

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

Happenings Of The Week

The baby yawned in her sleep—a big yawn—and moved her arms and hands. "Hasn't she expressive hands?" whispered the mother, Princess Juliana of the Netherlands. The baby sighed and slept on—a tiny creature with a complexion of fragile pink and white. The crown princess tiptoed out of the cheerful green and pink room. "My baby Margriet Franciska will always be a link with Canada, not only for our own family but for The Netherlands," she said. "I know she'll want to come back when she's older to see the place where she was born, and that will be an excuse for the whole family to come. The kindness of the people here is a wonderful souvenir—something to come back to." That will please Ottawa, for the capital has come to love the normal, happy family living in the happy home—something to come back to. For her interview with the Canadian Press Princess Juliana was smiling by the window of the green-walled living room, looking up the wintry street for her two older children—Princess Beatrix and Princess Irene—who would accompany her from school any minute. She turned and her smile was warm and friendly. When you shake hands with the heir to The Netherlands throne, you realize she is shorter than you expected, and prettier. She is a golden-brown person. Her hair is brown with golden lights. Her skin has a golden tone, even if she does look a bit tired, with a month-old baby to care for. Just then there was a shout and into the room burst a chubby elf in blue snow suit with a white hood. The round, rosy-cheeked princess wickered with tears. A determined grin had her halfway across the room before she saw there were strangers. She stopped and looked at them. "I'm afraid there have been complications in my family," said Princess Juliana. She brought herself back to the conversation, but she looked as if she'd like to run after the sobbing Irene. Canadianians are so kind, she thought. "After the baby was born we were flooded with telegrams and flowers." When it was time to go, Princess Juliana asked the baby to do something for me? I feel badly about the stories in the press that said I had a suite in the hospital when the baby was born. I didn't. I had only two rooms. The hospital was crowded. I wouldn't have dreamed of taking more. As first, we thought the baby should be with the other babies. But later that didn't seem wise. So many people had to visit her officially, and they might have carried infection to the other babies. "There's another thing, people thought my room was made extraterrestrial. It wasn't. The room where the baby was born was extraterrestrial."

Lieut. Dr. Alan Fulton who spends his summers at Keppoch, has been spending a couple of weeks leave with his mother, Mrs. S. A. Fulton, 643 Prince Street, Truro, left the first of the week to return to his Military duties at Montreal. He was accompanied by his mother who will remain in the Metropolis for a time.

Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Pierce left by plane for Montreal during the week.

Friends of Miss Phyllis Reay of this city will be pleased to learn that she has been accepted as Nursing Sister in the Royal Canadian Navy. Miss Reay who expects to leave for Halifax next week will be greatly missed in social circles and in Girl Guiding where she has been an enthusiastic leader and best wishes go with her in her new work.

Mrs. J. J. Morris was among the popular bridge hostesses this week entertaining friends at three tables at her attractive home last evening.

Mrs. H. J. Gordon, Regent of the Royal Edward Chapter L. O. D. E. entertained for the members of the Executive at the Charlottetown Hotel yesterday.

Mrs. Percy Williams was luncheon bridge hostess at the Charlottetown Hotel Wednesday for two tables.

Mrs. William T. Rogers left last Monday on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Oscar McCallum in Saskatoon. Mr. Rogers accompanied Mrs. Rogers as far as Toronto.

Mrs. Victor Rice who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Benoit, has returned to her home in Dartmouth, N. S.

Mrs. Leo B. Doyle arrived home by plane Monday from a very pleasant three weeks vacation with friends and relatives in Cambridge, Roxbury and Hartford, Mass.

THE COOK'S CORNER

GRAND WINTER DISH

Macaroni mardian is another grand winter dish that is a surefire success. Braise one pound ground shoulder of lamb or beef until light brown. Add one cup chopped onions and braise for another 15 minutes. While braising meat and onions boil one pound macaroni in salted water for 15 minutes. When done place in colander and run cold water over the macaroni. When well drained, mix the macaroni with the meat and onions, 1-4 cup finely chopped parsley and one cup tomato puree. Add salt and pepper to taste. Bake in oven for 30-35 minutes.

