

The Stars Say

By Genevieve Kumble

For Sunday, September 24

SENTIMENTAL rather than hard inclusions are stimulated on this day, with any needful practical matters to be handled with finesse and diplomacy rather than forthright tactics. Pursue such with good grace and an eye for future more objective approach. At present the feelings, emotions and sentiments clamor for satisfaction, even though it might be indulgence in a soul-stirring play.

If It Is Your Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may frame their activity on furthering those affairs with a notion of finding the fulfillment of some ideal, cherished hope or desire, when the finer and higher inspiration may be more subtly pursued. Glamour, charm, the ineffable and intangible, these may come before the workaday considerations, which should be handled "with gloves." A child born on this day may lean toward the sentimental or emotional, its activities actuated by ideals rather than pure logic, on mood rather than motion, although it possesses creative talents and vision.

For Monday, September 25

MONDAY'S astrological forecast is for the sudden advent of an opening, offer or proposition quite unpredictable. While this in itself provides pleasure, high spirits, the vivid reaction to excitement and the unlooked-for, yet the whole picture may be upset, the high promise turned to nothing by a rash, reckless, tempestuous act, or any form of intemperance, spelling loss of standing, friends, as well as funds. Take the enjoyment with serenity.

If It Is Your Birthday

Those whose birthday it is are likely to have a thrilling surprise, with side issues—dynamic, creative, exciting. They should try to develop new features, talents or desires along the lines of progress and attainment. Events, the probability is that the suddenness may go to its head, "sweep it off its feet" with a rash, drastic setback and loss of prestige, funds, plans and peace of mind. Put on firm brakes and sit at the wheel with temperance and calmness to avoid calamity. The end is worth the restraint.

A child born on this day, while ingenious, talented, adventurous is likely to be carried to extremes, to loss and regret. Funds and friendship could be squandered.

Slow Boat

From Marseilles

By Michael Hastings

CHAPTER I. NIGHT IN MARSEILLES

Furtively, as though knowing by instinct that they belonged to the shadows, the two young men passed down the street. Where a blank wall of a warehouse was broken by the sudden cleft of a flight of steps there was a lamp imprisoned by a metal bracket. The light from it shone down at them, seeming eager to expose their wretchedness. One of them was dark, slender and light on his feet. But for his rags, the sardonic curl of his lips, and the bitter aggression of his eyes he might have been a professional dancer, a gigolo. His companion was short, pudgy in spite of semi-starvation, looked like a countryman who had lost his hoe.

"Jan, you go too fast," he grumbled. "Is this the place — or the time — for loitering?" the other asked sharply. "I only know that I am out of breath." "Then we will rest. Simpleton!" Not under the light. Here will be better, where it is darker. "I hate Marseilles," Jan muttered.

"Patience," Stefan whispered. "Remember that we go to see the American. Have we not been promised assistance?" "I suppose so," said Jan, grudgingly. "But I don't trust that Dr. — what was it — Prinz. Yes, Prinz." "He didn't show us his American passport," said Stefan.

"He had no need," Jan said. "We did not ask for it. We did not ask for anything. He saw us in the cafe and he came to speak to us. I tell you again, Stefan, I suspect a trick." "You always suspect a trick," said Stefan, more tolerantly than with anger. "What trick can there be? We are not criminals."

"We are worse," Jan muttered. "We are displaced persons, my friend." He glanced over his shoulder, peered at the wall and then drew Stefan's attention. "See that. We have seen so many, eh? Put up by the War Crimes Commission."

Stefan moved nearer and looked at the photograph. It was of a middle-aged man. His hair was parted in the centre. He was clean-shaven. His eyes were as hard and staring as metal discs. "I don't think I have seen that one," he said slowly.

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Happenings Of The Week

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Mrs. J. D. Davison entertained at a recipe shower honouring three recent brides Mrs. Ross Affleck, Mrs. Ralph MacDonald, Mrs. Don MacKenzie, also Miss Margaret McEwen who is to be married in October.

Miss Mary Rossiter and Miss Helen Cox entertained at the latter's home in Morell on Tuesday evening honoring Miss Margaret McEwen, one of this season's brides-to-be.

