

It's A Men And Women's World Says Petite Diplomat

OTTAWA (CP)—As a diplomat, Dr. Teresa Flouret doesn't believe that it's either a man's world or a woman's world.

"It's a men and women's world," says the petite, vivacious brunette who is third secretary at the Argentine Embassy here.

Dr. Flouret proves her point by her own example. She holds a doctorate in political science, has studied international law at universities in Paris and Madrid and before coming to Canada—more than a year ago she represented her country in Spain and at the United Nations.

She speaks five languages to round out her diplomatic qualifications.

EAGER SHOPPER

She also converses with feminine enthusiasm about shopping for clothes in different countries. Her own philosophy about women in a reputedly man's world hinges on her belief that women can succeed as long as they don't look for special privileges and do the work required of their position.

This month she leaves Ottawa to take up a new posting with the Argentine delegation to the UN at New York.

She will take away some interesting memories.

A native of a city near Buenos Aires, she dreaded the thought of wearing snow boots during a Canadian winter, and consequently ruined numerous pairs of shoes.

Her friends suggested that rather than hating the snow she should learn to enjoy it—by learning to ski.

SOON CONVERTED

So after a day as a diplomat, Dr. Flouret learned ski equipment and took to nearby ski trails. By April she was "looking and hoping for snow even more this spring."

Her parents, who often visited in Ottawa — "probably because I'm their only daughter"—have also collected some interesting memories.

Dr. Flouret says her father liked Canadian winters, and developed an attachment for hit parade tunes.

"He insisted on taking large stacks of popular recorded music back to Argentina with him," said his diplomat daughter with a chuckle.

MRS. GORDON MACMILLAN

A COUNTRY GARDEN

When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious mari-
gold
How duly, every morning she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small slender stalk;
How when he down declines, she droops and moves
Bedward, as, Twere with tears, till he returns
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked upon
By an inferior eye.—With
Margolds are blooming in the garden and making gay color in gold and pale yellow. They are so satisfactory for cutting and now come in many, many varieties from seed sown where you need the flowers. Anyone can have a lovely garden with little work or outlay with Margolds alone and they have been favorite flowers for many years as the poets write about them. Open an achesy round of starchy folds. We are now marigolds' dry up the moisture from your golden lids, for great Apollia bids that in these days your praises should be sung on many harps, which he has lately strung. This was written by Keats, and Shakespeare describes the marigold in the words, "The marigold that goes to bed with the sun and with him rises weeping. These flowers are good for cutting and now with so many different sizes to choose from we can make lovely arrangements. All annuals do better the more they are cut and it is fun to see more varieties opening each day. Corn flowers Mignonette fragrant and lovely, also Nasturiums and Zinnias large and small. The first Glad is showing color and it is an interesting and happy time in the garden. Fragrant Sweet Peas in pastel colors and I always order the most fragrant varieties listed as it does not matter whether they have five or six flowers to the stem, but the delicious fragrance must be there.

I saw some lovely purple petunias with crimson geraniums in windowboxes last week when I visited a small city garden with beautiful roses and shrubs. Ageratum, Nigella, and Bro wallia the lovely blue annual making several varieties of blue flowers grown in this artistic garden where every flower must have quality to grow there. Color and form is so very important in good gardening.

At the entrance, two hybrid Philadelphus were used as accent shrubs and the rose colored stone walk was bordered with that good rose, Condessa de Sastago fragrant with good foliage and very colorful. These roses were beautifully grown and vigorous. Without bending, it was possible, to get the lovely fragrance as you walked along to see more roses. Seven bushes of Floradora one of the gayest floribunda roses planted in a row where every passerby could enjoy the pretty sight.

As a carpet to edge the rose stones of the walk, Stachys lanata (lamb's ears) and grey dusty miller used for the very best effect.

The Fuschia is grown in several varieties and in beautifully shaped plants by changing the position where they grow and the light which they receive. You may be sure that when you see a plant well-grown, it has received care for every moment of its life and every rose in this garden was cared for as it should be. The gardener told me that she loved the single rose White Wings, but there were no blooms to see as they had bloomed but of course will come again and another time I may be there to see.

In a shady part of this small garden were beautiful pansies in many lovely colors and then we came to the roses where the color was bright and the fragrance from Lady Sylvia and Donald Prior and other good roses made us glad that we were able to visit rose gardens on a summer morning.

