

Happenings of The Week

Hon. Lionel Chevrier, Minister of Transport, Mr. T. Richard, M.P., Mr. John Baldwin, chairman of the Air Transport Board, Master Bernard Chevrier and Mr. W. G. Gillespie made a social call at the home of Mr. W. Chester S. McLure, M.P. and Mrs. McLure yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. (Bill) Stewart and daughter Susan of Ottawa are spending two weeks at Brackley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. C. LeBoutillier of Kenogami, P.Q., are spending a vacation at Cavendish.

Mr. Herbert Murray, formerly of Sydney, N.S., has been promoted to accountant and transferred to the Swift Current, Sask., branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. Murray and their children were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Murray, Crestwood Drive.

Mr. and Mrs. Durrell Murray and son of Moncton, N.B. are spending the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Murray, Crestwood Drive.

The many friends of Miss Norah DeBlais will learn with regret that she entered the P. E. I. Hospital for an operation yesterday.

Mrs. Lewis Ayre and family left Friday for Halifax on return to Newfoundland after spending a week at Keppoch Beach Hotel.

The Reverend A. M. Gordon and his sister, Miss Wilhelmina Gordon from Kingston, Ont., are spending a short holiday at the Charlottetown Hotel. Dr. Gordon will take the service on Sunday morning at St. John's Church, Belfast.

Miss Lillian Lewis, Toronto, is at present spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. MacNeill and children, James, Heather and Susan, who have recently returned from Goose Bay, Labrador, are guests at the summer home at Stanley of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. MacNeill.

Mr. E. Benjamin Rogers of the Canadian diplomatic service, recently home from Prague, Czechoslovakia, where he was Chargé d'Affaires, Mrs. Rogers and their son David, are vacationing at Kiloran Lodge.

Mrs. William Gillespie of Rockland, Mass., is now visiting in Murray Harbour after spending the last few weeks with friends in New Wiltshire and Charlottetown. Mrs. Gillespie plans to go on to Springfield, N.S., to visit her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Rhodenizer before returning home.

Mrs. J. H. Cerry entertained at dinner at Keppoch Beach Hotel Tuesday evening in honour of Mrs. John Creamer of Calais, Me., who was visiting her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Alnsworth, and Miss Alice Rich and Mrs. Frank MacLaine of Calais and Mrs. Bertha Marven of New Haven, Conn., who were also visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alnsworth. Also a guest of honour was Mrs. Charles Fensh of Middleton, N.S. who is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. M. McGuire and Mrs. McGuire.

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. MacLellan, Boston, Mass., accompanied by Dr. MacLellan's brother, Mr. Gregory MacLellan, Hamilton, Ont., are among the annual summer guests visiting the Province. They visited Dr. MacLellan's former home in Indian River, and also Mrs. MacLellan's home in Eastern Kings.

Miss Mary Moffatt of Owen Sound, Ontario, is holidaying with Miss Elizabeth Martin at Keppoch Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Crilly Bourke, Toronto, are spending their vacation in Charlottetown.

Hon. Henry Hicks, Minister of Education for Nova Scotia, who is attending the conference here of the Ministers of Education for the four Maritime Provinces, is accompanied by his wife, his mother and Miss Althea Banks, Halifax, N.S., sister of Mrs. Hicks.

Rev. Dr. J. Sutherland Bonnell and Mrs. Bonnell arrived Saturday from New York to spend their annual vacation at their summer home in Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Lowther and young son of Kingston, Ontario, are visiting Mr. Lowther's parents, Col. L. T. Lowther and Mrs. Lowther, Longworth Ave.

Miss Janet Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stewart, Ottawa, is spending her vacation on the Island. Miss Stewart, assistant librarian in the Bank of Canada at Ottawa, visited her grandmother, Mrs. T. B. Woodman, City, and is now at MacCallum's Hotel, Brackley Beach.

Mrs. J. H. Sturdy and three sons have arrived from Kentville, N.S., to join Mr. Sturdy who has taken over the management at the Metropolitan Store.

