Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

Happenings Of The Week

... Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret gave a birthday party Monday at Buckingham Palace for 300 girls of the Land Army to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the founding of the organization. Each girl was presented and shook hands with the Queen and Princesses. Tea and sandwiches were served and Her Majesty and the Princesses chatted with their guests for more than an hour. Elizabeth told one girl how she and Margaret were helping in the haying at their country home. They enjoyed the work, she said, but disliked having to get up early in the morning.

• • •

Announcement of the death in Berlin on Saturday of the Princess of Pless, who was the elder daughter of the late Colonel W. Cornwallis West, of Hampshire, England, recalls the history of a famous beauty, who was a close friend of Queen Alexandra. The Princess was a sister-in-law of Lady Randolph Churchill, mother of Prime Minister Churchill, Lord Randolph Churchill's widow having married George Cornwallis-West. The wedding of Mary Theresa Olivia (Daisy) Cornwallis-West and Prince Henry of Pless on December 6, 1891, was attended by King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and the entire royal family. The lovely bride was described as a "daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

• • •

Mrs. A.B. Cosh, who returned from Ottawa last Monday where she was attending a meeting of the Women's Voluntary Services for Canada, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Fillter in Moncton.

• • •

Mrs. (Dr.) V. L. Goodwill has as her welcome guest her sister Mrs. Bailey of Evanston, Ill., who came by plane from Toronto.

• • •

The sympathy of a wide circle of friends goes out to Mrs. H. R. Hillson in her bereavement.

• • •

It is pleasing to learn that Dr. Dorothy C. Bentley of Charlottetown has been promoted from "Assistant Resident in Medicine" to the position of "Acting Resident" at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal. This is a position which has not been given to a doctor without his having had at least two years' hospital experience. It has not heretofore been held by a woman, and Dr. Bentley is to be warmly congratulated on the honor given her.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. G. Gordon Hughes have as guests at their summer residence in Inkerman their two daughters, Mrs. Cannon and little son David of Clinton, Ont., and Mrs. Gordon Drillon and her wee daughter Judith of Toronto.

• • •

Mrs. C. Bissett and three children have arrived from Montreal and are summering at Inkerman.

• • •

Mrs. Elden Spencer of Montreal is visiting her parents Lt. Col A. G. Peake and Mrs. Peake, North River Road.

• • •

Miss Helen Callbeck, Mus. Bach., whose marriage takes place next week in the Baptist Church was the guest of honor at a delightful tea given at Bonnahinley by Miss Lena McLure on Thursday. Mrs. H.M. Davison poured tea. A beautiful piece of crystal was presented to the bride-to-be to mark this happy occasion. After tea a program was presented of vocal music by Mrs. L. Hubley of Boston and readings by Mrs. H. M. Davison which was very much enjoyed.

• • •

Mrs. J. D. Stewart of Ottawa left this week for Fort Coulonge to spend sometime the guest of Mrs. Owen Toller at the latter's summer cottage.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. A.C. Scarth have as their guests their son Lieut. Ian Scarth, R.C.N.V.R. and daughter Miss Virginia from Montreal.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gates, West Royalty, have as their guest their son LAC. Fred R. Gates from overseas who will spend a vacation at home here before being posted elsewhere in Canada.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Duchemin and son Henry Parker, accompanied by Mrs. H. P. Duchemin and her grand daughter Marnie Chaplin of Sydney, have arrived at their summer home in Bay Fortune where they will send the next two months.

• • •

Mrs. Julian C. Jaynes has opened her summer home at Keppoch and is being welcomed by her friends.

• • •

Miss Isabelle Jamieson left yesterday morning to spend the summer season among her home friends in Halifax.

• • •

Her friends regret the indisposition of Mrs. T. Lantz, Prince Street, who is now improving in the P. E. I. Hospital where she has been for the past few weeks.

• • •

Mrs. Vera E. Murray is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L.W. Nickerson, Brunswick Place, Saint John ... Miss Bertha Ellis of Tyne Valley is the guest of her mother Mrs. E. S. Weeks and Rev. Mr. Weeks in Sackville.

• • •

The Duchess of Kent was involved in a minor automobile accident on the Great West Road leading out of London last week, but she, a woman friend and the chauffeur were unhurt. Her car and a baker's delivery van collided and one wheel and the fender of the royal car were damaged. The Duchess was involved in another auto collison in July, 1937, when she also escaped injury.

• • •

Mr. James Wells of Ottawa, private secretary to the Hon. J.L. Ralston is visiting in Summerside and Alberton where Mrs. Wells and family have been spending the summer.

