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

Happenings of The Week

Princess Elizabeth on Monday reviewed 8,000 Sea, Land and Air Rangers in the open spaces of London's Hyde Park. Before the march past of the blue-uniformed girls, the Princess extended her best wishes to all Rangers of the British Empire represented at the parade. Wearing the uniform of a commodore of the Sea Rangers, Princess Elizabeth was accompanied by her sister, Princess Margaret Rose, also in Sea Rangers' uniform. Drawn up in column facing the Serpentine, the girls in their white, grey and blue shirts made a striking picture against the background of the park. Princess Elizabeth inspected a guard of honor of picked Rangers after which she and her sister took part in a drumhead service.

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Viscountess Alexander won all hearts with her captivating, ready smile and charm of manner as she greeted Montrealers presented to her at the City Hall Tuesday morning. Of slightly above medium height ,the wife of Canada's Governor-General is much more youthful looking and more slender than she appears in her pictures. She seemed delighted with the beautiful bouquet of orchids presented to her by Mrs. Camillien Houde, which set off the smart, light navy ensemble she wore. Her Excellency's hat is obviously a favorite style of hers, since she has been photographed in a similar model in another shade; but Tuesday her topper of modified halo type with clusters of flowers over the ears matched her coat, which showed the new capelet effect so good in fashion. At her neckline was a jewelled brooch and a lapel pin ornamented her coat. She wears her dark brown hair waved softly back from her face and favors little makeup.

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Hon. John A. Mathieson, former Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Prince Edward Island, quietly celebrated his 83rd birthday on Sunday with his family.

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Mrs. Alan Cosh, Jr., entertained at luncheon and bridge on Saturday last at the Charlottetown for several of her young friends.

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Lieutenant Alan B. Cosh, R.C.N. is expected on Saturday to spend his leave with his wife and parents, after taking part in the extensive "Good Will" cruise of H. M. C. S. Uganda in South America.

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Rev. T. H. B. Somers and Mrs. Somers left by plane Monday to attend the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Toronto and then continue their holiday in the Queen City for the month of June.

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Home friends will be glad to know that Mr. William A. Reddin, Barrister, of Halifax, is making satisfactory recovery from a recent operation in the Halifax Infirmary.

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Mrs. (Dr.) H. H. Shaw is leaving this morning on a holiday visit to her daughter Mrs. K. Franklin and Mr. Franklin in Montreal.

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Mrs. A. H. Mould is being welcomed home from Toronto much improved in health.

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Mrs. John Reay, Provincial Commissioner of the P. E. I. Girl Guides Association left this morning for Toronto to attend the annual meeting of the Canadian Girl Guides Association. While in Toronto Mrs. Reay will attend a reception given by Mrs. Matthews, wife of the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, also a banquet given by the Dominion Guide Executive, both in honour of Lady Baden-Powell. Lady Baden-Powell who is making a tour of Canada expects to visit this province July 3rd and 4th. Guides and Brownies, Scouts and Cubs are eagerly looking forward to seeing the Chief Guide of the world.

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Mrs. P. L. Tod, of Montreal, has announced the engagement of her daughter, Joan Arnoldi, to Mr. James Edward Hyndman, son of Hon. J. D. Hyndman and Mrs. Hyndman of Rockcliffe Park. The marriage will take place the latter part of June.

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Mrs. Holsey Hooper was in Wolfville, N. S., this week attending the graduation of her daughter Miss Nora Jean who received her B. A. degree at Acadia.

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Col. L. W. Lowther, Mrs. Lowther and Mrs. Davies were among the visitors motoring over for the Acadia University closing, when their son Louis, received his B. Sc. degree.

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Mrs. Ernest W. Beer has gone on a visit to relatives in Boston and other American centres.

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Mrs. Ross McEwen spent a pleasant week-end in Berwick, N. S., with her brother, Mr. Fred Nash and Mrs. Nash.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Courtney Harper of Toronto are visiting the latter's sister Mrs. B. C. Prowse. Mr. Harper is the youngest son of the late Rev. Henry Harper who was rector of Port Hill for over thirty years. It is Mr. Harper's first visit to his native Province in nineteen years and he is being most cordially welcomed.

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The Governor General and Viscountess Alexander have graciously signified their intention to be present at the reception given by the wives of the Cabinet Ministers in the House of Commons from 6 to 8 o'clock on May 29. Invitations have been sent to members of the Privy Council, Senate, House of Commons and Diplomatic Corps, and their wives and daughters.

