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

Ten Governors-General Were Served By Her

The Story of a Little Old Lady Who Labored For Forty-five years At Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

By Clara Rothwell Anderson

"Yes, ma'am I worked forty-five years at Rideau Hall—a long time . . . ."and the little, tiny shepherdess lady lay back on her pillow, her unfaded blue eyes eloquent in retrospect.

"Ten governors came and went in my time. Lord Dufferin, he was the first, I mind, once, it was in the Duke of Devonshire's time (he was always one for having his joke) it was the custom to give each of the employees a turkey for Christmas. So His Excellency held up mine—a sixteen pound one—and says he, 'How many turkeys have you had, my good woman?' 'About forty, your Excellency,' says I. 'Why woman, you own the place,' says he laughing.

"Yes, I was young when I went there, but I had always worked hard, helping mother with the fine washing and ironing. You see, there were no launderies in those days and all the fine shirts were done by hand. When I was a little girl going to school, I used to walk back and forth from Stanley Avenue to the old Russell House, on Sparks Street, carrying baskets of laundry. I had to go there and back before school. Sometimes I would get a cent to buy a stick of candy. No. There were no cars then.

M. P.'s Particular About Shirts

"I would bring home the gentlemen's fine shirts, and sometimes there were a great many of them when the members of Parliament stayed in town. Mother got sixty cents a dozen and we often washed and ironed all night, for you see, with so much snow and cold it was often hard to dry the clothes. We had to watch all night, too, when the clothes were hanging out, for once the line was stripped and all the fine hand-sewn linen shirts were gone. That was a sore trouble to us. We used just the old fashioned sad irons, with a pad over the handle to hold. Yes—they got pretty hot and it was hard to keep them clean, burning wood, what with the smoke and all. Of course, we dare not have the least spot—gentlemen were particular about their shirts in those days. The front, collar and cuffs had to be very stiff and white, and a good gloss, and the pleats in the bosom well marked with the side of the flat iron. The dressy shirts for balls had fine frills as well. There was no one could do them like mother and, of course, she showed me how. It was hard to get soft water, too; we had to carry snow and melt it, or else it had to be taken from under the ice and brought to us in barrels at fifteen cents a barrel. The trouble was, there was only one man to draw it for the whole neighborhood. Oh yes, wages were small and hours long, but there was plenty of work for everyone in those days.

"Before I went to work at Rideau Hall, I used to go there to bring home the gentlemen's shirts, and once, in Lord Stanley's time, one of the aides called specially at my place to say how pleased he was with the gloss I had put on his shirt, and he handed me twenty dollars. And another time, a visitor at Rideau Hall gave me a five dollar gold piece. Oh yes, they were all good to me.

"How I came to work at Government House? Well, you see, it was just like this. One evening I went over with the gentlemen's laundry. That was in Lord Dufferin's time, and for some reason they wanted the big ballroom scrubbed before morning. They were short of hands and asked me if I thought I could do it. I said I would try, and I scrubbed all night until seven o'clock in the morning. About one o'clock a powdered footman brought me a wonderful supper on a big tray, and I worked on. The men carried fifty pails of water for me."

"They didn't think of giving you a hand, I suppose?"

"Oh no, dear. That was a woman's work! Not a man's job, you see."

"Well, I don't just see. That is, it's not exactly clear. But what happened then?"

"Oh well, they were all pleased with my work and gave me five dollars and kept me on for forty-five years—a long time! My hours were from seven to five. They gave me fifty cents a day.

"Oh yes, I remember the Princess Louise well. She had short curly hair. I mind once, she and the Marquis of Lorne came hand in hand to the ball room where a new frame had been put on a mirror. The Princess did not like it. She said it looked just like a horse collar, so His Excellency ordered it changed. Princess Louise never allowed any carpet sweepers used and nothing but hard English floor brushes. Once I went to move a big chair and His Excellency said 'Let me help you', and one of the aides, hurried to do it, but His Excellency lifted it for me himself."

Lights Out at Midnight

"In Lord Stanley's time, he had all the candles out after a ball and everything quiet by twelve o'clock. Some thought it early.

