

Better English

By M. C. Williams

- 1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I will take whomever wishes to go."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "premier"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Jeopardize, jardiner, jodhpurs, julienne.
4. What does the word "passively" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with "t" that means "holding fast"?

ANSWERS

- 1. Say, "I shall take whoever wishes to go." 2. Pronounce in three syllables as pre-mi-er, first e as in me, accent on first syllable, not on the last. 3. Jardiner, 4. Not actively; inertly; unresistingly. "The true student studies actively, and not passively." 5. Tenacious.

Morning Smile

Holding Their Own

A regiment of soldiers was making a long, dusty march across the rolling prairie. It was a hot, blistering day and the men, longing for water and rest, were impatient to reach the next town.

A rancher rode past. "Say, friend," called out one of the men, "how far is it to the next town?"

"Oh, a matter of two miles or so, I reckon," called back the rancher. Another long hour dragged by, and another rancher was encountered.

"How far to the next town?" the men asked him eagerly.

"Oh, a good two miles."

A weary half-hour longer of marching, and then a third rancher.

"Hey, how far's the next town?" "Not far," was the encouraging answer. "Only about two miles."

"Well," sighed an optimistic sergeant, "thank goodness, we're holdin' our own, anyhow!"

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Lace Collars

Care must be taken when laundering lace collars to insure a perfect fit after washing. Baste the collar closely on a piece of white cloth. Then wash in sudsy water. This will avoid stretching and tearing. Allow to dry, rip from the cloth, and press with a warm iron.

Aprons

Wear a rubber or plastic apron when doing the laundry on wash-day. It will protect the clean house dress from splashing.

Stubborn Knots If the child's shoestring is tied in a stubborn knot try using a pair of tweezers to loosen it. It will save the fingernails.

Get right at the cause of Headaches

When edgy nerves and headache make life miserable, they may be "pain signals" from an upset digestive system. Fasten to the brain along the sensitive Vagus Nerve—your Tenth Nerve. Bromo-Seltzer settles upset stomach, sets right the cause of your headache and edgy nerves, brings fast relief. At the same time, Bromo-Seltzer soothes the Vagus Nerve and other nerves which may have added to your misery. Keep Bromo-Seltzer handy at all times. To help fight headaches. Ask your druggist for Bromo-Seltzer today.

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

PROGNOSIS, OR LIKELY OUTCOME, OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Heart disease stands first as a cause of death. The commonest form of heart disease is coronary thrombosis (heart stroke) and the underlying condition present in heart stroke and brain stroke (apoplexy) is high blood pressure. It is only natural, therefore, that the great majority of us are interested in our blood pressure. In former days we thought high blood pressure was always caused by thickening of the blood vessels, particularly the blood vessels of the heart and of the kidneys. Today, however, we know that high blood pressure in many cases is caused by the tense lives we lead. Because the circulation of the blood through the heart and blood vessels is called the vascular system, diseases of the heart and blood vessels are called vascular diseases. What about the chances of continuing to live with high blood pressure; what is the prognosis or likely outcome?

In Archives of Internal Medicine, Drs. R. Frand and J. Groen in an article "Prognosis of Vascular Hypertension" report their follow-up nine-year study of 418 cases. These research physicians report that the death rate in hypertensive men is 238 per cent higher than that of the same age group of the general population and the rate of hypertensive women is 200 per cent above normal.

What we must remember, of course, is that in some individuals it is essential that their blood pressure be above normal in order to carry the blood in necessary amounts to all parts of the body; in fact, they would not be as well or feel as well if their blood pressure were not high. Thus it was found that as a guide to how long the individual with high blood pressure is going to live, the eye changes were surprisingly accurate in giving the correct estimate. Many with high blood pressure had no eye symptoms.

It is now generally known that the greatest single cause of high blood pressure is nervousness and emotional disturbances as high blood pressure is nervousness and emotional disturbances as tensing our blood vessels calls for more pressure from the heart. As blood vessels have an elastic coat which allows blood to enter and then be pressed or pushed onward, we may, by keeping tense, lose some of this elastic tissue and have it replaced by fibrous tissue, which, of course, required more pressure to push blood to all parts of the body. "Take it easy" is a deservedly popular salutation.

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ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

And now at Alderlea, we are into the heat of the cropping. Though the choring continues to receive its due share of attention still, one is aware that now it is only incidental to the field-work. This is the seedtime to which all else must take secondary place. By day, and indeed into the moonlight, when the night has already set her lovely allience over the length and breadth of fields and woodlands, the cultivation continues. The lights of machines gleam like giant fireflies as they ride the countryside, indicating that on more farms than one, the farmers are still at their toil. Maybe they're "finish" a back-field, one at a distance from the haunts of men and a bit lonely, making it ready for the sowing. Or perhaps it is within easy sight of the house as is that one where at the moment, our younger farmer works. James, not content to retire until all the family are safe indoors, leaves his armchair at intervals to view from a verandah the progress there.

