

WOMEN

Page 8 The Guardian Wednesday, Sept. 29, 1954

ELLEN'S DIARY

by an Island Farmer's Wife

Threshing, combining grain, the potato-digging, these were the immediate endeavours of the farmers today on the countryside about. The sun traced nice shadows on the fields and it was a willing wind the day fetched in over the hills to lend fine assistance to all these works of the season.

The hedgerows now have put on a rare loveliness, similar we find to that of the springtime though it was more sprightly. This belongs to the passing of the year; these we think are the last tokens of regard they and the woodlands and fields bring—the graceful old white birches their amber crowns, the maples their ruby-gems, the bracken and shrubs their jewels of near-arrange and bronze and scarlet. And a leaf falls, even as we stop to admire the enchantment of all about and we sigh as we turn away towards Autumn's less lustrous days.

"What do you do for excitement these times, Ellen?" someone asked half-earnestly the other day. . . . as if the hustle and suspense and delight of the harvest were not enough to provide us with many a thrill! But besides we have learned to seize every opportunity to tuck in with the demands of our work, those engaging incidentals which go hand in hand with farm-life.

This evening, we stole away at the opening of dusk, when the farmers and children had not then returned from their field-work at Alderlea, to join other farmwives of the district in sewing a quilt for a housewife who had the misfortune recently to lose those of hers and we suspect many other gathered treasures of the years. For as James reminds us when the wind licks down the chimneys threatening disaster "You can

never pick up after a fire."

Have you ever walked along a quiet friendly byroad like this of ours, in the twilight when the first shadings of twilight were dimming the far fields? And all about was the peace and calm which comes at day's close? How pleasant it is and good for mind and heart!

A robin chirped sleepily in a roadside tree, a heifer new-put to pasture lowed plaintively, a lamb bleated . . . and a squirrel started shrilled from a fence-post on a rise close by the hawthorn-hedge at the other farms.

"Oh, it's only you, Ellen!" she gasped. "And how have you been?" "O good . . . good!" we smiled. "I doubt it!" she giggled nervously.

"Then quite well—is that better?" "Better," she nodded. Full of evening magic lay the farmlands about. "Did you ever see a year slip any faster than this, Ellen?" she queried. "It's time now to be thinking about the snowy days. . . . You wouldn't know of a beech-tree near-about, would you?" So many from the young years we remembered, but none to know, though we suppose there are such, along these farms.

"Would hazel nuts do?" we questioned. "There used to be bushes of those not far from the edge of the old woods at Alderlea."

"Well now," she was pleased, "I must make a note of that. . . . I'll take a trip over there shortly."

Quilt sewed by many hands, done . . . a shorter one; to the room across the hall and a pillow beside James where dreams now wait.

Until tomorrow Day Good-night

LET'S EAT

A Variety Of Desserts

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"OUR guests eat and enjoy desserts," said Mr. J. L. Hever, Manager of the United Nations Restaurant, as he handed me a week of current luncheon menus for the UN Restaurant.

"As you can see, we plan a wide variety of desserts to suit many tastes and diets."

Dessert Offerings

"We always have an American fruit pie: French pastry or chiffon pie; an interesting cake, such as chocolate fudge layer cake which is popular; cheese and crackers; often a pudding; ice cream of various flavors — our guests especially like eggnog ice cream; a complete of cooked fruit and a selection of fresh fruit."

"This would be an attractive dessert menu to duplicate when entertaining at home," I said, "with a noontime dessert bridge, or to serve from a serving wagon when guests are invited after dinner for dessert, coffee and a bit of TV."

TOMORROW'S DINNER

Chilled Tomato Juice
Ossel Bucchi Italiane
Flaky Potatoes
Green Beans Sauté
Tossed Lettuce

Coffee Fruit Tea Milk

Ossel Bucchi Italiane: Order 3 whole veal shanks sawed into 3-in. pieces. In a deep heavy frying pan, heat 3 tbsps margarine and 3 tbsps olive oil. Brown the veal in this. Add ¼ c. each chopped celery, carrot, peeled onion, 1 section garlic, minced and peeled, 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper. Blend 2 tbsps tomato paste with 1 c. water and add.

Str occasionally to prevent sticking to the pan. Cover, simmer over a low heat about 40 min., or until the veal is fork-tender. If too dry, add a little extra hot water.

Green Beans Sauté: Wash and halve green beans. Place in a saucepan. Stir in 1 tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. monosodium glutamate; add boiling water to the depth of 1 in. Cover and slow-boil 20 min., or until fork-tender. Then drain.

In a frying pan, heat 2 tbsps olive oil. Add 1 peeled section garlic, slow-sauté 1 min., and remove. Add the beans. Slow-sauté 5 min. Dust with minced parsley.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Add ¼ tsp. powdered oregano when preparing Ossel Bucchi.

Wed in Truro N. S.