"Once I was scrubbing the side verandah, and Lord and Lady Lansdowne were sitting near by. Her Excellency came over to me and says she, 'His Excellency does not like to see you cleaning on your knees. Is there not some other way?' and she sent for the butler and told him to bring a mop. Lady Lansdowne, she was the mother of the Duchess of Devonshire.

"Oh, I knew them all. Lady Byng her father was comptroller there once. Lord Grey, that was Lady Minto's brother. Lady Minto was very friendly. I did not mind cleaning the long red carpet for her specially, when she asked me to do it, as it was soiling her long white train.

"The Governor and his aides attended the little greystone parish church across from Rideau Hall, just as they do now. And I remember once, in Lord Stanley's time, a woman was called out of the church very suddenly, as the collection was being passed. She got all excited and upset and handed the plate to the Governor, himself. He smiled and took it, but the next day one of the aides called at her home and reprimanded her severly for taking such a liberty. And when Lord Stanley heard about it he was very angry."

"And what did he do about it?"

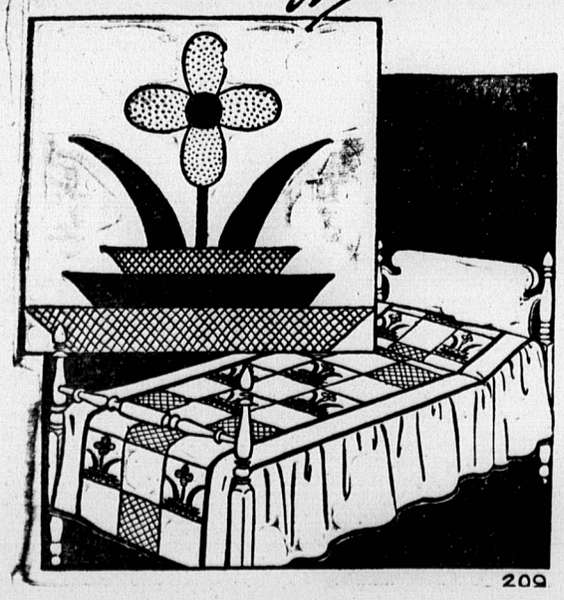
"Do? Do?"

But the little pink and white lady was weary with her long review of vice-regal personages.

"I will tell you again. I tire easily now. I didn't used to. Once I worked all night—cleaning the ballroom—" and her eyes closed on scenes so long enacted and following one another in quick succession on memory's unfading screen.

Applique Patchwork Bedspread

by Mayfair



209

DESIGN NO. 209

"Yellow Iris" is the motif for this exquisite patchwork bedspread. Its bright color combination will cheer up and decorate any bedroom and you will find the applique interesting pick-up work.

The pattern contains detail chart with applique cutting patterns, color suggestions and complete instructions for working and making spread.

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Southern Atlantic Legacy

By BY SYDNEY PARKMAN

"What on earth is the matter?" the Major demanded irascibly. "What's going on down there? How the blazes do you expect anyone to sleep through that infernal noise?"

The landlord, looking slightly ludicrous in a long, white nightshirt, shook his head uncomprehendingly, and pointed to Toby's door.

"It is the young Senor," he explained in Spanish. "He has had a bad dream perhaps."

"What is it, Daddy?" came Diana's voice, and she, too, appeared at the head of the stairs, with a dressing-gown over her nightdress.

The landlord hastily averted his eyes and made for the door of Toby's room, and the other two came slowly down the stairs, the Major still growing ferociously in reply to his daughter's inquiries.

A loud exclamation from the landlord apprised them that he had discovered something startling in Toby's room, and they hurried down the remainder of the stairs and followed him in.

By the feeble light of the two candles the scene which met their eyes was anything but reassuring. The bedclothes lay strewn about the floor in wild confusion; one of the window curtains had been partly torn down in the struggle and hung tramp lankly from a single hook; while Toby himself was standing facing them with a blood-stained towel held to the side of his naked chest. His pyjama jacket—also ominously streaked and stained with blood—lay discarded on the floor beside him, and the whole place was reeking with the heavy, sickly fumes of chloroform.

"Toby!—what have you done to yourself?" Diana exclaimed, hurrying towards him, while the Major stood just inside the doorway, gaping at him speechlessly.

