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

Happenings Of The Week

Eight Canadian women, members of St. John Ambulance Brigade on duty in Britain, went to Buckingham Palace to see the Queen. They were Mrs. Beatrice Martin, Madelience Cantelon and Trudean Spencer of Vancouver; Mrs. Thomas Gilmour of Toronto, Superintendent-in-Chief of the Brigade overseas; Margaret MacLaren of Saint John, N.B.; Mrs. Guy Little of Halifax; Mrs. Arthur Hay and Ruth MacKenzie of Sarnia, Ont. The women in their neat dark grey uniforms learned a lot in that short afternoon visit. They learned the Queen is intensely interested in what the young people of Canada are doing. "Youth training in all parts of the Empire is so important," she said. They learned what the Queen wears on an informal afternoon at home — a woollen jacket dress of soft, smoky blue, with grey shoes and stockings and a grey bag tucked under her arm. "With the most beautiful pearls and ring," said one girl.

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They learned what the Queen's own private sitting room is like. "I thought you'd like to see where I work," she told them when she led them from a larger, more formal anti-room into a cosy sitting room in green and gold. Trudean Spencer remembered accurately that the walls were cream and the woodwork antique green. The deep carpet was maroon, some of the chairs were covered with the same green brocade as the curtains and other chairs were covered with silk needlepoint.

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"It was a very informal room. She seemed to have around her the things she liked," said Miss Spencer. "There were the loveliest colored snapshots of the Princesses, taken most of them out of doors, in a garden and under flowering trees." "It was intriguing seeing her desk, with her correspondence on it," said Mrs. Gilmour. "And she had a sign above it in large letters, "Do It Now." Even Queens must have to prod themselves. A painting she had just received from Canada of a rural landscape hung on the wall, but the Queen didn't tell her visitors who the artist was. The Queen had lengthy praise for Canadian army hospitals there. "They are so lovely and so beautifully equipped," she said. She asked her guests to write to their own provinces and pass on her greetings to all Canadian women doing the work of St. John Ambulance brigade, particularly the nurses. She was curious to know how the hospitals and war emergency were established and she asked Mrs. Martin numerous questions about A.R.P. work in British Columbia as compared with Britain's civilian defence.

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Mrs. Heber Large, her daughter Miss Constance Large and Mrs. Roy D. Quigley left by plane Thursday to spend the Easter season in Mont[illegible]

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Mr. B. Roy [illegible] is in Moncton this week attending the funeral of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mabel E. Erb who is kindly remembered by friends here.

• • •

Miss Audrey DeBlois is home from Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B. to spend the Easter holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. DeBlois.

• • •

Mrs. H. J. Mabon, Montague, who has been spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rogers has been pleasantly entertained during her brief visit as she returns home today.

A distinguished visitor over the week-end was Rt. Rev. James Boyle of Sydney, N.S., bishop-elect of Charlottetown. His will be the first consecration in Charlottetown for 84 years.

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The hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cruickshank, 351 Lorne street, New Glasgow, N. S. was the scene of a very happy gathering on Friday evening of last week when more than sixty of their relatives and friends attended the celebration of their Silver Wedding Anniversary. It was a delightful affair and many unable to be there to extend felicitations in person sent congratulations by letter and expressed regret at their inability to be present. Mrs. Cruickshank was the former Miss Ethel Brown of Annandale, P.E.I., and was married at Sunny Brae by Rev. D. K. Ross minister there at the time.

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Miss Joan MacIntyre is being pleasantly entertained prior to her marriage on April 18th to Lieut. Gordon Douglas Bell now on military duty.

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Miss Rosemary Rogers is home from Edgehill, Windsor, N.S., to spend Easter with her mother, Mrs. George J. Rogers.

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Mrs. A. T. Vinnicombe of Halifax has arrived to spend Easter with relatives in the city.

• • •

Miss Lillian Duchemin has returned home from spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. R. J. Loughlin and Mrs. Loughlin in Fredericton, N.B.

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Little jabots of flowers are the latest thing for tucking in the V of soft dressmaker suits, this season . They are also used to give the fashionable frou-frou touch to dresses.

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Pilot Officer Robert Denzil Ogilvie, R.C.A.F., of Ottawa and his bride the former Miss Margaret Claire Murray of Pleasant Valley, N.S., are being welcomed as new residents to Summerside. Their marriage took place in Erskine United Church, Toronto, on March 25th.

