

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

Happenings of The Week

An Afrikaans-speaking leader of the local Nationalists at Bloemfontein said that the Royal Family made "many staunch friends" during their visit.

Princess Elizabeth and Margaret Rose danced cotillions and waltzes for an hour at a civic ball for the Royal Family in Bloemfontein, their partners being young Africans.

Many of the young men guests at the ball were eager to dance with the Princesses, but when one boldly approached the Royal Family and asked for the first cotillion...

Mrs. George S. Inman of Montague is having a delightful holiday visit in Ottawa with her sons Robert and Victor whose homes are in the Capital.

Mrs. Sinclair Mackay was hostess at her attractive home yesterday at a smart supper-bridge which was most enjoyable.

Mrs. (Dr.) E. W. Hunt of Malden, Mass., who arrived in the city Thursday to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Bell, Brighton Road, is being cordially welcomed.

Mrs. Ernest Porter of Brookline, Mass., arrived Thursday to visit her sister Miss Edith Rogers whose critical illness is the most regretted.

Miss Edith Sutherland left by plane for Chicago on Thursday where she will spend several weeks with her brother Mr. Charles Sutherland whose health has been causing his family some anxiety.

Mrs. Keith Morrow and young son arrived by plane from Halifax Thursday on a visit to her parents, Lt. Col. and Mrs. K. S. Rogers.

Mrs. (Dr.) Robins, Grafton Street, is ill in the P. E. I. Hospital.

Miss Viola Beer after a brief visit with her sisters and other friends left on return to Montreal Tuesday.

Mrs. (Dr.) V. L. Goodwill invited a number of her friends to the Charlottetown on Wednesday for the Fashion Show luncheon which was so much enjoyed.

Lady Baden-Powell was unable to attend the marriage of her nephew, Captain Christopher Soames, and Miss Mary Churchill in England because of her engagement at the Girl Guide World Committee meeting in Paris.

Mrs. (Rev.) W. A. Mackay who came home with the remains of her sister Mrs. George Millar, left Tuesday on return to her home in Toronto. While here Mrs. Mackay was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sinclair and met many of her former friends.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor are in Palm Beach, Florida, this week on their way to New York after a vacation in Nassau.

Miss Mabel Grant and Mrs. Stewart Pierce were joint hostesses at the latter's home, honoring Mrs. Lloyd B. Grant (nee Mrs. M. Bulman) at a miscellaneous shower.

Mrs. Ray Moore left yesterday for New Jersey, called there by the sudden death of her husband who is so well known here where he has been an annual visitor with Mrs. Moore.

Mr. Lyman Wood of Mt. Allison Academy, Sackville, N. B., spent the week end at his home "Dunrovin" with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Wood, Victoria. Also a Mrs. Isabel Storey, Charlottetown, who returned by plane on Sunday.

Miss Kaye McNeely who has been resting at home for the past three weeks has returned to Antigonish, N. S., to resume her position as Technicalian at St. Martin's Hospital.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

My hearing had improved by morning though even yet the ache has not entirely cleared away. It's just exactly like what I had. James continues to tell me "and it may take a day or two yet—you're very lucky it's only your ear that aches. Why mine was all down the side of my face and right to my shoulder."

James was already decked out in a new pair of boots, that had come to replace those which had allowed any dampness to enter. There is a certain and interesting ceremony which must take place before James is entirely satisfied to accept new footwear.

It is a fine liddle of a fellow, who returned with Karolyn from the city last Sunday and now sleeps "and cries sometimes" in Jamie's baby basket on a table at Rob's. Plump and dark-eyed, "old-fashioned", already and with dimpled cheeks. He has not come into affection, another's place in our hearts nor the not to push aside Jamie nor the place in the house across the lane, but like every other small and precious newcomer he has "brought his love with him" and already has gained a rightful niche in our hearts.

