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

Happenings Of The Week

King George has approved coats of arms for his daughters, Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. Each coat consists of the Royal arms and they are distinguished from each other by the label and heraldic devices, indicating their position as daughters of the sovereign. In each label is incorporated the white rose of York.

• • •

It is reported that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor will settle down at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, shortly.

• • •

Among the annual summer visitors arriving this week and being most cordially welcomed are Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Lea of Montreal who are making home at the Charlottetown.

• • •

Miss Mary ("Sandy") Brehaut, while convalescing at Taplow Hospital on the Cliveden Estate in England, had the honor and privilege of meeting Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty, who had been visiting the Taplow Hospital, walked into Miss Brehaut's room and graciously chatted with her for several minutes. Queen Elizabeth on hearing of the patient's home town instantly recalled the interesting visit she and His Majesty the King had made to Prince Edward Island in 1939.

• • •

Mrs. A. E. Strubel, Mrs. A. G. Christie, Miss Gwen Duchemin and Carolyn Christie of Sydney, arrived this week to occupy the family summer home at Fortune.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Stewart have as guests their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alan Stewart and young son, of Owen Sound, Ont.

• • •

Mr. Alexander H. MacKinnon and daughter, Miss Geraldine of Westmount, P.Q., are the welcome guests of Mr. MacKinnon's sister, Mrs. A. D. Borden, Brighton Road.

• • •

Miss Katherine Maclennan, who was attending a convention in Winnipeg, has gone on to visit friends in Vancouver.

• • •

Miss Lena MacLure is being welcomed home from Toronto to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. S. MacLure, Bonnehinley.

• • •

Miss Helen Yeo left last week to take a six weeks' summer course at Harvard University, Boston.

• • •

Mrs. Bailey has arrived to spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. V. L. Goodwill.

• • •

Mr. Spencer Gregor of London, Ont., is spending a few weeks with his father at Gregor's Hotel, Brackley.

• • •

Mrs. B. D. Rogers, her daughters Mrs. Bartlett and Mrs. Love and her two children, of Westmount, P. Q., are spending two weeks at Stanhope Beach Inn before going to Keppoch to complete their holiday.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Wright of Digby, N.S., were visitors here this week. Mr. Wright expects to spend several weeks in his native city.

• • •

Mrs. C. N. Bissett, with her son George and daughter Shirley, Montreal, are summering at Inkerman. They are accompanied by Mrs. (Col.) A. G. Peake.

• • •

Miss Gwen Jackes, Rosedale Heights Dr., Toronto, is spending some time in Charlottetown.

• • •

The indisposition of Mrs. Dora Mathieson Campbell is regretted by her friends.

• • •

Miss Margaret Martin, daughter of Mr. K. M. Martin, K.C., and Mrs. Martin, is being widely entertained by her girl friends at a series of farewell parties. The week's hostesses included Mrs. Stanley Thompson, Southport; Mrs. Stephenie Stevenson, who entertained for the badminton club at the home on Brighton Road; Miss Louise MacNeill and Miss Nan Reay at Miss Reay's home, Water street. Miss Louise Cox invited Miss Martin to a gay picnic-lunch at her summer cottage in Morell, while Miss Catherin Bethune and Miss Eleanor Mary Duffy dispensed hospitality at the Charlottetown.

• • •

Miss Munna Riley who has been spending her vacation at her old home here, left Tuesday for Saint John, N. B., where she will visit her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Riley, before returning to Ottawa.

• • •

Miss Isabelle Jamieson left Wednesday to spend the summer months among her old home friends in Halifax.

• • •

Grand-daughter of a Danish King, wife of a Bourbon prince, refugee from Nazi Europe, and now a saleswoman in one of New York's smartest specialty shops. That's Princess Rene de Bourbon Parma, born Princess Margaret of Denmark, cousin of King Christian X and wife of a prince who stems from the ducal line of a House that gave France and Spain their Bourbon kings. Six days a week you will find her selling dresses in the custom department of a New York shop. She dresses as most saleswomen do, frock with one string of pearls, and her dark brown hair very simply waved. But if she helped you choose a dress, you would find less of the Grand Duchess manner than you meet from the saleswomen in many first-class shops, more friendliness and more punch in the smile. The Princess considers herself a very lucky woman. And she told why the other day as she took a few minutes' rest between customers for a smoke. "Just to be here, free, to have a home and to work —it's wonderful," she said.

