

Easy Diet Will Cut Down Waist

So That the Plump Woman May Be Able to Wear the New Thin-Waisted Styles

Make no mistake about it, the spring clothes which look more 1939 than all other types really do focus attention on the waistline. This is a season when the most exciting dresses and suits appear to have been designed for the slim-waisted only.

If you are very much over-weight, diet as well as exercise probably will be necessary for achievement of that wasp look through the middle. However, you'll have a much easier job than, say, one who wants to lose inches about her hips. The waistline generally is the first part of the body to show the results of eating less food.

Won't Take Long
In fact, a sensible diet and just a fair amount of the right kind of exercise usually will make the waistline considerably smaller in a surprisingly short time.

Simply decide to have only fruit, a slice of lightly buttered toast, and a hot, moderately sweetened beverage for breakfast each day and only clear soup, a large green salad, fresh or stewed fruit and something hot to drink, for lunch. For dinner you may have one portion of everything on the menu. But no second helpings. If you get too hungry between meals eat a bit of fruit or a few stalks of celery or a raw carrot or drink a glass of milk.

Stretching Exercises
In addition, do limbering and stretching exercises, especially designed to slenderize the waistline, for fifteen minutes each day. Or do them ten minutes and skip rope during the other five.

Canadian Women Declared "Lucky"

Home Economics Expert Says They Have Everything—Only Trouble Is That Some People Cannot Use What They Have

Canadian women are pretty lucky, thinks Miss Frances Thompson, home economics expert, just returned from far parts of the Empire. "I've just realized how lucky we Canadian women are," Miss Thompson said recently.

We have everything. We really have, and I think most of us know it. We have homes; we have friends; we have leisure, and we have life. What some of us don't know is how to use what we have. Some of us say we lack the money to enjoy our leisure, or lack the time to enjoy our homes, or lack the freedom to enjoy our friends.

"Slaves To Ourselves"
It shouldn't be like that. It certainly doesn't have to be. There are electrical servants to save us time and money and energy—to give us the things we think we lack.

"When I was in Australia and New Zealand I saw women working in their homes without nearly as many conveniences as we enjoy. When I was in South Africa I saw women working with human servants as substitutes for our electrical servants."

Traditional Bridal Rhymes

When you pick the day for your wedding, and select your dress, you should remember the two old rhymes, each with a long tradition behind it.

The one—
Monday for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all,
Thursday for losses,
Friday for crosses,
Saturday no luck at all,
Sunday the day of blessedly blessed.
The other one—
Married in white—you have chosen all right,
Married in black—you will wish yourself back,
Married in red—you will wish yourself dead,
Married in green—ashamed to be seen,
Married in blue—he will always be true,
Married in pearl—you will live in a whirl,
Married in yellow—ashamed of your fellow,
Married in brown—you will live out of town,
Married in pink—your fortunes will sink,
And of course in the whirl of all this excitement do not forget to wear on your wedding day:
Something old
Something new
Something borrowed
Something blue.

It's an old superstition that wearing these things brings good luck "forever after!"
Young refugees from Germany are being taught to farm in England.

Quality Is Superb

"SALADA" TEA

Calling Dr. KILDARE
GERTRUDE GELBIN



RESUME
Young Dr. James Kildare has been so busy with a secret experiment at the Blair General Hospital, that he puts off a visit home to Dartford. Convinced that one of the patients has Q-Fever, Kildare works day and night in the hospital laboratory to prove his case. Alice, his sweetheart, confides to his mother that in an effort to bring Jimmy to his senses she has written him a letter breaking their engagement. The letter is delivered to Kildare by Wyman, his ambulance driver friend, at the height of the experiment. Kildare pockets the letter absent-mindedly. Just as he thinks he's

proven his point, Dr. Gillespie, chief diagnostician of the hospital who is personally interested in Kildare, knocks his experiment in to a cocked hat. Young Dr. Kildare is chagrined and humiliated. He is so disconsolate, he forgets Alice's letter.

**CHAPTER II
THE GILLESPIE CURE**
Young Dr. Kildare paused irresolutely outside the door to Dr. Gillespie's office. Gillespie had sent for him and he knew the old man wanted nothing more nor less than to rib him on his Q-fever experiment. He shrugged his shoulders and pushed open the door.

Their Majesties Mingle With A Canadian Crowd



Enchanting the crowds that packed around them the King and Queen are shown at Toronto's Woodbine Park race track, where nearly 50,000 people watched them as they viewed the running of the King's Plate and made the presentation to the winning owner afterwards.

"Hello, Kildare," Gillespie greeted pleasantly. The young doctor relaxed. The other watched him narrowly. "The one nice thing about your Q-fever stunt last night," Gillespie continued blandly, "is—the guinea pig didn't die."

