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

Happenings of The Week

Queen Elizabeth attended a church bazaar in Aberdeenshire the other day and made several purchases. Coming to a stall with knitted goods, she expressed admiration of the workmanship, but said to the woman in charge: "I should like to buy some of these things, but I simply cannot do it. I have no coupons left." However, she handed over a cash donation.

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There are probably many people who believe that the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family are exempt from rationing in all its forms. Or alternatively, that no merchant troubles about exacting coupons from them, or to fill any order for the Royal household.

• • •

That is not so. The King and Queen, the Princesses and Queen Mary have the same ration books as everybody else, and they adhere strictly to the regulations. During the previous war it was made known that King George V and Queen Alexandra used margerine the same as other people did to make up for the deficiency of butter, notwithstanding that there were nine dairy herds on the Royal farms. The Royal family go without whenever their coupons are used up.

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The object of rationing is that the available supplies of commodities shall be fairly distributed as between King and commoner, rich and poor. The King and Queen believe that it is incumbent upon them to set an example to the rest of the nation, and they ask no more than their share.

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Judith Anne Hewitt, of Collingwood-street, Hebburn - on - Tyne, born three days ago, has two teeth, thus beating the high-speed dental development of Sandra McNeil, of Fulham, London, who developed two at the age of 22 days. Judith, like her mother, came into the world with hers,, and 35-year-old Mrs. Hewitt had her two early teeth until May of this year.

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Mrs. Allan Cosh is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cosh, 12 West Street.

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Miss Elsie Nicholson left by plane Wednesday for New York after spending the summer with her mother Mrs. D. Nicholson.

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It was with deepest regret that her friends learned that Mrs. A. A. MacLean has accidentally fallen in her bed-room Thursday, breaking her hip. Mrs. MacLean is resting as well as can be expected in the P. E. I. Hospital.

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After a delightful four months holiday spent at the Charlottetown Hotel, regretful farewells were said to Mrs. Hodgetts who left this week on return to her home in Toronto.

• • •

Mrs. Freeland and young son Marshall who have been the guests of Mrs. Freeland's aunt, Mrs. Richard Lea at the Charlottetown Hotel, left Wednesday by plane for Montreal en route to her home in Philadelphia.

• • •

Dr. J. W. C. Wand, 126th and newly-confirmed Bishop of London, and family have been "camping" in V-bomb damaged Fulham Palace and taking an active part in cleaning up bomb damage. The Bishop, his wife, his chaplain and the gardener's wife have worked hard to clean up a few of the 60 rooms in the rumbling brick 18th century mansion. Staircases and passages bear "Danger" notices, doors stick in bomb rubble, and every room has been damaged. Most of the windows are boarded and ceilings are cracked. "We have no one else to help us," Dr. Wand said. "I have been on my knees polishing floors."

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. C. Scarth of Sherbrooke, Que., are being welcomed on a visit. Their son Lieut. (S) Ian Scarth has received the appointment as Supply Officer at H. M. C. S. Queen Charlotte and with Mrs. Scarth and young son Peter have taken up residence in Charlottetown.

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Mrs. W. T. Weir and Mrs. W. G. Bruce have returned from an enjoyable visit to friends in Ottawa and Montreal. While in Ottawa they were the guests of Mrs. Bruce's son-in-law and daughter Capt. and Mrs. J. Smith.

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Happiest congratulations are being showered on Miss Margaret Sterns, one of Charlottetown's favorite soloists and prominent in social circles and charitable work, whose marriage is taking place next week to Lt. Col. George Peake, recently returned from overseas services and being cordially welcomed.

• • •

Miss Sterns is being widely entertained prior to the happy event recent hostesses being Mrs. Frank Auld, Cove Head, who presided over a delightful dinner party in her honor.

Miss Muriel Weeks had a luncheon bridge for her at the Charlottetown, where she received a special gift.

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Mrs. G. Elliott Full entertained at a bridge party and shower of lovely miscellaneous gifts for the popular bride-to-be.