It is a night of enchantment. As the moon spans with silver the pond, the orchestra there play the choicest of their music. The theme of it is spring, and about it is entwined every melody of springs now past. Gently this began, we remember, with nothing but a vague yet promising tune, carried as a solo, or was it a duet, we first heard on the pipes of one of April's nights? Now it rises and falls and swells into an exquisite symphony of sound rather nostalgic, we fancy, yet exceedingly pleasant to hear. By day it gives over to the other glories and delights of the season: swallows building, wings beating busily about yards and pond, setting an example of intensive industry to a housewife, who would neglect her work, while lost in admiration of the scene about. . . those for which with James, we have waited a year: a fleecy cloud warm above the blue of a hilltop; a bee at the lips of a red tulip; a robin of tantalizing song; the raggedy wild pear in bridal white in a lawn-corner, and on the reaches of upland and lowland, the charm of the sun's May-kiss.

Though at times, James professes to have misgivings over the cost of the new method of cultivation adopted, he is pleased with the ease of operation that has prepared the grain-fields for the sowing. He declares he "never could believe that new land could be cultivated so well" in its virginity—so quickly it was done, and yet surprisingly smooth and fine. "You might work at it for days with horse-drawn machinery" we overheard him say to Mr. C. from the house on the hill on a recent "Kallie" together "and not have it done nearly so well as it now is."

We recall of this day, that in a gesture to maintain his good health, Jamie, our eldest grandson was inoculated and then according to Karoly "he fished his way home from school." He with other lads of like years delight in angling along the stream that between worn banks winds through the fields along their route of travel. "You just need a short rod for this" he informed us recently and with some enticement "and sometimes when you've only just dropped the line over the edge of the bank in a shady spot, you feel a tug—and there you are with a trout!" "There's no doubt, Ellen," James comments returning now from scanning the fields "this is a lovely time of year if we only had the time to enjoy it!"

Until tomorrow . . . Diary — Good-night. . . . .

COPENHAGEN, Denmark, May 21.—(Reuters)—Medical supplies and personnel were rushed today to Greenland to fight a measles epidemic which has struck 100 of the 800 inhabitants in one area.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

By William Bogart

Susceptible Bachelor Shouldn't Let Meddling Of Old Flame Spoil Romance

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a bachelor, engaged to be married in a few months to a beautiful young woman, who is well educated and has qualities that will make her an excellent wife. I am very much in love with her. Since our engagement, a friend of mine, a divorcee who had recently broken her engagement, entered my life again. When I told her of my engagement, she married the man with whom she had broken shortly before. Now she writes me secretly and frequently, saying she is not happy and repeatedly warns me to do nothing that I will be sorry for—referring to my prospective marriage. I am in a turmoil. Should I break with this woman who means nothing to me except as a friend, or break my engagement to my sweetheart? This continued warning has made me apprehensive of marriage and I am wondering if I would be a successful husband after being a bachelor so long. Will appreciate your opinion on my problem. PETER

ANSWER: If news of your susceptibility to suggestion ever gets around you'll be hounded by every hypnotist in town. Your former friend certainly has a way with men! She marries 'em, sheds 'em, and those she can't use she does her darndest to keep out of circulation. Your very obvious instability would make me think twice before recommending you as a matrimonial risk, but your sweetheart probably loves you and is willing to take a chance.

BREAK WITH FRIEND

If you still possess one-tenth of your right mind, you'll break with your married-divorced-re-married friend so promptly and conclusively that she won't even have time to utter one last warning on the dangers of your marriage. There's absolutely no reason why being a bachelor "so long" (though you don't mention how long that is), should make you a failure as a husband. You may be a little more set in your ways than a man who was caught earlier, but a clever wife can, I am sure, take care of that detail. Grow up a little—cast all your doubts (and ex-girl friends) aside, and you'll have a happy marriage.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I married a man who was the best husband that any woman ever had. But I have been a nagger, a boss; too particular about keeping the house neat, making a fuss over a few ashes; jealous if he even looked at another woman, accusing him of things that he never did. He treats me well, but it is because he thinks it is his love for me. He works beyond his strength to take up his time and fill his mind. I have burned myself out in his affection. Is it too late for me to win him back? A HEART-SICK WIFE

ANSWER: The only thing that you can do is to go to your husband and frankly and humbly confess your faults. Tell him that you realize how badly you have treated him, how overbearing and dictatorial you have been, that you did not realize the cruelty of the way you were treating him and that you only beg of him to give you another chance and let you try to make up to him for all that you have made him suffer. If he has a single particle of affection left for you in his heart, this will stir it into life again. For it is human to feel some tenderness for the repentant sinner. It is just a chance, but it is your only chance.

