

The Stars Say

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tomorrow

LOSS of prestige, popularity and peace of mind may be sustained and far-reaching. Material loss, as well as loss of pleasant contacts and understandings, could have profound reactions on possessions, property, legacies, allowances, with much sorrow and regret reacting on health and home ties. It is advised that sullen and vengeful moods be kept out of necessary home or business relations.

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is are enjoined to take a long-range appraisal of consequences before involving themselves in harrowing, depressing and regrettable commitments. Feelings may be hurt by the incitement of reprisals for mistrust in a material way. Let patience have its perfect work before engineering profitless and hazardous involvements.

A child born on this day should be trained, disciplined and grounded in a generous and kindly habit of living to answer a happy and balanced life.

Morning Smile

The Wrong Ones

Three professors were sitting in a railway station waiting for a train. They became so deeply engrossed in conversation that they failed to notice when the train arrived, in fact, not until it was pulling out did they see it. Then all three sprang for the train but only two of them caught it.

The third was standing dejectedly on the platform, when a bystander said: "Why so sad? Two out of three made it. That's a pretty good average."

"Yes, I know," sighed the professor, "but they came in to see me off."

How Can I

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make deviled eggs? A. A good recipe for deviled eggs is 1 tablespoon of mustard, 1/2-teaspoon salt, 1/2-teaspoon butter, 6 eggs hard-cooked. Cut the eggs in halves, mash the yolks, season with salt, mustard, and add 1-tablespoon melted butter. Fill the egg whites.

Q. How can I quickly clean the hands? A. Nothing will clean the hands more quickly than a piece of lemon. Rub it over the hands and rinse with water. It will remove even ink or fruit stains.

Q. How can I make notes or alterations on blueprints, or autographs, or memos on snapshots? A. Dip a pen into a solution of ordinary bicarbonate of soda, and the result will be gratifying.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

Our tryst of last night which we presently kept, and by our brief and leisurely walk in the moonlight hastened, was to attend with sisters and other kin motion pictures in the city.

"Do you know, Ellen," James said softly, and seriously, this morning before any sign of dawn was reflected in our window. "We may be nearer to the end of the world than we think..." Drowsily we awaited his continuation.

"The times are so strange nowadays as to be often bewildering. The queerest things happen—so odd, astounding, I should say, that well, it's no use trying to follow them."

"Cozy we were there; and we recall being somewhat impatient with ourself in the light of our good health, to find no uncertain regret in mind that we must rise presently to the new day morning."

"For example, Ellen, James took up again his subject, "in my young days my grandmother would calmly pick up on a winter night and take herself miles away to a picture."

"No sir! She'd be home attending to things... at her knitting and mending; spinning perhaps... At his words in the stillness we could fancy the song of the spinning wheel like a pretty wind of summer singing a light refrain about the eaves. "Or she'd piece a quilt or..."

"Hook" we teased. His voice grew more confidential. "I'm not saying, Ellen, that she would never leave home. On the contrary if anyone needed her help, in sickness or when a new baby was being born; but that's different to going off on some frivolous mission, Ellen."

We offered no reply. The house slumbered on, quietly, at rest. And now, James himself dozed. Hands clasped across his chest in a way of sleep he has. Across the yard the rooster sounded his clarion call of morning before we returned to our dreams...

At length we awakened to the sound of a door opening and closing and caught the scent of a fresh-kindled fire. Suppressed laughter issued from the boys' room. The man beside us stirred... yawned. "I guess," he said in a resigned voice, "I'll have to wear them as they are... My overalls!" His tones took on more life.

"What's the matter with them Granddaddy?" Gage queried. "They're torn!" James called back. "Just a little tear" the youngster questioned.

"No!" James replied, "so big I'm afraid to be caught outdoors in a high wind... I might fly away! The day before yesterday, dear, I tore them."

There was a sound of chuckling. "Why didn't you get your wife to mend them after you went to bed last night?" Jamie called. "Humph!" his Grandfather replied, throwing back the covers, "women can't mend and attend the pictures... If ever you get a woman," he advised, "don't get one taken up with such frivolities as is mine!"

There was more laughter. And a rush and scurrying of feet as presently the three converged on the stairway. "And I'll be first down!" Gage said, mounting quickly to the banister... Their day was begun.

Ours? Full of sunlight and care-free children; of the sound of this household, and the scent of woods' work. Until tomorrow... Diary... Good-night...

Pelham-Linkletter Wedding



Mr. and Mrs. John Pelham, of Wrentham, Alberta, are seen following their wedding on November 21st at Central Church in Christ in Summerside. The bride is the former Helen Joyce Linkletter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Linkletter, of Linkletter.—(Photo by D. W. Sears).