OATMEAL PRUNE PUDDING

One cup quick-cooking rolled oats, 1-2 tsp. soda, 1-4 tsp. salt, 1-4 tsp. cinnamon, 1-3 pound prunes, (cut finely), 2 eggs, well beaten, 1-3 cup light molasses, 2-3 cup water, 1-2 tbsps lemon juice, Milk rolled oats with soda, salt, cinnamon and prunes. Combine the eggs, molasses, water and lemon juice and add to dry ingredients. Pour in buttered pudding mould, cover and steam for 3 hours. Serves 8.

A Morning Smile

The mistress of the house heard the bell ring, and saw a Chinese peddler standing at the front door, quickly retreating, she called out to the maid: "There's a Chinese at the door. You go, Eila."

That was too much for the peddler. He snuck his head in the door and shouted indignantly, "You go 'Eila yourself!"

Mr. Smithers—I see here by the paper that Mr. So and So, an octogenarian, is dead. Now what on earth is an octogenarian?

Mrs. Smithers—Search me, but they seem to be a sickly lot. You never hear of one but he's dying.

Islanders were recently entertained at an informal lunch at the London Press Club in celebration of his 90th birthday. Sir Ian is an honorary member of the club, and turned up wearing the club tie in honour of his hosts. Few members of the club were able to identify it. Even for an old soldier Sir Ian in his 91st year is still physically fit and spry. Hearty congratulations were sent pouring in so fast that he could hardly keep pace with them. He shook hands with one member of the club, a doctor who was with him in Gallipoli in the Middlesex Yeomanry. He remained Sir Ian that the last time they met the general congratulated him on his beard.

Home Service

Dance-Floor Blunders Easy to Correct at Home

Don't Let Yourself Look Ugly
How you look when you dance is so important! Do you, like the girl in our picture, swing your feet out when you step backward? The watchful stag-line will rate you as "terrible!"

Why not analyze your dance posture before a mirror, correct your steps with diagrams?

Instead of dancing duck-fashion with your feet spread wide apart, keep them fairly close together. When you step back, swing straight back—reaching with your toe.

With a few such pointers you'll soon look charming, graceful as you dance. And you'll be making fewer apologies!

You won't bump your partner's knees if you dance to the side. You bump when you dance right in front of him.

And easy to keep in step when you know how to move and place your feet in a series of steps.

Learn steps from the footprint diagrams and directions in our 24-page booklet. Has basic steps and variations in the waltz, fox-trot, slow fox-trot, tango, rhumba, and conga. The posture, leading and following help you make a hit at dances.

Send life in coins for your copy of Home Course in New Ballroom Dances to (Name of Your Newspaper), Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your name, address, and the name of booklet.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ Province _____

MEN MUST WORK, AND WOMEN MUST WEEP

Yes, those are the words of an old song, but today they have been changed. CANADIAN WOMEN no longer weep while their men work. They WORK and SERVE side by side with their men.

Today thousands of Canadian Women are serving in the R.C.A.F. as Clerks, Fabric Workers, Photographers, Transport Drivers and in many other trades.

But THOUSANDS more are needed to release thousands more men for flying duties.

Why not do your SHARE? Why not do it TODAY?

Write to the
R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre,
Moncton, N.B.
Or to the nearest Unemployment Insurance Commission Office

Dorothy Dix Says—

MALADJUSTED CHILDREN GAIN FILIAL LOVE LIVING BY SELVES

Broader Domestic Viewpoint Lessens Strife So Often Tragic In American Home

One of our most cherished traditions is that all parents and children love each other, and are happy and congenial when together and heart-broken when they are separated. No doubt there is natural affection in general, but this is by no means universal. There are plenty of fathers, mothers and children who are just naturally antagonistic to each other. Sometimes they are too much alike and at other times they haven't a single idea, or thought, or taste in common.

I know a father and daughter who cannot get along together because she is just a feminine counterpart of him, and he simply can't stand her. Both of them are high tempered and sensitive. Both are bitterly prejudiced. Both are inflexible in their opinions. Both are utterly lacking in tact and diplomacy.

LIKE DISPOSITIONS REPELLENT

As a result when the girl who repels her one generation, comes into conflict with her father, who belongs to another generation, the fur simply flies, and the innocent bystanders seek places of security. Both this man and girl are splendid people, but they can't get along together because they are too much alike in character.

