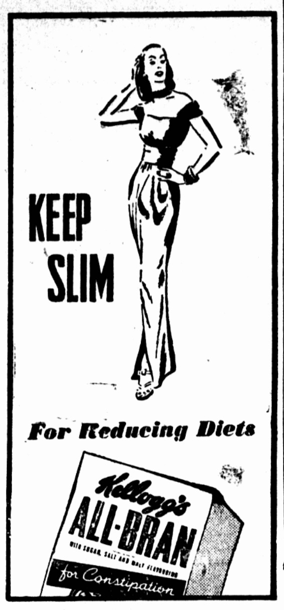
Woman's Realm / Social and Personals / Fashions / Literature



Ayles - Roberston Nuptials

A wedding of interest to friends in Moncton and Prince Edward Island was solemnized Wednesday afternoon, June 26th in the First Baptist Church Mocton, when Rev. Dr Brice D Knott united in marriage Christina May Robertson, daughter of Mrs. Marjorie Campbell and the late Walter Robertson of Kingsboro, P E I and Gordon James Ayles son of Mr and Mrs. Gordon Ayles of Moncton.

The bride who was given in marriage by Sgt. Alan R. May, brother-in-law of the groom, wore a floor length gown of white slipper satin with a lace yolk and trimmed with pearl buttons down the back was a full skirt. Her veil was of silk tulle illusion which fell to the floor from a coronet of small white fowers and pearls Her bouquet was of American Beauty Roses and baby's breath and fern. She wore a single strand of pearls, gifts of the groom

The bridesmaid was Miss Mona Legere who wore a floor length gown of Queen's blue taffeta. Her shoulder length veil fell from a crown of blue flowers and pearls. She carried a bouquet of yellow and pink roses and fern. Her only ornament was a gold locket gift of the bride.

The groom was supported by George R. Ayles, his brother.

A reception was held at the home of the groom's sister, Weldon Street The bride's table was covered with a white linen cloth, centred with a three-tier wedding cake. Later the bride and groom left on a wedding trip to be spent in Boston. On their return they will reside at 80 King St.

The bride is an employee of Gordon M. Tingley, Fur Salon The groom is employed by Lee Moore Dry Cleaning Co

For travelling the bride wore a blue suit, with white accessories

Many beautiful wedding gifts were received by the bride, including a substantial cheque, two electric table lamps and a bedspread.

Among the out-of-town guests were the bride's sister Miss Walma Robertson and her friend Miss Kathryn Stewart, Kingsboro P.E I.

On Tuesday evening, July 9, 1946 a large number of friends and neighbors assembled at the home of Mrs. Marjorie Campbell, Kingsboro, to tender her daughter, Christina and her husband Gordon Ayles a post-nuptial shower in honor of their recent marriage. Mr. James Robertson took the chair and in a few words explained the meaning of the gathering.

To the strains of the Wedding March, played by Miss Dorothy MacLean, the newly-weds were escorted by Mrs. John Campbell and Mr Herbert Campbell Red Point, to their prettily decorated seats in pink and white, when Miss Jessie Robertson presented the bride with a beautiful bouquet. Miss Evelyn Robertson then read an address (which appears below) after which Miss Pearle Stewart opened the gifts while Miss Beth Fraser read the humorous verses and good wishes and Miss Kathryn Stewart arranged the gifts on the table. The bride in a nicely worded address, read by her sister Walena, thanked one and all for their beautiful gifts including a substantial sum of money, and invited them all to visit them in their new home in Moncton.

A dainty lunch was then served by the ladies and a pleasant evening of music and social intercourse spent; after which all departed, wishing Christina and Gordon "Bon Voyage" through life.

