

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

This was Election Day on The Island, when voters from East Point to West Cape gathered to their respective Polling Places to mark and deliver to their Deputy Returning Officer the precious scrap or scraps of paper that are the heritage and right of a free people. It is an occasion when no matter how fervid or lukewarm are one's political leanings or sentiments, a strange excitement appears to supplant yesterday's calm. It creeps upon even the most disinterested in issues or participants. It is always fancy a feeling akin to the exhilaration one feels when they are a spectator at a game or a race where there is a peculiar joy in cheering some favorite to victory. And then, as at this moment, it is over — the thrill of it already fading but regardless of how short or lengthy the interval, the same excitement returns when next Election Day dawns.

Then, as it was this morning, at Alcorica, the occasion will thrust itself into our notice. At the cleaning, when we stopped by a window to regard the day... rain teeming, patterning on the red pond and forming in the yard small streams to run thither, we saw James pause in his choring about the barnyard to watch a passing car. Mr. and Mrs. A. were off to vote — to receive and mark their ballots gravely, realizing well the importance and privilege and duty of this heritage that is ours... But even as we followed in mind these and other voters from this road of ours, and from their reaches of The Island and came in time itself, it was to remember with a pang of regret that not every nominee could be successful, that as in every contest and feat of brain or brawn or grace, in its wake, there must surely remain for the losers, no matter how nonchalant, a certain disappointment, a hope deferred. Let us not term it a failure. That is an unkind graceless word where to have it met, one which seems to ever a finality about it, no single ray of hope, no promise at all, no chance of ever beginning again. Defeats there are, but gallant ones these may be wherever found, when one realizes there are always other days for those who believe in themselves and their convictions. And what of the victors? For them there is the hope from this woman of the farm that they realize the sacred trust of government that is again theirs, so that they may make of this "last outpost of leisure" a good land indeed wherein only contented folk dwell.

Perhaps the inclemency of today's weather will serve to record this Election Day better in memory. Through the years it will come back to mind. James will be sure to remember "The bridge was up that day, Ellen — don't you mind? Our truck was at the mill... and we walked down along the dike to the rain in April it was that April when spring came so early to The Island. We hadn't commenced to work on the land, except to do some fencing... but the sheep were out to pasture, I recall." And we shall view again the touches of green on the slopes, the alders and poplars along the stream be- curled, and a robin piping a tune in the dampness. James will know "The Grits were returned that time. And whether or not we may be confined to a chimney cooler by them we shall speak as to our custom of the faces we knew and now miss on a Voting Day. Men from other years, respecting much their roles in carrying out The King's Business, dressed in their Sunday-black who once directed the affairs of state, representing respective parties. They who agreed in studied words in the event of some political issue in the Polling Place — as it has been our privilege to hear them, with much respect and admiration: "Now men, let us not forget where we are — and above all let us be fair!"

Yes much that is altogether good and lovely of the old years shall and does come back to mind, when an Election Day returns to the older folks at Alderlea.

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

Cook's Corner

CRANBERRY SPICE MOLD One envelope gelatin, 1/4 cup cold water, 1 lb. can jelled cranberry sauce, juice of 1 lemon, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 teaspoon cloves, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon. Soak gelatin in cold water for five minutes. Dissolve over hot water. Crush cranberry sauce with a fork or beat with beater. Add gelatin, spices and lemon juice. Chill until partially firm. Pump raisins in hot water. Drain and add to gelatin. Pour into mold that has been rinsed in cold water. Serves six to eight.

SAVOY PICNIC ROLL One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 cup lard or margarine, cold water to mix. Sift dry ingredients, cut in lard or margarine with pastry cutter. Mix to stiff paste with cold water. Roll lightly on floured board to oblong shape. Spread with hamburg, or corned beef and finely cut onion. Roll up like jelly roll, brush with milk or beaten egg. Bake in greased tin in hot oven, 450 deg. F. for 40 to 45 minutes. Serve in thick slices. Quite economical.

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

THE SYMPATHATIC ADVICE OF A LAYMAN MAY NOT BE RE SAFE ADVICE

Many of us may remember the cartoon of some years back illustrating the discomfiture of the man who took the unused medicines in his medicine cabinet so that they would not go to waste. An individual may be justified in using a drug or medicine that he has found helpful for a disability that has returned or is similar to the one the medicine was presented for. This may be a cough medicine that "loosened" a cough with thick expectation. But to use that same medicine for a dry, nervous cough would not only cause irritation of throat and bronchial tubes but would be very apt to upset the digestion and cause vomiting.

There is another point, along almost the same line, that should be made more frequently. When an individual has symptoms of a certain disease or defect, his friends naturally want to help him and he gets many suggestions as to the best and quickest methods of getting rid of his symptoms. Friends giving this advice know nothing of the individual's physical make-up or personality, and advice that might have helped them themselves would be the wrong advice for their ailing friend.

