

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

ACTH AND CORTISONE IN TREATMENT OF ULCERATIVE COLITIS

I write from time to time about the fact that a new drug or form of treatment directed to one specific disease or group of symptoms is often, later, found to be of equal or even greater help in the treatment of one or more other diseases.

Now we have the miracle drug, ACTH, found to be the special or specific drug for rheumatism and arthritis, which also has been used with success in several diseases or groups of symptoms.

In the Journal of the American Medical Association, a group of Boston physicians, Drs. Seymour J. Gray, Robert W. Reifensperger, John A. Benson Jr. and J.C. Gordon Young, report their experiences with a period of two years with the use of corticotropin (ACTH) and cortisone in a selected group of patients with ulcerative colitis.

"The dramatic increase in appetite and sense of well-being which often characterize the administration of ACTH and Cortisone might be expected to be of inestimable value in the treatment of these debilitated, poorly nourished patients with loss of appetite."

As any new method of treatment, especially one publicized as ACTH, might have a morale-lifting effect, these physicians made due allowance for this in their investigation and report.

Further, the report states this remission or disappearance of symptoms by use of ACTH may prove of value in preparation of patients for surgery.

Cook's Corner

BAKED DEVILED EGGS

1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1/4 cup mayonnaise, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 cups cottage cheese, 1 egg, cut in half and deviled, 1/2 cup paprika, 6 tablespoons buttered crumbs.

Melt the butter or margarine in a saucepan; blend in the flour; add

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

What is in a letter? Any number of things... And some are like a magic carpet which can pick one up from her dish-washing and cleaning and bear her away to fascinating shores.

"What a time they are having! They wade and bathe—and build castles in the sand; become weary then, come up to nap while and return to the shore. They're brown and healthy, both of them wish you could see them! And what appetites the tang of salt in the air gives!

"We love it here, perhaps I especially. I like its quiet, the sound of the sea, drowsy-like on a warm afternoon; and the little waves lapping on the sands in the evening, bringing in with them a cooling breeze. Did you ever—but naturally you have—watched the sun go down behind the water and admired the flame-path it throws... so beautiful, isn't it?"

"The other evening we sat on the shore-bank to watch the moon rise over the fields across a wide cove. It was somewhat misty and dim before the clouds—white, fleecy ones—moved away from the face of the moon. Then, the effect was breath-taking... nothing short of magical. It was as though we had moved from the city to some Eden-like loveliness, charming and peaceful and without any of the cares that are the legacy of mortals. Here was beauty and peace and the serenity of a wide silence—just the light lap of the homing waves.

"I tell you, Ellen, I don't see how we're ever going to leave it for the noise and grind of the city. There'll be more than one tear dropped over the change, I know. But we'll have these exquisite two weeks to remember and a repetition of holiday to look forward to, if spared to another summer.

"Picked blueberries for supper," she continued, "such big sweet juicy ones along a fence-row. Would you believe it, Ellen, there is a rail-fence running along one side of this shore-field—an old-timer for sure—the sort artists O-oh! and A-ah! over. It is weathered gray but still sturdy... I can see there were violets in the lee of it in spring, and ferns.

"I wish you could see the coziness of our little green-shuttered cottage, white against its background of spruces... Below are the sands and reach of sea and behind fields rising gently to the houses along the highway. Not many it is true but to the west there's quite a sizable village, and it is there we shop and get our mail. Another year, Ellen, perhaps you will come to see it all. You would like it, I am sure... And tell me now: how..."

And when we reached the end, it was to catch once more the very scent of brine, the air "different" and heavy to us now that we are an inlander and see again the tide-of-evening steal in quietly over the rippled sands. And on our farms? A mid-season now—catching up bell between the haying and harvest.

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

DOROTHY DIX'S COLUMN

Playing With Fire

Divorce Courts Trouble In This Office Romance



Muriel Nissen

DEAR MISS DIX: When my husband left me, almost four years ago, I was 21 and thought I could never love again. I was 16 when we were married; he was 18. After four years, during which he served in the army, he went to work in another city, from which he wrote asking for a divorce.

Now I have had a new job for three months, and see a certain man every day. I have become so fond of him that, even though I am against divorce and second marriage, I am sure if he asked me to marry him I couldn't refuse. He hasn't asked me to go out with him but I know he likes me. We have talked very little about ourselves but he knows my situation, and about the children. I haven't even thought of my husband in two months, but find myself waiting for every glimpse of this man. Could there be any hope for a future with him? B. N.