The landlord had set his candle down, and was pouring water from an earthenware jug into the washhand basin, at the same time keeping up a string of horrified ejaculations to which no one paid the slightest attention.

"It's nothing much," Toby said with a somewhat wan grin. "Someone came in through the window and tried to out me with chloroform. I objected, and he took a poke at me with a knife. I don't think he's done much harm."

"Let me have a look at it!" she ordered, white-faced but calm, and he meekly obeyed and display a long, ugly-looking gash high up on the side of his chest. It was still bleeding freely, but actually it looked far worse than it was, for the knife-point had evidently glanced off his ribs and ploughed a furrow along the skin which was nowhere deep.

"This is a nice thing to happen!" the Major exclaimed indignantly. "The police ought to be notified about it immediately!"

"It's a doctor we want!" his daughter retorted. "Toby, can't you tell this man to fetch one?"

She had already dipped the towel in the wash-hand basin, and was busy staunching the flow of blood from the wound while the landlord stood by and goggled at the victim of the attack unhappily.

Toby passed on the request to him in broken Spanish, and he started spasmodically.

"Uno medico?" he exclaimed, as though the idea was one which would never have occurred to him in the circumstances. "Ah, si, si, Senor" And he withdrew hurriedly to acquaint his wife with what had happened, and put on some more clothes before essaying into the street.

CHAPTER XV

TOBY HAS A THEORY

"Wait a minute now, while I think this out." Father Maloney said slowly, frowning out of the window; and Toby nodded and sat back in his chair.

They were sitting in the priest's room on the following morning, awaiting the arrival of Diana and her father, and Toby had just given his host a full account of his midnight adventure, together with certain conclusions he had drawn from it.

He looked little the worse for his encounter with the intruder, though his upper ribs on the left side were sore and aching and his breathing was somewhat hampered by the enormous quantity of plaster with which the local doctor had bound up the wound.

He had flatly refused to change rooms in the early hours of the morning, arguing that his assailant would be extremely unlikely to make a further attempt upon him, and rather to his own surprise he had slept peacefully through the remainder of the night.

He had awakened early, and after a hurried breakfast, had made his way straight to the priest's house, leaving word for the others too follow him when they were ready.

Father Maloney had been considerably perturbed at hearing his account of the incident, but he seemed now to be even more disconcerted at hearing Toby's interpretation of its meaning.

"I still can't believe that ye're right there," he announced at last, turning troubled eyes upon his guest. "After all, how could he be knowing she's have it with her?"

"Easily!" Toby told him briefly. "If he—or perhaps I ought to say 'they,' for I daresay there's more than one in the game—know the contents of that letter that old Salter wrote to Di, they've known all along that you were holding the other half of the clue for her. Hence your mysterious burglar. They had two shots at getting hold of it by raiding your house, and then gave it up as a bad job and waited for her to turn up, in the hope that she'd be easier to deal with. And so she would have been, if we hadn't switched rooms at the last minute."

"And ye think they must have been watching for her arrival all this time?" Father Maloney asked, with a hint of incredulity in his voice.

"Not watching, exactly," Toby corrected. "They knew she'd be coming from England, and it was just a case of reading the Havana papers. Passenger lists are always wirelessed ahead for the benefit of the Press, and it wouldn't have been difficult to learn of her arrival in advance. After that, it was just a case of finding out what room she was going to occupy—and that probably accounts for the interesting stranger who was making inquiries about rooms last night. The landlord said he was an American, didn't he? Well, my bird was one, too, judging from what he called me in the heat of the moment!"

The priest nodded slowly.

"It certainly fits together," he admitted. "But I still find it hard to believe that they'd risk hanging round the scene of their crime like this. In the ordinary way, a stranger would set every tongue in the village wagging, but of course, this construction camp has made a difference."

"Exactly!" Toby concurred. "That's the answer! I don't suppose they did stay around here, if it comes to that. But it would have been easy enough to come in occasionally, when the place was full of strangers, wouldn't it? I dare say, if you think back, you'd find that those two burglaries of yours took place on general holidays—fiestas or what-not."

His companion stared at him.

