Happenings of The Week

A feminine voice telephoned the manager of the New Victoria Theatre Edinburgh, Saturday and asked if any seats were available. The manager said: "Yes, drop in". A little later Princess Elizabeth who made the telephone call, and Princess Margaret Rose attended their first public movie theatre performance. They saw the film Scarlet Street. Most of the audience left without knowing the Princesses were there.

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More than seven thousand men and women from various parts of Scotland Tuesday attended a royal garden party at Holyrood House, Edinburgh. The King and Queen and the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose stayed for more than two hours in the gardens. The King and Queen gave a small dance at Holyrood House Wednesday night the last night of their stay in the Scottish Capital. About one hundred and twenty guests attended, including several young friends of Princess Elizabeth. They danced in the Throne Room of the Royal residence.

• • •

Hon. and Mrs. J.D. Hyndman, Ottawa, are spending a short holiday here.

• • •

Rev. R.J. Berlis, B.A., B.D minister-elect of St. Andrew's and St. Paul's Churches, Montreal is a guest at the Charlottetown and is renewing many old associations in the province, where he began his ministry.

• • •

Dr. Percival and Mrs. Percival and party have arrived to spend their holidays in Stanhope Beach Inn.

• • •

Mrs. Minnie Blenkhorn of Maple wood, New York, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs Lloyd Carleton is being welcomed by her many home friends.

• • •

Mrs. Wm. Raney (Joyce Ritchie) of Toronto is spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G.E. Ritchie at their Summer Cottage, York Point.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. C.H. Black are expecting their two daughters, Miss Dorothy Black of Toronto and Mrs. Hillis Folkins and two children of Chicago, on a holiday visit next week.

• • •

Mrs. Betty Roy and son Bill of Halifax are visiting the former's parents, Mr and Mrs. F. S. Wilkins.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Norman MacPherson and daughter Helen of Providence, R.I., and Mr. and Mrs. T.F. Westwood of West Roxbury, Mass., are visiting in the city the guests of Mr. and Mrs W.P. Bruce 40 Upper Prince Street.

• • •

Miss Anna Mair, Superintendent of the P.E.I. Hospital left yesterday for Saskatoon, Sask. to spend her holidays with her brother Major Charles Mair and family. Major Mair who recently returned from overseas has resumed his position on the teaching staff of the Technical Collegiate in Saskatoon.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Leo B. Doyle returned on Wednesday from an enjoyable motor trip through New Brunswick. On June 29, Mr. and Mrs. Doyle celebrated the 20th anniversary of their marriage and were the welcome guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ledwell Doyle, Moncton.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Poulson and Miss Poulson, sister of Mr. Poulson arrived from Montreal to spend a vacation at Keppoch, with Mr. and Mrs. O.F. Charbonneau, parents of Mrs. Poulson.

• • •

Miss Rosalee Schienfield of New York is visiting her brother-in-law and sister Mrs. Leo Frank at Rosebank.

• • •

Mrs. C. J. Smith of Halifax is over on a short visit to see her father Mr. Wm. G. Bruce, who is regrettably a patient in the P.E.I. Hospital.

• • •

Mrs. J.B. Wood, has arrived safely in Edmonton, Alta. where she will make an extended visit with her son Mr. Emory T. Wood and Mrs. Wood, who is a sister of the late Mr. A.S. MacKay of Summerside. Mrs. Wood, Sr. will also visit her brother Mr. Cecil B. Jones and Mrs. Jones in Calgary, Alta. and is looking forward to a delightful holiday among Islanders in the west.

• • •

Dr. and Mrs. C.H. Beer left Thursday by motor to spend two weeks at White Point Beach Summer Resort in Nova Scotia.

• • •

The Viscountess Alexander has consented to become patroness of the Canadian committee of the Save the Children Fund.

• • •

Mrs. E.A. Helm and daughter Miss Phyllis of Toronto are having an enjoyable visit among old home friends, the guest of Mrs. Ross's uncle, Mr. Charles Ross and the Misses Ross, Orlebar Street.

• • •

Mrs. Lloyd T. Wellner had a most enjoyable luncheon and bridge at her summer home in Keppoch for Mrs. Helm who was charmed with the beauty of the scenery from the cottage.

