

Happenings of The Week

The royal family recently attended a preview of London's Chelsea flower show...

parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Simpson. Later they will be joined by Rev. W. Warren who will spend a month on holiday here.

He left the royal party, which included the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Gloucester...

A novelty called pink bizarre is said to be a revival of the streaked gillyflower of Elizabethan days...

The Governor-General received Col. John S. Wilson, director of the Boy Scouts International Bureau...

The Hon. Rose Alexander, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Alexander of Tunis, will draw the winners of the raffle prizes...

Mrs. A. G. Putnam gave a luncheon on Thursday noon at her summer home in Eldon for the members of the Margaret Stewart Reading Club.

Mrs. Bruce Ross of Bridgewater, N. S., has been visiting with Col. and Mrs. G. E. Full, Prince Street.

Among the hostesses entertaining for her while she was in Charlottetown were Mrs. M. W. Weeks and Miss Lorna Weeks...

On Tuesday evening Mrs. R. J. MacDonald entertained a dinner bridge at the Keppoch Beach Hotel.

Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. J. A. Bernard have returned from a motor trip through the Maritimes.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rogers, Jr. and their family have taken up residence at their Keppoch summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Thompson and their two children of Dartmouth are holidaying at Stanhope with Mrs. Thompson's parents...

Mrs. William Warren and three children are vacationing with her

Hon. Allan Stewart and Mrs. Stewart, of "Strathgartney" have returned from Windsor...

Others who attended the Edgemoor closing were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Harris, and Mrs. Walter Hyndman...

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Arnott, the former "Cathie" Bonnell, of Hamilton, Ontario, are vacationing at "The Highlands"...

Friends will be happy to learn that Mrs. A. A. Bartlett has returned from the P. E. I. Hospital and is now convalescing at home.

Tea hostesses at The Golf Club this afternoon will be Mrs. W. E. Cotton, Mrs. E. W. MacKinnon, Mrs. H. R. Larke, Mrs. J. A. Likely and Miss Marjorie Stewart.

Mrs. Eric Dewling, West Street, entertained at bridge on Thursday evening in honour of Mrs. Earl Suddaby of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Suddaby while visiting in Charlottetown are registered at The Charlottetown Hotel.

Dr. Mark K. Inman, Professor of Economics and Political Science at the University of Western Ontario who was called to the Province, owing to the illness and death of his father, Mr. Peter Inman, Cornwall, left for his home in London, Ontario Wednesday morning accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Peter Inman.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Bell of Portland, Oregon who have been visiting in Summerside were entertained on Thursday afternoon by Mr. Bell's cousins, Mrs. J. E. Campbell and Mrs. Richard Hinton at Mrs. Hinton's summer cottage Stanley Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Corney accompanied by Mr. Donald Calbeck have returned to their homes in Summerside after a pleasant trip to Boston, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Harold Crockett, Summerside, entertained a number of her friends at bridge this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Scott of Summerside, accompanied by Mr. Scott's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Scott of Cornwall, left Monday for Boston, Massachusetts, where they will visit relatives and friends.

It is to be regretted that Mrs. J. P. Parker of Sydney, N. S., who is the guest of Mrs. A. B. Horne, Summerside, had the misfortune of breaking her wrist.

Miss Dorothy Calbeck, teacher in Branksome Hall, Toronto, ar-

Donald - Harris Wedding



Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Donald photographed with attendants following their wedding in Trinity United Church, Summerside, on June 3rd. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Kenneth G. Sullivan, M.A., B.D. Left to right: Miss Edith Palmer and Miss Beryl Todd, bridesmaids; Miss Virginia Campbell, maid of honor; the bride, the former Olga Isabel Harris; the groom; Mr. Lorne Harris, Moncton, N.B., brother of the bride, groomsmen; Mr. Clayton Mills, Kensington, and Mr. Lee Semple, Charlottetown, ushers. Front: Masters Garland and Garth Harris, twin brothers of the bride as ring and train-bearers. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Allison Harris, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Edwin Donald, all of Summerside. —Photo by Heckbert.

