

Mainly for Women

Timely Topics for Women

BY BARBARA BAINES

DEEP SUMMER

Even though you had no calendar upon which you could count the days, even though you were most unobservant of persons, you would know that it was midsummer. How could you tell? In a thousand ways! You would know because you can see the ripening wheat waving in the breeze; the oak standing tall, straight, full-headed and green; the meadows, bereft of their earlier crop, again looking inviting to the farm animals who nibble the short grass lazily.

Along country roads there are men out cutting the weeds, before the ripened seeds can be carried aloft by the wind, to grow unwanted another year in some farmer's oat field.

You can see the tiny wrens, on the hottest of days, struggling heroically to feed their hungry and fast-growing families. Other birds whose young have already out-grown their nests, are even now winging their way south to make ready their winter homes.

So many things tell you it is midsummer. Laughter floats from cottages empty many months of the year. Young folks, old folks and children wear strange and scanty garb, as they lie in the sun on the canvas-covered docks of Muskoka, or warm white sand along the shores of Lake Huron. Four o'clock on a warm afternoon will find thousands swimming, diving and splashing, or just bathing in the many inland lakes which nestle in clusters in so many sections of our country. Dogs from Vermont and Kentucky get acquainted with dogs from Tobemurry and must have a wonderful time comparing experiences. Children and grown-ups are maybe more shy, but they too make friends of people from distant places and learn something of how the summer is over. Behind the glove counter the girl is a lovely toast brown and her eyes are bright and clear. The girl standing beside her is pale and looks limp. The first is just back from the holiday at the lake, for which she has been saving and planning for weeks. She is full of the good times she has had. The other is impatiently awaiting the day when she can get away and join the crowd that helped make her vacation so gay last year.

Gardens everywhere are filled with the exotic, bright-coloured flowers of summer: the "orange lilies," gaillardia, delphinium, hollyhocks, the late roses. On the shelves in the fruit cupboard are jars of strawberry, raspberry and gooseberry jam standing in straight rows, and your fruit merchant tells you must do your cherries this week or you will be too late. The markets entice you to buy new green peas and beans and cauliflower and the first tomato is for sale. The tomatoes are beginning to taste like real tomatoes. And best of all, last night for dinner you had green apple pie.

Yes, it is deep summer, and a thousand times a thousands things tell you it is so.

WAR SERVICE

Hostess Houses

The Y.W.C.A. renders a unique service to soldiers and airmen and their families through their Hostess Houses. Many of the men of our fighting forces are married, so that when men march off to war, only half the heartbreak is told. What of their wives and children, their mothers and sweethearts? Hostess Houses provide a centre where these women can meet and visit with their soldiers when they are off duty in the States.

The national Y.W.C.A. has already established over a dozen such centres at army and airforce camps across Canada. You will find them at Camp Borden, Trenton, Niagara Falls, Petawawa, St. John, Valcartier, Windsor Mills, Brandon, Vancouver and other points.

The typical Hostess House is built in a park area — where tall trees provide shade for picnic tables. Each contains an office and an information desk, one or more large visiting rooms and a place for babies to sleep. Often there is a large marquee on the grounds and of course a snack shop and refreshment shop where you can get a cup of tea, a light lunch or cigarettes.

In some places only facilities for daytime visiting are needed. In others the Y.W.C.A. provides overnight accommodation for women who come from a distance, in their own residences or through a rooms registry bureau. In many centres the boys scout take advantage of the opportunity to render service and run messages or do errands.

In some places only facilities for daytime visiting are needed. In others the Y.W.C.A. provides overnight accommodation for women who come from a distance, in their own residences or through a rooms registry bureau. In many centres the boys scout take advantage of the opportunity to render service and run messages or do errands.

The officers of the Auxiliary Services are the link between the association and the army or airforce. From them the Y takes its orders. So important do the army officers consider the services of the Hostess Houses in keeping up the morale of the men, that when a new camp is opened they ask the Y to have one built — and the Y gets busy. Donations of money and furnishings are usually obtained from interested individuals or organizations in the district. The Y is grateful for the support they have received from the public.