Miss Lois Cox entertained at her home in Morell at a shower for Miss Fleur Hillion on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Wickens of Londonderry, N. H., formerly of Medford, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Pauline Mary, to Edward M. Younker of Berry, N. H., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Younker of Brackley, Prince Edward Island.

The West Royalty Women's Institute entertained at afternoon tea on Wednesday at the attractive home of Mrs. J. Irwin Miller. Mrs. Wilbur Trainor presided at the tea table which was centred with a garden bouquet of gladiol and sweet peas. Members of the Institute assisted in serving.

Miss Roma Rodd daughter of Mrs. Vernon Rodd and the late Mr. Rodd left for Toronto on Thursday morning to take up her deaconess training at the Presbyterian Missionary and Deaconess Training School at Knox College.

The P. E. I. Presbyterian Young People's society presented Miss Rodd with a Bible at their Fall Conference and Miss Joan Large entertained at her home on Euston Street for Miss Rodd with the Zion Young People's Society presenting her with a going-away gift. The Zion Church Choir met on Sunday after Church Service and Mr. Malcolm MacNeil, president of the choir presented her with a gift.

The teaching staff of Spring Park School had a tea at Mrs. Alexander Martin's home on Wednesday afternoon in honour of Miss Rodd. Miss Dorothy Rodd also entertained at the tea for her sister before she left for Toronto.

Ellen's Diary

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night's covers withdrawn, the pillow undisturbed. No more shall these romp and play with their fellows again, set in a comforting fancy, shall a mother or parents or other loved ones await an earthly returning from school or play. However, we shall remember that these too, the children who go at a whispered summons we did not hear or perhaps ever suspect, which brought a sad parting, are among that reverend number, who in the minds and hearts of those left desolate "shall grow not old." "Such a little girl she was — so dainty and sweet, the one we lost" a mother said wistfully to us of one of hers taken in the long ago. A mother? Indeed it is a grandmother she is these many years. But we knew as she talked of her past sorrow, she was picturing, not the adult that might have been, but the child she had loved so well "and lost awhile."

"Don't set your heart too much on them, Ellen!" we remember now the words of advice of an old friend when we counted our own jewels with a tightening arm. "They may be left with you, Ellen," she continued "but yen if they are, we must regard them not as given but only lent for a time." So true it is: "Only lent" these youngsters may be, to enrich the lives of parents, of loved ones and friends... scattering unmatched sunshine with their presence, brightening many a dark day and corner, blooming for a day or a season then stealing away at a call we did not hear, leaving us tearful and desolate indeed. May the small lit ones drop into healing sleep tonight and be spared to those who watch so tenderly over them! And may the parents and families of those to whom the week has brought its sad bereavements learn to be content with the memories of the happy days that were! "To us it is a question" a childless couple wrote in a letter of sympathy to bereft parents in the long ago "whether or not you should be envied in having had the lad those years he was spared to you... What a privilege you had and what joys to remember! And to those who mourn, there are those lines of Grace Holl Crowell's; she writes with a tender touch and intimate understanding of life's losses and crosses:

"I think that God is proud of those who bear A sorrow bravely — proud indeed of them Who walk straight through the dark to find Him there, And kneel in faith to touch His garment's hem. Oh proud of them who lift their heads to shake Away the tears from eyes that have grown dim, Who tighten quivering lips and turn to take The only road they know that leads to Him.

How proud He must be of them — He who knows All sorrow, and how hard is grief to bear! I think He sees them coming, and He goes With outstretched arms and hands to meet them there, And with a look, a touch on hand or head, Each finds his hurt heart strangely comforted." Diary — Good-night.

Grand champion baby at last year's Caledonia Fair, 22-month-old Betty Diane Richardson was drowned in a few inches of water when she fell into a tub in the backyard of her parents' home at Caledonia, Ont. It was the second time in 14 years that the infant's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Richardson had lost an infant in identically the same manner.

Victim Of Freak Drowning That Body Of Yours

Continued from page 2 during the death rate has been the greater number of patients seen in the early stages of the disease. "Public Health education and increased alertness of the medical profession are responsible for much of this improvement." Added to this is that peritonitis which causes so many deaths, is now prevented by the use of the sulf drugs and penicillin. These drugs kill harmful organisms and prevent complications which may follow operation. We should all remember the three points; no purgative, no food, and the patient and family consenting to early operation.

