

Kitchen Memories

Many a man, I am sure, who never in his mature life thinks emotionally of his own kitchen, still keeps a tender memory of some kitchen of his early youth. It may have been his mother's, his grandmother's, or his Aunt Susan's; and not often, but once in a great while, something reminds him of it. His thoughts hark back, and he touches, in his own degree, the emotion of Uncle Felix (whom you will remember if you have ever read "The Extra Day") alone at night in Mrs. Horton's kitchen.

"And Uncle Felix traveled backwards against the machinery of time that cheats the majority so easily with its convention and moving hands and ticking voice and moving stars and visages. He slid swiftly down the long banister-descent of years, and reached in a flash that old somber Yorkshire kitchen, and stood, four-foot nothing, face smudged and fingers storked, beside the big deal table with the dying embers of the grate upon his right. His heart was beating. He could just reach the juicy cake without standing on a chair. He ate the very slice that he had eaten forty years ago. It was possible to have your cake and eat it too!"

For my own part—and no doubt each backward traveler has his particular kitchen memory—I ate the crisp brown beans off the top of the bean-pot. It was a sort of ceremonial, a Saturday-night function, irrespective of whatever menial might at the time be in official charge of our kitchen. The baking of the beans was never altogether trusted to a mental. My mother, last thing before bed, would go out to the kitchen, lighting her way with a kerosene lamp; and I with her. We put the lamp on the table; we opened the oven door—and all over the kitchen spread the delectable, mouth-watering aroma of the baking bean. We took out the bean-pot. Then we scraped off the crisp top layer of the beans into a saucer. And these we ate!

There is a homely, cheery informality about a kitchen; and if the lady of the house will take you there herself, some rainy afternoon in the country, and serve tea on the clean, plain table, and let you butter the toasted crackers yourself, with all the butter you please, why, for my part, I ask no more this side of paradise. To use a quaint old obsolete word I like to be "kitchened."

—Ralph Bergengren, in "The Comforts of Home."

Ploughman

I turn the leaf-green down Gaily now,
And paint the meadow brown
With my plow.

I dream with silvery gull
And I razed crew.
A thing that is beautiful
I may know.

Tranquility walks with me
And no care.
O, the quiet ecstasy
Like a prayer.

I find a star-lovely art
In a sod.
Joy that is timeless! O heart
That knows God!
—Patrick Kavanagh, in Irish Statesman.

When Smoking Was a Crime

The earliest instance known of penalizing smoking in the streets is mentioned in the court books of the Mayor of Methwold, in Norfolk. There is the following entry on the record of the court held on October the fourteenth, 1695—"We agree that any person that is taken smoking tobacco in the street shall forfeit one shilling for every time so taken, and it shall be lawful for the petty constables to distrain for the same, for to be put to the uses above said (i.e., to be used of the town). We present Nicholas Barber for smoking in the street, and do amerce him one shilling." The same rule was repeated at courts held in the years 1696 and 1699, but no other fine is mentioned at any subsequent court.

International Not National!

St. Paul Pioneer Press: The United States has given the doctrine of strict political isolation from Europe a thorough trial in the past ten years. For a decade America acted as though the rest of the world were simply a place in which to unload its surplus goods, tourists and capital. The final result is that in the year 1931 the United States has suspended the war debt payments because it could not collect them whatever it did in sending a representative to sit in the Council of the League and is anxiously hoping to find some way of restoring the international credit system. The world depression has furnished proof that the United States has failed to keep itself economically isolated from the world; the Japanese affair proves that it has not been able to maintain political isolation.

One trouble with the bride in that she can't help comparing the man she married with the one who got away. —Dallas News.

Owl Laffs

Something Tells Me
That the square dance used to be a round of pleasure.
That too many tourists let their guide be their conscience.
That there is no cure for a man's cure.
That every book has a book end.
That they hold tournaments so that all the people who think they are good can find out about it.
That gossipers are expert in their line.
That a good sword-swallowing act can be seen at any lunch-wagon around meal time.
That trouble-shooters should exploit their services in a big way.

Lucky Bride
From a wedding announcement in a Warren, O. newspaper: Mr. and Mrs. H. — will go to housekeeping on Elm Road. They have many friends to extend good wishes.

