

Right Ideas About "Growing Up"

By EDITH L. REID

"You forgot something," Mother called to Gerald as he left the dinner table to join his playmates in the yard.

With reluctant feet and half sulking, Gerald came back. "When I grow up I'll never fold my napkin," he said, crumpling a rather rumpled piece of linen into the ring, and banging the door by way of emphasizing his resentment.

"When I grow up I won't wear rubbers over," pouted Betty Lou, when reminded of the wet sidewalks as she started to school.

"Teachers only have to ask questions—they don't have to learn any old multiplication tables," grumbled Joe, as he struggled over the "nines."

"When I grow up, I won't have any books except about knights and airplanes."

These expressions of rebellion and dozens of others similar in tone are heard all too often by parents and teachers. Children complain about restrictions and what they regard as the freedom of adulthood.

Such a condition of mind is annoying to those who have the training of boys and girls. But the truth is that the child's attitude toward the future and its privileges is determined in early years by those in authority.

Unless the folding of the napkin at the table implies more than mere social conformity, it will very soon lack interest for the small boy. Let Mother introduce this habit as a test of advancement in ability to do things.

"I believe you are almost big enough to fold your napkin now without anyone to help you match the corners. Let's try it for two days and see just how well you can do."

After the two days the time may be extended to a week, always with the challenge to his growing powers of responsibility. This manner of training removes the idea of a command. From a mere rule of etiquette folding a napkin might become to Gerald an opportunity to display development.

And as to the wearing of rubbers, Betty Lou's mother may almost entirely remove this worry by making this a milestone in her small daughter's judgment and self-reliance.

"I believe you are old enough to decide whether you need to wear rubbers, dear. If I am not mistaken you can see when it is cloudy and when the walks are damp just as well as I can. So I am going to give you this 'growing up' privilege this week. You may prove to me whether I am right."

When the week is ended, Mother may again say, "Well, you did pretty well, but just to show you are really ready for this responsibility all the time, we will try the plan one more week."

At this very point Betty Lou begins to sense that "growing up" is not throwing off rules, but learning to apply them through personal choice. By such a course the child loses the false notion that to grow up is to "do as I please." Growing up becomes a dignifying experience of every day.

When mothers hold out responsibility as a trophy to be won by diligence and acclaimed as an accomplishment, good habits and resourcefulness will result. Resentment will die unborn or become submerged in the zest of worthy performance.—Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 3 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.

Secretary Bird Not Intimidated By Snakes

A jaunty-looking bird, adorned with feathers on its head, like an Indian, is called the Secretary Bird, because someone has thought it resembled a person carrying quill pens behind his ears. It inhabits Southern Africa, and is a deadly and effective enemy to serpents, which constitute its main item of diet. Poisonous serpents are nothing in its young life. It merely guards with its wing, when a serpent rises to the attack, and with its wing dashes the snake to the ground, finishing it off with its powerful beak. If the snake, like Charles II, seems unconsciously long in dying, the bird grabs it by the neck, rises to a great height and drops it.

Snakes, however, are not its only food. Lizards, turtles and insects, besides snakes, are found in the stomachs of the birds. Frogs and toads are also on its menu. It has long legs, and can travel with amazing speed, which has caused the Arabs to call it "Ferras Seytan," or devil's horse. It is about three feet in length, and a slate gray in color. It builds a nest in the top of a tall tree, and deposits two or three large white eggs. Because of its usefulness in destroying serpents, a fine was at one time imposed on anyone found shooting one.—From "The Humane Pleader."

Lethbridge, Alberta.—Sugar beets grown on phosphated fields have matured more rapidly than those grown on untreated fields, according to T. George Wood, district manager, who said that the sugar factory at Raymond is exceeding its expected silage capacity, and will likely average 1,650 tons of beets a day.

This year's world output of gold is estimated at \$404,000,000.

Woman's Fortitude

Forces Herself to Smile Through Pain.

"I never seem to find time to rest," says many an overworked housewife. Under smiles and forced cheerfulness she conceals weariness and nervous depression; headaches and back-aches. Often she is in real pain, but still refuses to give up. This very fortitude is apt to be her undoing. If she continues to neglect the signals of distress she will sooner or later suffer a serious breakdown.

A noted doctor has stated that nine-tenths of the ills of womanhood are due to poor blood. That anemia is the cause of the low spirits, the poor appetite and palpitation that make life a burden for so many.

There is no need, however, for women to suffer in this way. All the miseries of anemia can be banished by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills create an abundance of new, rich, red blood and this new blood will bring strength and vitality to nervous, overtired women. The Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Oil Age Gives New Speed To World, Says Leacock

Montreal—The modern era is distinguished from all others by man's use of the products made from crude oil, and hence this is the "Oil Age," according to Stephen Leacock, lecturer and professor of political economy at McGill University here.

