

Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

Happenings of the Week

Roses—the traditional emblem of England, will adorn Princess Marina's wedding dress when she marries the Duke of Kent, the King's youngest son, on November 20, in Westminster Abbey, London. Her dress will be made of silver and white lame brocade—ah, at the request of the Queen, a design of English roses is to be woven into the material. It will be, for a royal bride, a very simple wedding dress. Out upon princess lines, it will have a close-fitting bodice and long flowing sleeves, with broad cuffs of perfectly plain silver lame. Two trains—one five feet long and the other twelve feet, will be the sole regal touches. The princess will wear the same veil as her mother, Princess Nicolas of Greece, wore at her own wedding. It is an heirloom of priceless old lace. Under the veil she will wear yards of diaphanous white tulle, which will fall in soft folds over her hair. The veil and the tulle will be kept in place by a magnificent diamond tiara. Her shoes will be made from the same material as her gown, and in her arms she will carry a sheaf of white Madonna lilies.

An exquisite pearl and diamond necklace and a bracelet to match will be the Duke of Kent's wedding day gift to his bride. They are to be made from the Duke's own design by a famous London jeweller. The Duke has designed them himself because he wants their beauty to have a special meaning for Princess Marina. Wonderful diamonds and 372 pearls will be used to make the necklace and bracelet. Some of the pearls are half an inch in diameter. They come from the Duke of Kent's jewel collection.

Viscount Duncannon, who is accompanying his mother, Lady Bessborough, to Canada, will remain in Canada until next September. During the Christmas season he will take part in an Ottawa Drama League play.

Mrs. Stewart, wife of Judge W. B. Stewart, entertained at her lovely home, Hillsborough House, on two occasions this week inviting her friends in for Bridge Wednesday afternoon and at the tea hour yesterday.

The Thursday afternoon Bridge Club was pleasantly entertained this week by Mrs. A. McLean.

The Earl and Countess of Hadington will entertain the Duke of Kent when His Royal Highness goes to Scotland for the Edinburgh celebration of Armistice Day.

Mrs. W. G. Bruce was among the popular bridge hostesses this week entertaining at four tables Thursday and again Friday evening at her pretty Harland Apartments.

Mrs. George Prouse leaves this morning on return to Boston after a pleasant holiday with her mother, Mrs. Arthur Gates, Longworth Avenue.

Mrs. D. Davies is visiting in Moncton the guest of Mrs. Welton.

The following items are copied from the Calgary Herald: Mr. and Mrs. Colin H. Campbell are entertaining at an "After Five Party" today honouring Mrs. Campbell's sister, Miss Kathie Harrington, Charlottetown, P.E.I., who is their guest for several weeks.

SMART FROCKS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern

Today's dress shows a very liked way of using striped woolen, now so much in vogue. The tied neckline is interesting with similar waistline treatment. You'll note the sleeves cut in one with the bodice, and this is one of the reasons why you'll want to make it. Another feature is its mighty smart and so youthful looking.

The original dress was in black and pale grey broken striped rough woolen, but very light in weight. Contrast crepe in black or colors, velvet, metal threaded silks or wools, and many rayon novelties will also be charming for this easily made model.

Style No. 641 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 38, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch lining for skirt and 1/2 yard 35-inch material for collar. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

George held her hand and she held his. And then they hugged and went to kiss. They did not know her name. Older than hope and simply shyness. And really it's right to kiss. But George got his'n and went out whish'n.

A Morning Smile

THE COOK'S CORNER

Fruit Cake
2 cups shortening
2 cups sugar
10 eggs
4 cups seeded raisins
4 cups seedless raisins
4 cups flour
2 teaspoons orange peel
1 cup shelled almonds
2 teaspoons lemon peel
2 cups sliced citron
1 cup fruit juice (canned cherry orange and lemon combined)
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon ground mace
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder Cherries (small bottle)
1 lb. pitted dates.

Clean, prepare and measure the fruit and dredge with one cup of the flour. Set aside. Cream the shortening, adding sugar gradually and the eggs one at a time, beating well. Sift the flour, spices, salt and baking powder. Add to the creamed mixture alternately with the fruit juice. Place, by spoonful, in well greased and papered cake tins. This cake takes from 2 to 2 1/2 hours to bake in 300 degrees F. oven.