You cannot expect to win your husband back by the arts and wiles you practiced as a young girl. You cannot recreate an illusion once it has been dispelled. But you can win back your husband's friendship and respect, and they are well worth having. It is easy to keep love, but it is almost impossible to revive it once you have slain it, and that is something that every wife should remember.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am from out of town; been in this city only a few weeks and just can't seem to make friends with anyone. I have a good job as bookkeeper, making a fine salary. Is there any way I can meet some nice men? MITCH

ANSWER: Being alone in a strange city is a wretched experience, and one that thousands are sharing with you. The problem, of course, is to find the other lonesome souls. Joining a church group of young people is usually the easiest way to make friends; there they are courses or classes to attend where you will meet people with compatible tastes. Whatever you do, avoid spurious "twists" or "socials" which purport to bring young people together. Stick to recognized organizations and with a little perseverance you'll soon have fine friends.

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

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I clean wicker furniture? A. Salt not only cleanses wicker work, but prevents it from turning yellow. Make a strong solution of salt water and wash all wicker furniture with this.

Q. How can I lubricate the meat chopper and egg beater without allowing any taste of the lubricant to be imparted to the food? A. Use glycerine as a lubricant, and you will eliminate the possibility of any taste being imparted to the food.

Q. How can I keep cut sections of a cake fresh? A. Take two slices of bread and stick these against the freshly-cut toothpicks.

Cook's Corner

FISH CHANTILLY

- 1/2 cup thinly-sliced onion
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup mashed potatoes
1 pound cooked flaked fish (2 cups)
1/2 cup finely mashed potatoes
1/2 cup finely chopped drained pimento
1/2 cup fish stock or water
1 cup water
1/2 cup nonfat dry milk
1/2 cup flour
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
4 eggs, separated
1/4 pound processed cheese food (shredded)
Saute onion slices in butter or margarine over low heat until tender and lightly browned, about 10 minutes. Mix with mashed potatoes, flaked fish and pimento in a large mixing bowl. Pour fish stock and the 1 cup water in top of double boiler. Sprinkle nonfat dry milk, flour, salt, pepper, and mustard over the top of water. Beat with rotary beater until until just blended. Add egg yolks and beat until blended. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. Beat sauce into potato and fish mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold lightly into fish and potato mixture. Turn into 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle cheese over top. Set casserole in baking pan and put on rack in oven. Fill pan with hot water to depth of 1 inch. Bake in moderate (350F.) oven until puffed and browned, about 45 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

The Stars Say --

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tomorrow

WITH a modicum of discretion and tact there could be a sudden whirlwind of rout and defeat for the recalcitrant double-crossing of most ingenious ideas, plans and projects with the dramatic about-face of the opposition, higher-ups and others instrumental in blocking the way. It might prove a flamboyant victory over the adversary, providing a generous show of suavity and graciousness be manifested. "Dish up" with discretion but do not fail in enterprise and determination.

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may find a sudden capitulation, even gracious advancing of the opposition forces who, belatedly, are disposed to yield to the ingenuity, novelty and desirability of them almost viciously, wiping out worthwhile inventions, propositions or policies. All levels of consciousness have been in the balance. In fact, those most assertive and contemptuous may come "crawling," hoping to "cash in" on their prior chicanery. When such denouement comes, be suave, courteous, gracious and magnanimous, for the ultimate triumph and "cashing in." This is the reward of turning "disaster into discipline."

The Truth about Sunglasses

Are \$10 sunglasses necessarily safer than a 25¢ pair? Regardless of price, what's the one thing to look for in the lenses? Do you know what strong light does to unprotected eyes? A report in June Reader's Digest gives the latest scientific answers. Based on recent tests for the military and experiments in medical laboratories, this helpful article tells when and why you should wear sunglasses—and gives you one simple rule for choosing the kind that offer you most eye protection. Get your June Reader's Digest today: 38 articles of lasting interest, condensed from leading magazines, current books.