In Hybrid Teas the dark Nocturne was noted but I prefer a lighter colored rose. Two children of the wonderful Peace rose showed all the qualities of this parent—good foliage and strong stems, Mercedes Sunset, and Masqueade, Charlotte Armstrong, San Fernando Sutters Gold, Volcano, Guillot, Hector Deane, Show Girl and Eclipse.

The Floribunda roses were outstanding and Alain, Frensham, Alain and Mrs. Finch were a few of these lovely roses noted with the very tall Kirsten Poulsen used to cover a seven foot fence with beauty.

In the home the roses were lovingly placed on low tables in small bowls and were selected for their color and form, and beautiful fuschias on small brackets made a lovely plant which trailed downward where the flowers could be enjoyed in the best way.

It is always an inspiration to see lovely gardens and homes and I hope to tell you of more of them in the future.

It was John Burroughs, the well known naturalist and writer, who wrote: "Blessed is the man who has some congenial work, some occupation in which he can put his heart, and which affords a complete outlet to all the forces there is in him". Enlarging upon this beautiful, he observed that there is a condition that has a greater bearing upon the happiness of life than any other. Some might say it is health, or money, or friends, or home, or this or that possession. But beyond, all these there is an all-important thing, so common so near at hand, that many are missing its secret.

What is the best thing for a stream? It is to keep moving. If it stops, it stagnates. So the best thing for a person is that which keeps the currents going — The physical, the moral, and the intellectual currents. Hence the secret of happiness is something to do, some congenial work. Happiness comes most to persons who seek her least. It is not an object to be sought; it is a state to be induced. It must follow and not lead. It must overtake you, and not you overtake it. Like so many others who lived the busy life, Burroughs felt in his mature years the need to share his philosophy with others, to pass on his secret of happiness.

DAILY PATTERN



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ENGAGEMENTS ARE ANNOUNCED



CST. RONALD PETTIE and **ANNA J. PROSPER**
Mr. and Mrs. William Prosper, wish to announce the engagement of their daughter Anna J. Prosper to Constable Ronald C. Pettie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Pettie of Ninette Manitoba. Wedding to take place 3rd of September, 56 at St. James Parish, Georgetown, P. E. I.



KENNETH W. ARSENAULT and **FRANCES MARY PETERS**
Mr. and Mrs. Laurier Peters of Summerside announce the engagement of their elder daughter, Frances Mary to Kenneth W. Arsenault of Summerside. Marriage to take place in St. Paul's Church, Summerside, on September 3.



MAYNARD SCHURMAN and **JO-ANNE MARILYN BRAY**
The engagement is announced of Miss Jo-Anne Marilyn Bray, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Orville Russel Bray, Moncton, N. B. to Maynard Freeman Schurman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold B. Schurman, Summerside, P. E. I. Marriage to take place in Wesley Memorial Church, Moncton, New Brunswick on August 25th 1956.

LET'S EAT

Maple Nut Cake Favored At Williams College

Mary Kochley has been waiting on table since 1918 at the famous Treadway Inn on the Williams College Campus.

Alumni returning for graduations and "home-coming week" are often surprised when Mary addressed them by name many years after their graduation. They all claim she "hasn't changed."

As always, there is her ready smile and the personal pride she takes in serving the food.

Recently at a Lions Club luncheon, Mary was surprised. For the members turned the tables and served luncheon to her.

Just what Mary ordered I don't know. But it's my guess she chose for dessert the maple nut cake, a Treadway specialty, for which the Williams Inn is famous.

All measurements are level recipes proportioned to serve 4 to 6.

Maple Nut Cake made with butternuts or walnuts: Let 1 c. butter stand at room temperature until softened. Gradually add 1 c. sugar, stirring until smooth and creamy.

Separate 4 eggs. Beat the yolks until light, working in 1 additional cup sugar. Combine with the butter mixture.

Sift together 3 c. already-sifted conical flour, 1/2 tsp. salt and 2 tsp. baking powder. Add to the first mixture alternately with 1 c. milk. Add 1/2 tsp. pure vanilla or lemon extract.

Beat the egg whites until stiff and dry; fold in. Then fold in 1 c. coarse-chopped butternut meats or black walnut meats (or use English walnut or pecan nutmeats).

