

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

Happenings of the Week

Mrs. John Bracken, wife of the new leader of the Progressive Conservative party, Saturday prepared to transfer her work for the boys overseas from Winnipeg to Ottawa. Mrs. Bracken, a native of Guelph, frankly admitted her regret at the prospect of leaving the West. "I want to find something to do for the boys overseas," said Mrs. Bracken, who has two sons in the fighting forces. "I want to do whatever work is possible." With all her experience to club work Mrs. Bracken told newspapermen she had never made a political speech in her life. "I hope they will want my assistance in the East," she said of her work with the boys overseas. When Mr. and Mrs. Bracken will leave for the East is uncertain, but ultimately they will have to make a new home for themselves in Ottawa. Mrs. Bracken said she had heard it was difficult to get houses and Ottawa Press Gallery members assured her that "difficult" was a mild word to use. She smiled and said Mr. Bracken would have to worry about it also as he was the member of the family responsible for making them move from the modest White House on a quiet Winnipeg street where they lived with their children, their books and a vicious Pekinese dog who barked about the house as important as a prime minister in his own right.

The Viscountess Byng of Vinny has arrived at Ottawa to stay at Government House. Her friends are delighted to hear that Mrs. (Dr.) F. W. Richardson is making a good recovery in Los Angeles, Calif., from her recent illness and her family are looking forward to her return home early in January. Miss Dorothy Williams, formerly of Charlottetown, is at a charming Christmas tea for her friends last week at the Round Room, Eaton's, College Street, Toronto.

Mrs. Cookson, Miss Ethel Hodgson and Miss Isabelle Jamieson were in Charlottetown last week to attend the marriage of their niece Miss Nora Gordon Jamieson to Mr. James Gordon Kenna in Halifax on December 29th. The Duchess of Windsor started her Christmas shopping in Palm Beach, Florida, last week, while the Duke rested. Accompanied by Grace Amey, the Duchess went on a buying trip along Worth Avenue. Miss Amey is the step-daughter of Herbert Pulitzer, the couple's host during their stay. The Windsors flew to the United States for a brief visit, during which the Duke plans to rest from his recent exhausting work of preparing a rehabilitation program for the Bahama Islands, of which he is Governor. The Duchess said she would buy Christmas items for the soldiers' canteen at Nassau.

Flying Officer Derek Hogan of Halifax is spending a week with his brother, Mr. Arthur Hogan and Mrs. Hogan, 11 Green Street. Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Hardie are leaving this morning for Montreal where they will spend the Christmas and New Year holidays with Mrs. Hardie's mother, Mrs. D. C. Drysdale. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Anderson of Saint John, N. B., are arriving tonight to spend the holiday season with Mrs. Anderson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Belcher, Brighton Road.

Miss Helene Colwell and Miss Norah Hooper are home from Acadia for the Christmas season. Master William Herridge, College School, Port Hope, is spending the Christmas holidays with his father, Hon. W. D. Herridge in Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Richardson are leaving this morning to spend the holiday season at Mrs. Richardson's old home in Guelph, Ont. Later Mr. Richardson proceeds to Brockville, Ont., where he will take an officers course prior to going on Active Service.

Miss Grace Whitehead, R. N., of Charlottetown, has accepted a position with the Copper Cliff International Nickel Company, Hotel at Sudbury, Ont. Miss Whitehead is a graduate of the 1941 class of the P. E. I. Hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest V. Bell are continuing their visit in Woodstock, N. B., over the Christmas season. Guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Crighton, and will be joined there this week by their son Gordon, who is attending Acadia University. Mr. Bell's health is being greatly improved by his restful holiday. The marriage is taking place in Moncton on December 29th of Miss Janet McManus, daughter of Mr. Reid McManus, Moncton, N. B., and niece of Mrs. Edward McManus of Memramook, formerly of Charlottetown, to Flight Lieutenant Niverville, son of Air Vice Marshall and Mrs. Albert de Niverville of Ottawa.

When Princess Juliana of The Netherlands has her third child, expected in January, The Netherlands Women's League in Britain will supply a complete outfit of baby wear to all children born to the wives of Netherlands soldiers, sailors and airmen at approximately the same time, it was announced in London this week. Princess Juliana of The Netherlands and her two daughters, Princess Beatrix and Princess Irene, moved Tuesday from their present home in Rockcliffe to the Perley-Robertson home at 541 Acadia road, Ottawa, which has been requisitioned by the Netherlands Government. Since coming to this country in 1940 the Princess has lived in the Shirley Woods house at 120 Lansdowne road.