ANSWER: While there is little help that I can give—or that you would accept—my chief purpose in publishing your letter is to prove that broken hearts can heal. Perhaps not always with the rapidity with which yours was mended, but a bright future looms ahead in almost any disaster.

HE MAY BE MARRIED

You are, to be perfectly blunt, making a fool of yourself over this business acquaintance. Your letter very clearly leaves open the possibility that he may be married—a fact you apparently have neglected to ascertain. His actions toward you are typical of the usual office philerender. A few stolen kisses, mutual flattery and declarations of pseudo-affection can lighten the monotony of a day's work, and I greatly fear that that is all you mean to your Lathario.

Your life has not been too well ordered since your much-too-early marriage, but you are now 25, and should be experienced enough to separate the real from the spurious. With one disastrous marriage behind you, don't make the horrible mistake of taking on another one. Your moral objections to second marriage are a matter between you and your conscience. If you need assistance along this line, see your minister. Apparently, however, the qualms are ready to be smothered by the first propositioning male who comes along.

Exercise a little more discretion in your choice of friends; if necessary, take another job to get away from the bad influence under which you are now moving. I am quite convinced that the man in the case is not honorably inclined. Any attentions you accept from him will lead to more trouble than you have already had.

DEAR MISS DIX: A year ago I married, after breaking an engagement to another man because I fell in love with my husband. I am now 21, he is 27. My husband was wonderful when I went with him, but now all he does is stay home and save money. I keep thinking of the other man and wish I had married him. G. E.

ANSWER: Not an uncommon situation for one who made a sudden switch from one man to another. Give your marriage a fair chance; one year is too short a time and you are too easily dissatisfied. You apparently married quickly, with little realization of the responsibilities you would incur. Think about them now and ask yourself if you are doing a thorough job of being a good wife.

DEAR MISS DIX: I have been going with a boy since Christmas and, though we have occasional quarrels, we get along pretty well on the whole. He says he is going to change some of my ways as he doesn't approve of them. I'm 16, he is three years older. Should I do as he says, or give him up? PENNY G.

ANSWER: Since your friend is so much older than you, his ideas of change may be an improvement. It is up to you to decide whether he is sincerely trying to correct faults in you, or whether he just wants to change you in accordance with his own preferences. A little help from an older person who knows you both would be in order.

Miss Nissen cannot reply personally to readers but will answer problems of general interest through this column.

Better English

By G. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence: "Neither of the men are ready to travel any."

ANSWERS 1. Say, "Neither of the men is ready to do any traveling."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "lavalere"? 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Inking, initiation, inculcate, inuendo.

4. What does the word "nucleus" mean? 5. What is a word beginning with "ing" that means "frank; candid; sincere"?

How Can I...

By Anne Ashley

Q. What is the best method of cleaning eye glasses? A. First moisten the tips of the fingers, rub them over a cake of soap, and then rub over both sides of the lens. Polish as usual. Cold cream or vaseline jelly are also good cleansers. Rub well afterwards with tissue paper.

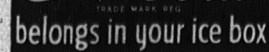
Q. How can I remove calcimine? A. Ordinary calcimine may be washed off with water. However, if necessary, add some alkaline substance such as soap powder, ammonia, trisodium phosphate, or borax, to the water.

Q. How can I make good use of left-over chicken? A. Fry minced left-over chicken with boiled rice, add some minced onion, butter, green pepper, and seasoning. Hot buttered biscuits will add considerably to this meal.

Q. For Tomorrow A. MOST interesting and intriguing development in current events may engage the attention with ingenuity at high pitch. News and faculties are highly stimulated, perhaps excited, the judgment is excellent, reliable, and the skill to make a bargain accentuated. Possibly there may be suggestions of genuine worth from elders or old institutions, not overlooking the power and encouragement of the feminine touch. Social, domestic, romantic, idealistic factors inspire.

For the Birthday Those whose birthday it is are encouraged to venture forth on an adventurous and ambitious course with all the initiative, ingenuity, skill and ideas that they may have. Such assets and ability are assured the capital and cooperation of those similarly inclined, as well as those whose prestige and funds are available for the promotion of novel, ingenious, perhaps thrilling or unique ideas. Fresh ideas and novel techniques are in line for development, with ready funds and personalities seeking openings. The feminine or social touch, possibly the romantic, strategic also, are available.