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The home of Mr. and Mrs. James Power, 228 Grafton Street, was the scene of a happy gathering Tuesday evening when Mrs. Wendal J. McPherson and Mrs. Louis Taylor were joint hostesses at a miscellaneous shower for Miss Isabelle MacInnis, a popular young bride to be. The useful and pretty gifts were accompanied by verses of happiest good wishes. The evening was passed in social intercourse ending with a toothsome buffet supper at a late hour.

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Mrs. A. A. Leaman had a delightful afternoon bridge for friends at her home last Saturday.

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Mrs. Gordon Starratt, and young daughter are the guests of Mrs. Starratt's mother, Mrs. J. L. Brown in Amherst, until they can find living accommodations in Halifax to which city Mr. Starratt has been transferred as assistant manager of the Maintenance Department M. T. and T. Co.

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Mrs. Geo. W. H. Beers, who met with a painful accident while attending to her household duties last week, is a patient in the Prince Edward Island Hospital. Her many friends wish Mrs. Beers a speedy recovery.

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Mrs. W. E. Palmer, of Summerside, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. Watson MacNaught, and Mr. MacNaught, M. P., for Prince, P. E. I., in Ottawa.

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Miss Martha Lavigne of Bathurst, N. B., was an out of town guest at the Hynes—Lavigne wedding which took place Wednesday morning at St. Dunstan's Basilica.

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There was a time when Britishers would have been jolted at sight of a Prime Minister's wife standing in line at a vegetable stand or a butcher shop for her turn at onions or mutton chops. Such a thing had never happened, in the memory of older Britons, until Mrs. Clement Attlee took up housekeeping at 10 Downing Street, London, Delos W. Lovelace writes in The New York Sun. Instead of a flock of servants to keep the seventy room house spick and span, the Attlees fitted up an apartment on the top floor and three servants are enough. The four Attlee children, three daughters and a son, have gone career chasing, the third daughter being in boarding school. The only other regular occupants of the apartment are Tag, an old Welsh terrier and a black kitten.

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Clement Attlee was in his late thirties when he met Violet Helen Miller while vacationing in Italy in 1921. They were married the following year and settled down to housekeeping at Woodford Green, near London. Attlee was then private secretary to Ramsay MacDonald, at a salary of nothing a year, and the $2,000 annual pay of a member of Parliament meant scrimping. Mrs. Attlee was a good manager and they got along famously. During the war years they lived in a larger, more comfortable Victorian home a few miles outside of London. From there Mrs. Attlee went about her numerous war activities, did her shopping by bicycle. Last summer, when the day came for Clement Attlee to take his oath as Prime Minister, his wife drove him in their small car to Buckingham Palace. It was done without ostentation or display. On London stretes the populace was slow to recognize the slim, attractive, vivacious but unaffected woman who window shopped with them.

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She finds plenty to do nowadays. There is always a heavy correspondence to maintain. Distinguished visitors must be entertained, speeches must be prepared for the scores of special occasions that are constantly requiring the appearance of public figures. Not long ago she made her first broadcast. She admitted she was terrified. The limelight doesn't interest her.

BEAUTIFUL LINENS

DESIGN NO. 774

These attractive designs are embroidered on pillow cases or towels. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 774 contains six motifs measuring about 3¼ by 16 inches each with complete instructions.

To order Pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or Postal Scrip to Needlework Bureau The Charlottetown Guardian.

Design No. 774

Name

Street Address

City Province

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Once more the hush and peace of a Saturday night has come to Alderlea. This is one of those pleasant nights, when our week-day cares ended as the twilight enclosed us. Then a farm-cart containing the tools for the fencing was backed into the shelter of a shed "for Sunday"; last armfuls of bedding had been carried to the animals and every chore put in order for the morrow. Now James visits leisurely with Mr. C. in the kitchen. Mr C. has been so busy with the sawing at the mill he has neglected us of late So the time that has gone by since his last visit, remains to be bridged. They talk of the farm-work; the fencing and "we've a few days of it yet" James said. The sawing and "we're on the home stretch of it now" Mr. C. remarked with obvious relief. The sawing entails much labor. They mention "the backward Spring" and they "heard there's been grain and turnips sown already" We lunched, and I left them to continue their chatting and their words occasionally drift to me here. "Pretty busy" I can hear James say.

