

MRS. GORDON MACMILLAN
A COUNTRY GARDEN

I smelt the dewy morning come blowing through the woods. Where all the wilding cherries do toss their snowy snows. —John Masfield

Blossoms on the wilding trees and the orchard trees are showing color some pink and rosy and some white and all with a delicious fragrance. June is the pleasant month of the year, and all the summer lies before us.

June and the world's a symphony in green. Myriads of flowers peep at us from the roadsides, the open hardwood groves, and the marshy flats. We have for so long been accustomed to the whiteness of the winter lands, that the springing verdure seems miraculous — as indeed it is. But just as the sprouting verdure seems miraculous, so the flowers seem so. The first weeks of June and defer the planting of our tenderest plants till they are past.

So writes "Azucola" in his Naturalists' Calendar and he titles the page June "Is the month of Leaves" (Hawathaw).

The frost of the other night was severe and several plants were touched but not damaged too much. Because of the business of the gardener some tender plants had not been put outdoors so were saved.

Tulips and Forget-me-nots are making the garden lovely at this time with the apple blossoms showing color. One thousand bulbs of Tulips were planted last year but because these are scattered around the landscape of this large garden they do not seem so many. Princess Elizabeth is planted around the birdbath in the corner of the lower garden. The exquisite double tulip is a charming and extraordinary lovely rose-pink Tulip with topaz lights and hints of fuchsia sandalwoods on the exterior, inside a clear defined white base with a blue halo. The cup is large and rather deep of slender, yet rounded form, and opens well. Its color is delightful planted in front of dark evergreens and with a foreground of blue flowers.

Beautiful deep yellow are planted in front of the latched summer house with a carpet of blue forget-me-not.

There are the later varieties including the Breeder tulips; their dignified and remarkable colors place them distinctly in a class by themselves. Every lover of rich petals shades cannot fail to revel in the gorgeous and artistic blendings of purple and gold, bronze and terra cotta, brown and violet, and buff and maroon found among the dignified and remarkable colors.

The Yellow Giant Tulip is indeed a giant, and a very lovely color. The flowers are long-lasting and this is a rare quality in any flower. Garden visitors are always surprised to find the flowers in bloom last week have disappeared in this week, fortunately there is always something new.

The Tulip season is especially welcomed after the long winter and when the apple blossoms come to keep the tulips company then the gardener's cup is full.

Stand in any garden on a late May or early June morning when the borders flash flame with Tulips, and you wonder by what devious ways this beauty came. Who brought the first Tulip from its

hinterland home, a precious charge, to the shelter of a cultivated garden. Did it travel by the trade routes of commerce, along with the spices and silks out of Cathay? Did it come over the corrugated seas in the cockleshells of early traders? Did the legionnaires of Rome bring it along with their other trophies? Alas! the dusty annals do not disclose this romance.

Per countless generations the Saracens enjoyed the Tulip in their gardens at Constantinople, on those flowered terraces spilling down the hillsides to the blue waters of the Bosphorus. The Ambassador to Emperor Ferdinand, saw them flowing there in 1554. Moving westward the Saracens brought their arts with them into western Europe, the crafts of garden making as well as the crafts of building and the decorative arts, and it would be strange if they left this flower behind. Surely it found a place in those gorgeous patterned gardens they made in Spain. At least they must have carried the seed for we know that when these seeds were sown they bore a motley race of hybrids, as motley as the colors of the Levant.

Being mighty traders, the Dutch brought home these bulbs to their own gardens and there, by the sea and in the presence of the expanding sea they made them flourish. Wars swept the land and still the Tulip offered its beauty, spring after spring.

With so generous a flower at hand, little wonder the Old Dutch gardeners took to multiplying it, hybridizing it, until they created and fixed many different kinds. In the history of the Tulip is written the history of the patient, plant loving Dutch. They gambled with it, as men gamble with other commodities today. The market rose and fell. Stupendous prices were paid for rare kinds. A Tulip mania seized the land. Neighboring countries coveted their beauty. Courtiers paid amazing prices for them. Another generation saw the English, too, adopting them into their gardens. Even young America began importing them.