• • •

Miss Mary MacDonald was hostess at a dinner party at the Charlottetown, marking the happy event with an exquisite gift.

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Mrs. R. R. Bell invited friends to her home for a very enjoyable afternoon tea for Miss Sterns.

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Mrs. (Col.) L. W. Lowther honored her at a smart bridge party Friday.

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Miss Sue Brenton and her sister Mrs. H. J. A. Brown were joint hostesses at afternoon tea at the latter's pretty home on Tuesday, when Miss Sterns was showered with many good wishes by her friends.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Richards left Thursday on a holiday visit to Boston.

• • •

Mrs. J. P. Hood of Summerside is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. W. Beer.

• • •

Mrs. F. G. O'Neill is spending a week in Ottaka, having gone up to be with her husband, Capt. O'Neill recently returned from overseas.

• • •

Miss Nellie Seaman returned by plane this week from visiting with her brother in Halifax.

• • •

After a much enjoyed visit Mrs. (Rev.) J. N. Hepburn of Kirkland Lake, Ont., who has been the guest of the Misses Townshend, Pleasant Street, left yesterday on return home. During her visit Mrs. Hepburn renewed many warm friendships. On Thursday Mrs. R. R. Bell invited friends in for the tea hour to bid Mrs. Hepburn bon voyage.

• • •

Mrs. John McLean and little son left Saturday on a visit to Mrs. McLean's sister Mrs. K. Franklin in Montreal, later going on to visit her aunt Mrs. E. F. Greene, Southport, Conn.

• • •

The engagement announced this week of Miss Elinore Marion Williams and Fl. Lieut. Walter J. Hurst, R. A. F. is being pleasantly discussed by their many friends.

• • •

Mrs. R. G. Taylor accompanied by her daughter Miss Joan Taylor are visiting with relatives in Vancouver.

• • •

Miss Ann Saddler returned Tuesday from a holiday in Toronto.

• • •

Among the young Montrealers making their debut this season will be Miss Barbara Tidmarsh, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Tidmarsh.

• • •

Mr. M. L. Boswell, accompanied by his daughter Mrs. G. N. Sellers, a recent bride, left this week on return to Halifax, N. S., after visiting Mr. Boswell's mother, Mrs. Edward Boswell, Victoria. Lt. Sellers, R. N. V. R. recently left for England to be joined later by his bride.

• • •

Mrs. R. Meikle, who for so many years was prominent in Women's social organizations in the city and province, recently celebrated her eightieth birthday and is still happily interested in public affairs, though not able to participate in public activities. A native of the city she has interesting recollections of by-gone days, when the centre of light and leading was Grafton Street, where many of the leading citizens resided and did business, the square in front of the public buildings being a grass field in which the children played.

• • •

Mrs. George W. Dewar returned this week from Montreal where she has been visting her sister Mrs. George D. Agnew and Mr. Agnew of Westmount, P. Q.. She was accompanied to Montreal by her daughter Helen who has entered McGill University.

• • •

Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Barbour, their sons George and Robert of Hansport, N. S., are visiting Mrs. Barbour's mother, Mrs. Andrew Humphrey, Kensington. Mr. and Mrs. Barbour were renewing friendship in Charlotteown yesterday.

• • •

Winston Churchill, Britain's war leader, soon will receive a dried bull's head with a white patch on the forehead. The bull's head is being sent by a Spanish breeder, Jose Escobar, with this dedication from Montreal. "This bull from my stock farm was brave, very noble, and was born with the sign of victory on his forehead. I am presenting it to the great Mr. Winston Churchill who with his bravery, exemplary nobility and humanity built up the victory which saved the world."