(To be Continued)

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

IF YOU WANT TO BE EASY TO LIVE WITH, BE APPRECIATIVE

Husbands Praise Wives Who Don't Nag; Overlook Faults, Are Willing to Take the "Downs" With "Ups" Without Whining

What makes a wife easy to live with? I put this question to a group of men the other day and this is what they answered: "My wife is easy to live with because she is reasonable. She can see things straight. She knows how to make allowances. She doesn't demand the impossible and have nysterics when she can't get it. When business is good and I can lavish luxuries on her she is delighted with the nice things I give her. But when I strike a streak of hard luck and we have to pinch and economize there is never a whimper out of her. She is just as gay and cheerful as when we were prosperous, and she bucks me up by reminding me that we have to have a few rainy days and the storm will blow over after a bit and the sun will be shining again. She doesn't throw a fit every time I am late for dinner, or stay downtown to meet an old friend, or go off on a vacation trip alone. She knows that a business man cannot always control his time,and that even the most married man likes to get away from petticoats every now and then and have a pow-wow with other he-men. When I do foolish things she doesn't take it tragically. She knows it is a stumble and not a fall, and she picks me up and dusts me off and laughs at me and forgets it. I never have to lie to my wife. Whatever I do I can tell her the truth about it, and there is nothing that saves as much wear and tear on a husband as that."

'The thing that makes my wife easy to live with is that she keeps on cutting bait,' said the second man. 'Most women slump as soon as they get married. They leave off their company clothes and the company manners that they wore during courtship and think that any old rag and any old conversational line is good enough for a mere husband.

"My wife has always paid me the compliment of thinking that I was worth dressing up for, so that I have never had to compare her looks with the girls in my office. Better than that, she has always continued to treat me as if I were a lover instead of a meal ticket.

"I have my faults. Plenty of them. But she never tells me of them, or reminds me of what a poor, weak, faltering creature I am. She never criticizes my taste. She never flouts my opinions. She laughs at my jokes and listens with interest to my stories and enthuses over all of my presents.

"She makes me feel that whatever a cold and unappreciative world may think of me, she admires me beyond all other human beings and that I am still the hero of her girlish dreams. And if there is anything more soothing to a man's vanity, I don't know what it is."

"The thing that makes my wife easy to live with is her being such good company," said the third man. "She is the best pal ever and there is never a dreary moment when she is around. She is full of pep and always on her tiptoes and ready for anything. If I want to step out of an evening, she can grab her hat and be on her way in two minutes.

"And when I take her out she doesn't wetblanket the occasion, as so many wives do by finding fault with the program or the seats, or the music, or the food, or grumbling over the price, or wondering why I didn't take her somewhere else.

"On the contrary, she is always the life of the party and puts ginger into the occasion by her wisecracks about people and things. Believe me, we have no dull evenings at home where we yawn in each other's faces and sit up in a silence so thick you could cut it with a knife.

"Nobody could be bored when my wife is around because she is just full of gay and lively chatter. Things she has seen, things she has read, little stories and gossip she has picked up, adventures that have happened to her. She can't go to the butcher shop without seeing something funny, or hearing some yarn that is full of human interest.

"She doesn't meet me at the door with a long face and an account of everything that has gone wrong during the day. She keeps all the unpleasant domestic details to herself and makes our home so cheerful and happy that I like to come back to it and to stay in it, because it is the nicest place with the best company that I know of."

"The thing that makes my wife easy to live with is being appreciative," said the fourth man. "My lot is that of the average man. I slave like a dray horse for my family and by the time the bills are paid there isn't very much left for Father, and I can easily see where a man would think he was getting a pretty raw deal in marrying if his wife took all that he did for granted and never even said 'thank you.'

"But my wife makes it worthwhile for me, for she ennobles my work, somehow. She gilds the drudgery and makes me see myself as doing something bigger than I am. Passing on the torch of life to my children, giving fine citizens to my country that sort of thing, you know. She has even taught the children to regard me as a sort of unsung martyr and hero who gives his life for them, instead of just being a cash register.

"I tell you, it is mighty easy to work for a wife who appreciates all you do for her, and mighty discouraging to have to work for one who does nothing but reproach you for not making more."

So said these men. What is it that makes your wife easy to live with—if she is?

DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

UNINFORMED

The commercial traveller in the small country hotel tried to make conversation with the man beside him at breakfast.

"Awful rainy spell—like the flood."

"The flood?"