Mrs. J. K. Sullivan of Ottawa is in Montreal this week to meet her husband, Flight Lieutenant Sullivan, who is on leave from Summerside, P.E.I. They are the guests of Mrs. Sullivan's sister, Captain and Mrs. Heathcote Graham. Officers of the McGill Graduates' Society in Montreal tendered a complimentary dinner to Principal James at the University Club last Saturday night as a mark of appreciation for the successful efforts which Dr. James has made since he took up his duties as principal of the university, and to bind the graduates more closely to their Alma Mater through the society. Dr. James expressed the pleasure which his work as principal of McGill has brought to him and said that it was due in large measure to the assistance and loyalty which he has enjoyed from all members of the McGill family—the chancellor, governors, staff, students and graduates. He explained how the rapidly changing conditions in the world have shown the need for a constructive revision of our entire educational program especially in Canada where it is manifestly one of the greatest national problems. Dr. C. J. Tidmarsh of Charlottetown, president of the Montreal Branch of the Society, expressed thanks to Dr. James for his message. Several other Islanders were among the guests present.

COCHNETED CHECHIA HAT OF ROPE WOOL. Your negatives make the most distinctive Christmas cards you can get—cards that your friends will treasure—particularly friends in active service. Select your favorite negative and send it to us. We'll return 12 attractive greeting cards with pictures printed on—and envelopes for mailing—all for 69c. Order early. (2 photos on Calendar for 25c.) WRITE THEM OFTEN: ENCLOSE PHOTOS. Star Snapshot Service operates Canada's largest photo finishing studio. Our customers get the benefit of lowest prices—and better pictures. Try us with your next film roll. Save several profits. FILMS DEVELOPED AND PRINTED 25c ANY SIZE ROLL. FREE Souvenir with each Order. A customer at Campbellton, N. B., writes: "We tried a number of places before trying you. We recommend your work and have given your name to a number of people." You'll like our quality work and prompt service, too. 3 Mounted Remembrances 12c—4 for 45c. STAR SNAPSHOT SERVICE. Box 129, Post Office A, Toronto. Print Name and Address Plainly on Order.

1185 DESIGN NO. 1185. The Russian chechia hat is crocheted of rope wool and trimmed with black and red velvet. It is small and one can feel very warm wearing it. Pattern No. 1185 consists of materials needed, illustration of stitches and 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, Charlotte-town Guardian, Needlework Department. Design No. 1185. NAME. CITY. STREET ADDRESS.

Engagement Of Interest



Much interest is being shown in the announcement of the engagement made by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Jamieson, Halifax, of their daughter Nora Gordon granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Hodgson, Charlottetown, to James Gordon Kenna, son of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Kenna of North Sydney. The marriage takes place in St. Andrew's United Church, Halifax, Dec. 26th.

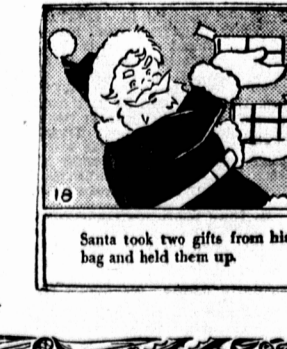
"Santa Claus Morning"

I talked to an old, old man today, He was ninety years or more, Who told me of Christmases he had known In the years that have gone before. "We called it Santa Claus Morning," he said, "when I was a little lad. The morning when Santa remembered All those who were lonely or sad. And the day before Santa Claus morning We would go to the woods nearby And cut down a tall young fir tree With branches wide and high. We would sit it up by the huge fire-place, And trim it with candles bright, With apples too and cranberries red— How grand it looked in the flickering light. We children would watch it in rapture, While the snow fell softly outside And Father read by candle-light. The tale of the first Christmas tide. Then Mother hung our stockings up Close by the fireplace too. Her eyes—she was very pensive blue. She always sang us to sleep that night, And we dreamed of toys and fun, Then in a twinkling the night had passed, And Santa Claus Morning had come." And the old man said, with a gentle sigh, "I know my wish is vain, But O! I'd give the world to be A little boy again." —Constance I. Heckbert.

