

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

Happenings of The Week

The Governor-General and Her Royal Highness Princess Alice are scheduled to arrive back in Canada on the night of November 18. They will cross the Atlantic from Britain on board the aircraft carrier H.M.C.S. *Albatross* and will dock at Halifax.

Their Excellencies who left Canada on the Empress of Scotland on September 11 for their first holiday in Britain since taking office, will remain in Canada until about three weeks before the arrival of their successors, Sir Harold and Lady Alexander, at the time towards the end of March.

The Earl of Athlone will probably make a few visits in Eastern Canada but no extended tour is planned prior to the departure.

Reports that Sir Harold Alexander would be raised to the peerage prior to his arrival in Canada to take over the post of Governor-General are believed to be unfounded. The suggestion in Ottawa is that in the light of the situation of the present administration to titles in general no action along this line would be likely.

Viscount Lascelles, 22-year-old son of the Earl of Harewood and the Princess Royal, will accompany his grand-uncle, the Earl of Athlone as aide-de-camp when the latter returns to Canada to complete his term as governor-general. The Earl of Athlone is expected back in Canada shortly. He will be succeeded by Field Marshal Alexander, formerly Allied supreme commander in the Mediterranean. Viscount Lascelles, a nephew of the King, was a prisoner of war for a year after he was captured while serving with the Grenadier Guards in Italy in June, 1944.

No plans for post-war Royal visits to the Dominion are under consideration at present, it is learned from London. Immediate visits throughout the Commonwealth are ruled out by existing world conditions and a shortage of shipping and no plans are being made for the distant future.

Mrs. A. A. Dysart, wife of Judge Dysart of Shediac has returned to her home after a short visit with her sister, Mrs. I. Croken whose husband Dr. Croken has been quite ill in hospital but is now convalescing.

Mrs. G. D. DeBlais, Mrs. Noel DeBlais, Mrs. W. E. Cotton, Mrs. D. Campbell, Mrs. R. Holman returned home earlier in the week from a thoroughly enjoyed holiday trip to Boston and New York.

Her numerous friends heard with deepest regret this week of the serious illness of Mrs. Miller, formerly Miss Margaret James, at the home of her niece in Oshawa, Ont.

The I.O.D.E. had a delightful afternoon tea Wednesday in honor of the young wives of returned men and brides from overseas. The enjoyable gathering was held at Mrs. Earle MacDonald's commodious home, 99 North River Road, when many friendships were renewed and new ones made.

Major Gen. Ernest G. Weeks who returned recently from England, is spending a short time in Toronto with Mrs. Weeks.

Capt. George Chandler arrived

CLEVER DOUBLE DOLL



DESIGN NO. 885

A cute double doll is easy to make from odd pieces of material. Pattern No. 885 contains complete instructions for making the body of the doll and clothes.

To order pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or Postal Scrip to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown, P.E.I. Design No. 885

Name _____ Street Address _____ Province _____

home from Brandon, Man., Thursday on a short leave accompanied by his wife and two sons, Ronald and Donald, and Mrs. Chandler's mother, Mrs. Mahar. Capt. Chandler had a happy reunion with his family and his eldest brother John, recently returned after spending upwards of six years overseas service.

On Tuesday Miss Marjorie Baker, Margate, sponsored a miscellaneous shower at the pretty home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baker in honour of her intimate friend, Miss George Proctor, who participates in the Proffitt-Simmons nuptials today.

Charlottetown friends will be interested to know that Rev. Dr. R. M. Legate, Penmarion, Paris, Ont., has had the pleasure of welcoming home from overseas his two sons, Capt. John and Mrs. David, all looking well and glad to be back in Canada. His eldest son, Robert, has recently received his appointment as Senior Project Engineer of the Central Technical Board in Calcutta, under the Government of India, and left 2 weeks ago by air for Calcutta. Captain David has accepted an appointment with the Montreal Star and is now in Ottawa as parliamentary correspondent. Capt. John is resuming his position as engineer for the Westmount municipality. Dr. Legate is at present in fairly good health and expects to spend the winter in Paris.

The infant son of Flying Officer and Mrs. Gilbert Henry was christened Sunday afternoon at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. Robert Henry, Union Street. Fredrick, N. B., by Rev. E. D. Willis and given the baptismal names Richard LePace. The godparents were Mr. and Mrs. John Burchill, of Chatham, and Mr. Alex. Kitchin of Toronto. After the ceremony tea was served with Mrs. Harold Logan presiding over the tea cups and Mrs. B. Kink and Mrs. Mary Henry serving. The baby is a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. LePace and a great grandson of Hon. B. W. LePace.

Owing to existing conditions guests attending St. Andrew's Ball in Montreal this week were not requested to wear long gloves. Debutantes were also requested not to carry bouquets and the wearing of slippers to be worn was immaterial.

