

### ELLEN'S DIARY

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Today in a touching sight, we commenced our preparations for Christmas at Alderlea. It is an endeavour sometimes forgotten on farmsteads or postponed in the insistence of other duties of the season. And often with unsettling results. We think the wind which blew in a gale along our valley in the recent November storm had something to do with prompting James to take up the chore this morning.

Yet never was it undertaken before a more appreciative audience and so lovely was the scene it is recorded on a page of memory, that, if spared, we know we shall turn to when steps slow and our small ones have been borne along to adult interests of their own.

This was, we recall, a beautiful morning, neither of fall nor winter, but an exquisite combination of the two.

The sky that arched above our valley was quite as blue as the best of Autumn and a sprinkle of snow lay along the farmlands. The sun warmed and brightened the day and the wind that came in above a hilltop was mild. It played a quiet melody in the trees about the yards, crooning above empty nests and stirring gently the wash Jeanie spread on the line.

We saw an icicle fall from an eave in the mildness and all about the snow was dissolving and disappearing. But some still remained on the path between this and the house across the lane, hard-packed and icy. We watched the two children leave their door and hand in hand set forth in the sunshine. A bluejay coked in the poplar by the gateway, not we fancied in token of falling weather but only from the joy of being alive on a blue and gold morning like this. And now the youngsters stopped to regard their grandfather who came by briskly, a ladder on his shoulder.

Already there was one on the red roof of the smaller house towards which his steps led. They stood spell-bound, while he mounted presently to the heights and called down to them from there. We left the window and came to the front verandah.

"Do you see what he's doing?" granddaughter, tones bright as the morning halled us. "Give it a good cleaning!" she called out encouragingly to the man on the roof, "because the more soot you take off, the more room he'll have for toys!" Then to us: "Are you going to have that one done? I think it would be better—that is if you wanted anything for Christmas. You couldn't expect a man in a new red suit to come down one if it was dirty, now could you? You wouldn't yourself!"

Whether or not Santa Claus will pass ours by because of our ages, a question quite puzzling to the grandchildren, we remember there have been those occasions when we struggled to "come down" to our small ones, our reward, the delightful sparkle of a dream-come-true, an expectation realized, a fond hope fulfilled in their bonny eyes.

And so today when all the world was fresh and lovely in a ceremony fraught with anticipation for ours and satisfaction for their elders the chimneys were brushed shining clean in readiness for Santa Claus' visit.

Until tomorrow — Diary —  
Good-night. . . .

When school physicians first began examining school children and sending reports of their findings to the parents of those in whom they found physical defects, many parents were embarrassed and sent indignant replies to the school physician. They said they were perfectly capable of caring for the health of their children and had their own physician and dentist. Fortunately, this attitude on the part of parents has disappeared almost entirely.

After infected teeth, poor vision is perhaps the next most common physical defect in children. In the Illinois Medical Journal, Dr. Clifton S. Turner and J. A. Potter report the results obtained by the Peoria Visual Screening Project which began in 1946 for the purpose of finding the number of school children with difficulties of vision and what could be done about them. A total of 12,667 grade school children were examined with the Massachusetts Vision Test.

The results showed that about 18 per cent of the children were below normal eyesight standard. The findings also showed a gradual increase from 25 per cent in the first grade to 53 per cent in the eighth grade with defective vision. These figures show that vision difficulties increase as the child advances in school.

Notwithstanding that these defects of children were duly reported to the parents, only 21 per cent, about one in five, received professional care from oculists and qualified optometrists. It is hard to understand why intelligent parents would not provide the needed professional care which, in most instances, would mean only the price of glasses.

Drs. Turner and Potter stress the importance of a small advisory committee representing the professions of ophthalmology (concerned with eye diseases) and optometry (measurement of the amount of vision present).

Because parents do not realize the importance of good vision, not only to the child's acquiring of knowledge but to his physical, mental and emotional health, they neglect or disregard the information sent them.

"In order to overcome the lack of follow-up of unresponsive parents and to urge them to obtain proper visual care for their children, it is felt that this part of the program would be helped by assigning the follow-up work to public health nurses."

**Morning Smile**  
Be Quiet

The disgruntled film actress accosted the producer.  
"I'll not appear in your new play unless you alter the cast. Two of the players can't act for toffee."  
"Indeed," said the producer, drily, "and who is the other?"

**Ordinary**

"I haven't met your husband. What's he like?"  
"Just the ordinary type: 42 around the waist, 42 around the chest, 92 around the golf course, and a nuisance around the house."

**Really Mean**

A man notorious for his meanness had stayed the weekend with friends. As he was saying good-bye to his hostess, she said: "I thought you might be embarrassed about the servants, so I tipped them each five dollars and said it was from you."  
"Why didn't you make it ten?" the guest said, as he entered his car. "I don't want your servants to think I'm stingy!"