• • •

Mrs. James C. Montgomery had a smart tea for Mrs. Helm when she entertained at her home on Richmond Street, inviting old friends in for a social hour.

• • •

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Scot Fulton of Chatham, Ont. are spending their vacation in Charlottetown.

• • •

Miss Jean Tweedy, is enjoying a holiday visiting her little cousin Miss Heather Beckett, daughter of Lt. Col. and Mrs. R. Wilson Beckett at their summer home at Lake Marois, Quebec. Mrs. George Tweedy and Mrs. B.E. Seller are also guests of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Beckett.

• • •

Mrs. T.B. Rogers had a delightful reception for her daughter-in-law Mrs. John Rowland Rogers at her pretty home, 122 North River Road last week. The rooms, gaily decorated with summer flowers for the happy occasion, were pleasantly crowded all afternoon with callers who cordially welcomed the guest of honor, this being her first reception since her marriage. The young bride was assisted in receiving by her mother Mrs. Norman, Mrs. T.B. Rogers and Mrs. W.K. Rogers. At the dainty tea table Mrs. Robert Abbie and Mrs. A. Hunt presided, being assisted in serving by Mrs. K.S. Rogers, Mrs. Frank Clarke and a number of young girl friends.

• • •

Goodbyes were said to Mr. J.H. Malcom and a welcome extended to Mr. J.B. Tarlton by the staff of the Fredericton, N.B. branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia at a dinner given in honor of Mr. Malcom on the eve of his retirement from the bank, at D-Coy Inn. Mr Malcom retired on superannuation June 30th after 15 years as manager of the Fredericton branch and 40 years with the bank, spent for the most part in the Maritime Provinces, which included Charlottetown where Mr. Malcom has many friends. On behalf of the staff Mr Malcom was presented with a bouquet of roses by Miss Marie Tait.

• • •

Mrs. Frank Murray and daughter Miss Bernice, have returned from Fredericton, N.B. where they were guests at the marriage of Mrs. Murray's niece.

• • •

Mrs. G.E. Full of Providence, R.I., after a delightful winter in the Sunny South is being welcomed on her annual holiday visit. Mrs. Full motored home with her son Lieut. Col. G. Elliott Full and Prof. James Brow who went to the United States on a short visit, combining business with pleasure.

• • •

Mrs Arthur Beach, Ottawa, is spending the summer at Dalvay.

• • •

Viscount Bennett, K.C., LL.D Juniper Hill, Surrey, England celebrated his 76th birthday on Wednesday.

• • •

Mrs. A.O. Saunders and granddaughter Miss Kathleen Schurman of Summerside, who are guests at the Charlottetown are cordially welcomed. Mrs Saunders who has been living in Cincinnati for the past year, is now visiting her daughter in Summerside for the summer months.

• • •

Miss Elsie Nicholson of New York arrived by plane Tuesday to visit her mother Mrs. Donald Nicholson Prince Street

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Ellis of Ottawa are motoring to Stanhone Beach this week on a holiday visit

• • •

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Doull of Halifax and their three daughters Misses Jean, Barbara and Sheila arrived by motor to spend the week-end holiday at their summer cottage at Rustico Beach.

• • •

The tea hostesses at the Tennis Courts this afternoon will be Mrs. Morton Dew and Miss Joyce Nicholson.

• • •

A pleasing round of social events honoring Miss Jean Forsythe whose marriage to Mr N.N. Larabee is taking place at Trinity United Church this morning had its beginning when the staff of the Unemployment Insurance Office, of which Miss Forsythe was a valued member presented her with a delightful gift upon her resignation. The members of Miss Forsythe's Knitting Club entertained for her at the home of Miss Irene McLeod on Tuesday evening and on Friday afternoon Mrs. Ray Keenan entertained the members of the Junior Women's Auxiliary of Trinity Church at her summer home, Brighton Shore, marking the occasion with a gift from the members and a humorous verse. A pleasant afternoon tea and bridge was held at Mrs. John McPherson's attractive apartment when Miss Forsythe was presented with a beautiful gift and Miss Carolyn Sinclair entertained at a miscellaneous shower where the bride-to-be received many lovely gifts. On Tuesday afternoon of this week Mrs. H.A. McPhee and her daughter Mrs. Harold Forsythe were joint hostesses at a delightful tea when once again Miss Forsythe was the recipient of a beautiful gift.

