

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

Happenings of The Week

His Excellency, the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada, and H.R.H. the Princess Alice will arrive in Vancouver on Thursday, May 10. That afternoon the vice-regal party will attend the spring convocation at the University of British Columbia when His Excellency will receive an honorary LL.D. degree. In the evening the party will travel to Victoria where they will be guests at Government House for four days, returning to Vancouver on May 14. They will remain there two days before proceeding east.

America generally knows very little of Mrs. Truman. During the last presidential campaign the country looked with interest on Republican candidates' wives as possible first ladies, but most people forgot to look at Mrs. Truman until after her husband's selection as Democratic vice-presidential candidate. Then they saw a grey-haired woman, shorter and plumper than Mrs. Roosevelt, with the untidy hair of a woman in the swarm of reporters and cameramen who besieged her box. People from Missouri call the new first lady a "folky person"—cordial, unaffected and possessed of an air of dignity. Most of her comments centre around her husband's duties. She dresses generally in simple tailored clothes. In cool weather she often wears grey or dark suits with simple white blouses and brimmed hats of the sailor type. In summer she likes printed or dotted crepes with white accents and white shoes.

Quite a number of overseas war brides arrived last evening and were cordially welcomed by relatives from different sections of the Province. The strangers were met at Sackville by Mrs. E. H. Stubbs, 21 Campbell Street, for a social hour in honor of Mrs. (Rev.) R. D. MacLean, prior to her departure for the United States. Mrs. MacLean's leave-taking, and voiced appreciation of her loyalty and value to the choir. He also wished her every happiness and success in her new home. A presentation from the choir then was made to Mrs. MacLean by Mrs. L. H. Stubbs, and Mrs. MacLean replied fittingly, thanking all and expressing her regret at leaving. A delicious luncheon was served before the gathering dispersed. Rev. Mr. MacLean and other friends of the choir also were present.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fittler of Moncton have received the reassuring news that their son, Warrant Officer Brian Fittler, R.C.A.F., who has been a prisoner of war in Germany since April, 1942, is now safe in England.

Mrs. H. R. Hillson left Thursday on a visit to friends in Boston, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bosden.

Mrs. T.H.B. Somers left Wednesday on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Walls in Toronto.

Her friends very much regret the illness of Miss Florence Fraser who underwent an operation at the P.E.I. Hospital earlier in the week and is now resting comfortably.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Ayers left Thursday by plane on a month's holiday visit to members of their family in Montreal and Toronto.

Mrs. James Paton is to represent the Nova Scotia Chapter I.O.O.F. at their national assembly to be held in Regina where Mrs. Paton is now residing.

Mrs. Frank Chouvin who has been visiting her parents, Chief Justice and Mrs. A. Matheson, returned to Montreal by plane Thursday. It is pleasing that Mrs. Matheson's health is much improved.

Lieut. and Mrs. A. J. Peppin left Friday morning for Nova Scotia on holiday with Lieut. Peppin's parents Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Peppin, 99 Upper Prince Street.

Princess Elizabeth is getting grimy hands learning to change tires, clean spark plugs and grease and maintain automobiles. A stranger to the steering wheel when she arrived at the training centre to join 1,000 other girls, the Princess now drives a truck, an army staff car and a field ambulance. She has had a terrific time over highways jammed with traffic.

After a pleasant winter in the city, Mrs. (Dr.) V. L. Goodwill has reopened her hospitable home 84 York Street.