Following is the address:

Dear Christina:

On this your first visit to your old home since your recent marriage, we you many friends have gathered here tonight to tender you a miscellaneous shower and to extend to you our best wishes. Since you left us as a young girl to seek an education, we have always regarded you as one of the district and were always glad to see you when vacation rolled around. Someone said if learning's your ambition, there is no royal road but alike the pier and peasant must climb to his abode" in your case the climb was much steeper than our's. Despite that fact, you have succeeded in outstripping us in education after which you securd a position of trust, filled to the entire satisfaction of your employer. Even Solomon said he could not understand the ways of a man with a maid, but we find the way usually leads to the Altar so it was in your case, and now that you have thrown overboard the "Miss" and taken the more matronly "Mrs." we and all your many friends wish you and your husband, much health and happiness which is the world's greatest wealth. Older heads will tell you dear Christina that life's like a bank "the more you deposit, the more you can withdraw". Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will come back buttered. There is no pot of gold at the rainbow's end, but it is scattered all along the way. Pick up one day's gold at a time and make each day of life your best As you go to take up your new life in the province of your adoption may the great custodian of the World's blessings, give you and yours in abundant measure. When you return to your old home in the future, please remember there is a warm welcome in all our hearts and homes for you.

Living & Leisure

—THE WOMAN'S REALM—

RULES FOR SUCCESS

A happy heart, a healthy mind;
Eyes wide to good, to evil blind;
Hands that will toil with willingness—
These are ingredients of success.

—EDGAR GUEST.

Stop fretting because your neck seems too short to wear chocker beads, dog collars or high-climbing scarves. Remember that your time to shine comes at night when the long-necked girls won't look as ravishing as you do in off-shoulder gowns.

Wear your party-going frock as low-cut as you like. The expanse of exposed shoulders will give the illusion of all the added inches that you want your neck to have. Using the same shade of foundation-tint and powder for your neck and shoulders as you do for your face will also help to put this illusion across.

Defective vision is the cause of approximately 20 per cent of the accidents resulting in personal injury.

Rubber heels are good for all kinds of shoes because they lessen the jar received in walking.

NEW PLASTIC

Used for raincoats, garment bags, aprons, bibs, shower curtains, caps, and as covering for kitchen dishes, polythene is a new plastic relieved from military duty and now available in sheet form.

FACTS FOR STARRY-EYED

On a clear night, you may think you see myriads of stars, but according to The Book Of Knowledge, there are no more than 5,000 visable to the naked eye, seldom more than 2,000 thus visable at any one time. The greatest star is 25 million million miles away, and the most distant cluster of stars may be more than 500,000 light years away.

A BAD HABIT

Don't borrow other people's glasses to read just because they seem comfortable to you and you think the same thing is the matter with both sets of eyes. Eyes are too precious to take such silly chances with them. Have your eyes refracted by a reliable specialist and have your own prescription filled.

DULL TONES ARE DEPRESSING

A bathroom, they say, is like a horse's teeth—it's a dead giveaway on age. It's a dead giveaway on your interior decorating ability, too, unless it can present a charmingly gay appearance within the close confinement of its non-too-large space. Guests may take the color scheming of the rest of your home in stride without giving it much thought; but they are almost bound to be impressed—one way or another—with the bathroom coloring.

For that matter, so are you. The color scheme of your bathroom has a great deal to do with your morning mood—your humor for the whole day as a matter of fact. Dull tones, inharmoniously combined, have a depressing effect on you whether you are conscious of the fact or not. By the same token, the gay and sprightly bath room is a morale builder for the whole family.

Pleasing Patterns

From the standpoint of the woman who wants her home to be as charming as possible in all its aspects, the glory of the bathroom is that it will "take" fairly distinctive color schemes without looking out-of-place or gaudy. Loud colors may shriek an unpleasant tune in rooms where a great deal of time is spent, but they can be combined into pleasing patterns in the bathroom—which, after all, is an "into-and-out-of" sort of room anyway.

One happy combination of bathroom colors associates sky blue and bright yellow—a pair of colors that probably would look horrible in combination anywhere else in the house. The ceiling and upper walls are painted in the azure-like blue enamel, with the lower walls in yellow. The high-up window has a yellow curtain against the blue frame; and the towel-rails, soap dishes and knick-knack shelves are finished in blue against the yellow background. Blue and yellow accessories complete the color scheme.

