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

Happenings Of The Week

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

Princess Beatrice, whose death at the home of the Earl of Athlone, was announced Thursday, was known chiefly as a royal amateur in water colours and wrought iron work. Her marriage to Prince Henry of Battenberg in 1885 was regarded as a love match. The prince became a British subject and died of African fever in 1895 aboard a warship off the African coast during Sir Francis Scott's expedition against the Ashantis. Of the four children, the youngest, Maurice of Battenberg, died in action with the King's Rifle Corps in 1914, and a second son, Major Lord Leopold Mountbatten, died in 1922. Princess Beatrice was both governor and coroner on the Isle of Wight —the only woman coroner in the country. A deputy coroner did the work.

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Following the impressive induction services at St. Paul's Church, Thursday evening, Rev. J. T. Ibbott, the new rector and Mrs. Ibbott, had the pleasure of meeting the members of their congregation at a reception, which was a very enjoyable social gathering held in the prettily decorated St. Paul's hall.

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Charlottetown friends of Mrs. S. M. Bent, of Saint John, will hear with regret of the sudden death this week in Amherst of her sister, Mrs. T. V. Trenholm. Mrs. Bent was present at the funeral returning home Wednesday.

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Mrs. A. W. Hyndman has returned from a visit with her aged father, Mr. Yuill, in Kentville, N. S.

• • •

Mrs. Frank B. Auld leaves this week for Victoria, B.C. Her friends are saying reluctant good-byes to her, and trust that next summer Mrs. Auld will again be occupying her pretty little home at West Covehead

• • •

Mrs. J. C. Sutherland of Hamilton, Ont., who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weeks, was a luncheon bridge hostess at The Charlottetown yesterday

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Mrs. R. Ruprecht, after a short visit to Charlottetown, was the guest for the past week of her mother, Mrs. A. A. Murray of Sydney before returning to her home in Upper Montclair, New Jersey by plane on Monday.

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Countess Roberts, elder daughter of Field Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., of Boor War fame, died at her home in Ascot, England, recently, aged 74. She was unmarried. Her sister, Lady Edwina Lewin, 69, succeeds to the earldom and viscountcy. There is no further heir to the titles.

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Mrs. P. C. Turner was among the luncheon-bridge hostesses this week, entertaining at The Charlottetown Hotel on Thursday.

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About twenty-five nurses of the City Hospital Nurses Alumnae were guests on Friday evening at the attractive home of Mrs. J. E. Cullen, to do honor to one of their members, Mrs. Jack Dowling (nee Claire Clohossey) at a post-nuptial shower. Mrs. Dowling, who was very pleasantly surprised when she arrived and found all her friends assembled, was escorted to a gaily decorated chair. Mrs. Cullen and Mrs. Maddigan carried in a heavily laden basket of gifts and Mrs. J. Larter and Mrs. R. St. John, classmates of Mrs. Dowling, opened the gifts and read the humorous verses. Mrs. Dowling very graciously thanked her friends for their beautiful gifts, after which she related a great many experiences of life in South Africa where she had been nursing in a military hospital for the past two years. A delightful buffet lunch followed, tea being poured by Mrs. A. H. Murphy. Assisting the hostess in serving were Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Maddigan, Miss C. O'Hanley and Miss F. O'Donnell. After refreshments all took part in a jolly sing-song with Mrs. J. Larter at the piano. Mrs. Dowling (whose husband, Captain Dowling, a native of Dublin, Ireland, is in the merchant marine service) left on Saturday morning for Moncton where she will reside for the present.

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Miss Muriel Bloor, for the past few years Deaconess of St. Paul's Church, left Thursday to accept a position in Toronto. Miss Bloor was the guest of honor at several farewell gatherings and she left for her new position accompanied by the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

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Mrs. (Dr.) Howard H. Smith is visiting in Truro, with her daughter, Lieut. Barbara Smith, R. N., who is stationed at Debert.