• • •

After a whirlwind six-week courtship, the engagement has been announced between Captain Charles Janson of the Welsh Guards and Miss Elsabeth Leveson-Gower, daughter of the late Captain Lord Alastair Leveson-Gower, and heiress to one of Britain's greatest fortunes. She is at present a laboratory worker at St. Thomas's Hospital, London. Although she has no title, Miss Leveson-Gower is heir presumptive to a seven-century-old Earldom, heir presumptive to a barony and descendant of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. The marriage is expected to take place in December. Captain Janson recently returned to London after five years in a German prison camp.

Approximately 88,000 workers were recruited and brought to the United States to meet war needs, 67,000 from Mexico and the others from Barbados, Jamaica and

Try sowing salpiglossis seed this fall if you have had difficulty with it in the spring.

HOW CAN I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make stuffed onions?

A. Use Bermuda onions, hollowed out and steamed gently until almost tender. They are delicious when stuffed with chopped liver, highly seasoned, and baked for half an hour.

Q. How can I hasten the task of beating eggs?

A. Add a pinch of salt and the work will be accomplished in far less time than ordinarily.

Q. How can I remove stains from tinware?

A. Rub thoroughly with a damp cloth dipped in common soda. Follow this by washing and wiping

ELLEN'S DIARY

By an Island Farmer's Wife

This was so still a morning, that James was obliged to search in several places for signs from which to make a weather forecast, with any degree of certainty about it. The appearance of any October morning can be misleading. A burst of sunlight on the eastern sky, a soft wind, and almost unbelievably rain will follow. There was not even a ripple on the pond for James to go by, neither was there any breath to disturb the yellow leaves that floated so quietly from the arms of the silver birches to carpet the lawn below. I saw James on his way to the stables, observe the smoke from the kitchen fires, and then the false brightness, above the trees "I wouldn't be one bit surprised, Ellen" he said to me then on my way to the wood-shed for a bit more kindling to hurry the tea kettle, "if we should have a dash of rain before night." Breathless, the morning continued to be, with the strange chill of fall about it. I noticed it when at my Saturday's work of cleaning,—and missing Judy and Julie—I came to the front verandah to beat a cushion or shake a rug. The crimson of the Virginia Creeper on the nearer telephone pole and up and over a house door, was a dead color today and a damp haziness hovered above the hills.

• • •

The rain came when James and I—and Mr. C., who had come up the short-cut from the mill, a minute to kayley and now sat chatting, his back to a tree—were cultivating a smooth new border to make a winter bed for our spring flowering bulbs, in a piece of lawn common to this and the house across the lane. Pard, too was stationed near. He sat at the gateway and kept us informed about any traffic: the cream truck on the mill road, returning our empty can; several potato-helpers from a farm "in the road" on their way to the corner at Braeside to catch the west bound bus-homing for their welcome Sabbath; a crane fishing quietly in the pond below and then—and Mr. C. was off in a trice—a truck heaped high with logs, turned off from the Alderlea road towards the old mill.

• • •

James murmured somewhat at this unfamiliar work that had been coaxed upon him and I could easily understand his point of view. "I don't think, I was cut out for a gardener" he remarked. I thought otherwise, for at the time he was careful to shake each sod he removed, before going on to the next. We worked along in silence then, I respecting the present spell and fearful of breaking it. Presently he said with a disgusted air: "Ellen, this is good work for me to be at, this day of the year? Supposing a frost comes before we get those potatoes that are on the barn floor graded, what will a few silly bulbs amount to beside a truck load of tubers? What will you have then?" With snow to tuck them up for the winter and subsequent favorable winds and showers and sunshine, I should, I thought, come spring have white or gold narcissi "to feed my soul". "There now" he said, with apparent relief when the first drop of rain struck the handle of the spade "the rain is here. I'll give you a spurt some other fine day" and he was gone to open the gate for the cows to come to the stables.