DOROTHY DIX'S COLUMN

Beyond The Pale

Husband, Father Of Five Children, Wants To Wed 20-Year-Old Siren

DEAR MISS DIX: A few months ago I met a girl, some fifteen years younger than myself; we fell in love at that sign. At 15 the wrong thing to do as I have five small children whom I love dearly, and a wife who is a good mother and housekeeper. This girl, however, is beautiful and gives me companionship beyond description, never being gloomy, cold or dull. We want to be married but my wife refuses to give me a divorce. We all realize we cannot go on this way as our children will suffer. To be away from the girl is torment, but to run two homes or give up my children is impossible, too.

HE WANTS WHAT HE WANTS

ANSWER: I think I know exactly what you want! Your wife should fade into a nebulous background from whence she will never emerge to bother you at all; your children should take up an abode somewhere in the clouds, where they will be available for occasional paternal interest from you, yet never be sufficiently in evidence to be troublesome, and you and the young lady can embark on a fine, romantic life together. Charming picture, isn't it? While faithless husbands (or wives, too, for that matter) are certainly never deserving of accolades, there are occasions on which they do elicit pity; sometimes unpredictable and unsought circumstances propagate love between two people who are in no position to take advantage of it. Decent conduct, at such a time, can evoke nothing but admiration.

The philanderer who inspires contempt is the one who seeks the companionship of beautiful, gay females, solely because his wife is too busy with the cares of a large family to do any gallivanting. Having accepted the privilege of fathering five children, our "Miserable 35" (and miserable sure is the right word) decides he has done his duty to posterity and has no further responsibility to his brood beyond worrying vaguely that they might "suffer".

A mother of five small children—and even her reckless spouse concedes she is a good mother and housekeeper—has enough work and worry to make her tired. Added to the problems of everyday life, she has the heartache of a husband who wants a divorce simply because he loves a beautiful, carefree girl almost young enough to be his daughter. What reward for devotion! If Mr. 35 would spend less time pursuing a carefree existence, and give more time to sharing the burden of raising five children, he would be much happier, and would have the blessing of a clear conscience. Thirty-five is not the age for chasing a chimera of happiness; it's the time for rearing a family and establishing a happy home. Spend a few evenings at home, sir, and watch the gloom lift from your wife's brow. Assume some of the work and responsibility she has been shouldering alone and the dull look will leave her eyes. The beauty of a happy, contented wife and mother will never be equaled in a 20-year-old girl seeking to break up another woman's home.

You should have been ashamed even to ask your wife for that

Continued on page 3

during the washing process. Cake and Bread Do not put the bread or cake away in the tin box used for this purpose until it is thoroughly cooled, or it will become soggy and heavy.

Better English By G. C. Williams 1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I am free of all obligations and my future career should be interesting."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "bridge"? 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Presidency, prescription, presinct, presumptuous. 4. What does the word "infallibly" mean? 5. What is a word beginning with en that means "to inflame with love"?

ANSWERS 1. Say, "I am free from all obligations, and my subsequent career should be interesting." 2. Pronounce an-try, first a as in ah, second a as in tray, accent first syllable. 3. Presinct. 4. Unerringly. "Whatever he tells you is infallibly reliable." 5. Enamour.

THE STORY OF THE FIRE AT THE TOWER



AFTER THE ATTEMPTED THEFT BY COLONEL BLOOD, IT WAS DECIDED TO BUILD A NEW JEWEL HOUSE. IT WAS BUILT BETWEEN THE MARTIN TOWER AND THE ARMOURY, AND WAS GUARDED BY SOLDIERS.

Break O'Day Iron

Reginald Wright Kauffman

CHAPTER I

About two miles above Linlithgo, N. Y., the Hudson's east bank retreats to the base of a steep hill, and the current gets strong inshore; but the beach is hard sand, its descent gradual.

The spot is loved by bathers. From mid-May to term's end, any local truant officer would save time by coming here in search of school dodgers, and from summer vacation's start to finish, every afternoon sees swimmers arrive in force.

What few seasons see is a human being on that hill to the rear. It is heavily wooded, commands no view save a strip of river.

Yet somebody was at pause there this day in June. He might have belonged to the silent brotherhood of rocks, for he possessed all their protective coloring.

His clothes were gray. Hat off, he showed a gray mane around the bald dome of his pointed head.

Gray was his thin, clean-shaven face with its mere slit of a mouth and bulbous nose, and gray were his eyes that peered through horn-rimmed spectacles—peered restlessly up river where the current made a curve, then followed its course to the bathing beach.

His lips framed inaudible words: "It ought to be here any minute."

And again: "They ought to arrive soon." That "it" was apparently something expected by water, for it was mentioned when the cold eyes gazed north.

The "they" must have meant swimmers, because this pronoun formed itself when a frowning glance scoured the still untenanted shore below the hidden watcher's perch...

The beach wasn't long empty. Teddy Martin appeared, and Skinny Smith. The boys stripped, hugging themselves, they regarded the river. The watcher regarded it too. His eyes turned anxiously northward again, but his ears remained alert.