Mr. and Mrs. John Rodney Tarr and their attendants

A wedding of wide interest took place Saturday afternoon, Aug. 28, at 3 p. m. in St. James' Presbyterian Church in Truro, N. S., when Marion Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph MacLean, of Charlottetown, P. E. I. was united in marriage to John Rodney, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tarr of Sydney Mines, in a double-ring ceremony performed by the Rev. W. C. Nicholson. The church was beautifully decorated with large baskets of pink and white gladioli.

The bride entered the church on the arm of her father and she wore a gown of white nylon net over slipper satin fashioned with a fitted Chantilly lace bodice and long sleeves tapering to points over the wrists. A scalloped Queen Anne collar, and small covered buttons down to the waist highlighted the bodice. The full skirt was accentuated by a front panel of slipper satin covered with lace from which two nylon net petalums flowed. Her fingertip veil fell from a band of lace, trimmed with seeded pearls. She carried a

white Bible with red roses and white streamers of satin and rose buds. Her only ornament was a string of pearls, gift of the groom. The matron of honor, Mrs. Donald Rutherford, wore a gown of Aqua net over taffeta in ballerina-length with matching bolero and headress. She carried a nosegay of white and yellow carnations.

The bridesmaid, Miss Jean MacLean, sister of the bride wore pink nylon net over taffeta in ballerina-length with matching bolero and headress. She carried a nosegay of pink and white carnations.

Miss Darlene Ryan was flower girl. She was dressed in yellow organdy of ballerina-length and carried a nosegay of yellow carnations and mauve sweet peas.

Her headress was a crown of yellow and mauve flowers.

Mr. Frank MacLean of Sydney, attended the groom. Ushers were Donald Rutherford and LeRoy Wright.

Mrs. Ray Stevenson was organist and during the signing of the register, Mr. Howard Grey sang, "I'll Walk Beside You."

Mrs. MacLean, mother of the bride, wore navy blue crepe with white accessories and a corsage of carnations. Mrs. Tarr, mother of the groom, wore emerald green with corsage of pink carnations.

A reception was held in the church hall following the ceremony which was attended by 125 guests. Rev. W. C. Nicholson proposed the toast to the bride and was responded to by the groom.

For going away the bride wore a light grey suit with pink accessories and a corsage of pink carnations.

The couple will travel through parts of the United States and on their return they will reside in Stellarton where the bride is on the staff of the Royal Bank of Canada. New Glasgow and the groom is on the teaching staff of the Sutherland's River High School.

Out-of-town guests were from Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, United States, New Glasgow and Stellarton. Prior to her marriage the bride was given a shower by her friends of the Royal Bank of Canada.

amount of excess weight, ask your doctor's advice about exercising. He may suggest that you take passive exercise in which the machines do the work.

This trio of streamliners is effective without being in the least rugged:

Lying on back on floor, simply s-t-r-e-t-c-h, pushing down with toes, stretching arms back on floor. . . . pull. Stretch again, and twist and turn gently until you feel the stretch impulse clear to your toes. Once more for good measure.

Now stretch on the bias, cross right leg over left, touching toes to floor as you stretch right arm back on floor. Pull. Then cross left leg over right, and with left arm stretched back on floor, pull. Repeat three times.

From the same position, lying on back on floor, flex both knees and keep feet on floor. Raise hips just slightly off floor, tilt them upward toward the right as you pull-in forcibly with the side-front muscles. Return to center, tilt hips to the left side and again pull up and in strongly. Repeat six to twelve times, alternating sides.

Didn't hurt, did it? Yet these simple exercise movements help tone the figure controlling muscles and slim the important measurements.



RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLES

Take 6 large cucumbers, peel, remove seeds and slice in rather large pieces. Put in brine for few hours.

Mix together:
4 cups vinegar
4 cups sugar
1 teaspoon whole cloves
A small stick cinnamon
A small bag mixed spice.

Put in saucepan to boil. When boiling add cucumbers which have been well drained. Simmer until clear. Pack while hot in sterilized bottles.

—Mrs. George Hayden, Cherry Valley W. I.

Salmon Spaghetti

1 tablespoon salt
3 quarts boiling water
3 ounce thin spaghetti
1 12-ounce can cream of celery soup
¼ cup milk
¼ cup melted butter or margarine
½ cup sliced stuffed olives
¼ teaspoon sweet basil
¼ teaspoon black pepper
1 teaspoon onion salt
1 lb. can salmon, drained
Add 1 tablespoon salt to rapidly boiling water. Cook spaghetti, uncovered, in boiling water, stirring occasionally, until just tender. Drain. Mix remaining ingredients in large bowl, adding spaghetti last. Stir gently with fork. Pour into greased 1½-quart casserole; cover and bake in oven of 350 degrees F. for 30 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

Household Hint

A coating of cream wax will protect enameled work surfaces and provide a slick finish that is easily cleaned.

MARY HAWORTH'S MAIL

Shrinks From Marriage Offer

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: I was a very shy, bashful girl throughout my school years, taunted and teased by my family about boys; consequently I wouldn't look at them. When at age 20 I started dating I never discussed things at home, for fear of ridicule.

