

### Country Garden

with fragrant flowers in orange and different shades of yellow. The rock garden is filled with color and fragrance at this time. Candytuft has taken the place of the Arabis in lovely white mounds of bloom completely covering the good green evergreen foliage which is nice all summer. The forget-me-nots in pink and white as well as the blue, the Mission Bell described last week and the Bicolor Bleeding Heart in large clumps with the long graceful pink flowers. I find that they look especially well in a built up rock wall where it is possible to look down without stooping. The soil must be deep and rich and then they make a beautiful shrub by plant.

To complete a garden there must be many birds and here they are. The yellow and orange warblers have arrived and they fit from shrub to shrub.

The painted goldfinches delight to sport. Hopping from shrub to shrub; and then to the hedge the downy, thistle blooms.

Light flows their song, and varied as their plumes. I worry for their safety while enjoying their beauty and grace. Keith writes.

"Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop from low hung branches; little space they stop; but sip and twitter; and their feathers sleek; then off at once as in a wonton freak; or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings. Passing upon their yellow flutterings.

Birdbaths should be in every garden and kept filled with fresh water each day; then all these lovely birds will stay in your garden.

It is easy to work in the garden now with all the color and fragrance and the singing of the birds, and there is much work to do. After you have mastered the art of sowing small seeds so that they are just pressed in the soil, and the planting firmly of small plants and shading or watering them until they are growing, then you can begin to create your garden with what you have. Make the most of your best, just as you do with your own home and your own attire. Try to camouflage your poor parts. Ugly buildings or arched plant arbors or trees and whitewash to cover a multitude of sins. Make the most of the lovely views, plant nothing to obstruct these views.

There is not a place in this garden province of ours that cannot be made better with a good deal of labor and some money spent on it. I stressed that at several gardening talks with country women last week and came home to find that my own garden needed a great deal of attention. However the work done last autumn in the planting of tulips was now giving much beauty and color, and visitors to the garden have enjoyed the tulip display which should be at its best in the next few days. Many come to the garden after they have passed by and are so disappointed and it is a difficult time for the old gardener too.

It is springtime in my garden. Yet gentle, wandering breeze is heaping fragrant snow-drefts beneath my cherry-trees. Sunlight saturates the hedges. While a warbler's glad refrain. As he swings a-top the laburnum. Floats through showers of golden rain.

It is high noon on the terrace. But see, amid the grass, Myriad Stars of Bethlehem Twinkling as they pass. Joy dances through the borders. Among tulips, proud and tall; Do I hear one faintly sighing As its brilliant petals fall? Hall.

Tomorrow is the first day of June, the beginning of the loveliest month of the year. "There's a day in June before us, Lustrous green and blue, Winds like heartbeats pulsing o'er us Quick with rapture new."

Thank God for June! The soft soiling of the wood thrush, the flitting of many birds, the flitting of butterflies, the hum of all sweet earth scents — all seem to say the same, with an endless iteration, never wearying, because so gladome. June is 2 months of unutterable, inexpressible loveliness and let us try in our busy days, "to stop and stare" as often as we can. In thinking of the sowing and planting that must be done in the garden here before it is ready for the summer it will be necessary to use every bit of ingenuity that the gardener may have. I am determined that every day will be enjoyed this lovely month.

SPEAK THESE NAMES SOFTLY

Lately I have been considering how precisely, how charmingly the birds and the flowers have been named. What superb inspiration bestowed upon them their correct and happy names, so investing them forever with music and with grace. The various names in themselves are palatable and exciting; and it would seem, upon due consideration, that none of them has been named wrongly or ineptly without reflection. The humming bird — a flash of yellow amid the flowerbeds; the Flamingo — crimson-plumed under a tropical sunset. Somehow, to my mind, the Plover remains one of the most delightful names of all, suggesting mist and cool falling rain and how surely the Petrel suggests the sea and the wash of tides upon lonely reefs. But, above

### Seven Days A Week

ket — This one should contain polishes of all kinds, — for mirrors, windows furniture and wood-work. Add a bottle of polish for that precious silverware; copper polish for pan bottoms. Toss in a couple of sponges, some scratch remover and chamolis and she has all the aids to keep her new lustrous in the valley or mansion on the hill in tip-top shape.

TUESDAY: It has always been known that farmers are good friends and generous neighbors, and here is another bit of testimony to confirm it. Last August, while a searing drought was burning large areas of the country, the water supply of York, a town of 5000 population in South Carolina, became dangerously low. The town reservoir was almost dry. In another week it appeared that the town would have no water for bathing, for fire protection — even for drinking.