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After a very delightful annual summer visit, guests at The Charlottetown, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Lea left Wednesday for their home in Montreal before proceeding to Atlantic City, where they will spend the winter months.

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Mrs. A. H. Mould left Wednesday for Montreal where she will remain for a few days before going on to New York

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Mrs. Robert Davies, who has been spending the summer at The Charlottetown, left Wednesday for her home in New York.

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Regretful farewells were said to Mrs. P. W. Sherwood, who accompanied her niece, Miss Elna Clarke back to Toronto. During her residence with her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Clark at the Experimental Station, Mrs. Sherwood made many warm friendships and she is assured of a cordial welcome on return visits.

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Miss Sheila MacDonald, sister of Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald, United Kingdom high commissioner to Canada, while motoring from Fredericton to Saint John, during her visit to the province, made an informal morning call at "Loomicroft Inn," Gagetown. Miss MacDonald viewed with much interest the work done by the loomcrofters especially the R. C. A. F. tartan, designed and woven in Gagetown and the other types of weaving shown her by Miss Muriel Laurence and Miss Esther Mitchell. Miss MacDonald said the Vice-regal visit to "Loomcroft Inn" described to her by Miss Vera Grenfell, lady-in-waiting to Princess Alice, on her return to Ottawa, had made her hunger to see the work for herself. Miss MacDonald was accompanied on her motor trip to Gagetown by Mrs J. H. Moorhead, wife of the bishop of Fredericton

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Prince 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 housewives in this region. The answers are provided by the Board Readers. Persons 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 War Time Prices and Trade Board.

Q. I am in need of some repairs for my threshing machine. Where do I obtain a permit to buy them?

A. It is not necessary to have a permit to buy repairs for farm machinery.

Q. Must we surrender preserves coupons for peanut butter and if so, how many?

A. Peanut butter is not rationed, therefore coupons are not needed.

Q. I think I am paying more than ceiling price for beef. Is there any way, while I am in the store, in which I could check this?

A. Yes. All stores selling meats must display a chart showing the various cuts of beef, lamb and veal and the price of these cuts per pound. If you are still in doubt as to whether or not the price you are paying is too high have your butcher mark the type of cut and the price per pound on your bill and report this to the foods division of your Wartime Prices and Trade Board office. The matter will be investigated for you.

BETTER ENGLISH

By C. D. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "You may come if you wish to."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "digestion"

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Glutinous, gluttonous, glossery.

4. What does the word "ameliorate" mean?

5. What is a word beginning with fr that means "to balk?"

ANSWERS

1. Omit to. Pronounce first i as in did, not as in die. 3. Glossary. 4. To make or grow better. "His misery could not me ameliorated." 5. Frustrate.

MODERN ETIQUETTE

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a person is relating an incident, is it all right for one to use the expressions, "What do you think of that," "My, my," "Well, well, etc.?

A. No; repetitions like these are monotonous as well as rude and annoying.

Q. What is the usual length of an engagement?

A. While this depends entirely upon the plans of the man and the girl, six months is usually the maximum.

Q. Is it permissible for one to ask permission to join a club?

A. No; one should wait for an invitation.

Q. Should one push his chair back into place after rising from a dinner table?

A. No; but this does not mean that it should be pushed back two or three feet from the table.

Q. On what occasions are cards of inquiry left?

A. When there is illness, death, or the arrival of a new baby.

MORNING SMILE

"HOW RUMORS START"

We just heard this one about ex-Gov. Lehman of N. Y., who decided that war bonds were not selling too well among the farmers up-State. . . . So Gov. Lehman went himself to help peddle them. . . . After motoring in the wilderness, he encountered a farmer driving a surrey with no fringe on the top. . . "Hi," called out the Governor, "did you ever hear of Herbert Lehman of Albany?"

"Nope,' was the indifferent reply.

"Ever hear of Franklin Roosevelt?"

"No,' said the farmer.

"Pearl Harbor?" continued Lehman.

"Never heard of her either."