• • •

Mrs. C. Bissett and family of Montreal arrived Wednesday to spend the summer at Inkerman.

• • •

Miss Barbara E. Nash left Thursday morning to attend the summer school at Mount Allison, Sackville.

• • •

Miss Ada E. Harris and Miss Bessie B. Beer left Thursday on a motor trip to Bonaventure Lodges, New Mills N.B. where they will spend ten days, later going on to Stanhope Beach Inn for two weeks.

• • •

Mrs. R.S. Lea of Montreal arrived Wednesday on her annual summer visit at the Charlottetown, accompanied by her guest Mrs. W.C. Lea of New Orleans. Mrs. Lea's friends regret her recent illness from which she is now happily making a good recovery.

• • •

Mr. J. Watson MacNaught, M.P. and Mrs. MacNaught were among those attending the garden party given by the American Ambassador and Mrs. Ray Atherton on Saturday last.

• • •

The Royal Family Monday night attended a performance of "And No Birds Sing" at the Royal Lyceum Theatre in Edinburgh. The proceeds from the benefit show of more than 4,000 pounds ($17,800) were donated to the Thistle Foundation to help Scottish disabled ex-servicemen. The King wore Highland evening dress with the Stuart tartan while the Queen and the princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose were in evening gowns.

• • •

At the recent closing exercises of Crofton House private school, Vancouver, B.C. Miss Ann Capeman received the proficiency award for Grade V and was first in Junior Art. She is a granddaughter of Mrs. George E. Goff, Charlottetown.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Ellen went home this afternoon. I consigned some of my duties to the future and accompanied her a piece of the way to the bus stop at the corner-store. I intended to go only as far as the top of the hill and then lost in our conversation, I continued beyond and away past Kristy's Pond. You never would recognize the latter now as the children's rink nor the frog's Spring rendevous. There is no sign of water there and the area has been seeded with grain. "The fields are lovely now" I remarked. We had come then by slow steps well beyond the hill to a level spot which commands a splendid view of the country for miles around. It stretched away charmingly in every direction, daisy whitened haylands, the red of the potato-fields and the green of the new growing grain and here and there the lovely shades of the Summer woodlands. "Beautiful" I murmured, drinking it all in. There would be, I knew a whole year of time before I should find the glory of this day again. "And I thought, Aunt Ellen" she teased me "that I heard you say yesterday when Jamie was at it, you never saw a prettier sight than a small boy "licking out" a frosting bowl". That too I find a touching picture. bits of the sweet clinging to a cheek or the very tip of an adorable nose, pleased eyes aglow, every thought taken up with the pleasure of it. Yes it is a pretty sight, similiar to the beauty to be seen in a daisy-sprinkled clovery hay field. Or the charm of a picture we had recently seen as we passed through Mr. C's door-yard. There by a sunny stable-step his grey cat contentedly nursed her small tiger-colored kitten. Nor was she disturbed by our steps, but blinked up at us and hummed a sleepy tune, as Jeanie does to her small one. Or is there on any canvas a scene more pleasing than another picture we chanced to see today? A white-haired grandmother on her way to the corner store with a small basket of sunny brown eggs. "I didn't take time to remove my apron" she told me, perhaps not realizing that a pretty apron over a house dress is a decided asset and affords food for contemplation. Her work "for Sunday" would be completed and now on her return there would be something special for her men folks' supper. What subject did we grandmothers pursue and never wore it the least bit threadbare as we chatted there in a spot of chequered sunlight that came from the road-side maples? while cattle grazed in a near meadow and horses freed for the present from the burden of field work flicked patient tails in the shade of trees in their pasture.

• • •

Some of the horses at Alderlea were kept in harness today. Lumber for the repairing which is due the first of the week was hauled to the saw mill—necessary pieces evidently overlooked in the earlier lumbering. Indeed both Jamie and his grandfather were so engrossed in it, they forgot to pause in their work to enjoy their usual afternoon lunch together. This Karolyn packs carefully, at Jamie's directions. She, I think went about her cleaning and baking today with a song on her lips and relief in her heart. A brother — the youngest one—in the Services for years returned last night from overseas. "They're all home now" she said and then was silent remembering one of them will never return, one whom loved ones may not see "Till the day breaks and the shadows flee away".