H.E.H. Princess Alice, Duchess of Athlone, has consented to become patroness of the National Council of the Y.W.C.A. which sponsors this war service. Each week the Hostess Houses administer to thousands of Canadian troops and their families and friends and are greatly appreciated by them.

BOOK REVIEW

Mine Inheritance — By Frederick Niven
Mine Inheritance is the first Canadian novel to have been chosen by the Book Society of London as the Book of the Month, and anyone reading it will agree it is worthy of the honour.

It is the story of the Belkirk Settlement in the rich valley at the confluence of the Red and Assiniboia Rivers in Manitoba. In 1812 Scotch crofters evicted from their homes to make way for great sheep farms came out to the new world. They brought their wives, children and livestock on the long sea voyage through Hudson's Bay to York Factory, and thence by river and lake to the site of the colony bought by Lord Belkirk from the Hudson's Bay Company.

But the settlement was doomed to failure. Misfortune and mismanagement turned the venture into a tragedy. Promised supplies were not ready for them on their arrival. They, because they were farmers, incurred the active ill-will of the white inhabitants of that vast area, who made their living by fur-trading.

The central character of the story is David Baxter a young clerk who becomes secretary to Capt. Miles Macdonnell, first Governor of Assiniboia. He comes out with the advance party to get ready for the settlers, but they were held up almost a year at York Factory. He watches the new arrivals take root and participate in their feud with the North West Co., fur-traders. Finally, he sees many of them leave, after enduring great hardships and discouragement, to make new homes for themselves in Upper Canada and he observes the destruction of the vacated farms.

Meanwhile Baxter falls in love with and marries a Scots-Indian beauty and varied personal disasters overtake him.

Frederick Niven has drawn for us a realistic picture of this early

On Children's Day We Rule



By BETTY BARCLAY

This day is set aside for little Billy and Betty. Serve the foods they love — within reason. Forget those "necessary" and "good-for-you" foods for just one day. The recipes below will aid when you prepare this "royal" feast:

Orange Honey Ambrosia Salad (Serves 1)
Dig 4 or 5 orange slices in slightly warmed honey which has been placed in a flat bowl or saucer. Then dip both sides of slices in coconut. Arrange on a bed of lettuce and garnish with dots of canned or maraschino cherry pieces or with whole fresh cherries or unhusked strawberries.

Children's Delight
1 package vanilla rennet powder
1 pint milk (not canned or soft curd)
4 or 5 canned apricot halves
Make rennet-curd according to directions on package. When ready to serve top each rennet-curd with a canned apricot half, rounded side up.

Frappe Pineapple Juice with Fruit Kabobs
Place a fruit kabob, made by alternating canned Hawaiian pineapple gems and red maraschino cherries on a long cocktail toothpick, in a tall slender glass. Fill $\frac{1}{2}$ full with crushed ice. Pour in canned unweetened Hawaiian pineapple juice to fill glass. Garnish with a sprig of mint.

PATENTS ON CHICKENS — MOST EFFICIENT MAN-MADE MACHINE

An article in *The American Weekly* with the August 4 issue of *The Detroit Sunday Times*, tells of efforts to protect the outstanding hens since scientific human brains have built them up from a mealy 12 to 15 eggs a year to about one a day—and points out that hens' brains had nothing to do with it because the dumbest hen can lay the most eggs. Be sure to get *The Detroit Sunday Times*.

Come in and see us for attractively printed wedding invitations, calling cards, etc.

The Perfect Thirst Quencher

"SALADA" Iced Tea

Warton Editor Helps the Neighborhood Workers

This week we have added to our exchange list the Warton "Canadian Echo," and we find it one of the better of the Ontario weeklies. After the death of her husband some years ago, Mrs. A. C. Duncan stepped into his shoes as editor and publisher, and she is doing a really fine job. One feature of the paper each week is a column called "As a Woman Sees It," written by the versatile Mrs. Duncan. We find her description of her little guests sent from Toronto by the Neighborhood Workers so interesting that we are taking the liberty of reprinting her column this week.