Miss Winnifred Kenny, R. N. of New York, arrived last evening to spend a month's vacation with her mother, Mrs. Katherine Kenny, and her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morris, Hillsborough Apartments.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

How did we set our seal to the record of this week now passing? What did we inscribe on the last page before closing forever the cover? And what was before? Nice memories... of haying breezes, velvety soft on one's cheek, of smiling sunny skies with great inviting galleons whitely afloat... sound and sight of industry of season along the farmlands. And what of the sweat and dust and that of the work? And the heat of the relentless summer sun?

That is all forgotten, dissolved and washed away in the pleasant coolness which comes at the close of day—after the sun has westered in a scene of matchless splendor at the twilight in a gentle veil of dew-fall, the surrounding countryside even to the far hills. Then remembering only its myriad delights, we come to our rest, to sleep deeply—or maybe to roam idly along some scented country lane of our Dreamland before rising refreshed and ready to accept the obligations the fresh new day brings.

This week the haying-of-Family was at Alderlea. Daily it summoned all thither with the exception of the cook. Meeting at the house an influx—our share of the workers to dine, including the Grandchildren whose present going left this house strangely bereft. And how Ellen, do you manage to put in the time between? James has asked curiously.

Today we were left to bake our bread, to make our raspberry pie; a Sunday cake too and a batch of cookies. "In the cool, cool, cool of the morning." The recipe for the latter—remindful in color and flavor and texture when baked, of the once familiar shortbread of Island cooks—came to us recently in a pleasant roundabout way from a housewife at a distance from here.

That noon—of another Saturday it was, Rob must go to that farm of an enterprising farmer on a matter of business. The lure of the outing was too tantalizing to be denied; we came too, with him and the children. Keeping always inland, without sight of sea or river, along rolling picturesque country we came to an elevation of The Island where one may look out for miles and miles over the surrounding countryside.

And there, not far from Church and school and the corner-store of the village we found the cozy farmhouse. Red roses, in profusion were blooming not far from the door about which children were happy at play. She is the mother of seven, this young, blue-eyed brown-haired attractive woman. "They're quite nice," we offered. Her fingers played with we lad's curls. "No," she said. "Of course they are a responsibility, but! she smiled, numbering each one lovingly with her eyes, "they're good children. I wouldn't want to give one of them away."

There was scent of baking in the kitchen—and freshly scrubbed floor. And out in the sun and loveliness of day, a line of white pieces moved lazily in the small breeze... We sampled a new-made cookie and begged the recipe. A half cup plain white flour, one and a half cups sugar, salt in a big pinch and flavoring to spice these; an egg then and two cups of flour to which has been added after the manner of cooks of the old years, two teaspoons of cream of tartar and one of soda. The dough is broken off then in bits small or larger, each flattened somewhat in the pan, marked intriguingly by a fork and baked to a golden brown.

"I reckon," James said, "that mother of seven wouldn't get to the pictures very often. Nor I suspect on many other outings! I guess," he commented with some insinuation, "she wouldn't have the leisure of some." But what a lovely role, though often "unsung," is hers and other mothers of a number! Home-bound it is true, but also home-loving... helping to make a home of memories to which children, loved ones and friends, will ever gratefully turn. For:

"Home-loving hearts have all that makes life good. Safe in the shelter of their kindly roof, Kinship and love and gracious motherhood— These are of life the very warp and woof, The silver strands that keep the world in place, This age-old knitted fibre of the race." Until Monday - - - Diary - - - Good-night. . . .

great many relatives in P. E. I. and is a nephew of Mrs. Barbour.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Duff and family left Thursday for their home in Toronto, after spending a holiday with Mrs. Duff's mother, Mrs. J. H. Ayers and other members of her family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Curran left by car Monday morning on a short holiday trip to the mainland.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Downe on their marriage which took place on Wednesday afternoon in Cape Traverse United Church. Mrs. Downe is the former Miss Margaret Lord.