"Ever hear of Churchill?"

"Nh-uh what of it?"

"Well,' said Gov. Lehman. "I'm here to see you about bonds."

"Ain't interested," said the farmer as he drove on.

Scene 2: The farmer's wife, who was watching through a window, greeted her husband with: "Who was that? What did he want?"

"Oh," said the farmer, sucking his teeth, "some city slicker from Albany — named Lehman—told me about a fellow named Roosevelt — who got in trouble with a girl named Pearl Harbor—from some place near Church Hill—wanted me to go his bond."—Roanoke Times.

HOW CAN I !!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I successfully clean a pan which has contained boiled milk?

A. By pouring out the milk and covering the pan before the steam escapes. After the pan is cool fill it with cold water. It will then wash out easily.

Q. How can I retain the color in black stockings?

A. Black stockings will not lose their color and have that greenish tinge if a teaspoon of strong vinegar is placed in the last rinse water.

Q. How can I remove chocolate stains

A. Chocolate stains can be removed by applying a paste consisting of cold water and borax.

Dorothy Dix Says—

WHO SHOULD LOVE MORE?

More Important, Matrimonially Speaking, That Wife Should Be The Adorer

A girl asks: "In marriage which should love the more, the husband or the wife?" The French have a proverb which says that in love one kisses and the other permits himself or herself to be kissed. This goes double for marriage and whether it is better to be the kisser or the kissee is a matter open to discussion.

There are two schools of thought on the subject. One contends that a man should be more in love with his wife than she is with him, because all the conditions of life tend to separate him from her, whereas they serve to draw her closer to him.

On the other hand, the opponents to this theory assert that it makes for domestic felicity for the wife to be the one who loves the more, because the woman who has gotten the man she wants is satisfied and happy. She sees no flaw in her paragon and spends her life contentedly burning incense at the feet of her little tin god

Personally, I am inclined to agree with the point of view that it is better for the wife to be the adorer instead of the adored, not only because it is always more blessed to give than to receive, but because the love motif plays so much bigger part in a woman's life than a man's. Therefore, it is more important, matrimonially speaking, that she should have her heart's desire than that he should have his.

TAKES THINGS FOR GRANTED

After marriage, when a couple settles down to the ordinary run of domesticity, the average husband doesn't bother much about the state of either his affections or his wife's. He takes it for granted that he is still the hero of her girlish dreams and so long as she is a good housekeeper and pleasant to get along with, everything is O. K. by him. He isn't forever wondering if his heartthrobs are more frequent than hers and taking the temperature of her kisses to see whether they have cooled off or not.

But it is far otherwise with the woman. From the altar to the grave, the wife is preoccupied with her emotions. Her favorite diversion is vivisecting them and trying to determine whether her husband's footsteps send her blood pressure up or just leave her sub-normal. He can't take marriage as is, as a man does. She has to have some fireworks in it. And so she is only happy when she can make a lifework out of worshipping her husband and serving him.

But, paradoxical as it sounds, while the wife gets more happiness out of marriage in loving than in being loved, it is better for the bridegroom to be more in love than the bride, for he starts off with practically all the sentiment he is ever going to have, while she adds to hers as she goes along. Not many husbands ever fall in love with their wives, but millions of wives fall in love with their husbands. Which is the woman of the thing.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAPBOOK

By Roberta Lee

Laundering Laces

Laces, fine handkerchiefs, and other small or dainty pieces of laundry will wear much longer if put inside a bag to launder. These pieces are seldom very dirty, and should not be rubbed hard.

Carriage Robe

An old fur coat that can no longer be worn on the street will make a good, warm and serviceable robe for baby's carriage.

Sore Throat

A good treatment for a sore throat is alternate gargles of peroxide and listerine, both diluted with water.