Petroleum was known for centuries. Mr. Leacock says, but the modern uses for it were not discovered until the nineteenth century. Modern scientists, while they agree with Mr. Leacock in recognizing the discovery of oil and its importance as a basic product, stress man's ingenuity in perfecting methods of scientific refining, and attach secondary significance to the quality of the crude as it comes from the ground.

With the appearance of oil, says Mr. Leacock, "all the world was speeded up." The globe seemed to shrink beneath our feet. Its vastness was all gone. From end to end it was searched and ransacked for oil. The white winged plane and the motor boat brought all civilization into one. The motor car unified the world and turned the jungle into highways."

Though crude oil has been known for centuries, it remained for modern man to learn how to make it into really useful products.

Now and then, when time hangs heavily on our hands, we indulge in idle, foolish thoughts, and just at this moment we are wondering whether, three or four years hence, Colonel Lindbergh will not experience some trouble in conquering the heir.

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1200 Rooms each with Bath and Servidor
ROOM AND BATH—3.00 UP

TOO MUCH ACID

may be causing those frequent headaches



WHEN there's too much acid in your stomach, you must force yourself to work, and even pleasures are too great an effort. Appetite lags; the digestion is poor; the whole system suffers.

Laboratory tests show an acid condition is due to errors in our modern diet. But you need not wait to diet your way out of the trouble! Take a tablespoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

This will neutralize the excess acid instantly; make you feel like a new person in just a few moments.

Take a little whenever heartburn, sick headaches, nausea, flatulence, indigestion or biliousness show the digestive system is becoming too

Be Yourself!

Know what you want and take it. Don't dither all the day; But if you cannot make it, Then put the hope away. Don't spend your time repining For what you cannot gain, Accept the silver lining In every cloud of rain.

Know what you mean, and say it; Don't use another's phrase. In kindness convey it, Your censure or your praise. Consider your opinion; Don't take it ready made. Your mind's your own domain; To think don't be afraid.

Know what's your job, and do it With all your heart and power; Don't merely shuffle through it With one eye on the hour. For every occupation Is worth while doing well; There's such a sure exaltation In knowing you excel.

Be what you are sincerely. Not aping other men. Pretending you are really One of the upper ten. No matter what your station, 'Tis character which tells; 'Tis not the shop location But what it stocks that sells.

—A. M. F.

Mighty Things

I would not do the many mighty things, But rather stay from out the mad crowd's throng. To find a beggar-man whose days are long And share my meal as if we two were kings.

To find a child, and still its sorrowing; Uplift its head and make a right each wrong, Or pluck a wayside flower to breathe a song Unto the child, which just a flower sings.

It is the many little things we do That are the truly mighty things of life. Unmissed by us, some kindness to impart, To find in later years that we may, too, Feed on those when shadowed days are rife, And find the flower growing in our heart.

—R. A. Hamilton.

Music of Night

Between the hours of dusk and dark, I paused before a forest dense, The leaves were still, no sound, no stir, And trees stood grim in stern defense.

When darkness fell I turned to go— A halting breath, a minor strain, I thought I saw a moving form, And then I heard a weird refrain.

My pulses leaped, my heart was taut, I seemed to feel your kiss once more, And heard your deep voice say, "My love, May I have just one wee encore?"

Was fancy, playing me a trick, Or branches weaving shadow lace? The music rose in lilting notes, And I was sure I saw your face.

The notes were plaintive, fainter now, Bright moon shafts crept across the dew, I looked again, no one was here— Did I see Pan or was it you? —"Flaming Olive."

Doctor—"Say ninety-nine twice." Patient—"One hundred and ninety-eight."

Cynthia: "Are you engaged to Harold?" Clara: "Oh, no; I've only got first refusal of him."

Tiny Tot Travels Alone



Three thousand miles by ocean steamer and a further 1400 miles over land—all the way from Edinburgh to Winnipeg, has no terrors for little Joyce Braidwood, aged 3½, who recently sailed unaccompanied by Canadian Pacific liner Duchess of Atholl, from Glasgow to Montreal. Canadian Pacific transportation services once more took care of her at the latter city and conveyed her to waiting friends at Winnipeg with whom she will live.

Owl Laffs

The Turkey

It saddens me to see the turkey As, with mind upon his work, he Views with undisguised dismay The coming of Thanksgiving Day.

For cranberry cause him much alarm, Chestnuts give him collywobblers, Writhing from him most plaintive gobblers.

His sojourn sad and grim, No kindly Providence for him, No hope is his save that his breast May lie beneath an alien vest.