Modern Etiquette

Q. When a man is engaged to a girl, does each call the other "fiancee"? A. There are two forms of the word. Fiance is the masculine and fiancee the feminine form. They are both pronounced the same — "fee-ahns-say."

Q. Should all the letters in the abbreviation R.S.V.P. be capitalized? A. Correctly written, only the first letter of the abbreviation is capitalized.

Q. Is it correct to tell week-end guests when they are expected to leave? A. Yes, the hostess has this privilege.

Household Scrapbook

Stationary Yardstick A stationary yardstick is a great convenience in the sewing room. Screw an ordinary yardstick firmly to the wall near the machine, and it will then always be at hand and easy for measuring material.

Cleaning Tweeds For cleaning tweeds and other heavy wools, a long-haired brush with fairly soft bristles is excellent. It is well to give frequent brushings and airings, especially during warm weather when moths are active.

Razor Strop Dressing An excellent dressing for the razor strop is neatfoot oil.

Mr. and Mrs. James Crichton have returned to Summerside after an enjoyable motor trip to Boston, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Clark of Summerside are visiting in Edmunston, N. B. guests of their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Clark.

Mrs. J. S. DesRoches of Summerside, who is leaving in the near future to take up residence in Montague, has been entertained by a number of her friends. Mr. William Morrison and Mrs. George Meikle were joint hostesses at an afternoon tea; Mrs. Donald Lidstone and Mrs. Cleve Whalen were hostesses on different evenings in honor of Mrs. DesRoches.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Morrison left Summerside yesterday morning on a holiday trip to Boston, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Walker have returned to their home in Summerside after a pleasant motor trip to Sackville and Moncton, N. B. They were accompanied by Mrs. George C. Walker, who continued on to Coldbrook, N. B. to visit her mother, Mrs. Hansen.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Lidstone and daughter Mary Anne left Summerside Thursday morning for Boston, Massachusetts.

Mrs. B. D. MacDonald, Parkdale entertained her Club at dinner at her home on Tuesday night. Mrs. MacDonald also held a pre-nuptial shower for her sister Mrs. Ralph Williams.

Mrs. Fred C. Younker and little daughter Sandra Helen Charlottetown arrived home yesterday after a pleasant visit with friends in Chipman and Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown and baby daughter has taken up summer residence at York Lane.

Better English

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "If I was him, I would not buy that kind of a suit." 2. What is the correct pronunciation of "naive'te'?"

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Multiple, municipality, munificence, murrhine. 4. What does the word "culinary" mean? 5. What is a word beginning with pa that means "any inheritance"?

ANSWERS 1. Say, "If I were he, I should not buy that kind of (omit a suit)." 2. Pronounce na-iv-eh, first a as in ah, e as in eve, a as in take accent last syllable. 3. Municipal. 4. Pertaining to the kitchen or cookery. (Pronounce the u as in culture, accent first syllable.) 5. Patrimony.

The Stars Say

For Sunday, June 25 HEBOTIC preparations for the pursuit of pleasure on the advent of a prolonged holiday period has full encouragement from sidereal forces. The concentration of the energies, plans and programs, are heightened by the thrilling arts of romance, play, pleasure, and domestic activities and enjoyments. Under pressure of such stimulating configurations a long and sustained holiday spirit may find due indulgence.

THE PREVENTION OF MENTAL DISEASE

While there is no denying the fact that mental disease is increasing, we must not forget that mental disease has always been present. That our present rate of living is a factor in causing many to behave in an abnormal manner is admitted. There never was a time in the world's history when so many physical and mental problems had to be faced.

If It Is Your Birthday

Those whose birthday it is, may anticipate a progressive, lively and constructive year, with much pleasant and prosperous activity to be found in the attainment of lively and remunerative objectives or aspirations. While social, domestic and sentimental drives are important, at the same time workaday and constructive aims and activities are promised tangible gains.