Transfer to an oiled 9" round pan if to serve in a loaf or bake in a 7" by 11" pan. If to be cut in squares. Bake 35-40 min. in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F.

Cool on a cake rack. Cover with maple frosting.

Maple Frosting: Melt 3 tbsp. butter in a saucepan. Add 1 c. nut-lumpy light brown sugar. Cook and stir until the sugar is melted, dark and bubbling.

Add 1 c. crushed maple sugar. Bring again to a rapid boil.

When both sugars are completely melted, add 4 tbsp. light cream. Stir and cool.

Then stir in about 2 c. sifted confectioner's sugar or enough to make the frosting thick enough to spread. This is an old-fashioned recipe and is at its best with dark hard maple sugar.

Tomorrow's Dinner: Tossed lettuce-cucumber salad; broiled minute steaks; French fried potatoes creamed spinach; maple nut cake with maple icing; hot or iced coffee or tea or milk.

Trick of the Chef: Top broiled minute steaks with squares of butter dusted with minced chives.

COOK'S CORNER

MELTING MOMENTS
1 cup shortening
3/4 cup brown sugar
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 lb. cream of tartar
1/2 tsp. soda
1 3/4 cups flour
1/2 tsp. vanilla
Cream sugar, shortening and eggs and remaining ingredients. Cherries or chopped nuts may be added if desired. Drop by teaspoon on a greased baking sheet.

Words Of The Wise
The great trouble today is that there are too many people looking for someone else to do something for them. The solution of most of our troubles is to be found in everyone doing something for himself.—(Henry Ford)

BIRD IN THE HAND
SUBURBY, Eng. (CP)—Police are looking for a person who lost a peacock. They found one on a road near here, and are keeping it in a chicken run until an owner claims it. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

WOMEN

Lena Caroline McLure, Women's Editor, Phone 8506

Page 8, The Guardian Tuesday, Aug 14, 1956

HAPPENINGS

at a linen shower given by Mrs. James Hendry and Mrs. James Oakley.

Miss Betty McMurdo and Mrs. Shirley Simpson entertained for Miss Bell at the former's home in Summerside at a miscellaneous shower.

The engineering section of the National Research where he is employed entertained in honor of Mr. Donald Ross Smith at a stag party prior to his marriage with Miss Fern Bell. Mr. Smith was presented on this occasion with a silver service.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Black and Miss Amy Black of Amherst, Nova Scotia, spent the weekend in this province. They were registered at the Charlottetown Hotel.

Mrs. James Stevenson and Mrs. Birkwall of Saint John, are having a pleasant holiday at Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Patterson's, Hunter River.

Captain and Mrs. E. H. Cameron, Montreal, are here on a short visit. They are registered at the Charlottetown Hotel.

Mrs. Leonard Park, Montreal, and her two children Michael and Penny are holidaying at Cavendish. Mrs. Park was the former Miss Leah White, R. N., of Hunter River. Mr. Park arrived by plane Saturday.

Mrs. William Brown and son Warren of Toronto are spending the summer with Mrs. Brown's mother, Mrs. Vernon Rodd.

Mrs. Vernon Rodd has had her son Mr. Allison Rodd of Three Rivers, Quebec, visiting her. Mr. Rodd leaves soon for Jamaica and other islands of the West Indies where he will be located in business.

Mrs. Dorothy Goldie and son Gordon are on a trip to Western Canada and the Western United States.

MARY HAWORTH

"Mixed-Up" Man Of 55 Leaves For Younger Woman

Dear Mary Haworth: I am a man 55, and the older I get, the more mixed-up I am. I would commit suicide if I weren't a coward. I can't discuss my situation with anyone in this small town, and will mail my letter in a nearby city.

Twelve years ago I met Lois, then 22, a factory worker in a fancy fense plant, whose husband was overseas at the time. Lois would tell me her troubles and we got to lurching together; and I became so interested in her that I thought I had troubles too. I told her my wife had grown cold; it was all I could say of my wife, who had been such a good help-mate.

Maybe it was an act, but Lois was so sweet and innocent; all I could see was her sweet face. One night she invited me to her apartment where we could talk; and soon we were having an affair. My conscience bothered me, and I tried to break off, but Lois wouldn't and maybe I was too weak.