• • •

James was extremely busy today. This morning early, came the trip to the city for "that extra" and when I had contrived to have "my house" in order and maintained an air that promised no loitering at my shopping, I was allowed to accompany him thither. The ride was pleasant. The morning was so clear and sunlit and the country beginning to don a fetching robe. Red band green, the red of the broken fields and the green of the meadowlands and evergreens. I fancied that James urged the car to an increased speed when he caught sight of any farmer on the land. For a few had commenced their cropping. One farmer harrowed his ground; another spread lime and James nodded his approval one with a steady team plowed long straight furrows and the fresh red gleamed brightly in the sun. "Remember now, Ellen—no longer than an hour!" James said, slipping me a piece or two of money at the parting of the ways. Time, then was my scarcest factor today My purchases, from memory —having forgotten my list in my hurried getting-off — were made quickly and if I loitered a minute to pursue a favorite and delightful pastime; window shoping, the honk of some car horn at once quickened my stop and to glimpse a leather-coated gent, in the distance bearing in my direction lent wings as well. And then when I had come breathless to our machine, to be joined some minutes later by the others of my liege lord's ribs, he with that peculiar licence which seems only to favor the male element as to time, made a familiar clutch at one of his pockets. "I guess Ellen" he said "I'll have to run in that store on the corner for a minute —I'm clean out of tobacco."

• • •

Afternoon, the fencing at the other farm claimed my male's attention and I was left to my own concerns. The sun which had shone so brilliatly all morning was hidden now, behind lowering clouds and the peculiar stillness presaging the coming of rain held the surroundings. This is one of my favorite weathers and I came out of doors to work about the lawn, so that I might the better enjoy it. A soft zephyr from a south wind barely stirred the trees at the time; swallows swooped low and echoes came back hollowly, the rumble of a truck out on the highway; a train; the plaint of a cow at the pasture gate; Pard's challenge to a fisher on the dam. But only vagrant drops fell though James thinks "tomorrow'll be wet" And he and Mr. C. continue their conversation while the week prepares to go—a week crowded with our Spring doings. "We got a lot of things done" I overheard James say of it to Mr. C. The "passels" of seed-potatoes were duly treated and "I firmly believe" James encouraged Mr. C. this evening "for any potato grower it is time well spent." The grain seed-cleaning was also taken care of, this season at a modern plant and the old blue fanners for the first Spring in years are idle in a corner of a barn. And so with some regrets, remembering back through the years, a new era was ushered in at Alderlea— The ewes have been driven to their permanent pasture. One day when Jamie had come with the others to dinner from the fields, and as he described it later to his mother who had not been an eye witness "we drove the whole raft of them" back to the stump field. I watched the interesting procession leave, the mother of Jamie's black lamb smartly leading the way.

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Wild geese flew over leaving us strange lonely calls, taking their "certain flight" from "zone to zone" on a pleasant evening when Jeanie and I transplanted hollyhocks to make a Summer row of colors for us. "Do you really like hollyhocks?" Polly inquired in amusement. And who does not admire a row of prim hollyhocks in colorful frocks nodding shyly beside a picket fence in any old or new-fashioned garden? Polly, capable lass that she is, left Alderlea to take a more attractive position and I missed her in many places. And again James and I "jog along" together—just the twain of us. The "merry month of May" brings changes not only in the appearance of the countryside but ones which give a measure of concern to some farm homes as well. Some who are laid aside for the time from their usual activities, we remember in the quiet of tonight. And if perhaps in a strange room away from loved ones, notwithstanding the best of care, they long for the dear and familiar sounds and sights of home; the whisper of the wind in the lawn trees; the lights in the neighboring farm houses; a star above a hill, we recall a verse to point out that none walks his or her way alone. Another "bends back" life's briers for us, and,

"Because I never knew Your care to tire,
Your hand to weary guiding me aright,
Because You walk before and brush the briar
It does not pierce my feet so much tonight."

Until tomorrow . . . Diary . . . Good-night. . . .

Dorothy Dix Says—

Dread of Lonliness

World's Most Tragic Souls Are Friendless And Lonely People

Among the most pathetic people in the world are the lonely, tragic souls who have no magic that attracts others to them, no gift for making friends; who, in a crowd, are as alone as if they were stranded on a desert island, and who go through life hungering and thirsting for the companionship and understanding that they never get.

It is doubtful if any other class of unfortunates suffer more than they do, yet they make no appeal to the sympathies of their fellow creatures, and it is rare that anybody ever holds out a helping hand to them. If they were starving, we would feed them. If they were naked, we would clothe them. If they were sick, we would send them to hospitals. But we never think of trying to succor those who are well and hearty and have money in the bank, and whose needs are of the spirit instead of the body.

