

## ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

"Hi, gran' daddy, come and see what we found!" granddaughter ailed him this morning, when having lifted a sitting hen from her nest, we had uncovered a number of alert turkey poults. "Now she smiled to him 'sant that good luck? We'll have turkey for everybody's birthday now—yours' and mine and" after a pause filled with happy anticipation, "James, Junior's, and all!" "You may not resemble her much, but you've inherited some of your grandmother's traits," he laughed, watching her up in his arms "always counting chickens before they're hatched. It's true, these are the of the shell, but the chance are 'theeased' it will be only the old gobbler we'll have to eat—that's if he survives the Summer! And together then they were off to prepare for a new interesting chore of the morning: the sheep-shearing.

Always at Alderlea the flock of sheep has contributed a share to our livelihood and comfort. Very small, sometimes, it is true, but when prices were low to give little cash return, there was room for the farmers' socks, and by way of it also, blankets for the beds. Lamb too, in season, if these were not ewes ear-marked to be added to the flock, or such as must go to warrant some expenditures for a needed work of repair or replacement about the farm. Many say in connection with this, we have experienced our moments of yearning, "earthy" person that we are, over the dowry of a bride of the long ago of whom we have heard she brought to her husband "three as fine a young ewes as ever you'd lay eyes on!" and thereby earned the right to claim as her yearly personal income, the cash from the surplus wool and any lambs that were sold.

Not, we suppose, that it would have made much difference at Alderlea, if we had brought three or a dozen! It is likely that in no time, James would have persuaded us-plastic clay that we can be in his hands on occasion to make some shift which would have vested ownership in the "firm," so that any prior rights of ours would have presently lost their identity in the farm's wealth. Plausibly he would have explained the proposal, and logically, with a hurt expression to nail his "I'm sure-what's-mine-is-yours, Ellen" which we have found even with our most generous of husbands has definite limitations to a farm-wife. ("Not ear-rings, Ellen! and a roof needing shingles!" or a picture, a plant, a book or some "senseless" but extremely desirable item of personal buying) and we that have been laying up to buy another farm! Oh, Ellen! Yes, we envied that bride who by way of her eyes could lay claim to tangible wealth of her own!

Though at present our flock is only ordinary in numbers, the shearing presents its labour for the ewes to be retained in the flock as well as the lambs destined for market, the dipping or powdering for parasites is also done now. There is a mental sorting out of the breeding stock and altogether plans are made for the future of this husbandry. The shearing commences with a call for "the whet-stone, Ellen!" the same one that has seen service all our years at Alderlea. One was aware that James sat a bit leisurely on the edge of the back verandah this morning, during the sharpening of shears, now that the insistence of the cropping is past.

Presently the sound of the sharpening ceased. One heard then brisk foot-steps and the patter of small ones dying away in the distance and a silence. Today the work took them to an improvised fold in a corner of the field across the creek, by roadside where the flock is on pasture from whence granddaughter kept a line of communication open between us. "They want to know" she appeared at the doorway once to say "if it's nearly dinner-time. You'd better hurry with it gran'daddy said, because he's as hungry as a bear! No sitting around, he said!" And then a smile, revealing her amusement over his words, and "They sheared the ram, did you know? It was the biggest fleece you'd

## True Success Story

By F. H. MacArthur

While the principles of electricity had been known for centuries, several outstanding men in the field of science were responsible for bringing the hidden mystery to full fruition. Thales, Pliney, Robert Boyle, Sir William Watson were among this group. Each contributed his part to the building up of a great science. It was, however, not until 1739 that rapid progress in this fascinating science began to step forward at a rapid pace.

It was Hans Orested who opened one of the closed doors, shedding further light on the potentialities of electricity but it took a poor blacksmith's son, Michael Faraday, to bring Orested's ideas to perfection.