• • •

Miss Esther MacDougall was pleasantly surprised by her Knitting Club, who presented her with a lovely bride-to-be gift when they met at Miss Jean Forsythe's home this week for their weekly knitting.

• • •

Happiest congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Wise who, Thursday celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary with a family dinner at The Charlottetown. The bride received a very lovely gift from her husband and her family.

• • •

L.-Cpl. Angus MacLeod, Mrs. MacLeod and daughter Margaret, of Sydney, arrived Wednesday, in Charlottetown, where they will spend a short time visiting with Mrs. MacLeod's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Bonnell. L.-Cpl. MacLeod has recently returned from duty overseas.

• • •

Prior to her marriage in Halifax last week, to Flight Sergeant William Cecil Graham, R.C.A.F., of Winnipeg, Man., Miss Joan Dorothy Smith, only daughter of Major W. A. and Mrs. Smith of Charlottetown and Halifax, was entertained by her intimate friends and old classmates of St. Vincent. After her graduation from Mount St. Vincent the happy young bride was in the employ of the Mutual Life, Halifax.

• • •

Mrs. C. A. Price and daughter, Miss Joan Price of Montreal, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ed D. Nicholson, Fitzroy Street.

• • •

Mrs. Hillis O. Folkins and baby daughter, Lynn Elizabeth, of Chicago, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Black, Fitzroy Street.

• • •

Miss Hilda Brown, Pownal St., left Wednesday morning to attend Summer School at Mount Allison University, Sackville.

• • •

The many friends of Mrs. Wendell Wood, R.N., of Central Royalty, regret that she is a patient in the P. E. I. Hospital having undergone a serious operation.

• • •

On Thursday evening Mrs. J. Ernest Corrigan (nee Dorothy Hennessey) was guest of honor at a miscellaneous shower tendered her by her fellow nurses at the home of Mrs. Robert Bradley. The bride was escorted to the seat of honor and presented with a beautiful bouquet by little Miss Maureen Bell and Master Francis Bradley, dressed as a bride and groom. A heavily laden basket of gifts was then presented. Mrs. Joe Donahoe opened the gifts and Mrs. Gerald Mullally read the accompanying humorous verses. The bride very graciously thanked her friends for the many beautiful gifts. Delightful piano and violin music was rendered by Miss Doreen Grant and Miss Carolyn Kenny followed by a sing-song, after which a buffet lunch was served. Tea was poured by Mrs. J. E. Cullen, and Mrs. V. Leonard. Assisting in serving were Mrs. R. Bradley, Mrs. L. O. Kelly, Mrs. G. J. Maddigan, Misses Eileen McDonald, Teresa O'Donnell and Florence McInnis. Best wishes were extended to Mrs. Corrigan for a very happy married life.

• • •

"Moyra" was the name by which a self-possessed young woman in tweeds who seemed to know a great deal about Canada, was introduced recently to the officers' mess at an R. C. A. F. airfield in the south of England. After the airmen had been duly presented to her, she took her place in the dinner mess queue, selected knife, fork and spoon from the boxes, drew a mug of tea from the urn in the corner of the tent and chatted with the men about Canada. The visit preceded an "at home" evening at the mobile unit commanded by Wing Commander F. W. Hillock of Toronto, at which women of the district who had extended hospitality to the Canadians were guests. "Moyra" sipped a glass of beer and exchanged anecdotes with the pilots. Several officers remarked to Squadron Leader H. F. Francis, 510 Fourth Avenue W., Calgary, who had sponsored the visitor, that her face seemed faintly familiar, and wondered why. The reason — "Moyra" was Lady Moyra Ponsonby, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, former Governor-General, who visited Charlottetown some years ago. Lady Moyra is now a nurse in a hospital near the air station. Some officers had been guests at the home of Lord and Lady Bessborough during the afternoon and invited her back with them for dinner. Just before she entered the mess with Wing Commander Hillock and Squadron Leader Francis, the trio decided that the informality of "Moyra" would facilitate introductions and conversation. It did.

