

Cook's Corner

FLUFFY FRUIT SALAD

1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons cream
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind
Finch salt
3 cups canned fruit, well drained and shredded
1-3 pound marshmallows, cut in quarters
1/4 cup whipping cream
Combine egg yolk, sugar, cream, lemon juice and rind, and salt in top part of double boiler. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thick. Chill.
Chop fruit (combination of peaches, pears, cherries, apricots, berries and pineapple) and combine with nuts and marshmallows. Add to custard mixture, together with stiffly whipped cream.
Place in mold or bowl and chill overnight, or for 24 hours. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves, or in sherbet blases.
Serves 6.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it proper for an employee to give his or her employer a gift for his birthday?
A. Not unless the relations are extremely close and friendly. Sometimes, if there is more than one employee, they can band together on one gift if they so desire.
Q. When a woman has moved into a new neighborhood, how soon should she return the first call of a neighbor?
A. Within two weeks.
Q. Is it permissible for a girl on a vacation trip to send a picture postcard to a young man who has not asked her to write?
A. Certainly.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Left-Over Cake

Slice the left-over cake and cover the slices with fresh seeded cherries mixed with diced pineapple. Permit this combination to chill for several hours, and then serve plain, or topped with some broken nuts.

Soiled Curtains

To ventilate the room at night, and still not soil expensive curtains, make bags of muslin and slip the curtains into them, pinning the bag to the top of the curtain.

Before Using Paint

Before opening a can of paint, turn it upside down and leave it in this position for a while. This will aid in mixing it thoroughly.

The Stars Say - -

By Genevieve Kemble

For Saturday, June 10

RATHER conflicting conditions are found in this day's astrological chart. There are excellent promises of fortunate developments, with major operations of scope and consequence under a stimulating aspect. Personal recognition and rewards are in the offing. Yet, a sudden and entirely unsuspected visitation may upset all plans which could be definitely ruined by a wild flare in temper, rash words, or attempts to use force rather than reason. Sideswipe violence, strife and accident or physical harm.

If It Is Your Birthday

Those whose birthday it is, have a great opportunity to turn disaster or sudden miscarriage of plans or objectives into safer or more productive channels, by the right use of calm, temperate and reasonable conduct. Even in the face of sudden upset, disaster or accident, such moderation should be maintained. So much depends upon this that calamity and serious danger may be aggravated by erratic moves. Also steer clear of accident or physical attack.
A child born on this day, while good hearted, ambitious and capable, may be so upset by strange reversals or adventures as to fly into erratic and tempestuous conduct, thus undermining its fair prospects.

Morning Smile

TYPOGRAPHICAL

The following correction appeared in a country paper: "Our paper carried the notice last week that Mr. John Doe is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Doe is really a detective in the police force."

Bell - Avard Wedding Group



Mr. and Mrs. Myron Bell photographed with their attendants at their reception given at The Charlottetown, following their marriage at Trinity United Church. Miss Brenda Large was flower girl and Master David Jones was train-bearer. The bride's attendants left to right, Miss Phyllis Aitken, Miss Margaret MacLennan, Miss Barbara Hicks as maid of honour, and Miss Peggy Beck. The groomsmen were Mr. Arthur Avard and the ushers Messrs. Fulton Bier, Donald MacLennan, Maurice Blake, Gordon Wellner and F. W. Jones. —Garnham Photo.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

Yes, deeper now, like a tide at flood, and insistently at Alderlea, the farm cares roll in to the feet and hands of the farmers. True, the choring has been lessened somewhat by the removal of the flock of sheep from the near meadow and barns to their permanent pasturage in the field across the creek. But towards this place, steps must turn occasionally, "just to see if that last one's had her lamb yet" or it may be "to see how all are doing." At Rob's "Woolly" the lamb, an esteemed and most alert creature, wears the burden of a yoke to keep him confined to pasture. "You see, it used to be when we put him there with the rest and came away, why, he would be home ahead of us!" Jamie explained, "and he's not a lamb now" the younger fellow dimpled, "he's a sheep!"

The young cattle too have been herded to a field at the other farm where Rob's also and his fattening animals range in the neighborhood of spring and stream. Recently when our farmers in conference reached a common agreement that "We'd better let the fat ones out for a run in the front field, just to let them get used to being out of the stable and yard" they found a delaying factor. Because in the interests of the current bridge-building, the pond has been reduced to a wandering stream, a condition against which the farmers claim "there's no fencing". James reckoned on second consideration "Perhaps it would be better to stable them for a few days yet. If they happened to get out of the field, dear knows where they'd go to — and there's one thing certain the d—l wouldn't catch them!" And granddaughter hearing, said in an aggrieved tone which nevertheless contained definite interest and amusement as well "He should be more careful of what he says in front of me — now shouldn't he?"