And I know a mother and daughter who get on each other's nerves and are in a perpetual wrangle like an old hen that hatched out a swan. The hen that hatched out a swan takes to the water, so she stands in the bank and clucks angrily and tries to make her come back to the safe, dry land. But the swan, whose native habitat is water, can't comprehend what the mother hen is so scared about, and which she is precisely safe in doing.

CHILDREN REVOLT FROM PARENTAL DESIGNS

Father can't understand why John wants to risk his life being an aviator when he could have a nice, safe job with him in the grocery business. He calls John a young fool and says he will see to it that he never looks forward to relieving her social triumphs in her day and who had almost a personal disgrace that Mary has grown up into being a plain girl, with no attraction for men, who doesn't care a rap for clothes, and who has to be actually coerced into going to parties.

So Father and Mother and John are every subject under the sun and make their home a place of strife, instead of the haven of peace and love it should be. And this is particularly hard on the parents because it is the basing of all of the hopes and plans that they dreamed about their babies cradled.

BROADER VIEW OF HOME SITUATION TODAY

Fortunately, however, this tragedy of the maladjusted family is not as common as it used to be, for we have come to look at things with more common sense and less maudlin sentimentality than was formerly the custom. We realize that no good is achieved by unconvincing people living together, no matter if they do stand in the relationship of parents and children.

So John and Mary, as soon as they are grown, pack up their trunks in their little suitcases and go away to where they can live their lives after their own fashion, and people who do not feel that they have to boss them, or control their movements. And when the friction is removed and when they are far enough away from Mother and Father to get a perspective on their virtues they develop an affection and admiration for them that they never had when they were in a daily scrimmage with them.

And Father and Mother also get a new light on John and Mary and boast of the very qualities in them that once aggravated them almost beyond endurance.

It is sad when parents and children fail to get all the sweetness and happiness out of a relationship that should exist between them, but when they are antagonistic the wise thing to do is to part and let distance and absence do their perfect work.

LONG RIVER W. I.

The Long River W. I. met at the home of the President, Mrs. A. O. Johnson on Tuesday evening, February 16, for their regular monthly meeting. Meeting opened by singing "O Canada" followed by a report on the work of the Long River W. I. on motion it was decided to hold an Auction Sale at next meeting. It was also moved and seconded to send a donation to help Red Cross Campaign. Mrs. Oscar Johnson kindly invited the members to her home for next meeting when roll call will be answered by an Irish joke.

Lunch, Mrs. Murdoch MacLeod, Mrs. Oliver Paynter, Mrs. Frances Paynter.

Correspondence was read and consisted of an appeal from Red Cross for funds in coming campaign, also a letter of thanks from one of our boys who is serving overseas for a Christmas box he had made for the boys in the hospital. On motion it was decided to hold an Auction Sale at next meeting. It was also moved and seconded to send a donation to help Red Cross Campaign. Mrs. Oscar Johnson kindly invited the members to her home for next meeting when roll call will be answered by an Irish joke.

Victory For Love

By FAMELA WYNNE

CHAPTER XVI

"I say, you do feed us well at Polo Star House," John Wynter spoke enthusiastically as he and Odette strolled round the corner into the golden shafts of the setting sun.

"Yes, I'm sure they do. I was there to tea once, and it was lovely. We had those enchanting round tarts, covered with jam and cream. Isn't it agony to think that we shan't get those any more? At least, not until after the war."

"Agony!" John was smiling. "But don't let's think of anything horrible now. We're out to enjoy ourselves. Where shall we go? Somewhere where we can get some good food. Do you know anywhere?"

"There's a very nice hotel at a place called Beaufort. I once dined there and it was very good."

"With whom?" They were creeping up the hill now, leaving Battle Point behind them. Soattered farm-houses, the windows of them glowing with the flame of the setting sun. "Comfy?" Turning his head, he smiled down at her.

"Tery."

"I'll tell me with whom you dined at Beaufort."

"Suppose I say that it was a man with whom I am in love."

"I shall say that I don't believe you."

"It seems to me that you're frightfully inquisitive to ask me that. I know him. But I can't help that. Come on, now, get it over. Don't let's spoil a nice evening by your being obstinate."

