

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

Happenings Of The Week

Britain's Royal family is experiencing a difficult time these days because 14-year-old Princess Margaret is working for her mother's cooking badge, according to Mrs. John Corbett, secretary of the Girl Guides of Canada. Mrs. Corbett, recently returned from a three-month visit to Britain, told in an interview that the Queen, who is reported to be visiting the Queen in the Royal Palace, had to eat in the Princess's practice kitchen. Discussing her visit with the Queen, Mrs. Corbett said she spent a half hour with the Queen in her private sitting room in Buckingham Palace, discussing Girl Guide and Girl Scout activities. The Queen, she said, was "awfully interested in our work throughout this hemisphere."

Happiest congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Murdoch, who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with a family dinner at the Charlottetown Hotel. The bride, Mrs. Murdoch, received a very lovely gift from her husband and family.

Among the many out-of-town guests at the marriage of Miss Katherine Iakula, daughter of Dr. Iakula, and Mr. Raymond C. Deane of London, Ont., on Sunday, June 19, at St. Peter's Cathedral, were Miss Evelyn Ross of Montague and Miss Ernest Miller of St. John's.

The tea at the Tennis Courts this afternoon was given by Mrs. M. D. Wren and Mrs. Sterling MacDonell. The guests included Mrs. Braine, wife of Flight Lieutenant Braine of the local RCAF station, who has just returned from a tour of duty in the Middle East. Mrs. Braine was accompanied by her husband and two children.

Miss Patricia Arsenault, Medical Librarian at Moncton, N.B., is visiting in Charlottetown. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Arsenault, of St. John's. Miss Arsenault is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick.

Right Rev. G. F. Kingston, Bishop of Nova Scotia, is among the distinguished visitors coming to Charlottetown early next week for the Jubilee Services in Saint Peter's Cathedral.

Charlotte had a great many welcome visitors this week. The Women's Institute in annual convention. The meetings were largely attended and the ladies were very enthusiastic in their participation in their community work.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth had a charming smile for the Grenadier Guards, of which regiment she is colonel-in-chief, when she visited them recently. The elder daughter of King George and Queen Elizabeth, despite her august position, and her girlish simplicity and friendliness captivate all with whom her duties bring her in contact.

Miss Esther MacDonnell, whose engagement was announced this week to Mr. George A. Walters, is being feted by her friends prior to the happy event next month.

Miss Jean MacDonnell had a real surprise shower for Miss MacDonnell on Wednesday when she entertained at the supper hour at her pretty home 5 West Street. It was a delightful gathering of young people all eager in a tangible way to shower their good wishes on the guest of honor.

Miss Norma Ayers whose marriage to Mr. Freeman Dewald Newton, takes place next week, is being pleasantly entertained by her friends.

On Monday evening her sister, Mrs. P. W. Boyes, Mrs. Nell Higgins and Mrs. George Judson were joint hostesses at a smartly arranged miscellaneous shower at Mrs. Boyes' home, when many exquisite gifts accompanied by happy wishes were given on the bride-to-be.



Women of the Normandy village place flowers on the graves of Canadian soldiers killed during the invasion. These women have attended the graves every day since the cemetery was plotted. — (Canadian Army—WIB Radio Photo).

Ellen's Diary

By An Island Farmer's Wife

I wasn't sure this morning whether I was on a Saturday or not. They do come round so soon. There were so many neglected things to be done following the planting, I hardly knew where to make a beginning. So for a short while and as James says: "To get my bearings" I left it all and went out doors among the flowers. It was very kind of support. I searched for early there this morning. I pulled a bold weed or two, did more transplanting from the cold frame, and sniffed the fragrance from the lilacs and marvelled over the rapid growth being made. I almost came to blows with a fat golden and black bee when I went to catch a rocket's perfume. I then thought better of it and decided to leave the rocket to its lovely to mar with such trivial things as quarrels, so I turned aside to the garden. I was tempted to finish mowing the lawn but that would never do on Saturday morning. I slipped on the patch for an amful of rubber and then in a rested frame of mind returned indoors to put the plans to bread, in all their vanities, to the oven.

There were cakes to be stirred up against a country Sunday; there was ironing to do while the morning fire was on. I used the rubber to make a relish my recipe, the rule of thumb course, Jeanie sticking closely to hers, makes delectable finished article, most pleasing to my eye and sight. Perhaps in time, I may learn to follow recipes but as it is usually takes me so long to find recipe and glasses, I "hae ma dooc."

All the Stewart men were at Allister's to dine. One of them came to my kitchen to inquire for "Daddy" and then struck off to the "hobby" and then returned. Following dinner he decided against returning to the turnip field with the lawn-mower, he kept himself and the tractor in the yard. He would move all the pretty well on the lawn. There were trows when he came he needed assistance with it but he would not let me do it. Jeanie or I made the green grass fly. Presently I did manage to get the tractor to follow me but as it is to a shady corner and then finally something else calmed his nerves and he was able to return to his respective work indoors.