• • •

The tea hostesses at the Tennis Club this afternoon will be Mrs Edwards and Mrs. Aires

• • •

Miss Helen Cox and Miss Marjorie Hyndman of the staff of Model School, left on Thursday morning to spend a month visiting friends and relatives in Boston.

• • •

Dr. W. H. and Mrs. Pethick are spending their annual summer holiday at Antigonish Harbor, N. S.

• • •

The engagement announced this week of Miss Joyce Edith Newson of Harrington to Mr. Dawson N. Hooper of Charlottetown, is being pleasantly discussed by their friends

• • •

Miss Dorothy Black and Miss Helen Ramsay entertained jointly at Miss Ramsay's pretty apartment last Tuesday at a supper party for Miss Helen Callbeck when she was presented with valuable Book-Ends, as a souvenir of the happy gathering.

• • •

Among the welcome visitors here this week was Mrs. J. A. Tucker, New Glasgow, N.S., President W. M. S. (E.D.) of Presbyterian Church, who was here as guest speaker at the Presbyterial in Zion Church, where she met many old friends.

• • •

Mrs. Harry Hodgson of New York arrived by plane yesterday and is a guest at the Charlottetown. Mrs. Hodgson will visit in Malpeque before returning home.

• • •

Miss Annie Watson is visiting her cousin and friends in New Glasgow for the week-end.

• • •

Mrs. E. Benjamin Rogers and young son David, arrived by plane on Tuesday afternoon to visit Mr. Roger's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R.. H. Rogers, Kent St.

• • •

Dr. W. J. P. and Mrs. MacMillan have as their guests Mrs. MacMillan's mother, Mrs. H. S. MacDonald of Dorchester, Mass., and her sister, Miss Minnie Horton of Cambridge, Mass., who are being cordially welcomed.

• • •

Mrs. (Dr.) James MacDonald of Newton Mass., and her daughter Mrs. John Gallagher arrived this week to visit relatives and friends in Kensington and Indian River.

• • •

Miss Marianna Saunders was hostess at her home last evening in honor of Miss Helen Callbeck whose marriage to Sgt. Maj. Ins. Officer Walter Tyrrell Pearson takes place in the Baptist Church next Wednesday morning. Miss Callbeck was presented with a delightful array of Spode and Crystal gifts which were brought in to the guest-of-honor in a miniature army "jeep." A gay evening of fun and good wishes was ended with a dainty supper.

• • •

Rev. Canon I. E. Fraser, Rector of St. George's Church, New Glasgow, N. S., and Mrs. Fraser are visiting their son Lieut. Ian Fraser, R. C. N. V. R. at Imperoyal before coming to Charlottetown on holiday.

• • •

Mrs. Morton Dew and son Derrick are visiting Mrs. Dew's home in Montreal.

• • •

Miss Marion MacLean is spending a week in Wolfville, N.S., with Mr. and Mrs. W. MacLean.

• • •

Mrs. Munroe, accompanied by her young son and daughter of Montreal, are among the arrivals being welcomed at Inkerman.

• • •

Viscount Bennett, former Prime Minister of Canada, celebrated his 73rd birthday last Sunday spending the day quietly at his home in Dorking Village near London. The London Star paying tribute to Lord Bennett said he has become "a most popular figure" since coming to England. The Star added: In the House of Lords and on many public platforms he has come to be regarded as the spokesman of Empire. In fact, apart from the war leaders, no speaker is more sought after in the land."

Dorothy Dix Says—

PREDICTION KIND OF HUSBAND MAN WILL MAKE REAL PUZZLE

Romeos Turn Into Grouches; Pampered Son Never Thinks Wife Appreciates Him

A girl wants to know how she can tell, before she takes him on for better or worse, what sort of a husband a boy will make. Well, there are no certain rules for judging the critters, for a sweetheart is one thing and a husband is another, and often there is so little resemblance between the two that they seem to belong to different species of fauna. In the end every woman who gets married does it at her own risk, and the most she can do is to make a guess at what she is getting and keep her fingers crossed for luck.

A girl may, for instance, think that she is getting her heart's desire when she marries a chap who is a great lover, and that she will spend the balance of her life swathed in romance and fed upon honeyed words of endearment. He may have spent hours upon hours telling her how beautiful and wonderful she is and how different from all other women, and how she fills his every ideal of feminine perfection. He may have sworn his devotion by all his gods, and told her that if she would marry him he would spend the balance of his life worshipping at her feet.

MARRIAGE CAUSES CHANGE

And then, as soon as the marriage ceremony was said over them, he may have suffered a change and become one of the husbands who take their wives for granted and expect them to know that they are still loved because they don't get fired.