Today a tractor moved in to lend timely assistance at the plowing-down of manure on certain of the fields here, and our farmers went to spread fertilizer on the sown grain-fields at the other farm. There must be time out, however, to haul hay from a purchased stack on the adjacent farm. The route to this lies along an area which to granddaughter and myself is altogether bewitching. It winds along rear, quiet fields. And the machine dips down to pass over a bridge beneath which a lonely brook flows, wasting its sweetness there as it steals between fern-clad or wooded banks. At present we have notion it waters the brownish rabbit, it sips nibbling in a cloverly meadow in the vicinity of the ragged red fox, fleet of foot and we doubt not extremely cunning, who makes fair game of the dogs.

And these days the housewives are left to attend to the affairs at home. We must, to the best of our ability, keep ourselves acquainted with the progress of the field work and know the whereabouts of team and machinery, though we have to confess to some bewilderment over this. "It's light work on the horses", James observed at dinner, when we spoke of the fertilizer-spreading. "But it must be quite a drag up that slope" we offered. He set down knife and fork. "Slope, Ellen?" he exclaimed, "you mean just above the stream?" We nodded brightly, pleased to have recalled that only last Fall we had picked potatoes there, which as a sequence of rotation would give it this year to grain-land. Or had it been last Fall after all... or the preceding one, now that seasons and years slip away so fast? James set us to rights. "That slope, Ellen, is now in hay!"

We must also keep an eye and an ear — and a kettle boiling, in

DOROTHY DIX SAYS -

Bad Housekeeper

Domestic Rift Caused By The Wife's Incompetence

DEAR MISS DIX: I am married to a young woman who is pretty, intelligent, amiable, affectionate, and that a man could want in a wife, except that she is the world's worst housekeeper. I bought a pretty home when we married. It is never clean or orderly. There is never a place where you can sit down in comfort. Even the laundry isn't sent out. I would amply money to keep a good table, but there is never anything fit to eat. My wife frankly tells me that she loathes domestic work. That cooking bores her to tears, and, besides, she hasn't any turn for it and could never learn how to do it. The situation is particularly hard on me because I am a domestic man and had looked forward to having a home that was like the one in which I was brought up. My wife and I have got almost to the breaking point. We quarrel continually because when I come home tired and hungry for the work of an evening I am infuriated over the mess and material because I put stress on such creature comforts as a clean room, fresh towels in the bathroom and decent food. What do you think of our problem? —ARTHUR

ANSWER: It is a pity that when you were courting your wife you were so busy asking her, "Do you love me?" you neglected to inquire if she knew how to cook and generally to ascertain views on a woman's place in the home.

SHOULD INVESTIGATE QUALIFICATIONS It is a queer thing that men practically never try to get a line on a girl's domestic qualifications before they lead her to the altar, for on their marriage, for no marriage can be a success unless the wife knows how to keep house any more than it can be a success if the husband cannot make the money to support it. It is just as necessary that the wife should be able to fry the bacon as it is for the husband to bring it home.

No man can prosper if his wife is wasteful and extravagant and throws half he makes in the garbage can. No man can be healthy and competent to do his best work unless he is properly fed. It doesn't avail a man anything even for his wife to love him unless she expresses her affection in making him comfortable. The way for you to settle your problem is either to hire a competent housekeeper and put the entire management of your home in her hands, or else break up your home and go and live in a hotel where you can get good food and good service. Perhaps your wife's other charms and graces offset her lack of domesticity. But don't try to go on as you are, quarrelling over her inefficiency. It will kill your love and send you to the divorce court.

DEAR MISS DIX: We are a young couple who have been married a year and a half. Get along fine together. Everything all right, except that I can't get my husband up in the mornings. He gets plenty of sleep. It is not lazy. But he is just terrible to get up in the mornings. I have let him be late for work several times, but I can't take a chance of letting him lose his job. He gulps a hurried breakfast and is off. Never a chance to fix the furnace. I am so tired of this and we scrap over it to the extent that he hardly talks to me for several days. I don't like to have every day begin with a quarrel. What shall I do about it? —A. L. B.