Excellent Christmas Cake
1 lb. butter
1 lb. fruit sugar
1 1/2 lbs. pastry flour
8 (if large- or 10 small eggs)
1 lb. white raisins
1/2 lb. citron peel
2 rings candied pineapple
1/2 lb. candied cherries (cut in half or smaller)
Cream butter and sugar thoroughly, drop in eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition; keep mixture smooth. Add flour and mix very slightly. Add fruit and flavoring and combine ingredients well.

Put in tins lined with greased paper and sprinkle sugar lightly over top. Bake for about two hours (if in large cakes), 1 1/2 hours if 3 cakes are made. Oven 300 to 325 degrees F.

Being familiar with A. A. Milne's delightful Christopher Robin stories and poems, and his very human and enjoyable novel "Two People," I keenly anticipate his "Peace With Honour" described as a very surprising book, well worth reading. "It is outspoken in its denunciation of war" and "the book stings like a gadfly and is headed for consideration as a classic. It is, in fact, a sufficient, I think, to arouse our interest."

Through the influence of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild interest in the handicrafts movement has been made. In this one type of art work in Prince Edward Island. In 1933 the Prince Edward Island branch was formed from the already existing branch in Summerside. The handicrafts movement is an effort to co-ordinate craft work on the Island, to promote new work, and to aid all who are interested.

In the last year's report of the Guild special reference was made to the neglect of Indian arts in Canada. In Prince Edward Island the statement is often heard that the potato baskets the Indians used to make are much stronger than any that can be imported. And yet the Indians complain that the ash from which the best baskets are made is almost extinct on the Island. Surely a simple way to revive this dying industry would be to plant large numbers of ash trees throughout the Province. The old custom of making chair seats and attractive moccasins might also be encouraged amongst our Indians.

A plan has been made, although not yet carried out, for the formation of a handicraft school to be conducted in Prince of Wales College.

Grandmother's Quilt Patterns

The Mount Allison Handicrafts Guild has already made considerable amount of student work in leather, metal, wood, dyed fabrics, and linoleum. The work has been made for furniture coverings as well as for conventional suitings are now being made.

At the annual Exhibition of the Canadian Guild at Montreal the entries were varied, interesting and of excellent workmanship. Finely hooked rugs of both novel and typical designs covered the walls. The colourings were very beautiful, an increasing number having been made from vegetable dyes. The whole subject of vegetable dyes is one of growing interest as old recipes are rediscovered, and new ones achieved by experiment.

A particularly striking piece of homespun weaving at this Montreal exhibition was a copy of an Indian chief's blanket in rich red with black borders. The wool had been shorn, dyed, spun and woven by a group of foreign settlers in Alberta interested in the local traditions of their new home. The largest piece of weaving shown was a rug in somewhat Oriental colouring made by two Hungarian women.

Many bedspreads, patchwork quilts to catalogue, the finest needlework, knitting, leatherwork, metalwork, jewelry, pottery—some from Prince Edward Island—wood-carved and Indian arts were also exhibited. Half a dozen excellent entries were the batik. Several of the conventional balanced patterns in the Japanese manner

BOOKS / ART / MUSIC

The opportunity for indulging our individual tastes in reading is now greater than ever before, and through our improved Library, with the benefit of the three year Carnegie Demonstration which places practically every type of book at our disposal, we may read classics or modern, technical or art books at will.

Faced by the lists of the new Fall books and forthcoming Winter publications one wonders how to find time to read most of them—for many promise to be worth reading, and still have hours enough of leisure to enjoy some of the classic and older favorites which though often neglected may always be read with increasing pleasure. I, for one, sometimes wish that these "Fewer and Better Books" advocates would really accomplish something.

We have this Fall an imposing array of titles and authors known and unknown from which to choose. A few I will mention.

The Literary Guild's recent selection is "Captain Nicholas" by Hugh Walpole, author of the Heracles Saga. Nicholas is as vital and compelling a figure as Rogue himself and his story is 'one of the most pleasing delineations of villainy that Mr. Walpole has ever given us." London is the scene of the novel.

To those of us who enjoyed "Black April" and "Scarlet Sister Mary" by Julia Peterkin, the new Dodd Mead prize novel "Candy" will appeal. The author, Edna Alexander, is keenly sympathetic to the Negro woman and has a thorough knowledge of Negro life. The tale is woven around the central figure Candy, a modern young Negro woman who loves her old cabin in the Savannah river, but feels too strongly the lure of the bright lights of Harlem.

