

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

Happenings of The Week

United States Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal and Mrs. Forrestal were guests of King George and Queen Elizabeth at lunch Saturday in Buckingham palace. Royal interest in the work of the Canadian Junior Red Cross was evinced recently when a gift of nine cases of honey was received from Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth. The honey, which was a present to Her Royal Highness from an Englishman in the Argentine, has been sent to the National Institute for the Blind for distribution to the five Sunshine Homes for Blind Children in England which have been adopted by the Canadian Juniors. Princess Elizabeth who is patroness of the Canadian Junior Red Cross takes keen interest in the work of the members and the past two years has asked the Canadian Red Cross Society overseas to distribute gifts on behalf of the Canadian Juniors. Miss Ann Sadler and Miss Peg Palmer, entertained in honor of Miss Phyllis McLeod at a much enjoyed bridge party at Miss Sadler's home Thursday evening when the girls presented a delightful gift with a lovely blanket accompanied by hosts of good wishes. A cordial welcome is being given Mr. and Mrs. Albert Otis Perry and two children of Providence, R.I. who are dividing their holiday between the city and Bellevue Beach. On Thursday afternoon Mrs. G. Elliott Full entertained at her home for the visitors inviting friends in for the tea hour. Rev. and Mrs. Ross I. Eaton of Truro, N.S. accompanied by their son Rev. Kenneth and Mrs. Eaton and son David Ross of New York, are spending a delightful holiday at their summer cottage, Bay Fortune. Mrs. (Dr.) John Howie of Windsor, Ont., entertained at a luncheon party at the Charlottetown Hotel on Monday for intimate friends, to each one of whom she presented dainty gifts of remembrance. Mrs. C.H. Nelson of Boston who is stopping at her son's farm in Kintross is having a very enjoyable visit among relatives and friends. Mr. Harold S. Holbrook, Toronto, returns to his home Saturday after visiting his mother Mrs. G.H. Holbrook, Charlottetown. Mrs. Elizabeth Jones of Long Beach, California, who has been the guest of Mrs. Nelson Winchester, left Thursday on her return trip. After an absence of upwards of 30 years, Mrs. Jones enjoyed meeting her relatives and renewing old friendships. Miss Winnifred Gillan of Worcester Mass., accompanied by her three friends the Misses Hegan, have returned to Charlottetown for the week of Dr. C.H. Beer. The visitors who motored through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia before coming here thoroughly enjoyed their holiday, finding no pricier place than the Garden Province. Mrs. William Weeks of Alberton is the guest of her son, Mr. E.L. Weeks and Mrs. Weeks, Richmond Street. Mrs. J.E. Copp and Miss Helen Copp of Saint John, N.B., who are the guests of Mrs. F.H. Seller, Brighton, are being pleasantly entertained by their friends. Dr. W.P. Percival and Mrs. Percival, accompanied by their niece, Miss Winnifred Percival, have returned to Charlottetown spending several days at Stanhope. Miss Dorothy Williams of Toronto is spending several enjoyable weeks with Mr. and Mrs. W.H. V. Dumbart at Keppoch. Mr. Frank McIure, Royal Bank supervisor and Mrs. McIure of Montreal, are spending a holiday at Stanhope, Monday afternoon to join Mrs. Malcolm. Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm plan to spend the winter in the Quebec town by the sea to return to Fredericton, N.B., next year where they will make their home. Mr. Malcolm retired from the management of the local branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia on June 30th, after over half a century of service with British and Canadian banking institutions. The Misses Elizabeth and Judith Brown, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Ray Brown, of Montreal, arrived this week on a visit to their grandmother Mrs. E.R. Brown, Upper Prince Street. Mrs. Mark R. McGuigan is hostess at a prettily arranged dinner party at Davay on Thursday evening. Rev. F.H. and Mrs. Littlejohns, Westfield, N.B. are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J.R. Nelson, North River. Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Parker of Yarmouth, N.S. are the guests of Mrs. Parker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Whelan, Prince St. Mr. Marcus Calder is in the P.E. Island Hospital for medical supervision. The Misses Barbara and Janet Pappert are the guests of their aunt, Mrs. G.H. Seesay in West Saint John, N.B. Miss Claire Braham, Toronto, who has been visiting in New York, arrived this week to spend the remainder of her holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. F.D. Braham, Irving Road.