The cropping was finished before the supper hour and then James took up the work of finishing the house. He has it now in the women's hands. He has it now in the women's hands. He has it now in the women's hands.

Among the many out of town guests who attended the supper atop Montreal's next week for the Jubilee Services in Saint Peter's Cathedral.

Buckingham Palace is to have a full-time press secretary. He is Paymaster-Captain Lewis Ritchie, who was secretary to the Governor-General at Ottawa from 1927 to 1931, has hitherto been in charge of press matters at the palace, in addition to his duties as assistant private secretary to the King. Paymaster-Captain Ritchie has been 49 years in the Royal Navy. He was the author of a stirring account of the sea war in the eastern Mediterranean. He took over at the palace on June 1.

The regular meeting of the Spring Brook W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. Dan MacKay. Meeting opened with the Creed. Roll call was answered by naming your favorite flower.

Minutes of last meeting were read by Mrs. Isaac Jollimore in the absence of the secretary. The quilt squares were finished and the John Bearisto and Mrs. Jollimore were to put them together. Each Institute are to take a quilt to the convention.

It was decided that the members would send their old woollen and get some blankets. Bill for \$1.32, to be paid to Mrs. Wesley Paymer. We decided to treat the school children to oranges at the closing. Collection \$4.

Next meeting to be held at Mrs. John Bearisto's, roll call to be answered with your favorite fruit. Meeting closed with the King.

Dorothy Dix Says—

PHILANDERERS CAN BE CURED

Wives' Anonymous Letters About Reciprocal Attentions Bring Back Husbands

The most heartbreaking problem that a woman is ever called up to solve is what to do about a philandering husband. Shall she suffer and be strong or take the children and go back to Mother? Shall she suffer and forgive, or pay him back in his own coin by doing a little sidestepping herself? When her husband asks her for divorce, should she meet him hand one out to him like a self-sacrificing saint, or should she act like a dog in the manger?

Each theory has its advocates, but none of them seem to work out just right in real life, for there is always the broken home and the half-orphaned children to complicate the situation. Nor has any one yet found any savior that will soothe the hurt of a wife who sees her husband prefer another woman to her, or dull the ache of her loneliness when the wife, hour after hour, for the sound of a footstep that is going to another door.

So it is no wonder that when wives see their husbands starting down the primrose path, because of their pain, resentment and bewilderment, they do not stop them but head them back to the Other Woman's arms. Instead of luring them back into their own corral.

The neglected wife, for instance, practically always dissolved into a sudden mass of tears who presents an invincible comparison to a glamorous creature with a freshly powdered nose and shining eyes and vermillion behind her ears. Also, the neglected wife's conversation consists of just one word: "Why?" And these letters, said the woman, her husband so worried that he turned into a home body.

A wife whose husband thought he had fallen in love with an 18-year-old girl and asked her to go could marry the kid, said she told him that she would be perfectly willing to let the divorce go, provided that he would take the five children, one of whom was a babe in the cradle. The girl gave one look at the ready-made family and called off to laugh at him, instead of weeping over him.

This Radio man found to my relief that they were so outspoken when Mr. Thomas is about. "It is coming in clear now."

Once again Hendrick Hudson and his crew—with their keel—are at their game of the nine pins. James unweary says those rumbles about "bring cures" from the City, although I remind him that a car is the safest place in the world. "The town met," he says, "for once again there'll be a summing-up Church-bell-somewhere—until Monday—Diary—Good-night."

There were visitors this evening to Adele's. One who had been a neighbor for years had been Breaside and Alderlea after an absence of some years. Strange how we "live away" from each other. We can never take up "exactly" where we left off. In the intervening years, no matter how much we esteem the old friends others come in common. There's the new in the air—force blue and a daughter born and reared near Alderlea. The next day, almost in her train, she had often traversed the road. As my visitor left to go down the path through the front meadow, she had often traversed the road. As my visitor left to go down the path through the front meadow, she had often traversed the road.

There was a "Crash" and an Aunt and two small boys and a four-year-old very proud in new shoes confided that he was going to Sunday school in the morning. The other thought— "at the stream below us." There was a late this evening for angling but there'll be other days. There was the man in the hat and a clever at Radio who at James suggestion looked our over. Reception had been "buried" all day and electrical storm, Jeanie and I showed our wires and fixed up loose connections to no avail. Our radio man said he guessed there was something astray in the speaker.

YOU CAN'T TAKE "SNAPS" OVER AGAIN—don't risk losing them!

IF you do not have a sleeve ironing board, turn the sleeve wrong side out, insert a towel or some kind of padding for the sleeve width of the sleeve, and then iron on both sides.

Film Rolls Developed & Printed 25c

ENLARGEMENTS

The Man Who Wasn't Himself

By Leslie Cargill

One may think that a man who was a strong vein of vanity he had not previously suspected. After all, it is not given to everyone to acquire the detached, cool-headed, just personality. With Chetwood's features, he had been saddled with a "sackful" of vanity. Yet in his awkwardness, his knowledge that he was Harkness, was a decided preference for simple honesty.