Farm families near York volunteered to empty their farm ponds into the channel of Turkey Creek, which runs through the town. It saved the day for the town folks. In eight weeks owners of seven farm ponds ranging from two to ten acres in size, furnished 30,000,000 gallons of water to the town — an average of more than 500,000 gallons a day.

Farmers whose crops and pastures were thirsty, too, figured thirsty neighbors were more important.

WEDNESDAY: To-day we set out slips of bleeding heart, phlox and three peonies, pink, red and white. These have been growing in the garden at our old home over the hills, for the past two years. Better soil there, we felt it would give them a chance to make a head-start. Visiting that garden the other day, how lovely it was to see the rows of yellow daffodils, tulips and narcissus, fringed by their gorgeous spring finery and speaking of narcissus here's an item on how that flower got its name.

It was in Greece — a handsome Greek youth called Narcissus, who by the way didn't know he was handsome because they had no mirrors then, was sitting beside a mirrored pool when he saw a reflection of himself in the water.

Not knowing it was himself he was seeing, he fell in love with the reflection in the pool. There he sat entranced, enamoured and in love with his own image for days on end until he eventually pined away and died.

The water nymphs when told of this tragedy of love came to remove the body. But when they came there they found a Narcissus floating in the pool instead of the body. The goddess of love had borne his body away with her and placed a golden Narcissus in the place where she had found it.

THURSDAY: The old farmer was summoned to serve on the jury where a man was being tried for theft.

He came into the court room, then beckoned to the Judge. "Your Honor," he said "I just can't be a juror!"

"And why not?" asked the Judge.

"Because," said the old fellow seriously "one look at that man in the chair and I'm convinced he's guilty before I even hear any evidence."

"Sh h h," said the Judge warningly "not so loud! That's not the prisoner: That's the District Attorney."

FRIDAY: What could be nicer than Hot Tuna Buns for supper?

1 oz. can tuna fish, chunk style  
Hard-cooked eggs, chopped  
1/2 cup small pieces of cream cheese  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
Sprinkling of pepper  
2 tablespoons grated onion  
1/4 teaspoon mustard  
Mayonnaise  
1 dozen Parker House rolls

SUNDAY: The pale gold of moonlight brightens the countryside these nights, and May, one of the nicest of months, is slipping by quickly. What a nice week it was with the family all home at various times. "I didn't take my uniform home. Mom. It's nice to be out of it for awhile," says Paul happily.—home on leave for a couple of weeks. It seemed

all bird names, the Skylark — suggesting pure song poured into the vast blue vault of the sky. And what of that plumed, that ice-white bird, the Albatross?

As for flowers, the miracle of their names suggests the flight of color from deep roots, the uprising of thin emerald from earth, the spreading of spiraled fans in the sunlight. The Lotus, the Magnolia, the Oleander, the Heartsease, the Columbine and the modest Bluebell, the Tamarind, the Tuberosa, the Lupin; these are poet's words, the words of dreamers and lute players and not for everyday pedestrian souls at all. Every day should be spoken softly and with a certain reverence; for he who says Amaranth or Hyacinth harshly has not looked upon these flowers with more than the cold and casual eyes of a stranger.

Monitor.

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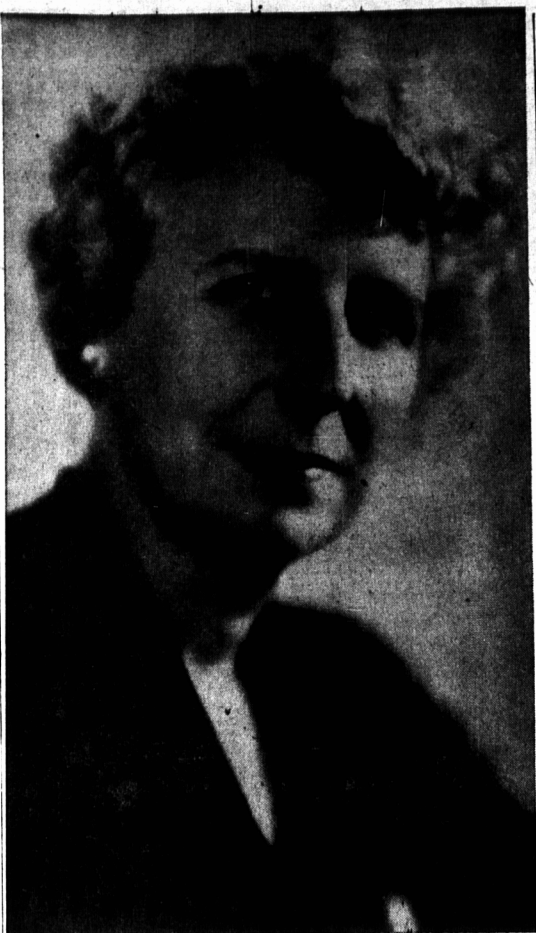
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### Heads I.O.D.E.

