

## ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

"Ellen?" we overheard James reply to a question of Carolyn's this morning. "Oh, she's better — yes, I believe she'll weather it now! She's lowered his voice," painting the kitchen." We fancied we could catch the sound of a chuckle from Carolyn, aware of James' liking to have no other interest on hand in the face of any busy farm project. "Yes," he said and there was obvious relief in his tone, "she's almost done of it." At Rob's the wedding is their current endeavour, and this year Jamie is his father's willing assistant. "But mind you don't keep him too long at it!" James advised his parents. Baby-robins have come to bless the nest in the cool leafy depths of a lilac bush in the yard, there an event which has been eagerly awaited by all aware of the impending delight. Granddaughter allowed a glimpse of this fascinating home on any outing thither, beamed happily at the news of it. In spite of Rob's intriguing predictions over the extent of their family of kittens, the number is now known to be three, and whether the two white ones are prettier than a grey one is a subject discussed by the small ones, each times as they admire them together.

Reins in hands, granddaughter trotted happily behind "our own mare" and rode James, on his way to the scuffling in the turnip patch this morning. Blissfully, she enjoyed rides on horse-back, with none to deny her the privilege. On a recent day, she must divide the favors with Gage, equally happy at the pastime. "Round about!" we heard James settle the disturbing question, in a voice which might be unsettling to the children, if they had not often proved the depths of kindness behind it. The arrangement proved to be so time-consuming, it was of necessity lengthened, while each one kept a careful count and rode or awaited his turn, until the time for choring brought an end to the field-work. Today, it was rain which set a seal to it, and the wedding and carpentry as well, at mid-morning, and presently tucked the other members of the family in the truck for an outing, left us to complete the painting. Heavy showers washed the windows and tumbled from an eaves-pout to the rain-barrel below. Yards were wet, skies down-cast and that silence which takes over a momentary deserted place, brooded not unpleasantly about.

And suddenly an alien sound shattered the stillness... a loud and startling bellow and a call out of bounds from the neighboring paddock, flashed by the open door in a glimpse of lying heels, headed west. We settled our glasses to a better angle to make sure we were not being deceived by the unusual sight. But here he was again, coursing east, obviously exulting in his first taste of freedom. The very animal of which James had remarked at feeding-time this morning, "A fellow could get a fair-good price for the like of this one now!" It was most fortunate for our peace of mind that presently in "a growing shower" we managed by using many an art "not learned of school" to return the animal to safe haven. And if some day our posterity should be interested in learning how one woman of the line put last touches to the decorating of this kitchen, it was while dressed in her rain-garb with an ear and an eye trained to catch any unusual sound or sight out of doors in the absence of the farmers... "Looks to me, Ellen," James says, surveying the scene about, at day's end, "that you missed a bit above that door — or is it the same shade? Perhaps you didn't stir it well, before applying it?" And now, we "stir" to bed!

Until tomorrow — Diary —  
Good-night...

LEWISHAM, Kent, England — (CP) — Police were placed on the alert after a reported raid at a sports store. The culprits were two six-year-old boys, each carrying a cricket bat. They were reprimanded and sent home.

## DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

### Youth And Age

#### Boy Should Have Patience With Grandfather's Ways

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a boy of 15 and my trouble is about my grandfather. He lives with us and he gets on my nerves until I nearly go crazy. It makes me feel that I can't be happy at home. In fact, he spoils my home for me. It is not his fault, but he just isn't used to living the way we do and everything he does rubs me raw. The way he eats and dresses and talks. I wish you would tell me what to do, as I haven't the courage to talk it over with my mother and tell her what is wrong and what makes me so unhappy.

R. H.

ANSWER: Well, son, the problem you face is one of the most insoluble ones in all human relationship. It is how to mix youth and age harmoniously at a time of life when both are most egotistic and have least patience and adaptability.

#### TOO FAR APART

Because you are too young and he is too old you cannot understand each other nor make allowances for each other. Your granddad thinks that because he has lived so many years he has become an oracle and that you should sit at his feet and learn wisdom. Because you have lived so short a time you think that you know it all and that his ideas and opinions passed away with the Dodo. Both of you are right and both of you are wrong.