• • •

However this brings a pleasant ending to Karolyn's week—a week that has been good to the Alderlea family. The first of it, a small new babe with blue eyes that see little, came in her mother's arms to call on James and me. All in pink and white her frilled bonnet reefed and tiring of our voices she began to find a solace in a small finger. "Jeanie! Ellen! Don't let the child do that!" James said with much concern and a successful and esteemed mother of ten advised Jeanie complacently while James and I listened wistfully: "Whatever you do, Jeanie, don't spoil her!" And the folks in the vicinity are disturbed when a neglected wail is heard from the direction of the carriage on the lawn. James looks at me resentfully and muttering moves out of hearing; Jock moves out of sight too and Pard has added a strange yelp for these occasions, one which persists until Jeanie comes presently to soothe her daughter's laments. Indoors she sleeps in Jamie's basket while for his amusement, Mattie, the Muscovey duck has produced "As many as all my fingers—and these two thumbs" of yellow ducklings from her stolen nest beneath a barn. And a brand new heifer red-coated came to grace a stable one hot afternoon. Bill, our brawny helper, came days of this week to assist at the activities at the other farm and Jamie spent many happy hours there as well.

• • •

Those of us at home hear the sawing at the mill by day and in the evening the gentle fall of the water at the over-flow on the dam and a lone frog song to remind one of Spring days that have gone. Ellen came—and went, bringing me memories of an opal-set slide on an old fashioned watch chain. I dreamed in those days of a suitor—on a white horse, a handsome lad of a fellow fetching me a whole rope of opals—queer lovely stones that gain beauty and lustre from the wearer. Unlucky stones, legends tell, but who cared? In due course, James came bearing a minute diamond which I found (and find) equally beguiling and fairly lucky. I suppose I shall recall something of that on an anniversary which falls on tomorrow. And the month of a fresh generation of brides and other bewitching lovelinesses draws to a close with the Sabbath's ending—a Sabbath which brings The Sacrament once again to the Auld Kirk at the corner. A day bequeathed to all mankind and a ceremony to have as long as time continues. "This" One said to his disciples—to the not-so-good; those to be found wanting; the earthy ones; the ones who wander and must be forgiven "till seventy times seven as well as the good and favorite ones who forgathered there with Him. "This do" He said "in remembrance of Me".

Until Monday . . . Diary . . . Good-night.

WOULD INCREASE RATIONS

NORTH ILFORD, Essex, England — (CP) — At a meeting held here recently the Food Ministry was called upon to increase domestic rations. Further cuts, if imperative, should be applied to restaurants and canteens, it was said.

RACING DRIVER

By Alexander Campbell

"I doubt if I'll have the time," she said carelessly. I'll probably be busy with rehearsals for a new show when the book comes out. I wouldn't worry to send me a copy. I'm not much good with books anyhow. I'm afraid. Detective stories are more in my line."

To her amazement, he nodded approvingly.

"Fine! There is no form of literature which I enjoy more. Who is your favorite author?"

"Oh!" she said weakly, half delighted by this fresh proof that Rupert was really quite human underneath, half dismayed at the failure of her attempt to be indifferent, even rude. But she must pursue the line she had begun. He must be convinced that she wasn't in the slightest bit interested in him or his work.

If she could persuade him that she was thoroughly empty-headed, that would do the trick.

"I never can remember the names of authors," she said vacuously. "Nor the names of books. I skim through them, that's all, when I've absolutely nothing else to do. It keeps me from being bored."

It was Rupert's turn to say "Oh!"

He was non-plussed. She had struck him from the very start as being an exceedingly bright girl, and with such different interests and a different outlook from himself that she refreshed him. Her vivacity was a tonic—a tonic, he had told himself, which he had long been needing, without knowing what it was that he needed. Rupert, too, had wrestled with his problems.

Had he changed, or had Dorothy, his fiancee, changed? He did not know; but he realised, with a rather sinking feeling, that, while he admired her tremendously and he looked up to her, he could not, strive as he might, no work up any other sort of emotion about Dorothy.

Of course, it was true that he had argued, when they had parted two years before, that emotion —"romantic nonsense"—had no place in the perfect mating of two intelligent people. Marriage, he had told himself, and lectured to Dorothy, had to have stronger foundations than that—mental equality, mutual respect, similar interests.