Among the girls simplified dressing is making a good showing. . . . Once upon a time there were two Irishmen. There are lots of them now. . . . No man ever loved a woman when he was busy or had the toothache. . . . A bachelor friend of ours has had fever so badly he sneezes when passing a grass widow. . . . How dear old ladies are shocked to see girls do the things they vainly longed to do at that age! . . . A fellow used to court his girl with matrimony in view. Now he courts a girl with almost everything else in view. . . . No woman is half so truthful as her own mirror.

A Mother—Rup upstairs and wash your face, darling. I think grandma wants to take you driving with her.
Ruthie—Hadn't we better find out for certain, Mummy?

Reporter—Do your football men get up bright and early?
Coach—No. Just early.

Coal Dealer—I say, Jones, I want to insure my coal yards against fire. What would a policy for \$20,000 cost?
Jones—What coal is it? Same kind as you sent me last?
Coal Dealer—Yes.
Jones—I wouldn't bother insuring it if I were you. It won't burn.

Millionaire (lecturing his son on the importance of economy)—When I was your age I carried water for a gang of bricklayers.
Offspring—I'm proud of you, father. If it hadn't been for your pluck and perseverance I might have had to do something of that sort myself.

"If I dream that I have a million dollars, what is that a sign of?" a man wanted to know the other day.
"Well, it's a pretty good sign that he will meet with a great disappointment when he wakes up."

Teacher—his is the worst composition in the class, so I'm going to write a note telling your father about it.
Pupil—I don't care if you do, because he wrote it.

"If the present hat styles result in no falling off in the marriage li-

MOURNING WARDROBE

"A death occurred in our family and I had to go in mourning. I could hardly afford to buy all black clothes, so decided to dye what I had. I consulted our druggist and he advised using Diamond Dyes. Everything came out beautifully. I have since learned to appreciate the excellence of the black dye and the results were impossible. I had to get Diamond Dyes and do the work over. Recently I have tinted my curtains a beautiful raspberry shade and dyed a rug a lovely garnet with Diamond Dyes. They are real money savers—the finest dyes money can buy—I truly believe."

Mrs. G.K.L., Montreal.

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No Pains
But Big Relief

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Non-habit forming
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25c & 75c red packages
Ask your druggist for **CARTER'S LIVER PILLS**

can rate," says a cynic, "that will be the final proof that love is blind."

Prof.—Give me a definition of abso. Stude—It's the ill woodwind that nobody blows good.

Mama—What car I do to induce you to go to bed
Youngster—You can let me sit up a little longer.

He Thinks of Her
By Susanne Valentine Mitchell in Harpers.

Ten years have gone since last I saw her enter
Into the room she had made hers
And mine,
And since then time has flowed with tidal measure,
Obliterating what was so divine,
Covering with its pale and heavy sands
The moving and motions of her hands.

Days come and go, and often I forget her.
She is not my most constant memory.
And yet, deep down, beneath sunrise and sunset,
She is the very heart of life to me.
And that still face that could so dance and flame
Comes back to me, a lost, a lovely shame.

It was as still as is a summer twilight,
Oval, and molded to serenity
And brooding calm. The lips that closed so firmly,
And were so red, so full of mystery,
Closed over speech like nothing man has heard
Since the first wind in the first branches stirred.

Stirred, and then spoke, and then became a power,
The face became a triumph, and the eyes
A bannered army in a molten sunset,
An army that defies
Time in my heart, or time upon the evening.
When the still twilights visit me again,
Again that passion and that calm pass through me,
And I am shaken with an ancient pain
Which grows not old, since she and pain are one,
And grows not less. And so my life runs on.