Household Scrapbook

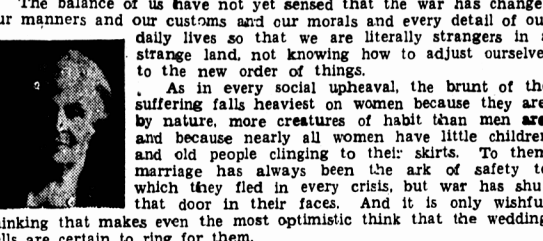
Scorched Clothes Clothing that is scorched while ironing should be immediately plunged into cold water. Allow it to stand for twenty-four hours and by that time the marks will have disappeared. Placing Beds Keep the beds out of alcoves and corners, and moved a few inches from the walls, and they will not accumulate dust so readily. Ribbons Dull-finished ribbons should be pressed on the wrong side. It will prevent shine. After an absence of eighteen years Mr. A. M. McLean of Winnipeg is visiting his sisters Mrs. (Dr.) Heath McIntyre, City, Mrs. J.W. Carruthers and Mrs. J.W. Murdoch in Montague. He is receiving a very cordial welcome. Miss Margaret McIntyre is home from Goose Bay, Labrador, on a visit to her parents Dr. and Mrs. Heath McIntyre. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, getting a taste of life at sea with the Windsor Sea Rangers Troop of which the girls are members, polished brass and scrubbed the decks of the training ship MTB 630 off Dartmouth, England. About 30 girls were aboard. The Princesses had run out to sea Tuesday in another MTB. During the cruise Princess Elizabeth took the helm and steered for a short time on a compass bearing. Tuesday the girls also visited the battleship Duke of York, Princess Elizabeth thanked Capt. A. Nichol for allowing the Sea Rangers to call their training ship, Duke of York and in return received a battleship cup and tallies. Montreal and Toronto stores are preparing for Fall sales of ladies' wear on a heavy scale. Furs accentuate a new note of elegance for formal wear—simplicity in casual styles. Voluminous parachute sleeves are gaining popularity as highlighted in a Persian broadtail model, a natural Grey Persian lamb coat with a four-flap back and a dyed silver blue mink. Another type of sleeve intended to add dignity is the balloon style, shown in models of ermine, mink, brown kid, silver and yellow silk with tucked-in yellow sweater and lime suede belt worn with a lime sports coat and a hand-tooled fawn leather purse slung over the shoulder. In general, the cloth coats were belted or fitted and several with capped sleeves. It was much too damp for our hay to make today. A fog at times hung along the streams and grey threatening clouds came down to meet the tree tops along the horizon. Sometimes a thin haze of smoke lay above the farmyards and we caught the unmistakable scent of a far forest fire. Somewhere, perhaps on the Island or more likely, from its appearance on the mainline tracks of needed forests were being ruined. "Some-thing" James remarked at dinner "has been careless with a match or a cigarette"—or a camp fire, just as likely—this time of year. Added (and was glad that the kitchen pipes had been cleaned; watching a few lazy drops of rain drip from the surface of the mill pond below the grain field. The wind came from the North by evening and James and I went to do an extra water. The men to call for jickets before they went to cut hay. The crackle of the fire and the kettle's song are pleasant now that this night, that brought with it a chill breath of the Fall, has closed in. But if today's win-