• • •

Miss Bernice Haughey, nurse in training in the City Hospital, left Tuesday on a holiday visit to her sisters in Montreal and Toronto. She was accompanied by her cousin Miss Mary MacGuigan who has gone to spend a few weeks with her brother Archbishop MacGuigan of Toronto.

• • •

Mrs. Frank B. Auld of Charlottetown, the former Henrietta Longard Chisholm of Halifax, has returned to the Maritime Provinces from Weston, Ont., where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Chisholm.

• • •

Mrs. Arthur Carriere of Ottawa is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Albert Deschambault in Summerside.

BARRED FROM BARS

Ten London hotels have barred women from their bars. The reason is that the staffs can't, according to the management, "discriminate between wives or friends of regular customers and undesirable women who come into the bar without escort."

Coffee grounds do not make good poultry feed; in recent tests, chickens fed on mixtures containing coffee grounds did not grow as well as those on standard rations.

Twenty-Four Hour Leave

RENEE SHANN

Author of "Student Nurse", "War Wife", "Air Force Girl".

"Cherry Pie!"

It was Simon's pet name for her. He'd never called her anything else from the first day they'd met. "Cherry Pyecroft? But all your friends call you Cherry Pie, of course"? They hadn't as it happened; no one else had apparently ever thought of it. Now the silly little name brough sharp tears to her eyes.

"Oh, Simon, it's grand to see you."

"It's grand to see you too, my dear. But where's Denise? Didn't she get my cable?"

Cherry drew a little swift breath. "Yes, she—she's gone to Bristol."

This at least was true. Only not the way he was taking it. "Oh Lord!" His face fell. "I never thought of that. I suppose she guessed that's where my plane would arrive and has gone down to meet me."

"Yes."

Had she really said that? Someone had spoken and it hadn't been Connie who was hovering in the background. Oh, this was cowardly. He had to be told the truth, so why not get it over quickly? But somehow this was hardly the moment. She ran quickly on, her words tumbling over one another. "You must be tired after so much travelling. What's the time? It's too late, isn't it, for tea? Shall I get you a drink?"

"I'm not sure I wouldn't like tea rather better. I haven't had a decent cup of tea since I left England." He stood smiling down at her while Connie hurried into the kitchen to get it. "Well, since Denise isn't here to greet me you're certainly a very good substitute. Turn around and let me have a look at you. Denise told me you'd joined the Waafs. I like you in your uniform."

Cherry gave a shaky little laugh. "Denise will have it it was because of the uniform I joined up".

"And was it?"

"Of course not. I wanted to be doing something useful."

"D'you like the life now you're in it?"

"Very much. It's grand. I'm a plotter. That means I work in the Operations room. It's terribly thrilling besides being terribly interesting."

"It must be. You girls are doing fine work in this war."

She smiled. "The men were inclined to resent us at first. Now they admit we're as good, if not better, at plotting than they are." She rattled on about her job while they were waiting for Connie to bring tea.

It was good just to be with him, to have him sitting in the same room with her. It was agony to remember that so soon she would have to hurt him. "Simon, there's something I must tell you. Denise didn't go to Bristol to meet you. She's run away with a man called Jerry Miller. . ." And always afterward he would remember her, Cherry as the girl who'd broken the news to him. Maybe because of this he would want to have nothing more to do with her. Maybe she'd lose even his friendship that was so precious to her.

She couldn't go on talking interminably. Inevitably there was a pause in her flow of chatter. It brought Denise back into the conversation. "What train did Denise catch?"

"The three-thirty."

"I suppose she imagined I wouldn't be getting in until this evening. Really that wasn't very intelligent of her! I wonder what's the best thing to do? She won't know I've arrived. It looks very much as if I'll have to go down and retrieve her."

"Oh, Simon, you can't do that! You've only just come from Bristol."

"But I can't leave Denise hanging around that airport. Honestly, it was a silly thing for her to do, though it was sweet of her to go and meet me."

Connie arrived with tea at that moment. Otherwise Cherry knew she would have had to say something. How could she let him continue to think that all was well between himself and Denise? She glanced at him covertly and a sharp fear invaded her heart. How was he going to take the truth when he heard it? Would he change entirely? Would he lose that gentleness and charm that so endeared him to her, become hard, embittered, disillusioned? It had always been his faith in human nature that she'd loved so much about him. And now because Denise he was so soon to lose it.

She glanced at the clock. "Shall we see if there's anything particularly interesting on the news? It's just about time." She moved the dials on the wireless, waiting for the announcer's voice.