Scientists Give Recipe For Perfect Coffee

Another scientific investigation of the best way to make coffee so that the beverage will preserve the maximum of flavor and healthfulness has been made by the Imperial Economic Committee of Great Britain as a part of the effort to popularize the kind of coffee grown in the British Empire. The method recommended in the committee's report, published recently as a British official document, is the "steeping method" said to be used by professional coffee tasters to determine the relative flavors of different samples of coffee beans. The first essential, the report states, is that the coffee be freshly ground. Any convenient pot or jug made of earthenware or thick china then is warmed and a supply of boiling water is provided in another vessel. Two ounces of the freshly ground coffee then are placed in the warmed jug for each pint of water that is to be used. The boiling water then is poured over the coffee and the mixture is stirred vigorously with a wooden spoon, metal spoons being condemned as likely to give the liquid undesirable flavors. Some froth will rise to the surface of the mixture of ground coffee and boiling water. This is to be skimmed off immediately with the wooden spoon. The coffee, still in the earthenware jug, then is allowed to stand in a warm place for six minutes to allow the grounds to settle. A dash of cold water will assist this settling. The beverage then is ready to drink, although the Committee states that a small pinch of salt will still further improve the flavor.

One Name Village
Northamptonshire can boast of a village in which one-third of the inhabitants possess the same surname. This is Bozeat, which has a population of just over a thousand. Nearly three hundred of them have the surname of Drage.

Many villages and small towns can show surprising numbers of a few surnames amongst their inhabitants, but nowhere else is such a large percentage of people with the same name to be found. It is difficult to discover how it all happened. Surnames are a comparatively modern institution, for in the old days there were none. To distinguish between two Williams, one might be referred to as William, Robert's son, and the other William from Handley. In course of time this was shortened to William Robertson and William Handley, or, again, a man might be known by his trade, John the smith becoming John Smith.

Where the Drages came from is a mystery, for there is no mention of them in the old records.

Joan of Arc was a peasant. She was caught by fowl play and burned at the stake.

Screen Star Poses With Her Daughter



Maria Seiler, came to America from Germany not long ago with her dad, and is seen here with her mother, Mariene Deitrich. Maria seems to be a serious young person.

The "Little Horse" That Couldn't Be Forgotten

All the big people who had seen him or heard about him called him the "big, little horse." That was because, standing fourteen hands high and weighing about nine hundred and fifty pounds, Justin Morgan could out-pull, out-walk, and out-step any of the larger and much heavier horses whom he ever met.

There are a great many stories about Justin Morgan told in Randolph, Vermont, where he first became known as an unusual horse. They still tell how the "little horse" pulled a heavy pine log ten rods, when horses weighing 1,200 pounds and over had failed to move it even a short distance.

But these stories that tell about the things he did by virtue of his tremendous strength and courage, fail to tell the best story of all: how the "little horse" earned for himself and gave to his family a name that is known and venerated among horse-lovers the world over.

Justin Morgan was named after his owner, who had lived on a farm in the "Brush Hill" district of West Springfield, Massachusetts, and later, selling the farm, moved with his family to Randolph, Vermont. It was on this "Brush Hill" farm that Justin Morgan, the "little horse," was born in 1793, foaled by "True Briton" of Beautiful Bay, an English thoroughbred who had changed owners during the Revolutionary War, and changed names as well.

His life is touched with irony when we consider that even though a champion of all horses in his neighborhood, he was not considered of any great value because of his small size.

Mr. Morgan, who had first taken him to his Vermont farm, died when the colt was but five years old. After that, his namesake changed hands frequently, sometimes in payment of debts, and at other times being purchased at a good price because of his reputation, which had continued to spread through "the surrounding country."

For seven years he lived on a stock farm in Vermont. It was here that he left the several sons who were destined to become even more famous than their hard-working sire. Thus he gave to the country the first of the great "Morgan" family, renowned for those four qualities of the perfect horse: speed, endurance, beauty and gentleness.

He died in the winter of 1821 at the age of twenty-nine, his strength unimpaired by his years. His death was by no means due to old age, but rather to exposure and the lack of proper care following an injury received while being pastured with other horses.

To-day, the Government considers Morgan horses so valuable for Government work that it maintains an extensive breeding farm in Middlebury, Vermont, known as the Morgan Horse Farm, where the Morgan Horse Club has erected a fine bronze statue to the famous progeny of the "big, little horse," the first Morgan.

And on the little "Brush Hill" farm in West Springfield, Massachusetts, there has been placed a tablet that tells all who stop to read:

"From this farm came the Stallion, 'Justin Morgan,' progenitor of that useful breed known as Morgan Horses."

Wherever a Morgan horse is found, it is sure to be recognized; true to type in every particular; the "little horse" that couldn't be forgotten.—Rowland Everett Baird, in "Our Dumb Animals."