Delightful as it was to see both men in the balance; and she knew now that Chetwood had meant little to her. There were too many dark patches in his life for her to forgive. Even before the found out, she could not bring herself ever to think of a husband, though Chetwood could be a pleasant companion.

Now Joyce knew definitely what she wanted; but she combined wisdom with patience. She had made up her mind not to hurry Richard. She did not doubt that the young man would come to his senses. Illogically she could be irritated that he continued to withhold information, considering how his secret she already knew.

Jack Murray had been keeping out of the way. The warhouse resumed operations in a strictly legitimate way, much to the relief of Mr. Thomas.

I may make a bit of money out of things, but I'm dead scared we'll come unstuck. Your not so keen yourself as you used to be. Like you, I feel we're digging a pit to fall into, Richard replied. "That chap, Murray's been a beautiful influence. Worst of it is this is a profitable concern without digging into dirt. I mean, it was and it could be again."

You're pretty efficient at your job, Thomas. Considering all the years I've never been at it, sir, it's surprising. Never thought it would come to this. It makes me go hot and cold whenever I think of what I've been brought to.

Careful what you say, Thomas. Don't be so outspoken when Mr. Thomas is about. Not likely! I know what I'm doing. You and me always got on well until the interest. I shan't forget. If the worst happens I'll stand by you. All you've done is followed instructions. And if ever I can do you a good turn I will, sir.

CHAPTER XV
MR. MURRAY HAS A NEW PROJECT.

Harkness was getting to know a great deal about the wholesale provision business, and rather this aspect of his existence. Idleness had never appealed to him, and he began to put in regular hours at the warehouse.

Behind the scenes at Trenham's the ambitious Tom Cowley continued his investigations. "I'm glad you were able to drop the idea of clearing up the case in seven days," he told Richard. "That was too hectic. Keep me on tenterhooks, especially when we didn't get much more forward."

That was when I wanted to keep to the straight and narrow path. Unfortunately I didn't manage it. I was too busy to be a good cop. The gang ran their black market stuff, and mixed me in with it. Soon a new stunt will be under way, so I'm not enjoying the slow process.

That fellow you call Black Jack has been barging in on Cooper more frequently. That signifies something in the leading questions, Tom. Don't they let you into their schemes?

No! I'm only a stooge. I'm beginning to think you respecter boss has got more fingers in this pie than I supposed. He's in a funk about it, but he does keep pulling out the plug.

He couldn't be running the show, could he, Pawley asked. Wouldn't he go so far but one never knows. Murray kept him up to scratch. That rascal is the king-pin. But Cooper does as he's told in a big way. I wonder—

What? wonder whether I could bump him into a confession. How? Unarmed reconnaissance. A few leading questions, Tom. Don't they let you into their schemes?

Nothing much. He's ever occurred to you that there are over many of us in this business? Owen. Funny to think that Murray made the same complaint only yesterday. He can't do without me. Without my wretched, rather. Personally I provide useful cannon flame, being well established and fairly reputable. In a way I've been Same applies to one, worse luck. Are you fed up with it, too? Mr. Cooper did not answer for a moment. It is quite out of the question, he said solemnly. We can't afford to split up, apart from the obvious dangers of falling out. I, for one, have had my fill. Harkness exclaimed. I don't like the way things are going.

(To Be Continued)

First Canadian Nurses in France!



The first Canadian women to arrive in France since D-Day were two RCAF nursing sisters, Winnifred Pitkethly of Ottawa, left, and Polly Mulholland of Georgetown, Ontario. They landed with the main party of an RCAF Mobile Hospital supervised by Wing Commander fore the field hospital unit crossed to the invasion coast, shows the two Ontario girls with the hospital mascot. After a "wonderful" crossing of the channel the girls pitched in with the rest of the unit to put up tents and unload vehicles.—(RCAF Photo).

Living & Leisure The Woman's Realm

Not by appointment do we meet. And Joy; they need not our expectancy. But round some corner in the streets of life. They, on a sudden, clasp us with a smile. —Gerald Massey.

To prevent carrot waste scrape carefully with knife or an apple corer. They, on a sudden, clasp us with a smile. —Gerald Massey.

Remove butter from the refrigerator a little while before using. It won't be so hard to spread. For a crisp, satiny texture, add to light salad a splash of prepared wax-like product.

When sweeping rugs, always be sure to sweep with the nap. When the rug is brushed against the nap the surface is roughened and the dirt is forced into the carpet instead of out of it.

It is easy for men to write and talk like the philosophers, but to act with wisdom, there is the rule—Rivarolo.

Are dull, shiny linoleum floors one of the bane of your household-keeping existence? If so, take a tip from the farm housewives. Mrs. Average Farmwife simply adds a few cubes of starch to her soapy washing suds, and presto—when her floor is dry the linoleum has an excellent polish, just as if time had been spent in waxing it.

Vegetables to be quick-frozen need not be sterilized, but should be blanched first.

Pimples can be caused by gritty, sooty hands touching the face.

STARCH SHINES LINOLEUM

Needlecraft For The Home

3777 40-20

RIGHT BINDING