

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

As a measure of safety, the cat family, mother and kit-cats have been moved recently to a verandah of this house — the back one, to catch there the mellow sun of morning and sometimes they are shifted to that which over-looks the mill, when the former becomes shaded. Various discarded carvings and ends of sawings from the current carpentry have contributed to make for them cozy living and sleeping quarters at granddaughter's hands, and her interest in these intriguing creatures knows no wane. "Yes" we overheard her talk to one today as with obvious toil she fashioned a coat for him out of a small piece of cotton, "You'll cry a little — but you will just have to bear it. I'm sewing as fast as I can! It's not much fun being fitted, is it? But think how fine you will be, when it's done! You will cry," she nodded "but everybody has to do that at one time or another." "Dear me!" James exclaimed, stepping by carefully on his way to dinner. She smiled up at him. "Isn't this a great place for them? And cats have to have homes, don't they, just the same as people?"

The change to our neighborhood was welcomed because the barn-loft proved to be a worrisome place. Not only for the kittens, because it was open to stars and winds and rain, but to their dotting mistress who must climb to this height at the thought of the distance safely, but there came a sad evening when a mis-step on some ill-placed flooring there, precipitated her without warning to the stable below. Down she dropped, her fall fortunately eased somewhat by the broad back of a resting calf, that lay in her path. And there were tears to be dried and vows made, and in consequence the playful, likable pets have taken up residence with us.

Our carpenters fashioned rafters today in an industrious sawing which drifted out to such house-wives as might be about the yards — picking up in an awful the bits and pieces about the scene of their work, to make choice material for boiling a tea-kettle or heating a pan of water quickly, should James express a wish to add it warmly to a drink for the calves. "I reckon by this Ellen" he commented this evening, tipping a pall so that the white one might see the last drop of the mixture "I don't need to remind you how to hold yours." Nevertheless we were treated to a condensation of the lessons of past years "And mind, Ellen," he said in closing "don't go to dreaming about something there's not one bit of sense in, and let one of them get the pall-handle over his horns!" Some day unless habit proves too strong for us, we think that in James' absence, we shall lower the pails over the fence to these small fry of cattle and leaning on a greying rail watch to our heart's content the magic play of pink and rose and saffron against the sky to the west — see it slowly dissolve into a sea of silver above the darkening woodlands. Await, the first star above a hill and see a new bow of wishing-moon set a clear crescent there. Undisturbed by such trivial affairs as a calf hooded by a pall, caught in its horns, we shall listen reverently for the hush of day, which trends the fields so softly in the even-tide hours. And close by a robin will trill the "Light's Out!" refrain, and from an upland we shall catch the muted lonely call of an owl, as it welcomes the dusk.

"What day is tomorrow?" we query of James, resting now in the comfort of his old armchair, enjoying these minutes of repose after a day that has been quite demanding. "Why it's Sunday isn't it, Ellen?" He lowers the newspaper to glance toward a calendar. "Yes" he nods. Then sighs, "I only wish it were Friday — what we could do with an extra day!" "Until tomorrow — — Diary — — Good-night. . ."

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DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Impatient Youth Romance Won't Wilt From Waiting

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am 19 years old, and secretly engaged to a girl 16. We have planned to ask our parents' permission to marry when she reaches her seventeenth birthday. My financial status is excellent. I own a new car and am negotiating to buy a business, therefore feel quite capable of supporting a wife. She has a wonderful family, and so do I, and both our families get along famously together. I know I could get permission from my family to get married, but we are dubious about asking her parents' consent.

We both act older than we are and the crowd we go out with is much older than we. We have been going together now for nearly a year. I want to do the right thing, for both of us, but I fear if our parents knew how much we loved each other they would keep us apart until my girl friend is older.

S. F.

ANSWER: For two young people you certainly seem to have every advantage to make an ultimately happy marriage. Your whole trouble is simply that you want to rush things and are too impatient to await the proper time.

YOU'RE TOO YOUNG

Both of you, and especially your girl friend, are too young to marry, and you should not, in any case, be involved in a secret engagement. If your parents are as wise and understanding as they seem to be from your letter, I see no reason why you hesitate to let them know you love the girl, and to ask their advice on your

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The Stars Say - -

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tomorrow

A BRILLIANT coup, a clever decision in a critical moment, is destined to turn the tide from a threat of dire calamity into a high tide of accomplishment, renewed prestige, and favoritism in places of the mighty, this perhaps owing to an influx of self-confidence, keen analysis of underlying menacing factors, backed up by expansive ideas. It may culminate in providential support of influential personages hitherto reticent and unimpressed. Go for this objective with stimulated ambitions and aspiration, but graciously.

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may enjoy a welcome turn in the tide of fame and fortune, by an influx of self-confidence, expansive plans, an inspiration, with the bold and brave determination to win against all odds, although there may be connotations of a gamble in the attempt to recapture lost prestige or position. The big idea put over with a flourish may melt all opposition. Dare to aim high for recaptured esteem, honors, good will.

A child born on this day is possessed of the qualities, talents, efficiency and confidence to aim high for place, power, esteem and prestige, as well.

Morning Smile

Youngsters

A stranger was talking to a farmer and said to him: "This seems to be a healthy country. You say you are nearly 70 and can still do a full day's work. That's pretty good."

"Yes, but my old dad, who is 97, is even a harder worker than I am," said the farmer.

"His health must be wonderfully good," remarked the stranger. "No, it ain't," replied that farmer. "For the last several years he ain't had quite his old-time pep. Sometimes I kinda think farmin' don't agree with him."

fasten a piece of old sponge on a stick and push it down into the vessel. This will be found useful for cleaning decanters and water bottles.