Plenty of Romeos turn into grouches as soon as they are married and instead of quoting passionate poetry to their wives bat them for the kind of coffee they make, and tell them they are getting fat. Maybe they use up their whole available supply of sentiment in the days of courtship. You never can tell. But a lot of married women never get a compliment unless some strange man pays it to them.

Every girl wants a husband who is a good provider and who will go fifty-fifty with her on the family finances but the way a man acts about money before marriage gives her no line on what he is going to do after marriage Many a spender suitor turns into a tightwad husband. Many a man who wooed a girl with costly presents, who kept her smothered with flowers, who took her to the most expensive places of amusement, puts a Yale lock on his pocketbook as soon as he gets her and thereafter begrudges her even a basement bargain marked-down dress, and never takes her to any place that costs more than a ten-cent movie.

Many a girl thinks she is playing safe when she marries a lad who always accompanies his mother to church and escorts her to symphony concerts and waits upon her hand and foot. But the old saying that a good son makes a good husband is a tip upon which multitudes of women have gambled and lost their shirts.

WISE GIRL AVOIDS LAD WITH MOTHER COMPLEX

For the overly devoted son is always more married to his mother than he is to his wife, and even a Patient Griselda doesn't enjoy playing second fiddle to her mother-in-law. Hence the wise virgin steers clear of the lad with the mother complex.

Another youth who is a poor prospect as a husband is Mama's spoiled darling. He never grows up. He never gets adult. He never learns to take life as it comes. And he always expects his wife to baby him the way his mother did and, no matter how hard she tries, she never succeeds in being the perfect doormat that Mother was. And he always pities himself for having married a woman who never understands him.

Of the folly of marrying a man to reform him, whether he is a drunkard or a philanderer or a ne'er-do-well, it is needless to speak. All of these expendables have their price tags written all over them any any girl who is foolish enough to take one on, knowing what he is, or conceited enough to believe that she is a miracle-worker and can change a man from what he is into what he ought to be, gets what she deserves.

What, then, is a poor girl to do? How is she to tell what sort of a husband any man will make? She can't. The best she can do is to guess at it. She can only use her head as well as her heart in picking out the man with whom she expects to spend the next thirty-five or forty years, and let her choice fall on one who comes up to her ideal as well as fires her fancy, and whom she is ready to take "as is," as the shipping manifests say, instead of thinking that maybe she will like him after she has made him over.

And may the Lord have mercy upon them both!

LOVELY OLD FASHIONED FASCINATOR

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This dainty fascinator is easy to crochet in the Irish lace design. Pattern No. 299 contains complete iinstructions.

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Design No. 299

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STREET ADDRESS - - - - - - -

CITY - - - - - - - - - - - - -

THE COOK'S CORNER

1943 Strawberry Shortcake

2 cups all-purpose flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons fat
1 egg yolk
2-3 cup milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in the fat until mixture resembles fine bread crumbs. Beat egg yolk ,add milk and add to the flour mixture to make a soft dough.

Variations

1. Roll biscuit dough in a rectangle ¼ inch thick. Spread with sliced strawberries and sprinkle with a little sugar. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut in one-inch slices. Place cut side down on a greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven 400F., about 15 minutes. Serve with additional crushed, sweetened berries.

2. Roll biscuit dough ¾ inch thick and cut with a medium-sized cookie cutter. Bake in a hot oven, 425F., 12-15 minutes. Split while hot, fill with crushed, slightly sweetened berries and top with strawberry whip.

A Morning Smile

GOOD IDEA

The recruit was causing his sergeant a lot of trouble.

Finally the N. C. O. went up to him and said sarcastically: "Do you realize you are the only one in step?"

"Well," said the recruit, "it's no good telling me—you'd better tell the other fellows!"

Doctor: "Well, Mr. Jones, and how are you feeling today?"

Jones (dejectedly): "I'm feeling no better, doctor."

Doctor: "Dear, me that is a pity. Did you follow my instructions and take the medicine two nights running and skip the next?"

Jones: "I did, sir. I found it a bit difficult to swallow the medicine running, but I managed it. But that skipping all last night has completely done me in, doctor."

Living & Leisure
The Woman's Realm

OUR HUMBLE THANKS

For us to lie in bed and bless the night,
As free from care and surcease from the day—
For us to know the twinkling skies so bright,
As peaceful ceiling — fright being far away;
To walk our streets and see our windows spilled
With food and fruits and things that we may eat;
To know, despite restrictions, we'll be filled
With ample cheer—our tables quite replete;
To keep our little homes where young hearts sing,
To live our little lives untouched by fear;
Dwelling in towns where we hear church bells ring
Throughout this lovely land we hold so dear—
For valiant youth who choose to fight abroad
To keep these blessings here—We thank Thee, God.