New national president of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire is Mrs. Lawrence B. Smart of Toronto, shown in this photo by Ashley and Crippen of Toronto. She was elected at the organization's annual convention in Winnipeg to succeed Mrs. Kathleen Drope of Toronto. (CP Photo).

Mix well together the tuna fish, eggs, cheese, seasonings and add enough mayonnaise to moisten and hold mixture. Split Parker House rolls, butter, and stuff with tuna mix. Put together and wrap in aluminum foil—each bun separately. Heat in 325-deg. oven for 2 minutes. Serve with olives and celery.

SATURDAY: Here and now are a few interesting notes about this and that that you might like. A fancy dish to consider is this one. Peel six firm bananas and arrange in a shallow baking dish, greased first of course. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle generously with brown sugar. Bake fifteen to twenty minutes in a 375 deg. F. oven. Serve this dish with a sauce made from a coconut-cream pudding mix — the bananas warm, sauce chilly. 3. If you're serving delectable slices of cold ham, dress up the platter with slices of peach halves filled with pickle relish. 3. Hot buttered biscuits always hit the right spot. Before cutting out the biscuits spread half the dough with soft butter, lay the other half on top, and then cut out the biscuits. Bake as usual. When baked they will have sufficient butter, and ready to fill with your favorite jam or marmalade. 4. Next time you make cup cakes add a handful of raisins which you have first dusted with sugar, cinnamon and a little flour. 5. Want to make a quick easy salad? Drain a can of mixed vegetables. Toss with your favorite salad dressing. Chill thoroughly to blend the flavors. Reap on crisp green lettuce and there you have it!

SUNDAY: The pale gold of moonlight brightens the countryside these nights, and May, one of the nicest of months, is slipping by quickly. What a nice week it was with the family all home at various times. "I didn't take my uniform home. Mom. It's nice to be out of it for awhile," says Paul happily.—home on leave for a couple of weeks. It seemed

as if the hands of the clock were turned backwards on Friday night, as I stood at the window and watched the five brothers standing chatting for a few moments. But time never stands still, much less turns backwards. These weren't little boys any more, for presently they stowed guitars and violin, plus "loud speakers" into their cars and whisked down the long red road over the hills and out of sight. Baby Garth nodded sleepily for he was content to go to bed — now that the excitement had died down. "Me, Mommy's good old Davy 'Frocker'" he said, as he put his two small arms around my neck and got his "good-night kit" (kiss). Davy Crockett is his favorite song at the moment, and we hear it sung very much off key at all hours of the day. Da's end now and the sky is decked with twinkling stars. How quiet and lovely it is, with gentle shadows and soft sounds. Somewhere in the distance a dog bays at the solemn moon, and in the woods across the fields from here an owl calls "who-o? Who o-o! It is a time for thinking — and remembering. They who, impelled by loneliness at end Of day, walk city streets or country lane Shall find in solitude a dividend Of meanings to alleviate their pain. The wind will talk to them in either place Of things impermanent for which we weep. And of the lasting glory in the face Of love that glimpsed but once is ours to keep. And if they halt with lifted head

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### Point de Roche

\*His many friends in this area regret to learn of the present illness of Mr. J. O. B. McConnell, teacher at Savage Harbour, at his home in Georgetown.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. McDonald of Glenroy, were guest at the home of Mr. McDonald's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Morrison of Savage Harbour on May 15.

The many friends and relatives in this area of Mrs. Ronald O'Hanley of Mount Stewart, and a former resident of Point de Roche regret to learn she is at the present a patient in the Charlottetown Hospital. It is the sincere wish of all that Mrs. O'Hanley will make a speedy and complete recovery.

Miss Josephine Steele, Charlottetown, is spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell.

Polio Inoculation Clinic was held at Mt. Stewart School on May 17, for pupils of the district and also for surrounding districts. Dr. G. H. Sheppard was in attendance, assisted by Miss Ida McKay, R. N., Public Health Nurse.

Mr. Cyrene McDonald of Mount Stewart, has been engaged in hauling pulp wood for Mr. George McCormac, Point de Roche.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Doyle of Summerside, and Mrs. Frank Shanahan of Charlottetown were among those out of the district who attended the funeral of the late Ernest McInnis on May 20.

Miss Ann McInnis and Mr. Joseph McKenna of Point de Roche, were guests at the home of Mr.

to hear That heaven has to say to those alone. They shall behold the evening star appear With nothing more than sky to lean upon. And yet it burns a solitary blaze, As though the world depended on its rays!

Ever hear this saying? — "A mother is not a person to lean on, but a person to make leaning unnecessary!"