"I dined at Beaufort with my father," said Odette simply. "and my mother were home on leave from Switzerland. And he is British Chaplain at Geneva. And he looks me there the evening before they went back; mother had gone on first to London."

"I see." Taking his brown hand from the steering wheel, he laid it on her slender hands clasped in her lap. "Good girl," he said. "And is your father there now?"

"Yes," Odette's voice was small like the voice of a child.

"And didn't you say something about brother?" A mercy that the road was straight, thought John.

"Yes, he is a prisoner in Germany."

"Hard luck. Was he taken at Dunkirk?"

"Yes."

"Do you ever get news of him?"

"How tall and dark the trees were on either side of the white road. Like sentinels with their arms outstretched. Heil Hitler. Heil Prince of Darkness. John's thoughts were fantastic.

"My father does," Odette's voice was quiet and steady. "But I don't know what he's doing."

"Oh, hard luck," John spoke sympathetically. But in that brief little conversation he had done much for the confidence of the police, correspondence was an easy enough thing to check up.

"Haven't you even heard one?"

"Oh, yes. I think I did once. Odette's thoughts were beating themselves against one another like seagulls fighting in mid-air. The crusts of bread, what had she said or what hadn't she said? What had Fergus told her to say about Alan if she was asked? She sat there speechless.

"Well, one is better than nothing," said John briefly. A vast and slender pity for the girl at his side seized him. So young and yet so unemphatic in what was foreign to her nature. He would be merciful; he would spare her, for the moment, anyhow. "Don't let's talk about the war," he said. "I'm sorry I started it, 'forgive and forget.'"

"It's a pity," Odette spoke shakily. "But I'm afraid I can't talk about it if you don't mind."

"Of course I don't mind. Look here, we've neaps o' town, why don't you think about a short pause and a cigarette? unna, these urees, don't you think?"

"Excellent." The engine throbbed for a second or two before John switched it on. Above them the trees rustled contentedly, just ahead of them a tiny grey rabbit emerged from the thicket and sat demurely, wondering what to do next.

"Oh, look!"

"Yes, isn't it sweet?" Taking his hand from the wheel, John laid it on hers. "Wants a light?" he whispered.

"No, not yet. Let's wait to see what it does."

"Right-o." They both heaved a sigh of relief as the tiny creature with a little flick of its white soul decided to return from where it had come.

"It's gone home, thank heaven. How enchanting they are."

"Right-o." John laughed out loud. "How can I manipulate my lighter, let alone take it out of my pocket, with one hand?"

"Easily, try."

"Why, of course, it only takes one hand." Looking down into her upturned eyes he flicked the lighter into life. "I must mind I don't burn your eyelashes."

"You flatter me. Are they as long as that?"

"Nearly. I really can't risk it. Give me your cigarette for a minute. I'll do it another way." Meekly she did as she was told. Laying the two cigarettes on the chromium ash tray, he appeared to reflect. And then he turned round again. "I've thought of a way," he said. "Hold your face up a little. Sweetest thing." He breathed the words to her lips.

"But Odette didn't move. She, too, breathed the words with shut eyes. With her soft face between his hands John felt himself jubilant as a boy. She was his. Forever. Not yet, but some time. Many things had to happen first—some of them horrible. But tonight, not tonight, all would be well; he knew it.

"Shall we be late for dinner?" she asked.

"No, we've got heaps of time. It's only quarter to seven. It won't take us more than another twenty minutes. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, I am, rather."

"What shall we drink? What do you like?" said John, taking out his cigarette from between his lips and surveying the burning end of it. Drink . . . how it had simplified his task in the past. Two, perhaps three, if the subject was a hard-headed one; certainly four whiskies and odds and the man would begin to talk. With women it had to be champagne. But not tonight, not tonight, thought John with a shiv-

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

JOY OF GIVING

For someone not only at Christmas, but all the long year through. The joy that you give to others is the joy that comes back to you. And the more you spend in helping.

The poor and lonely and sad. Do more your heart's possessing. Returns to make you glad.