Black and White

There are, of course, all sorts of other combinations which you might like better. Black and white is hard to beat if you like something in the formal line. Peach-colored walls are always flattering, and give a rosy glow to a room on the grayest morning. Green and pale yellow, ivory and old rose, are combinations preferred by many. The possible variations of tone and shade are endless.

When the paint brush is being wielded in the bathroom, there are all sort of things that can be touched up to make the room completely harmonious. The inside of the medicine chest, for instance can be coated to contrast with the trim and wall color of the room. Bottles and jars can be made to add to the beauty of your bathroom instead of detracting from it. You can collect attractively shaded containers and touch them up in the correct colors with your paint brush. You'll have fun doing it too.

When fish is bought salted, it may be stored in the refrigerator until to be used. It doesn't necessarily have to be kept in the coldest part of the refrigerator.

Smoked fish will also remain good for quite a long time, if it is stored in the refrigerator and given the same treatment as other perishable foods.

Typical of the benefits encouraged by newspapers was the recent campaign sponsored by daily newspapers in a metropolitan centre that raised more than $15,000 to aid war victims in Hungary.

Texas leads all states in the production of spinach.

BEAUTY VS. BRAINS AT WORK

A survey made among business executives who recently met in convention reveals that one of every five men prefers his secretary to have both beauty and brains, two out of three don't care what she looks like, and every seventh man demands beauty first.

It's a good thing the men are not all of one opinion. For there are many types among the girls who look to secretarial work for their living.

The beautiful but dumb ones must depend for their chance at a pay cheque on their sex appeal and on what it does for some men's ego to have a pretty girl waiting on them. So it is good there are men who consider looks most important in a secretary.

And there are intelligent but not so pretty girls who must get by on brains and ability alone. Fortunately there are men who don't expect a secretary to be a Powers model, if she can run an office in their absence.

Wives Judge Differently

And it is fine for the fortunate girls who have a nice balance between beauty and brains that there are men who appreciate the combination enough to demand it in the woman, they hire.

Yes, it's a good thing for the girls that employers have different ideas. If the men's wives were doing the hiring, for instance, only one type of girl would have a chance. And it wouldn't be the beautiful girl, either with or without brains.

Morning Smile

The page-boy carried the guest's luggage up four flights of stairs and stood puffing and blowing in the bedroom. The visitor looked at the boy with some interest.

"Now my lad" he asked "what's your name?"

"Davy Green, sir" replied the boy. "But they usually calls me 'Billiard Cue,' sir".

"Oh, and now's that?"

"Because I work better with a tip'" said the sharp lad.

Getting It Easily.

Mary's mother suddenly heard frantic mews coming from the garden, and rushed out to find her daughter holding the kitten by his tail.

"Mary" she cried "put down that kitten at once! Whatever are you doing to the kitten?"

"Well, mother dear, I didn't mean to harm him, but last night when father was playing cards I heard him say that there was three shillings in the kitty, and I was trying to shake it out."

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Contrary to my expectations, considering his recent increased activities and the added excitement due to his attending the Old Home Week festivities, I found it exceedingly difficult to match James' pace when we came from the end of the lane this evening by moonlight. This, our biggest day at The Fair extended well after dusk had fallen—indeed as I catch a glimpse of the old clock I find it has gone a distance into the hours of night. "James" I called softly when I had stopped on the gang-way bridge to admire the entrancing picture of moonlight on the placid water of the pond. But he never heard me. Already his responsibilities were meeting him along with Pard's welcome in the lane. We had been as he said "A long time away" Since noon we had been missing and if Jock had returned at the close of the races to attend to the choring, there would be the happenings of the interval to bridge. "I wonder" James had remarked when we had barely entered the lane "if the horses are in or out?" and in obvious concern, 'whose cow is bawling?" before he was lost to my sight around a bend. Late as it was, I loitered For never was the lane more bewitching by night Unless it might have been, when in the rotation of the crops followed, the fields which lie on either side were in the clovery new meadow state. Then the dewy Summer fragrance adds extra appeal to the beauty of the rich darkness of it under a moon at full. Tonight the grain fields lay motionless and bright with the mellow harvest shade. I thought with a measure of regret of these swift-flying days, nearing the farm folk along to the end of the season and the fields of stubbles.