• • •

Even a royal princess doesn't say no when offered a package of gum in England these days. "Little Princess Alexandra was rather shy when I first talked to her," said Capt. Stuart A. Safdi, of Cincinnati, Ohio. "But I gave her a packet of gum and that did the trick. Now we are firm friends." Capt. Safdi told of this after his return to the hospital in England with a party of American soldiers wounded in Normandy. They had been to visit Queen Mother Mary at the historic mansion where she is now living and where the seven-year-old daughter of the Duchess of Kent was visiting. "Groups were there from several hospitals and the Queen Mother chatted with each soldier," Safdi said. "The little princess was rather embarrassed at first. Many soldiers filing past didn't notice the little girl standing beside the Queen. Later she made friends all around, laughing and talking with the soldiers."

V. C.s TO WIDOWS

LONDON — (CP) — Widows of two V. C.s killed in action and the A. T. S. widow of a major of the Royal Armored Corps who won the George Cross were given their husbands' decorations by the King at a recent investiture when His Majesty received relatives of 184 dead heroes of the services

Miller-Gordon Nuptials

The marriage of Wren Lillian Gordon, W.R.C.N.S., stationed at H. M. C. S. Bytown, Ottawa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Percy Gordon, of Montreal, to Mr. Harry Edward Miller, Jr., of Montreal, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Miller, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., took place Saturday afternoon, July 1st, at half-past three o'clock, in the Church of St. James the Apostle, the Rev. W. E. Jackson officiating. Mr. J. E. F. Martin played the wedding music. Summer flowers were used as decorations in the church.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white satin cut on princess lines and having a lace yoke with a heart shaped neckline. Her veil of tulle illusion was held by a Juliet cap of lace and she carried a bouquet of Sweetheart roses. Miss Margaret Dalziel, as maid-of-honor and the bride's only attendant, wore a frock of peach net over taffeta and a picture hat of the same shade. Her arm bouquet was of pink roses and bouvardia.

Mr. Darrell Browning of Berkeley, California, acted as best man and Leading Wren Hazel Anderson and Wren Anne Damon, both of the W.R.C.N.S., ushered.

As the bride and bridegroom left the church a guard of honor was formed by twelve Wrens.

Mrs. Gordon, the bride's mother, wore a gown of lilac crepe with a white hat trimmed with lilacs and a corsage bouquet of sweetpeas. The reception was held at the Ritz-Carlton where summer flowers were used to decorate. Mr. and Mrs. Miller left immediately after for Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, the bride travelling in a two-piece frock of powder blue linen and wearing a white hat, matching accessories and a corsage bouquet of roses. Following their wedding trip the bride will return to duty. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are now at Keppoch with the groom's parents.

Ellen's Diary

By An Island Farmer's Wife

There could never be a morning more beautiful than this for a wedding-morn. The dew was on the old [illegible] bird-bath, in drops like diamonds. The memory roses lifted twisted waxen chalices to catch the radiance from the east. Birds from nearby birch and maple chanted matins with those from meadow and wood below. I found myself singing as I placed the separator parts on their outdoor shelf to dry: "I love you truly" and then not finding these words entirely suited to this great out-door cathedral I went on to "that they may have the love that knows no ending." That was it, the necessary factor, "the love that knows no ending" and patience and tolerance and understanding—and a saving sense of humor so that happiness might come and abide down through the years.

• • •

I am not entirely satisfied with the way I spent this Dominion Day, this natal day of Canada extending "from sea to sea and from the rivers to the ends of the earth" unless that probably tonight I shall rest better from a feeling of satisfaction over things accomplished. For I began this first day of July finishing the work of washing the kitchen paints. I worked faithfully board by board, window after window, door after door 'till finally I finished when it was time to make preparations for the dinner.

• • •

I rested a few minutes following the washing of the dinner-dishes and I believe I was almost asleep when I heard Jamie and his father come into the yard. I hav'nt seen him since turnip-planting time so I hurried down-stairs to spend a few minutes entertaining him. He took me to visit the chicks and then, of course the kittens. When Jamie tried to catch the small cats they disappeared like lightning behind the pile of boards. If we sat quietly they would return presently to curl up on an old bit of sacking in a sunny corner. Then another attempt to catch them brought the same disappointing results. Jamie would have kept this up indefinitely and there were tears when Rob, anxious to make the best use of the day, finally prevailed on him to return home with him. I should have kept him with me but I had an idea I wished to carry out when every one had gone to work. Jeanie was going a-berrying and I knew if I would tell her my intentions it would spoil a delightful afternoon for her.