Beautiful Daughter—"Well, I proposed to Harold myself tonight." Her Mother—"You must be mad!" Beautiful Daughter—"You're darned right I am! He turned me down."

While we are on the subject, we might say one trouble with young people to-day is that they do too much petting, and another trouble with their parents is that they do not do enough.

Paul—"Give me a kiss or I'll sock you over the head and take one anyway." Pauline—"I'll not give you a kiss—and don't dare hit me too hard!"

Isn't We All? The scene was the smoking room on a popular train. The newcomer offered his package of cigarettes to the only occupant, but his offer was declined with:

Occupant—"No, thanks, just finished one. Or rather, six would be more like it, but I've got to do something to keep my mind off of business."

Newcomer—"Business not so good?" Occupant—"Not so good? (grouchingly) It's terrible! Every merchant I've visited this week is complaining. Some of 'em spent an hour or more giving me the gruesome details, and now they've got me feeling the same way."

Newcomer—"I don't see how they can do it." Occupant—"Do what?" Newcomer—"Spend an hour talking about 'business conditions'."

Occupant—"No business coming in, I tell you—nothing else to do. You don't understand."

Newcomer—"I'm afraid I don't. I'm a local merchant, but I'm so busy taking care of my business I haven't had time to learn of this slump you speak of. Matter of fact, my business for the first nine months of this year exceeded that of last year."

Occupant—"Say, are you just handing me Pollyanna stuff to cheer me up, or is this on the level?"

Newcomer—"I don't see any reason why I would want to 'kid' you; I never saw you before, and it will probably be better for my morale if I never do again."

Occupant—"I'm sorry, stranger, I'm just down in the dumps, and I forgot myself. Here, have one of my cigarettes, and then tell me how you put it over."

Newcomer—"Put it over? I didn't know I was doing anything unusual, and so never stopped to analyze the reasons."

Occupant—"Well, now that you've heard my story, I wish you'd try." (Deep silence for a minute or two.)

Newcomer—"About two months ago, I wrote two contractors saying that I would like to built an addition to my home, giving me an extra bedroom and a sleeping porch with an enlarged kitchen and breakfast room on the first floor. One has made no reply, and the other waited three weeks, only to tell me that he was 'tied up' on a big contract. Two weeks ago I arranged to have my home re-decorated, beginning the following Monday. The decorator has not shown up yet. The man who cleans my basement every fall, tends my furnace, carries out the ashes, etc., has not put in an appearance this fall, despite my frequent calls and his equally frequent

Banish pain with Minard's Liniment.

promises. I telephoned three times for a man to come and see a car that needed repairing and overhauling and putting in running condition. He never came."

Occupant—"But how has that helped your business?"

Newcomer—"It hasn't. Because of their utter lack of interest, I've cancelled all of these jobs and am now looking for men who are ready to do business. The point I'm trying to make is that business isn't good with some folks because they aren't good to their business."

Snow

White are the far-off plains, and white The fading forests grow; The world dies out along the height, And denser still the snow; A gathering weight on roof and tree, Falls down scarce audibly.

The meadows and far-sheeted streams Lie still without a sound; Like some soft minister of dreams The snow-fall hoods me round; In wood and water, earth and air, A silence everywhere.

The evening deepens, and the gray Folds closer earth and sky; The world seems shrouded for away; Its noises sleep, and I, As secret as you buried stream, Plod dully on, and dream.

—Archibald Lampman.

Guard the Children from Autumn Colds

The fall is the most severe season of the year for colds—one day is warm, the next cold and wet, and unless the mother is on her guard, the little ones are seized with colds that may hang on all winter. Bob's Own Tablets are mothers' best friend in preventing or banishing colds. They act as a gentle laxative, keeping the bowels and stomach free and sweet. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent colds, or if it does come on suddenly their prompt use will relieve the baby. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

How to Avoid Cold Feet You can avoid cold feet this winter by lengthening your blankets and comforters so that they will tuck in securely, since so few rarely come long enough.

Take a strip of unbleached muslin 12 inches wide and as long as your blanket or comforter is made. Attach it securely across the bottom of your blanket or comforter, having first had the other three sides hem-stitched in the color of your bedding or else blind stitched or done in colored feather stitching.

Duel of Generosity Merchant—"Look here, you've been owing me this bill for a year. I'll meet you half-way. I'm ready to forget half what you owe." Debtor—"Fine! I'll meet you, I'll forget the other half."—Kennebec Journal.

Teacher—"If you had a little more spunk you would stand better in your classes. Do you know what 'spunk' is?" Willie—"Yes, the past tense of 'spank'."