• • •

Looking back, I find that this has been another potato week for the folks at Alderlea, past a damp Thanksgiving-Monday, when Islanders, all of whose lots lie "in pleasant places" gave thanks for "life and health and shelter from harm" and for numberless other blessings including war's end, we came into beautiful October weather and the digging at Rob's. There, as at Alderlea, only a modest acreage was harvested. Sun-lit Autumn days we had for the work and our evening home-comings were lit by a sickle of a moon. A moon to wish on over a shoulder, and now of all wishes, which one is paramount? James' wish, I think: for health and strength to attend to the daily round. We commented on this, the night we completed the digging at Rob's and James and I rode home in a farm cart and the echo from our coming hung nicely on the night air. One day of this week, I spent solitary, enjoying for the time the various duties delegated to me and yet expecting and pleasantly awaiting my call to other service. It, of course, came "in due course."

• • •

One noon, I gasped from assisting one of the men to stow a number of potential porkers in crates to be taken to market and one noon, I breasted a cold whistling wind as I walked across our fields and up the colorful and sheltered wood road—where in summer I saw the red of strawberries nestling amid the ferns—to have dinner with Karolyn and the others and then to join them at the picking. Two lads of fellows from homes out on the highway were our helpers, who labored as James said "manfully" to have the work completed before we really expected it. For our enjoyment the countryside flaunted the marvellous glory of Autumn, lone flame-hued trees at fence lines as well as sheltering groves and woodlands, now beautiful in their varigated dress.

• • •

One evening the procession leaving the field was so striking against the background of the setting sun's after glow I stood a moment at a little distance down the slope to admire it. On the summit the teams and horses and carts with workers paused before setting off on the homeward trail. They were all silhouetted delightfully—like an etching of habitant days, on the sky-line above. Nights, we returned to Al-

Continued on Page 9

Dorothy Dix Says—

Whether some miracle has taken place that has changed middle-aged, paunchy and balding husbands and fathers into glamor boys, or whether the man shortage has made the slick chicks less choosy, deponent sayeth not; but one of the curious by-products of the war is that it has turned the married man into the Fairy Prince upon whom the girls have set their young affections.

This must be a great surprise to Papa who thought he was done with romance, and that he could spend the balance of his days sitting comfortably on the side lines discussing with Maria whether to send Junior off to school or not, instead of having to talk sentimental twaddle to her. He has felt that his love-making technique had gotten as stiff as his knees, but, still and all, it has not been an unpleasant experience to be chased by the little wolverines, with fire in her eyes.

SOMETIMES SUCCEED

Sometimes they've got him and he has forsaken wife and children and spent the money that should have gone to paying the rent and the grocery bill on the little cuties, who are always expensive pets. Sometimes Mother has been quick enough on her job to shut the door on Papa's pursuers and drag him into safety. But it has made a lot of trouble and heartache and caused the filing of many divorce suits.

Why this is thus and why married men should suddenly have become irresistibly attractive to women, I do not know. I can only tell you that my mail is simply loaded down with letters from girls who have fallen in love with married men, and who want to know how they can separate them from their wives, and marry them.

That, in order to do this, they would have to widow a woman, orphan children, break up a home and discredit a man in the eyes of all who knew him, does not faze these infatuated girls. Nor do they seem even to give a thought to their own safety, for, nine times out of ten, the philandering husband is just playing around with them and has no notion whatever of committing a folly that will jeopardize his standing in the community.

Yet every girl knows there is no surer war in which she can ruin her life than by falling in love with a married man. She has seen it happen over and over again. She has seen girls spend years and years waiting, hoping against hope, growing old and withered, cherishing a passion that ended in nothingness. She has seen the jealousy that ate out the youth and beauty of the girl in love with a married man, who saw his wife bearing his name, spending the money, having the position in society that she felt belonged to her. She has seen the girl who threw her cap over the wind-mill for the love of a married man walking the streets after he tired of her.

And you wonder why any girl would be foolish enough to gamble that way with her life. The excuse they offer for doing it is that they can't help whom they love. But they can if they will, for love is largely a matter of self-hypnotism. A girl can think herself in love by dwelling on the looks and charms of a man and by stimulating her own emotions, and she can think herself out of it by taking the opposite course.