Home From Court Sessions In U. K.



The Right Hon. Thibodeau Rinfret, Chief Justice of Canada and Mrs. Rinfret are seen aboard the Empress of Scotland which docked recently at Quebec City from the United Kingdom. While in England Chief Justice Rinfret attended meetings of the judicial committee of the Privy Council in addition to visiting many European countries prior to his return to Canada for the fall session of the Supreme Court of Canada which opens on Oct. 3.

Dorothy Dix Says

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rific is the strain of life upon men, how killing is the pressure under which they work. She knows from experience that the worker cannot always control his or her own time. She knows what it is to have nerves so frayed that everything that anybody did irritated her into a sharp speech. She knows what it is to be so tired when she came home at night that all in the world she wanted was just to crawl to a couch and flop down on it and rest.

So the working girl is pretty sure not to waste her husband's money and to get value received for every cent she spends. She is also pretty sure to be interested in his work and to be willing to make sacrifices to help him along. She doesn't have compulsion fits when he is late for dinner or telephone at the last minute that he has to meet a buyer from Oshkosh. She does not feel herself aggrieved because he does not feel bright and chatty of an evening, nor does she drag him out when he is half dead with weariness to night clubs.

So far the business school is better than the domestic school for brides, but if it fits them in some ways for marriage, in other ways it unfits them. For the effect of a business training seems to be to kill the domestic instinct in women.

At any rate, you seldom see an ex-business girl who isn't bored to tears by cooking and washing and scrubbing, and who doesn't pine for her mahogany desk or her old place behind the ribbon counter. Of course work in a kitchen is no harder than work in an office and sweeping floors is no more monotonous than pounding a typewriter, but the one is done in silence and alone, while the other is done to the tune of bustle and excitement, people coming and going, and gay comradeship.

Girls just naturally get more kick out of beautifying themselves of a morning and going downtown to work than they do out of putting on an apron and getting busy with the vacuum cleaner. Besides, the girl in business feels that she is doing something worth while and that she is an important cog in a big machine, whereas she despises the domestic labor that she can do with one hand and half a lobe of her brain. A young woman who gave up a high executive position in a big firm to marry once said to me: "To put me to run a six-room apartment is like putting a thousand-horsepower engine to do a one-horsepower job."

THE DOMESTIC TYPE

Of course there are girls who have the domestic complex, who never thrill to anything but pots and pans and whose favorite reading is the cookbook. These are always outsiders in the business world. They never take root in an office and they are never happy until they hang up their own parlor curtains. But the average woman, and especially the successful business woman, no matter how much she loves her husband, always casts a wistful backward glance at her old job.

There is the financial side of the matter. For any woman to once hold her pay envelope in her hand is for her to have tasted blood, and never again can she be contented to be a parasite and have nickels and quarters and dimes doled out to her by even a generous hand. She has realized that she can stand upon her own feet, that she can support herself, that she need not be dependent upon anyone. That is the greatest and most glorious feeling that any human being ever experiences, and the joy of it is raised to the nth power to a woman, because it is something she didn't dare even hope for.

And so when a girl marries and gives up her financial independence and goes back to parading as a husband for her clothes and money, she doesn't take kindly to it, and she doesn't do it in a way that is soothing to masculine vanity. If a man wants a wife who will kiss the hand that hands her a dollar bill and who will tell him how wonderful and generous he is, he should never pick out a working girl.

So it would seem that there are both advantages and disadvantages to marrying a working girl. Which, of course, also goes for marrying any kind of girl.

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

Plain Words

By F. H. MacArthur

Some speakers and some writers like to impress us with a flow of words that are often quite over the heads of common mortals unless we have a dictionary handy for consultation.

What we need is more simple writing and speaking. The use of obscure words and phrases is not wanted in this age when everybody is able to read and write. Political speeches, sermons, newspapers and magazines are for the masses. Therefore, every word that is spoken or written ought to be expressed in the simplest style possible. The more one and two-syllable words we use the better our language will be — and clearer.

The great war speeches delivered by the late Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill were masterpieces of eloquence which had few flaws in them. These masters of English used the sort of language their millions of listeners understood. One of the few gems of our language which practically defies the criticism of a single word within its depths of purity is the Elegy of Gray. It is simply and beautifully written, a poem of joy forever.