CHRISTMAS CARDS From your own Snapshots 12 for 69c.

DEAR MISS DIK: I am 30 years old, married and have two children. My husband is a wonderful person and my marriage is all that I could ask. The only fly in the ointment is my mother. Ever since I can remember she has had imaginary illnesses, and whenever she was crooked in any way she was taken ill. Now she insists she has a bad heart and she has rapidly become neurotic about it. Every morning she tells of some new pain or shock she has had, but all that we can find out about it is that she says that she is ill. Although we do not live together, she runs when the doctor examined her he "just gasped," my home. I must call her every morning at 8:30, no matter how inconvenient it is. In addition she calls me several times a day. If I say I am busy, she will go into a sulks that will last for days. She also calls every evening when I am preparing dinner and we have had many burned meals because I am not allowed to hang up. My husband has been wonderful about all this. It is hard on him as he has to weigh every word as I do for fear of offending her. And he also has to bear the brunt of the argument when my disposition is at a very low ebb because of a disagreement with my mother. Now there is every prospect that my mother will outlive my father. If she does, she will come to live with me. In that case it will break up my marriage and home. I believe she is so jealous of my ties to my husband and children that she does all she can to hold on to me. What would you suggest that I do to remedy the situation now, and looking forward to the future? D.M. (Continued on page 13 Col. 7)

Santa Rides Again— Santa's Surprise



Legend of the Christmas Rose

On that wondrous night when the angel choir guided shepherds and kings to a stable in Bethlehem where lay the new-born Christ child in a lowly manger, the sad shepherd lad sat among his flock. His comrades had hurried to join the others to take some cherished offerings to the blessed Babe. Only the lonely shepherd out in the field did not go, for he owned but the ragged clothes on his back. Without a gift, he thought, he could not appear before the blessed Babe.

As he sat there sad and grieving a brilliant caravan came toward him. "Is this the road that leads to Bethlehem?" inquired one of the three goldsmith-clad kings whose face was as black as ebony. "Angels have guided us hither from distant lands," he continued, "to see the Christ child who has been born this night. We have brought great treasures of incense and myrrh from our kingdoms with which to adore him."

"It is the road that leads to Bethlehem," answered the shepherd lad, "and I beg of you that you give me a trifle of your treasure that I too may go to see the Christ child." Then the three kings said, "All belongs to the new-born Babe and we can give none of it to you," and then continued on their way.

The poor shepherd lad began to cry, for his longing to do homage to the Christ Child grew greater and greater. Tear upon tear fell upon the ground. Suddenly, a luminous light from the shining star above the mountain seemed to bathe the whole world in glory. As the shepherd looked about, he beheld buds springing from the earth moistened by his tears and opening into wide shining blossoms. Joyously, he gathered the flowers, saying: "Now I too have a gift for the Christ Child."

He hurried to Bethlehem and softly entered the stable. On bended knee he laid the flowers at the feet of the Christ Child. The Babe laughingly reached for the starry blossoms.

The three kings looked on shame-facedly but spread the news far and wide as another one of God's miracles, that this wonderful winter night he made to blossom the modest white Christmas rose!

Dorothy Dix Says—

Domestic Freedom Important As Global Liberty To Wife

War Brings Case of Love for Mate vs. Infatuation for Other Women

DEAR MISS DIK: I am 30 years old, married and have two children. My husband is a wonderful person and my marriage is all that I could ask. The only fly in the ointment is my mother. Ever since I can remember she has had imaginary illnesses, and whenever she was crooked in any way she was taken ill. Now she insists she has a bad heart and she has rapidly become neurotic about it. Every morning she tells of some new pain or shock she has had, but all that we can find out about it is that she says that she is ill. Although we do not live together, she runs when the doctor examined her he "just gasped," my home. I must call her every morning at 8:30, no matter how inconvenient it is. In addition she calls me several times a day. If I say I am busy, she will go into a sulks that will last for days. She also calls every evening when I am preparing dinner and we have had many burned meals because I am not allowed to hang up. My husband has been wonderful about all this. It is hard on him as he has to weigh every word as I do for fear of offending her. And he also has to bear the brunt of the argument when my disposition is at a very low ebb because of a disagreement with my mother. Now there is every prospect that my mother will outlive my father. If she does, she will come to live with me. In that case it will break up my marriage and home. I believe she is so jealous of my ties to my husband and children that she does all she can to hold on to me. What would you suggest that I do to remedy the situation now, and looking forward to the future? D.M. (Continued on page 13 Col. 7)

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 consumers in this region. The answers are provided by the Board. Readers who have intelligent questions to ask on price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, Chappell Building, Charlottetown.