But he found now that his views had undergone drastic alteration.

And as the prospect of marrying life of perfect mental equality and Dorothy and settling down to a mutual respect, and nothing more, had grown more distasteful to him as the day loomed nearer, so Florence Shaw had come closer to him. He had found himself lying awake at nights on board the Enfield thinking about the way she smiled.

Rupert had not yet admitted to himself that he was hopelessly in love, veritably bogged in that "romantic nonsense" which previously he had scorned—but he was on the verge of discovery.

And now something had gone wrong. He had thought with keen pleasure of the long drive through the foothills to the Drakenberg with Florence as his travelling companion. He had been grateful to the professor for arranging it so.

IN THE CAR BEHIND

But Florence seemed positively bored with his company.

For the first time in his life, Rupert felt the grip of an inferiority complex. He had never been conscious of boring anyone before. He had always been too intent on what he himself was saying to worry unduly as to how he affected his audience.

He had presumptuously taken it for granted that Florence would be interested in his researches.

Now it came to him like a thunder-clap how presumptuous that had been.

What possible intereat could this vivacious, warmly alive girl take in the life of primitive man? come to think of it, why, should anyone be particularly interested, outside of a small band of specialists?

Rupert felt humble.

She must think him a dry-stick, a numbling ass. She must hold him in contempt.

He became tongue-tied and miserable.

Florence watched his profile.

"Well, I've succeeded!" she thought heavily. "I've convinced him that I'm an empty-headed little idiot. He's obviously uncomfortable. He's wishing the trip was over and he was rid of me."

She, too, looked miserably at the passing landscape.

In the car behind—

"We must hurry, Frank!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Or we'll never catch up on the rest of the party!"

Frank sighed.

"Okay darling."

The car went forward again.

Dorothy said: "And now if only Florence and Rupert can realise what everyone else knows—that they're in love—everybody will be happy!"

(To be Continued)

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "This is the most beautiful state of any we have visited."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "Allegheny"?
3. Which one of these words is mispelled? Nonparell, nonentity, nonchalance.
4. What does the word "intolerant" meant?
5. What is a word beginning with si that means bending in and out"?

Answers:—

1. Say, "of all we have visited."
2. Pronounce al-e-ga-ni, first a as in at, e as in me, second a as in gay, i as in it, principal accent on first syllable. 3. Nonparell. 4. Manifesting a refusal to endure others' opinions, religious beliefs, etc. "Such people are inevitably intolerant of what is new." 5. Sinuous.

FIRST POST CARDS

The use of postal cards was first suggested in 1865 by the director of the Royal Prussian Post.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

SHOE SCRAPER

To make a scraper for the back porch nail the back of a large scrubbing brush to a convenient place on the floor. Clean the muddy shoes on this brush before entering the house.

CANNING

When vegetables are canned, be certain that they are freshly picked as possible, especially in the case of peas, beans, asparagus, and corn.

SANDWICH SPREAD

A delicious sandwich spread can be made by mixing one part of honey with four parts of peanut butter.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When three men, with three girls, enter a public dining room, what is the correct order of procedure?

A. The three girls follow the head waiter, and the men follow the girls.

Q. What is the maximum number of courses that the fashionable luncheon should include?

A. Not more than four courses.

Q. Is it important that a girl's feet be dressed in harmony with the rest of her costume?

A. Yes. Many a charming costume has been spoiled by a failure to do so.

Cook's Corner

MOCK SPONGE CAKE

1 cup sifted cake flour
1 1-2 teaspoon baking powder
1-8 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, separated
1 cup sugar
6 tablespoons scalded milk
1 teaspoon lemon extract.

METHOD: Sift the cake flour and then measure it, and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Separate the eggs and beat the yolks until thick and lemon colored, then gradually beat in the sugar. Add the scalded milk and the flavoring, and fold in the sifted dry ingredients slowly. Beat the egg whites until stiff, but not dry, and gently fold these into the first mixture. Pour the mixture into an ungreased square pan and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 35 minutes, or until done. Invert the pan and let this hang until thoroughly cold before removing from the pan.