More than that, she can take precautions. When she finds herself falling in love with a married man, before her case becomes acute she can flee from him as from the deadliest danger she will ever know. And if she has any sense in her head, she does it.

MODERN ETIQUETTE

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a man goes horse-back riding with a woman, and a groom is present, should the woman's companion or the groom assist her in mounting and dismounting?

A. The woman's companion should do this.

Q. How is bon jour pronounced and what does it mean?

A. It means good day or good morning. Pronounce bong-zhoor, first o as in or, oo as in boot, principal accent in last syllable.

Q. Is a musicale considered formal or informal?

A. It is formal.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAPBOOK

By Roberta Lee

Buttons

When putting buttons away for future use place all buttons of one kind on a heavy thread. It will avoid the necessity of so much searching through the button box.

Cellar Steps

Add a little kerosene to the hot water when scrubbing the cellar steps, and see how wonderfully clean they will become.

Molasses

Molasses can be measured accurately if the cup or spoon is dipped into scalding water before measuring. The syrup will not stick to the sides.

MORNING SMILE

PERFECT HARMONY

"Daughter," said the father sternly, "I don't like that young man you go out with."

"Yeah?" retorted daughter. "Well, don't worry, you're simply poison to him, too."

KNEW HIS RIOTS

Hollywood — They tell this story about William Tibbett, famous western sheriff and father of Lawrence Tibbett, singing star.

A riot broke out in a small town called Kern City, and the local constable wired Tibbett to send aid. In a short time Tibbett arrived.

"What?" said the constable. "just you, only one man?"

"Well," answered Tibbett, "there's only one riot, isn't there?"

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BETTER ENGLISH

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "The child favors his mother."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "hurrah"?

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Grandaughter, grandiloquent, grandeur.

4. What does the word "lambent" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with au that means "true, or credible"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "The child resembles his mother." 2. Pronounce hoo-ra, oo as in foot, a as in ah, accent last syllable. 3. Granddaughter. 4. Softly bright or radiant. "Those eyes only are beautiful, which, like the planets, have a steady lambent light—are luminous, but not sparkling." — Longfellow. 5. Authentic.

COOK'S CORNER

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS

3 cups bread cubes
Butter
½ cup raisins
2 eggs, separated
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
Strawberry or other jam
4 tablespoons sugar

Method: Remove crusts from bread slices and cut in ½-inch cubes. Place a layed of these in the bottom of a greased baking dish. Dot with butter and sprinkle a few of the raisins over this. Continue in layers, finishing with a layer of bread cubes.

Beat the egg yolks and add the ¼ cup sugar, cinnamon, milk and vanilla and pour over the bread mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 35 minutes. Remove from the oven and spread the top with a thin layer of jam, then with a meringue made by beating the 2 egg whites until stiff, but not dry, and folding in the 4 tablespoons sugar. Return to the oven at 325 deg. F. and leave for about 12 minutes. Serve this with or without cream.

Carrots, boiled until tender, then rolled into melted butter or margarine and chopped mint, make a fine accompaniment for roast leg of lamb.

Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

What is a sonnet? 'Tis a pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.

What is a sonnet? T'is a tear that fell
From a great poet's ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song
—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.

—Gilder

An experimental radar station with equipment loaned by the Canadian Air Force, has been installed at an airport in Winnipeg, Canada, to increase the safety of commercial air travel.

While great progress has been make in making valuable by-products from former industrial wastes, the problem is a continuing one because as new processes are developed new types of waste are obtained.

Spraying bituminous coal with petroleum oil has been practised for many years in factories where otherwise fine coal dust would contaminate the air in work rooms and injure textiles, chemicals, foods, paints and other products.

BABY SITTERS, INC.