Ellen's Diary

"But perhaps Granddaddy" Jamie said thoughtfully to James, as he followed him across the back-yard this morning your eyesight might not be too good—perhaps you can only see straight ahead. At the time he was trying to invade his grandparent into leaving his work and coming with him to the barn in the hope that two sets of eyes might prove to be more discerning than one which probably had not been able to see circumspically. One of Tabby's kittens was missing from the vicinity of the cat pen, and Jamie would at once have carried out a search. But not alone. "Now where is that 'noisy' kitten?" he had asked very soon after he had stepped from the truck, when he had taken in the new familiar features of his surroundings. "I don't know," James had answered. "I looked for him this morning, when we fetched the milk from the stable." Fortunately for both gentlemen, the kitten appeared presently and Jamie, his mind relieved, was ready then to go to other pastimes. James had small time at his disposal so he hunted any game this morning. The hay wagons were being put in working order at the time. This necessitated the fashioning of a new tongue for one of them. Repairs of this nature are not so difficult to make at Alderlea as they might be on some farmsteads. You simply take the iron to the wood—if at the moment you do not possess a stick already milled—and selecting a suitable tree cut it down and have the log at the saw-mill in no time at all. So that many a time I have known of a tree that sheltered about the house or provided a place for a talkative squirrel in the morning, to be turned into lumber to make some new piece of carpentry about the house or yard, later in the day. Today the required piece, resting at the mill, was brought by truck to the yard, and there after a considerable time spent with a saw and a plane and an auger and lousy red hot iron, a presentable pole was made and set in place in readiness for the first of the hay gathering. Small discards of the new lumber, full of fragrance of the wood-land afforded the means of a delightful material for play as could be found in any boy school. It needed only in place of nails and a hammer to complete the charm of it.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

War Changed All Manners, Customs And Morals Different In Postwar New Order of Things



ALTHOUGH NO bombs were fired on our blessed country and none of our cities lie in ruins, yet the war changed the world for us, even as it did for the battle-scarred lands across the seas. It is only those who have lost their loved ones and whose sun of happiness has gone down forever, who realize that the old, lush, comfortable days are now nothing but a nostalgic memory, whose like we shall never see again. The balance of us have not yet sensed that the war has changed our manners and our customs and every detail of our daily lives so that we are literally strangers in a strange land, not knowing how to adjust ourselves to the new order of things. As in every social upheaval, the brunt of the suffering falls heaviest on women because they are, by nature, more creatures of habit than men are, and because nearly all women have little children and old people clinging to their skirts. To them marriage has always been the ark of safety to which they fled in every crisis, but war has shut that door in their faces. And it is only awful thinking that makes even the most optimistic think that the wedding bells are certain to ring for them.

Statistics show that the supply of eligible men is at its lowest ebb. Millions of women who have husbands there just aren't enough to go around. Millions of women will lose their spouses to predatory ladies who have no scruples against robbing a sister woman of her treasure. And still other millions of women will have to support husbands who are not able to work by reason of their infirmities. So now, as never before, it behooves every girl to scrap her dream of marriage as a means of livelihood. The war has changed all of that, and every little bobby-soxer should begin preparing herself to be her own real ticket, if she wishes to eat.

Before the war it was generally conceded that the place for a mother was in her own home, taking care of her children, and that she failed in her duty when she spent her time pursuing a career instead of keeping her kids out of the juvenile courts. But the war has made what was the fad of restless women a necessity. Many women with children lost their husbands in battle. And every divorce court has its list of shame of husbands and fathers who left their wives and children to starve, while they disported themselves with glamour girls.

No soldier who stood at his post and did his duty during the war was a greater hero than these women who have gone to work at any job they could get, to keep some sort of a home together, and to support their children. They have toiled like slaves because, after their hard day's work was over at factory or office, they have sat up half the night cooking their children's food, washing their clothes, patching and darning so that they might not be too much ashamed when they went to school.