### Swallows Toothbrush

While vigorously brushing her teeth Dorothy Gabbeny, 27, of Detroit, Mich., swallowed her tooth brush. A little smaller than standard size. Mrs. Gabbeny's brush slipped through her fingers and down her throat. She developed an odd feeling in her stomach, not so much of pain as the ticklish feeling of knowing it was there. She said she was hungry but was afraid to eat. An x-ray verified her story and doctors told her she had nothing to worry about. But while preparing an operation to remove it, she coughed it up.

Miss Mary McCormac, student at Notre Dame Academy at Charlottetown, spent the week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ruel McCormac, Point de Roche.

Mr. A. McLellan of Peter's Road, is spending a few days at the home of his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Campbell, Savage Harbour.

Mr. Reuben McInnis and Mr. Audie Jarvis spent the week-end at their homes in Little Harbour. They were accompanied by Mr. McInnis' sister-in-law, Mrs. James McInnis of Tracadie Cross.

A ladies kitchen shower was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George McCormac, Point de Roche, on May 21 in honour of Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ruel McCormac, Point de Roche on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Frank Strain of Charlottetown on May 25.

The bride-to-be received many lovely gifts. The evening was spent in singing and dancing, followed by a beautiful lunch served by the hostess.

NORTH WILTSHIRE W. M. S. The monthly meeting of the North Wiltshire United Church Auxiliary of the W.M.S., was held at the home of Mrs. Wm. and Mrs. Reg. Clark. The opening worship service was led by Mrs. Walter Clark, the theme being "To Live and Give." Scripture reading, prayer and hymns were

all on the theme. Eleven members and one associate member were present. There were 15 home and two hospital calls made. A lovely array of quilts and other articles were displayed for the sale for overseas relief. The members each donated twenty cents for Rev. Ross Eaton for Temperance Federation. The treasurer reported having sent \$58.00 for 1st quarter. The program was on the subject "We Must Share," which was full of information of the work of the Society.

Mrs. D. A. MacDonald kindly invited the members for the next meeting. Hymn "Creation's Lord We Give Thee Thanks" was sung and prayer by leader closed the meeting.

TURNUPI TRADE Canada exported \$2,055,000 worth of turnips to the United States in 1954.



### In Memoriam

ALBERT STURDY A deep shadow of sorrow was cast over Crapaud and surrounding districts on hearing of the sudden passing of Albert Sturdy in his 85th year on April 23, 1955, as he was in the best of health up to the time of his death.

The late Mr. Sturdy was born in Crapaud, son of John and Margaret Sturdy, where he lived all his life, with the exception of a few years spent in the United States, where he had worked at the carpenter trade, returning to live on his farm. He was upright and honest in all his dealings, and possessed a friendly nature and cheerful disposition, which endeared him to his family and his many friends and acquaintances.

He leaves to mourn his passing an only daughter, Elsie. (Mrs. Heath Howatt); five grandchildren, namely: Sheldon, Roma, Mrs. John MacKay, Harleigh, Fern, Mrs. Allastair MacLeod, and Imogene, also five great grandchildren, and the following brothers and sisters, Thomas and Bertram Crapaud; Lina, Mrs. Fred Maters; and Margaret (Mrs. Heath McVitie); Westmoreland.

The funeral which was held from the home of his daughter, Mrs. Heath Howatt, Tryon, was very largely attended, neighbors and friends coming from far and near to pay their respects to one so favourably known.

The service was conducted by his pastor, Rev. Lloyd Archer, who spoke words of comfort and edification to his hearers. The hymns sung were, "The Lord's My Shepherd," "Rock of Ages," "Unto the Hills," under the direction of Dr. Peter MacDonald.

Floral tributes were: Messrs. John L. Sturdy, Chester Sturdy, Peter Sturdy, Frederic Matters, Warren Ferguson, Frank Myers, who bore his remains to its last resting place in the Hampton Cemetery overlooking the Crapaud river.

FLORAL TRIBUTES: Elsie and Heath. Wreath Grandchildren. Sprays: John L. and Mary. Stet and Avis, Leta and Warren Ralph and Jean, Bill and Mil-

### Locke Road

—Mrs. Edward Griffin returned to Forest View on May 24, after spending the long week-end at her home in Burton.

Penny Griffin returned to Charlottetown on May 24 to resume her studies at Notre Dame Convent. —AN.

Call not back the dear departed Anchored safe where storms are o'er On the borderland we left him Soon to meet and part no more.

### Cards of Thanks

Mrs. Heath Howatt and family wish to sincerely thank those who sent flowers, cards, and letters of sympathy; also a special thanks to Rev. Lloyd Archer, their friends and neighbors who were so kind during their recent sad bereavement.

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