"Let's just hear the summary," he suggested.

There was little fresh it seemed until the last item. "The three-thirty train to Bristol crashed into a freight train some little distance from Reading Station. It is feared the death roll is likely to prove heavy."

Cherry looked at Simon's face and saw his expression change. She had never seen such stark fear and horror in a man's eyes before. She hoped never to see it again. In an instant she was at his side, her hand on his arm. "Simon, think of the number of people there must have been on that train. Don't, oh please, don't look like that. She — she's probably all right. She must be. Oh, Simon dear, don't worry too terribly." But it was so easy to say this, of course. She knew how much he was suffering.

"I'll go down at once," Simon said, in a voice she scarcely recognized. "The thing is, the best way to get there? She's still got the car, I take it?"

"Yes. I'll ask Connie where she garages it."

(Continued on page 12)

Immensely Popular
KING COLE TEA
Chosen for its Richness and Flavor

Dorothy Dix Says—

MISERY IN HASTY MARRIAGES

Youths Have Small Chance Of Success When Long Acquaintances Reveal Quirks

Marriage is, at best, a risky business. For, no matter how long and well a man and woman have known each other, they find when they come to live together that they are united to perfect strangers who have quirks in their characters and curious habits that they never even suspicioned that they possessed.

What chance, then, of success have these short order marriages in which boys and girls marry at sight almost, without having any previous acquaintance with each other, or the slightest tip as to what they are taking on as a life companion? Practically none. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred these hasty and reckless marriages end in misery for both parties who are taking a blind leap into the holy estate. For neither God nor Lady Luck bothers to save fools from their folly.

BOY MEETS GIRL, MARRY

Yet we see these marriages taking place all about us in these war times. Boy meets girl at the canteen, or the U. S. O., or across the bar at a tavern and they have a few drinks and dances together, and because they have the same tastes in martinis, or know the same jitterbug steps they decide they were made for each other and off they go to the nearest marrying parson or the Justice of the Peace and seal their fate as casually as if they were buying a package of cigarettes.

Many a father and mother are awakened in the middle of the night by their teen-age daughter appearing at their bedside with a strange sailor or soldier in tow, and saying: "Mama, Papa, this is Joe. We've just been married." And probably there are few parents with young sons in the service who do not open their boys' letters with trembling hands, fearing that Tom or Bill will announce that he has married some girl he has met at a canteen or that Tom or Bill will be asking how can he get a divorce from the girl he married at the last camp, as he has found a new one whom he likes better.

This column, being a clearing house for the troubles of the lovelorn, is weighted down with the woes of those who marry in haste and are repenting at leisure, for the girls fare even worse than the boys. And some of the letters I get from them would be incredible except that there is no romantic idiocy that a teen-ager isn't capable of committing.

GIRL FORGOT HUSBAND'S NAME

One girl actually wrote that she was on a terrible hot spot because she had forgotten the name of the man she had married, so she didn't know what her own name was now Another wanted to know if I thought it would be alright for her to marry a man whose name and post office address she didn't know. And there are hundreds and hundreds of pathetic letters from girls who have married men and had babies and who find that their husbands have other wives and children. And so many, many of the new husbands, who have tired of marriage before the ink is dry on their wedding certificates, make going overseas synonymous with A. W. O. L. from matrimony, and their wives never hear from them again.

These youngsters justify their marrying strangers, or whose characters and backgrounds they know nothing, by saying they fell in love at first sight, but love at first sight vanishes as quickly as it came The love that lasts is built on the congeniality and suitability that has been tested and proved strong enough to hold.

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

EASTER

I see the shadow of a cross
Outlined against the sky
And One with tired down-bent head
Who went alone to die.

By those He loved forsaken . . .
Long years have wiped away
The bitter pain and anguish
Upon the cross that day.

For angels broke the fetters
And loosed the binding clothes
And from the sealed and guarded tomb
Triumphant Christ arose.

And those who came with spices sweet
To the place wherein He lay,
Saw with joy the Angel vision
And found the stone away.

On altars now the lillies bloom
Amid tumult and strife,
To show a weary war-torn world
That death but leads to life

This Easter, Lord, we pray Thee
To hasten that glad dawn
When we awake to peace once more,
And find the cross is gone.

—Constance L. Heckbert.

KEEP 'EM COVERED

Know the best storage methods for your food? Keep left-overs in the refrigerator and remember to keep them covered; a saucer will do the trick just as well as the plotfilm bonnets made especially for this purpose. And don't let left-overs get pushed way to the back of the refrigerator . . . chances are that when they turn up they won't be very appetizing. A daily check at meal planning time is a good idea.