LEND A GLAD HAND

Yet all about us there are men and women who are just as hungry for a little friendliness as a pauper could be for food and at whose every source of happiness loneliness gnaws as a cancer might at a vital organ. But while we know what ails them and the remedy for it, we are too dumb, or too selfish to apply it. We organize no Visit The Lonely campaigns.

We do not think of loneliness being the cause of more misery than probably any other one thing, but it is. We can bear whatever fate life sends us, no matter how full of grief it is, as long as we have someone to share it with us, someone who will mingle their tears with ours. It is when we weep alone, when no one knows or cares what happens to us that we drink our bitter cup to the dregs.

It is loneliness trat wrecks so many marriages. Husbands and wives who make no effort to keep close together and have any sort of companionship are the ones who fill the divorce court. Poverty, hard work, privations, the struggle to live, do not matter so long as they are chums. It is only when each goes a solitary way that love dies because it has nothing to live on.

The thing we all dread about old age more than anything else is the loneliness of it. That is the curse of it. The time when we have lost our looks and our allure, when our faculties fail, and when we are the forgotten people unless we throw in a bonus in the shape of parties if we expect to be still invited about.

And the lonely old maids and old bachelors, with no one even to quarrel with, or to note their comings and goings, or even care if they ever come back at all. And the lonely girls who never have dates, or boys to make love to them. And the poor, desolate, lonely children who never know a father's love or a mother's tenderness, or who are aliens even in their own families. How many there are of them!

And how failing in common humanity we are not to do something to bring sunshine into these darkened lives. Why not put some friendship and cordiality into our dealings with those with whom we are brought in daily contact? Why not call on the new woman who has moved into our neighborhood and who feels as if she was a stranger in a strange land? Why not go often to see the old couple whose children have married and gone and whose friends have dropped them because they have gotten boring and tiresome? Why not give a party for the pretty girl whose mother does not know how to launch her?

We would not turn a starving beggar away from our doors Why should we be less generous to those who are hungry for companionship?

Morning Smile

A lawyer was examining the witness:

"You say you had no education," he said sharply, "but you manage to answer my questions smartly enough."

"Well," answered the witness calmly, "you don't have to be a scholar to answer silly questions."

NECESSARY

A chipper young lieutenant with an eye to the future approached a notoriously grouchy brigadier-general at his club in London one day.

"Good morning, General," he saluted ingratiatingly.

"Garumpff," responded the general.

"Lovely day, isn't it?"

"Garumpff."

"General, I trust you will pardon me for speaking of such a personal matter, but I read in the papers that you buried your wife yesterday, and I want to extend my sympathy."

The general adjusted his monocle and stared at the young man for a moment. "Oh, yes—yes," he replied. "I buried my wife . . . Had to—dead, y'know."

How Can I ! ! !

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I prevent a partly filled bottle of grape juice from fermenting?

A. It will not ferment if the bottle is laid on its side, or turned upwise down. This covers the cork with the liquid so that it will expand, and no air can enter to cause fermentation.

Q. What is a good substitute for soap, when a woman is traveling?

A. It is often more convenient for a woman traveler to carry a tube of shaving cream, which will prove just as serviceable as soap.

Q. How can I prevent butter from absorbing odors from other foods in the ice box?

A. The butter will not absorb these odors if carefully covered. That is all necessary.

Cook's Corner

FEATHERY CUP CAKES

These light-as-a-feather cakelets have a loose, open and white crumb —delicious flavor — smooth, shiny tops. They are delicious.

1½ cups once-sifted cake flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
½ cup corn syrup
1 egg, well beaten
½ cup milk
¾ teaspoon vanilla

Measure and sift together twice, the flour, baking powder and salt.

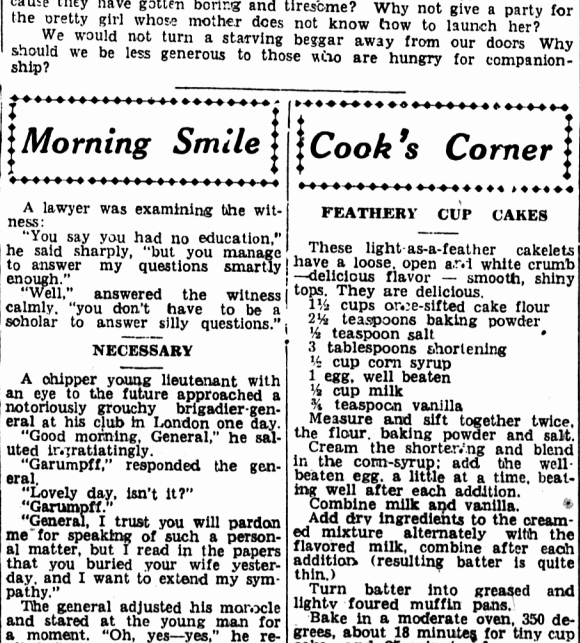
Cream the shortening and blend in the corn-syrup; add the well-beaten egg, a little at a time, beating well after each addition.