Jimmy stiffened. "But the patient in 412 displayed symptoms that warranted my experiment." "Ah! I forgot!" Gillespie replied. "Your—er—experiment established a second important medical truth. 412 hasn't got Q-Fever."

Jimmy stood helpless under the other's sarcasm. "The patient just returned from the Queensland cane fields," he defended. "He was exposed to infection while there—"

"And how much time did you waste on this foolishness?" "Two days, sir." "Unfortunately," snarled Gillespie, "there are as many diseases as there are people. So at two days per disease it'll take you till Judgment day to complete your diagnosis."

"I was taught in medical school that the way to diagnose an illness is to check the symptoms against the case history and draw a conclusion."

The Hundredth Man
Gillespie snorted. "Bah! Every doctor in the place has been applying those rules to 412 for the last month. I expected you to have sense enough not to follow in their path."

Kildare flushed angrily. "Ninety-nine times out of a hundred those rules work." "The hundredth man has a right to live, too," Gillespie answered curtly.

"What do you expect me to be?" cried Jimmy. "A miracle man?"

"No," replied the other dryly. "A human being." He eyed his young disciple sharply. "You—er—talked to the patient?"

Kildare nodded. "What about?" snapped the other.

"I asked him every conceivable question that could have medical significance."

"You did?" Gillespie shot back at him. "And then you squirted his blood into a guinea pig. That is no good. Did you look into the patient's mind—and heart—and soul? Did you ever stop to think that a guinea pig isn't a wife who sneaks out dancing every night—that a guinea pig isn't caved-in at the bank—that a guinea pig never worries himself sick because he's in love with a blonde chorus girl?"

Kildare clenched his hand, taunted beyond endurance. "Then if a man has every symptom of Bright's disease I'm to conclude he's really sick because his daughter eloped with the iceman?"

Gillespie pounded his fist on his desk. "Dr. Kildare! I just spent fifteen minutes with 412 and I know exactly what's wrong with him. The man fit to be my assistant should have done it in twelve minutes because he can get around faster." He shook his head in despair. "And to think I turned down a thousand young doctors and picked a little whipper-snapper like you to teach what I've given my life to learn!"

Short-Cut To Knowledge
Jimmy leaned toward him earnestly. "It may take me a little time to learn," he began soberly.

"Of course," shouted the other. "The more time you have, the easier it is to learn. But I was under the impression that you had the quick-making of a man in you!"

"Oh, you weren't always wrong, not all time," Gillespie said with disarming friendliness. "But I'll tell you one time you were wrong. The first day I ever laid eyes on you—I asked you to look at my hands—and what did you say you saw?"

"Why go into that again?" Kildare evaded.

"Then I'll tell you!" roared Gillespie. "You said you saw cancer—and you said—most reluctantly—that I had a year to live. Well! Last night Lockberg himself told me he wasn't sure it is cancer!"

"But that swollen Epitrochlear Gland in your elbow—" Jimmy began.

"Oh!" shouted Gillespie, for all the world an angry imp. "While you're rusticing back in Dartford—ust keep remembering Lockberg is the greatest cancer specialist in the country—" he waved Kildare out abruptly.