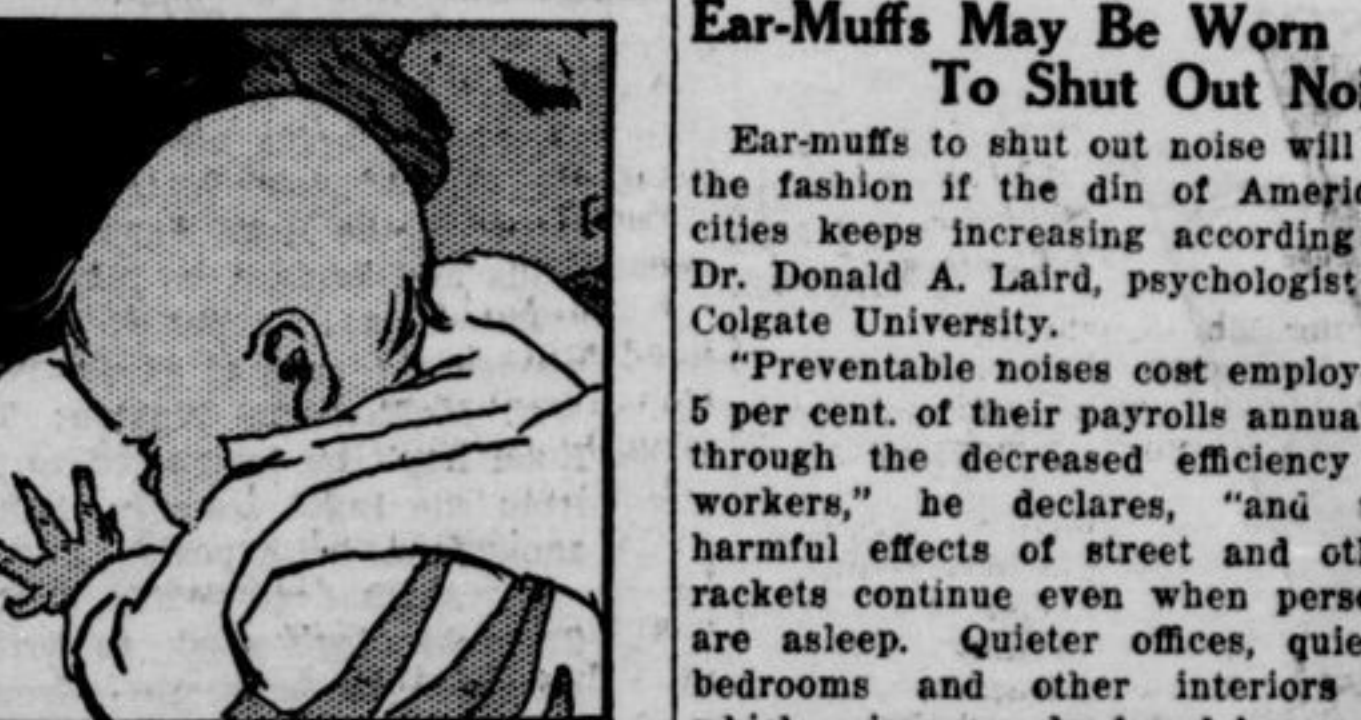
Ear-Muffs May Be Worth To Shut Out Noise
Ear-muffs to shut out noise will be the fashion if the din of American cities keeps increasing according to Dr. Donald A. Laird, psychologist of Colgate University.

"Preventable noises cost employers 5 per cent. of their payrolls annually, through the decreased efficiency of workers," he declares, "and the harmful effects of street and other rackets continue even when persons are asleep. Quieter offices, quieter bedrooms and other interiors in which noises are deadened by sound-absorbing upholsteries like mohair velvet and other materials are urgently needed to counteract the effect of city noises."

"Repeated tests have shown that noise lowers efficiency," said Dr. Laird. "High-pitched sounds are especially disturbing and harmful, but these can be curbed to a marked degree by placing absorbent materials like mohair upholsteries and drapes in an office or other interior. Bedrooms in which sound-absorbent fabrics are employed are likely to be quieter than comparatively barren rooms and are more suited to purposes of rest. Even when we are asleep loud noises get in their harmful effects. They cause contraction of the muscles, thereby leading to impairment of the digestive functions. It is literally true that loud sounds may cause that 'dark brown taste' in the mouth after a night of uneasy slumber in a noisy environment."

