer. Moisten with just enough water to make a dough. When intended for pie, roll out about half of this for the lower crust, using as little flour as possible and a little larger than the pie plate to allow for shrinking. If using for the tarts, you will cut to suit.

The Stars Say - -

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tomorrow

A most propitious time for summing the concentrated plans, policies, energies and abilities to the putting over of concrete ideas and objectives, with confidence, sound purpose and faith in the worth and endurance of constructive efforts. Their concrete and tangible results give comfortable assurance for having "earned your very own." For the Birthday Those whose birthday it is are assured of the definite rewards, riches and tangible evidence of sound plans and purpose, with shrewd, basic and diligently pursued quest of cherished objectives, gained against perhaps many odds.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Leo

Q. Is it necessary for a guest to make some polite remark to his hostess when bidding her good-night, and if so, what? A. This is much better than an abrupt "goodnight." Make some such comment as, "Your dinner was delicious," or, "I really did enjoy our bridge game," or whatever the party may have been. Q. When people behind you persist in talking at the theater, is it permissible to ask them to stop? A. Yes, but do so as quietly and pleasantly as possible. If they resent, your request or ignore it speak to an usher. Q. When a girl has been dining in a public place with a man, and is leaving the table, should she begin to put on her wraps? A. No; she should wait for her escort or the waiter to assist her.

Better English

By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Since when have you been aware of that?" 2. What is the correct pronunciation of "tithe"? 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Professional, prognosticate, promissory, prominence. 4. What does the word "inordinately" mean? 5. What is a word beginning with ha that means "dwelling"? Answers 1. Say, "How long have you been aware of that?" 2. Pronounce the t as in tie, the th as in smooth, not as in both. 3. Professional. 4. Excessively; intemperately. 5. She was inordinately proud of her beautiful complexion." 6. Habitation.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Leo

Hair Brushes Wash the hairbrushes at least once a week. Soak in hot water with soap powder and ammonia for five minutes. Rub the bristles under the water. Rinse in warm water and dry with bristles downward, preferably in the sun.

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"Where Old Friends Meet"

The Jade God

By Mary Inlay Taylor

(Continued)

"It meant everything. My uncle was a collector of curiosities. It was his fact—he was rich." Mark wet his dry lips. "They thought I coveted his money, but I didn't. I could work. He was odd, crabbed, quarrelsome, but he was never unkind to me—we got on. I was with him that last day when he bought that jade god. It was in his pocket when I left him; somehow I never thought of it then as a thing that might clear me! He said he was going to give it to Mr. Bursleson. I remember that now; your uncle was his friend and business associate, and, as you know, a collector, too. Your uncle has it; it must have been given to him after I left my uncle—before the murder—don't you see the point? That little thing would have made my alibi complete. Your uncle testified against me, and he stood so high, even then, that a word from him—Mark's gesture expressed all the hopeless futility of his young battle to save himself.

"If Uncle Herbert knew—oh, I'm sure he would have told!" Pam exclaimed. "He's a violent tempered man, he's queer, but he's just. I think he didn't know." "It's certain he won't tell now; I saw that in his face—when he smashed that green god." "Oh, I can't think he knew!" she persisted. Mark did not answer this; he stood looking at her silently. Like everything else in his life this was to end. But he wanted to remember her as she stood there. She looked so young and brave! She was brave to call herself his friend. Even in the puzzle of her thoughts of her uncle she felt his and lacking. Faith, integrity, and determination to rise against many vicissitudes at last give the happy consciousness of having accomplished the enduring and worthwhile, perhaps in real service. A child born on this day is richly endowed with those sound talents, ambitions, and qualities of character to assure a successful and rewarding life.

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DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Does Age Count?

Calendar Years Not Vital Factor In Matrimony

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: Does age make so much difference in marriage? I am 30, and have been going with a man 26. He knew my age and said it made no difference to him. We have everything in common, and he seems much older than I. However, I was afraid I couldn't hold him, so I picked a quarrel and we broke up. He never knew the reason. I am wondering if I was too hasty in my decision.

ROSE

ANSWER: You are very foolish to break up as you did. A frank talk with your beau would have convinced you that the difference in age was unimportant to him.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

Age is not a vital factor for marital bliss. The things that make up a happy marriage—love, consideration, loyalty, kindness, generosity, mutual interests and a common love for God—are above a matter of years, and should come first. As the years go by, the gap between birthdays lessens, and in another decade it won't be noticed at all. It won't be easy to convince your sweetheart of the cause of your quarrel, but it is worth the effort and you'd better try to patch things up.

DEAR MISS DIX: I have been married for ten years and have a little girl 8 years old. For the last three years I have been working to support the family. For no reason at all, my husband left his position and refused to look for work, saying he wasn't well. He has had several physical check-ups and talks with mental doctors. All agree he is mentally and physically capable of holding a job. He is a good father and loves us both. If he'd only work everything would be perfect. I don't want to turn into a nagging wife but my patience is running out.

H. W.

ANSWER: Since doctors have failed to give your husband the impetus to go back to work, you might seek legal aid. Perhaps a lawyer could convince him of his responsibilities as a husband and father.

Occasionally one runs across a man who suddenly turns against outside work but is willing to take over all the care of the household and children while the wife becomes the breadwinner. Such a situation may be what you are facing. Divorce certainly is not

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