The tone was polite, but inquiring.

"The flood—Noah, the Ark, Mount Ararat."

The other bit off half a slice of bread, shook his head, and mumbled thickly: "I haven't read today's paper yet."

PREPARED

One night a man in a car was run down at the level crossing. Consequently, the old signalman in charge had to appear in court. After a gruelling cross-examination he was still unshaken. He said he waved his lantern frantically, but all to no avail.

The following day the superintendent of the line called him to his office.

"You did wonderfully well yesterday, Tom," he said. "I was afraid at first that you might waver."

"No, sir," replied Tom, "not as long as that lawyer didn't ask me whether my lantern was lit."

Gracie Fields, the Lancashire lass who sang her way into a million hearts, a million dollars and a million headlines, added 8,000 Canadian troops to her score when she appeared at Valcartier. She is in Canada a guest of the Navy League.

THE COOK'S CORNER

ONE-MINUTE MAYONNAISE

This is an English recipe, with variations:

Break a whole egg into a bowl; add a half teaspoon each dry mustard, salt, and 1 tablespoon vinegar. Add cayenne pepper if desired. Beat together for a few seconds with a Dover egg beater, then pour in slowly 1 pint oil, beating continuously. Beat results are obtained by having the bowl a little warm. Keep in cool place.

Thousand Island Dressing —To 1 cup mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons chili sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped pepper.

Cucumber Sauce—To cup mayonnaise add 1 cup whipped cream, 1 cup diced cucumber drained.

California Dressing — To 1 cup mayonnaise add 1-4 cup minced ripe olives, 1-4 cup minced green olives.

Russian Dressing—To 1 cup amyonnaise add 1-4 cup minced pimiento, 2 tablespoons green pepper, 2 tablespoons catsup.

Fruit Salad Dressing—One and a half tablespoons butter, 1-2 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 eggs, juice 1 large can of pineapple.

Cream butter and sugar; add flour; add eggs well beaten; neat pineapple juice, and add gradually to mixture. Cook 3 minutes over flame, stirring constantly. Cook longer in double boiler. When cool add 1-2 pint of whipped cream. This is delicious with any combination of fruits, or with fruit jellies.

STOP the AGONY of BURNS

Quick! Slap on a thick Poultice of Mecca Ointment. Almost instantly MECCA relieves the agonizing pain and lessens shock to the sufferer. Then MECCA cleanses the wound—arrests further destruction of the tissues. Then its medicinal properties are absorbed by the tissues, assisting nature to heal quickly, and in most cases preventing scars. Is MECCA (25c) in your home right now?

"MECCA" OINTMENT

Play a Successful Role in Your Club's Affairs

Be Sure of Club Procedure

Does a fear of criticism make you timid about taking an active part in your club?

Or perhaps you already hold a post, but feel yourself a disappointment because you aren't sure of the right thing to do.

With knowledge of club organization and procedure you could be a great success.

Elected treasurer, you easily keep your accounts by following a simple routine. Have a book with a page for each member; list monthly what each owes and pays in dues, fines and assessments.

Also keep a record of all money taken in during the month and all disbursements. Then at the end of the month balance the totals.

Or perhaps you're on the program committee. Show courtesy to a speaker from out-of-town by meeting her at her train. Or are you running a benefit? To insure good ticket sales, turn selling into a competition or allot each member a certain number of tickets she must sell or keep herself.

Get help on all branches of club work from our 32-page booklet. Tells how to organize a club, draw up a constitution. Explains club etiquette, duties of officers and committees; gives sample budget, clever money-raising plans.

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PERFECTION

I sometimes think it would be very good
To live as advertisers say we should,
In such a model house as may be seen
In any woman's monthly magazine;
The kind of house where all is planned to be
In perfect order and in harmony,
Where all the rooms—and cupboards too, it seems—
Are finished to conform to colour schemes
—"Mulberry fittings, toned with amethyst,
Are exquisite relieved by silver-mist"—
Where all the latest gadgets can be seen
—"Coal-box-cum-cocktail-set, in blue or green"—
Where most rooms have a hidden radio
—"Just press the stud for Prague, Rome, or Moscow"—
Where dainty meals are served on silver plate
—"A tasty little dish; cooks while you wait"—
And where the dog, when splashed from tail to head
With mud, does not repose upon one's bed.
The wireless is not spoilt by atmospherics,
The hot-tap is not subject to hysterics;
When people doing crosswords do not use
One's Latin notebook to work out their clues,
Where no doors creak upon a windy night
And all the clocks are always going right,
No dirty dishes pile up in the sink,
And nothing's ever wrong—and then I think;
If households such as these really exist,