Mrs. Cockburn Smith and daughter Ceell, of Ottawa, left for home yesterday by car after spending a holiday at Gregor's Hotel, Brackley Beach.

Senator and Mrs. G. H. Barbour had as their guests over the weekend, Mr. and Mrs. Eldon McLure and three children, Gail, Gordon and Donnie of Fonthill, Ont. Mr. and Mrs. McLure were both born in Alberta. Last year they motored to Victoria, B. C., and planned to holiday here again as soon as possible. Mr. McLure is a civil engineer, with headquarters at Niagara Falls. He has a

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DOROTHY DIX'S COLUMN

Tragic Mistake

Reader's Story May Help Other Girls

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am telling my story in hope that it may keep other girls from making the same mistake. I have always tried to be a good girl. I never drank or smoked. I go to church regularly, but I fell desperately in love with a boy at the age of 17. We planned to be married but were so young, and he had no job, so we decided to wait awhile. Temptation became too great, however. I was afraid, but he promised that if anything happened we would marry immediately. To my sorrow, it didn't turn out that way.

I am sure the boy loved me before this but, as usual, his love died and the day I told him we would have to marry he suddenly volunteered and went into service, leaving me to bear the burden alone. I almost went crazy but turned to my mother—one's best friend—and although it almost killed her, she stood by and gave me the care and love I so badly needed.

I lost the baby and almost died myself, so not, but I feel they do. My poor mother never refers to my mistake. She says it's in the past and must remain there but she has almost grieved herself to death.

CAME BACK TOO LATE

The boy came home on furlough and, seeing everything was normal again, he asked me to marry him. But the love I once had for him was killed when he so calmly walked out on me when I needed him most. If girls could only realize that love isn't giving one's self—respect! I know now what I wish I had known without learning the hard way—that is, to keep a boy's love girl has to hold out for decency and honor and that getting doesn't pay. BESS

ANSWER: I have printed your letter in full, because the simple directness of its moving story may carry more weight with girls facing similar problems than any comment of mine.

It is a tale typical of its kind in all details—the promises of marriage that are rarely kept, desertion by the boy, renunciation of all responsibility on his part, and the ultimate carrying of the burden by the girl alone. In your case, Bess, an understanding and helpful mother was your mainstay, but one of the prices you are paying for your weakness is the heavy toll it took of her health and peace of mind.

A boy who is truly in love will want to cherish and protect his beloved; he certainly will not want to see her honor betrayed before all the world. If girls would use this gauge in judging the intentions of their sweethearts, so much tragedy would be averted. Once the heavy hand of fate falls, it's too late for regrets—too late for amendment.

Perhaps the story of Bess's heartbreak will help others who are treading the path of indecision.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Does a woman executive in an office rise when her superior enters her office to discuss business?

A. If he were merely greeting her, while passing by, she would remain seated. But if he is coming to talk business, or when she should rise to offer him a chair.

Q. May one write an acknowledgment to a formal invitation to the first person?

A. Never. Inasmuch as the formal invitation is always in the third person, the answer should be the same.

Q. Is it obligatory for the bride's attendants to wear gloves?

A. This is preferable, although not absolutely necessary.

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I clean white-enamelled pans in which food has been burned?

A. They can be cleaned without injury to the enamel by putting a quantity of soap powder and boiling water into them and letting them stand for three or four days. The blackness will wash off with a soft cloth.

Better English

By G. G. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I see Mr. Brown most every day, and I expect he is kind of perplexed."

ANSWERS: 1. Say, "I see Mr. Brown almost every day, and I suspect he is rather perplexed." 2. Pronounce in-ko-it, both 's' as in in, o as in one, accent second syllable. 3. Supersede. 4. Suitable means to accomplish an end. "Hard work is an expedient to success." 5. Pertinacity.