Q Can newspapers increase their price? A Yes; newspapers are exempt from the price ceiling. Q How can I be sure if the roomer or lodger I take into my home proves to be satisfactory, I can get rid of him? A The law of the province in which you live applies in this connection. In Ontario the law requires that a weekly roomer or lodger be given one week's notice and a monthly roomer or lodger one month's notice etc. This notice may be given either orally or in writing. No reason need be given for the request to vacate. There are no selections in the rental control regulations which prevent the giving of such notice to roomers or lodgers.

A Morning Smile

NOT HIS NOISE. Enemy planes were at hand and the sirens were wailing. Down the main street of the country town strolled a careless figure. "The cover!" yelled an A. R. P. warden. "Can't you hear the sirens?"

"The old man took his pipe from his mouth. 'I heard him,' he replied, placidly; 'but those sirens 'ere s'nd' nothing to m'. I'm only 'ere for market. I lives at Sloodon-cum-Puddlewick, an' them's the s'rens' 'as to listen 'ere.'"

"Hallo, old man! I haven't seen you for some time." "I've been in bed for seven weeks."

"That's too bad. 'P. I suppose?" "Yes, and crashed."

Home Service Well-Loved Poems Are Like Old Friends

To have lost or forgotten a favorite poem is like losing a friend. For in such poems as "The House by the Side of the Road" you can always find a friendly warmth: "Let me live in a house by the side of the road, Where the race of men go by— The men who are good and the men who are bad, As good and as bad as I." You find inspiration, a heartening courage too in "Invictus" by William Ernest Henley. It ends: "It matters not how strait the gate, How charged with punishments the scroll, I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul."

There are exquisite poems of love! Remember the lines— "Drink to me only with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss but in the cup And I'll not look for wine?" These and many other favorites you can find again in our 32-page booklet. Gives complete poems by Longfellow, Burns, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the Brownings and many others.

Send 20c in coin for your copy of "World's Best-Loved Poems" to Charlottetown Guardian Home Service Address. Be sure to write your name, address and the name booklet.

Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ Province _____

Living and Leisure The Woman's Realm

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS

Again the bells their glorious message carry. And we recall their bygone, welcome shrill— Thrice happy we with whom these memories tarry. Thrice happy that we hear their music still. For in today's grim chaos and confusion Each bonded race would triumph— Yet, in God's time, they too will know profusion. Of Christian joys that still with us abound. So we again send forth our Christmas greetings, This Christ-intended time of love and cheer— Intruding thoughts of gloominess defeating. And still make Christmas joyful and sincere.

HUGE CHRISTMAS FEAST SERVED IN OLD CASTLES

Christmas dinners served in medieval castles were in reality "feasts." The meal lasted usually from 3 o'clock in the afternoon until midnight. One of the dishes always on the table was meat pie. In delving into history we find that Sir Henry Grey in England ordered one baked that was nine feet in circumference. It weighed 165 pounds and was served from a four-wheel cart built for the purpose. Here's the recipe: 4 bushels flour, 20 pounds butter, 4 pease, 3 rabbits, 4 wild ducks, 3 woodcocks, 6 snipes, 4 partridges, 3 neat's tongues, 2 curlews, 6 pigeons and 7 blackbirds.

BALES IN THE WOOD

Some pantomimes are founded on fact. When Edward IV was king, a well-known Norfolk gentleman named De Wayland made a will on his deathbed in favor of his two children. The boy was four and the girl two, so their father left them in the guardianship of his brother, who was to inherit the money if they died first.

CHILD-GIVING THIS YEAR

The children disappeared and the uncle came into their money; then, some years later, the truth came out. A highwayman was arrested and, at his trial, declared that he and another robber had been paid to murder the children. They had been taken to Walling Wood, near Thetford; here the prisoner became merry for their killing the second robber and went off to get food. While he was absent, the children wandered from where he had left them, but they did not finally die of starvation. On this story the "Babes in the Wood" was founded.