Verboosity is the assassin of style. In the telling of a story such as demands of modern art require. The obscure expressions which can be found in the writings of such authors as Fielding and Smollett consisted in the use of stilted vocabulary hardly within the grasp of the common herd of folk. They laid down the theory that the dragging in of obscure founding words of a forgotten generation was an evidence of clear style; that long ancestry among Latin and Greek derivatives gave distinction to an English expression and unless a reader were himself a scholar he was not wanted.

We know better than that now. The master stylist in this great tongue of ours choose for their vehicle the most telling expressions to be found in the basic Saxon which is the soul of English. In other words, we strip down to the breech cloth and say what we have to say in simple everyday language that everyone can understand.

If you will read right here and now the first half-dozen paragraphs of the Book of Job (King James' translation) you will find a model of language that is simply great and greatly simple. It deals not with adjectives nor with metaphors. The story is served in its bare bones but it carries an indelible impression and leaves a hungering with the listener to know just how far Satan was to be permitted to go with infamous plans against Job and just how he and Job emerged from the ordeal.

The several Books of the Bible contain the greatest stories ever written. If you will read these carefully you will notice the following points: 1. Precision of subject. 2. Precision of thought. 3. Precision of expression. To these may be added 1. brevity; 2. brevity; 3. brevity; 4. plain words. A good example of brevity and plain everyday English may be found in the story of creation told in 600 words. The greatest of all stories.

Air Crew Rescued

REYKJAVIK, Iceland, Sept. 21 —(AP)—Survivors of an Icelandic Airline Skymaster crash and the three-man crew of a U. S. army plane which crashed trying to rescue them from atop a 6,000-foot glacier arrived here today by air. The Skymaster crew of six men and a stewardess had been marooned on the glacier seven days.

BROWN'S BISCUITS "BETTER FAR BETTER" ROYAL CHOCOLATE FINGERS. Manufactured by: BROWN-HOLDER BISCUITS LTD., MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK.

BOSTON, Sept. 23 —(AP)— Re-appointment of Steve O'Neill as manager of Boston Red Sox for the 1951 American League season was announced by general manager Joe Cronin. O'Neill took over the Red Sox June 23, after Joe McCarthy resigned with the club in fourth place with a record of 33 victories and 30 losses.

WEDDING RINGS. 3-Diamond Band. Daintily carved wedding ring—set with three sparkling diamonds. 14-18 kt. gold. 14-kt. Gold Ring. She'll love the shining beauty of this modern wedding band. 14 kt. gold. Sparkling Ring. Exquisitely fashioned band set with five flawless, fiery diamonds. 14-18 kt. gold. Bride & Groom Rings. You'll be thrilled with the selection of beautifully matched rings for the double ring wedding. Hand-engraved designs in 14 kt. gold. Choose from the distinctive designs at Wellner's. WELLNER'S JEWELERS SINCE 1868.

FALL Fashion Show P. W. C. Auditorium OCT. 4th Afternoon and Evening. TICKETS ON SALE AT:— The Gloria, Adella's, Island Furriers, and from Beta Sigma Phi Sorority members.

COOKING AND SEWING. Those wishing to enroll in the night courses at the Vocational School are advised to do so immediately. The course begins on Nov. 1. Applications will be considered on a first-come-first-served basis. Send all applications to the Supervisor.

SPECIAL WEEK-END VALUES. 1 Doz CHILDREN'S FALL DRESSES, 7-14s. Reg. 4.00. 7.95 to 9.95. Clearing at each. 1 Doz GIRLS' WOOL DRESSES, 7-14s. Clearing at 4-3 OFF. 1 Doz KIDDIES' SKIRTS. Clearing at 1.00. Group MISSES DRESSES including plaids, gabardines, figured prints, crepes and etc., sizes 9 to 17. Clearing at each 5.00. A few KIDDIES DRESSES, BLOUSES, SKIRTS, PAJAMAS and BLAZERS, clearing at each 1.00. 3 Doz MISSES SKIRTS, sizes 12-16 Clearing at 1-3 OFF. HOLMES & BRADLEY have the name And the reputation as well Of giving the best of values In all the lines they sell. THE MISSES HOLMES AND BRADLEY 156 QUEEN ST. PHONE 92

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