

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is there any certain number of bridesmaids one should have at a church wedding?
A. No; there is no set rule governing this. One may have anywhere from four to eight at a large formal wedding, but one or two will serve just as well at a small wedding.

Better English

By B. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "In spite of their records, neither Frank nor John were chosen."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "new"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "Neither Frank nor John was chosen." 2. Pronounce the ew as in few, not noo. 3. Flamboyant. 4. To offend the pride or self-respect of. 5. The conduct of a wife humiliated him. 6. Estrate.

The Stars Say

By Genevieve Kumble

For Tuesday, May 16

OPPORTUNITY aspects are emphasized in the current sideral operations. It is a time to concentrate talents, forces and initiative in assuring the cooperation of influential personages in putting over plans and objectives for larger fields of operation, with freer swing and growing scope for cherished plans. Personality factors are such in private as well as public relations. Gain, expansion, and probably other honors or distinctions are in sight.

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is are encouraged to marshal their initiative, energies and aspirations for promoting themselves as well as their most ambitious plans, desires and objectives. This in business, professional, social and financial aims, hopes and wishes. There is sign of advancement, enhanced prospects for branching out into broader fields, with assurance of honors, preference and general success and gain. Opportunity knocks at the door, but happiness and promotion are incident to proper preparation, with ability to grasp at good fortune. Be decisive in aim and aspiration. A child born on this day should have a successful life, with gain, recognition and reward for honest preparation.

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

ASTHMA AND THE EMOTIONS

Some years ago research physicians in allergy found that emotional disturbances caused or aggravated attacks of asthma. While we are all familiar with the effects of emotional disturbances on the heart, stomach, lungs and intestine, that they could cause asthmatic attacks was hard to understand. It was not hard to understand how allergy to various substances and also nose and throat defects could cause asthma.

In "The Canadian Medical Association Journal," H. K. Detweiler, Department of Medicine, University of Toronto and Toronto Western Hospital, states that physicians must keep in mind the psychosomatic (mind and body) point of view, which is that the mind appears as one of the several factors which produce the condition to be cured.

It is recognized by all good clinicians that the physician who attempts to treat a patient suffering from ulcer with diet and alkalies, and who pays no attention to the detrimental effects of worry and conflicts in home, office or factory, the financial or sociological problems of the family and the effects of fatigue and chronic illness upon the patient's powers of resistance, will achieve little.

While an allergy may be the underlying cause of asthmatic attacks, Dr. Detweiler states that if a careful history is taken it will be found that in most cases the nervous make-up of the patient is such as to predispose him to respond in the usual manner to his underlying allergy and actually intensify the asthmatic attacks started by the absorption of the allergic substance. This history will include inquiry into heredity, childhood neurosis, sensitivity to emotional factors and specific behavior under stress and strain.

ASTHMA, CAUSES AND TREATMENT

The cause or causes of asthma were unknown until recently. Now that it is known that allergy, nose and throat defects, emotional disturbances can cause the attacks, most asthmatics can be helped. Send today for Dr. Barton's handy booklet entitled "Asthma," enclosing 10 cents and a 3-cent stamp, to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Bell Syndicate, in care of this newspaper, Post Office Box on Station G, New York 19, N. Y.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

Along the quiet country byway, which is this road of ours, we have just walked the stretch with James that lies between Mr. and Mrs. A's, where we visited this evening, and home. We found it a strange route in our passing because a winter clearance made with a vision of improvement some time in the future, has taken away all bushes and trees from the roadside leaving it short and bare.

We found we especially missed the enchantment of that part of the stroll which parallels the mill-stream, where once upon a time the growth of years on either side fashioned a secluded dim aisle for every traveller there. To come to it was to step off the earth into a bewitching realm that at once bid one forget every harassing care of the day to enjoy here the tranquillity of the spot, its peace and its beauty.

On a close Summer evening it was cool there; on one troubled by frosty biting winds, sheltered, and always there the mill-stream sang to us an age-old melody of the years. And sometimes it was our good fortune to step upon a checked path, dark and silver when the moon filtered its light through the branches above. And times there were too we confess when we drew instinctively closer in the dark that was thick before us, and slipped a hand through our escort's arm for protection against the night. And "Isn't this nice, Ellen?" James would say, a comment we notice has changed with the years, though the touch is still reassuring, to "Don't cling so, Ellen I declare you are growing positively feeble!" And always as we emerged from the dark that had enfolded us we said, "Now isn't it strange—it's not a bit dark here. Why, it's like coming from night to day!" Tonight we found the place had lost much of its former enchantment, another "last outpost" of beauty lost to the gradual encroachment of the march of progress.