These are only highlights in the long, persistent evolution of the Tulip, from the few wild species to the rich contrasts and harmonies that are available to us today. For today they give us a new complicated spring palette to draw on, and with equal ease the most fastidious of gardeners and the veriest beginner as well, finds no difficulty in making with them unforgettable pictures of beauty.

In the course of its migrations, the Tulip family has piled up an extensive genealogy. Some members progressed more than others and some were forgotten.

Now and again in the corners of an old garden are discovered vestiges of a group that has been forgotten, and it is brought back into commerce. Some persist for years, as has the quaint old Cottage Zomerschep—an ivory feathered with moss—which dates back to 1796. But even more romantic and thrilling are those variations that have come to us in the past few generations.

Some of the family, like the members of a human group, developed pronounced idiosyncrasies, and we enjoy them for their perverse and unusual attributes.

Continued on page 9

DOROTHY DIX

Once Smitten,
Now Wary

DEAR MISS DIX: Five years ago, when I was 35, I fell in love with a married woman quite a bit younger. She didn't love me, and had no intention of divorcing her husband, so I set about getting over my infatuation—and, thankfully, I succeeded.

Now I have met another girl, also married but planning a divorce, and while I am very fond of her I don't love her the way I did the other woman. She is trying to press me into a promise of marriage, after her divorce, of course, assuring me that love will come later. According to her, understanding is more important than love. Do you think she's right? O. O.

ARTFUL MINX

ANSWER: She's a darn clever little minx. I'll say that for her. Getting one matrimonial prospect lined up while discarding another takes a lot of plotting and, in the effect her argument has had on you so far, she seems to be quite successful in her little machinations. My advice to you would be to run—not walk—as fast as possible and as far as possible from her. She's a cunning opportunist and you may be sure that she will never be more faithful to you than she is to her husband right now. In fact, almost certainly, the divorce is the product of her pro-miscuous conduct.

Isn't there any place where you can find a nice, unattached girl for a friend? There's no profit or happiness in getting mixed up in someone else's matrimonial affairs—especially if they are already disturbed. The world is full of fine unmarried women who have reached their late twenties or early thirties and there's no doubt that a bit of hunting on your part will find one. Even if the general idea of marriage doesn't appeal to you at the moment, you do seem to appreciate feminine company, but let it be the right sort of company.

DEAR MISS DIX: I'm going with a boy a year younger than I am. He vows he loves me, yet wants me to act exactly like one of his ex-girl friends. It's always, "Betty didn't do that; Betty did this, etc." How can I make him stop telling me this? Ginger

ANSWER: Come right to the point. Tell him you're not Betty; that you have no intention of trying to be like her, that you're quite content with your own personality and if he doesn't like it, the thing to do is go back to Betty. Probably, he's still carrying a torch for his ex-girl friend. Be careful that your heart isn't hurt when he turns back to her, as he may. But wouldn't you be better off with a boy who likes Ginger just as she is?

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Renewing Window Shades

Both mauling and window shades can be painted and renewed. The secret success in this work is to apply two or three very thin coats of paint rather than a single heavy one.

Sunburn

When the skin has blistered in a severe case of sunburn, scrape raw potatoes, make a plaster on soot sterilized cloth and apply as a poultice. When it dries, renew it.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

INEPT DISCARDING

South's choice of discards in the following case could well be described as neither fish nor fowl.

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ K Q 10		♠ 10 9 8 7	
♥ K J 10 6		♥ 5 4 3	
♦ A 7 5		♦ 6 4 3	
♣ 6 4 3		♣ 2	
♠ 5 2	♠ N	♠ 4 3 2	
♥ Q 7 3	♥ W	♥ 5 4 2	
♦ 10 4 2	♦ E	♦ K 9 8	
♣ A J 10	♣ S	♣ Q 8 2	
		♠ A 9 8 7 4 3	
		♥ A	
		♦ Q 6 3	
		♣ K 7 5	

The bidding:
South West North East
1 Pass 2 Pass
2 Pass 4 Pass
3 Pass Pass

North, holding a strong supporting hand but one that did not lend itself perfectly to any academic response, followed the course dear to many experts of bidding two-over-one in the worthless minor suit, to see what South would rebid.