Fancy Buttons

If one is having a number of buttons covered for a suit or dress, it is wise to have a few extra ones made to keep in the mending basket. They will come in very handy in an emergency.

French Jewelry

French jewelry that has become tarnished can be cleaned and polished by using any good tooth-paste.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. If a girl is secretary to a business man, and while dancing in some public place she sees her employer and wife at a table, what should she do?

A. Smile and bow to them if she catches their eye, but let them make any further advances.

Q. What would be a good toast for a guest to offer to his host?

A. "To a real friend, a royal entertainer, a sterling companion, and a regular fellow — our host."

The Jade God

By Mary Imlay Taylor

"I wonder who he is?" she thought, and could not keep her eyes away from the corner where he stood. She was angry with herself; she was caught like a girl of sixteen! Caught by the mystery about him.

"He'd be a wonderful lover!" she thought, dancing with Archie Landon, and she blushed softly. Archie thought the blush was for him, but an instant later, whirling around in the dance, he saw that they had been passing Mark Grant. Landon set his teeth.

"I'll get him out soon now!" he thought. But he reckoned without his hostess. When another dance claimed Pam, he found himself near Mrs. Lynn.

Sh was gracious "I want you to stay to dinner, Archie. I've just asked your friend, Mr. Bryam. He's so unusual. Mr. Burleson thinks him interesting. You're a good boy for bringing him here."

Landon reddened furiously. "I don't believe he can stay to dinner," he said hastily; "I know he's got an engagement absolutely."

"She looked frankly incredulous. "Why Archie, he's just accepted! I sent him to tell Pam just now, so she wouldn't invite another person. We're twelve as it is."

"You sent him —" Landon prudently choked down the words; he was raging at the thought of Grant again with Pam. "The fellow's mad; he'll make love to her!" But aloud: "I'll speak to him about it."

"I shan't let him off," Mrs. Lynn replied coldly, "there's the telephone—he can cancel his engagement," and she turned to speed a parting guest.

Landon, caught in the throng about her, could not at first disengage himself. Then he saw Mark Grant leaning over Pam, his elbow rested on the high mantel, his fine head bent. Landon could not see his face, but hers was flushed and intent; she was drinking in Mark's words, whatever they were, with the wide intent eyes of a child. Landon raged again.

"Curse him!" he said to himself; "I'll have to get him out or break his neck!"

But to reach him through that crowd of fashionables, to get him away from Pam, seemed for awhile impossible. Here and there Landon was greeted by friends and acquaintances. One woman asked for Teddy Bannister, another having heard that the fine looking stranger was also a cousin of Landon's — asked to have Mark brought to the house.

"He's so interesting," she said; "so unusual!"

Landon was in a white fury when he finally got Mark at the door of the smoking room. It was beyond the conservatory and the departing guests had drifted out of it. The room was empty save the dissolving cloud of cigarette smoke. Landon beckoned to Mark.

"A word with you!" he said hoarsely, closing the door; he was pale with rage.

Mark stood easily, facing him; there was a splendid vigor about him that Landon had not seen in his poor, rough and ready suit of clothes. It could not be said that clothes made the man, but the man shone radiantly through the clothes, there was something about him—in this house-broken, sceptered atmosphere — splendidly, healthily alive. He smiled at Archie's wrath.

"You've lost," he said casually; "I'm asked to dine."

"I know it," replied Landon fiercely, "but you won't — you'll go home."

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Better English

By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Although you have raised to this position in the world, you will have less responsibilities." 2. What is the correct pronunciation of "supple"? 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Monotonous, monogamy, monitory, monsieur. 4. What does the word "potential" mean? 5. What is a word beginning with fu that means "futile"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "Although you have risen to this position in the world, you will have fewer responsibilities." 2. Pronounce the u as in sup, not as soup. 3. Monotonous. 4. Existing in possibility, not in actuality. "Every acorn is a potential oak tree." 5. Futile.

LUCKY OMEN

WOODFORD, England — (CP) — Mrs. Doris Ridley was surprised when she received premature telegrams at a maternity home congratulating her on the birth of a son. She had been confused with another patient but Mrs. Ridley gave birth to a son a few days later.

STUDENTS AND TOURISTS

OTTAWA — (CP) — University students have been engaged by the Ottawa Tourist Bureau to drive visitors through the city and point out its landmarks and beauty spots.

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I avoid perspiration staining the palms of kid gloves? A. A small piece of absorbent cotton placed in the palm of the glove will absorb the perspiration. The cotton can be neatly placed without wadding.



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Q. How can I remove old paint easily? A. Dampen the sandpaper with benzene before rubbing briskly over the old paint.

Q. How can I prevent old potatoes from discoloring while cooking? A. A few drops of lemon juice added to the water in which the old potatoes are cooked will prevent their discoloring.

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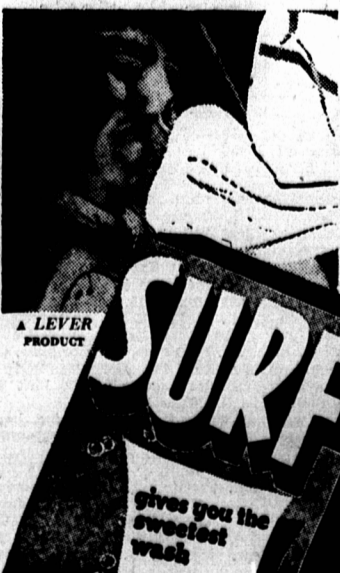
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