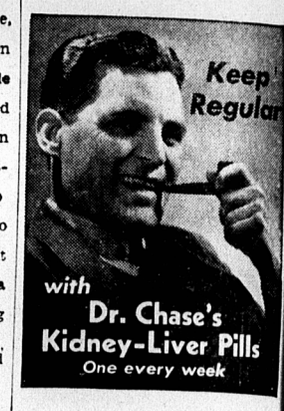
How much the people in the must have missed!
—Audrey Shah (London)

Superior strength is found the long run to lie with those wh had the right on their side. Froude.

Chester, England, has an old la which requires a man to raise h hat when a funeral passes.

AREA OF THE EARTH

Knowing the shape of the Eart and its circumference and diame ter men are able to calculate th area of extent of its surface. This i about 196,000,000 square miles, an of this great area the land cover about 55 million square miles.



YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

(By FRANCES DRAKE)
(Copyright, 1940, King Features)
Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

For Monday, June 17, 1940

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries) —Watch your step today, you may make mistakes if you aren't careful. A cheerful mood is important. Don't drop one thing after another without giving it a fair chance.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus) —Protect your presonal affairs from intruders. Also guard your income from your own temptation to spend unwisely. A day during which a cautitious, painstaking attitude toward everything will be playing safe.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini) —You will find that if you avoid needless discussions, superfluous details and fussiness in general, you'll accomplish quicker, better. Others are observing you, give the right example!

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer) —Preserve energies and finances; especially is this pertinent for you born before July 8, who may feel the temptation to squander resources. Care needed in dealings with strangers.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)— Discretion and will thought out plans are two of today's ablest assistants. Keep them with you ALL day. Be guided also by the sound words of keen, right-principled people.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — Be particularly careful in money matters, legal affairs and activities that are foreign to you or outside your regular routine. Business may not seem to move forward, but good work can be done today that will bring satisfactory results later.

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — You'll need a sense of humor and a philosophical turn of mind today, and two better than a Libran can offer these two able body-guards. Let's have the best you have to give!

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — Avoid over-sensitiveness and anxiety; don't be impatient with others not as quickly and keen as you. Much can be accomplished in productive measure for general good and in all necessary activities.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — Speculation and taking risks with your income or securities are not advised. Day favors constructive work, intellectual expansion, government interests.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — The big, important word today is "CONSERVE." Conserve vitality and funds, particularity, A receptive period for correcting errors, uncovering deception and making far-reaching investigations.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) — If possible, plan your course of action early and carefully; don't waste time on items that can wait until after the more important matters are dispatched. After 7 P M., be most careful in promises and discreet with the opposite sex.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — Well-established business, production of essential commodities and making secure your position and holdings more favored than new ventures or risky schemes.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY will be magnetic, keen of wit, an interesting companion, though not a ready listener. Talented and receptive to knowledge; impatient with details; quick and almost erratic at times in action. Concentration and patience are two great needs. Will respond to intelligent reasoning.

REJUVENATE WITH PAINT

If you are considering enameling or painting furniture, it is important that the piece be absolutely clean and dry before adding the new coat. Dampness or dirt under the paint will prevent adherence of the fresh coating. Any old wax or furniture polish can be removed with turpentine. Wipe dry, rub off with fine sandpaper, then dust with a clean cloth. The furniture is then ready for the paint.

Needlecraft—

—For The Home

A dress that's coolly calculated to bring comfort combined with chic on the warmest days. Easy to make sleeves that cover the shoulders, an interesting neckline and the new front fullness that everyone is talking about and wearing, makes this the ideal Summer frock. Make it of soft cotton, perhaps sprinkled with dainty flowers, for a charmingly feminine appeal. The beginner will have no trouble making this dress because it is so easy, and the complete dressmaking instructions included with the pattern almost put it together for you.

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