

Tomorrow's Promise

By Temple Bailey

For it was of David that the servants behind the hedge had talked. Of dear delightful David, whom Anne had known since childhood and who had taken her to her first dance. And now she had been to many dances, and a year ago she had made her bow to Baltimore society and hadn't liked it. She liked much better to be here in the old house in Carroll County, with Vicky and the horses and the dogs and her little silver tabby Jerry.

For Anne, in spite of her nineteen years, had never really grown up. It had been, perhaps, because of Vicky. Vicky had come, a graduate nurse in her white linen to lock after the little girl of five whose mother was so bound by the demands of the social life about her that she refused to be bound by the demands of her baby. Vicky had been with her since then—fourteen years in which she had set Anne's little feet on a path which Elinor and Francis Orday had never followed.

Vicky still wore the white of her nurse's calling, but it was white with a difference. For Anne's parents had recognized the value of Vicky's presence, and treated her as one of them. In Vicky burned a clear flame that lighted the house. It lighted, too, Anne's little torch. The torches of Francis Orday and of Elinor, his wife, were lighted as other and less sacred fires. But Anne must have the best, and so Vicky stayed, and while she so defied her nurse's linen, she wore always at home simple and snowy gowns of crepe or silk or chiffon.

As for the rest, Vicky had a warm brown skin, brown eyes and brown hair and brown hair, with its own deep wave. Her voice was soft and throaty, her soul serene. She was all things maternal that Elinor was not, yet no man had sought her in marriage and she was nearly thirty-five, which would have seemed hopeless in any other woman. But Vicky did not think of it as hopeless. She was young, with the youth of a healthy buoyant mind in a sound body. Life would bring the best it had for her. She was content to wait.

Francis Orday took a sheaf of bills from his wallet and counted them into his wife's hand. There had been a time when had not counted. But that had been before Elinor played cards with such avidity.

"Is that all?" she asked as he returned the wallet to his pocket. "It ought to be more than enough," he smiled.

"There was a spark in her eye. 'Oh, well, if it isn't David you carry me.' Again that sinister note! But Francis laughed. 'Let him carry you. It may even things up a bit.' 'What do you mean, Francis?' She stood staring. 'David?'

"I've a mortgage on his house. Didn't you know?" "No. How should I?" And that was all, and presently Elinor went back to her piano. Francis bent and kissed his daughter. "You'd better go to bed." "Why?" "Beauty sleep."

"I'm beautiful enough." The laughed together. Anne had, indeed, no idea of going to bed. She had a rendezvous out under the moon. It was a gorgeous secret. Even Vicky did not know of it. Anne hugged it to her heart. She was half afraid of the beast, but she was going. It was too late now for servants to be behind the hedge, and beyond

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Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a woman is either standing or seated, talking with a man, and drops her handkerchief, glove, or some such article, and the man does not notice it, should she then pick it up?

A. No. She can call his attention to it by saying, "I believe I dropped my handkerchief."

Q. When eating in a strange place, and you do not know whether to pay at a cashier's desk or the waiter, what should you do?

A. Merely ask the waiter, "Where do I pay my bill?"

Q. When is a guest privileged to leave a wedding reception?

A. One may leave at any time desired, after speaking to the bride and the groom.

Morning Smile

Once upon a time there were three skunks, a mother skunk and her little son and daughter. The son's name was Out and the daughter's name was In. Said Mama Skunk to Out, "In hasn't been out for some time, so Out, you go out with In and bring In with you." So Out took In out and after a short time Out came in without In. Mama skunk said to Out, "Where's In?" and Out replied, "In is still out." So Mama Skunk said, "Out, you go out and find In right away and bring In with you." So Out went out and very shortly came in with In and Mama Skunk said, "That's fine. Out, how did you find In so quickly?" Out replied "Instinctly."

The hedge on the little hill would be Garry Brooks.

There was really no reason why she should make a mystery of the meeting. She had known Garry all her life. They had played together, swarming up the trees in the orchards, fishing for minnows in the shallow streams, having small but important picnics in the silence of the great pine grove.

And what was more, their grandfathers and great-grandfathers—and grandmothers and great-grandmothers—had romped over these same acres in the old Maryland county. The Brooks' estate adjoining the Orday's and there were no fences between.

Indeed, if Garry should come in at that moment with his gay air, his light grace of figure, the whole family would welcome him. Even Vicky who had once warned Anne, "Be careful."

"But why, Vicky?" "He's falling in love with you." "Well?" "You'll be wanting more than that."

"More than what?" "But Vicky had refused to explain. "If you don't know, I can't tell you."

That was a way that Vicky had. She set you to examining yourself and you had to make your own decisions. But the more Anne examined herself about Garry, the more she found that was madly exhilarating. And that was why she was going to meet him in the moonlight. They had been reading Endymion in the pine grove and Garry said "There'll be a moon tonight. Come out and see it with me?" And she had said, "Yes."

Instinctively she had known that the thing must not be told to another soul. It would be beautiful because she and Garry would see the moon alone—together.