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## That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

### INSENSITIVITY TO PAIN

Several years ago the captain of a university football team, who was also an intercollegiate heavy-weight boxer, reported to me with an arm injury. I found the arm broken and suggested that we adjourn to the hospital and have the arm set under X-ray with anesthetic, so as to get a good result. The player asked me to go ahead and set the arm as he never felt any pain when he was hurt. I told him that it was great to be a hero but we'd get a perfect result at the hospital which I couldn't guarantee without the X-ray and anesthetic. I set the arm and he insisted that he felt no pain. I thought of course that the numbness which often follows injury had prevented him feeling any pain.

It is possible for some individuals to undergo injury and not feel any pain. In the American Medical Association's Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry, Dr. G. A. McMurray reports a 22-year-old patient who showed from birth a pronounced insensitivity to pain. Her past history showed no consistent response to pain. Examination showed no evidence of any disease of the nerves which would prevent her feeling pain. Psychological tests showed a superior intelligence thus refuting the argument of "where there is no sense there is no feeling."

Experimental studies showed a complete absence of physiological response to all stimuli used, such as recording blood pressure, heart rate, breathing rate, very cold water, very hot water, electric shock and other methods of causing pain.

Not only was the patient asked if she felt pain but she was also watched closely as to her behavior under these painful methods. As a check, all these methods of causing pain and pressure were used with a group of control persons. At no time during the experiment using these various methods did the insensitive person report a feeling or sensation of pain. She was always calm and collected under the most severe tests.

On the other hand, where there were changes in blood pressure, heart rate and breathing rate, but no pain present, the insensitive person and the control persons reacted alike.

There must be others who are insensitive to pain, so I am recording this case for my readers.

## Cook's Corner

### PINEAPPLE AND STRAWBERRY JAM

4 cups (2 lbs) prepared fruit  
7 cups (3 lbs) sugar  
1/2 bottle Certo  
To prepare fruit. Pare 1 fully ripe pineapple. Grind or chop very fine. Or use 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple. Crush thoroughly about 1 quart fully ripe strawberries. Combine fruits. Measure 4 cups into large saucepan.  
To make jam. Add sugar to fruit in saucepan and mix well. Place over high heat, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and at once stir in Certo. Then stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Ladle quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about 10 six-ounce glasses.

### BLUEBERRY JAM

4 cups (2 lbs) prepared fruit  
5 cups (2 1/2 lbs) sugar  
1 box powdered fruit pectin.  
To prepare fruit: Crush 1 1/2 quarts fully ripe blueberries. Add the juice of 1 lemon. Measure fruit into a large saucepan.  
To make the jam: Measure sugar into a bowl to be added later. Place saucepan containing fruit over high heat. Add powdered fruit pectin and stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once stir in sugar. Bring to a full rolling boil, then boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, and ladle into glasses. Melt new wax and pour over jam; cover. Makes about 9 six-ounce glasses.



Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Kays with their attendants, Mr. Earl Hennessy and Miss Phyllis MacLaren pictured at the Charlottetown following their wedding in the Chapel of St. Peter's Cathedral. The bride is the former Miss Hazel M. MacLaren.

## The Stars Say --

By Genevieve Kemble

### For Tomorrow

A RATHER curious state of affairs may pique and intrigue. While constructive programs are in dire need of influential aid, capital and co-operation these may be backward about coming forward unless approached with unusual suavely and discretion. Some sort of compromise or secret agreement might insure results where forthright tactics fail. Perhaps a little "soft soap might grease the skids."

### For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may find that some show of "agreeing with thine adversary quickly" might prove to be a key to locked doors or withheld support which is vital to putting over constructive programs. A discreet show of feeling or emotional appeal might prove more effective than cold logic or intellectual analysis. Intuition, inspiration, have force.  
A child born on this day may find that strong but strange inner leads or urges may break down stubborn barriers to its success and prestige.

## Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When you are the host entertaining some guests in a restaurant, and you are sure a mistake has been made in the bill, what should you do?  
A. When the meal is finished, allow your guests to go ahead

## Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

### Dustless Cloth

Place a cloth in a strong, hot suds of pure soap, to which add a few drops of turpentine; let set for two hours. Then wring out dry. Cloths treated in this way will hold the dust and at the same time give a brilliant polish to the furniture. Treat the clothes in this manner every two weeks.