West opened the jack of diamonds, and South, to forestall the possibility of East's getting in for the immediate return of a long club through the king, properly called for dummy's diamond ace. He then cashed the ace of trumps and the blank heart ace, led to the trump queen and threw on the king of hearts. Next, he led the heart jack East, and when the latter played low, discarded a diamond on the queen and led another diamond. East won and made the club shift that wrecked the contract.

South's early plays were eminently correct, but it was absurd to discard one club and one diamond on the hearts. South would have been safe if he had discarded either two clubs or two diamonds. In the first event, West would win the heart trick and his side would later take one club and one diamond; and under the second method of discarding, since South would now be out of diamonds, East could not be put on lead for the club return. Declarer could draw trumps at his leisure and discard a club on dummy's established heart ten.

WOMEN

Page 8 The Guardian Tuesday, June 1, 1954

ELLEN'S DIARY

by an Island Farmer's Wife

Today which gave clear sunny skies and fresh winds to the farmers for their field work, saw by mid-afternoon the end of "the spreading" for the present on this farm and took Rob away then to return in kind the appreciated favor of help and machinery, he had received in recent days.

We stood in the sunporch to watch the out-going men and machines... down the lane which now between green fields dips to the bridge. Tractor-spreader; next the biggish (shred) manure-loader that had made magic of the work, its color shining, followed by the second tractor-spreader, in an imposing procession. Farming is so different to that of once, we thought; the years have changed its perspectives. In the old croppings, to meet or catch sight of any implement of the farm on the roadway—the fanners on a farm-cart, a seeder drawn by a team, a roller hauled by a knowing old mare—was to give it due respect. But now, even the biggest machines that pass, modern marvels in design and power draw little more than passing glance, so accustomed have folks grown to these "Bigger and Better" years.

Briefly the procession entered the roadway and disappeared shortly Mr. A's, down a dip of road. We turned away with a smile, recalling a remark made by a farmwife once when spring-thawings made transportation in rural places a problem.

"No," she replied to a query, "we

shan't likely be going to Church tomorrow. We can't," she said, "unless we go on the tractor. And that", she added, "wouldn't look very good."

"Not imposing enough", an old-timer present nodded soberly. "No, I guess not." He was silent a moment. Then he commented with a chuckle. "And one day—not too far back... I just can't remember it myself, but I've often heard Mother speak of it, women were proud to get themselves and their little ones to Church in a cart! That was a fine way of going—on you so far, she words were measured "a tractor is a fairly fine machine. Well, you'll agree they cost a bit more than a cart!" He smiled at the world's getting pretty vain, isn't it, Ellen?" he offered, "when a woman can't ride to Church on a tractor!"

Wild pear blossoms light now the hedgerows and wooded spots. And on lawns and yards and often in forgotten places, about homes now forsaken, the best lilacs of the year shape now their royal panicles of bloom among silky new leaves.

"But what I want to know, Ellen, is this," James has a smile for us at the close of his busy day in the field. "Did you not find the hours long with the children in school and the rest out at work? I suppose," he nods settling himself in the old armchair, "you spent most of it out about the flowers!"

Diary
— Good night

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton, M. D.

CANCER PATIENTS MAY LIVE A LONG TIME

When the physician has reason to believe that cancer may be present in his patient, and a biopsy is performed (that is, removing a very small piece of the suspected tissue and examining it under the microscope to see if the original cancer cells are present, which reveals true cancer, the patient may feel that the end is in sight. He may give up all hope of living any kind of a useful life because he knows that cancer is always fatal. What he likely forgets is that many cases of cancer are chronic, are very slow to develop, and that many years of worth-while living may yet be in store for him.