• • •

Then I went to the work of papering the kitchen. Strip after strip. Strip after strip. At supper time I was as James said: "Pretty well around." He also said: "Did you get that paper in April?" I did. It was high time, holiday or no holiday, it was in its place.

• • •

Jeanie came over to assist me when her chores were finished and we worked at it patiently pasting and hanging it till presently the end was in sight. Visitors came but we worked away. A poultry-man delivering chicks to Jeanie, came and after a hasty inspection, we continued at our work. The menfolk returned from their work of cultivating the potatoes, scuffling and hilling, and came in to chat with our visitors and we had not finished. Then we had the last bit of border in place and the floor tidied up. I was triumphant. My head was pasty but unbowed! But everything considered, I think after this I shall do my papering earlier in the season.

• • •

Jeanie made a plate of delicious sandwiches and I shook down the fire and brewed a cup of tea. James said he was so hungry from his work in the field he could actually hear the first bite drop: "plunk" to the bottom of his stomach. The cup of tea was refreshing but I have an idea if "the Meenister" expects to shake me by the hand tomorrow he is going to be sorely disappointed. All of which goes to show I have not approached the Sabbath in the proper manner. Of course, I could be mistaken. I expect when morning breaks peaceful and dew-pearled, I shall hurry with my bit of work and gang tae Kirk.

Until Monday — Diary—Good-night.

"Lay That Pistol...etc."

Who could speak so sharply to lovely Betty Alexander, Warner Bros. starlet? Besides, she doesn't seem very menacing, in spite of that gun. Betty will soon be seen in "Shine on Harvest Moon," with Ann Sheridan and Dennis Morgan.

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

FIRELIGHTING CEREMONY

Fire is lighted with a burning torch while verses from John Oxenham are recited:

Kneel always when you light a fire!
Kneel reverently and thankful be
For God's unfailing charity;
And on the ascending flame inspire
A little prayer, that shall upbear
The incense of your thankfulness
For this sweet grace
Of warmth and light
For here again is sacrifice
For our delight.
Kneel always when you light a fire!
Kneel revenently and grateful be,
For God's unfailing charity.

—John Oxenham.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

Don't allow yourself to be bored by people. Get interested in them, show that interest and your sympathy with them, and you will find you have no reason to be bored.

Kelp, or giant seaweed, is now collected on the west coast of Scotland in increased quantities to produce iodine and wrapping materials.

GASOLINE SITUATION

The statement "A fully loaded Flying Fortress uses as much gasoline in one hour as an average Canadian car uses in six months" gives one good reason why rationing regulations for gasoline cannot be relaxed, even for a moment.

Roses need water more than they do fertilizers. It is almost impossible to get a constant display of roses throughout the season unless water can be applied freely. It is best to lay the hose on the ground and let the water circulate among the plants until it has penetrated to a depth of several inches.

Over 200 distinct varieties of wheat are grown in the United States.

Wool clothes will not scratch and irritate the skin if treated with the juice of the papaw. it is claimed: the papaw, or papaya, is the fruit of a small tropical American tree.

HOME NURSE

The nursing care of the bed patient with a chronic illness is a problem in many homes, because it continues over such a long period.

If there is one principle that stands out as more important than other in the care of such a patient it is probably cleanliness. No one is more unpleasant to himself and others than the patient who is neglected because those responsible for him have grown weary of well-doing.

Patients who are confined to bed for a long time, or who are too helpless to move about at will are particularly prone to have bedsores. Paralyzed patients who have no control over the organs of elimination, and who are not sensitive to discomfort, are a challenge to the ingenuity of a professional nurse. Therefore, the home nurse who succeeds in keeping such a patient free from bedsores, year after year, deserves high tribute.

The daily bath, careful washing and drying after elimination, and relief from pressure are the points to be emphasised in the prevention of bedsores on the chronically ill patient, as well as on the acutely ill.