"The White Reef" by Martha Ostenso possesses the same rugged beauty as the author's first novel, "The House on the Edge of the World." The setting is a small fishing village on Vancouver Island and the heroine, Mona Darnell, a fisherman's daughter is as vigorous a character as Judith Gare.

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REMEMBRANCE DAY

Remembrance Day! Oh let the eye grow dim, The voice be hushed the throbbing heart be numb; Remembrance Day! The mighty host at rest. Hark not the call, "To Arms!" the roll of drum. Amid the restless, never-ending din Of nations' strife, of clanging cries of war, They sleep, who gave for us their hopes of life. They sleep, to wake when war shall be no more. —Grace Davies Vaughan.

DOCTORS HAVE THEIR TROUBLES IN INDIA

Some idea of the difficulties under which the surgical work is carried on in India was described by Miss Kathleen Tucker, a missionary visiting Winnipeg on furlough. Swamps are nearly all malarial, because of religious belief, the Indians fear to destroy the poisonous-bearing flies, which may be the spirits of their ancestors. Only in part has the women doctor persuaded the inhabitants to have the swamps sprayed with DDT. The Panama canal zone. Again germ-infested air must be kept out of the room where operations are performed. Consequently it is O, to be awake every morning to the wonder and majesty of it all. —Edward Howard Griggs.

BUNCHES OF KEYS

Your bunch of keys includes, very likely, the key to the front door, your desk key, a trunk key and a locker key, and possibly the key to a garage or an office. You don't want to lose any one of the whole bunch, and to lose the whole bunch would be quite a bother. Each fits a different lock, and without the key to the lock, your possessions or your privileges are locked away from you. In our dealings with people, they, too, may be

"Daddy Made It!" Cries Proud Daughter

Aust. Flying with Campbell Black, British team won the great London-Melbourne air race from a field composed of the best fliers of three continents. Rosemary followed his progress by radio.



"Daddy made it," Little Rosemary Scott is overjoyed as she points to the spot on the map that shows where her father, Charles W.A. Scott, landed at Melbourne, progress by radio.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

locked away from us. We think we know well some people whom we often meet, and we are sure we know well those who live in the same household with us. And yet we wish we could get along better with our inner selves, we cannot have the friendliest possible relation with them, and secure from them the response and co-operation which we desire. We cannot be of the greatest possible profit to us without what, we may call spiritual keys. We need keys to unlock their hearts and minds.

If you lose your door key or any other material key, you have to procure another. So, somehow, somehow, we must find keys to folks. Having used these keys, we shall understand these people better and know what they are, why they act what they are, and what they may become. The key of understanding opens for us a privilege and a possession—the privilege of helping and being helped, and the possession of loyal comradeship.

LITTLE COURTESIES

In the stir and hurry of life how careless we are of little courtesies! We rudely brush aside love that yearns to bless us. Unthinking we wound hearts whose joy or sorrow hangs upon our slightest act or word. Pride of carelessness cheeks the spontaneous expression of our love. We crush and cast aside the flower of life's mystery, and then bemoan the monotony of existence. O, to be awake every morning to the wonder and majesty of it all. —Edward Howard Griggs.

"What are the seven ages of woman?"

"Her real age and six guesses."

1 "Mary—I just don't know what to do with Junior. He whines like this all day long. And he hasn't one BIT of appetite!"

2 "I've gone through the same thing with my Polly. Don't worry—I'm sure all he needs is a good laxative. Give him Castoria tonight."

3 "Mary! I followed your advice—and you ought to see the smiles around here this morning!"

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

How to Tell a True Friend—Why Shouldn't a Man of 52 Marry His Sister-in-Law of 66? Is There Any Cure for a Broken Heart?

Dear Miss Dix—What is a true friend? How should we go about selecting our friends? Answer: I think about the best definition of a true friend ever given was that of the little boy who said that a true friend was somebody who knew all about you and still liked you.

For all of us have many faults and weaknesses and peculiarities. We do many things we should not do and leave undone many things that we should do, and a true friend is one who does not remember our sins against us, but goes on loving us in spite of them. If there were not those who were capable of doing this, we would have no friends because none of us is perfect.

So a real friend is one who in our virtues very kind and to our faults a little blind, and who lets Sally's good heart outweigh her lack of brilliance and Mary's helpfulness alone for her always being late, and who can look at Maud's pretty face and not even see how unkind she is.