In a three-minute broadcast the Duke and Duchess of Windsor said farewell to the people of the Bahamas but assured them "you have not seen the last of us." The Duke, who resigned the government of the island colony on March 15, described their departure as "the closing of an interesting and happy chapter of our lives." It was a chapter saddened only, he said, by the knowledge of

R.C.A.F. Officers Wives Entertain

With much interest being shown and with an excellent attendance Mrs. D. G. Price, Villa Avenue, and sponsored by the officers' wives R.C.A.F. proved most successful. Mrs. Price, wife of Group Captain D. G. Price, and Mrs. F. Wright, Morrow welcomed the many guests. Presiding at the table, attractively appointed with lace cloth, ivory tapers and yellow Queen Elizabeth roses, were Mrs. W. J. F. MacMillan, representing the Red Cross Association, and Nursing Sister (F.O.) Corrine Lessard, matron in charge of the hospital at the Air Navigation with pink and yellow snapdragon with pink and yellow snapdragon. The guests were served by Messrs. R. Morris, K. Thomas, R. Hunt, Dobson, R. Williams, R. Trenholm, R. John Smith, Farquharson and Meagher. Mrs. K. P. Fleming was in charge of the very graciously asked. Others who were present were Mrs. James Phair, Holway, Baker and Mrs. McLean. Proceeds from this tea are being donated to charitable organizations in Charlottetown.

MORNING SMILE

Soliloquist: "I suppose your wife was very annoyed?" Husband: "I can't say she was very annoyed. But she threw a silver ten plate and a number of cups and saucers."—Report from North London court.

WORSE AND WORSE!

From the moment she had started school till years later, when a sigh of relief she heard his doors close behind her, Emma Sheepbank had suffered under her ridiculous name. The poor girl had writhed under her disadvantage, and lived for only the day when some man would marry her and change it.

MODERN ETIQUETTE

By Roberta Lee

Q. What is the meaning of maedoinne and how is it pronounced?

A. It is a mixture of cut or small cooked vegetables, served as a salad or cocktail, or in a jellied broth until tender. Then season and garnish. Pronounce maed-own, first a as in at, second a as in ate, third a as in ah, principal accent on last syllable.

Q. How can I make good celery soup?

A. Take one cup of chopped celery and boil in one quart of beef broth until tender. Then season and serve with crackers.

Q. How can I clean tapestry?

A. Dust and dirt can be removed from tapestry furniture by rubbing with hot bran.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAPER BOOK

By Roberta Lee

Jars

Old butter and lard jars can be sweetened by filling them with very hot lime water and leaving until they are cold. The jars will be as sweet as when new.

Fried Potatoes

By sprinkling a small quantity of flour on the potatoes before trying them it will give them a delicious flavor and make them a rich golden brown.

Chamois Skin

After washing a chamois skin in soap and water do not rinse it and it will remain soft and pliable.

BETTER ENGLISH

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "James secured the position through Mr. Smith's pull."

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

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Sweden, Scandinavia, Schmetz, Schmetz.

Wedding Bells



(Kingston Whig Standard, April 11)

The marriage of Lieut. Nursing Sister Frances Anne Ellen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hattis, 412 Albert Street, to Lieut. Archibald Frederick Johnston, R.C.S., son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Johnston of Murray River, P. E. I., took place on Tuesday, Feb. 20 in St. Nicholas Church, Taplow, England. The Bishop of Buckingham officiated. The bride, who was given in marriage by Col. C. Watson of Victoria, B. C., wore her blue uniform and carried a white prayer book and white carnations. The bridegroom wore a smart blue wool dress, a camel hair coat and black accessories. Guests present for the wedding included Major F. Fawcetter of Kingston, Mrs. Robert Bowran, Wales, Mrs. Allan Clark, Mrs. Barbara Collingson, Lieut. Douglas Sutherland, Capt. F. Goldring of London and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Twist of Taplow.

Dorothy Dix Says—

MAKING OVER A MAN Creative Impulse Prompts Woman To Try Altering Hubby

Women's creative impulse that impels them to rip up a new dress and hat and change the wallpaper in every house into which they move, also extends to husbands. Conceding that there is no such animal as a perfect husband, if there were, no woman would have him on a bet, for the chief pleasure that brides look forward to in marriage is in altering their husbands to their taste.