In Annals of Surgery, Drs. John J. and J. H. Morton state that out of a long experience at Rochester, New York, they reviewed seven-teen cases of cancer originating in various organs yet each had a long period of useful survival although malignant disease was still present. There were several cases of "metastatic" cancer of the thyroid gland, in which the original cancer cells were never found. "Metastatic" means a spread or transfer of a disease from one organ or part to another organ or part which is not directly connected with it. Thus, a cancer in the kidney might metastasize to the thyroid gland. It is possible for cancer to metastasize or spread to any section of the body. Cases of long survivals (19 and 20 years) of cancer of the kidney and breast, with eventual recurrences, are given. Even patients with diffuse (widespread, not definitely limited or localized) involvement of abdominal organs may survive comfortably for many years as illustrated by cases of cancer of the adrenal gland, lung and other organs. Our research physicians are

Home Economics Assoc. Hold Meeting

The Prince Edward Island Home Economics Association met at the Vocational School on May 28. The President, Miss Doris Anderson, was in the chair.

Various matters of business were dealt with including invitation of New Brunswick Association to join them for convention in October. This invitation was accepted.

Provincial representatives on national committees were asked to accept re-appointment: Nutrition, Miss Robin; Education, Miss Prowse; Textiles, Mrs. McLean; Constitution, Mrs. Stearns; Family Life, Mrs. Wm. A. Reddin.

By invitation of Mrs. Reddin a picnic will be held on grounds at her home for entertainment of Dr. Helen Abel who will be in Georgetown in July.

Miss Prowse gave a resume of latest on newer textiles, their use and care. Mrs. William A. Reddin gave valuable information on latest research findings in a wide range of nutrition projects.

After meeting adjourned a pleasant social hour was enjoyed by the members.

working now on such problems of why cancer will grow slowly in some cases and rapidly in others but the question is as yet unanswered. Because of the differing response of individuals to cancer, some living for months only and some for years, the physician should be cautious in estimating the survival of any patient suffering from any form of location of cancer. For some, many years of hopefulness and helpfulness will be in store even if the diagnosis of cancer is certain.

Chosen Princess White Cloud



Gloria Wheatley, 30-year-old Ojibway from Parry Island Indian Reserve, was chosen princess of the Toronto Indian club during a banquet at Toronto. Shown with Chief Red Jacket of the Oshkewanee Reserve, Miss Wheatley was awarded the title Princess Wah-pish-geez-ego-Gemah-quence; it means Princess White Cloud. Indian groups from Sarnia, Brantford, Parry Island, Georgina Island, Ont., and Sanborn, N. Y., attended the banquet.—(CP Photo)

Cook's Corner

FUDGE BARS

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs separated
- 2 tablespoons cocoa or 2 squares chocolate
- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup nuts

Cream butter, add sugar gradually. Beat egg yolks and add to mixture. Sift flour, salt and cocoa if used and add part to sugar mixture. Fold in egg whites beaten stiff (but not dry), nuts and vanilla and remaining flour.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove oil that has spilled on a rug?
A. It should be absorbed by covering at once with cornmeal; leave two days, then brush well. Or, remove by covering with blotting paper and passing a hot iron over it.

Q. How can I make corn more tender?
A. Keep the husks on corn until just before it is boiled. Or, open the husks far enough to get the silks out, then cook the corn in the husks. The corn will be sweeter and more tender.

Morning Smile

Doctor: "That pain in your leg is caused by old age."
Patient: "Old age nothing the other leg is the same age and it feels fine."

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with SODA

Baking Soda is a safe and mild cleanser. To clean baby's bath, sprinkle a little baking soda on a damp cloth and wipe over fabric.

COW BRAND BAKING SODA
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Rich, ripe TOMATO flavour

Turn into greased 8-inch square pan. Bake in moderate oven.

When cold cover with—
1 tablespoon butter
1/2 teaspoon cocoa
1/2 cup sifted icing sugar
3 tablespoons milk or cream
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter, blend in cocoa mixture with an equal amount of icing sugar. Add salt then cream, then icing sugar to right consistency.

—Springfield W. I.



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