When I was 22, a very wonderful, handsome boy fell in love with me; and after three years, when the crucial decision came, I refused to marry him. This was partly due to inexperience and uncertainty, and partly because of my family's attitude. Their influence on me was very great, and they sneered at him behind his back. Eventually he married someone else.

That was five years ago; and thinking back, I am almost sure I loved him. Yet when he left I was almost relieved, because life at home settled back to normal. Now the irony of it is that my family says I should have married Julius—yet they did nothing to encourage it. Instead I was made to feel I was on the brink of something lewd.

NOW WEIGHS NEW SUITOR

For a long time I didn't go out with anyone else, not wanting to get involved. But coming out of my shell a bit this past year, I met Paul, who has fallen in love with me. He is soon to leave on a foreign mission and wants to take me as his wife. I am some years older than Paul and don't feel about him as I did about Julius—young love may be different. He knows of my uncertainty (as he knows of my past) and still he wants to marry me. But my fears persist.

Mom used to preach to my brother and me when we were small, about the evils and miseries of married life—how love can't last, and that people who marry are crazy, that they should stay single and be happier. I am first to admit my emotional immaturity and I realize I have mixed up my own life too. I am tired of having no one; yet I am afraid to love someone. Can you help me? —R.S.

GET SQUARE WITH SELF

DEAR R. S.: You are 27, and you aren't getting any younger, as the saying goes. Meaning that you are existing in a state of arrested development, so that you aren't growing; and psychological growth is a factor in perpetuating one's youth—or vital clan.

Thus it is high time to face the fact that your problem in respect to men and marriage partakes of emotional illness. Vaguely dis-

pointed mother, who saw fit to blame associates for her infantile frustrations on the adult plane of experience.

I would rate it a dubious risk, to continue marriage to Paul (an unknown quantity), before you get yourself straightened out in relation to your background influences. Likely Paul is looking for a tower of strength to tie to, just as you are (unconsciously)—and you, because of your shy reserve appeal to him as a strong character. Also your few years' seniority may heighten this assumption for him.

FIRSTHAND EXPERT GUIDANCE NEEDED

But back of your different composure you are as confused as a lost child crying for help, it seems—a confusion sparked by guilty feelings intermingled with your natural hunger for sex satisfaction and love-relatedness. This blend of confusion marriage to Paul (an unknown quantity), before you get yourself straightened out in relation to your background influences. Likely Paul is looking for a tower of strength to tie to, just as you are (unconsciously)—and you, because of your shy reserve appeal to him as a strong character. Also your few years' seniority may heighten this assumption for him.

To marry Paul or any man, in quest of satisfactions of the heart, when you aren't psychologically free to commit yourself wholeheartedly, is to enter a dead-end street. You'd be aridly unhappy together, and neither could say what went wrong or why.—M. H.

Mary Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of The Guardian, Charlottetown.

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BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Bringing Up Baby



Certainly parenthood is a most serious business. But there's no about it. Don't take the job so seriously that you forget to enjoy it. Your baby needs to be played with and encouraged to make new efforts. However, try to use good judgement in the times you select for play. Points to remember: it is best not to get baby overly interested in play too soon before or after mealtime. . . . and the hour before bedtime should not be exciting or too stimulating.

Do it. Vitamin C, so important in keeping gums and body tissues healthy, is one of the "missing" vitamins. There is to say, it cannot be stored in the body, so babies (and adults) should have a fresh supply every day. Gerber's Strained Orange Juice . . . processed just for babies . . . fills the bill for vitamin C beautifully. Made from tree-ripened oranges, specially selected for high vitamin C content and mild natural flavor. Processed for minimum peel oil and seed protein so it's extra easy to digest—pasteurized for baby's protection.

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Small fry luncheon suggestion: Cream of Chicken & Pea Soup. 1 container Gerber's Strained Vegetables & Chicken. ½ container Gerber's Strained Peas. ½ cup whole milk. Combine ingredients. Heat and serve. Yield: 1 large or 2 small servings. Gerber's Baby Foods, Niagara Falls, Canada.

KEEP IN TRIM

Calisthenics Slim off inches

By Ida Jean Kain

Calisthenics are slimming but not reducing. There's a sizeable difference. Slimming refers to inches—reducing to pounds.

It's true that you cannot substitute exercise for diet. Calisthenics, even rugged ones, can't offset the bulging consequences of overeating. On the other hand, a low calorie diet will reduce weight, alas, dieting can't tighten flabby muscles.

So it is not a question of exercise or diet, but a combination of both that brings beautiful results. If your weight is normal, out your measurements need slimming, skip the diet and follow through with gymnastics.

Reason this way: The shape of the silhouette depends on muscle

tone. With flabby muscles, sooner or later the figure gets soft around the edges and measurements spread, willy-nilly. A little regular exercise keeps live tone in the figure controlling muscles and gives them a better shape—and you a shapely figure.

Then, too, exercise is a circulation rouser, and good muscle tone and active circulation bring an extra fillip of fine feeling.

Summed up: With exercise alone, you can tone muscles and measure slimmer. With diet alone, you lose weight but do not tone the muscles. Back up diet with a small amount of regular exercise and you can lose pounds and bulky inches.

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