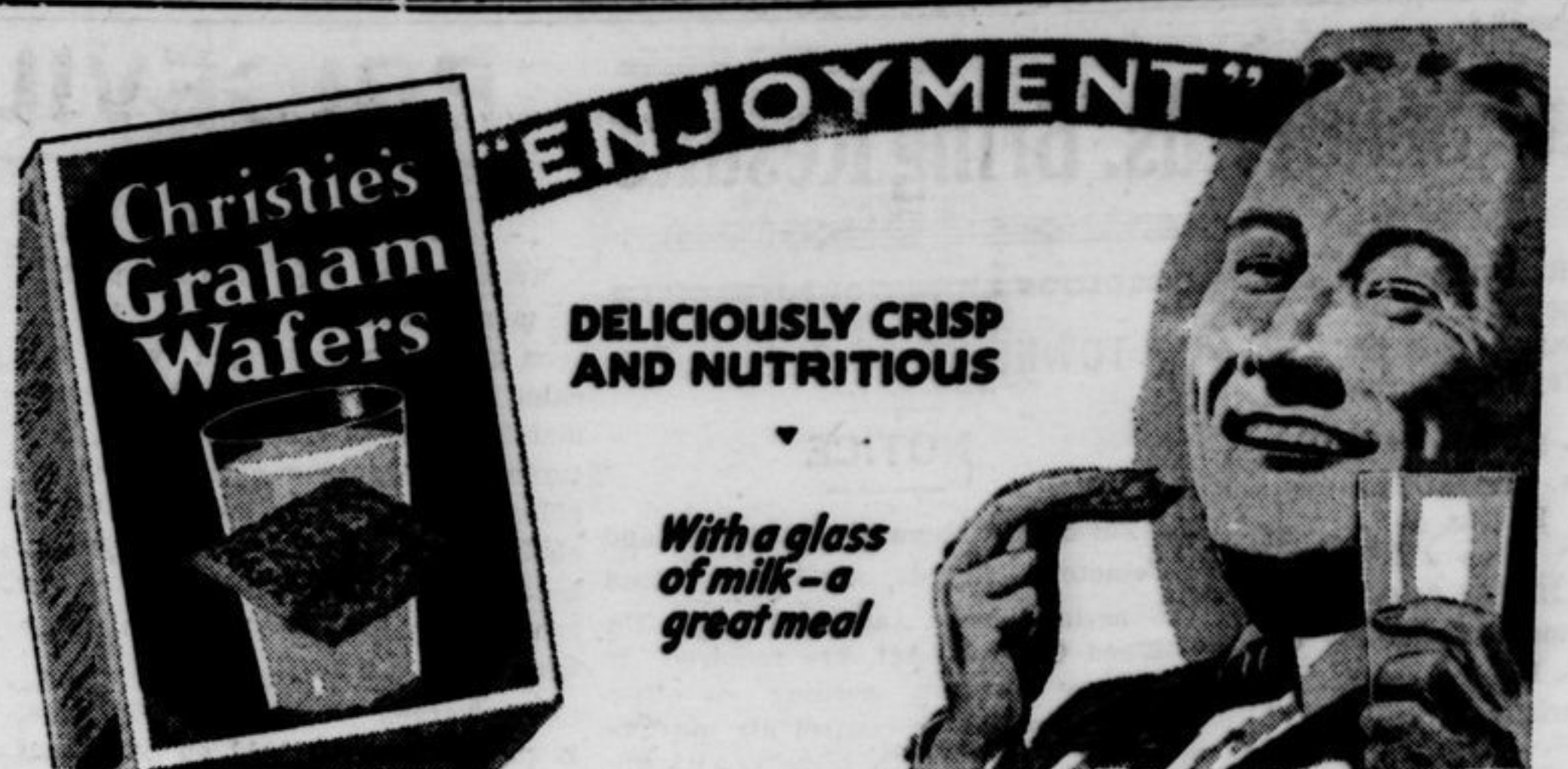
"Nurse!" he bellowed. "Come in here. Get Molly Byrd here quick!"

The door flew open and Molly entered. "Don't holler at me," she shouted. "I've been trying to get in here for hours."

Clever Nurse Wanted
She glared at him without fear; she was a comfortable, middle-aged person, her hard-boiled, authoritative bearing softened by the kindly expression of her mouth. "I just heard something," she offered as she sat down. She eyed him contemptuously. "What was Lockberg doing here last night?" she demanded.

"I called him in to examine 724," Gillespie replied.

Molly smiled affectionately. "Leonard Gillespie, I happen to be the one person in this hospital



you don't have to play games with. What did Lockberg say about you?"

"Lockberg?" exploded the other. "What does that old fossil know about cancer?" He turned his eyes away from the kindly concern in hers. "Molly!" he barked out suddenly. "I want a woman."

"Now," she replied, "I've heard everything."

"No, no." He bristled with indignation. "I want a nurse. A clever girl who might be persuaded to waive the ethics of her profession."

"You mean you want some stouping done?" she prompted. "Well—if you want to be crude about it—yes. Have you got that kind of girl?"

"Yes," she answered curtly. "Get her down here right away."

"She's on duty," Molly retorted. "I'll have to shake up the whole fourth floor."

"That's fine. A hospital's like a liver. A little shaking up does it good."

Molly Byrd rose from her chair. "What kind of monkey business are you up to, now?" she demanded.

"Don't you wish you knew?" he taunted.

Scheming and Conning
Molly pulled at the door-knob viciously. "And don't slam the door!" he shouted after her. He waited until the door closed, behind her before picking up his phone.

"You, Dr. Gillespie," Sally's voice came through the receiver. "Sally—if the head of this magnificent institution is in his plush-lined office at this painfully early hour I'd like to speak to him."

He waited until the connection was put through. "Carew?" he questioned, then put his mouth close to the phone and whispered into it.