Faraday, a poor English lad, was born in 1791 and, with almost no education, he was apprenticed to a London book-binder. Many poor children in those days were forced to earn their livelihood in a cold, cruel world. Michael Faraday belonged to this class.

The story of Faraday's humble beginning and final triumph interests every right-thinking person who reads it. It interests the business man who has made success for the reason that he probably travelled along the hard road before he reached his goal, and it should interest the young man because he may have to go through the same thing, or part of it. It stirs one's blood, the heroism of a youth who worked eighteen hours a day, under adverse circumstances to make good—a boy who lifted himself up by his own bootstraps.

One day a gentleman, on entering the shop, found the boy binding an encyclopaedia, at the same time trying to read an article in it on electricity. Naturally enough, this man was surprised to see a mere youth so taken up with such a difficult subject. By subjecting the boy to a number of questions, he found that Faraday, working late into the night, had already been experimenting on his own with nothing but a homemade battery.

Before leaving the building, the stranger handed Faraday some tickets for a series of lectures which Sir Humphrey Davy was at that time delivering at the Royal Institute.

When he heard the learned lecturer, the youth was over-powered by his own ignorance, would never be able to give an exposition like the one he heard? Well, hardly, yet he listened attentively and made some rough notes which he later rewrote and sent them to the great man, together with a line note asking if he might serve the lecturer in some capacity.

Late one night, when our Success Story boy was retiring to his attic bed, he heard a loud knocking on the outer door. "Now who could that be?" The next moment a messenger appeared asking the youth to call at Mr. Davy's home in the morning.

The great man remembered his own early days and his heart went out to the plucky youngster who was trying to forge ahead under great handicaps. So Faraday became Sir Davy's assistant at twenty-five shillings a week, and the young assistant did not disappoint his employer. From the very first, the boy's work was satisfactory in every way. Furthermore, Davy recognized a spark of genius in the untutored lad. Everything the boy took up, he advanced and improved.

Now and then, Davy had the young man accompany him abroad, but his wife was mean to Faraday and led him a rather bad time of it. She would not permit him to eat his meals with the family, so he had to dine with the grooms. Mrs. Davy was the sort of woman who looked down upon everybody who did not belong to the distinguished group, and we can picture her haughty disdain, even to her own husband though this is not in the records.

Faraday, however, bore all this with patience and uncomplaining dignity. He felt that the great man's sympathy was with him and therefore nothing that Mrs. Davy said or did annoyed him to any extent. Maybe he was dreaming of the day when he, too, would receive high honor.

That great day in Faraday's life came when he succeeded Sir Humphrey Davy at the Royal Institute where eventually he im-



VICTIM OF FREAK ACCIDENT

Seba Hogelerp, 10, of Villa Nova, died in hospital at Simcoe, Ont., after he was crushed beneath the dual wheels of a truck on a neighbour's farm. Riding on the vehicle, the boy fell off and the right rear wheels passed over him.

## That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

### BABIES DYING IN THEIR CRIBS

One of the tragedies that causes a shudder in everybody is the smothering of a baby in its crib. We all grieve with the mother, not only because of the loss of her baby but because she blames herself for neglecting the child and feels that she can never forgive herself. That infants supposedly "smothered in their cribs" are not really smothered but die natural deaths, is just now becoming known.

In "The Australian Medical Journal," and recorded by Time magazine, Dr. Keith Bowden, chief pathologist of the state of Victoria and head of the Melbourne morgue, reports that he did a series of 49 detailed autopsies on babies who had died in their cribs, most of them supposedly from suffocation. He did not find a single case in which his investigation showed suffocation to be the cause. While the mechanism of death is obscure, in almost every case natural disease was present. If more autopsies were made, and many are not thorough enough, unsuspected disease frequently would be found to be the cause of death.