ANSWER: Quit making an issue of it. Just accept the fact that your husband is a sleepy head and that it is part of your job to wake him up and get him off to work. Make a joke out of it instead of a tragedy. He might have a lot worse fault than that. I'm not saying that a man who hasn't enough energy and initiative and the get-up-and-get-out about him to wake up of himself isn't aggravating. He is. But there is nothing you can do about it. Nothing you can do or say is going to turn your husband into an early riser. You can have a fight over this fact every morning and send him to work peeved with you and thinking bitter thoughts of you all day. Or you can make a game out of getting him out of bed. Give him a good breakfast with a jolly wife across the table from him and send him away convinced he has the greatest little girl in the world for a wife. Which policy do you think will pay better, and do more to keep you out of the divorce court?

DEAR MISS DIX: I am married to a man who is perfectly splendid in every other way except this: He delights in airing all my faults in front of company. When we are alone together he practically never criticizes me, but just let company come and he holds up all of my faults and shortcomings for their amusement. Why is this? —G. M.

ANSWER: It is his way of being witty. Lots of men do that. They really think their wives are just the best ever, but in order to show off how humorous they are they drag out poor old wife before company and try for laughs by making fun of her. The only way to cure him is to make up some nice spicy stories about his little peculiarities and set the table in a roar by countering with them when he starts out with his little spiel.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

readiness for the meals that of late have not been keeping to a tidy schedule. Only this afternoon, in the insistence of the work, James must have his supper taken to the field at the other farm where he worked, and there appear those occasions when the farmers carry a lunch to stay them from dinner until the afterglow brings

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

THE COMMON FELON, OR PARONYCHIA

Several years ago, the wife of a man I knew developed paronychia—a felon or "run around"—from which she suffered intensely for several days. The husband belittled the amount of pain from which she could be suffering as there was only a small amount of redness and swelling. Before she was completely recovered the husband developed a felon on the index finger of each hand, and great was the suffering therefrom.

A felon seems a small matter, but the pressure of serum and pus at the junction of the "root" of the nail and the skin can be very painful. There is constant throbbing in almost all cases. Because holding the hand in hot water gives relief from pain, the patient keeps his hand in a bowl or basin, adding hot water from time to time. The hot water not only eases the pain but after prevents the felon from developing completely.

In "Post Graduate Medicine," Dr. Walter H. Gerwig, Washington University Hospital, describes the symptoms of paronychia as those of any inflammation caused by infection, that is, pain, redness, lump or swelling, and heat. There is first pain, then redness followed by swelling and later heat. At first, pain is a constant dull ache with soreness from pressure. Later the pain is constant throbbing if hand is not held up.

Treatment consists in placing hand in hot water to which a small amount of lysol is added to prevent the infection from spreading. The hand should remain in hot water at least one half hour in every four. This hot water treatment usually "lifts" skin away from nail and the symptoms disappear. If the hot water treatment does not give relief at the end of twenty-four hours, a physician should be consulted, as he will have to open up the "lump" to allow pus to drain out.

Don't neglect the common felon as the infection may spread to fingers and muscles of the hand.

FIRST AID

Know what to do in an emergency. Write today for Dr. Barton's helpful booklet entitled "First Aid in Emergencies." 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.

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The Golden Girl

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST AND LADBROKE BLACK

Continued

The black crepe was pressed and a stitch or two taken, eggs were scrambled on the gas plate and coffee made. Sara was critically inspected and approved, neat plain and respectable, hiding excitement and humor behind a rather grim smile. She said, "Thanks, Glory, wish me luck!" In a rather gruff voice, and the door clicked behind her.

Not until long after Sara had gone did Glory remember the letter. She reached out languidly and dragged it toward her as she lay limp relaxed on the cot couch. With Sara's departure her own excitement had died, leaving stiffness and discouragement. No job, no prospect, no amusing place to go, no money to spend. Money! Everything came back to that sooner or later. Life wasn't anything without it. She scanned the outside of the letter without any particular interest.

"John Carver, Counsellor-at-law."

That was the name in the upper left-hand corner, and the address was Chicago. There was a teasing familiarity about the name. Oh, yes, there had been a Mr. Carver who had come to see Uncle Robert on business once or twice, but she had merely seen him come and go.

She tore the letter open. If Uncle Robert had carried his disapproval to the point of sending his regards to her through a lawyer.

Her eyes widened and went swiftly down the page. It jerked unwillingly in her excited hand. She raced to the end, stared for a moment at the neat signature and then sat up and swung her feet to the floor. It couldn't be true—not just like that. She drew a long breath and read the letter through again, slowly and carefully.