She found her way to the little hill after dinner, to add flavor, as it were, to anticipation. She had wanted a foretaste of what would come later, and then the night had been spoiled by those voices behind the hedge. But with Garry at hand there would be nothing to fear except his importunities which were thrilling.

So she sat smiling beside Vicky. Presently her father would go out and his big car would speed along the lonely road to Baltimore. Then Vicky and Elinor would read French in Elinor's sitting room up stairs while they waited for David and the Dorsays. And it was with Vicky and Elinor were reading that Anne would meet Garry on the little hill.

To be continued

Tired Aching Tender Feet

Your feet may be so tender and inflamed that you think you can go another step. Your shoes may feel as if they are cutting right into the flesh. You feel sick all over with the pain and torture; you'd give anything to get relief.

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ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

With four year old granddaughter we came to town this morning to view the carpet worked by the Queen-Mother on exhibition today in the Confederation Chamber of the Colonial Building there.—"The Colonial Building", the small one repeated as our way took us over the worn step at its entrance "What is it for? What do they do here? Does it have a family of its own?" "It's for a number of things, dear" we told her. "No, no family lives here but the members who make up the assembly or government of The Island meet here to make laws. But, when you're older you'll learn all about it. We're only going in to see the rug Queen Mary sewed." She nodded happily and her attention then was taken up by the bands of school-children led by their teachers, bent on a like excursion to ours. "Where did they all come from?" she breathed gripping a hand more tightly.

We had grasped the opportunity dangled briefly before us when we heard one of the farmers say: "Reckon I had better do that hauling from town this morning, while you're finishing the plowing of that field" as we hurried to the milking. The new lights brighten the dim corners there in the old stable now, affording the help a better sight of their subjects and on this account, more serenity of spirit. Comments like "Ouch! What a thunderation do you mean by stepping on my toe, you awkward cow? Stand over in your place, there!" have for the most part, disappeared from early conversations, and a deeper peace prevails with the warm snug confines there.

The milk being drawn beats out a familiar tune and soon the calves revelling in the goodness of the whole milk offered them lick the contents of their pails. James is sure to remark: "This is a waste, Ellen, well! we have to commence separating again, just as soon as this—next one gets a graduate to other foods is quickly replaced by a beginner to help or hinder our farming. We recall now that a reddish yellowing of the bovine species was among the other haulings brought from the city today, and added to the presently wintering herd.

We left James at the plowing, turning down neatly the spread manure in the field by pond-side, intended for next year's roots. The serenity of the quiet November morning was reflected calmly on the water and it was a gentle wind of day we met as we rode out beyond the hill. To see the carpet was to admire it, in the perfection of line, of work and detail. Four hundred soft hues are blended beautifully in flower and fruit in bud and container, in the dozen panels, which done in yarn, in joined together make up the whole. We thought as we regarded the piece how infinitely small would appear the first delicate stitches in the pattern and what a vast and far-reaching endeavor had grown out of these to benefit as nothing else could have done the Motherland and Canada.

The women about, commented of the Queen-Mother and her needlework as of the finest of one of their own—some one near and dear. "She must have worried often of the stitching". "And what close attention she would have to give to follow the design!" "And without glasses—did you hear? God love her... at her age!" "It just shows what one woman can do, given initiative and courage... and perseverance! All—most nine years to complete it. I'm sure I should have put it aside as long ago before that!" And some of the stitches, doubt not, would be done with a heavy heart in those dark years of the war, yet it is likely with that innate faith and steadfast purpose which has made her respected and beloved to the ends of the Commonwealth. "There it is!" we whispered to granddaughter, holding her up to get a closer view to tuck away in her book of memories "the Queen-Mother. Mary made it—every stitch!" "And I thought" she said in a low tone "that it was Prince Charlie's great grandmother. I have a great grandmother too!" "And a grandfather of hers, openly yawning, indicates present rest!"

Until tomorrow—Diary—Good-night...

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At Y. P. U. Congress



Pictured above are representatives at the Annual Young People's Coaching Congress of various unions talking over Y. P. U. problems with Mr. Donald Reid of Shubenacadie, N. S., who is National President of Young People's Unions of Canada. Left to right, Irene Bruce, Valleyfield, President of Eastern Presbytery; Evelyn Underhay, Fortune, Leader of Maritime Conference of the Y.P.U.; Donald Reid, Shubenacadie, N. S., National President; Keith Moose, Kensington, Associate President of Central Presbytery; Gordon MacCurdy, Middle Musquodoboit, N. S., National Conference Treasurer of Y. P. U.

—Smith Photo.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Oiled Locks
If the lock of the door is sluggish take a feather from your feather duster, dip it in machine oil and then clean the keyhole. The feather will distribute oil and also take up any dirt that may be causing the trouble.

Milk Bottles
The inside of a milk bottle can be cleaned by adding a tablespoon of salt to a quarter-cup of vinegar, pouring this into the bottle, and then shaking vigorously.

Winding Yarn
When winding yarn, place two flat irons, with handles, on the table as far apart as the length of the skein desired, and stretch the yarn over them.

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I lengthen the life of an enamel pan?

A. Before the new enamel pan is used, place it in cold water and put on the stove until the water boils. Allow the pan to cool in the water and its life will be materially lengthened.