Murder Is Forgetful

By William Bogart

(Continued)

They were moving through the gardens beneath the balcony. "What'd he hear?" asked Johnny. "I think it was just a rabbit," said Doctor Clark. "What else?" Moe Martin was busy probing the ground with the flashlight beam. Grass was dry and burnt from lack of rain. The earth was hard beneath their feet. Even with watering, flowers and plants in the garden had suffered greatly. "It's funny," Moe muttered. "You didn't see anyone," Johnny prompted. Doctor Bob Clark glanced at him. "No. But would it be unusual if we did? Anyone from the house might have been wandering around."

"But you didn't hear anything?" Johnny was glancing at his partner, Moe, though he directed the question to the young doctor. "No—nothing," said Bob Clark. Moe Martin was somewhat beyond the doctor. Johnny saw him nod his head. Johnny wondered if Moe's headshake meant he was agreeing with Clark—or disagreeing. Passing one of the extending wings at the rear of the house Johnny saw stoutly built trelliswork that reached from the ground to the balcony above. Leafy green vines of some sort covered the white-painted cross-pieces of the framework. He counted three or four of the vine-covered affairs. It occurred to Johnny Saxon that the things could easily be used as ladders to the balcony. Perhaps the prowler had escaped this way. Michael, the dog, could have heard sounds not audible to the human ear.

They had arrived at the circular driveway in front of the mansion. Moe Martin was mopping his fringe of hair. "Well," he said, "maybe I was wrong." He put the flashlight in his pocket. Doctor Bob Clark looked upward through the great spreading branches of the trees. "The sky's cloudy, though; we ought to be getting some rain." He seemed friendly enough. He didn't look like a doctor because he was not gray-haired and scholarly. Probably he was a very excellent sawbones. Bob Clark looked toward the house. Light from the library windows touched the driveway. "I guess Karen's not coming down again," he told Johnny. "So I'll run along."

Johnny studied the doctor's lean face in the half darkness. "How far is it to the hospital?" "Four miles." "That's a long walk," Johnny motioned to the station wagon, parked in the darkness some distance beyond Doctor Clark. "Why don't you ride with Nick Walker?" "For one thing, it's out of his way. Besides, I keep in shape walking."

"In hot weather," said Johnny. "I keep in shape drinking gin. Which reminds me, Walker was supposed to be fixing up a couple of drinks. Join us?" Smiling, Bob Clark shook his head. "Thanks. If you see Karen, tell her I'll phone tomorrow." Johnny nodded. He said nothing about the incident a little while ago in the nurse's bedroom. "I'll tell her sure." His glance went from the doctor's face to the station wagon beyond, then back to Bob Clark's eyes again. "By the way, have you ever met anyone named Bart?"

The man's dark eyes did not change expression behind the heavy glasses. He shook his head. "Karen was telling me about it," he said. "Trene thinks you're someone named Bart."

"That's right." "It's some peculiar fixation that is in her mind. In a few days it'll probably change to something else. Cases like hers are strange." He paused a moment, then added, "She was a charming woman. It's a pity. She was intelligent and profound. Now, sometimes, it's almost like conversing with a tin." "You wonder what?" "About him." Moe nodded in the general direction the doctor had just taken. "It wasn't very loud of course. The dog, here, heard it and that's why he got excited. I heard it, too. Why didn't the doc hear it?" Several times, Johnny had seen

-Needlecraft-

FOR THE HOME

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Modern Etiquette By Roberta Lee Q. When a relative wishes to send a girl, who is to be married, a check as a wedding present, should the check be made out to the girl in her maiden name or her future name? A. It would be better to make the check out to the girl in her maiden name, so that she will be able to cash it before the wedding. Q. Is it all right for a child to address a young aunt as "Helen," instead of "Aunt Helen"? A. Yes, if the aunt prefers it or requests it. Q. Should a woman take her partner's arm when entering the dining room at an informal dinner? A. No; she should merely walk at his side. Q. I wonder, at times, if she'll ever. . . . His words trailed off and he stared absently ahead. For a moment he seemed to have forgotten them completely. Then Doctor Clark's manner changed. "Well," said he pleasantly, "I'd better get started." He looked at Moe and smiled. "I would not try to hold onto him the next time he thinks he sees a rabbit."

He meant the Great Dane, Michael. Moe was still firmly clinging to the dog's collar as though fearful to be alone without him. The doctor's figure disappeared along the drive. For a moment his footsteps sounded on the gravel. Then they faded out in the breathless, quiet night. "I wonder," murmured Moe Martin. "You wonder what?" "About him." Moe nodded in the general direction the doctor had just taken. "It wasn't very loud of course. The dog, here, heard it and that's why he got excited. I heard it, too. Why didn't the doc hear it?" Several times, Johnny had seen

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