TWO-PIECE DRESS IS DESIGNER'S PET

NEW YORK—Foremost with all designers is the two-piece dress. This is practical and an outstanding favorite due to the versatility. Often made with removable collars and cuffs, it is a style that may be dressed up or down, depending upon the occasion. If the two-piece dress is other than tailored, trimmings consists of self riching, novelty buttons or unusual pockets. Cuffs are simple and straight with occasionally ruffling at the hemline to tie up with jacket trim.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

It is necessary to remind ourselves that when we accidentally bump into people, it is polite to apologize. It is, especially in large cities where people are apt to get and be careless about such things.

YOUNG SET STILL CLAMORS FOR SUITS

NEW YORK—The younger set continues to clamor for suits and a surprising number of men's suits have taken on the problem of making a suit. It isn't easy but the contentment men's tailors express for the kind of collar "apels" and such details women attempt to explain why they have refused to return. That is a revival for 25 years ago tailored suits were the rule.

SAVAGE GAME FOR CHILDREN DIGS OUT SCRAP

In every Canadian home today conservation comes first in the replacement are out for the duration of the war, therefore nothing should be salvaged that still has utility value.

Consumer Information Service suggests that the children in each house be organized into "Salvage Collectors" and carry their "salvage" job in a tin. They may play as well as work. A place for all the salvage to be kept so that the house won't get cluttered up with little pieces here and there, should be a special box in a cupboard will become the house's "Voluntary Scrap Depot."

WARTIME HINTS ON CONSERVING ENAMELWARE

Kitchens and bathrooms can shine for the duration if good care is taken of the precious plumbing fixtures.

For ordinary cleaning, soap and water and brush are all that is needed with a fine abrasive for the spots or stains.

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Needlecraft For The Home

PRETTY AS A VALENTINE
This Youthful Basque-Dirndl

This new version of the basque dirndl is youthful figure and it's what the younger crowd calls for in a pretty dress. This pattern, No. 2097, comes in sizes 12 to 20. The same comes in sizes 4 to 12 may be had by ordering No. 2089. Why not follow the fashion of matching frocks for mother and daughter, or big and little sisters?

Style No. 2097 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3-1/8 yards 39-inch fabric with 2 yards ruffing.

Send twenty cents for pattern. Write your name, address and style number. Be sure to state size you wish.

Style No. 2097

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ Province _____

INEXPENSIVE CROCHET FOR THE NEW BABY



Matching booties and cap, crocheted in the easy shell stitch require only two one-ounce balls of fine wool. Pattern No. 441 contains list of materials needed, illustration of stitches and complete instructions. To order pattern, write or send above picture with your name and address with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian.

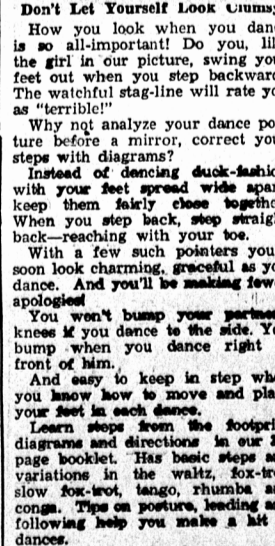
Needlework Department, Charlottetown Guardian

Design No. 441

NAME _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROVINCE _____



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Name _____

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Splendid Cough Syrup Easily Mixed at Home

It's So Easy! Makes a Big Saving. No Cooking.

To get quick relief from a distressing cough, mix this recipe in your own kitchen. Once tried, you'll say it's so simple and easy.

First, make a syrup by stirring 3 cups granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. Put the Pinex into a 16 ounce bottle, and add your syrup. Thus you make 16 ounces of very efficient medicine, and you get four times as much for your money. It tastes fine and never spoils.

And for quick, satisfying relief, it is splendid. You can feel it penetrating the air passages and taking hold of the cough. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, and eases the soreness. Thus it makes breathing easy, and lets you get restful sleep.

Just try it, and if not pleased, your money will be refunded.

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er of distaste. Some other time perhaps, but not on this first enchanted evening of theirs.

"I never drink anything said Odette with a little apologetic laugh. "I know it sounds awful but I never do. Not even a cocktail!"

"So it would not be tonight. He would never have to flinch her, get her from her with that particular treachery, thought John with a revulsion of feeling so acute in its intensity that he caught his breath and smote at his throat and coughed and coughed again. (To be Continued)

2097
SIZES
12-20