On the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is, are on the eve of a pleasant and profitable era, with many subtle and perhaps challenging prods to accomplishments and enjoyments as well. While creative talents are under forceful incentive, gainful as well as intriguing, the interior and intuitive faculties promise rich rewards. All possessions, cultural ambitions and objectives relating to the romantic, domestic or social life are to flourish, while maternal progress and accumulations are paralleled in promise.

NEUROSI

Believing you have a physical ailment when none exists is a neurosis and is becoming increasingly common. Write today for Dr. Barton's informative booklet on this subject entitled "Neurosis." To obtain it, send 10 cents and a 3-cent stamp, to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Bell Syndicate, Inc., in care of this newspaper, Post Office Box 99, Station G, New York 19, N. Y., and ask for your copy.

ELLEN'S DIARY

In the interest of the bridge-building in our neighborhood we took a boarder today. This is a boy from the Western Capital who drives a great truck that with another is engaged these days in transporting loads of clay to fill in the widened approaches there. Comparing current methods used in moving vast quantities of earth with the labor to man and beast and the time expended in the horse-and-cart days of a bygone era of bridge-building, it was to marvel over the amazing advances the recent years have given in the way of labor-saving machinery to eliminate the drudgery of it, and to cut down to a magical minimum the time involved at any project. It comes to mind amusingly at the moment that also in the field of electricity, once-unsuspected miracles have come to pass. We recall that on a Spring outing, which kept us away from Alderlea overnight, our hostess, sister-to-us suggested at retiring: "Perhaps, Ellen you would prefer to sleep in this bed beneath an electric blanket?" And then noting our apparent reluctance to trust our only one life to this untried way of keeping warm, she laughed and added "It's quite safe and comfortable I can assure you. You just regulate it this way!" But "What!" we exclaimed, "and have you find a close relative burnt to a crisp in the morning?" "Then let me put an electric warmer at your feet—but then perhaps it would be better not to because then you would be sure you were being electrocuted by degrees!" she chuckled.

That Body Of Yours

"It's just like a tale out of one of your story-books—it's all so magical!" we smiled to grand-daughter when at her request we had suspended our housework this morning to "come and see a red penny bursting its green coat" and then had lingered there in the sunshine of lane-side to watch the work at the bridge beyond. Swiftly a great machine scooped clay from a hillside close by, dumping it to a waiting truck which presently moved away with the load to leave it in a mound of red, at the touch of a lever, at a designated spot in the "fill." These days there is a great sight and sound of activity there, as the project begins to take form beneath the hands of the builders. Men move about busily; huge dark timbers are set in place; machines send their laboring echoes along the valley and a new scene shapes itself before our eyes.

THE PREVENTION OF MENTAL DISEASE

Before the discovery of shock treatment for mental disease, our mental specialists were able to cure or so greatly improve the condition of mental patients that 8 of every 10 entering mental hospitals were able to leave hospital for home and former occupations. Therefore, while it is true that more and more of the population become mental patients at some period of their lives, it is also true that with the coming of shock treatment — insulin, man could and electric there is now a better chance of recovery and the prevention of serious mental disease.

Our boarder, whose stay is to be only brief, is of sturdy appearance tall but well made and lithe. Dark of eyes and hair ("Now tell us," we smiled as he smoothed down his curls before coming to the table, "do they give nice waves like that in your town?") "Like that!" he echoed, "that is one of Nature's waves and at the moment pretty full of sand!" He has a clean straight-forward expression that is most gratifying. "There now," James said, settling down comfortably in his old armchair after dinner, "let's have our smokes!" "But I don't smoke," he said. Then James smiled man-to-boy as he might to Jamie and commented, "Then I suppose you drink a bit?" "No, I don't drink either," he replied. "Well, well," James said in some surprise, but obviously well pleased with the answer, "my advice to you is—don't ever commence either, and you can't help but make your way in the world!"

As James points out "not before time" the cropping at Alderlea, draws now near to its close. Today the piece of turnips was sowed and carrying him into the dusk, James marked the potato-dusk, and "Saturday!" we exclaimed to Jeanie in some disgust of the planting to come... Jamie came on a trip which took him "just ten minutes on the way" to see if the sitting bird had hatched — to inspect the full blown Jack-in-the-pulpit and to look in the carton which had housed the one turkey poult. "Gone!" grandaughter answered his look of inquiry. "Dead?" he asked. She nodded. (Continued on page 14.)