Morning Smile

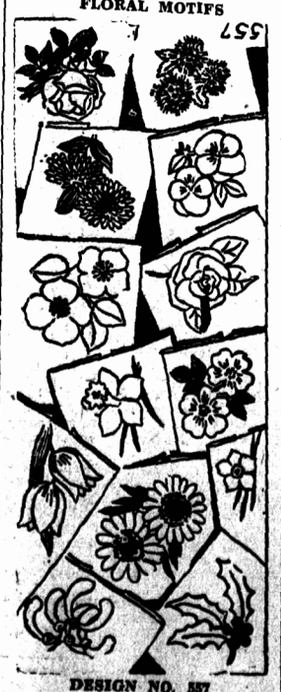
An Irishman once bought an alarm clock with the hope of having it wake him up early enough to go fishing. He set it for 4 o'clock, but did not wake until 8.30. He took it apart and found a wasp in the mainspring. "Ah," he exclaimed, "no wonder it didn't go off with the engineer dead!"

"'Alias Jones, alias Smith, alias Johnson'," droned out grandpa as he read the report of a police court case out to his wife.

The dear old lady looked up from her knitting and shook her white head.

"It's always the same in them police cases," she said, sadly. "Alias this and Alias that and Alias the other. It's an unlucky name to give any child; they all seem to go to the bad."

FLORAL MOTIFS



DESIGN NO. 557

Colorful floral motifs are attractive designs embroidered on towels, luncheon sets or curtains. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 557 contains 13 motifs with complete instructions.

To order Pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or Postal Scrip to Needlework Bureau The Charlottetown Guardian.

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- NEWSY NOTES -

By AGRICOLA

THE AMERICAN ROBIN

The Eastern Robin.—As it is correctly named—belongs to the great thrush family, most of whom are capable avian musicians! "It's song and call notes are among the most characteristic sounds of spring," says The Birds of North Carolina. Our Robin travels to that State to spend the winter and very probably leaves before giving its "Spring Song" but the people of that fortunate region have their own Southern Robin to sing for them. The difference between the two birds is merely varietal.

Eastern Robin, A.O.U. 781.—Summer resident. Adult Male: Top and sides of head black, a white spot above the eye. Rest of the upper parts slatey-gray. Tail black, outer feathers on each side with white tips. Throat white with blackish spots. Breast and sides rufous, the feathers sometimes slightly margined white. Rest of underparts white. Length 10 inches; wing 5 in., tail 4 in.

Adult Female, duller and paler in color; measurements slightly smaller. Juvenile birds dark brown, spotted above and below.

The popular idea of the robin's color is that it is red, but rufous (brownish red) is more exact. Another good definition, by a skilled observer, Mr. Robie W. Tufts, is "henna-colored."

In my own locality robins are noticeably fewer than they were twenty-five years ago. I put this down to the great increase of crows and grackles which methodically rob the robins' nests of both eggs and young. The squirrels, too, are plentiful, and are inveterate nest robbers. It would seem that a great many robins find a safer nesting place far to the north for in the fall, long after our robins have gone, bands of these birds appear and clean off the rowan-tree berries, before taking the southern trail.

In days gone by—before the passage of protective laws—mankind also took part in their destruction. In the south the robins collected by thousands in the cedar groves at night. Shoots were organized and held in the "robin roosts," and next day robin pie was the universal bill of fare!

The "winter robins" of Nova Scotia are stragglers from the far north (Labrador) who elect to remain in Canada, rather than pass on to the U.S.A. "They generally stay in the sheltered deep woods, where they feed on frozen berries of various kinds."

A very familiar sight here is a pair of robins "digging worms" on the lawn. They are the only pair we have and they are very confident birds indeed. Robins eat earthworms, beetles, caterpillars, and other insects, varying this diet with cherries and strawberries in their season. I have known them to nip off a row of sunflower seedlings and it is probable that some individuals have other bad habits of a like nature.

Douglas Mixture for Hens

Here is the recipe for a good poultry tonic as given in a farm publication about 30 years ago:

To make one gallon of Douglas mixture, use one quarter of a pound of sulphate of iron dissolved in one-half gallon of water. To another one-half gallon of water add one-half ounce of sulphuric acid. Mix well together to make one gallon of the mixture, which must be kept in glass or earthen jars, tightly corked. To each gallon of the fowls' drinking-water add a tablespoonful of this mixture, just sufficient to give it a brackish taste. Do not use a galvanized iron fountain or an iron trough, for this mixture will shortly produce a rust that cannot be removed, and the water will become so dirty that the hens cannot drink it.

