

older person to use liberal amounts of milk and cheese. As we grow older, too many of us, she reminded us, are likely to develop the attitude that milk is no longer of any great importance, forgetting about the dangers connected with the weak, easily broken, brittle bones that have been caused by lack of calcium.

To go back to the question about the effect of cocoa and chocolate on the body's use of the calcium in milk: Cocoa and chocolate, Dr. Robertson explained, both contain a small amount of oxalic acid. Oxalic acid, unfortunately, if present in large amounts changes the calcium in milk into a form that won't dissolve, so that the calcium is excreted from the body rather than used by it. The amount of oxalic acid in chocolate or cocoa, however, is so small as to be quite harmless. So that, Dr. Robertson concluded, cocoa made with all milk (skim milk, if you're watching the calories) may be considered not only a delicious drink, but also one that helps the young person keep up the supply of that very essential mineral—calcium.

Another Book By Harry Boyle

IN HOME AND COUNTRY'S Winter issue two years ago we reviewed Harry J. Boyle's book "Mostly in Clover," a volume of reminiscent sketches telling the story of the author's childhood on an Ontario farm some forty years ago. To quote from that review:

"Following the cycle of the year, we read of winter battles to keep the farm house warm, how the family got started reading books, Christmas in the country with skating ponds and school concerts, neighbors rallying to hunt for a lost child or to fight a barn fire, the behaviour of farm animals let out to spring pasture, a little boy's world in the back yard, hired men and country characters, visits to relatives, the blessing of grandparents, moving the parlor stove out to the woodshed in the spring and back again in the fall. Occasionally there is a story of heartbreak or tragedy of the sort known to every country community."

Now we have another book by Harry Boyle, "Homebrew and Patches," taking up the story from the last pages of "Mostly In Clover" and carrying it on through the years of "the great depression" and the author's adolescence. There was no lack of food on the Boyles' farm in the hungry thirties, but the ingenious thrift practised in everything else is described with rare humor. Nor does anyone in this warm, witty Irish family suffer from depression — "Homebrew and Patches" is one of the

most delightful family life stories we have ever read.

It is a community story, too, with its colorful accounts of the first oyster supper in the district when no one but the proprietor of the Chinese restaurant knew how to cope with a barrelful of oysters in the shell, of dances in the school house, party feuds at election time, auction sales and, during the depression, auctions by foreclosure when a man's neighbors came and stood around without bidding "so he could buy back his belongings at ridiculously low prices."

And it is a story of people. As we follow the teenage boy through his first years in high school we read about the characters who gave color to his neighborhood, the men who helped to influence him in his urge to be a writer, his first shy interest in girls, the teachers who inspired him, the neighbors who had a place in his social life.

The last chapter is one of the finest in the book. It is Christmas eve and the Boyle family, their house set in order for the Holy Day, go to midnight Mass. During the service it is discovered with amazement that the Methodist minister is worshipping with them; and after prayers the priest expresses his appreciation of this evidence of respect and good will as "the first rule of charitable living." In the closing paragraph we have the theme running through the book from cover to cover: "Today the memory of the depression evokes not only thoughts of homebrew and patches, but also of a fundamental charity and concern for others which made the trials of 'making do' more bearable for us all." (Clarke Irwin, Toronto, publishers; price \$3.95.)—Ethel Chapman.

★ ★ ★

WOMAN IN SPRING

By Isabelle Bryans Longfellow

I am so very glad to be
A woman when the redbud tree
Flickers with flame before the leaf
In blossoms, delicate and brief;
Or when the tulips brightly stand
Like sturdy children in a land
So lately desolate of youth.
A man is wary of the truth
That flowers in ecstatic things;
When beauty like a rush of wings
Stirs the rare ether of his heart
He dare not let the frail tear start,
Or bare a rapture unconfessed
Within his stoutly tweeded breast.
But I, a woman, I may wear
Sprigs of lilac in my hair,
Let worship kindle in my face
Openly without disgrace.
I may throw my free arms wide
To all the mist of bloom outside
And capture violets in my dress.
While he, in fear of spring excess,
Chooses another brown cravat,
I yield my stipend to possess
A purple flowerpot for a hat!

★ ★ ★