A child born on this day is bound to have a spectacular and influential career, its novel ideas or skills making for a conspicuous and eventful life.



belongs in your ice box

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is the usually accepted "How do you do" the correct acknowledgement to the introduction of a friend brings a stranger to your home?

A. In this case, a somewhat more sincere and gracious acknowledgement is in order. To put your friend at ease, you should tell him you are happy he brought his friend. And to put your friend's friend at ease, you should say, in effect, "I'm pleased you could come."

Q. Is it all right to use a piece of bread to wipe up gravy or jelly from the plate? A. At one time this was considered a grievous social error. But now it is all right. Be careful though not to go at it too heartily, so as to give the impression of mopping up a floor!

Q. In what way can a bride show appreciation to a group of friends who have given her a shower? A. She may give them a luncheon, tea or card party in her new home as soon as possible after her marriage.

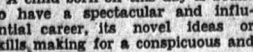
The Stars Say

By Genevieve Kemble

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P.E.I. Girl Guides At National Camp



Shown above are P. E. I. Girl Guides, wearing the costumes in which they participated in "Song and Dance Night" while attending National Camp in July.

Shown above are P. E. I. Girl Guides, wearing the costumes in which they participated in "Song and Dance Night" while attending National Camp in July. From left to right, front row, are: Marjorie Pickard, Gayle Darrah, Winifred MacDonald, Marcia Delaney, Lois Good and Catherine MacDonald. Back row, left to right, are Ann Cerry, Sue MacKinnon, Helen Chappell, Mabel Saunders, Mary Whiteside, Joan King, Phyllis Cutcliffe and Jeanie Gillis.

Twelve Guides and two leaders from Prince Edward Island arrived in Ottawa on Sunday, July 13th, to attend the National Camp. They were met at the Station by members of the Ottawa Local Association and taken in twos to their homes. During Sunday afternoon and evening they were shown many of the places of interest in and around Ottawa. On Monday, July 14th, they were taken out to the Camp site at Connaught Ranges and were assigned to their respective groups. Guides were arriving from different parts of Canada until 9 p. m. on Monday.

Tuesday began the regular routine of the Camp. Schedules were given out for swimming and for sightseeing and shopping tours. The girls were in groups of 25 with three leaders, one Commandant, one Quartermaster and one Composite Guide. All meals were cooked over a trench fire over which was erected a canvas shelter and there was also a shelter over the tables for eating. Supplies were procured each day from the Quar-

termaster stores. The Guides seemed to enjoy this type of Camping and certainly enjoyed their meals. Tuesday afternoon was the official opening when all Guides marched past to the R. C. M. P. Bank and Prime Minister St. Laurent took the Salute, with many distinguished visitors present.

On Tuesday evening the Ottawa Guides presented an Historical Pageant of Ottawa which was much enjoyed. The Guides had swimming every second day when they were taken by bus to the Ottawa River in groups of about 35. Sightseeing tours were conducted for four days when each day buses took ten groups (250 Guides) into Ottawa for supervised tours which included the Parliament Buildings, the Peace Tower, the National Museum and the Experimental Farm.

On Friday evening, July 18th, a Song and Dance Night was held and each Province presented a typical song and dance. The Prince Edward Island group presented a song called "Our Million Acre Farm," to the

lure of "The Wearing of the Green," to which original words had been written. The costumes were little aprons, made from P. E. I. potato bags, and strawberry boxes for hats upon which were painted large red strawberries. A large map of Prince Edward Island formed the background for the song and dance. Credit is due Mr. Rupert who wrote words to the song and Miss Mary MacDonald who decorated the strawberry boxes so artistically.

On Sunday, July 20th, in the morning, services were held for each denomination and in the evening a Guide's Own was held in which all Guides and Guides took part.

On Visitors' Day, Monday evening, the best songs and dances were repeated and on Tuesday competitions in fire-lighting, tent pitching, semaphore, gadget making, lifeline throwing and "Be prepared" were held and representatives from each group took part.

