

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

THE AGING PROCESS IS GRADUAL, NOT SUDDEN

Now that there are more elderly people in the world than any other single group, the elderly themselves, their families and family physicians are giving the matter of care of this group thorough study.

One of the first thoughts in treatment of the elderly is to help them to keep up their morale. Once they feel that they are too old to do any physical or mental work, they lose their interest in work and in people. It is the feeling that they are still of use to their family and to the community that helps them to keep going.

However, although their morale must be maintained, they should be made to realize that, notwithstanding their desire and willingness to be useful, they are really aging, as do all human beings, and must not attempt the physical or mental tasks of their younger days.

In various parts of this and other countries, surveys of elderly patients in hospital are being made. This is with the idea of making sure that hospital treatment is necessary and more beneficial than home or rest-home nursing and treatment.

In the British Medical Annual, Dr. Marjory J. Warren states that the follow-up of surveys of the aging in hospital is most important as "there can be no general improvement until there is a better understanding of the needs of the elderly sick patient and a greater knowledge of the physiology (body workings) and psychology (brain and emotional workings) of old age."

It must be fully recognized that senescence is the normal process of aging and that this is a general, gradual and a slow process. It consists of a running down of the human organism, with lessening of physical strength and a tendency to slower movement, and to less activity; with a lessening of the sharpness of the senses, a lessening in the powers of mental concentration and a desire for longer periods of rest with more time to reminisce than to become interested in new subjects.

The thought, then, for those interested in care of the elderly is to remember that the aging process is gradual, not sudden. Any sudden change is most likely to be due to some ailment or disease, not to the aging process itself.

The Stars Say - -

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tomorrow
A RATHER complicated state of affairs is read from this day's stellar activities. While there may be lively and challenging happenings, with the mentality and feel-

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ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

A bulb list came today—and somewhere, we have glimpsed the cover of a Fall and Winter merchandise catalogue. Golden Glows is blossoming gaily in nooks and corners about, and we saw a lad regard intently the blush on an Astrachan apple—and wistfully turn away... Autumn is we think only beyond a near hill, waiting until some farmer moves horses and binder into his grain-field!

"But there's a sign of gold in some grain-fields now!" Jamie said this morning. From the partry window, that about the build-up and toward the Hawthorn hedge by roadside at the other farm, was spread with a rippling green, a pretty extent of light and shade where the wind of day and sun toyed with it. Nearer we caught the glint of cattle in pasture and to this herd it was, that today certain additions were made. No matter the whims of the markets, in the interest of farm fertility, our farmers try to maintain the usual number of live-stock. A sale sees replacements brought in, or these may come in part from stock of our own, such as that found by the younger farmer today when a heifer of those on pasture birthed her calf in the seclusion and loveliness of a grove beside. "Funny, too," Granddaughter commented, "we don't think animals have brains—at least not like people. But," she reasoned, eyes wide, "why did she have her baby in the exact spot of last year? Yes," she nodded, "in the self-same place!"

Besides keeping the respective herds—here and at Alderlea—strength, there is, we note the usual number of porcine matrons in farrowing pens and paddocks. And fowling—small ones for us to laugh about with the children as given brief freedom sometimes, they explore and scamper even merrily along the barnyard. In recent years, with the exception of odd registered ones, no piglets are sold but all saved, raised to maturity—market weight—on the farms.

Reluctantly James went to town for an X-ray of shoulder this morning. How extremely unwise humans are, when knowing at heart it is in their best interests to go, they put this off for some more convenient time—as James did. "Until the first of the week," when too often at once—not even an hour later, is "the accepted time!" Preferring to suffer, to die a hundred deaths every day, rather than settle as quick, possibly in mind the taste of pain and

It was a favorable token for us, despite the continued misery of shoulder, that the vehicle which at mid-morning returned him to the sights and sounds of home brought as well the purchased animals he turned at once to join the herd of "idle" ones at pasture on the other farm. Early, machines moved along a hay-field. And later in a continual procession of laden wagons, Saturday's mowings were saved to stack and barn. Trying its keeping quality with one hard, James adjudged it would make "fair-good feed" for the stock—a flock of which contains a beloved pet-lamb—through the stabling, folding months of year to come.