NEW USE FOUND FOR PIPE CLEANERS

Women whose husbands are smokers can find a use for pipe-cleaners—other than cleaning pipes—by employing them to hold the stems of vines and plants in inside window boxes firm and close to trellis without harm.

'DRESS FOR THE JOB NEW FASHION RULE

NEW YORK, July 9—The newest field of clothes which is occupying the designer is that of work clothes for women, the dresses worn in industry. This type grows more perfect as experts apply their minds to the problem. It may in time influence other dresses such as the dress for leisure hours in the home or garden or for any type of work. Comfortable, streamlined and built for action, the work garment demands attention as 8,000,000 women are called to vital jobs.

The whole field is widening and changing as women's minds turn to "the dress for the job," a functional type of dress that has nothing to do with the dress for leisure hours any more than a man's overalls have to do with his dinner clothes. Work clothes are designed for one part of life, other clothng for the social side

Hints on Etiquette

The bridegroom may buy the bridesmaids' flowers, but it is usual for the bride's family to provide them.

WASH COVER FOR IRONING BOARD

If you're using a piece of new material to make an ironing-board cover, before you put it on, wash it out thoroughly in rich suds that give the "whitest wash." Otherwise the fabric will scorch readily with use. Incidentally, old sheets make extra good covers for ironing boards.

OILCLOTH COVER FOR COOK BOOK

If you cover your cookbooks in oilcloth to match the color scheme of the kithen, you an easily keep them clean and in good condition by giving them an occasional once-over with a damp cloth squeezed out in all-pure, extra-soapy suds.

A Job Only You Can Do

Price Control Questions And Answers

Questions and Answers on Price Control will appear in The Guardian as a regular feature each day The questions are those which have reached the Wartime Prices and Trade Board from housewives in this region. The answers are provided by the Board Readers. Persons who have intelligent questions to ask on price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Q. My husband is a diabetic. Is he entitled to extra rations of meat.

A. Yes, provided the recommendation of a physician accompanies the application sent to your nearest branch of the Ration Administration. Diabetics who have already surrendered sugar coupons from their ration books need not, however, present a second medical certificate when applying for extra meat rations.

Q. How do I go about getting a ration book for my new-born baby?

A. Make application to your Local Ration Board together with either the child's birth certificate or baptismal certificate.

Q. As a retail butcher, am I required to surrender meat coupons for the meat consumer by my family?

A. Most decidedly so. The members of your family are consumers just like all other families and must, therefore, turn in coupons for the meat used by them.

HOUSEHOLDERS ARE OVERHAULING FURNACES

Thankfully householders have turned off the heat and are now overhauling their furnace equipment.

With an eye to the future, the competent heating expert or the local fuel dealer has been called in to inspect the heating system and put the furnace in fighting fettle. Householders are also asking for instruction in the efficient operation of furnace and heating equipment.

Sooty passages reduce draft and act as an insulation, preventing heat from being most effective and therefore wasting money. All inside heating passages should be cleaned out thoroughly. Smoke pipes should be removed, wrapped in newspaper, and stored in the driest corner of the cellar until next winter. Damage to furnace parts by rust or corrosion should be forestalled by a coat of paint, grease or oil on previously cleaned surfaces.

Furnace doors, too, should receive attention as these can often be blamed for excess consumption of fuel. A badly fitted door permits unwanted air to enter the furnace and cool off heating surfaces. Cracks should be detected and filled wth furnace cement. Only the coolsh are postponng that job in the basement.

To give extra pep to bean or split pea soup add a little chili powder. One teaspoon for each 44 cups of soup is enough. Always be careful when adding seasonings to soup blends not to have them so strong that they overshadow the flaver of the soup.

Desert Destiny

By Joseph Chalwick

CHAPTER IX

Tracy came from the Senora's bedroom and, once the door was closed, permitted to flow unchecked the tears she has held back by sheer force of will. She cried in a silent, despairing way for the space of a minute. Then, little girl fashion, she wiped her moist cheeks with the back of her hand, and knew she would not break down again. The first shock was over. She would bear Senora Maria's illness as valiantly as did the mistress of Garrison Rancn herself.