Dr. Bowden states that the reason that smothering by bedclothes or by the child lying on its face is believed the cause is the "appalling swiftness with which death smashes the young. A baby may be overwhelmed in a few hours by a disease of such an 'explosive' type that no symptoms are showing when the child is put to bed. These diseases are usually of heart, ear, nose, throat and lungs. Further, up to the age of six months all babies like to sleep flat on their backs. After six months, they prefer to sleep on their faces with knees drawn up.

A healthy baby can take care of himself and will push away a covering over his face; he will fight for his life and yell to attract attention. "Why should a healthy baby die without much fuss just because he is face downward or his face is covered? But a baby dying of natural disease might well be expected to leave this world quietly."

I believe the knowledge that babies dying in their cribs, thought to be smothered by bedclothes or from lying on their face, really die of disease unknown or unsuspected by the parent and the physician, will relieve our minds and bring comfort to all mothers.

### ALLERGY

Write today for Dr. Barton's helpful booklet entitled "Allergy" (which means sensitivity to various foods and other substances). 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.

"Why don't you remember?" the salesman went on. "Every time I entered your office on earth you told me you'd see me here!"

### Cook's Corner

We feel it high time we should talk about strawberry shortcakes—and while we are about it, they ought to be very good ones. These what you'll find will result from this morning's recipe. We thought it would be a nice change to suggest individual shortcakes. They are among the most decorative and delightful desserts.

INDIVIDUAL STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKES  
It is of actual shortcakes we are speaking—the rich, biscuit-dough type. Serve pouring cream with these desserts—or top each one, if you like, with whipped cream and an extra garnish of berries, whole or sliced.

## DOROTHY DIX SAYS -

### Jealousy

#### Over-Suspicious Suitor Should Change Tactics

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a man 36 years old. Two years ago my wife and one child were killed in an accident. I swore I would never marry again, but now I have met a woman I'm crazy in love with. She is my age, highly educated, good-looking, fine business woman, most interesting talker, never a dull moment when she is around. She was unhappily married and is separated but not divorced. Says the reason she doesn't get a divorce is that she is afraid if she had one she would be foolish enough in some mad moment to get married again. I am wildly jealous of everybody who comes near this woman. I am on her trail nearly all the time. I want to know what she is doing every minute of the day and night. She says she cares for me, but if she does why won't she get a divorce and marry me?

ANSWER: The answer to your riddle is plain enough. Your insane jealousy is your undoing. No woman who still retained her reasoning faculties, no matter how much in love she was, would be mad enough to marry a man who grew green-eyed every time she spoke to another man even when he knew it was a matter of business, who demanded that she produce an alibi for every minute of her time and who followed her and snooped on her everywhere she went.

MAKES MARRIAGE BAD RISK  
Any woman with a grain of sense in her head would know that no marriage could be happy that was built on suspicion, and that no husbands could be so little desirable as one who even before marriage showed how monopolistic and tyrannical he would be if a woman was once in his power. She would know that marriage would be a hell on earth with a man who believed the worst of her and who did not give her credit for any sense of honor or loyalty or decency.

You probably try to persuade her that marriage will kill jealousy and that although now you don't consider her trustworthy you will have perfect faith in her as soon as the marriage ceremony is said over you. Forget it. If it does, don't make the mistake of violently opposing the man. Nothing precipitates a marriage like opposition. Just stall for time. Make them wait until the girl is at least 20.

Seventeen is too young for any girl to marry. At that age her tastes are unformed and she has no idea of what kind of man she will want for a husband three years later. And she has had no play-time of life, and to miss that does something terrible to a woman. It upsets her for life. She is always crazy for the fun she has missed, hungry for the romance she never had, craving the admiration of men. Nearly all the women who, at middle age, get themselves into scandals married in their teens.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I have a daughter aged 17. Just a high school kid. A man 28 years old is paying attention to her. He is a fine man in every respect, but I feel she is too young to have regular company. What would you do about it?

