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1-44

Blitz Children Overcome Fear

Children Lose Nervousness Under Expert Care In Foster Parents' Nurseries

The war may produce a generation of neurotic children, as some scientists predict, but the specialists who have cared for Britain's blitz babies do not think so.

The staff of the two Foster Parents' Nurseries in London has a way of putting it that epitomizes much. "The best shelter," it says, "is the shelter of the mind."

One mother, a comfortable and very placid woman, the mother of eig children, when asked whether her rooms had been damaged by bombing, answered with a beaming smile, "Oh, no, we were ever so lucky. We had only blast and my husband fixed the window frames again."

"Blast which removes the window frames, not to mention the window panes, can be a very uncomfortable expereince.

Mother's Example

By way of contrast there was the mother of a young boy named Jim. She never went to bed so long as an air raid warning lasted, but stood at the door trembling, insisting that the boy, only five, stand beside her. Separated from her, he lost almost all his nervous habits and showed no special alarm when the sirens sounded.

"The point is," explained a staff member, "that children rely so much upon the adults around them. So long as the grown-up remains calm so does the child."

Apart from fitting a child into the next best thing to his own home—a nursery where there is a continuing happy family — the therapy employed is mainly an application of the well-known principle of child psychology that the best way to overcome fright is to play over and over again the experiences that caused fear. Thus, the children beyond the baby stage have taken up air raid games, and more recently commando games, the 1943 equivalent of "cops and robbers" or "cowboys and Indians."

Cold
Sore Throat

Swallow one Paradol tablet. Gargle with two tablets dissolved in water. Go to bed and rest and sleep.

Soon the pains and aches disappear and you may avoid a disagreeable cold.

Paradol is a fast relief for headaches, neuralgia, toothache, rheumatic and sciatic pains. It is pleasant to use and leaves no disagreeable after effects.

Paradol does not disappoint.

DR. CHASE'S PARADOL
FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

IF BACK ACHES HELPS KIDNEYS

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys clean out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. The iron clad money-back agreement assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex from your druggist today.

Cystex
Helps Clean Kidneys

Grouse and Quail Scarce In Ontario

Sportsmen who have visited Northern Ontario this fall report that the ranks of the partridge (the American ruffed grouse) are becoming pretty well depleted, according to The Chatham News. Some years ago this splendid game bird, after a period of protection, increased in numbers and afforded some good hunting. Here in this section of Ontario they have been scarce this fall. Possibly the severe weather and heavy snowfall experienced last winter, which covered their food supply, destroyed some of them. Probably a good many others fell victim to the gunners. If the ruffed grouse are again to become plentiful in the swamps and on the wooded ridges they must be left undisturbed another year or two.

As to the quail or bob-white, it is very questionable whether there should again be an open season for thsi handsome game bird whose habitat in Ontario practically is confined to the southern corner. The quail falls easy prey to the gunner, and is but ill-equipped to make much of a fight for existence. The huntsmen could well leave the bob-whites unmolested, and confine their hunting to the partridge and the pheasant, which are better adapted to look out for themselves.

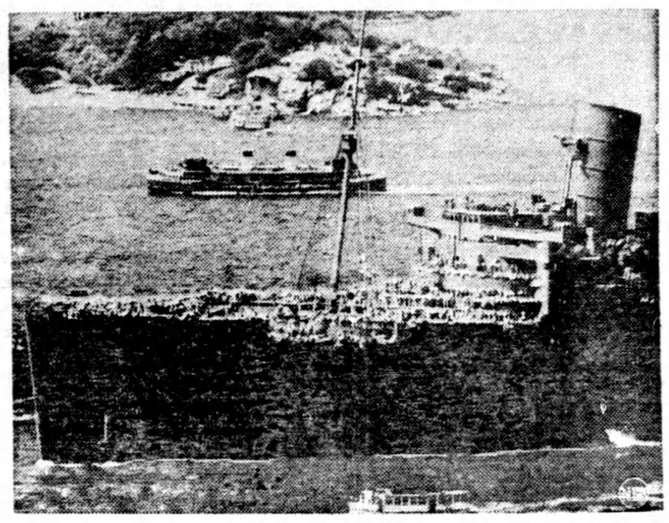
Armistice Coach Said Destroyed

The newspaper Aftonbladet quoted Swedish eyewitnesses as saying that last week's raids on Berlin had destroyed the famous French Compiegne railway coach in which the 1918 and 1940 armistices were signed.