Descending to the living-room in the old wing of the Hacienda, Tracy halted with a strange sense of shock in the doorway, seeing Ruth Garrison there with Philip—chattering and laugning as though they were old friends. Ruth's hand was on his arm, intimately; in all the week Tracy had known Phil he had not laughed like that for her. Somehow, it hurt.

Tracy was midway in the room when they saw her. Ruth turned, murmured, "Oh, Tracy," and moved away from Phil. His glance sought Tracy's fact, his laughter gone.

Tracy said, "The Senora wishes to see you tonight, Philip. Will you come with me now?"

"Yes, of course, Tracy," he replied, and followed her from the living-room. Then, on the stairway: "You told me Ruth was beautiful. You weren't far wrong."

"Or not wrong at all?" Tracy asked, a rough edge to her voice. "Perhaps she will be the attraction that keeps you here. But, of course, she is your cousin."

He gave her a look she couldn't fathom. "Keep reminding he of that, will you, Tracy?"

The Senora's room was softly lighted. Her face was startlingly white and she lay very still in the great, old-fashioned bed. Only her dark eyes seemed alive. Eagerness was in those marvelous black depths.

Her voice seemed to come from far away. "Bring him close, Tracy, so that I may really see him."

The Senora's eyes searched Jim Conroy's face for a long moment. Then she said in Spanish:

"You are big and handsome, but your hair is a little blonde, and your eyes are neither blue nor black, but gray. I thought you would look like your father and your grandfather."

Tracy saw he looked puzzled. "You do not speak Spanish, Philip?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Shall I translate for him?" she asked the Senora.

There was a strange, bright look in the Senora Maria's eyes. In a stronger voice, she said, "No, I will talk so that he understands. Leave us alone, Tracy, and take the nurse with you."

There was a lengthy silence after the door had closed behind Tracy and the protesting nurse. The quiet twisted Jim Conroy's nerves. He could feel the intensity of the old lady's eyes, probing at him; he knew they were scarred eyes that would not long be fooled.

"Young man, come here to me," she finally said. "Sit here on the edge of my bed so that I can touch you."

He obeyed. He took her left hand between his own; it felt cold, so he held it tightly as though to warm it. He smiled down at her.

"Tell me, Philip — are you a man?"

"I think and act and feel as a man should."

"And you have a heart?"

"I can love, and I can hate."

"And you are not afraid?"

"I can be afraid, but I do not let fear master me."

"Ah, you talk as I want you to talk," she told him. "But talk is nothing. I wish I could read your mind and your heart, Philip, so that I would really know you."

"Perhaps you would be disappointed," Jim Conroy said. "After all, I am only human." He learned close, smiling again but this time into her eyes. "You must judge me by this," he went on. "I came here only to make you happy. If I fail in that, I shall feel very badly."

"Why would you want to make me happy? Why should you care about an old woman whom everyone else thinks a burden?"

"I looked at the girl you sent to me," he replied, "and knew that to give a little happiness was the most important thing in the world."

"Ah, Tracy! You came because of her, then?"

"She was merely your messenger, Senora Maria. Your spirit was in her."

"Ah, you talk like a poet, Philip. Did you learn that for a purpose—to hoodwink a pretty girl and a feeble old woman?"

He laughed and saw her eyes laugh with him. He discovered that it was not his hands that held the firm grip; the Senora's hand now clung to his.

"Promise me one thing, Philip," the Senora said, "If you truly wish to make me happy for the little time I have left."

"You have only to ask, my dear."

"Then I ask you to stay here for a time. Not long — just a month, if you can give me no longer."

He was a silent, a jolting sense of shock in him. This was bad. He had meant to leave after this one interview with Senora Maria. He felt that he had repaid Tracy for tricking her. He saw clearly that his masquerade as Phil Garrison had accomplished far more than if the real Phil Garrison had come to this house. The Senora saw in him what she wanted her grandson to be. Phil Garrison would have disappointed her.

"It is not a little thing I ask, Philip," Senora Maria said. Her hand clung to his with surprising strength. "Were it but a little thing. I would not ask it. I need you here."

There was a troubled, despairing note to her voice. Jim Conroy would have said that Senora Maria had never pleaded in her life, but she pleaded with him now. Some look in her eyes made him say:

"Tell me, Senora Maria, how much of your trouble is worry and fear, and how much real illness?"

Their eyes met in understanding, and, though the Senora did not speak, he knew he had hit upon a secret she had thought locked in her heart. When he spoke again, it was against his better judgment.

He said, "I promise, Senora Maria. I will stay a month with you."

She seemed not to have heard. Her eyes were closed, and a serenity was on her face. Jim Conroy held her hand until he was sure she slept.

(To be Continued)

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