### To Iron Pleats

In ironing pleats, iron the lower parts of the dress or blouse first. Then hold the upper part of the garment, so the pleats will be smooth, ironing them until thoroughly dry.

### Baked Bananas

Baked bananas are delicious when served with pork chops or ham. After they are peeled, place in a buttered dish, season slightly, then sprinkle paprika and butter over the top.

while you quietly adjust the matter. If circumstances are such that your guests don't leave, then you are still privileged to ask the waiter if there isn't a mistake.

Q. We should like to serve champagne to the wedding guests at our reception. How much champagne should we figure on providing?  
A. A good general average to figure on would be two glasses for each guest.

Q. Is it proper for a girl to refuse to dance with a man who "cuts in" while she is dancing with another man?  
A. She would be guilty of extreme rudeness if she refused.

## The Jade God

By Mary Inlay Taylor

"Isn't it right?" she asked anxiously. He looked around and she was shocked at his haggard face. "I wonder if you'd speak to me if I told you the truth?" he cried bitterly. "I wonder if any woman on earth knows the man she's talking with."  
She looked at him across the tea-things, suddenly grave. "I know you've been tremendously unhappy."  
"Good heavens; am I as cheap as that? Appealing to your sympathy — your pity?" he exclaimed. "You know I didn't mean that!"  
He was enraged at himself. Had he been playing on this young girl's sympathy? "Pity's akin to love!" he thought furiously, and reddened to his hair.  
"I've got to go Wsst," he said bluntly, not looking at her; "I've got to take up a new life out there. I wanted to tell you about my coming to your uncle's house; it was—" he broke off for she interrupted him softly.

"Oh, Mr. Fosdick!" she said, looking around at the old man beside her chair.  
Mark was taken aback. He abhorred himself for it, but Fosdick's gray face, his cold eyes, in that place seemed like a ghost in Hamlet, they reminded him. The lawyer had risen from a table in that farthest corner. It was evident that he had been watching them.

"I come here for tea; it's the only place where I can get the kind I like," Mark heard him explaining to Pam, as if he knew his presence in a tearoom was amazing. As he spoke he looked at Mark—looked through him and did not see him.  
Pam thought they were not acquainted, and Mark heard her presenting him as "Mr. Byram."  
Fosdick stared hard at him, seeing him now. "Byram?" he repeated dryly—bitingly.  
Mark, standing, with his hand on the back of his chair wanted to strike him for it. He knew that he had never before in his life been nearer murder than at that moment! Something hardened in him; he had been on the point of confession, of making a clean

breast of it to Pam, but Fosdick was like a challenge. He stared back at him with fury in his look. There was a breathless kind of silence and Fosdick's slow contemptuous smile, hand as a blow. The young man's breath came, suddenly choking, his hands clenched at his sides, he was hardly aware of the girl, nor that Pam's eyes turned questioningly from one to the other.  
"I'm an old friend of Horace Byram of Utica," Mr. Fosdick's dry voice had a hint of mockery in it. "I don't seem to remember you, sir, as—a Byram!"  
Mark's white face defied him. "You know I'm not a Byram, Mr. Fosdick," he said in a low voice, hardly controlled; it shook a little with the passion that was choking him.  
Old Fosdick cackled; the sound was as unmirrored as the startled screech of a frightened hen. But he adventured no farther; he saw the look in Mark's eyes; he turned his thin old shoulders toward him

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## How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove paper that is stuck to the top of a polished table?  
A. Put a few drops of sweet oil on the paper and rub gently with a soft cloth. Polish in the usual way.

Q. How can I brighten varnished surfaces?  
A. Wipe with cheesecloth moistened with kerosene; or with a piece of cheesecloth wrung out of a quart of hot water containing one tablespoonful each of turpentine and linstead oil. Then rub with a heavy woolen cloth until the luster is restored.

Q. How can I make dark hair still darker?  
A. Massage the scalp every night with a small quantity of olive oil. Persistent treatment is required for the best results.