The eyewitnesses said the Zeughaus (war museum) on Berlin's Unter den Linden, containing this and other war trophies, was leveled. The Germans signed their armistice in the coach at the end of World War I. In a theatrical gesture, Hitler forced the French to sign there in 1940.

MACDONALD'S
BRIER
Canada's Standard Smoke

QUEEN OF TRANSPORTS



Seldom photographed since she donned war paint and started ferrying Allied expeditionary forces to global battle fronts, the giant S.S. Queen Mary is pictured as loaded to the gunwales with troops she recently entered an unnamed port.

BLACK DAWN

By VICTOR ROSSEAU

CHAPTER XI
SYNOPSIS

Dave Bruce, out of a job, arrives at Wilbur Ferris' Cross-Bar ranch. Curran, the foreman, promises him a job if he can break a horse called Black Dawn. When he succeeds, he discovers Curran expected the horse to kill him. A girl named Lois rides up, angry with Dave for breaking "her" horse. She refuses to speak to Dave even when he uses his savings to pay off the mortgage on the small ranch she shares with her foster father, a man named Hooker. When Hooker is killed by a shot fired through the window, Lois has him arrested for murder. Faced with almost certain hanging, Dave is awaiting his trial when Curran goes to call on Lois.

"Well, Miss Lois, this shore is bad news," Curran said, and Lois could see that his face was blackened and his lip badly swollen from the beating that Dave had given him the day before.

"It doesn't make any difference now," said Lois gravely. "Hooker's dead. I guess you fellows are going to hang Dave Bruce."

"You betcha we are!" shouted Curran. "We don't aim to have no dirty murderers livin' and fattenin' in the jail at the expense of the town, and saddlin' us with the cost of a jury trial at Hampton. We always acted on that principle, and we're always goin' to do so. There's goin' to be some fun tonight, Miss Lois."

"I'll be there," said Lois.

"Meanin' yuh want to see the feller dance?"

* * *

Lois nodded. Curran looked at her curiously at first; then, as his eyes took in the lines of her slender body, his face flushed. He took another step toward her and stood looking down at her. She hardly reached to his shoulder.

"What yuh aimin' to do now yore dad's dead?" he asked, as the sheriff had done.

"I haven't made my plans," Lois answered. "I reckon I know how to mind my business, Mr. Curran."

Curran flushed. "Why the Mister?" he asked. "And how come you call yore dad Hooker?"

"Maybe you can tell as well as I can," answered Lois.

That was Curran's first intimation that she knew Hooker had not been her father. He had sense enough not to pursue the subject, but it acted like the fuse-cap on a stick of dynamite, clinching his resolution.

"You never acted very warm toward me, did yuh?" he asked.

"I don't know why I should," said Lois. "You were never a special friend of mine, as far as I remember."

"Maybe I could be," said the foreman. "Maybe I've tried to be. Listen. I guess you know I stand in purty well with Mr. Ferris. Fact is, he couldn't git rid of me even if he wanted to. It ain't no secret to you that Lonergan's got the mortgage on the Cross-Bar, and put me in to run it?"

* * *

Lois was silent, and Curran continued, "I shouldn't be s'prised if I was to be the owner of the Cross-Bar one of these days. Half-owner, anyways. And that time ain't so far away. I been watchin' you for a good while, Miss Lois. You're growed up to be a woman now. It ain't fair to yoreself, livin' up here in the hills and runnin' as wild as a scrub pony. And now Hooker's gone, yuh can't go on livin' here alone."

"What d'you want me to do about it?"

"I'll tell you what I been thinkin'," answered the foreman, supremely confident. "How about you and me gittin' hitched? You'll find yoreself livin' like a queen, compared to this."

"That's sure some picture you're drawin', Mr. Curran," answered Lois. "Only it don't seem to register somehow. I'd rather have my broncs."

Curran glared at her, a self-possessed little figure, standing erect in her chaps and stained overalls. With one hand he could have swung her into the air. Desire and thwarted will united in the resolve to overcome here, to break her, as Dave Bruce had broken Black Dawn.

* * *

He seized her in his arms and tried to press his lips to hers.

A resounding slap reddened the foreman's cheek. Lois broke away, confronting him with fists clenched and heaving breast.

"You try that trick again, Mr. Curran, and I'll set the herd on you," she said.

Curarn's glare had something of fear in it. He had seen enough of Lois' strange power over the wild broncs.

He turned away, went slowly back to where he had left his horse, climbed into the saddle. "You think over what I said," he called. "You'd be crazy to turn down a proposition like that. Think you'll be gittin' a better one, huh? I'll see yuh at the hangin', and I'll be comin' back here for my answer soon."