* * *

We had come from the city, by the kindness of a driver, who detouring slightly from his route to approach Alderlea from the north, had dropped us at lane's end. There were several others in the car, Ellen, niece and namesake to me and two other younger misses weary and drowsy from a day that had given them many an unusual pleasure and thrill. Here along these quiet country roads, where lights had gone from most of the farm-houses and all was so still, it seemed as if it had all been a dream. Left behind with only a brightness on the sky to remind one of it, was the fairy-land of the Fair Grounds with the loud medley of intermingling sounds and the restless moving throng of people. From whence had so many come? One wondered. The hundreds and hundreds in the vast gathering. From the grandstand filled as far as we could see, Ellen and I enjoyed the vaudeville. Jamie had described the performances in detail and I met them as old familiar scenes. It was pleasant up there where we sat in the semi-darkness under the stars. The river was a bright spot to the right. Cars passed to and fro on its lengthy bridge the lights like giant fireflies in the dimness. Over there where they moved along country highways and byways past the farmsteads some folks would perhaps even then be preparing to retire— their day at an end. Not all would be in attendance or as James said later "as foolish as we were". Lights there would be turned— or blown out and the serenity of rural night would reign.

* * *

Jamie, an interested spectator at the races, where he saw "the cutest little horse on the track" shed his shoes in the heat of the afternoon and pattered about the centre-field as many another country lad revisiting The Island for Old Home Week had once walked on his native heath. And perhaps comparing the distant past with the present found the scales well-weighed in favor of the former—those barefoot days of childhood. I saw faces light up this afternoon as hands clasped hands across the years and pleased tender smiles appeared to brighten faces; school friends met— visitors from "abroad" greeted well-to-do farm folk "back home"; college co-eds of former classes, matrons now, laughed as they reminisced about old times; members of families widely separated forgathered, to enjoy the event. Some families held gaps in their ranks, for dear lads who once frequented The Fair have gone to sleep in warriors graves— gone forever from the music of the calliope or the tramp of competing hoofs on the race track. 'And now are you?" I overheard two acquaintances remark "I haven't laid eyes on you since last year!" Yes it is a fine rendevous —the Fair grounds. If like a goodly number of farmers' wives I miss the house wives' exhibits— the baking and other arts and crafts, and the display of flowers, fruits and vegetables, which I always found educative and inspirational perhaps in these days of increased duties and lessened help, the demand for exhibits would not meet a response like those of the past and seemingly more leisurely years.

* * *

James has been making the rounds of the premises, trying to piece together the happenings at Alderlea during our absence. He comes indoors a little bewildered to announce: "There's no one home in the house across the lane." Then he sits in his old arm-chair to remove his shoes. "Tired?" I ask. "Not in the least" he tells me, then in an affectionate tone adds: "What do you say mother to having a bite to eat? I'm as hungry as a bear!"

Until tomorrow . . . Diary. . . Good-night.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Untalented Children

Mother Stubborn In Forcing Daughter To Take Music Lessons

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a girl 16 years old. Have been taking music lessons for six years. Every year I try to make my mother let me quit, but she refuses. I have no musical talent whatever and I hate and loathe the very sight of a piano, but my mother not only forces me to go on with my lessons, but is very much hurt at my attitude. Says I do not appreciate anything she does for me, and that I am stubborn and lazy because I don't want to practice.

How can I get her to understand how I feel about it?

UNHAPPY SIXTEEN.

ANSWER: I think your mother must be the stubborn one in your family, for she must be tone-deaf as well as stone-blind if after six years she doesn't perceive that she can't make a musician out of you when Nature didn't even attempt the job.