So this week, bringing Karolyn's and the babe's safe return has been a good week for all of us and has been much enjoyed by Jamie. Monday's gale which shook twigs from the old spruces in the orchard, the darkly against the white of a snow drift, were there for Jamie's gathering. He fetched them to the kitchen and together we watched the flash and caught the exquisite scent of their burning. At first some of the days were dark and cloudy, there were also the Spring-like shadows, and the opening pond revealed once more a glint of the sparkling waters. There were the evenings too, when we sat down to the lamp-lighting, and Jamie await the moonlight lay in bright chair, the moonlight lay in bright pool on the kitchen floor. Crows flew above the hill and one day a wild duck lifted gracefully from the pond; blue jays reflecting the sky tints were busy down in the orchard and a woodpecker, came to drink at the rain-barrel at a corner of the house. All in all, though James was tormented with a misery one day, and I have had an aching in an ear, it has been a lovely week for the folks at Alderlea. And if on some Island farmsteads the way has not been so smooth; if sickness or other care have come to disturb their folk or losses to bring their attendant sorrow and folks now see "darkly" and even hesitantly into the future, I like the message these lines give:

"The hills ahead look steep and high, And often we behold them with a sigh, But as we near them, level grows the road, We find on every slope, with every load, The climb is not so steep, the top so far— The hills look harder than they are. There never comes a hill, a task, a day, But as we near it, easier the way." Until Monday—Diary—Good-night.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Good Wife Material

Better Mate Between Business And Home Girl Depends on Individual

A young man who is contemplating matrimony desires to know which is the better risk, the home girl or the business girl as a wife. That is one of the questions that no one can answer right off the bat, marriage being a chancey thing at best and getting chancier every day, and girls being little-cattle to deal with, in or out of marriage.

Both the home girl and the business girl have their points as wives, and before a youth takes that fatal step to the altar from which there is no return except via the divorce court or death, he does well to consider them carefully and prayerfully.

Inasmuch as most men marry for a home, it would seem that the domestic girl was a man's best bet. You can fancy the lad who is practically starving for honest-to-God home cooking and whose nerves are worn to a frazzle trying to keep up with his shirts and his collars, and who wishes that he might never see the inside of another restaurant or boarding house, as looking upon any girl who feeds him on omelette that she says she made with her own hands, as an angel sent from Heaven for his deliverance.

But, alas, things don't always work out that way in marriage. Often the home girl is sick and tired of home and is just pining to get out into the bright lights. Maybe she has an allergy to the kitchen and when she walks out of it when she gets married, she never goes back into it again. Maybe Mother never taught her anything about cooking. And maybe she will never be happy until she gets a shoppe. You never can tell what sort of a wife a girl will make until it is too late to do you any good. So that's that.

On the other hand, any matrimonial prophet would feel perturbed if he knew that the business girl is the ideal wife. She has feetly safe in picking out the business girl as the ideal wife because all the qualifications. She is fitted to be a man's companion because she knows the business world and speaks his tongue, and they could have lovely evenings together discussing the stock market and the crankiness of employers, etc.

She would know how to take care of money because she has worked for it and knows that every dollar is stained with sweat and blood. She would never gripe about his never coming home on time for dinner, and she wouldn't expect a tired business man, whose feet hurt, to go to bed and go to play bridge with the neighbors. And she would be perfectly happy in having the little home she had dreamed of for years, and being able to stay in it, instead of having to punch the time clock every morning.

But, unfortunately, when the business woman swaps a mahogany desk for a kitchen range, it isn't always a howling success. The woman who has been drilled in efficiency feels like a high-powered Diesel engine put to doing a one-horse-powered job, when all she has to do is to take care of a two-by-four flat. The girl accustomed to her own fat pig envelope doesn't enjoy asking her husband for carfare. The girl who has always worked in a crowd is lonesome and bored shut up in a few rooms by herself.

So there you are, son. The domestic girl and the business girl both have their faults and their virtues, and all you can do is to take your choice and pray that you guessed right.

Household Scrapbook By Roberta Lee. The Trash Can. The trash can should be disinfected periodically, and this can be done by placing it out in the back yard and burning some papers in it. This will remove all odors and give you a cleaner feeling about it.

Widened Drain Board. A wooden drain board at the sink should be given a thorough washing every day, whitening rubbers in the wet boards, then allowed to dry. This will keep the board white and odorless.