For the past two years we have used a modification of this mixture—omitting the sulphuric acid—on our spring chickens to combat the pernicious "white diarrhoea," and found it quite effective. A neighbor makes the same report. This seemed so important that I found the original recipe after a long search and now lay it before my farmer friends.

(The sulphuric acid was omitted because we had none at hand!)

More About Russia

So much for the genesis of Russia's suspicion of us says Mr. Koestler; and he asks "What can we do to break it down?" Mere expressions of goodwill are hopeless, and he thinks that if tomorrow the complete blue-prints of the atom plants were handed unconditionally on a silver platter to M. Vishinsky, Pragda would straightway inform the Russian people that "the irresistible pressure of the Communist Party and the toiling masses had forced the imperialistic American Government to capitulate to their demands," and everything would go on as before. (At this point it is well to call attention to the present vigorous imperialism of the Soviet Government itself—a feature scarcely in accord with the Communist ideology.)

Some people believe that returning Russian soldiers will spread the news of what they have seen abroad and thus wear down the barrier. Once demobilized and dispersed the veterans will be again submitted to "the climate of the propaganda hothouse," and after a year or so will forget their experiences. (In 1939 Moscow radio called England and France "the aggressors in an imperialistic war against Germany" and quite forgot this in 1941.)

It is plain that there is no help in palliatives. The Soviet Government has achieved, for the first time in Russian history, a complete state monopoly not only over the production and distribution of ideas, opinions and emotions. Our author believes that the suspicions engendered in the past can only be abolished if the Soviets can be induced to switch their propaganda into more agreeable channels; and he believes it can be done by bargaining!

Since the end of the war the U.S.S.R. has raised certain claims in S. E. Europe, in the Middle and Far East, and in North Africa. The Western Powers, who are making no territorial counter-claim, should table instead a demand for (1) free access of foreign newspapers periodicals, books and films to the U.S.S.R., (2) modification of Russian censorship so as to permit the free circulation of information about the outside world; (3) free access of accredited journalists, parliamentary committees, etc., to Russian territory; (4) the abolition of restrictions on travel for foreigners in Soviet territory, and for Soviet citizens abroad, (5) active cooperation with the Western Powers in "vacations abroad" schemes, and in the mutual exchange of teachers, writers, students, professional men, and workers.

Since the European Continent is in a state of chaos, its living standard has dropped below the level of Tsarist Russia, so that unlike in the pre-war decades, the Soviet leaders have no longer to fear comparisons if the "iron curtain is lifted." Furthermore, the "psychological disarmament" (Nos. 1 to 5, above) would almost automatically lead to material disarmament, Mr. Koestler believes, and so the present vicious circle would be reversed.

This author correctly states that "nobody in his senses will expect the Soviet leaders easily to agree to this." I should say not! Their power lies in their ability to hoodwink their subjects and they have exalted the method to a fine art. To scrap it as suggested would be political suicide!

Mr. Koestler does not tell us what concessions we ought to make, to bring about this psychological disarmament, but judging from Russia's past her demands would not be small. Both parties, then, would be asked to make sacrifices, and they are not likely to do it.

NATURE NOTES

Mr. Stanley Younker, of Winsloe Road, sends in a specimen of a large moth and asks the name. This is the Cecropia Moth (Samia cecropia), the largest insect found in the Province. Its wingspread is from five to six inches, and it has the richest coloring of all the tribe of Samias. The full-grown caterpillar of the Cecropia Moth is a large creature, about four inches long, and proportionately stout. It is of a beautiful green with bluish shading, and there are four coral-red tubercles on its thorax, two rows of yellow tubercles along its back, and two rows of blue ones along each side. It feeds on many kinds of trees and shrubs, and I have on several occasions found it on apple trees. It makes a rather shapeless, pointed cocoon and pupates inside it, till the summer sun calls it forth as the perfect moth. It is a relative of the Silkworm Moth (Samia Cynthia), now established on the eastern seaboard regions of the U.S.A.