Perhaps this explains what is otherwise a mystery, and that is why drunkards and gamblers, Mrs. Johnston was attended by Lieut. Nursing Sister Mary Chipman, who also wore her blue uniform. She carried a bouquet of yellow spring flowers. Capt. John Rintoul, R.C.S., of Toronto, was best man. Following the ceremony a reception was held in the Nursing Sisters' mess, Taplow Lodge. Later the bride and groom left for London and Babbacombe, South Devon, the bride travelling in the fluffiest ruffles to take something off of it, or putting something on it, or that she didn't know more about building a house than any architect.

Nor, though you spoke with the tongue of men and of angels, could you make her see that she isn't doing her husband an inestimable favor by making him over. She is so sure of it that she is self-righteous about it and boasts of how she has broken him of drinking coffee, and eating highly seasoned foods, and going hunting, and of bringing his old friends home to dinner.

It never occurs to the wife engaged in the pleasurable pastime of changing her husband nearer to her heart's desire that being made over is a painful process that probably no man ever really forgives his wife for performing on him. For when she does that she deals a death blow to his vanity and kills his self-confidence, and when they are gone, there is nothing left in life for him.

No man marries to get a critic. He marries to get a clique who will always be giving him the glad hand. And that is what causes making over a husband to be the most dangerous business in which any wife ever engages.

No Happiness in the Home When Mother Is Sick

The tired, worn out mother cannot make a happy home if she is sick and worried by the never ending household duties.

She gets run down and becomes nervous and irritable, downhearted and discouraged, can't rest at night, and gets up in the morning feeling as tired as when she went to bed. Women suffering in this way find in Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills a remedy with which to help recuperate their health, build up the nervous system, and assist them back to health—happiness again.

Price 50c a box, 95 pills, at all drug counters. Look for our trade mark a "Red Heart" on the package. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

The gulls Jeanie saw yesterday perched among the evergreens along the river below the mill. Missus have been the very ones that brought the rain. For there it was, streaming down the window this morning. Brrrr, too cool of yesterday's chill and greyness. Not so heavy a rain, I found, when I went out doors to my, as yet, light duties. When I carried the pail to drink to the oldest calf—presently, to be graduated to pleasant pastures; or when I went to several other only inconsequential duties, all working together to make a smooth routine. It was while I was about these chores, I remembered the honeysuckle vine. When it is raining and sort of dreary then thoughts of pleasant things like the fragrance of flowers with honeybees dipping deep among the petals for nectar, makes lowering skies brighter. I had almost forgotten that vine. The one I planted last Spring in a corner by the set-in-room window, while James with the change of wrenches on me, had worked diligently with slight repairing and oiling the gang-plow, setting it to rights for the spring. It was a very nice vine, one of the recent, damp days, when I was busy at the cleaning with Judy and had really noticed it. It was that day he also moved the banking from both of the houses at Alderlea. I upbraided myself, this morning, for my neglect. It was like turning up based on a delightful new friendship which through the years could have brought only the best in interests and happiness to me. The honeysuckle, small yet, is budged hopefully and carries an interesting picture of green fields, clover, yawning in pastures of blue grass, rambling white houses, country Squires and "cuddled" folk in that picture of green fields, clover, its still unfolded leaves.

Funny, but early this morning out in the rain I should have liked above everything to have gone to the poultry-house to search for and gather the hen's eggs. Not that Jeanie would have minded. Habits of years are hard to break. To me or "mine" just to find a nice-green egg, beats duty any day in the spring-mornings was in the nature of uncovering a golden treasure. But as James said in the picture of green fields, clover, in spite of my gravity: "Your duck-egg-time is over" meaning only that I am not always subtle. I can appreciate, if only fleetingly why do we, as I say, like to have such a regularity in the world is full and brimming over with other good interests to entertain mind and hand—and that is the best age. The bread had set last night claimed my attention. I was a bit chagrined then when Judy drew my attention to the very last bottle of strawberry preserve was opened in honor of several of these, on a bitter day, that needed the recalling of bird-song and clover. 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