LOST A GLOVE?

String gloves come in high colors, and the trick is to wear a different color on each hand. Nice if you lose one, or why not go halves with your best friend?

LOVE'S DIADEM

"Twas in an old olive garden long ago,
A lovely Mary sat, with head bent low,
White lilies dew-wet, silvered by the dawn
Like candles round a bier, shone pale and wan,
While she sat facing life's great mortal blow. . .

EASTER SUNDAY

Heaven's trumpets sound for Him, her Son, today,
For death is vanquished, only life holds sway,
His step is neard, in every wind that blows,
We touch, as through a veil, the fadeless Rose,
Its fragrant incense falling, as we pray.

—Dorothy Sproule.

POCKETS FEATURE MAINBOCHER SUITS

NEW YORK—In the jackets of the innumerable little suits which were shown by Mainbocher in his recent collection, pockets, or simulated pockets at the waist, were repeated in design just below the lapels. Some of these suits were in print. Mainbocher's penchant for violets evident in a number of them, both as to color and design. Revers were varied in plan and often seemed to have forgotten just where they started out to be, though never did they forget that they were part of a master design. Again they behaved very soberly. Jackets were carefully tested so that they would look quite as well unbottoned indoors, as when trimly buttoned.

CURDS AND WHEY

Little Miss Muffet's dish of curds and whey has never been considered much of a delicacy. But they may become part of the national diet in a more subtle form. The bureau of dairy industry has found that concentrated whey left over from cheese making is a valuable source of riboflavin, the part of the B vitamine most frequently lacking in the average diet. Inadequate supplies of riboflavin are holding up the bread enrichment program, as this source may be used to make up the deficit.

GIFTED AS A COMPOSER

Lady Hill, composer of In The Gloaming (widow of Lord Arthur Hill, controller of Queen Victoria's household), who died recently at Easthampstead Park, Berkshire, England, at the age of 95, had a special gift for composing light, sentimental music. The tune of In the Gloaming made the song one of the most popular on record. It was published in 1887, the year of her marriage, and 140,000 copies were sold between 1890 and 1899. The melody was adopted in 1884 as march for the Second Middlesex Artillery Volunteers, of which Lord Hill was commanding officer. The song soon became known all over the world. In the Gloaming has sold well over a million copies. To an interview Lady Hill in 1939 told how she was inspired to write the music for the song: "A friend sent me the words in a letter one morning I liked them very much, and after breakfast went upstairs to the piano and wrote the music in 15 minutes—or 20 minutes at the most."

THE COOK'S CORNER

OLD-FASHIONED ROCK CAKES

2 cups once-sifted pastry flour
Or 1¾ cups once-sifted bread flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon grated nutmeg
½ cup shortening
½ cup granulated sugar
1 egg, beaten
2 tablespoons milk
¾ cup currants, washed and dried.
2 tablespoons chopped candied lemon peel

Mix and sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and nutmeg.

Cream shortening and gradually blend in sugar. Add beaten egg, a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Add currants and lemon peel. Add dry ingredients, alternately with milk and combine thoroughly.

Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie pan and bake in moderately hot oven, 375 degrees, about 15 minutes.

A Morning Smile

HIS TRADE

The minister of the Old Kirk asked a fisherman if he knew the First Commandment.

"Aye, but that's a teaser," said the fisherman.

"Well, do you know the Second Commandment?" asked the minister.

"You've got me again," replied the fisherman; "but can you tell me this—how many hooks are on my fishing line?"

The minister was unable to answer.

"Well, Minister," said the fisherman, "it's like this: every man tae his trade."

If You Suffer 'PERIODIC'
FEMALE PAIN
Which Makes You Weak, Cranky, Nervous—

If you, like so many women and girls suffer from cramps, headaches, backache, "irregularities", periods of the blues — due to functional monthly disturbances—

Start at once—take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This effective liquid not only helps relieve monthly pain but also tired, weak, nervous feelings. This is because of its soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS.

Taken regularly—Lydia Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Thousands upon thousands report help. Also a fine stomach tonic. Made in Canada.

LOVELY ACCESSORIES FOR SPRING

DESIGN NO. 1028

A pillbox hat with bag to match are created with crocheted squares. Smart and easy to make. Pattern No. 1028 contains 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. 1028

NAME - - - - - - - - - - -

STREET ADDRESS - - - - - -

CITY - - - PROVINCE - - -

Mrs. Quality-wise says:-

Here are two old favourites I would not be without. Used together or separately they are a delight in the kitchen and on the table.