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That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

ARMCHAIR TREATMENT OF CORONARY THROMBOSIS

For years the established treatment of heart stroke (coronary thrombosis) was three to six weeks in bed with perhaps another couple of weeks "taking it easy" about the house. In the Journal of the American Medical Association, Drs. Samuel A. Levine and Bernard Lown, medical clinic of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital and department of medicine, Harvard Medical School, state, "It has been our view that recumbency in bed affords less rest to the heart than the sedentary (sitting down) position in a chair with the feet down. The lying-down position permits most return of the blood to the heart from the most distant parts of the body, while the sitting position permits gravity to mobilize fluid in the dependent parts of the body. The lying down position encourages the pooling of fluid in the chest region. This pooling of blood in the chest region or circuit may be dangerous. The abruptness of the onset of coronary thrombosis with its frequent grave results afflicting, as it frequently does, the highly active and previously healthy person, when coupled with long-continued bed rests, saps morale, provokes desperation, unrelenting anxiety and usher in hopelessness with respect to resumption of normal living."

Aside from the loss of morale in lying in bed for weeks, there are physical bad effects such as constipation, gradual weakness, pneumonia, kidney and bladder derangements. "In short, the bed is not a resting place for the patient with heart disease."

Because of the above conditions, Drs. Levine and Lown, for the past year and a half, have used the armchair treatment instead of bed rest. Of the 81 patients with acute coronary thrombosis, 57 were admitted to the medical service of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital and 24 were treated at home or in other hospitals. The majority of patients were out of bed during the first two days. They were helped out of bed and placed in a comfortable movable chair. They remained in the chair until they felt tired, as these physicians wanted the patients out of bed as much as possible without discomfort to them. They began with an hour or two daily out of bed and by the end of the first week they spent the larger portion of the day in the chair.

"The most encouraging aspect of this armchair treatment of coronary thrombosis was the continued sense of well-being and high morale. When they were permitted to walk, there was no dizziness or weakness," the doctors tell us.

There were no complications caused by the armchair treatment. While there were 8 patients who died during the armchair treatment, there was no evidence that the chair treatment was responsible for these deaths. "The prompt improvement shown by some of those desperately ill with congestive heart failure after being placed in a chair was particularly impressive."

The results obtained by the armchair method means that other physicians will give this method a trial and we will obtain further information thereon. Certainly a patient sitting up in a chair naturally has less anxiety about his illness than if confined to bed.

Spread this over the baked crust. Bake about 20 minutes or until golden. Cool in pan then cut in squares.

Morning Smile

Good Racket

"Lady, could you gimme a quarter to get to where my folks are?" "I guess so. Here's a quarter. And where are your folks?" "At the movies, ma'am."

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Enamelware To test the quality of enamelware apply either some red or black ink to the surface and allow to dry. Then wash off with cold water, and if the enamelware is of good quality, there will be no stain remaining.

Restore Old Crepe A piece of glue dissolved in skim milk and water is claimed to be very effective in restoring old crepe. Use very hot and clap dry.

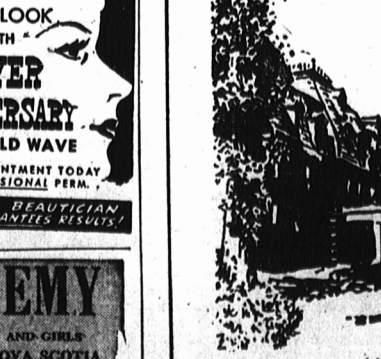
Cook's Corner

COCOANUT DREAM BARS

One-third cup shortening at room temperature, 1 cup icing sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg yolk, 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour, 1/2 cup well-packed, brown sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup each corn syrup and shredded coconut, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla. Cream together shortening and icing sugar until creamy, then add egg yolk and vanilla, beating well. Mix in the 1 cup flour. Spread this dough into a pan 9 x 9 x 2 inches. Bake at 425 degrees F. for 10 minutes. Remove from oven. Turn down heat to 350 degrees F. Mix in the brown sugar with the tablespoon flour, baking powder and salt. Beat in the eggs; mix in remaining ingredients.

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