If the doctor approves, the patient should sit up in a chair at least a part of the day, even though the problem of getting him up is difficult. The change of position and the exertion involved helps to stimulate the circulation and keep the tissues in a healthy condition, and the patient is less likely to break down under pressure and irritation.

The position in bed should be changed every hour or so to avoid prolonged pressure on any one part. If the patient is unable to move himself or to make his wants known, he should be turned at scheduled times.

Watch the bony prominence for signs of redness or bruising.

Interior walls, especially in kitchens and in rooms with fire places, are likely to acquire a greasy or sooty film which should be removed before repainting if a good paint job is expected. Otherwise, the new paint can't adhere and the paint job won't last.

Put two or three tablespoons of kerosene in a boilerfull of white clothes to help lighten them. Be sure to rinse thoroughly to remove any odor.

THE COOK'S CORNER

LAYERED ORANGE PUDDING

This is a pretty dessert. We have two quite different mixtures — the one a clear, orange-colored jelly; the other an opaque mixture on a milk base, delicately thickened with cornstarch. The combination makes extremely good eating.

1 package orange-flavored jelly powder
Boiling water
2 cups milk
Shaved rind from ½ an orange
4½ tablespoons cornstarch
1-3 cup granulated sugar
Pinch of salt
¼ cup orange juice
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Dissolve orange jelly powder in the required amount of boiling water (see directions on the jelly-powder package). Pour into a fancy mould which has been brushed lightly with a little salad oil. Chill until firm.

Heat the milk and orange rind in the top of a double boiler. When the scalding point is reached remove orange rind.

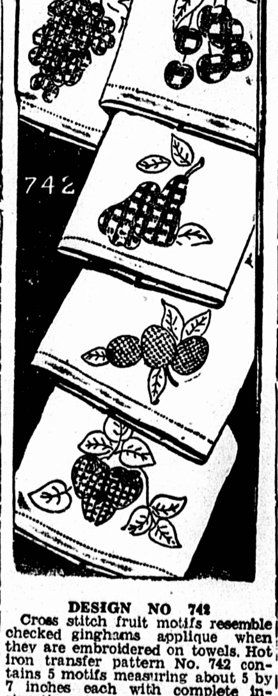
Mix the cornstarch, sugar and salt very thoroughly so that no little lumps remain; slowly add the hot milk, stirring constantly. Return all to top of double boiler and, continuing to stir constantly, cook until smoothly thickened. Cover and cook, with occasional stirring, until no raw flavor of starch remains. Remove from heat and stir in the orange juice and vanilla. Cool thoroughly, but do not chill. Turn into mould over the already-set jelly and chill until firm.

Unmould and serve with pouring cream or custarch sauce.

RIVER WATER FATAL

LAVERSTOCK, England — (CP) — Deaths of four children in this Wiltshire village from scarlet fever were attributed to polluted water. Because the school water supply was practically non-existent, the children had taken to drinking from a nearby river.

KITCHEN TOWELS ARE BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL



DESIGN NO 742

Cross stitch fruit motifs resemble checked ginghams applique when they are embroidered on towels. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 742 contains 5 motifs measuring about 5 by 7 inches each with 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.

Design No. 742

Name

Street Address

City Province

Dorothy Dix Says—

WIFE MUST ENTERTAIN HERSELF

If Husband Won't Take Her Out She Should Go To Movies, Luncheons, Lectures

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—For fourteen years I have been married to a man who has only one fault as far as I am concerned. He is good-tempered and easy to get along with, a good provider. He doesn't drink, gamble, or run around with women. He never asks what I have done with the money he gives me, or refuses me anything. But he never takes me out anywhere. He won't even take a walk around the corner with me. Yet I am a good-looking, well-dressed woman and liked by his family and friends.

He goes out three nights a week with his friends and stays in the other nights to rest and is usually in bed by nine o'clock. Of late I have insisted on his taking me out(but when I got dressed and was ready to go he was sound asleep. If I go anywhere I have to go alone, which is mortifying to me when I see other women escorted by their husbands.

Am I being too optimistic in believing that I have all of his love and that I am necessary to his happiness and contented life? Am I being unfair in wanting a little fun and diversion myself? How can I get him to understand? S. K. W.