DOROTHY DIX SAYS - Happiest Time Of Life Every Stage Has Its Own Pleasures, Says Miss Dix

I think we make no greater mistake than in painting youth as the supreme joytime of life. This not only makes the young feel that they must squeeze into it every possible amusement and excitement because their time of enjoyment is short, but it causes so many older people to pine gloomily and hopelessly for a youth that is already gone because they feel that beyond that life is nothing but a barren waste, with no hope, no pleasure in it. As a matter of fact, no one can say with certainty which is the happiest time of life. It shifts with the individual. There are those who have had golden youths and leaden old ages, while others have had hard and bitter youths and only found how sweet the wine of life can be as they drained the last drop in the cup. Certainly youth has its pleasures that are all the keener because they are new and untried. The show is great because it is the first one he has ever seen. There is romance in every situation. One's feet are strong and never tire in the dance. One's appetites are avid and unsated.

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUTH

It is a swell party while it lasts, and the young make the most of it because they know it will soon be over and they think that the balance is cinders, ashes and dust. All of us older ones can remember when we looked with sympathy at decrepit old men and women of 30 and wondered why they wanted to live on in a world in which they could find no possible amusement or interest, and we hoped that we would die around 25 so as to be spared that tragic fate. But, surprisingly, when we got into our thirties we discovered that we had just begun to enjoy ourselves and get a real kick out of living. We looked back upon the diversions of our adolescent days as we do upon the glee of a baby at having a rattle shaken before it and smile to think they could ever have amused us. The silly little parties, the giggling girls, the calf love. The despair when father wouldn't let us have the car. The heartbreak over trifles that didn't matter. How purile!

At middle age we are really living. Our passions are at high tide that make the emotions of youth as water is to wine. We know the fierce joy of struggle, of attainment, of victory. Our heads are filled with ambitions and plans. Our hands full of work. Our families are close to us as they never were before, as they will never be again. Never a dull moment when you begin reaping the harvest that you have sown in labor and sweat. Life is full and running over with pleasure when we are middle-aged. What we dread are the lean fifties when, if we are women, we will have lost our looks and our allure and no man will look at us save with kindness and compassion, and when, if we are men, our doctors will tell us that we are no longer so young as we were and we must slack down in our work and cut down our golf games and take things easy. Pretty dull and boring prospect, that!

HAVE ACQUIRED A PHILOSOPHY

Come the fifties, and we find that all the balance was just a preparation for this. It has taken us fifty years to learn how to get real enjoyment out of life and to acquire a philosophy that enables us to meet whatever comes with a calm and equable mind. We have accepted our fates and no longer complain.

If we have won the prize we struggled for, well and good. If we have failed to win it, also well and good. We look at it with an unconvicted eye and reflect that the golden apple generally turns out to be brass after all. Also, in our fifties we attain the domestic millennium if we ever reach it. Our hearts are no longer torn with jealousies, for by then our mates are so firmly ours that we could not lose them if we tried, or else we are so warmly of them we would be glad to see them go.

Above all, we have become connoisseurs of life and know how to savor its pleasures. Boys and girls are like starving men at a well-spread table. They wolf down every pleasure without even tasting it. All they ask for is more and more until they are glutted, and they care not when their devour is fine or coarse, good or bad.

But when men and women in their fifties sit down to the banquet of life they are gourmets who appreciate the rarity of every dish, the artistry of its preparation, the perfection of its service, the vintage of its wines. They roll every morsel of pleasure on their tongues and get every subtle nuance of enjoyment out of it. But even they shiver when they think of the bleakness of the age when we grow weak and feeble, when we must eat for our digestion instead of our palate, when all the toys with which we have played are broken and when the active joys of life become to us like a half-remembered dream.

Why, then, since each phase of life has its own particular joy, should we so dread the passing of the years?

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