Combine milk and vanilla.

Add dry ingredients to the creamed mixture alternately with the flavored milk, combine after each addition (resulting batter is quite thin.)

Turn batter into greased and lightly foured muffin pans.

Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, about 18 minutes for tiny cup cakes and 25 minutes for average-sized cup cakes.



Living & Leisure

—THE WOMAN'S REALM—

PRAYER

I do not ask the load made light
Nor shortened pathways long.
I only make my prayer at night:
The day shall find me strong.

I only ask the Lord for strength
The tasks I face to bear;
To go the miles required, full-length,
And triumph over care.

I would not at the pane recline
And watch the morning through.
I only pray that strength be mine
For all that I should do.

Edgar A. Guest.

PAINTED WALLS

A splendid cleanser for painted walls is made at home by combining 2 ounces of borax and 1 teaspoon ammonia with 2 quarts of water. No soap will be required. Apply with a soft cloth and wipe dry with a soft dry cloth.

A nylon plant is planned for Australia with the help of Canadian technical resources and skilled man power.

Drilling for oil will soon be resumed in north Cebu in the Philippines; pre-war uncompleted drilling gave encouraging indications of oil.

Some 226 Indian languages were spoken in America north of the Mexican line when whites first mixed with the natives; about 30 of those in the southeast are now exinct.

German chemists during the war devised novel methods for extraction and conservation of vanadium; this metal was used by them as an alloy in steel to offset shortages of tungsten and molybdenium.

Snow-free, ice-free sidewalks in front of motion picture theatres exist in two cases in an Ohio city; heating pipes under the sidewalks connected with the theatre furnaces are responsible.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "His exit from St. Paul was unexpected."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "abstemious"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Batallion, barbarism, basinet.
4. What does the word "skepticism" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with ext that means "not essential; foreign"?

ANSWERS

1. Say "His departure," when from a place. Exit means departure of a player from the stage; also, a way of departure. 2. Pronounce the e as in steam, not as in stem; accent second syllable. 3. Battalion. 4. A doubting state of mind. "Reasoned skepticism is the greatest enemy of superstition." 5. Extraneous.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When eating in a restaurant where small butter pats are used, is it correct to lodge a long knife against the pat when not in use?

A. No.

Q. What does "good taste in dress" really mean?

A. It means plain and simple styles, but having the material as good, serviceable, and pleasing as one's purse permits.

Q. Is it proper for a girl to send cut flowers to a young man on his birthday?

A. No.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Soap Jelly

A good soap jelly can be made from the scraps of soap around the house. Dissolve these small pieces of soap in just enough water to cover them. Add one teaspoonful of borax for each pint of the mixture

Patty Shells

Prepare the patty shells ahead of time and when needed warm them in the oven. The shells should not be filled until just before they are ready to be served, or the crusts will soften.

Scouring

For scouring purposes, try using a large cork. Dip one end of the cork in the cleanser and rub briskly over the soiled surface to be cleaned.

Needlecraft

—FOR THE HOME—

EASY TO MAKE

There are only three pieces in this pattern, so nothing could be easier to make than this little dress. Front and back are each cut in one piece, and the waistline can be tucked or gathered as you prefer. Choice of two necklines.

No. 2812 is cut in sies 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch for either neckline; and 1½ yards ruffling for U-neck.

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.

Charlottetown Guardian.
Pattern No. 2812

Name

Street Address

City Province

HELP SPREAD THE GOOD NEWS!

KING COLE COFFEE
in the Vacuum Pack!

Yes, coffee lovers, the Good News is true! King Cole Coffee is once more available at your Grocer's in the VACUUM TIN that shuts out air, seals in delicious flavor and cheery fragrance for your enjoyment . . .

Really fresh coffee's here again!

KING COLE in the VACUUM TIN

Fine and Regular Grinds