I have, in the garden, an unusual kind of Dock, the Rumex Alpinus often called "Monk's Rhubarb" in Britain. The name was given because this plant is found beside the ruins of Abbeys, etc., having been introduced by the monks of old from S. E. Europe. It has large leaves; Sir J. D. Hooker, in his Student's Manual, says they grow 24 inches long. My plant, however, has leaves 8 inches long and 7 wide; it is just a young plant and may do better yet; It is said to be good "greens" which was doubtless the reason the good Fathers introduced it. Nor was the root without value; for Nickell, in his "Botanical Reference," says R. alpinus, Mountain or Monk's Rhubarb, is alterative, tonic, depurative, astringent, and anti-scorbutic. Perhaps it is the only R. alpinus in Canada?

Good idea. Some years ago the farmers of Morayshire, Scotland, thought up a plan to deal with an overplus of crows. In all parts of the county relays of gunners stationed under the rookery-trees, endeavored to keep the old birds off their nests long enough to chill the eggs!

How Can I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. What material makes the best tablecloth?

A. Plain heavy linen makes beautiful napkins and tablecloths for use on occasions when they will be used only once. It is not advisable for everyday use as it wrinkles more readily than damask.

Q. How can I keep lettuce fresh?

A. Keep lettuce in a cloth, or place and the lettuce will keep tight pail. Set this pail in a cool paper bag, and then place in a fresh and crisp for a week.

Q. How can I make use of scraps of soap?

A. Put all small pieces of soap in a cloth bag and use it the same as a cake of soap.

Notice Farmers

Buying fowl daily at our Kensington plant. Will call for all lots of 50 or more. Paying highest prices. No charge for collections.

Signed
CLOW & WADMAN

A clean-skimming, easy-turning Renfrew is available to you now. There's no waiting for delivery! As the authorized Renfrew Representative for this district I will gladly demonstrate a Renfrew in your own dairy. There's no obligation to purchase. Get more cream and butter, with a Renfrew. Give me a call and I'll prove it to your satisfaction.

J. M. Ladner
177 KENT STREET

This year get a NEW
Renfrew
CREAM SEPARATOR
Also RANGES - TRUCK SCALES - WASHING MACHINES

BOAR BONUS POLICY

1. The following bonus will be paid on bacon type boars which are in active service at time of inspection:

Boar from dams qualified in Advanced Registry:
Class A $12.00
Class B 8.00
Boar from dams not qualified in Advanced Registry:
Class A $9.00
Class B $6.00

2. All boars must be in breeding condition, sound and serviceable.
3. A Class A boar is one which in the opinion of the Inspector is good enough to sire registered breeding stock.
4. A Class B boar is one which although useful as a sire of commercial market hogs may carry slightly objectionable features of conformation.
5. Boars must be registered and transferred to the party making application for inspection.
6. REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE MUST BE AVAILABLE TO THE INSPECTOR AT TIME OF INSPECTION.
7. Any boar showing evidence of hog lice at time of inspection will not be eligible for a bonus.
8. No boar shall receive inspection under 7 months of age.
9. No boar shall pass inspection unless he is kept in sanitary and reasonable clean quarters. Preference will be given to boars which are on pasture at time of inspection.
10. All reports of Boar Inspection shall be submitted for final approval to a Board composed of three members of the Federal and Provincial Department of Agriculture and approved by the Minister of Agriculture.
11. In cases where boars have been purchased by Farmers' Institutes of other similar organizations which have received a grant to assist in such purchase, no bonus will be paid on such boars in any year in which such grants have been paid.
12. All applications for inspection must be made on the forms supplied by the Provincial Department of Agriculture. All registered boars are eligible.
13. Applications will be received up to August 31st. Inspection may be made any time before October 31st.

7-5-12-19-26.

Guernsey Purchase Extension Policy

To encourage the establishment of new Guernsey herds in this Province, the P. E. I. Guernsey Club with assistance from the Provincial Department of Agriculture, has initiated a policy whereby the following amounts will be paid to purchasers of registered Guernseys:

Calves under six months $15.00; six to twelve months $20.00; twelve to eighteen months $25.00; eighteen to twenty-four $30.00; two years and over $35.00, together with one half the freight on importations.

This assistance is open to any Island Farmer who at time of purchase has less than four registered Guernsey females.

As funds are limited applications will be considered in the order received.

All animals purchased will be subject to inspection.

GUY RODD,
Sec'y. P. E. I. Guernsey Club,
Brackley.