As to the question a true friend should have, I put loyalty first. A real friend must be one upon whom you can depend in fair weather or foul. It must be one who will stand by you and fight shoulder to shoulder with you. Some one you can trust. Some one you can go to in time of need, secure of help and comfort.

A true friend must be one who never forgets to do the little thing that keep the flame of love burning in your heart. She must be one who rejoices with you in your triumphs and weeps with you in your sorrows. One who is never too busy or too preoccupied with her own affairs to write to you or phone you or send you a wire to let you know that she is thinking of you.

A true friend is unselfish. She puts your pleasure and happiness above her own. She divides her bread and her chocolate creams and her good times with you. A true friend respects your individual rights and privacy. She does not pry into your secrets or gossip about your affairs. She has a right to ask favors of you and use your things as if they were her own.

A true friend is one who is always within call when needed, but never under foot and in the way. As to how to go about selecting friends, that is something that is mostly on the knees of the gods and a matter of luck.

Most of our friendships are accidental. We meet some one in a casual way and we are just attracted to her, perhaps for no reason that we can explain, and a tie of friendship is formed between us.

It is a matter of congeniality, because it is impossible to be friendly with any one whose thoughts and tastes and habits are different from ours. We enjoy those who read the same books that we read, who play our games, who like the same movies, and who talk our speech.

We can never be real friends with any one with whom we are in constant disagreement, with whom we can never start a conversation without getting into an argument, who has to be dragged to the places we go and is critical of everything that we have and wear and think.

But having once met a person who is congenial it is up to us to cultivate her and make of her a friend or let the acquaintanceship drop. You can do this by going to see her if you live near her or by entering into a correspondence if you live apart or sending her flowers or books, by offering her your courtesies. In a word, as the old adage says, if you want friends you must show yourself friendly.

Like every other good thing friendship calls for self-sacrifice and persistent work. You must always be putting fresh fuel on the flame to keep it alive, but it is a fire at which you can warm your heart as long as you live, and it is worth all its costs.

Dear Dorothy Dix—am a widower 52 years old, no children, good health, very fond of home life. My sister-in-law is 66 years old, a widow, no children, good disposition, good health, good housekeeper. I am thinking of marrying her as I can give her a good home and feel sure we will be happy together. This is no wild love affair. Just good judgment on our part. But our families are much opposed to it and think it wrong. First, because she is my dead wife's sister. Second, because she is fourteen years older than I am. What do you think of it? P. H. S.

I think it is a grand idea and have no doubt it would prove a most suitable and sensible match. At your age you are past the romantic time of life and what they want in a husband or wife is a companion who has the same tastes and background that they have and to whom they can say: "Don't you remember?"

That is why they are wise to marry an old friend, who will fit into their lives far better than any stranger would, and to whom they can adapt themselves more easily than they could to one who had been accustomed to a different environment and a different viewpoint. This makes your sister-in-law an ideal choice for you.

As for her being older than you, that does not count at your age, and certainly a man of 52 has a better chance of happiness in marrying a woman of 66 than he has in marrying a flapper. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Is there a cure for a broken heart? I have come to the parting of the ways with the man I love and I can't forget him. I live in a country town and life is so dull and dreary that I wish I was dead. What can I do to forget? Answer: The heart will take a lot of punishment and get a lot of bruises and still recover and be as good as new. Censure and the best way to do that is just to refuse to admit even to yourself that your affections are damaged. Quit pitying yourself. The reason that so many women never recover from an unfortunate love affair is because they get such a kick out of being sorry for themselves and going on a jag of tears that they never really try to get over it.

You can forget your lost love if you will use a little will power. Every time you find your thoughts turning in his direction, wrench them away. Keep busy. Keep doing things. Work so hard all day that you will be glad to go to sleep at night.

If possible, leave the dull little town that you are in and go to some place where everything will not remind you of the man from whom you have parted. Let fresh interests crowd out the old interests. And inasmuch as like cures like, find a new love to take the place of the old. That is a panacea for broken hearts. DOROTHY DIX.

"I'm so glad, Sue. You see, Castoria is made especially for children. You'll find it's a wonderful help in relieving constipation. And it's a splendid laxative to give Junior when you notice a cold coming on, too. Often laxatives made for grown-ups are uncomfortably strong for little systems. They really do harm. I'm sure Junior loved the taste—all children do."

CASTORIA The Children's Laxative From babyhood to 11 years