Liberty
Liberty is the right to do what the laws allow; and if a citizen could do what they forbid, it would be no longer liberty, because others would have the same powers.—Montesquieu.

All the business world needs now is a man who can bring orders out of chaos.



COMFORT for COLICKY BABIES

... THROUGH CASTORIA'S GENTLE REGULATION

The best way to prevent colic, doctors say, is to avoid gas in stomach and bowels by keeping the entire intestinal tract open, free from waste. But remember this: a tiny baby's tender little organs cannot stand harsh treatment. They must be gently urged. This is just the same as to discover how it all happened. Surnames are a comparatively modern institution, for in the old days there were none. To distinguish between two Williams, one might be referred to as William, Robert's son, and the other William from Handley. In course of time this was shortened to William Robertson and William Handley, or, again, a man might be known by his trade, John the smith becoming John Smith.

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CHILDREN'S REMEDY
ISSUE No. 45-'31

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Fine Cut
Canada's Finest Cigarette Tobacco
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In 10¢, 15¢, and 20¢ Packages

The Old Farmhouse
The bobbing shadow of a leaf along the whitewashed wall is such a friendly thing;
And warm across the deep old kitchen sill
There comes the sweet and spicy, comforting
Fragrance of peaches, by some chemist's artistry
Known only in that shining scented place
Being distilled to gold transparency,
Precarious on this hill small flowers grace
The dooryard, as though loving the dirt path,
The worn old steps of deeply dentured wood.
The roof slopes close against a giant oak,
And finds the wide-branched towering shelter good.
How dear this place to us who know it best!
A peace is here past clumsy words to tell—
A dignity and sweetness and content,
Because it has been loved so long and well.
—Anita Laurie Cushing, in the Christian Science Monitor.

Big Demand For Books In British Isles
A boon in the sale of books is raging in England at present; along similar lines as in Canada, according to Mrs. Elinor Mordaunt, British author, who wrote "Gin and Bitters" and several other books on travel and adventure.

"People are buying books in England and the publishers are eager to get them," she said. "There is a great demand in England for popular books on science, also for the old classics like Dickens and Tackery. Many of the magazines have dropped out and the people are now reading more books. Two of the most popular periodicals deal with women's subjects, including dress, of course."

A man took a clock to a pawnbroker in an effort to "raise the wad," as it is an eight-day clock," asked the pawnbroker. "I don't know," replied the man. "I've never had it out more than four days at a time!"

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Candidates for the City of London Police in 1930 numbered 179, of whom 77 were passed and 102 rejected on medical grounds.

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A Splendid Recovery

BECAUSE KRUSCHEN HAD KEPT HER BLOOD CLEAN

Within 16 days of being operated on for appendicitis and tonsillitis, this woman was back in her own home. And she is over 71 years of age!

When they told her the reason for her remarkable recovery—clean blood—she knew what it was that had helped her. She remembered the daily dose of Kruschen which she had taken for many years. And she knew that one of the things that Kruschen did with absolute thoroughness, was to keep the bloodstream free from impurities. She wrote this soon after her return home: "I am an old woman over 71. I have taken Kruschen Salts for a number of years, and find they keep me fit and well. I had operations last May for tonsillitis and appendicitis. I was only away a fortnight and two days—which is a very quick recovery for an old woman, I reckon. Clean blood was the reason for it, they told me—and I give Kruschen Salts the credit for that. I recommend them wherever I go."—E. H.

The six salts in Kruschen persuade the organs of elimination—liver, kidneys and bowels—to function as they should—often for the first time in their lives. Instead of being clogged, the intestines are clean and clear. Instead of liver and kidneys being sluggish, they are active and efficient. New, healthy blood goes coursing through the veins—carrying health and strength and energy to every part of the body. And Kruschen's gentle but positive action is more than merely purifying—it has a direct tonic effect upon your blood, too, and through your bloodstream upon every fibre of your body—fills you with a bracing sense of energetic fitness. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Drug Stores at 45c. and 75c. per bottle.