**KING COLE COFFEE**  
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### Alice Brooks Designs

**7139**

by Alice Brooks

**DURING A HARD DAY**  
Coca-Cola

### That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

#### SAVING THE EYESIGHT OF CHILDREN

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Mr. and Mrs. Prowse are shown above following their wedding. With them are their attendants, from left to right, Miss Hannah Turner, R.N., bridesmaid; the bride and groom; and A.C. 1 Bruce Slater, best man.

At 7.30 p.m. on November 16th, 1951, at the Royal Canadian Air Force Station, Clinton, Ontario, at a double ring ceremony, the marriage took place of Madge Victoria, R.N., daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Willard Thomas, of Victoria, P.E.I., to A.C. 1 Gerald Albert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald R. Prowse of Murray Harbour, P. E. I.

The bridesmaid, Miss Hannah Turner, R.N., of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, wore a blue suit with white accessories and a corsage of white carnations.

The best man was A.C. 1 Bruce Slater of Pincer Creek, B.C. They were united in marriage by F/L C. C. Harding.

After the ceremony a reception took place in London, thence they motored to Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The couple will reside in Clinton, Ontario.

The bride wore a tan gabardine suit with brown velvet accessories and a corsage of Talisman roses.

### DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

#### Possessive Neighbor

Don't Retaliate By Trying To Beat Her At Own Game

DEAR MISS DIX: We live in a housing project where the homes are quite close together. There are a number of children and they get along very well. However, there is one little boy who rates our sympathy because his mother will not let him bring any toys outside his house. He has very nice things, too, such as a bicycle, wagon, etc., but his mother treats them like gold. As soon as the child gets off his bike on the few occasions when he gets it out, she whisks it into the house. He is never permitted to let another child touch his things. As a result, he roams around playing with other children's things. The other youngsters resent this. They keep chasing him home to get his own things, which of course he cannot do.

How can we make this mother see that it is unfair to the other children to deprive her child of his playthings? Do you think it is right for her to be so selfish, consequently turning him into a grabber who wants the other children's toys? As you can well imagine, this woman is very unpopular and the only person who tolerates all this grabbing is the next-door neighbor, who is just the opposite with her youngster's playthings.

THREE DISGUSTED MOTHERS

ANSWER: You three mothers present more of a problem than the neighbor of whom you complain! She is an isolated instance; you represent almost the rest of the neighborhood! Your neighbor is a possessive woman rather than a selfish one—

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wonderful idea for last minute shoppers!

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**S. A. McDONALD**

### The Birthday Murder

By Lange Lewis

She sat in a chair across the table from him. The glare of sunlight on its white surface hurt her eyes; the metal arms of the chair were almost too hot to touch. Saw'n's eyes seemed impervious to the glare, and his body to the heat. They were on hers with a ruthless and impersonal curiosity. "I'm trying to pin down what you once were and what you may be now," he said. "I find it hard. The years do queer things to people. What you have always wanted to be, and what you have become, is that rather fabulous creature, a self-sufficient woman, functioning like a man in a man's world." He rested one arm on the edge of the table, leaned over it a little toward her. "You always had to be first, Victoria. That's part of it. But there's another reason, I think, for your becoming that person. I wonder if you know about it. People know so little really, about the lining of their minds. They have a fantastic ability to see of themselves little more than the picture they themselves create; the self that shows, the self the world sees. So I wonder if you know yourself the most important reason for your becoming such a very successful woman."

They stared at each other across the little table. "Your face," said Saw'n.

#### CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO Part Two

The two words brought an old ache sharply back to Victoria. The ache that came when she ran into a hall of her childhood, heard her mother say to a woman over a teacup—the light voice behind the thick green plush portiere—"Victoria is not a pretty child, but she's a wonderfully intelligent one." And then the mirror of the mahogany hatrack, a faintly greenish oval, holding a sharp, pointed child's face with gray eyes. That was the first time that ache came to her.

"My face," she said, "has never been my fortune."

Saw'n stood up, walked to the thick adobe wall with its row of potted cacti. He threw his cigaret over the wall, and she was reminded of seeing him make that same gesture on the night Albert had died. With his back to her, he stood looking at the sprawled city under the wide blue sky.

"The last time we talked together you told me some interesting things about myself. Now I'm going to do the same for you. If you had been born pretty, your life would have been a very different one. I believe that you learned early that things that came easily to the pretty ones would not come to you. I believe you learned early that you were smart and talented, and that you would never be beautiful.

You drove yourself forward with what you did have—brains and talent. Your face HAS been your fortune, Victoria."

He turned and faced her, looking down. "When I first knew you, I used to wonder at your friendship with Bernice. I used to wonder what you really felt when you

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raw her moving through the large rooms of her husband's house, of which her pretty face had made her the mistress, so easily.

"On the memorable night of the blonde, I thought I knew the answer. You hated the girl. You hated her fully and hugely. You frightened her, you hated her so.

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