Uncle Robert was dead. There was something rather shocking in that—it did not seem possible that his grim, tenacious hold on life had been torn loose—but there was no use in pretending, even to herself, that the news could bring any real grief to her. Uncle Robert had not been pleased with his younger brother's marriage; he had been still less pleased when a girl child had been left without parents or money for him to look after. He had given her the shelter of his roof and the dry husks of a grudging charity, and yet when the child had grown up he had violently opposed her going out to earn her own living. She had won her fight at last—but he had been harsh and contemptuous about it.

That had been three years ago, and he had not written her a line since nor given the faintest indication that he was aware of her existence although she had sent him brief, primly dutiful letters at long intervals. Now Uncle Robert was dead and it seemed that he had been rich, much richer than anyone had guessed, and outside of a few meager bequests to charity he had left his entire estate "—provided the said Gloria Staunton, if she is not already

married, shall marry within thirty days from the date of my decease."

Glory drew a long shaking breath. A fortune, ease, all the things that make life smooth and graceful, freedom from pinching economies and the lurking fear of need, freedom for all the things she longed to do, for life and beauty and laughter. All these things if she would marry somebody—anybody—within thirty days. Just like that! Even beyond the grave Uncle Robert meant to have his own way. Holding this out to her, tantalizingly, triumphantly, pulling it back with a ghostly hand. Do it my way or do without.

Mechanically she looked at the letter again. It had been a long time reaching her, following her about from one address to another. She had only five days and not thirty in which to comply with the provisions of the will!

Late the next afternoon Miss Endicott's new secretary sat writing in the tiny anteroom to Miss Endicott's favorite suite at the Benham. Miss Dalton had good eyes and a wide pleasant mouth. But no one would think of calling her beautiful. Miss Endicott was well contented with her choice.

"You are doing very well Miss Dalton," she said graciously. "Be prepared to return to Beechwood with me next week. Please see that I am not interrupted for the rest of the afternoon unless my nephew, Mr. Moreland, should call or telephone."

Miss Dalton bent her head politely in response, but her eyes were alert in spite of the shadows beneath them. She and Gloria after her excited return last night had sat up until daylight, feverishly working to make her wardrobe fairly presentable for the Benham and Beechwood.

Sara was interested in this new position of hers and glad that she had it. It held possibilities that she would not admit to rebellious Glory, who had told her what had happened to cause her dismissal, and last night had also bitterly told her of the tantalizing mockery of her inheritance. Sara was more than interested to see Jack Moreland. She hoped with almost desperate impatience that he would come this afternoon.

For by hours she wrote patient, transcribing in her incredibly hand the long personal letters that Miss Endicott loved to send to her friends. Then Jack Moreland came.

She caught the quick surprise in his face as he looked from her to the papers in front of her and the portable typewriter that she had brought.

To be continued

BOTTLE-FED BABIES

If your baby is bottle-fed, be sure to watch little bowels closely. Mother's milk has a natural laxative effect which helps take care of baby's needs. Lacking this, a bottle-fed baby often gets fretty, feverish and suffers from constipation and upset stomach. Let Baby's Own Tablets help you keep baby's bowels on schedule—sweeten upset stomach—relieve constipation and teething troubles. No "sleepy" stuff—no dulling effect. Easily crushed to a powder, if desired. Don't let your baby suffer—get Baby's Own Tablets today. 25¢.

-Needlecraft-

FOR THE HOME

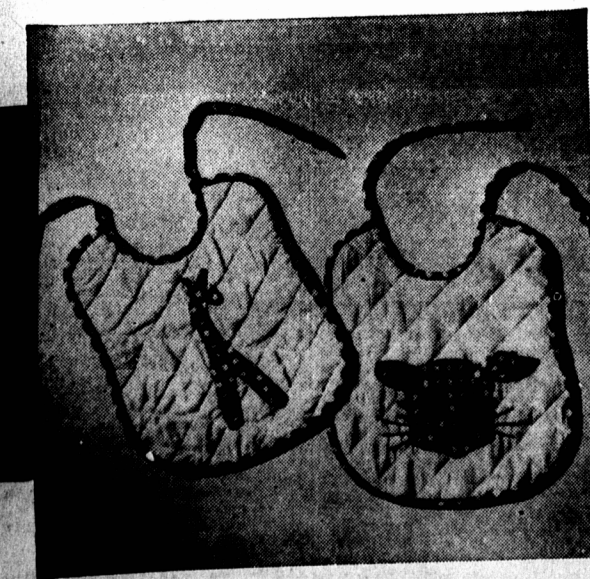
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