Parcel-Packing Party

Two groups of Wrens stationed in Ottawa had a hilarious evening recently wrapping gifts for Canadian Wrens overseas, English Wrens in Dover, and members of the crew of H.M.C.S. "Snowberry," one of Canada's corvettes. Canteen funds supplied the money and the Wrens supplied the time and care which sent the parcels on their way before the Christmas deadline. In this picture are Lieutenant M. M. Earl of Toronto (at centre back), Leading Wrens Elizabeth M. Campbell, Edmonton, M. P. Russell, Vancouver, Marjory McIntyre, Winnipeg, E. M. Grant, Paisley, Ont., and M. L. Bonham, Cremona, Alta., and Wrens Lois Sharp, Regina, Diana Heron, Montreal and West Vancouver, Amy Wright, North Battleford, Sask., Lillian Moyes, Ottawa; Margo Nicholson, Belleville, Kaye Owne, Calgary, Mary McMillan, Vancouver Island, Jane Tottenham, Windsor, Ont., Peggy Hague, Toronto, Francis Rutherford, Toronto, Paulette Seguin, Ottawa, Eileen Miller, Charlottetown, P. E. I. and C. J. Manolopoulos, Halifax.—RCN Photo by Petty Officer C. King.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

The work indoors was hurried this morning in hopes that we of the "female species" would be able to lend a hand at the turnips this afternoon. This is one of the queer things about Alderlea. Sit on a cushion all week, saving up work for Saturday. Then James says: "Ellen, could you give us a hand at . . . . ?" on Saturday of course. It was not a hand at the cutting, at least not for me, for in the latest years, I've been able to drop this work—graduate I suppose! But it was at the work of saving to the cellars—a very important work, considering the animals winterrations I think I'm beginning to agree with James when he explains "it's more necessary than sweeping or dusting." We had our cleaning pretty well completed. Then tomorrow being Sunday meant a bit of extra baking. This custom is perhaps mostly rural, inherited, from past generations but I think now not so closely followed as in former years. Even in this, the old order changes! When I took stock of the sugar supply in the small containers in the cupboard, I decided I might without endangering the family rations, use enough to bake one cake. Not angel's food at all, but a rule-of-thumb one, made up of a dash of this and a pinch of that. Even rationing has its compensations. It has taught me among other things to appreciate small quantities. Once I would fairly whisper if I had to ask at the corner-grocery before bystanders for "½ a pound of sugar, please." Why it just "wasn't done." Now I'm so grateful to find I have a coupon for even the smallest quantity of any of the rationed goods. Then Judy as Rob would say: "built" a lemon pie. In less than no time, almost by magic. In appearance very tempting although she assures me "the proof" of it is in "the eating." But there it is, lemon-yellow in place bit uncovered by the golden-topped meringue that sparkles with tiny drops of honey-dew. Tomorrow can be so very far away—at times!

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There were no turnips taken to the root-cellar this afternoon for the clouds lowering all morning, refused to let the sun through or even to spread the smallest welcome patch of heavenly-blue. And the rain came gently at first and then in heavy showers. The water below the front-meadow was soon running red and tiny riverlets in muddy streams joined it from the surrounding slopes. But it was cozy indoors and there was still much to keep us busy. James came indoors to his old arm-chair for a brief rest. I saw Jock regard the skies critically. I suspected it was to wonder, since the car is once more complete and in working order, when it would be best to go to the corner for gas. I was alert to this for I also had an appointment at the same corner in the early evening. Its a curious thing how events will dove-tail, if given time, to form the desired pattern! Some one had phoned to inquire if I would care to go along to see "Going My Way". Would I care!

• • •

This is a form of entertainment, I can never coax James into attending. And to him, anyone enjoying such entertainment, is definitely in the mental category of Simon —who met the pieman going to the fair. I thought later as I stood in a line of "two please" with the rain drifting down to dampen my shoulders, perhaps this time James was right, perhaps I was akim to Simon. Then when I glanced back to the bank-corner, I wondered for the future of Islanders. Multiplying the number present by 3—shows— by 6—days—there would be quite a representation from both city and country within my category!