ANSWER: Just let it rock along without making any issue of it, except that the girl cannot go out or have dates during school nights. Nearly all young girls are so flattered by the attentions of grownup men that they imagine themselves in love with them. This is likely to happen to your daughter. If it does, don't make the mistake of violently opposing the man. Nothing precipitates a marriage like opposition. Just stall for time. Make them wait until the girl is at least 20.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: My husband has always eaten just what he liked regardless of whether it was good for him or not. Now he is ill and the doctors have put him on a diet which cuts out all of the rich food that he loves and substitutes the things he hates, and he refuses to follow it. I try so hard to prepare food for him in tempting ways, but it makes him cross even to see them. We are so happy that I wonder whether I am making a mistake in trying to make him follow his diet, but my conscience bothers me every time I put a nice rich pie on the table. What is your advice?

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### Morning Smile

By Appointment

The big business man had died and gone to—well, not to Heaven. But hardly had he settled down for a nice long smoke when a hearty hand slapped him on the back, and into his ear boomed the voice of a persistent salesman who had pestered him on earth. "Well, Mr. Smith," chortled the salesman, "I'm here for the appointment."

"What appointment?" "Why don't you remember?" the salesman went on. "Every time I entered your office on earth you told me you'd see me here!"

### Cook's Corner

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INDIVIDUAL STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKES  
It is of actual shortcakes we are speaking—the rich, biscuit-dough type. Serve pouring cream with these desserts—or top each one, if you like, with whipped cream and an extra garnish of berries, whole or sliced.

Yield—Eight shortcakes.  
3 cups once-sifted pastry flour or 2 1/2 cups once-sifted hard-wheat flour  
6 teaspoons baking powder  
3/4 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup fine granulated sugar  
1/2 cup chilled shortening  
3/4 cup milk  
Measure and sift together twice the flour, baking powder and salt; mix in the granulated sugar. Add the chilled shortening and cut it in finely.  
Make a well in the dry ingredients and stir in the milk; combine lightly.  
Turn dough out on a lightly floured canvas or baking board and knead lightly for a few seconds. Roll out to 1/4-inch thickness and cut into 16 rounds, using a 2 1/2-inch floured cookie cutter.  
Arrange half of these rounds on a greased cookie sheet and brush lightly with soft butter; place remaining rounds on top.  
Bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees, 15 to 20 minutes.

Once your beach towel has done its drying duty it turns into a glamorous stole. It's just a matter of running up a few straight seams and you have this gay print and terry-cloth lined beach accessory. The matching bag is roomy and plastic-lined, with an outside pocket for your favorite beach gadget. For directions on how to make this BEACH STOLE AND BAG, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Needlework Dept. of this paper, requesting Leaflet No. 2233.

## A Country Garden

By Mrs. Gordon Macmillan

Rain on the garden is described by Miss Pallister in her garden book in this way "The garden is lovely on a hot summer night, when the perfume steals out in the soft stillness. It is lovely in the dawn, when it is still drenched with dew, but it is never more lovely than when it has been soaked in the first rain after a dry spell. There is a wonderful scent which rises from dry soil as the rain falls up on it, and afterwards the hot earth steams and the plants hysterical with joy seem to grow before one's eyes. It is true when the first intoxicating tour is over of the glistening foliage, the experienced gardener reflects with a sigh that weeds also grow hysterically in the hothouse atmosphere—there are always snags; or if we like to put it in another way, there are always compensations."

Several hours of rain has fallen on the garden and the dry fields making the farmer and the gardener happy and wishing for more. Many new plants are now blooming, the Oriental Poppy is the most striking of the lot, and this poppy is easily grown from seed, there are scarlet poppies, white, orange, and rose pink in this variety, but the finest specimen is in crimson with dark blotches and a very good habit of growth. The stems are strong and the blossoms are held high above the foliage. It is necessary to plant to a later blooming plant near this poppy as the foliage dies down after blooming. Asia Minor is the home of the Orientale Papaver (Eastern) and the name is from the old Celtic word for baby-food or pap which the thick milky juice of the plant resembles.