They went and both made purchases and started in to bat with vim and vigor. Alas! Bolo bats are not endowed with endurance. It was no time until the bolo separated from the bat and every few minutes either Jeannie or Dodie came for a repair job on the playing. The woman's handy tool, a body pin, was called into service and the bats were mended with wailing enthusiasm. Finally, Jeannie batted her ball into the woodshed and it sunk into oblivion among the sticks. Such walls as rent the air—there was no comfort—Jeannie hadn't had her fill of bolo bating. She would not be comforted. Then Dodie, who may become a capitalist, SOLD her equipment to Jeannie for the sum of ten cents and Jeannie went to bat again. But there was no doubt about who owned the bat, Jeannie had allowed to Dodie—Jeannie had bought out her rights and maintained full possession; she put the bat under the cushion of her chair at mealtime and ate her meals with it safely beneath her.

In response to the Neighborhood Workers' plea for homes for Toronto's underprivileged many Warton homes have been opened in recent years to these youngsters. We have never been in a position to do this and have contented ourselves by sending a donation to help with the financial end of the business. However, this year with two daughters at home we were persuaded to take a couple of children.

The girls sent in the request for two little girls aged around five and seven. A grateful letter came in response and the following week we were notified that our proteges were on the way and would come by bus. The Durcans were on the quivive and sure enough at 2.45 the bus from Owen Sound pulled in with the two little girls; Doreen was the seven-year-old girl and Jeannie, the five. They had their coats on and a pink and a blue sunbonnet topped their heads and proved that they were really travellers from afar. Wasn't it Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, who said that it was a real journey if you pack your nightdress. Well, it was a real journey for Doreen and Jeannie for they had their night-dresses and indeed all their worldly possessions.

They were thrilled with the bus ride and with the kindness of the bus men who had treated nobly to pop and cones and really made a good feeling of himself and is looked upon as one of the heroes of the world by our little guests who were the proud possessors of a time apiece unheaped of affluence to five and seven-year-olds.

Apparently the all-absorbing interest in the Toronto circles in which the girls move was a Bolo Bat. To those who initiate them are the small bats with a ball attached by an elastic which binds the ball back to take another batting every time it is struck. The girls had evidently longed with all the ardour of their being for a bolo bat and here they were longed — the first words spoken when they landed were "We are going to buy a bat" and the first store they saw that looked like a "bat" store in

settlement and its first inhabitants.

People in town might remember that it is still not too late to give some kiddie a real summer vacation. A letter to the Country Homes Department, Neighborhood Workers' Association, 22 Wellesley Street, Toronto, describing the age and sex you prefer, and a letter from your clergyman, and you will help a city child escape the summer heat.

settlement and its first inhabitants.

JUDITH ROBINSON IN THE WEEKLIES

Judith Robinson, tempestuous ex-columnist in the Toronto Globe and Mail, is now writing a syndicated weekly column which is being syndicated to Canadian weeklies. This column, which first appeared in the Fort Erie Times-Review is now being offered to any paper which subscribes to it. This week the Kincaid News joins the group.

Much as we would like this column for the Herald, we find the price beyond reach of our budget. We don't always agree with everything Miss Robinson says, but even so, her column makes interesting reading.

RUMOUR CAUSES EXCITEMENT

Somehow or other, a rumour circulated through town a few weeks ago that Laurence Olivier and Vivian Leigh were negotiating to purchase the lovely farm home of Col. D. H. C. Mason near Georgetown. Now we learn that Vivian has purchased a farm near Bronte, and will bring her parents out from England to live there.

Baby Heaven

By ILA LEWIS
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"I HAVE just the place you are looking for!" confided the real estate agent. "No radio playing after eleven p. m., no saxophones, no dogs or musical students allowed — why, you couldn't ask for a quieter place than Bayberry Haven!"

"What was the name?" inquired my wife in a startled tone. "Oh—I see." She added. "For just a moment I thought you said 'Baby Heaven!'"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the agent, in what I thought at the time was a remarkably hollow tone, "Ha! ha! ha!"

And so we moved to Bayberry Haven. A little far-out, but sunlight in every room, an outside entrance to every apartment, and a real grass lawn in the middle.

"Welcome to Baby Heaven!" cried the iceman gayly as my wife let him in at the front door the next morning.