Lois watched him ride away. She felt perfectly secure. A whistle from her would have brought the herd running headlong with Black Dawn leading, a fighting, tearing, kicking, crunching fury.

"I hate him," she said to heresif. "You're bad medicine, Mr. Curran. I'm glad that you got beaten up yesterday."

(Continued Next Week)

"You try that trick again, Mr. Curran, and I'll set the herd on you."

SURPRISE CREAM FILLING

1½ tablespoons butter
1½ tablespoon s BENSON'S CANADA CORN STARCH or 1½ tablesponos lemon juice
¾ cup milk
¾ cup icing sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup shredded cocoanut or ½ cup crisp cooked cereal or ½ cup stale cake crumbs

Melt butter in saucepan; blend in corn starch, stirring to a smooth paste. Add milk and stir until boiling point is reached. Allow to boil for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add icing sugar, salt and lemon juice. Blend thoroughly. Cool and stir in cocoanut, crisp cereal or stale cake crumbs, before putting between layers of SALLY'S LAYER SPONGE CAKE.

There's No Short Cut to Victory

For nearly two years we have been bombing German cities many times more heavily than London was ever bombed. The Nazis haven't yet shown one definite sign of cracking, warns the Financial Post.

Three months ago we landed on the mainland of Italy. At no time have we registered a sustained advance of more than a few miles.

Along the whole coast of Western Europe the country is mined and studded with guns of all calibres to a depth of a hundred miles. To these formidable defences has now been added winter.

These facts do not point to any short cut to victory. As Prime Minister Churchill warned in London the other day, there is no indication that we can win this war without a staggering bill in blood and treasure.

It is possible that Germany might collapse before the armies of the Western democracies are called upon to face an Armageddon in Eastern Europe. But we would be blind fools to count on such an outcome; to ease in our war effort, to weaken our national capacity to withstand horror and disaster by assuming that we are now pretty well out of the woods.

Air Travel Speedy To Airman's Home

Here is an example of speedy air travel. Squadron Leader D. S. Florence, D.F.C., now serving as a navigator in the Atlantic Service operated by Trans-Canada Air Lines for the Canadian Government, not long ago reached his home in Edmonton just 52 hours after leaving a North British airport and only 37 hours were spent in travelling, times down at Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, North Bay, Winnipeg, Lethbridge and Calgary making up the remainder. The air distance covered in the trans-Atlantic crossing and Trans-Canada Air Lines flights represented approximately 5,600 miles.

DRESS UP YOUR BED

It's smart and the newest way to add glamour to your bedroom—the large pillow on your bed. This lovely one of simple popcorn medallions with matching edging will go with any type of spread. It positively gives it new beauty! Make a dresser scarf to match. Pattern 676 contains directions for square and edging; list of materials required.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly Pattern Number, your Name and Address.

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ISSUE No. 2—1944

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I'M A WARTIME CHILD!

Whole-Grain Quaker Oats Has the Vitality Element That's "Short" In Duration Diets!

Yes, Whole-Grain Oatmeal leads every natural cereal in protein—the great vitality factor that's meat's main element. Children must have it for normal growth. Adults must have it for stamina and to help fight fatigue.

No other natural cereal, hot or cold, restored or not, gives your family the protection of *real* Whole-Grain Oatmeal. So serve this hot, delicious Whole-Grain breakfast each morning.

Get a big economical package at your grocer's today!

The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited

QUAKER OATS

"Home-From-Home" For Johnny Canuck

Early this year Canadian airmen were posted to a spot near a picturesque Yorkshire village with old-world green, Maypole, duck pond and homely inn, says The Leeds Yorkshire Post. They found their way in due course to the inn, where the landlady was interested to hear them talking wistfully of corn-on-the-cob and other delicacies of their hometowns. She bought some maize seeds, planted them in the garden behind the inn, and eventually gathered and cooked genuine cobs for the delighted Canadians.

This is just one of the many stories the Canadian airmen tell about the inn where they enjoy the warmth of Yorkshire hospitality when off duty. Many of them, drafted away, come back to spend their leave in the village—and the inn. It is a home-from home for them.

For Eczema--Skin Troubles

Make up your mind today that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well. Go to any good drugstore to-day and get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil—it lasts many days because it is highly concentrated.

The very first application will give you relief—the itching of Eczema is quickly stopped—eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of Itching Toes and Feet, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum and other skin troubles.

Remember that Moone's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful penetrating Antiseptic Oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue. Complete satisfaction or money back.

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