Combination Salad. Try using cooked or canned snap beans, cooked carrots, diced and chopped onion or chopped celery. This combination will make a good salad.

Hints on Etiquette. The salad plate usually is placed to the left of the dinner plate, but if it is more convenient to shift it to the other side, this may be done.

BRONCHITIS COLDS VICKS VapoRus. All things considered, they did very well—largely thanks to herself, as she was well aware. Her father was splendid with a garden; he could make it grow whatever he wanted it to grow, though the actual degree of success did depend largely upon circumstances. Her mother was wonderful with a house and an oven. But try and get either of them to stand the intricacies of markets and market prices, and you were floored. They just didn't include.

Cook's Corner. SPICY GINGERBREAD. 2 eggs, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/4 cup light molasses, 1/2 cup melted shortening, 2 1/2 cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons ginger, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup boiling water.

METHOD: Melt the shortening and add the brown sugar, molasses and eggs that have been well beaten. Sift the flour, then measure and sift again with the baking powder, ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, baking soda and salt. Gradually add the sifted dry ingredients to the first mixture. This will be quite stiff at the last. Now add boiling water and stir until well blended. Pour the mixture into a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about 45 minutes. Serve with a pudding sauce or the following sauce.

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Masters Of The Parachute Mail

By Peter Benedict

CHAPTER I PEGGY AWAKENS EARLY

Peggy Calder got up at four o'clock. It was earlier than her usual time, even for a glorious morning in August; but the fact was that she had been awake most of the night with toothache, and to stay any longer in bed seemed pointless, since there was every little chance of getting to sleep again.

She had succeeded in falling off to sleep several times during the night, but never for long; and once, well after midnight, she remembered awaking to the unfamiliar sound, for that hour, of an aeroplane's engine. She had lain and listened to it, as something which to fix her strained nerves for some time. Extraordinary, now that she came to consider it, how long it had continued in her hearing. It was unusual enough to see one across the moorland of Abbott's Ferry, that desolate and deserted spot, even during the day; to hear one during the night, and to see it slowly above the empty undulations of this lonely part of the uplands, was unprecedented.

Some machine off its course, perhaps; she knew very little about aeroplanes, but it was reasonable to suppose that they could lose their bearings occasionally; and there would certainly be no light there would certainly be no light to guide the strayed pilot. She had to get up in bed and seen through the intense darkness of the night the two riding lamps at the tips of the spread wings. She had occupied herself idly, with trying to invent explanations for the machine's presence there, and in the middle of them had fallen unawakened asleep again.

She dressed and went down in the greyish light on the stairs. Her father and mother were still sleeping, of course; they were always an hour at least later than she in getting up.

Habit had become preference to Peggy. A smallish such as this one, which supplemented her father's quite inadequate army pension, required that someone upon whom it was typical of her, and which had occasionally been a typically regretted since, she had claimed the right to set the days rolling.

Today, however, she was earlier than usual, and had time to spare. It occurred to her that a blow in the fresh air might do her irritated nerves good. She would fetch her bicycle out of the shed and go for a ride. Better than walking, that, because she could go farther in the time at her disposal.

The morning air struck cool and pleasant through her thin dress as she walked down the garden path towards the old shed which could no longer in decency be called a garage, since it was two years since it had contained a car, and even then the car had belonged to a cousin.

Peggy had never owned a car, she felt no regret about this, it seemed to her so much less individual than, say horses. No doubt they were very convenient, and would, in bad weather, have got her into market with much less trouble than she now had with Sunny. But it was useless, thinking of one, for where was the money? They had always, in her recollection, been chronically short of this desirable commodity; it worried none of them, for they were so used to it that any other state would have made them uneasy.

All things considered, they did very well—largely thanks to herself, as she was well aware. Her father was splendid with a garden; he could make it grow whatever he wanted it to grow, though the actual degree of success did depend largely upon circumstances. Her mother was wonderful with a house and an oven. But try and get either of them to stand the intricacies of markets and market prices, and you were floored. They just didn't include.