The closing ceremony of the Camp was Thursday evening when a giant campfire was held. Singing was led by Miss Chatter who was musical advisor at the Camp, and a very impressive candle-lighting ceremony was held, the candles for which were made by the Guides in the shape of a trefail. This was followed by Guide Promises and a successful ten days camp to a close.

Prince Edward Island Guides took part in all activities and although the smallest provincial group they did their part well.

London Designs Favor Regality In Autumn Wear

LONDON (CP)—The simple adjective "Royal" probably describes most fittingly the Fall fashions presented by London's "Top Ten" in the designing field. There may be the swan look, the gaucho look, the Elizabethan and Victorian looks, but the difference in cut and style takes nothing from the general effect of regal magnificence, that is the keynote of every big collection.

A young queen with a fashion-minded sister will be crowned June next, and Britain's fashion forum is not going to let us forget it. In other words it will be a winter for royal thoughts—fairly princely gowns, the brocades, furs and satins that suggest champagne sparkling in crystal glasses against gilt-and-mirrored walls, red plush and polished wood.

Crimline cocktail and evening dresses have a sumptuous width that cries out for the accommodated interiors of the horse-drawn carriages of earlier years. Even in day clothes there is a definite regal flavor.

The royal ladies' love of velvet is stressed in the billowing skirts of neatly-waisted coats with rounded shoulders and stand collars. Princess Margaret, who has bought more than one outfit from Victor Stiebel, might have been the inspiration for his wide-skirted turtails velvet coat with immense grey fur cuffs and tiny matching hat, little bigger than a half-hat.

Fit for Princess The Princess could certainly wear with sophisticated distinction, the white nylon dress with flowing over a crinoline foundation, the diaphanous shawl collar pleated to cup the bra-line with low, square neck, the tight bodice beaded in silver from bra to waist and the waist caught by a narrow silver kid belt. It is a type of gown the Princess favors often.

Royal preference would no doubt incline to all-round pleated day dresses in light-weighted wools and heavy silks, worn with tight-waisted jackets, rather than the bigger-shouldered gaucho suits with waistless jackets over knee-tight skirts.

The varied styles of box jackets, from loose, waist-length to tight-hipped, half-belted effects, will however, be the best-seller for smart business girls with modest bankrolls. The voluminous, knife-pleated skirts cannot possibly sell at competitive prices.

Dull though they are, the winter woollens achieve an under-color richness suggestive of royal brocades in the Elizabethan era. Take, for instance, the latest thing in "poodle" cloths, under dark bubble surfaces of black, grey or bottle green, glow rich reds, deep blues and clear royal purples. The outstanding winter color is green in every shade from true grass to the darkest peacock shot with blue and tawny gold.

Knitted Jacket, Bonnet and Booties



Knitting for babies provides fun and relaxation for all knitters. The dainty, little garments are made quickly and Baby never has too many sets to wear. This alert little darling is wearing a matching jacket, bonnet and booties all made from 3 ply Baby Wool. If you would like to have directions for making the set SMILIN' THROUGH, in 3, 6 or 8 mos. sizes, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Needlework Department of this paper requesting Leaflet No. CW-36.



One of HEINZ kitchen quickies

Gallant - Perry Wedding

A very quiet wedding was solemnized at St. Anthony's on Tuesday morning, August 5th, when Mary Catherine, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Firmin Perry of Howlan exchanged wedding vows with Lorraine, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Gallant of Woodstock. Rev. M. J. Rooney, parish priest, was the officiating clergyman.

The bride looked nice in a navy blue gabardine suit with white accessories and carried a white prayer book with white and pink streamers. Her corsage was of pink roses and maiden hair fern. She was attended by Miss Bernice Gallant, sister of the groom, who wore a grey suit with white accessories and a corsage of pink roses. The groom was capably attended by Vincent Perry, brother of the bride.

The bride's gift to the groom was a gold tipped pencil and pen set, to the bridesmaid a beautiful compact, and to the groomsmen a wallet.

A sumptuous wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride to the immediate relatives. The toast to the bride was given by her youngest brother, Oscar Perry of Saint John, N.B., which was answered by the groom.

Out of the district guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gallant of Dorchester, Mass., aunt and uncle of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gallant of Chelsea, Mass., aunt and uncle of the groom.