And Baby Heaven it was. As I ran for my train in the morning, I would leap over a toy automobile, broad jump over eight kiddie cars in a row, pole vault over a scooter bike, and roll merrily down the sidewalk with two roller skates under one foot.

True, there was no radio playing after eleven at night. There were no dogs, there were no saxophones, there were no musical students. But there was no law against the infant above us, and the infant below us, and the infant to the right of us, and the infant to the left of us, taking regular turns all night to disrupt the peace and quiet for which I had come to Bayberry Haven.

Sometimes, when starting out in the morning, I would look about me at the beautiful sunshine and at the little porch of green lawn, and I would determine to ask some of the boys from the office out to dinner that night, so the poor city-bound oafs could see what a blade of grass looked like.

But ah, the kiddies! The kiddies! By dinner time, what with their abandoned dollies, and their lost caps, and their paper airplanes—you know, you fold up little pieces of paper and sail them all over the place and hear the janitor swear—well, what with them scattered knees deep all over our little green lawn space, I don't believe the boys from the office ever did get to see a blade of grass.

And the chalk marks on the walk! How my friend, Hobbsnotch, of the Evening Graphones, used to pore over them! He was writing his book then—you know, "Sally in Our Back Alley"—and of course he wanted to get it suppressed in Boston. He needed the money. He has claimed ever since, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, that his success dates from the first time I asked him out to dinner and heard the words that the innocent little kiddies had chalked on my front steps.

One Saturday afternoon I went to the grocery store on an errand for my wife. I thought at first I was back on the East Side. But I soon realized that they were not push carts—they were baby buggies. A sea of baby buggies. I counted eighteen of them in one block. You can depend on the number, because I am a certified public accountant.

If you saw a young couple strolling down to the grocer's without a baby buggy, you just knew that they had one at home, with a nice-reliable, colored girl-by-the-hour-that-loves-children wheeling it up and down the sidewalk.

Or if they didn't have any baby buggy at all, you knew that Santa Claus had them down on his list, and they would find one in a stocking on Christmas morning.

I should have known it would be like that. I should have known that every couple with one or two or three or four or five children—or even those young couples whose mamas are still squabbling over which one shall make the bassinet—I should have known that they would all move out here: It's so good for the children, you know.

And so the stork hovers over Bayberry Haven constantly. It's not able, colored girl-by-the-hour, and the fresh air. And you know how it is, in an epidemic of that sort you begin to get panic-stricken. Fear of contagion; force of example; power of suggestion; and all that sort of thing. You, too, may fall a victim!

A stork, after all, is only human. Or inhuman, whichever way you look at it. He might, some day, get mixed up in his chimneys. And, frankly speaking, being a man who is fond of his peace and quiet, I had rather be elsewhere when it happened.

So that is why, last week, we gave notice to the landlord that we were leaving Bayberry Haven on the first of the month.

But only this morning my wife whispered to me that it might be just as well to stay.

Refining Petroleum
Petroleum may now be refined economically, without the use of excessive heat, by using liquid propane as a precipitating agent for the heavier parts of the oil. It was disclosed at a recent American Chemical Society meeting.



Here's How!

Make a break! Treat yourself to a carefree holiday in Ontario's beloved lakes and pine-scented breezes. Learn all you care to about — relax on one of your rides in luxury over scenic highways — travel by bus.

Vacations with all expenses paid and all arrangements made: 2 Days, Pow-Wow Point, \$21.99; 9 Days, Georgian Bay, New Windsor Hotel and Muskoka Lakes, \$32.95; 9 Days, Dalmeny Falls, \$38.85; 8 Days, Wignacott Lodge, \$32.28. Rates include return fare from Toronto.

"Vacation Tours" describes these and many other attractive holiday tours, 1 day to 9 days — motor coach and steamer tours, luxurious hotel vacations, and visits to the big cities. Ask for your copy to-day.

Don Travel Bureau will send you a free "See It, Enjoy It, Buy It" booklet regarding convenient daily service to Toronto's lakeside resorts and to the Lakes and the big cities. All Don Travel Information at

W. H. LONG — Phone 89