And ah, me! there was tragedy in the eyes of the children today after they came away from taking stock of the robins' nest in the garage. And "What took them?"—the three young, so blithe only yesterday. Jamie shook his head and offered of the parents who chirp in our day each morning. "They should have known better! You'd think one lesson would teach them sense! But no! They lost way, and what did they do? Tried to hatch more in the very same place! Well, another year, they should be wiser."

Another year? Another day nearer it now. Until tomorrow - - - Diary - - - Good-night. . . .

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I draw out hidden worms and dirt in cauliflower?

A. Soak it, head down, for one hour or more in cold water, to which add for each quart a teaspoon each of salt and vinegar; this also freshens it. Always boil with the head down so that scum will not settle on the white parts. Boil cauliflower in a cloth and it can be lifted out and served whole and unbroken.

Q. How can I attach a meat grinder to a white enameled kitchen table that is slippery?

A. Place a small wad of paper between the grinder and the table, tightening the screws on the paper instead of the table. It will be secure and safe.

Better English

By V. G. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "He bestowed a great honor to me, and I can't hardly express my thanks."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "riposte" (a fencing thrust)?

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Souvenir, atmosphere, interfere, commander.

4. What does the word "category" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with ob that means "no longer in use"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "He bestowed a great honor on me, and I can hardly express my thanks." 2. Pronounce re- post, e as in read, o as in post, accent second syllable. 3. Souvenir. 4. Classification; division. "Libraries come under the category of public institutions." 5. Obsolete.

The Unlatched Door

By Frank Price

Continued

Kenway sent the menu to the fingerprint department and Saunders description of the man to the officer responsible for keeping track of possible traffickers in the lives of innocent country girls, and turned to his next report. It concerned Roy Hemersley, and the only item of interest in it was that, immediately on leaving New Scotland Yard on the previous evening he had put through a telephone call. This had been traced. He rang up the private house of Mr. Martin Winterton, and spoke for three minutes. After that he took a taxi to his boarding house, where he remained for the rest of the evening.

"I wonder if it was the girl he spoke to," thought Kenway. There was one more report. The capsule found by the porter in Number 12 Darnley Mansions had been analysed and found to contain a harmless medical mixture, the governing element of which was digitalis. "It was probably carried by someone whose heart is affected," said the report. "If you wish to identify him or her the symptoms which might be obvious to a layman are . . ."

Kenway put the report aside with a grunt. He hadn't the slightest intention of looking for symptoms of heart disease among London's seven million inhabitants, in the hope of identifying some person to whom he had no other clue! He did want to the office of Superintendent Moran for morning conference, which took time. After that he had to appear as witness in a burglary case at Bow Street, and when that was over he had lunch, going on to the opening of the inquest on Borden. It went exactly to plan and he was free for the interview with Milvers.

He did not approach the injured man in friendly mood. What he had heard of his suspected activities in the way of blackmail had not predisposed him in Milver's favour and the information, picked up from Green, the porter, that the man servant had given his name as Charlie Brown, suggested some secret in his life. Kenway told himself he would not be surprised at any turn the interview might take. The result did not justify his confidence.

After a warning to be careful and brief he was admitted to the room where the man lay, his head swathed in bandages and his face giving plain evidence of his weakness. Kenway got to the point at once and Milvers answered him with every appearance of candour. He had entered the flat, he said, which Borden had sent him. That would be at about 20 minutes to two. He had noted the time by that useful clock at the street corner. He was surprised to find the door unlatched, though closed. It swung open as he went to insert his key in the lock. The hall was in darkness but there was a light showing through the open door of Borden's room; but he had no sooner seen this than it was extinguished and a man dashed out into the hall running towards him.

He saw it was a man, but that was all he could see in the semi-darkness. He had no time to switch on the light for the man crashed into him and sent him flying. He felt his head strike something and the next thing he knew was waking up where he was.

"Haven't you any idea who he was?" Kenway asked. "Not unless it was the gov'nor That's who I thought it was."

"Did you?" Kenway was watching him closely. He knew that Milvers had not been told of Borden's death. "Was he wearing a hat?"

"Dunno. Too dark to see. Wait a bit though. I do seem to remember throwing up my hands when he came into me and touching something that flicked away from them. That might have been his hat."