Sitting up with baby has blossomed into an organized business in Cleveland. Like many another young couple, Harold M. West and his wife have had to forgo a party or the movies because they couldn't get anyone to stay with the baby, but West has done something about it. He's organized "Minute Maid", a baby-sitter service for tied-to-home parents. He put a classified ad. in a Cleveland paper for girls 18 to 45 for baby-sitting jobs and for parents with babies they want "sat up with." The response has been so encouraging that West is thinking of expanding his service.

CONCERTS POPULAR

For the last five and a half years about 600 Londoners have gone to the National Gallery each lunch hour to hear the series of concerts initiated by the well-known British pianist, Dame Myra Hess. The public is urging that these concerts should be continued after the war.

FASHION MAKE-UP CHART

Victory Reds.— Cherry, Flemish Red, Raspberry, Burgundy Wine.
Vivid Greens—Apple Green, Kelly Green, Lime Green, Olive Green.
Crayon Pastels—Melon, Coral, Aqua, Turquoise.
Nut Browns—Caramel Spice Nasturtium Rust, Cocoa.
Petunias— Mexican Pink, Brittany Rose, Fuchsia, Plum Purple,
Electric Blues—Powder Blue, Cadet Blue, Royal Blue, Star Sapphire.
Maize, Lime, Gold.
4dBU,wk)kbJ bl?ugfv vBam mmc
Lipstick— Red Raspberry, Apple Red, Pink Champagne, Red Coral, Plush Red, Red Velvet, Pink Champagne.
Nailgroom — Red Raspberry, Apple Red, Plush Red, Apple Red Plush Red, Red Velvet, Plush Red.
Eyeshadow—Blue-Green, Jade, Opalescent, Jade, Orchid Life Blue, Opalescent.
Fashion Note: Black is always a fashion first—and this year it is set off best by a light, cameo-like make-up—and to achieve it, flattering Pink Champagne rouge, lipstick, powder, are recommended.

CAN STIMULATE SAGGING CHINS

When plotting dressing-table strategy to outwit tugs of gravity and attacks of time on your chin-line, plan to use a generous piece of cotton kept chilled in a bowl of ice cubes.

Use it as a paddle—first squeezed out and flattened to qualify—after you cleanse your throat. Bread by the middle fingers of one hand, use this paddle for some brisk spanking of your neck, beginning at the back and going around. Then, beginning at the base of the throat, work up, skipping the windpipe.

When you get to the cushioned part of the chin, pepper this smartly with your paddle, wipe off moisture, and apply a rich night cream to the whole area that has been soundly spanked.

SCARVES TELL A STORY

A popular fashion, now [illegible] years old, was first launched by the British ministry of information.

It was during the days of the 1940-41 bombing that a woman member of the ministry staff suggested that a fashion scarf might be as, or more, effective an instrument of propaganda than leaflets.

The ministry, I am told, "threw out the idea" to a West End firm, with the suggestion that designs should refer to some aspect to the war effort.

Remember it? The first propaganda scarf though it was not called that. "London Wall" — patterned with air raid shelters walls covered with early wartime slogans, "Go to it". "Lend to defend the right to be free," and so forth.

Mr. Churchill accepted a scarf, Mr. Wendall Willkie took one back for Mrs. Roosevelt, thousands of women—American as well as British—soon were wearing one.

Since then a succession of scarves have provided a pictorial history of the progress of the war and the national war effort at home.

Cautionary scarves reminded that "Careless talk cost lives," and advised talkers to keep it under their hat.

Other designs stressed the salvage campaign, the need for fuel economy and home-grown food.

The Navy, the Army, the Air Force, General de Gaulle's call to the Free French forces. America's entry into the war, among other things, provided material for later designs.

To remove ink stains from fingers, wet the head of a match and rub on the spot. Then rinse with soap and water. All traces of the ink will disappear.

Needlecraft FOR THE HOME

HONEY OF A HOUSEFROCK

What could be more practical for a home frock or prettier to wear than this front-buttoned style with the yoke and deep pockets outlined in gay ric rac.

No. 3626 is cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 35-inch trimming.

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. Include postal unit or zone number in your address.

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