Later in the day the bride and groom left on a boat with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gallant of Dorchester, Mass., aunt and uncle of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gallant of Chelsea, Mass., aunt and uncle of the groom.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Tomatoes

To remove the skins from tomatoes, place on a fork and hold over a fire. Turn constantly until the skin becomes slightly charred or bursts. It can then be removed with a sharp knife. The amount of heat will not affect the firmness or flavor of the tomato.

Playing Cards

To clean playing cards sprinkle them with talcum powder and rub with a dry, soft cloth. Or, go over them with a cloth dipped in a little camphor solution.

A Country Garden

By Mrs. Gordon MacMillan

Cliffs that rise a thousand feet Without a break Lake that stretches a hundred miles Without a wave Sands that are white through all the year Without a stain Pine-need woods, winter and summer Ever-green, Trees that for twenty thousand years Your vows have kept, You have suddenly healed the pain of a traveler's heart, And moved his brush to write a new song.

—4th. Century Chinese poem. Pansies and violas transplanted from the field where they were grown from seed, are now lovely with blooms and will continue until very cold weather comes, then in early spring as soon as snow has melted from the sheltered spots in the garden, there the Violas will be bright with color and fragrance. The Pansies of Queen Elizabeth's day we are told, were grown in gardens but showed little or no difference from the little English wildflower that grew by the heat or hedgerow. In those days the flower had quite a number of common names, but even then the best-known was Pansy, supposed to be a corruption of the French, pensee, "that's for thoughts," as sad Onhelia explained.

The difference between a Pansy and a Viola is a question that puzzles many a garden lover who is not enlightened by the statement that while all Pansies are really Violas, not all Violas are suitable for classification as Pansies. The development of the Pansy as a garden flower goes back to the early part of the nineteenth century, when a small group of keen gardeners living in the south of England began to collect all the different wild varieties and grow them in their gardens. The best yellow variety is said to have been brought from France and the finest blue is said to have been of Russian origin.

Throughout the first half of the Victorian era the growers made the show Pansy their ideal who is not enlightened by the statement that while all Pansies are really Violas, not all Violas are suitable for classification as Pansies. The development of the Pansy as a garden flower goes back to the early part of the nineteenth century, when a small group of keen gardeners living in the south of England began to collect all the different wild varieties and grow them in their gardens. The best yellow variety is said to have been brought from France and the finest blue is said to have been of Russian origin.

There is now such a vast range of colour among Pansies and Violas that some of the old distinctions are no longer of first importance. As a general rule Violas are smaller than Pansies, but they are more persistent and can be depended upon to give a greater show of colour over a longer period. Violas have been grown in this garden for many years and the stems grow so tall that they are very good for cutting.

A small field of buckwheat is lovely near the garden and the makes the garden grand in the evenings especially. There is beauty all around these August days, but we do not always see it... Emerson writes—"Though we travel the world over to find beauty, we must carry it with us or we find it not."

Morning Smile

Something "Why the knot in your handkerchief, old boy?" "Oh, that's to remind me of something, I forgot what."

No Kick A gloomy man sat in his flat brooding his fate and lack of wealth. His visitor tried to cheer him up. "You don't need to waste money travelling miles to get pleasure," he said. "You can find plenty of fun on your own doorstep."

"Oh, yes?" moaned the other. "I'd like to see you get lively on half a pint of milk!"

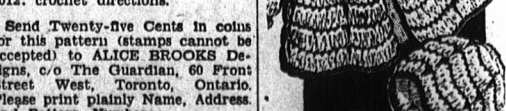
of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gallant of Chelsea, Mass., aunt and uncle of the groom. Later in the day the bride and groom left on a boat with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gallant of Dorchester, Mass., aunt and uncle of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gallant of Chelsea, Mass., aunt and uncle of the groom.

Alice Brooks Designs

EASY TO MEMORIZE For that very new Baby, make this sweet set! Rows of long double crochet and single crochet alternate in two colors. Do it in two pastels or white and color!

QUICK! EASY! Jacket, cap, booties one piece each! Pattern 7012: crochet directions.

Send Twenty-five Cents in coins for this pattern (stamps cannot be accepted) to ALICE BROOKS Designs, c/o The Guardian, 60 Front Street West, Toronto, Ontario. Please print plainly Name, Address, and Pattern Number.



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DESTROYS MOUTH ODOR

7012

by Alice Brooks