Mrs. B. Waller left Thursday to spend some time with her sister, Mrs. McInnis.

On Monday evening a number of friends gathered at the home of Mrs. John E. Cameron, Tignish, N.S., at present residing in Summerside. Mrs. Adam J. McDonald capably acted the part of chaperone for the evening, and called upon Miss Helen Forsythe to read a fitting address, while Miss Stella Brennan presented Mrs. Davis with a beautiful rose all wool blanket, which was tastefully made up in Mountie colors. Mrs. Davis replied in a gracious manner, after which a pleasant evening was spent in singing and music. Mr. John E. Cameron rendered a few solos, which were very much enjoyed by the guests who were then ushered into the dining room, where a dainty lunch was served. The table was beautifully decorated with yellow chrysanthemums, and the candies were of gold and blue, symbolic of the R.C.M.P. colors. Tea was served by Mrs. C. A. Kinch, assisted by Mrs. L. J. McCarthy, Miss Noreen Johnston, and Miss Stella and Kathleen Brennan.

Mrs. Wallace Stewart left yesterday on return to her home in Portage la Prairie, Man., after several weeks with her relatives and friends in Charlottetown and Boston.

Mrs. John R. Patton who has been with parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Andrew, left Thursday for Chicago where she will join her husband who is assistant to the General Manager of the Trinidad Lease Holds Company. Mr. and Mrs. Patton will return here later to join their family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Webster motored to Moncton and back John this week.

Mrs. George H. Harper has returned to the city after spending the summer months with her daughter, Mrs. Alex Coughlan and family, in Toronto.

The Duke of Windsor may soon have a new job—working for the British Crown as once held. Sources close to Buckingham Palace say that the former King is being considered for a responsible post outside the United Kingdom, and that Mr. Winston Churchill is actively backing the Duke of Windsor's appointment.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, who spent two months at "The Charlottetown Hotel" last summer, will sincerely regret to read the following: "Harry Patterson, T.I., executive vice-president of the Bank of Nova Scotia, died in Toronto last Tuesday. He was a native of Pictou, N.S. Mr. Patterson served on the bank's staff in Campbellton, N.B., Newcastle, N.B., Chicago, Toronto, Ottawa, and New York before coming to Toronto in 1921 as superintendent of branches. He became assistant manager in Toronto in 1928. He was appointed general manager in 1934 and vice-president in 1937. Following his retirement in 1941, he was named executive vice-president. He was a past president of the Canadian Bankers' Association. Surviving, besides his widow is a son, LEO Robert Patterson, overseas."

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 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.

Q. Is it true that all jellied meats have been removed from the rationed meats?
A. No, it is not true. Jellied tongue is ration free, but the other jellied meats are not. However, in the last adjustment made by the ration administration all jellied meats with the exception above have been placed in group "E," which gives the purchaser three pounds per coupon or 6 ounces per coupon.

Q. How much veal cutlets am I allowed for one coupon?
A. Veal cutlets, bone in, are in group "B." You are therefore allowed one and a half pounds for the surrender of one coupon. This amounts to three ounces for one coupon.

Q. When will a new ration book be issued?
A. No decision has yet been made regarding the issuance of another ration book. However, by using the spare coupons in the present book 5 it can be made to last almost another year.

COOK'S CORNER

MENT AND APPLE JELLY

1 cup chopped mint leaves
1 cup boiling water
1 cup apple juice
Green coloring

Four the boiling water over the clean mint leaves and allow them to steep for one hour. Press the juice from the leaves and add two tablespoons of this water to the sugar and apple juice. Boil until the jelly test is reached. Pour into not glasses.

We usually make six times this amount at one time, using 6 cups of apple juice and 4½ cups of sugar, with ¼ cup of the mint flavoring. We boil the flavoring and apple juice for 20 minutes before adding the sugar, then boil until the jelly test is reached.

HOW CAN I!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make net curtains hang properly?
A. When laundering net curtains, hang them on poles while they are still wet and they will fall in graceful folds when dry.

Q. How can I neutralize the acid in rhubarb?
A. When nearly done, add a pinch of soda to the stewed rhubarb and it will neutralize so that very little sugar will be needed.

Q. How can I make cut glass sparkle?
A. When washing cut glass, add a little ammonia to the water and it will make the glass very bright and sparkling.



Litup. Alan Bartlett Cosh and Mrs. Cosh, whose wedding took place recently in New York.

MODERN ETIQUETTE

By Roberta Lee

Q. What are some of the most common forms of rudeness for either a husband or a wife to be guilty of when the other is entertaining friends in the home?
A. Refuse to talk, refuse to smile, appear bored, fall asleep, leave the room abruptly, sit and read.

Q. What is the meaning of "an Oregon plan hotel"?
A. This means that the charge is for two meals to be paid for according to the menu ordered.

Q. Is it all right to say, "We had company for dinner"?
A. No; the correct form is, "We had company at dinner."

BETTER ENGLISH

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "He never let on that he knew about it."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "juvenile"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Marshmallow, mar-

HOUSEHOLD SCRAPBOOK

By Roberta Lee

Mashed Potatoes
Nutritive value will be added to the mashed potatoes if the potatoes are boiled in their jackets, the skins then removed, and the potatoes mashed until fluffy. What is left over will make excellent potato cakes.

The Double Boiler
The cooking can be quickened if salt water is put in the outer part of the double boiler. It will create a greater heat than if ordinary water is used.

Orphanides
Gum arabic is excellent to use as a stiffening for delicate organ-dies and muslins.

malade, marionette, marshall.
4. Who does the word "inevitable" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with the letter "B" which is regarded as supremely blessed?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "He gave no intimation that he knew about it." 2. Pronounce low-ven-ill, the "i" as in ill preferred. 3. Marshmal. 4. Admitting of no evasion; unavoidable. 5. Blessedly.

Alderlea, at a distance now has been preparing all this week to nest for the winter. The turnip harvest is under way on Monday and Tuesday this evening. The triumphant party would likely be the last cabbage from the turnip field, and the night was one of triumph. Busy days, but precious, we spent, from morning until late in the evening, in the harvesting. Busy days, but precious, we spent, from morning until late in the evening, in the harvesting. Busy days, but precious, we spent, from morning until late in the evening, in the harvesting.

"What's keeping them?" Halloween came—the witching night when strange characters prowled and lurked in the shadows. The Goblins showed themselves at Alderlea, whither Jamie, masked had arrived earlier. He gave all out, including Aunt Jeanie, an awful "kare", and later James related old tales of former Halloween for us, while the wind howled high and wild and the night was eerie and sort of lonely too. Sunny days saw October and when the old clock struck the witching hour November came, with a week of brand new days. This week's days saw James invite me into the receiving line at the turnip harvest, when I tossed them away from port-holes in the cellar to relieve the congestion there and thus hasten the storing. And with my head near the old darkened beams and my nostrils sniffing the delicious cellar fragrances my mind wandered backward to older times when life rolled along slowly and the white-washed dairy in a cellar corner was fairly bursting with an abundance of delectable stores. "Those were the days" James said wistfully that same evening.

This evening, then, I joined that "other of mine" and her niece, the new district school, on a visit to a comfortable farmhouse further west, where a progressive farmer and his good wife, beside the delicious spot, even in tonight's darkness where across a glimmer that is river, lights twinkled out from cosy houses beyond. While we sat chatting, word of a sister's passing came to this lady. An elderly person whom the burden of living was too heavy to be borne. "I'm glad she has been taken" the woman we visited said and then, getting while eyes misted "but tonight, I remember her as in girlish-around mother's knee with the rest of us snuggled tenderly while other precious far-away scenes come to her mind from out the years.

And why should I worry or wonder now that the quiet of the ap-

ELLEN'S DIARY

By an Island Farmer's Wife

I am "far frae" Alderlea tonight and as I write comfortably here, I'm wondering if James is finding usual refreshing sleep. He does the toss restlessly starting at the least disturbing sound, finding the old house a big and lonely place. I'm wondering, and yet now that I recall it, as I came down the short-cut on my way to the bus, which was to bear me westward, I saw him pull a sizable turnip with a flourish and sever the leaves blithely. I remember also, when I went to the house across the lane with some last minute directions concerning a member of my household so Jeanie before she went to bed, she was singing like a lark. Jack too assured me: "We'll get along." I think now, I should have liked to hear if I had not left an obvious holiday spirit behind me, at Alderlea.

The work at the turnips was fast drawing to a close, as I came away. At our mid-day meal, James wondered if I would have time, before I left to gather in the beets and the carrots from the patch of garden besides the cabbage, and I was there before he could get a hand with dumping the cart, "I'll be ready to leave." It was therefore with a neighborly shame, I saw him struggle with cart load, which presently he sent rolling to the barn in the house across the lane, I was adjusting my best earrings then, on my way to pick up my hat. At the time, only a few loads remained to be done and the loveliness of the afternoon, beckoning me to wander, I found too hard to resist. "Oh Ellen, James said, resting his back a minute from the work you might have had a ride right to the corner." He nodded towards a cart I had just passed, left the mill and was now ascending the hill above. But there was a half hour until bus time and walking is good, especially on our road, where one is able to find many excuses for pausing to chat. I crossed the road, where the water tumbled in a foam to the pools below and passing the mill continued up the hill. This is where our friend, a neighborly enterer, the picture, "Going to the corner, Ellen" he called, "I'm going that way myself—right now, with a turnip." The sun touched the country side brightly, lifting it from the dark shades of November and making a beautiful picture: fields and homesteads; valley and slopes and river. The bus ride was pleasant. Along the way, farmers were ploughing or ploughed red furrows. The cattle hurried towards the stables and I found it difficult to decide which I preferred the more charming sight: a flock of portly gray and white geese against the sky, or a pair of ducks, or a pair of warmly clad sheep on the brown of a meadow. Both made charming studies. I was able to obtain a glimpse of a gentleman who made light of having to stand for several miles and my bus, a pleasant surprise, was a day in the city. My seat mates, first a lady lately called upon to suffer the loss of a loving husband, and a young man, a student who had crossed from the mainland this morning when "the sea was as calm as in mid-summer."

Another, for no reason, a pleasant adventure, and each passenger interesting. Two lassies were on the bus, one a young housewife brought rolls of wall-paper from the city, house-cleaning at hand; 2. Another, a young man, a student who had crossed from the mainland this morning when "the sea was as calm as in mid-summer."

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Dorothy Dix Says—

Mental Unfaithfulness

Thoughts Worse than Physical Gallivanting—Praise Children Occasionally.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: What is the harm in going about with a married man? Some old conservatives tell me that it will be disastrous for us both and that it is poor taste. I thought all of that old stuff was taboo in this day and age. I know enough to keep my head and not fall in love with him.

The man in question boards at the same place I do. His wife and four children, for financial reasons, live in another State. Naturally he is lonely and I must admit that I trump up a few situations that will throw us together. But I know I can't have him and if I thought I was weeping him away from his wife, I would cut it all out. So what is the harm in it all?

ANSWER: I might answer your question by asking: What's the good of it all? What good have you done yourself by setting the gossip tongues to wagging in a boarding house, as you undoubtedly have, by running around with a married man? How much good have you added to your happiness and peace of mind by going with this man when he is bound by every tie of honor and honesty to another woman?

How much good have you done him by letting him see that he has the power to attract a young girl so that she runs after him? By making him contrast you in the freshness of your youth and enthusiasm with a wife who is certainly older and perhaps far less attractive than you are? Do you think that you have made it easier for him to be faithful to his wife? For not all unfaithfulness is physical—the worst of it is mental. It is when a man gives all of his thoughts and his heart to another woman that he is most unfaithful to his wife.

You say that you know enough not to let yourself fall in love. Alas, my child, that is something that the wisest and strongest cannot say they will do or will not do. The heart rules the head, not the head the heart, and no man or woman can control their love. Probably no girl who enters into an affair with a married man ever intends to go too far, but before she knows it she is swept beyond her bounds on the tide of passion and is lost.

There is an old adage about the danger of playing with fire that I would call to the attention of every girl who is tempted to have a flirtation with a fascinating married man.

DEAR MISS DIX: I have been married eight years and have two little girls. My husband and I lived together in peace and harmony until two years ago when his widowed mother came to live with us. I was delighted to receive her, but she has ruined my home by taking possession of it and managing everything.

I have told my husband that I cannot stand it any longer, but he says that so long as his mother desires to live in his home he cannot ask her to leave. She is a strong woman and has plenty of money. I love my husband, but I am financially able to leave him and take the children. What shall I do?

ANSWER: Put your cards all on the table, face up. Tell your mother-in-law that you refuse to be destroyed in your own home. Tell her that one or the other of you must leave the house and put it squarely up to her whether, for the sake of having her own way, she is willing to break up her son's home and half-orphan, his children.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: Don't you think it is wrong for parents to criticize their children constantly?

ANSWER: I think the greatest parental vice is fault-finding and that more children have been ruined by it than by anything else in the world. And the pity of it is that the parents who wreck their children's lives by it, do it through love instead of through malice. They are so anxious for their children to be perfect that they are determined to nip every fault in the bud and correct every folly.

A child takes his parent's value of himself, and if Father and Mother continually tell him that he is dull and stupid and homely, he grows up believing he is dull and stupid and homely and makes no effort to be anything else. It is parents who implant the inferiority complex in their children's minds.

Praise is always more potent than blame.

MORNING SMILE

THE OTHER MAN

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Send 20 cents for pattern which includes complete instructions, guides. Print your Name, Address, and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish. Include postal unit or some number in your address.

Address: Pattern Department The Charlottetown Guardian.

Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ Province _____

JUST BLIND
"I was a fool when I married you," said Mrs. Brownleigh, angrily.
"Yes, darling, but I was in love and didn't notice," replied her husband.