Q. How can I whiten handkerchiefs?

A. One method is to put them into a basin of cold water, to which a quarter of a teaspoon of cream of tartar has been dissolved, and allow them to soak overnight.

Q. How can I economize on sugar for sweetening cranberries, or any sour fruit, when stewing them?

A. Add half a teaspoonful of baking soda when the cooking is nearly done.

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

WHAT IS SANITY?

I wrote recently of an outstanding psychiatrist, a professor of medicine, who stated that he never called a group of mental symptoms any single mental disease, but treated the patient for the symptoms present or symptoms that arose during the treatment.

Most physicians work from the standpoint of mental diseases caused by changes in the structure of the brain and nerves, and mental diseases due to changes in the behavior of the individual. The physician who treats cases in which the symptoms are due to changes in the structure of the brain and nerves is called a neurologist and the physician who treats the changes in the behavior of patients is called a psychiatrist.

When changes in the structure of tissues occur or where there is damage to the brain and nerve tissues, a brain surgeon may be called in to correct the condition, often with gratifying results to both body and brain. It is in cases of such symptoms as deep grief, great depression and unbearable pain that cutting of the nerves supplying certain parts of the brain is done. Also we know that the removal of a clot in a certain portion of the brain has restored normal movement of the body and restored mental behavior to normal.

What about mental symptoms (odd behavior) that are not due to changes in or damage to brain structure? While we hear the statement that we are all born equal, we know that in one sense this is true, but that we are all different in our reactions to the everyday affairs of life, particularly our problems and difficulties. If we had several brothers and sisters or got away to camp to mix with others of similar circumstances, we have learned how to give and take in life, respecting the rights of others and expecting or demanding our own rights. That is why mixing with others in social, religious, and recreational activities helps us to keep normal or as near to normal as is possible with our makeup or pattern of life.

Sanity, freedom from mental symptoms, is not a matter of intelligence, but a matter of getting along with others and being willing and able to take our share of life's responsibilities.

Cook's Corner

CREAMED EGGS WITH MUSHROOMS ON RICE

This is substantial food, in full-size servings—of course, if you use this for luncheon or a lighter supper menu, smaller servings would be in order.

Yield—6 to 8 servings.
1/2 pound mushrooms
4 tablespoons butter or margarine, heated
5 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
2 1/2 cups milk
1 cup shredded old cheddar
3 hard-cooked eggs, peeled and sliced

Freshly cooked rice
Cooked bacon
Scrub the mushrooms and cut into slices; add to the heated butter or margarine and cook gently until cooked and golden. Sprinkle with the flour, salt and pepper and blend well; gradually stir in the milk.

Cook, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened. Add the cheese and eggs and heat over low heat, stirring often, just until cheese is melted.
Serve creamed mixture on a bed of hot cooked rice and garnish with cooked bacon; the assembling may be done in attractive individual serving dishes.

The Stars Say --

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tomorrow

A VERY exciting and challenging day may be complicated by a rather strange, or intriguing development, calling for complete discretion and common-sense in order to avert peculiar entanglements or hidden factors. With discretion, and practical plans, it may be possible to avert loss of funds, prestige and standing. An over-alert mind could "jump at conclusions" to its detriment.

For the Birthday
Those whose birthday it is, may have a year of conflicting experiences in which obscure or strange factors could complicate matters seemingly on "the-up-and-up."

While the judgment seems clear and the mentality keen, versatile and alert to the alluring prospects both in business as well as pleasant contacts, at the same time a hint of the intriguing and subtle

Better English

By B. C. Williams

- 1. What is wrong with this sentence? "We must find out right away where the children have gone to."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "chamois"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Measurement, measurable, meanness, mediocre.
4. What does the word "impending" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with le that means "trifling gaiety"?

ANSWERS

- 1. Say "We must find out at once where the children have gone (omit to)."
2. Pronounce sham-l, as in am, I as in I, accent first syllable. 3. Meanness. 4. Threatening. "I had an uneasy sense of impending disaster."
5. Levity.

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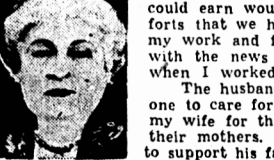
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DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Working Mother

Wife's Duty To Child To Care For It Herself

DEAR MISS DIX: My wife and I have been having a controversy over whether or not she should go to work outside of the home. We want to make our child's life a happy one, one on which she can look back without feeling that she has been cheated. Here are our arguments: The wife says: I feel as if I am wasting my time doing housework. My husband makes a living for us, but the money that I could earn would give us many luxuries and comforts that we have to do without. Also, I enjoyed my work and felt more up-to-date, more in touch with the news of the world and more pepped up when I worked in an office.



The husband says: I feel that if I hire someone to care for the baby that she will not look to my wife for the things that all children expect of their mothers. Also, I feel a man's natural desire to support his family and be the head of the house. Yet I feel that if I refuse to let her go and do the work she loves that I would be as selfish as she would be if she would ask me to stay at home and do the housework. Please help me to settle this vexed question.

ANSWER: As I have remarked many times, being a woman

Continued on page 9



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