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Cook's Corner

SPICY GINGERBREAD

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Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

"Day by day the little daisy looks up with its yellow eye. Never murmurs, never wishes it were hanging up on high. And the air is just as pleasant, and as bright the sunny sky, To the daisy by the footpath, as to the flowers that bloom on high. God has given each his station; some have riches and high places, Some have lowly homes and labour; all may have His precious grace."

Queen Mother Helen of Romania will leave Romania for the first time since the end of the war when she departs by plane Sunday for Geneva where the Queen's sister, Princess Irene of Greece, is reported to be ill.

Woolens Smooth

NEW YORK—Most woolens are smooth and color is all-important; neutrals lead with navy shown a great deal, gray, beige, brown tones and subtle off-colors all coming in for their share of the fashion excitement. There is a lot of pale blue in fleece coats, odd tones such as cherry red and soft greens in the smoother woolens, and there are some thick black coats but not nearly as many as in seasons past.

Coats Like Dresses

NEW YORK—Coats look like dresses. These are snugly fitted, buttoned down the front and finished with soft bow tie or little turn-down collar. They are sometimes in two fabrics to increase the effect.

New Industry

ABERDARE, Wales—Seven men and five women have launched a new Welsh industry here. They are making Wilton carpets—the first ever produced this side of the English border.

ROUND SHOULDERS, BIG POCKETS ON NEW COATS

NEW YORK—Rounded shoulders, wide sleeves and big pockets are features of nearly all the coats, no matter what their basic lines. Few have any trimming aside from their cut and the manipulation of the fabric. Necklines are simple, sometimes collarless, as often with a collar. Buttons are decorative and are in great variety. The metal button is always smart, and it may be plain or elaborate as a jewel.

Beware Toxic Vapours

Some insecticides are toxic if inhaled too freely, and it is not advisable to stay in their vapours for long periods. Doctors also advise protection of the eyes when using sprays.

TINTED MAKE-UP SHAMES NATURE

"Go easy on the rouge, you who have little natural coloring" is the advice of a New York make-up specialist, who says she has trouble getting this point over to women. The tendency, she says, is to shame Nature for her deficiencies.

by daubing on the color. The result, according to our specialist, is to make the nicest woman look like a jester. This expert's method of shading Nature for her omissions of color is to step up pinkness all over the face. For that, she relies upon a tinted make-up. In addition to this make-up a good bit of cheek rouge can be used, but on many faces only a little is needed, this specialist claims. In any case, she preaches to customers the need of a tinted complexion base as a color shock-absorber for cheek rouge and lipstick. Omit that background tint, she warns, and cheeks and lips stand out from the face like color flags.

SLOPPY DRESS DESTROYS FEELING OF PERSONAL ALCHEM

The woman who works at home in slatternly dress is going to pay sooner or later for her sloppy habits. And I don't mean by this that she's simply to be caught looking like a scullion by an unexpected visitor. The price she is going to pay will be the loss of her sense of personal glamour, which women who never see themselves untidy always seem to have. Women who have this sense of glamour manage to tackle the grubbier tasks without sacrificing any portion of it, but they usually dress for the part. That dress, however, is not any old rick, plucked from a closet; nor are those shoes just any old slippers from which a few more wearings can be salvaged. Functional house-dresses—and enough of them for needed changes—can bring a woman through her grimmest chores looking tidy. Clothes designed for housework—and ditto shoes—can even spread her through her tasks and give her more leisure time in which she can settle down to the serious business of making herself glamorous.

What's more, the woman who tightens up on habits of dress at home looks better than her sloppy neighbor when she goes out. Since she doesn't have to start from scratch, she looks better groomed than the woman who has had more than a little trouble pulling herself together.

Better English

D. C. Williams

- 1. What is wrong with this sentence? "They are living out in Colorado." 2. What is the correct pronunciation of "tedious"? 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Deletion, delegate, delicate. 4. What does the word "spasmodic" mean? 5. What is a word beginning with "h" that means "theatrical"?

ANSWERS

- 1. Omit out. 2. Preferred pronunciation is ted-i-us, three syllables. 3. Delicate. 4. Lacking continuity; intermittent; as, "spasmodic zeal." 5. Histrionic.

MORSES TEA Standard

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