CROWN BRAND SYRUP
CANADA CORN STARCH
The CANADA STARCH COMPANY LIMITED • Montreal • Toronto

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 no price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the War Times Prices and Trade Board.

Q. Last week I purchased a five pound tin of corn syrup and the grocer took four "D" coupons. Is he correct?

A. Yes, the grocer was correct . . . five pounds is equal to 80 fluid ounces . . . you are entitled to 16 fluid ounces of corn syrup for each "D" coupon . . . therefore, you would have to surrender four "D" coupons for five pounds.

Q. I do not think there is the correct number of pages in my new ration book. How many pages should it contain?

A. It should contain 11 sheets of coupons . . . one each for tea, sugar and preserves, two for butter, four for meat and one each of "H" and "K" coupons.

Q. I have always purchased maple syrup in the country. Is it permissible to mail the coupons to the farmer this year?

A. No, this is not permissible . . . loose coupons are invalid . . . take your No. 3 ration book to your local ration board . . . they will detach "D" coupons to cover the amount of syrup you wish to purchase and give you a voucher . . . this voucher should be sent to the farmer together with your order.

WOMEN PAY BIG PRICE FOR POOR "BLOOD MAKE UP"

You women who feel and look "washed out"—limp and droopy—may be paying the price of hemoglobin shortage in the blood.

The demands of monthly "periods" pregnancy, etc. all conspire to bring about this shortage of the vital red coloring matter in the red blood cells. Try Dr. Williams Pink Pills.

They help increase hemoglobin where there is a shortage of it due to iron deficiency and help chase away that "tired" feeling of tiredness so often due to this condition. Start your course of Dr. Williams Pink Pills today. Ask your druggist.

BABY'S CONSTIPATION SERIOUS IF NEGLECTED

BABY'S daily movements are something of which absolutely accurate track must be kept. When he misses something must be done at once. Constipation is serious for baby.

Mrs. John T. Reid of Hespeler, Ont., has this to say: "Having had seven children and having used Baby's Own Tablets for all seven, can say they are the best and gentlest regulator for children—safe and effective for the tiniest infant. During teething Baby's Own Tablets were a boon to me as they cleared up at once any digestive disturbance or fretfulness."

Equally effective for simple fever, diarrhoea, upset stomach, colic, simple croup and other minor ailments of babyhood.

Quick in their action. Sweet-tasting—*easily crushed to a powder, if desired.* Do not contain opiates or stupefying drugs. Each package contains analyst's certificate. Get a box today. Sickness so often strikes in the night. 25 cents. Money back if not satisfied.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

No one likes a person who is always on edge, ready to take offence at the slightest supposed affront.

Needlecraft

For The Home

SPRING BLOUSE

Adaptable pattern from which you can make the tailored style with notch collar, or the blouse with frills that everybody loves.

No. 3747 in size 36 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch fabric for long-sleeved blouse, or 2 yards 39-inch for short-sleeved blouse.

Send 20 cents for PATTERN, which includes complete sewing guide. 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

ASPIRIN
PRICES REDUCED 20%
Safe, Fast Relief now within reach of all!

Handy box of 12 now 18¢
Bottle of 24 now 29¢
Bottle of 100 now 79¢

Why Aspirin Works So Fast!

Instantly! The moment you drop an Aspirin Tablet in water it begins to dissolve. It disintegrates in two seconds! That lightning action in the glass happens in your stomach! Aspirin takes hold of pain at once; gives you safe, fast relief. For pain due to:

HEADACHES, COLDS: Take two Aspirin Tablets with full glass of water.

NEURALGIA, NEURITIS, RHEUMATISM: Take two tablets with glass water.

SORE THROAT: Crush three tablets in ½ glass water—gargle deeply.

BAYER ASPIRIN
Look for the Bayer Cross on every tablet — If it doesn't say "Bayer" it isn't Aspirin!

WIN BAKING LAURELS use BLOSSOM CANADA
THE ALL PURPOSE FLOUR

Does Clogged NOSE SPOIL SLEEP?
Put 3-purpose Va-tro-nol up each nostril . . . (1) It shrinks swollen membranes; (2) Soothes irritation; (3) Helps flush nasal passages, clearing mucus, relieving transient congestion.
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL