

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

## Happenings of The Week

Princess Elizabeth has chosen a new private secretary to succeed John Colville, who has been appointed to the British Embassy at Lisbon. He is Hon. Martin Michael Charles Charteris, 36, brother of the 12th Earl of Wemyss and March. He will take up his new post in January. As a company commander of the King's Royal Rifles, Major Charteris has been living at Winchester. He will now have to find a London home for his wife and two children—a daughter aged four and a son aged two. Mrs. Charteris is now in the United States. Major Charteris has had a distinguished military career, but he will receive no retirement allowance from the army. Only at 40 is an officer entitled to his pension. He will, however, receive a gratuity of £1,000 (\$3,100) plus from £100 to £150 for each year of army service. As private secretary he will receive a salary of between £1,000 and £1,500 a year. The post is a responsible one and entails controlling a large clerical staff.

At least one woman driver was given the "okay" by a critical male. The driver was Princess Elizabeth—but the car was stationary. Verdict of a very careful instructor H. Holdom after the Princess had "driven" a static trainer car for 15 minutes at a road safety exhibition.

Field Marshal Earl Wavell arrived to stay on Saturday morning at Government House, Ottawa.

The Governor General and the Viscountess Alexander accompanied by the Countess of Lonsdale and Earl Wavell, and attended by members of the Staff, were present at the football game at Lansdowne Park on Saturday afternoon. Their Excellencies, accompanied by their guests, and attended by members of their Staff, were present at the hockey game between the Ottawa Senators and Valleyfield at the Auditorium on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Weeks, Ottawa, will leave early in December to reside in the Town of Mount Royal.

Miss Alma Finlayson, librarian at Columbia University, New York, and Miss Blanche Finlayson, Charlottetown, accompanied by Miss Helen Hazard, left on Tuesday by car for a three month holiday in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Harris have returned from a week-end visit to Windsor, N. S.

Mrs. H. E. Miller and Mrs. L. P. Hunt entertained at a luncheon bridge on Tuesday at The Charlottetown Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. DeBios, Cavendish Apartments, have returned from a holiday in Montreal. Mrs. DeBios and her young son, Tommie, are now visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Lawson, Alberton, and will return home the latter part of next week.

Mrs. John Fraser, Upper Prince Street, entertained on Thursday night for the members of the Prince Edward Island Art Society.

Miss Harriett MacCallum left on Wednesday to spend the winter in Toronto.

Mrs. John F. Connolly, Pownal Street, entertained at bridge on Thursday evening.

Miss Jessie Fullerton, Miss Bessie Beer and Mrs. C. H. Beer, entertained at a shower on Monday evening at Mrs. Beer's home on Kent Street, for Miss Mary MacNutt who is to be married next week.

Mrs. William Cotton gave a supper party for Miss MacNutt on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Walter Hyndman and Mrs. Thomas Davies were joint hostesses on Friday afternoon when they entertained at tea for Miss Mary MacNutt.

The Overseas Nursing Sisters at their annual dinner on Friday last presented Miss MacNutt with a wedding gift.

**2 OUT OF 3 COOKS PREFER**



### ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

It's not usually so Winterish this time of year," James commented this evening, and added "perhaps by the first of the week the snow will be gone, and we'll be able to get at the plowing." The youngsters were about him then, in the old armchair, granddaughter and Jamie, begging for tales of those "wonderful days" when you were a boy" stories quite as precious to the one recounting as to his youthful and older hearers.

"The first of the week," James' words fell to reminds us that another one of ours had drifted away in the span of the hours, taking with it all the good and the careless incidents that were of our going, bearing them away past any recall. Now of—and by oneself we may come to our reckoning, while we pause to look back along the days—to praise, though this must be impartial, to ensure if need be, and to be honest over any regrets. Thus one may stand at the far side of the week, examining critically one's actions and deeds, the done and the undone while reviewing the recent days—shortening, hastening, busy, likeable days, reaching all too soon after morning, into the twilight of dusk.

We recall the interests that were ours. In fancy, we hear again the clear call of the bluejay in the bushes "down along", forecasting rain, which called us to leave a comfortable chair indoors, to join James, husband of ours through many a year, at the harvesting of turnips in a near field. By means of forks, three-pronged or it may be four, the roots are lifted singly or in pairs to the farm-cart to be taken away to the safety of cellar storage. And one afternoon, when our younger and older and two companions, good fellows all, had gone on a trip to the Maritime Fair on the mainland, we came over the hills and far away to help James in a like endeavor at Rob's. Though not in time to have his crop of them saved before the first snowfall.

As forecast by the thick-coated ewes, that in a flock left their resting place on a hillside to seek the shelter of the buildings, snow came that night, and relieving a worn and dejected Autumn Winter spread a white covering over the drab lifeless tints of fields and meadow, moulding them prettily and binding the countryside into a scene of rare beauty. "It looks just like Christmas!" Jamie said, and granddaughter setting forth with her sled breathed "It's wonderful, just wonderful, that 'Winter's come'! And it was white! Rememberance Day this year, though in many a heart no one day is set aside for the like. A picture, a word, a uniform ever returns memories—a train of them, both sad and proud.

White days we continue to have, and none more beautiful than this evening, as it edged towards the dusk. In the exquisite calm, not (Continued on Page 3)

### That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

#### HOT BATHS QUIET THE NERVES

After World War I there was a great increase in the treatment of all nervous symptoms by physiotherapy—hot and cold baths, electricity, massage and light physical exercise. The interest in physiotherapy was maintained almost until World War II, since which time there has been another increase in its use. This type of non-medical, non-surgical treatment makes the patient feel better physically because it stimulates and then relaxes him; he feels better mentally because he is receiving some attention.

I have spoken before of how four states of a man's mind, which brought this father tightly bound to an Ontario hospital and told the superintendent that he had become crazy and violent and it took all four of them to handle him. The superintendent told them to take him back in a week's time and they could take their father home, as he would be well again. When they returned the following week the superintendent informed the nurse to bring the father from his ward. You can imagine the look of astonishment of the sons when the tiny nurse brought their father to the superintendent's office. The superintendent informed the nurse that the only treatment given was hot baths; the baths relaxed nerves and muscles, relieved all tension of body and mind, and the patient was himself again. He further advised the sons that if he became violent not to try to hold him or tie him up, but to put him in a hot bath, keeping the water hot.

"Medical Clinics of North America," Drs. Paul A. Nelson and Donald J. Erickson, United States Veterans Hospital, St. Cloud, Minnesota, state that while stimulating baths (needle, Scotch douche, whirlpool) are helpful in that the patient's mind is occupied and aroused, the sedative or quieting bath (hot tub) succeeds in quieting acutely disturbed patients after repeated doses of quieting drugs have failed. The patient is placed in a large tub bath usually on a canvas hammock, and the inflowing water kept at a temperature of 93-96 F. The patient may remain in the hot bath for hours at a time, being watched so that he does not go to sleep and roll out of the hammock, or perhaps climb out of it.

### Princess Margaret Breaks Royal Family Tradition



Eyebrows shot up at the Charity Ball for National Children Adoption Association when Princess Margaret, seen at dance with the Marquis of Blandford, smoked her first cigarette in public. She is the first woman member of the royal family to do so.

### DOROTHY DIX SAYS -

#### Alibis

#### Everyone Has Pet Excuse To Shift Blame For Fault

What is your favorite alibi? All of us have our pet excuses by which we seek to camouflage our faults and weaknesses to the world and to justify our shortcomings to our own souls.

Perhaps the most overworked alibi in the world is heredity. You rarely meet any one who will acknowledge his faults are his own. Oh, dear, no. They are always poor grandfather's or grandmother's. Apparently the chief advantage in having ancestors is to have some one to whom you can pass the buck.

Anyway, did you ever know of a drunkard who confessed that the reason that he drank was because he liked the taste of liquor or because of the kick he got out of it? Never. He tells you between maudlin sobs that he is the victim of heredity and that drink is in his blood.

Did you ever know of a virago of a woman who was ashamed of giving way to her temper? Far from it. On the contrary, she is rather proud of taking after grandmamma, who was so high strung that she kept everybody after her paralyzed with fear. Did you ever know of a slovenly housekeeper who blamed herself for her laziness and inefficiency? Not on your life. She merely remarks that it doesn't run in her family to be good cooks and goes along wallowing in filth and poisoning her husband and children.

#### TEMPERAMENT

Another alibi that is called upon to do yeoman service is temperament and no account and that he would rather bum his way through life than work his passage. No, indeed. The reason he never sticks to a job is because he is so temperamental that he just simply can't bring himself to do ordinary, commonplace things, such as keeping books or selling goods or making bricks.

Did you ever know an irritable, nagging, petty tyrant of a woman who ever admitted her faults and tried to reform? Mercy, no! Her alibi is nerves. It is her poor nerves that make her fly into tantrums every time she is crossed in any way and say things that stab like a knife. It is her poor nerves that makes her have hysterics, until she gets a new car or a new dress or a new fur coat. It is her poor nerves that make her rule her family with a rod of iron so that they dare not do anything that displeases her for fear of bringing on one of her spells. Heaven only knows what mean, selfish, bossy women would do without nerves. They might have to behave themselves.

There's no law against stealing affections," the judge replied, "leastwise not from an unattached female, as I understand your daughter to be."

"I know, know!" wailed the father, "but he was trying to get away with them in my car!"

#### Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Leo

**Buttonholes**  
Make the buttonholes with a five-crochet thread and you will find that they will not tear out so easily as those made with ordinary sewing thread. They can also be made faster.

**Cleaning Marble**  
After washing marble figures or surfaces well with warm soapsuds and rinsing well, go over the surface with furniture polish or milk.

**Removes Rust**  
Rust can be removed from steel by rubbing with a mixture of one-half ounce emery powder and one ounce soap.

#### Morning Smile

The scene was typical; a rural court room, goateed judge, an unhappy young couple—the fearful, he, dejected—and a red-faced, angry father. "I want this young whippersnapper sent to jail!" the father cried. "He's an unmitigated scoundrel and a sneaking thief!" "What did he steal, if I may ask?" the judge sleepily inquired. "He stole the affections of my little girl here," he retorted, indicating the weeping girl. "He was sleeping with her!" "There's no law against stealing affections," the judge replied, "leastwise not from an unattached female, as I understand your daughter to be."

#### How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make a good club sandwich?  
A. Arrange slices of bacon on toasted bread. Cover with slices of roast chicken and add salad dressing, placing a piece of bread on top. A slice of tomato and a crisp leaf of lettuce may be added if desired.

Q. How can I clean brass or copper articles that have tarnished?  
A. Extract the juice from a lemon. Dip the lemon rind into salt and rub thoroughly over the surface.

Q. How can I clean black felt?  
A. Mix with a half-cup of cold tea powder with a teaspoonful of ammonia.

#### Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Leo

Q. If a young girl has invited a young man to visit her home, and he has not done so within a reasonable length of time, would it be all right for her to extend a second invitation?  
A. It would be better if she did not, as this would give the impression that she is "pursuing" him.

Q. When a professional entertainer attends some social function, is it all right to ask him to perform?  
A. Not unless it has been previously arranged. Otherwise, it is very presumptuous to impose upon him in this fashion.

Q. Is it necessary to have a train on a white satin wedding dress?  
A. The dress may be made with or without a train, depending upon the formality of the wedding.

### 103 Years Young

F. H. MacArthur

Mrs. James MacIntyre, West Royalty, often walked from her childhood home in Upper North River to Charlottetown, over eighty years ago. Since then she has travelled by all ordinary means of conveyance, from horse-back to auto, and now in her 103rd year she would like to take a plane ride to complete in one life span a period of wonderful inventions and progress.

It is scarcely possible for people of our generation to conceive of a life such as Mrs. MacIntyre lived when she was a young girl. In those days people's tastes were primitive, their wants few and easily satisfied; their comforts were scanty, their conveniences limited.

If it were possible for time to go into reverse—say one hundred years—we would scarcely know how to live. All the conveniences which we now enjoy and take for granted were then unknown. It is amazing that, in the days this woman has been on earth, greater development has taken place than in all previous years of time.

Mrs. MacIntyre has lived to see invention of the telegraph, radio, electric power, steamers, motion pictures, the airplane and thousands of other useful inventions.

Going back to the old days, this remarkable person can recall the making and use of the old tallow candles in her home. But little light was needed in those days, for it was the custom to go to bed almost as soon as the birds went to roost.

The printing of those days was done with a machine similar to the one known as John Gutenberg press (now in the Bookellers' Museum, Leipzig, Germany). Mrs. MacIntyre now knows something of the story of the modern Hoe press (eight presses combined in one) that can print, fold out, paste and count papers at the amazing rate of 96,000 copies per hour.

Empires have risen and fallen in this woman's lifetime, and five British monarchs have sat upon the throne. Too she has witnessed many wars, including two of the greatest conflicts ever waged in the history of mankind.

One hundred and three years ago millions of people lived in isolation and ignorance of what went on in other parts of the earth. To-day the world is only one tenth of a second wide.

It is most remarkable that this old Island lady has lived through such a period of progress. What may to-morrow bring? Who can say? Certainly, West Royalty's grand old citizen would not be surprised at anything, she is not like the man who resigned his job in the U. S. A. patent office back in 1883 because, as he put it, "Everything inventable has been invented."



## Living & Leisure

— THE WOMAN'S REALM —

### GOLFERS WITH NERVES

The nervous golfer lifts his head, Hoping a skillful shot to see, Discovering with dismay instead That from the rough his next must be. Then from a caddy lie he tries The brassie, which is never wise.

The careless golfer, such as I, Often forgets to follow through, Then spends the season wondering why He cannot win, as others do, To hit the ball with heavy whacks As if his driver were an axe.

If by some lucky stroke should he Get to the green in three or four, As often has occurred to me, He's apt to take three puts or more.

Instead of five, it seems his fate In brass to score another dismal eight.

I hold that those who play too well Are blind to hazards that I see. They never have that jumpy spell Which comes to nervous men like me.

They neither sway nor lunge nor jerk, But trust their clubs to do the work.

— Edgar A. Guest.

It's fireside time. Days and nights when your hearth will be the center of family life. Accessories give charm to a fireplace as much as the burning logs. In fact, in winter, hearth accessories can set as well as reflect the entire atmosphere of the room.

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Let's start with the mantelpiece. Some home owners prefer small, curvy pieces as decorations. They concentrate on earthenware bowls and small gadgets of silver or copper. But while these pieces have their place, you can find large items on the market that will reflect burning hearth warmth.

For instance, there's a pair of tall candleholders, especially designed for hearth mantles. They're made of solid virgin brass, carefully lacquered so as to reflect the fire like a mirror. The reflection, of course, plays up the beauty of the brass.

Baskets are among the most attractive — the low, broad type with tall, arching handles. They're available in straw, with painted handles.

The same type of basket is made in brass to match a simple set of andirons. The basket has claw feet and is hand-finished.

There are numerous sets of fire tools. The usual combination is of hard work ash and a poker. The variation is in the handles and the fixtures on which they hang.

You can find sets with simple brass tops that hang from a triangular stand or sets with fancy tops that fit into elaborate stands with bases.

Those whose birthday it is are assured a year of extra opportunity toward merit, for skill, unusual ability, logic and public efforts, with gratifying token of appreciation and preference. Under a happy augury of enhanced scope and expansion in many fields endeavor it would be wise to reach for such cherished advancement, honors and substantial rewards, with increased resources.

A child born on this day is splendidly endowed with talents, abilities, versatility with signs of public advancement, assuring a pleasant, distinguished and efficient career in the limelight.

THE indications are for a particularly lively state of affairs, with work, job, new propositions and progress on the agenda. Hard concentration efforts reach substantial returns, and possessions, investments and private matters are gaining pleasant climax, probably calling for festivity and celebrations.

Those whose birthday it is are encouraged to concentrate their energies, plans, ambitions and influences on putting over important projects, with an eye to long-range and tangible as well as pleasant climaxes. There may be occasion for celebrations, with gifts, favors, increased possessions or investments, justifying a measure of extravagant outlay. Domestic and social relations warrant.

A child born on this day should be practical, hard-working and should enjoy a rich culmination to his own solid labors.

## Needlecraft

— FOR THE HOME —

### WEARABLES FOR GIFTS

For gifts both pretty and practical, gifts that show a personal consideration, why not choose wearables like these? Easy to make, and oh so easy on the yardage. (Two separate patterns).

No. 2820, a tea apron, is cut in one size and requires only 1 yard 35-inch fabric. Applique included.

No. 3001, the bed jacket, is cut in small medium and large sizes. Any one of these sizes cuts from 1 yard 39 inch if you face with contrasting fabric or blind edges.

Send 25 cents for each pattern, which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you want. Include 5¢ postage, or zone number in your address.

Address: Pattern Department, The Charlottetown Guardian, Pattern No. 2820 and No. 3001.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