O'ast la guerrel! Perhaps it cannot be helped, but the war that has brought about so many heart-breaking changes should at least bring one that is beneficial, and that is to establish hundreds and hundreds of creches and kindergarten schools, where working mothers can leave their babies, sure of their being safe and well taken care of, and community kitchens where tired and overworked women and their youngsters can have good food, well-prepared, that they have not had to cook themselves and at prices they can afford.

end weather retarded the haying the past week of it has been except for that work. Blue skies—ideal for one morning of showers; white clouds; brilliant sunshine and nice Summer breezes. "We might perhaps have commenced it earlier," Ellen James said tonight when in his armchair he took time to review the days. But how could we? For every last row of turnips had to be left free of weeds and every acre of the seed potatoes sown here and at Rob's camp and hilled before the men could begin the joy of the haying with easy minds. I listened to the song of the mowers yesterday, as the first of it fell in the field across the creek—the field which lies beside the windmill ribbon of road and which holds the spring where in the wild crop machines in abundance. I heard the machines with a bit of regret know-

Living & Leisure —THE WOMAN'S REALM—

ME AND A BOY Boy, are you have wandered far You will find, of men, there are Two distinctive types and each One will say: 'Twon't change your lot. Whether you are true or not; That it is by luck or chance Men to seek of trust advance, And 'tis folly to do more Than the task you've bargained for. Next, the other type will tell, Triumph comes by doing well; To the place with larger pay, Honour surely points the way; Glory never crowns the shirker, Men's esteem is won by work; Debt is something to be paid; Kept must be each promise made; Never more if you they'll ask If you fall the lesser task. Boy, which type of men to trust, Very shortly, choose you must. —Edgar Guest.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE For an invitation to open home or to an informal tea to meet a guest, it is correct to write the invitation on the face of your visiting card. The same is true for luncheons, informal dances, bridge or picnics.

BETTER ENGLISH D. C. Williams 1. What is wrong with this sentence? "He went, irregardless of consequence." 2. What is the correct pronunciation of "comparable"? 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Budha, bugaboo, burascary. 4. What does the word "mediate" mean? 5. What is a word beginning with "re" that means "to restore" a former capacity?

COOK'S CORNER Blueberry and Rhubarb Jam Two quarts blueberries, 2 cups rhubarb juice, 4 cups sugar. 4 1/2 cups water, use 1 quart rhubarb, washed and cut in 1-inch pieces. Add 1 cup water. Cook 10 minutes—press through a sieve. Add the cleaned blueberries and cook 10 minutes. Add sugar and cook 10 minutes. Pour into hot sterilized jars, cool and seal. Yield: about 2 1/2 pints.

GOOSEBERRY JAM 2 quarts gooseberries 1 1/3 cups water 4 1/2 cups sugar. Glimmer the fruit and water for 10 minutes. Add sugar and cook for about 1/2 hour. Pour into hot sterilized jars. Yield: Approximately 3 1/2 pints. This jam is quite thin when hot but it thickens considerably when it cools. If desired, one-half cup honey or corn syrup may be added to the recipe if it is too tart for your taste.

BLACK CURRANT JAM 2 quarts black currants 1 1/3 cups water 4 1/2 cups sugar. Top and tail black currants. Summer the fruit and water for 10 minutes. Add sugar and honey and cook about 15 minutes or until thick. Pour into hot sterilized jars and when cool, seal with paraffin. Yield: 3 1/2 pints. This makes a thick, jelly like jam.

GOOSEBERRY RELISH 2 cups gooseberries 1/2 cup water 3 cups sugar 1/2 cup vinegar. Wash and remove stems and blossom end from gooseberries. Add other ingredients. Cook until thick and clear. Pour into sterilized glasses. Seal while hot.

RED CURRANT BAR-LE-DUS 4 cups red currants 1/2 cup water 3 cups sugar 1/2 cup vinegar. Wash and stem the currants before measuring. Put water and currants in a preserving kettle and bring to the boil. Add 1 cup of sugar and boil 10 minutes. Add the remainder of the sugar and boil 1/2 hour. Cloves or mixed spices may be tied in a gauze bag and boiled with the currants, if desired. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal when cold.

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AN EYE FOR AN EYE In ancient Egypt, if a man lost his life or an eye as a result of an operation, the surgeon's hand was cut off in retaliation. The Egyptians brewed beer from barley as early as 3,000 B.C.

JUST NAGGED The aggressive wife of a meek little man was hauling her husband over the coals for having made a fool of himself when a companion called. He sat in dejected silence some "And don't sit there," she shouted, "making this at me in your pocket either."



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