• • •

As I stood in line it interested me to hear and see the reactions to the weather and the waiting of those about me: There were those who complained: "Why do they do it this way?" There were also the good scouts who made the best of their waiting even smiling and chatting and anticipating. Two young English airmen—oh very! — stood next in line and accepted the rain with the best of humor. While I should have either defended or apologized for this Island brand, I knew even while it was perhaps ruining my "best" it was also filling dry wells and cisterns and even beside us was washing the streets. Did they like it up there? "Oh definitely" but it seems to be "routine stuff." Nervous? I must have thought I was talking to Jamie, grandmothers are like that. They gave me a pitying look" in weather like this grounded. "Yes", but they said "your Sundays here—are so lonesome—there's nothing to go to—no cinemas." At Alderlea, the Sabbaths are the best of days for rest and for church, but if I were far away . . .

• • •

Naturally, I liked "Going My Way." Perhaps because it supported my peculiar philosophy of life, I was partial to it. The moral I found was that religion is a happy state to be lived and enjoyed day following day, and so obvious in one's way of living as to be very easily read. There was the lesson too, that everyone should learn: "Hope can 'spring eternal'" always, small matter the age or estate. Going "my way' ment of course following the best path, straight and perhaps narrow but then as I consider it, the right path is never narrow. As I watched the story unfold so filled with lives spent in the service of otheres, these lines came to me:

"There is a destiny that makes us brothers
And no one goes his way alone.
All that we send into the lives of others,
Comes back into our own."

Until Monday — Diary — Goodnight.

COOK'S CORNER

ORANGE LOAF CAKE

This is a close-grained, moist, pound-cake type of loaf — cuts and serves particularly well.

Let me emphasize that its mathematics all through are based on the use of packaged cake flour, and that the thickening power of this flour is so different from that of pastry or bread flour that we do not attempt substitution.

2 cups once-sifted cake flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2-3 cup shortening
¾ cup fruit sugar
1-3 cup corn syrup
3 eggs, well beaten
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
¼ teaspoon vanilla
1-3 cup strained orange juice

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

Cream the shortening and blend in sugar gradually. Add the corn syrup and beat with a spoon until mixture is well blended. Add beaten eggs, a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in orange rind and vanilla.

Add the dry ingredients alternately with the orange juice to the creamed mixture.

Turn into a buttered and lightly floured loaf pan (8½ by 4½ inches, top measure.)

Bake in a rather slow oven, 325 degrees, 1½ hours.

Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

"And who is so dead to valor
As not to raise a cheer,
When all the woods are marching,
In triumph of the year."
—Bliss Carmen

RESTORE SOFTNESS TO LEATHER GLOVES

It's easy to keep your favorite pair of leather gloves soft and pliable if you follow these simple do's and don'ts in the washing of them. First, never, never wash a glove that has been dry cleaned. Second wash frequently. When gloves become very soiled, embedded dirt and grease often dull the color permanently and tend to harden the leather. Frequent short washings in gentle fine-fabric suds are easier on leather gloves. Put pigskin, capeskin and kid gloves on your hands and wash just as if you were washing with your hands. But wash doeskin and chamois gloves off the hands, because they soften when wet and may tear if you keep them on. Fabric gloves of rayon or cotton should be washed off the hands, too. And here's that special tip to restore softness to leather gloves. After washing rinse first in clear cool water, then give the gloves a final rinse in fresh light suds. This restores some of the oil lost in washing and helps keeps the leather soft and pliable. After this last rinse, gently ease back to shape, then roll the gloves in a towel, starting at the finger tips. Knead out as much water as you can, and unroll right away. Then blow into each glove and puff it back to shape. Dry flat, away from heat. While slightly damp, work the leather between your thumb and forefinger all over the gloves. This is called "finger pressing" and is the final touch that makes for soft new-looking gloves.

Magnesium is so weak in its pure state that a small boy could bend a half-inch bar, yet it is so tough as an alloy that it will stand the shock of landing a 30-ton warplane.