Not that we would stay it's feet, though many times it is to such for the more leisurely ways that were. "But you don't belong to this are all Ellen!" a close relative, who much enjoys the hustle and confusion of modern living, and would lose the charm of The Island by making it a counterpart of some other place, says, "You should have been born, well, in your grand-mother's day, or even before that, when the country was virgin and unspoiled, as you say. With a bit of luck, and a blazed trail, she would have taken you off on his horse to a log cabin and you could have carried water from a spring, and cooked over chips and sewed by the light of the coals or lit a candle! Now honestly, Ellen," she will say with spirit, "those times you've been off The Island, haven't you been just ashamed to come back to much we have to put up with here in this day and age? Now, for example take our roads—the narrowness and turnings are a hazard to the motorist at any time and the dust in Summer positively a menace!" We suppose that in an impartial comparison, it might bring at least a heightened color to our cheeks, but we sighed recently at the change late years have brought to the once-familiar way which runs between Alderlea and "home," which has turned from a friendly country road into a broad highway.

To us it is a strange and rather uninteresting stretch of road, which now leads broadly and highly along, and so fast, even to Jock at the wheel, that all one can glean from the trip is odd glimpses of faces in the hastening traffic, a jumble of farmsteads shorn of their sheltering and often very beautiful roof-trees, and ranks of white posts to warn folks of the hazards of careless motoring. And once? Once lovely leisurely scenes unfolded, as with James and two small fellows, we drove the distance along a winding ribbon of road, dipping down to the depths of the quiet valleys to come to a brook or stream, climbing then to higher ground to look out upon beautiful pastoral, of field and woodland and nesting farmstead. And even the gray and weathered fence rails that often ran a distance with you were picturesque boundaries. But "Ellen," James fairly howls from above stairs, "are you not noticing the time?"

Until tomorrow ——— Diary Good-night.

MacNeill-Proude Wedding



A wedding of interest to their many friends was solemnized in Wesley Memorial United Church parsonage Moncton, recently, when Thelma Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Proude, of Charlottetown, was united in marriage to Ronald Allison MacNeill, son of Mrs. Alice VanBuskirk, of Saint John. Rev. J. H. Freestone performed the ceremony.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS -

Desperate To Marry
Girl Should Avoid Haste In Making Choice

DEAR MISS DIX: I am 26 years old and desperately unhappy over the fact that I am not married. I am a graduate of a boarding school, a finishing school, and am now holding a very good business position. I am not unattractive, yet I have had only two pretty possible proposals of marriage, and a few men, already married, who have been attracted by me. I enjoy my work fairly well, but I know I would find real happiness in my home with a man whom I could trust and like reasonably well (if not love him).

ANN
ANSWER: It seems to me that you are unduly pessimistic about your matrimonial prospects, and that you might reasonably give yourself more time before you get into a panic about not being married. After all, 26 is still young in these days when people marry later in life than they did in our grandmother's day, and no doubt if you will just continue watchful waiting Mr. Right will come along before long.

MAY PICK WRONG MAN
Your danger is not so much in not getting married at all as it is in marrying the wrong man and spending the balance of your life in regretting it. Plenty of women wreck their lives by making that mistake. They see their girl friends getting married and setting up homes and having babies, over and becoming old maids, and while they are about being passed over to provide for people marry later in life, in this blue funk they will jump at the first man who pops the question to them and marry him, no matter how unsuitable he is.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a man 31 years of age. Single. For the last fifteen years my entire salary has gone for the support of the last home. So has that of my sister, who has worked for the last twelve years. We have done this although until lately our father has not only earned good money but has had several legacies, but he has been such a poor manager that he could never pay the bills. Like all human beings, my sister and I have our ambitions in life. We would like to become somebody and do the things that would make us feel that life is worth while, but what can we do under the circumstances?