"Did you ever see this before?" Kenway produced the grey hat found in the hall which he had brought with him.

"How should I know? There's thousands like it."

"Is it Borden's?"

"No! He always wears a billy-cock except when he's pushed out and had his toppers."

"Is it your then?"

"It is not! Never had one like it in my life."

"And is that all you can tell about how you got this nasty knock?"

"Every word! But why do you come bothering me about it. Can't the gov'nor tell you what you want to know?"

"No, and for a very good reason. He is dead."

"Dead? How do you mean, dead?" The man was obviously astounded.

Morning Smile

Blameless

A Vermont village pastor, who had a weakness for trout, preached against fishing on Sunday. The next day one of his parishioners presented him with a fine string of fish and said, hesitatingly: "I guess I ought to tell you, parson, that these trout were caught on Sunday."

DOROTHY DIX'S COLUMN—

Mather Chooses Clothes

She's Preventing Teen-Ager From Developing Good Taste

DEAR MISS DIX: I'd like to see some advice printed in your column to make a mother realize that her 15-year-old daughter is old enough to pick her own clothes and hair style.

Sandra is 15 and has very good taste but, when she needs a new dress, or new shoes, she always has to take what her mother likes and wear it, whether she likes it or not. She never has a chance to pick what a girl of her age should wear. When it comes to hair styles, if her mother doesn't like it, she has to cut, regardless of what Sandra says.

When I was that age, my mother allowed me to select my own clothes and hair styles, and I always got advice if I needed it. However, I never had to wear "mother's ideas."

INTERESTED IN-LAW

ANSWER: Sandra's mother is falling down lamentably on one of the most important jobs in her role as parent. It is just as necessary for her to teach Sandra to think for herself as it is to keep her well nourished. An adolescent is making the difficult transition from childhood to adulthood and it is up to her mother to guide her wisely so that the immature teen-ager becomes an adult who is emotionally as well as physically mature.

SHOULD BE CAPABLE

By 15 most girls of today are perfectly capable of selecting their own clothes—in fact, most of them show remarkable talent in this respect. The girl may need guidance, but never, never should she be made to wear clothing that is entirely selected by someone else. If she lacks the taste to choose properly, Mom should be cultivating taste in her—not killing all possibility of it ever developing by appointing herself sole judge of what is or is not to be worn by her child.

The reason some mothers continue to supervise and control every article of clothing worn by their youngsters is not lack of confidence in the young people's tastes, but a deep reluctance to relinquish any part of maternal dependence. And, of course, it is the determination to keep children dependent that makes for so much trouble when the adolescent reaches the years of maturity and doesn't have the ability to stand alone. In that eventuality, Mom has failed her job! Very often Mother simply doesn't realize that her daughter is growing up and is able to think for herself. As subtly as possible, in that case, interested relatives, such as yourself, might bring the matter of daughter's growing up to her attention.

There are several magazines published today devoted expressly to

Continued on page 3

Anne Adams Patterns

HALF-SIZE FLATTERY

What to wear for summer-in-fall, afternoons-in-town, Sunday-going-places? You'll look smart and slim in the day-to-date dress with its cover-up bolero! Sew it in cotton, shantung or crepe. A half-size, no alteration worries.

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Cook's Corner

QUALITY BREAD PUDDING

In top of double boiler heat 2 cups whole milk to scalding. When hot pour this over 4 cups coarse breadcrumbs or stale crustless white bread cut into ¼-inch cubes. When this is cool pour over it a mixture of 2 beaten eggs, ¼ cup melted butter, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup seeded raisins and ¼ tablespoon cinnamon or nutmeg. Stir a little then pour into buttered baking dish to 2/3 its depth. Bake at 350 deg. Fahr. for about 40 minutes or until silver knife comes out clean when inserted.

Variations: To make a custard type bread pudding increase milk to 3½ cups and reduce bread to 2½ cups. To make Chocolate bread pudding melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate in the milk when it is heating.



R4598 14½-24½
by Anne Adams

Men Are Funny

"Some people are funny," mused the man in the bar. "I know a man who hadn't kissed his wife for ten years. Then he goes and shoots a fellow who did."

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