Hospital President Carew wiped his forehead with his handkerchief as he listened to Gillespie. "Well," he answered at last, "I'll do anything you say. But Kildare's a stubborn young man—suppose he won't do it?" He listened to Gillespie's reply with a smug, crafty smile. "Ah, yes, I see." He paused. "Leonard," he warned, "some day you're going to take an awful fall with your scheming and conning—"

But Gillespie had already banged down the receiver.
(To Be Continued)

Household Science

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

PINEAPPLE'S IN!

The season for that incomparable fruit is with us again, that of the pineapple—and they are sending out a challenge these days for the year-round favorite. This perfect fruit of the tropics will grace any menu and is adaptable to any course. Its popularity is due to two reasons; firstly it has a delicious and refreshing flavor, and secondly it is so very convenient to use. One mental reservation, which should be made to guard against later grief, is that fresh pineapple and gelatine are never on friendly terms, and under no circumstances will this fruit set unless it has been first cooked. Another tip: the addition of lemon as a flavoring gives a very distinctive flavor.

By all means watch for "pineapple week" as announced by the fruit dealers and plan to do a liberal amount for winter use. Lack of space will not allow us to go into detail on the different ways of canning, as oven-canned, preserved, etc. I am giving my very favorite method of canning, and in the different recipes, I am endeavoring to answer your hearts' desires for a variety in each course you may be serving during the week.

CANNED PINEAPPLE (Without Cooking)

6 cups diced pineapple
5 cups finest granulated sugar.
Combine ingredients, mixing them well together in a large crock. Cover, stir frequently and leave to stand overnight. Next day, bottle in well sterilized jars. Seal tightly. Store in dry, well-aired, cool place. This method is

Variety Is Noted In Hand-Knits

PARIS—Kostia de War is showing a particularly large collection of hand-knitted clothes. Novel formal evening gowns are crocheted of an exotic paper-yarn mingled with gold threads. A combination of crochet and knitting is featured in blue and white straw, as supple as satin, for a high-necked evening gown in the Victorian manner; the bodice is made like a basque,

and the ample skirt is finished with decorative borders and hem.

Crocheted of Linen Thread
Irish linen thread, crocheted or knitted in a simplified lace or net design, is stressed by Kostia de War. Charming patterns suggest wavelets or tiny shells. Evening gowns in white, yellow or pink crocheted linen are on ample lines. One of Kostia de War's most successful models is a floor-length redingote in white hand-knit cotton fillet; she has given its silhouette the exaggerated back flare of the early 1900's.

Styled In The Gay Young Spirit



Today, every wardrobe must have a bolero. This one crocheted in two strands of siling goes with afternoon or evening frocks. Pattern 2053 contains directions for making bolero; illustration of it and stitches; materials required.
Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly Pattern Number, your Name and Address.

CUBAN COCKTAIL

Take a medium-sized pineapple. Peel, pare and slice, cutting in quarters. Then take one and one-half cups water and the same of sugar; add to pineapple, bring to boiling point. Boil ten minutes, simmer five. Also add to this a sprig of mint, crushed or chopped. Remove from heat, separate juice from fruit. Tint the juice a pale green. Return to heat, adding fruit again to juice, boil for about five minutes. Then chill. Serve the pineapple quarters in a sherbet glass with convex edges towards centre. Add a few drops of lime juice, a few grains of salt and pour over all the strained syrup. Garnish with a sprig of mint.

PINEAPPLE CHEESE SALAD

1 tablespoon gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon sugar
Few grains salt
1 cup crushed canned pineapple
1/2 cup whipped cream
2/3 cup grated cheese
Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, salt and crushed pineapple. When it begins to stiffen, beat in the whipped cream and grated cheese. Turn into small wet moulds and chill. When firm, unmould on lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise sprinkled with chopped red and green pepper.

PINEAPPLE TREATS

1 package lemon-flavored prepared jelly powder
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cooked pineapple juice mixed with chopped or shredded pineapple.
8 slices of fresh or canned pineapple.
Dissolve prepared jelly powder in boiling water. Add pineapple juice and crushed or chopped pineapple. Pour into individual wet moulds. Chill until firm. Turn out each mould on slice of pineapple. Top with whipped cream.

Your Household Problems

Have you fussy eaters in your family? Do you have trouble providing a varied and interesting menu? Do your cakes fall? Then write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Sadie B. Chambers, care of this paper, and she will endeavor to solve your problems.

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Do This If You're NERVOUS

Don't take chances on products you know nothing about or rely on temporary relief when there's need of a good general system tonic like time-proven Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women from wholesome herbs and roots. Let Pinkham's Compound help build up certain languid nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and make life more pleasant. For over 50 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Pinkham's—over 1,000,000 women have written in ecstatic glowing letters—IT MUST BE GOOD!

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