When the first act for the prevention of cruelty to animals was passed, Lord Erskine prophesied that it would prove not only an honor to the Parliament of England, but an era in the civilization of the world.

HOW DID HE KNOW

A few years ago, an elderly woman who was living with her relatives, began to lose her sight. The family had a car, and as she delighted in riding, she was taken for a ride often. The dog, a great pet, remained at home, but as soon as the family returned, he would come trotting to meet them. He would sidle up to the elderly woman, take one of her hands gently in his mouth and lead her along the walk up to the steps, and into the house. No one taught him to do this, and he did it to no one else. How did he know she was losing her sight?

When you're assembling a Christmas parcel for the man of your heart, overseas, it's wise to use a carton, or heavy firm cardboard such as those sold in stores for overseas shipping to assure contents arriving in good condition. Canned food should be packed in tins, and tight tin containers are also recommended for jam, cookies, nuts of candy. If you're sending home-made cookies, thos firm, rather soft thick ones ship better than the thin brittle kind. And square cookies pack better than round ones. Your Christmas cake can be conveniently baked in a coffee tin, covered and sealed with adhesive. Small articles should be closely packed in shredded paper or excelsior, with a generous use of waxed paper to prevent one kind of food or preparation from giving its flavor to the whole box full. We're told on good authority that your parcel will be welcome if you choose the following list: Pocket-size photos -graphs in folder, automatic pencil, fountain pen, pocket-knife, sewing kit, games, (checkers puzzles pocket-size books, hard candies, chicklets, chocolate bars, razor blades, pipe, pipe cleaners, tobacco and waterproof pounch, cigarette lighter and flints—and all sorts of toilet preparations such as toothpaste, cake of good lathering soap, after-shave talcum and shaving cream.

STRANGE BELL RINGERS

Behind the twelve-hundred-year old cathederal at Wells, England known as the city of Waters, stands the palace of the bishop. It is surrounded by a willow-shaded moat and here are to be seen the famous white swans, descendants of those brought from Rome centuries ago. They are so tame that they will come when called.

In the "Requirements for the Bishop's Palace," the feeding of the swans is imperative, and has brought a curious system into usage. A low casement window in shadiest part of the palace wall is always open when there is no ice on the moat. From it hangs a cord buoyed with a cork so that it will float on the water beneath.

When hungry, the swans sail gracefully to the cord, seize it in their bills and tug. The tugging rings a bell in the palace and instantly, a uniformed attendant appears to feed the bishop's beautiful charges. In cold weather the swans are warmly housed.

—L. E. Eubanks

Hints on Etiquette

If group of women is lunching together in a restaurant and each expects to pay her own check, separate checks should be asked of the waitress to save confusion.

WEDDING APPOINTMENTS

Australian reputation for improvisation has rarely been better demonstrated than at a recent service wedding in Port Moresby. The bride wore a wedding gown of surgical muslin, artificial orange blossoms of antiseptic cotton and a bouquet made from surgical ribbon. The wedding ring was fashioned from old pieces of surgical gold by a dental mechanic. A few spoonfuls of brandy from medical supplies were used as a "preserving ingredient" for the wedding cake. The bridegroom was a young Australian non-commissioned officer, the bride an Australian Army Medical vice member.

ANIMAL LORE

SEA LIFE—Two very large groups of the animal kingdom are almose entirely unrepresented in the sea. There are no amphibians in the ocean and only one kind of insect, a family of water striders.

WHEATEAR is said to be the only land bird that migrates regularly between North America and Africa. This is the Wheatear whose summer home is in Greenland.

MONKEYS — The only living wild in Europe are the Barbary Apes, a troop of which have been living on the rock of Gibraltar for centuries.

TURTLE—The common snapping turtle is said to grow sometiming the flight of some dragon times as heavy as seventy pounds.

DRAGONFLIES — Naturalists flies, report a speed of nearly sixty miles an hour.

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