EMANCIPATED BY RADIO

One of the greatest blessings of radio is that it emancipated so many miserable little girl victims from the piano stool to which they were daily scourged by their mothers who were determined, like your mother, to make musicians of them, even if they had no more music in them than a tin pan. No such cruelty is justified now when those who crave music can get it by turning a button and hear the great masterpieces played by artists.

It is a great pity that more mothers don't try to find out what sort of talents and abilities their children really possess and try to develop them in the direction they were meant to go, instead of trying to make them over according to their own pet paper patterns.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am in love with a man who is of a different religion from mine and I have tried in every way to get him interested in mine. I believe he really loves me, though he won't say so. The trouble is that he is of one religion and I am another and he doesn't believe in mixed marriages. He is just as strict in his faith as I am in mine.

I love him deeply and I would die for him, but I would never give up my religion for him. My faith comes before this boy, but I would never let it come between us if we were married by my going stubborn on it. By that I mean to say I wouldn't try to say that my religion is better than his.

How can I convince him that he is wrong? If you can tell me of any way, I'll be thankful to you as long as I live.

HOPEFUL.

ANSWER: Well, I am afraid that is some gratitude I will have to do without, for no one knows any way to mix oil and water, or to turn a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat into an enthusiastic Republican, or to induce people who are ardent in their faith to change the religion in which they have been born and bred.

Mixed marriages are the most hazardous of all marriages, and your boy friend shows a lot of good, hard, horse sense when he refuses to go into one. For while sometimes a man and woman, who have different creeds, do live happily and harmoniously together, it only happens when neither one of them is devoted to his or her church. If they are ardent believers, they can't resist proselyting.

Hence my earnest advice to you is to give up all thought of marrying this young man upon whom you have set your eye and marry somebody in your own religion. If you do, you will save yourself a lot of fights about where and how and where you shall be married; about christening the children and going to each other's church and over a thousand points of doctrine. You can go along together and worship God according to the dictates of your consciences and the way you were brught up, and live in peace together, instead of fighting a holy war throughout your marriage.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a widow. Should I be addressed as Mrs. John Doe or Mrs. Nancy Doe?

MRS. JOHN DOE.

ANSWER: Mrs. John Doe. If your son's wife were a widow, she would be addressed as Mrs. John Doe, Jr. A divorcee would be addressed as Mrs. John Smith Doe or whatever her maiden name was.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it all right for a man living on a small salary to say: "I don't play for money" when his hostess asks him if he plays bridge and he suspects the stakes will be too high for him?

A. Certainly.

Q. If a blind date doesn't turn out to be a girl hoped for, must she make the best of the evening?

A. Yes. If she takes a blind date, the girl should be pleasant and courteous, even if he isn't particularly attractive.

Q. May a young person ask an alumnus of the school he is entering to recommend him to a fraternity?

A. No, not even if he is a very good friend.

How Can I !!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I test jelly?

A. When making jelly, put a little on a cold plate and draw a path through it with the point of a spoon. If the path stays and the jelly does not run together, the jellying point has been reached.

Q. How can I remove grass stains?

A. Cover with lemon juice and salt and hold over a steaming kettle. Or rub lard on the spot, then wash with soap and cold water and rinse well.

Q. How can I make use of dishwater and soapsuds?

A. They are excellent to pour about the roots of currant and raspberry bushes, or young trees.

Design No. 514

Mexican figures are among the most popular embroidery designs. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 514 contains 7 motifs measuring 5 1-2 by 6 inches each with complete instructions.

To order: Send 15 cents in coin to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian

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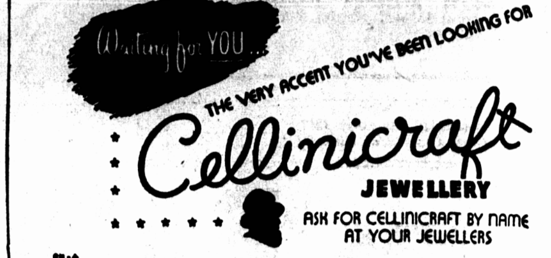

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

The Bluing Bottle

The empty hair tonic bottle which has the top that permits only a few drops to come out at a time will make an excellent receptacle for bluing. It will prevent staining the fingers and clothes, as so often done with an ordinary bottle.