"Wonder how the water is." "Let's try it." "Not on your life! Bud Harrison'd raise Cain if we went in ahead of him."

Younger patrons of the place, these dared not offend juvenile etiquette by plunging in before their seniors reached here.

Through the still June air, their voices mounted distinctly to the watcher on the hill. Buzzing insects provided the only other sound.

Skinny began to throw stones at the Hudson. A contest developed. Among his trees, the watcher growled curses at the empty river. Teddy suffered defeat.

"Mebbie you kin throw farther, but I betcha can't throw as sure. I kin hit a mark more times'n you."

"Ain't nothin' to throw at!" "Take a tree." "In the river, I mean. I'm talkin' about a movin' mark..."

At his hiding place, the watcher, keen eyes once more peering northward, uttered a deep sigh. Half relief, half doubt. For he saw something up there where the current turned—something either hoped for, or feared.

Below, unsuspecting Teddy also saw it. Black. Between five and six feet long. Half submerged. Bobbing senseless.

"That log'll do." The log pranced shoreward, sidled, spun around. Then it came on again, and again retreated. A merry log, it was performing a sort of dance, but its capers to ward land were longer than those backward.

Skinny threw—wide. Teddy jeered—and threw no better... The secret observer stopped looking upstream. His attention concentrated on those marksmen—and their mark.

"Confounded little fools!"—a watch consulted—"the big ones were here this time yesterday." Only some 90 feet offshore now, that log.

Bragged Skinny: "Stand back, Ted, an' lemme show you how." "Oh, but it gits nearer every second, an' it ain't dancin' no more!"

"That ain't my fault," said Skinny, although this change was exactly what, knowing the river better than his friend, he had been counting on.

He selected a water-rounded rock, perhaps three inches in diameter. He weighted it in his palm-cocked his head—performed all the motions of a big-league pitcher.

The watcher's body had assumed an even stiffer rigidity.

FOR BRONCHIAL ASTHMA YOU CAN'T BEAT BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE



Mrs. Guy Russell, Moore's Mills, N. B., 1952 winner at St. Stephen Fair, uses Fleischmann's Yeast exclusively.

Her Baking Wins Prizes For 28 Years

As you can see, winning prizes for home baking is an old story with Mrs. Guy Russell, of Moore's Mills, N.B. Her collection of prize-winning tags from the St. Stephen Fair goes back to 1924! She can give good reasons for her success, too. "I have baked bread as many as four times in a week," says Mrs. Russell. "But it isn't just experience or baking skill that makes you a prize winner. First you have to have the finest ingredients. For rolls and bread my choice is Fleischmann's Yeast. With Fleischmann's I'm sure of quick rising and fine results."

That's just what they all say! Prize-winning cooks throughout the Maritimes depend on Fleischmann's Yeast. Skinny's arm drew back, flash-able of the floating object, the misdeed merely dropped plump into the water. Even if Teddy had never observed this phenomenon before, he instantly understood. All color faded from his usually ruddy face. His pointing finger trembled. "That ain't a log! It's a man—it's a drowned man!" To be continued

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER Mix and sift 3 times, 2 1/4 c. once-sifted pastry flour (or 2 c. once-sifted hard-wheat flour), 2 1/4 tps. Magic Baking Powder, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1 1/4 tps. ground cinnamon, 1/4 tsp. each of ground cloves, ginger, allspice, nutmeg and mace; mix in 1/2 c. washed and dried seedless raisins and 1/2 c. chopped walnuts. Cream 1/2 c. butter or margarine and blend in 1 1/2 c. lightly-packed brown sugar; beat in 3 well-beaten egg yolks and 1/2 tsp. vanilla. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with 3/4 c. milk and spread batter in 9" square pan, which has been greased and the bottom lined with greased paper. Beat stiff, not dry, 3 egg whites and a few grains salt; gradually beat in 1 c. lightly-packed brown sugar and spread over cake; sprinkle with 1/2 c. chopped walnuts and bake in a rather slow oven, 325°, 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 hours; cover lightly with brown paper for last half hour.

Modern Etiquette By Roberta Lee Q. If the wedding is to be so small that engraved wedding invitations are not considered necessary, how should the bride and bridegroom invite their guests? A. The bride should write each invitation personally. Q. When a girl has been dining in a public place with a man, and they are preparing to leave their table, should she immediately begin to put on her wraps? A. No; she should wait either for her escort or the waiter to assist her. Q. What would be a good toast for a guest to offer to his host? A. "To a real friend, a royal entertainer, and a regular fellow—our host."

Household Scrapbook By Roberta Lee Oilecloth Try using a flour paste instead of tacking the new piece of oilecloth to the kitchen table. It will prevent cracks and wrinkles, will last longer and looks nicer. Stockings If you notice a thin place, runner or hole in the stocking, darn it before washing it. This will prevent the hole from becoming larger.

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