L. W. D.
ANSWER: There is no problem more heart-breaking or more insoluble than that of children with improvident parents. Of course, in many cases this could not have been prevented. The parents' earnings were so small that after they took care of their children there was nothing that they could put aside to provide for their old age. But in many other cases, as in this one for instance, it is sheer selishness on the parents' part. They wanted to eat and drink and be merry and to leave their children to pay the score. They indulged themselves in whatever they wanted as they went along and depended upon their children's supporting them when they were too old to work.

It is hard. No one can deny that, but what can they do about it? They cannot let their parents starve, and their love nor their sense of duty would let them do that. And the only suggestion one can make is a half remedy, that they should try to salvage a little of what they should try to salvage a little of.

Ants In Peace And War

By F. E. MacArthur

III

You may not know it but the ant is a farmer as well as a builder and engineer and outside of every ant city may be seen growing a grass called "ant rice," which forms a large part of their diet.

When the seeds of this plant ripen, they are moved to underground storehouses to supply food during the long winter months. But before putting these seeds in storage, the wise little ants bite off the radicle to prevent the seeds from sprouting in the warm underlayers of earth. What sagacious creatures they are! How industrious! Have you ever watched ants toiling a worm? If you have not seen this amusing sight, you should not let another summer pass without getting a first-hand picture of how they manage it. It takes three ants to move an ordinary-sized earthworm; so they line up, one behind the other. Each straddles the worm and lay hold of it with their tiny jaws. Then away they go to their march, often a mile or so distant.

There exists in Mexico a species of ant which gathers honey, carries it home and then pumps it down the throats and into the specially constructed stomach of other members of their family. These "honey-pot receivers," as they are called, must swallow the precious honey and give it up at command.

Up until now, I have talked mostly about the ant's virtues. Now we shall look into some of their vices and see how closely they follow the pattern set by mankind. To do this, I am going to quote from a report written by that noted observer, Peter Huben.

One day, while working in a field near Geneva, Switzerland, Huben saw an army of red ants on the march, so he decided to follow them and find out, if possible, what they were up to. "On the sides of the column, as if to keep it in order, a few of the insects sped to and fro the army halted in front of a city of black ants. These swarmed out to meet the reds and a short but terrible battle took place at the foot of the hill."

"Although greatly outnumbered, the blacks fought bravely to the end. Some managed to escape, carrying away a few of the ant children. They seemed to know it was the young ants that the invaders were seeking. The battle ended, the

-Needlecraft-

- FOR THE HOME -

SMOOTH SHOULDERS
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red soldiers now turned their attention to capturing the black ant babies. "Carrying their living booty, the kidnapers left the pillaged town and started towards their home, where I followed. Great was my astonishment when, at the threshold of the red ants' home, I saw a number of black ants come forward to receive the young captives and to welcome them—children of their own race doomed to be bond-servants in a strange land."

Huben discovered that the blacks did all the work. They alone were able to build the city which both races lived in apparent harmony; they alone gathered the food which fed their lazy masters, which had no occupation other than that of warfare. When not engaged in raids, Huben tells us these soldiers just idled the time away. Like the buccannery whose acts of piracy still rings across the pages of time, these fierce little pirates of the ant kingdom had their Henry Morgans and Captain Kidds.

Mr. Jurine, a great naturalist of Switzerland, stands behind Huben's story for he himself witnessed similar battles in which the victorious reds marched proudly past him, each carrying a small black captive. No doubt the blacks would have been able to give a better account of themselves had they not

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Q. How can I effect a pleasing variation in the taste of pie crust?
A. Try using a couple of tablespoons of peanut butter, or the grated rinds of oranges or lemons. The use of orange juice or cream still rings across the pages of time, instead of water, is also effective.
Q. How can I clean concrete floors successfully?
A. Scrub the floors with a gallon of water, to which has been added a pound of lime and a handful of salt.
Q. How can I make a good plant fertilizer?
A. The earth around plants can be enriched by watering with a solution of 150 grains of glue to two gallons of water.



How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

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MUSICAL FESTIVAL WINNER



Pictured above are pupils of grades 3 and 4, Summerside School, who comprised the chorus which took first place in class 57 of the recent Festival of Music. Of the three entries singing "My Boat", Summerside School was awarded top mark of 33. Smith Photo.