Fortunately, while a layman friend may suggest a certain remedy or method of treatment, he cannot prescribe the drug or drugs which he believes will help his sick friend. However, there are other forms of advice that are given by one individual to another that may cause him to do exactly the opposite of what is necessary to give him relief.

In the American Journal of Psychiatry, Dr. Jago Galston, New York, N. Y., in discussing the advice given to individuals in need of medical care, states, "It is easy to forbid a layman to dispense drugs but who can restrain him from offering advice, sympathy and an attentive ear?" Just listening to individuals in need of medical care, states, "It is easy to forbid a layman to dispense drugs but who can restrain him from offering advice, sympathy and an attentive ear?"

Sympathy has its place but the most the layman should say to his friends is that "with those symptoms present you should consult your own physician first as he best knows your physical, mental and emotional make-up."

The Stars Say

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tomorrow

IT is probable that a shrewd or clever strategy might avert some peculiar difficulty or curious engagement. This could be owing to emotional or mental upset, sourced in ill health, error in diet or other pernicious and unaccountable incitement. Defer important activities until the mood subsides.

If It Is Your Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may find themselves in a curious or inexplicable state of mind and emotions, and it is only due to some shrewd or tactical maneuvers that serious involvements could be averted. There may be strange undercurrents of a psychic or astral nature, making it difficult to take practical steps or to make wise decisions. A child born on this day may be endowed with a nature or mentalistic curious, erratic or perhaps psychic, impelled by hidden factors and emotions.

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Murder Is Forgetful

By WILLIAM BOGART

(Continued)

Moe looked up at the ceiling for a while, and then in a still, quiet voice he asked, "When do we start out on this assignment, Johnny?" "I told them we'd be out there at Northport tomorrow morning."

"You would think of that," said Johnny. He shrugged. "I've never seen her in my life. But if she's like most of those would-be novelists, she has probably got buck teeth. Some rich old dame who thinks she can write fiction. I've met the type before. In the end they lay out a couple thousand dollars to have some vanity publisher put their stuff in print."

"You say she lost her memory?" "Yes," Johnny said, "amnesia. Loss of memory. It happened about two weeks ago. I recall reading something about it in the papers. She disappeared, Irene Smith did, and the family has been looking all over for her. Now she's been found, and so that's why they want me as a bodyguard. They're afraid something might happen to her."

"Because of what happened to Irene's husband?" "What was that?" "He was murdered," said Johnny. The day was Saturday.

In the distance a sailboat moved languidly along Long Island Sound, urged along by a slight breeze. The sleek-looking craft was etched against the bottleneck entrance to Northport harbor, like something painted on a blue backdrop. Within the fine, land-locked harbor small boats and assorted sizes of yachts and other sailboats drifted lazily at anchor.

Curving along one shore of the harbor was a wide stretch of beach. The sand looked very white and very clean against the blue background of clear sky and water.

Along the stretch of smooth white sand the boy and girl were racing. The girl had flaming red hair that curved off her slim shoulders and was wind-swept by the motion of her flying, slim legs. She wore a one-piece white swim suit, and though her firm, trim figure was nicely built, you could tell that she was quite young. She had unusual green eyes.

Johnny Saxton had stopped his roadster on the landscaped roadway of the estate and had been watching the girl running along the sand. Because of the angle at which he was looking through the trees, he saw only the girl at first, the sleek white bathing suit molding her fine figure. A moment later the fellow swooped into view, the boy who was chasing the girl.

Johnny sighed and put the car in speed again and they followed the winding road through the vast estate. A few moments later they drew up before the house.

Moe Martin said, "We must have made a mistake." He kept looking at the huge house, pop-eyed. "The house was of Vermont granite. Johnny Saxton guessed that it must have contained at least thirty rooms. If he got the opportunity he would count them and find out. Johnny switched off the motor and sat there taking in the magnificence of the estate. A shaded patio flanked one end of the house; beyond this, there was a lawn terrace spotted with modernistic metal tables and brightly colored awnings. "The terrace led down to a long swimming pool whose sides were tinted sea-green, so that the water in the pool looked like clear green creme de menthe.

"I still think it's some kind of hotel," said Moe. He climbed out, unlocked the trunk compartment in the rear of the car and started reaching inside for one of the bags. Abruptly, somewhere behind him, there came a very deep-throated barking. Moe turned around—and froze in horror. The animal that was galloping toward him had all the characteristics of a dog but on a much larger scale. It was like no kind of dog that Moe Martin had ever seen.

"Holy cow!" Moe wailed, and

Morning Smile

Her Distress

A young magazine editor took a trip to Hollywood. He was invited to a party, and decided to put off his usual reserve and diffidence and enter fully into the spirit of the occasion. He devoted his attention throughout the evening to a young actress. "I will be wild," he determined "I will be rowdy. I will behave with all the abandon for which Hollywood is famous." He did his best, but suddenly, as he was playing the role to the limit of his capacity, the young woman broke down and wept. The editor asked the cause of her distress, and, with tears in her eyes, she looked up and said: "I've been almost a year now and you're the first fellow that's behaved to me like a gentleman."