Feeding Turtles

Keep turtles in an aquarium in which there is plant life and sand, and place on dry land occasionally. For feeding, give them scrapped meat, vegetables, berries or fruit.

Linoleum

Linoleum will last longer if one is careful to wipe to dry after washing. This prevents water from getting underneath it and into the seams.

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BLACKHEADS • PIMPLES
Use what thousands have tried for promptly relieving pimples, rash, blackheads, itch—mildly medicated Cuticura! Satisfaction guaranteed or the maker will refund your money. Made in Canada. Buy at druggists today!
CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "This tie cost half a dollar".
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "reservoir"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Numbskull, numerology, nymph.
4. What does the word "decadence" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with gra that means "something given freely"?

Answers

1. "This tie cost a half dollar" is preferred. 2. Pronounce rez-er-vwor, o as in o, accent first syllable. 3. Numskull. 4. Deterioration; decline. "One feature was the gradual decadence of patriotism". — Leckie; 5. Gratuity.

Food eaten unnecessarily is food wasted! If every Canadian did without that "extra" slice of bread, enough wheat could be shipped abroad to bake more than half a million loaves of bread—and bread is the basic food of the hungry.

I thank Heaven, every summer's day of my life, that my lot was humbly cast within the hearing of romping brooks, and beneath the shadow of oaks.—Donald G. Mitchell.

Cook's Corner

HOT WATER GINGERBREAD

1 2-3 cups once-sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1-2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1-8 teaspoon ground cloves
1-2 teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons shortening
1-3 cup granulated sugar
1-3 cup corn syrup
1 egg, well beaten
1-3 cup molasses
2-3 cup boiling water

Measure and sift together three times the flour, baking powder, baking soda, ginger, cinnamon, cloves and salt.

Cream the shortening and gradually blend in the sugar; blend in the corn syrup. Add the well-beaten egg, a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Blend in the molasses.

Add the dry ingredients to the creamed mixture, about a third at a time, folding lightly after each addition until flour is incorporated. Gently stir in the boiling water. Turn into a greased 8-inch square cake pan.

Bake in a rather slow oven, 325 degrees, about 1 hour.

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Needlecrafts

—FOR THE HOME—

PRETTY PINAFORE

This is one of those clever patterns that can be made with shoulder ruffles as a pinafore, or plain for a sunback frock. And there are three necklines to choose from, too. No. 3834 is cut in sizes 12, 14, 16 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 36 requires 4 1-4 yds. 35-in. for pinafore with ruffles.

Send 20 cents for PATTERN, which includes complete sewing guide. Print you Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish. Include postal unit or zone number in your address.

The Pattern Department, Charlottetown Guardian.
Pattern number: 3834.

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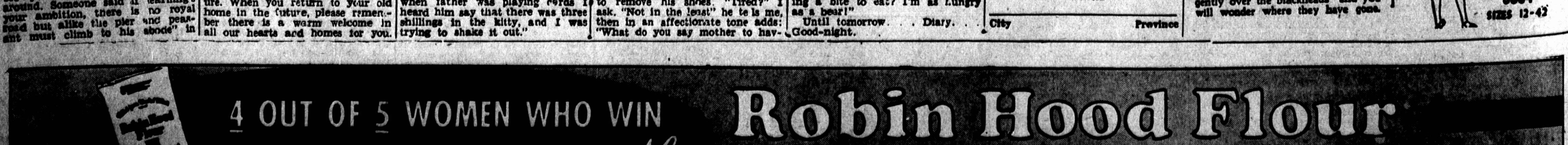
City Province

BLACKHEADS
Blackheads go quickly by a simple method that dissolves them. Get two ounces of peroxine powder from your druggist, apply with a hot, wet cloth gently over the blackheads—and you will wonder where they have gone.