HEART HUNGRY

Finally I confessed things to my wife, thinking she would help me out, as she had in all previous difficulties. I shall never forget the hurt look that crossed her face, as if she might faint. I resolved then and there to be man enough to break with Lois myself—and went and told Lois so. But a week later, Lois informed me she was pregnant. At this, my wife said if I would deed her the property she had worked so hard to amass for us, she would bow out of my life quietly, to avoid scandal for our son's sake. This she did.

I married Lois and we have four children; and I am chief baby-sitter while she runs around. She says if I don't like it I can take the kids and leave; but there is no place to go, and I have to work so hard, to raise the kids and keep Lois flying high, that I am a nervous wreck. Should I put the children in an orphanage and pay their board, before I do something desperate?

Dear D.L.: You were rather young at 43, to be proving the proverb that "There is no fool like an old fool"—in losing your head (and wrecking lives) over a pretty face. But I gather you were as much sinned against, as sinning, in the involvement with Lois. She was probably hadn't the will of family life were to turn freely. In ours, as in all other families which we knew, chores were part of the accepted routine of the day. They were allotted to each of us according to his several abilities, and remonstrances were not anticipated. — Now the essence of chores lay in their co-operative character.

"In some rare cases it may have happened that children were overlooked, that they were made to feel a responsibility incompatible with their years. But at all events, selfishness did not flourish under such a system. In gratitude to the gods who gave me such a goodly heritage, I can only return thanks for the chores that were required of me and for their inestimable by-products."

So too thankful for our same heritage, and with Granddaughter enjoying a taste of like fare, the farmwife liquidated this evening's chores, as it happens at the present, the lightest of all the year.

"Now who's to milk 'the house-cow' with the crumpled horn?" we laughed, when all else had been attended to in piggy and about.

A kitten mewled, a pair of calves lowed, . . . and down on the millpond a shadow of evening crept, though the fields above were still bright with the pale glow of the afterglow. So lovely it was the end of a perfect summer day.

A perfect hay-making too with as it turned out "a nice lot saved to the new barn at Rob's."

ELLEN'S DIARY

Chores Build Character

With the haying moved now to Rob's the choring at Alderlea this evening fell to the housewives and Granddaughter. It was on her we relied, since of the three of this place on the distaff side she has, we must confess, more knowledge of its workings of late. Not that she has actually had much practical experience at it but that often complaining her father or grandfather she is aware of the schedule they follow and of the various measures and rationings they use at this round.

"First of all" she reminded us "thing desperate?"

All I can think of is my first wife, who was so good and understanding. At my age, what I would give, to be sitting in the living room with her! She has made so much of her life and seems content (and I threw it away). D.L.

Dear D.L.: You were rather young at 43, to be proving the proverb that "There is no fool like an old fool"—in losing your head (and wrecking lives) over a pretty face. But I gather you were as much sinned against, as sinning, in the involvement with Lois. She was probably hadn't the will of family life were to turn freely. In ours, as in all other families which we knew, chores were part of the accepted routine of the day. They were allotted to each of us according to his several abilities, and remonstrances were not anticipated. — Now the essence of chores lay in their co-operative character.

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BUTLER - ROSSITER WEDDING AT MORELL
The marriage of Teresa Ernestine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ernest Rossiter, Morell and John Joseph, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. Andrew Butler, Charlottetown, took place on Wednesday, July 25th, 1956, at the Little Flower Church, Morell at 9 o'clock.

Picture above following reception at the Queen Hotel, Charlottetown. Left to right, Leo F. Rossiter, Wilfred Butler ushers, Frank Butler best-man; groom and bride; Imelda Rossiter, maid of honor; Joan Steele and Mary MacLinnis, brides maid.

Photo by Craswell.

CHARGE AS U.S. SPIES

BERLIN (AP)—The East German press Thursday announced conviction of six Germans on charges of spying for the United States. The group, including two women, was reported to have received prison sentences ranging from 2 to 5 1/2 years. They were accused of trying to gather information on fuel dumps in the province of Mecklenburg.

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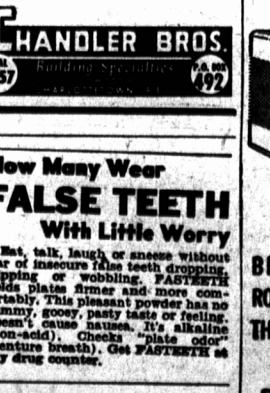
CHANDLER BROS.
Now Many Wear FALSE TEETH With Little Worry

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