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. It is always a problem to get all the guests who are invited to a wedding and reception to reply. Why shouldn't it be all right to enclose reply cards with the invitation?

A. Although it is not yet generally done, reply cards are in many cases included with wedding invitations — and this is perfectly all right.

Q. When a woman is introducing her husband to a woman acquaintance, should she say, "This is my husband," or "This is Walter?"

A. When a mere acquaintance, she should say, "This is my husband." If it is an intimate friend, she may say, "This is Walter."

Q. If there is to be a double wedding ceremony, who makes the first presentation of his ring, the bride or bridegroom?

A. The bride receives her ring first, and then presents the bridegroom with his.

scrambled back into the car. Johnny Saxton reached past his terrified partner and patted the dog's huge head. "Hello, boy," he said fondly.

The dog sniffed loudly at Johnny's hand. Moe squeezed back against the seat cushions, his eyes batting wildly. "What... what is it?" he stammered.

"A Great Dane," explained Johnny. "They're fine dogs. They're very gentle."

"How do you know?" Moe's teeth were chattering. "Well, that's what everyone tells you."

The girl's pleasant voice said, "He won't bite you." And then she said, "Michael! Get down, boy!" The Great Dane jumped down from the car and nuzzled his big, sad face against the girl's trim figure.

The girl was the one Johnny Saxton had seen running along the beach. He saw that he had not been mistaken in his distant impression of her. She was a lovely, fine girl with beautiful red hair and green eyes, and now she was wearing white sandals and a beach robe thrown around her slim, shapely figure.

He climbed out of the car and said, "I have a letter here—" He started to reach inside his pocket. "Are you Johnny Saxton?" He nodded. He liked the sound of her voice.

(To be continued)

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Flagrant Infidelity

Cheating Husband Forces Wife To Sorry Choice

DEAR MISS DIX: I am 25 years old, have been married for ten years and have two children, aged 8 and 1. My marriage has been far from a happy one, since I have had a philandering husband the full ten years. We have been separated and I have worked. We have gone back together and he would promise faithfully to be true. I have broken up many of his love affairs. However, he has supported us as well as any family can be. He doesn't drink or gamble. He hasn't taken much interest in his children, or put forth any effort to improve our small home.

For a few months I can be happy, then for several months I am miserable. I haven't been well for the past six months but my doctor says I won't feel better until I get out of this mess. I have my two small children to consider. Would it be right to deny them a father and the things he can give them so I might have peace of mind? Is there any future for me or the children living like this? Is there ever a cure for a philandering husband.

M. E.

ANSWER: Your husband doesn't take much interest in his children or his home; he certainly can't have much concern for you and act the way he does, so I can't see where the future holds much for any of you. The only thing you seem to be getting out of the marriage is support and as your husband will have to support you and the children even if you leave him, I can see little point in going through the misery of a marriage that is little more than a farce.

PATIENCE MAY BE SOLUTION You don't give your husband's age, but as you were only 15 when you married, he probably wasn't much older. Immaturity may be the basis for his philandering and if you're patient you may wait around for him to grow up.

Look to your own ways, too. Are you providing him with a pleasant, cheery, well-kept home with good home cooking? Do you resist nagging him about his affairs or other deficiencies? Do you go out with him, or do the children keep you in? A baby-sitter, hired or

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How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. What is the best way to boil clothes?

A. The best method is to start them in cold water, and allow them to remain until they have boiled at least ten minutes. They should be stirred occasionally with a stick kept for the purpose.

Q. How can I eliminate perspiration odor?

A. Slightly moisten a little soda in the palm of the hand and apply to the affected parts in the same manner as soap. Leave it on for a few minutes, and then wash.

Q. How can I prevent poached eggs from breaking or sticking to the pan?

A. Put a few drops of vinegar into the water. Or, try greasing the pan before putting the water in.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Shoe Laces If the metal tips come off the shoe laces, dip the ends of the laces into mucilage. This will stiffen them and make them easy to put through the eyelets.

Scorched Material You can remove bad scorched stains from cotton fabric by dipping the article into cold water and hanging dripping wet in the sunshine. When dry, wet it again and repeat the process over and



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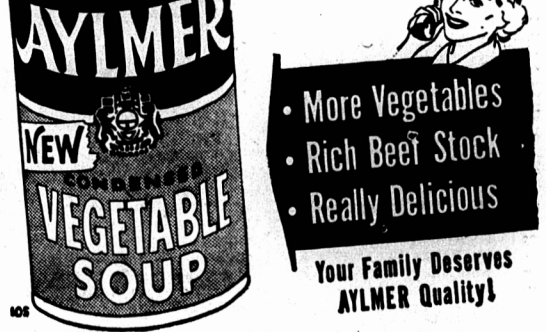
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