Wife: "Pardon me, dear, did I take the words right out of your mouth?" Husband: "No; you took them wrong, as usual."

The soothing, cooling touch that brings comfort to the babe

Cuticura Talcum
The newest of the Cuticura preparations. With a background of 50 years of depend- able quality and service. 25c. Everywhere

Take one TONIGHT Wake up RIGHT

Cascarets
"THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP"

Quick for BILIOUSNESS SLUGGISHNESS

DO YOU SUFFER FROM CONSTIPATION?

Countless remedies are advertised for constipation. Many relieve for the moment but they are habit forming and must be continued. Others contain calomel and dangerous mineral drugs, which remain in the system, settle in the joints and cause aches and pains. Some are harsh purgatives which cramp and gripe and leave a depressed after effect.

Avoid lubricating oils which only grease the intestines and encourage nature's machinery to become lazy.

A purely vegetable laxative such as Carter's Little Liver Pills, gently touches the liver, bile starts to flow, the bowels move gently, the intestines are thoroughly cleansed and constipation poisons pass away. The stomach, liver and bowels are now active and the system enjoys a real tonic effect. All druggists 25c and 75c red pkgs.

for ANY CHILD

WE can never be sure just what makes a child restless, but the remedy can always be the same. Good old Castoria! There's comfort in every drop of this pure vegetable preparation, and not the slightest harm in its frequent use. As often as your child has a fretful spell, is feverish, or cries and can't sleep, let Castoria soothe and quiet him. Sometimes it's a touch of colic. Sometimes constipation. Or diarrhea—a condition that should always be checked without delay. Just keep Castoria handy, and give it promptly. Relief will follow very promptly; if it doesn't, you should call a physician.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Who said "Blue Monday?"

WASHDAY—hardest in the week for many women. Especially if there are children.

But it needn't be "blue." When you begin to feel tired, make yourself a cup of tea. It will rest you!

RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea" 116

TWO QUALITIES -- RED LABEL & ORANGE PEKOE

Last of Ridds Leave Lorna Doone Country

Oare, Eng.—Come Michaelmas, and Tom Ridd, of "Lorna Doone" fame, moved from Yenworthy Farm, where his people had resided for generations. In moving, Ridd severs century-old family connections with the history of the territory in which the story of Lorna Doone was laid.

One of the almost priceless items of Ridd's household effects is the long-barreled flintlock gun, reputed to be the one with which Carver Doone wounded Lorna while she was marrying John Ridd at Oare church. Ridd will take a place near Devon in "hopes of bettering" himself. His removal ends the list of Ridds who have served as churchwardens in this lonely Exmoor village.

"A stranger comes to farm the place," Ridd said. "Such is 1930."

Light Upper A black velour suit has the loveliest dress, made of a skirt of the velour with the front panel extending up almost to yoke line and buttoning onto a green off-white broadcloth satin blouse.

Patent Advertising WANTED—A THOUSAND BRITISHERS to get prices for sending apples overseas for Christmas. Write "The Man From Kent," Drawer A, Burlington, Ont.

TOULOUSE GEESSE EITHER SEN. \$5 each. Two geese laid 50 cents. Hugh Hyslop, Glanford, Ontario.

She—"My husband is impervious to beauty." Girl friend—"I wondered why he didn't flirt with me."

DEPRESSION "I'm a different woman"

Two years ago I began to get depressed, and everything was too much trouble for me. I was a misery to myself and everyone around me. I was advised to take Glauber Salt by my friends who said it was the same as Kruschen but it did me no good, so at last my husband got me a bottle of Kruschen and no one would realize the different woman I am. I have been taking Kruschen now constantly for two years. My daughter also would not be without it. I have got my neighbour to take Kruschen as well and she has found its worth as she feels a different woman.

(Mrs. G. A. K.) The commonest cause of depression is partial constipation—an insidious complaint because the sufferer is seldom aware of it. It means the gradual accumulation of body poisons which dull the mind, damp the spirits, sap the nervous strength and lower the whole vitality. Kruschen Salts make constipation impossible. Therefore, if you keep to Kruschen you need never know the meaning of melancholy; never feel "nervy" or depressed.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

MINARD'S LINIMENT is recommended in cases of bronchial irregularity. Rub it on the affected parts, and inhale it as necessity dictates.

Weak After Operation "I was very weak after an operation. My nerves were so bad I would sit down and cry and my husband would not go out and leave me alone. Now my nerves are much better, thanks to a booklet that was left under the door. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound surely put me on my feet. I have taken eight bottles. My friends tell me I look fine. My sister has taken this medicine too."—Mrs. Ann Walton, 67 Stanley St., Kingston, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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