CAN'T CHANGE MAN'S IDEAS OF WOMAN'S PLACE

ANSWER—There is no surgery by which a new idea can be implanted in a closed mind. Once a man has sold himself the theory that a woman's place is in the home, and nowhere else, and that she shouldn't desire any more exciting amusement than spending her evenings watching the baby sleep, she wastes her breath in arguing with him about it.

The only thing she can do about it is to rearrange her daily schedule so that she will get her diversions in some way that won't call for an escort. There are the movies, which are an ever present help in times of boredom. There are hen luncheons, for there are plenty of other women also married to Tired Business Men who don't want to step out evenings, and there are innumerable clubs and lectures to go to that will not only give you something interesting to think about, but will enable you to show off your new clothes.

You don't need to be shut up in your house like a prisoner because your husband won't take you out. You just have to have the nerve and initiative to take yourself out, and you have to have enough courage to take the situation in your stride and not let it make you morbid and bitter.

Marriage is full of compromises, and the more cheerfully we make them, the better off we are. Of course, your husband is selfish in not beauing you around, since your heart is so set on it, but it is no sign he doesn't love you and that you are not necessary to his happiness and comfort. It is just because he takes you for granted, that you will always be there and will always keep the home fires burning, that makes him feel free to take his own time off. And he takes it with men because he doesn't have to dress up for them, or make any effort to be entertaining or amusing.

Husbands who are easy to live with and who are good providers are hard to get in these times. You had better hang on to the one you have, even if he isn't a Gigolo.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a girl who has stayed at home and pursued a job that is of deep interest to me as it is along the lines of my preparation in college. Living in a small town does not afford me the chance of meeting many eligible men of my age, however, and I could get a job in a larger place where there would be a better chance to catch a husband, but the work offered would not be of particular interest.

Would you advise me to stay in my home town and wait for the boys who are now serving their country to come back, or to go and seek a way job where I will meet more men? M. L. C.

GIRL'S CHANCES BETTER IN HOME TOWN

ANSWER—Eligible young men are as scarce as hens' teeth in civilian circles anywhere now, for the worthwhile chaps are mostly in the army or navy or marines. My guess is that you would have a better chance of bringing down your game, when you went husband-hunting, if you lay in wait for one in a small town until he came home on a furlough and was girl-hungry, than you would if you stalked him in a big city where so many of the man-eaters had already assembled.

But I would certainly urge you to stick to the work that you enjoy and that is along your own line. Then you will have a consolation prize even if Mr. Right doesn't come along.

DEAR MISS DIX—What is your opinion of parking and petting? CHRIS.

ANSWER—I think it is common, vulgar and dangerous. No girl makes herself so cheap as the one who writes her price tag as a date and will let any boy maul her who will take her to a movie, or buy her a coca cola.

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 War Time Prices and Trade Board.

Q. Is there a ceiling price on the retail cuts of lamb?

A. Yes, lamb like other fresh meats is governed by ceiling prices. A new order has just been announced setting new prices on all lamb cuts effective July 1st.

Q. Can you tell me whether or not there is a ceiling on used sewing machines? I have been thinking of getting one but they are so expensive I have been wondering whether the people were justified in asking so much.

A. Yes, there is a ceiling. The price you pay should not be more than 80 per cent of the current price of a new machine of the same or similar type being sold in your locality, or not more than the price at which used sewing machines were sold during the basic period, Sept. 15 to Oct. 11, 1941.

Babe Ruth holds the Major League lifetime record of 714 home runs, or an average of 32 a year.

Needlecraft For The Home

BEGUILING BAREBACK

Prepare yourself for those lazy warm weather days with this pert and pretty sunback that boasts a jaunty bolero to dress you up for town.

No. 3739 in size 16 requires 3½ yards 35-inch fabric, 5½ yards ruffling.

Send 20 cents for PATTERN. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish.

Address Pattern Department the Charlottetown Guardian.

Name

Street Address

City Province

A Morning Smile

The knife grinder met an old friend.

"How are things with you?" asked the friend.

"Splendid," was the reply. "Everything's as dull as can be."

"Is Mr. Smith at home?" inquired the stranger.

"Which one, sir?" asked the maid. "There are two brothers living here."

For a moment the caller seemed at a loss for a description. Then he had an idea.

"The one who has a sister living in Liverpool," he explained.