Foxglove or Digitalis is in rose and cream blooms and it adds to the garden picture at this season of the year with its spire-like flowers. It is a biennial and is easily raised from seed, and I am looking forward to seeing some new varieties sown this Spring, Suttons Excelsior Hybrids with the flowers resembling a fine carnation all round the stem instead of on one side only and they point upward so all the lovely coloring can be seen, these come in many colors and are vigorous with spikes five to six feet in height. The Foxglove has been cultivated for hundreds of years, and according to pictures and embroideries surviving from the Middle Ages, it was then a plant of consequence. Continued on page 14

### Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it all right for the mother of the bridegroom to determine how many attendants the bride shall have, and also help to select them? A. Most certainly not; this is entirely the privilege of the bride, and the bridegroom's mother would be interfering in matters that do not concern her.

Q. When a person is helping himself from a service dish which has on it a fork and spoon, which implement is taken in which hand? A. The fork is held in the left hand, the spoon in the right hand, and the bridegroom to introduce her husband?

A. "Mr. Johnson, this is my husband."

other risky or alluring handling of funds, securities or property. While the urge may be insistent, the mentality is not reliable, judgment being obscure or beclouded. Postpone outlay or risks, until the mind is better equipped for action, not extravagant or inflationary. Conserve all assets, investments and real property.

A child born on this day may have a spirit of enterprise with a desire to prodigality or extravagance, an unwise state of mind, with exaggerated sense of values.

### LOVELY GIFT SLIPPERS



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## -Needlecraft-

FOR THE HOME

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### Better English

By B. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Everyone is not saving their money as they should."  
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "chiropractor"?  
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Indubitable, inaccessible, inalienable, contemptible.  
4. What does the word "exorcise" mean?  
5. What is a word beginning with or that means "decorative"?

ANSWERS  
1. Say, "Not everyone is saving his money as he should." 2. Pronounce ki-ro-prak-ter, i as in kite, principal accent on first syllable. 3. Inaccessible. 4. To curse, or call down evil upon. "Who can exorcise such motives?" 5. Ornamental.

### Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Longer Cooking  
Veal requires longer cooking than beef, because it has less fat and more connective tissue. Additional seasonings, such as chopped celery, onions and parsley, placed over the top while it is baking, improve the flavor greatly.

Mending Plaster  
Small nail holes and cracks in white plaster walls can be filled in by patting in ordinary baking soda. It is a good idea to fill up all these holes and cracks in this manner before painting the walls.

Prevent Scars  
When burns and scalds are healing it is a good idea to rub the new skin several times a day with pure sweet oil. This will prevent scars. Persist in the treatment until the new skin is soft and flexible.

### GRATEFUL FOR HELP WITH CONSTIPATION

"My husband spent much money seeking cures for constipation. Not until he began eating KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN for breakfast did his trouble disappear!" So writes Mrs. Fernand Boudesault, 11 rue Hotel de Ville, L'Abord-a-Plouffe, Conté Laval, P.Q.  
One of many unsolicited letters. If you suffer from constipation due to lack of bulk in the diet, do this: Eat an ounce of toasty KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN daily, drink plenty of water. If not completely satisfied with results after 10 days, send empty box to Kellogg's, London, Ont. Get DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

### Summery Setting



Burlap substitutes for table linen in this striking summertime table setting. The edges of the mat are fringed and it is embroidered in a plaid design of red, green and blue. If you would like directions for making this RUSTIC PLACE MAT, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Needlework Dept. of this paper and request Leaflet No. E 5073.

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Regularly, day-after-day millions of Canadians enjoy the friendly pick-me-up from a good cup of tea. Refresh yourself with a cheery, tasty brew. Remember nothing gives so much satisfaction to so many people at so little cost as tea.

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TEA TIP: A warmed teapot keeps boiling water from cooling too quickly—making better tea.

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