EVERYONE IS FAMILIAR WITH DICK WHITTINGTON'S CAT

Whittington's cat, Dick, who came to London as a poor Lancashire lad, made his fortune by trading in a low, squat kind of ship, known as a "cat." That is the origin of the pantomime cat. He was Lord Mayor in 1397, 1408, 1419, and married his master's daughter in proper romantic style.

HOME CONSERVATION

To prevent strain on the warp threads of rugs, move the vacuum cleaner, the carpet sweeper or the broom across the rug crosswise instead of lengthwise.

NET REMNANTS

It is a good plan to keep small remnants of wash net in different sizes of mesh in your sewing basket. When the fine lace on any choice piece of lingerie shows signs of wear, the worn pieces may be reinforced with a scrap of net.

ANTIQUITY JEWELRY

Remember the fad for collecting antique jewelry; pill boxes, powder cases, snuff boxes and old necklaces, bracelets, earrings and brooches. They may be Georgian, Victorian, Early American or Russian, French or Venetian. Almost every jeweler has a case of antiques for sale and many department stores are specializing in collections of this type of merchandise.

CHINTZ

Here are some tips from those who know, for washing chintzes. Shake the covers or curtains to remove all loose dust—wash the chintz articles one at a time by hand in warm soapy water—rinse in warm water to remove the soap—when partly dry, fold and leave for a few hours. Then press the chintz in lukewarm thick boiling-water starch, wring out, hang up until dry enough to iron. Use a well-weighted iron on a hard surface to obtain a good gloss.

DUSTLESS DUSTER

Make your own dustless duster cloth by soaking a yard of cheese cloth in warm water, then wringing it out as dry as you can get it. Saturate this damp cloth with a good furniture polish and roll tightly until the oil has penetrated throughout the cloth. Let it dry and it is ready for use. A dish mop treated in the same way as the duster above makes a handy miniature dust mop. If the cloth is used with waxing restrictions, the tops of mouldings, baseboards and window sills, and for reaching beneath radiators, shelves and hard-to-get-at places.

CHRISTMAS

Gift-giving this year will be on the light and airy side with restrictions. Why not look around home the experts suggest. An extra wash a redio set or some other mechanical article which is hard to get, can be repaired and will prove a welcome gift.

THE COOK'S CORNER

SHORTBREAD II

- 1 cup butter
3-4 cup brown sugar
2 cups flour
1-2 teaspoon salt
Method: Cream the butter until light and gradually cream in the brown sugar. Sift the flour and salt together and gradually work this into the creamed mixture. When the mixture becomes too stiff to work with a spoon, knead it until the ingredients hold together. Roll out on a lightly floured board to about 1-2-inch in thickness. Cut with a large fluted cutter and then cut each circle into quarters or eighths—pie fashion. Place these on an ungreased baking sheet and bake in a moderately slow oven (300 deg. F) for about 15 minutes, until they are a very delicate brown in color. Use Minard's for sprains.

Needlecraft For the Home

IT'S SMART TO SEW AND SAVE When You Can Get So Much for So Little. Wouldn't you gladly invest in a yard and a half of 54-inch fabric to half a smart and useful jumper like this? Look at the diagram, what an easy trick it is! Then send for the pattern.

Style No. 3218 is designed for sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 16 requires 1 1/2 yards 54-inch fabric for jumper; and 1 5/8 yards 89-inch for blouse.

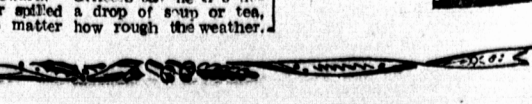
To order pattern: Write or send picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or stamps to the Needlecraft Bureau The Charlottetown Guardian. Style No. 3218

Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ Province _____

SHEPHERDS AND WISE MEN

It is not clear from the scriptural allusions that the shepherds who visited the new-born Jesus were the same as the wise men who saw His star in the east. Only Matthew records the story of the magi, and only Luke mentions the shepherds. Mark and John do not refer to either the shepherds or the wise men.

LONDON—(CP)—Arthur Smith a West Indian from Barbados and a former dancer, is known here as the Royal Navv; as the "perfect Steward." Officers say he's never spilled a drop of sup or tea, no matter how rough the weather.



3218 SIZES 10 to 16