

WOMEN

Page 8 The Guardian Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1954

ELLEN'S DIARY

by an Island Farmer's Wife

We came this afternoon with Grandmother and her parents to attend the funeral of an aunt to Jeanie. Not as it happened an aunt in the entire sense of the word, she who had been so recently called away from us, but still one ever affectionately regarded by her and all the kin.

She was one, who like Carolyn had waged a trying and losing struggle against the illness that was hers. But unlike the mother of the late of this home, she had already entered those years that follow the "burial time". It is likely that she had her share of those who had more than that of the laces and crosses, the tucks and flutings of those of her day and age. And yet now, beautifully she must have met and

rejoiced and consoled them with-out trace of bitterness or complaint. Ever with a grateful heart.

Here was a heart that was worn, wretched, or else it was early worn-down clean because there was no room left in it, no dark nook or

crvice or corner to hold other than the pleasing, substantial, wholesome, lovely things of life.

And now, lovely, the thought came to mind as we again listened to the familiar, assuring words of Scripture, that the occasion had drawn together in testimony of high regard, the old friends and names of her girlhood days—those doubtless who had known her in the golden years, her schoolmates and those of succeeding generations of names dear to her. These had remembered her down through years that had taken her away from them to dwell in another community. How good, we thought, even in death to be with those she best knew!

If the girls and boys of our young years could foregather at our funeral—the thought is heart-warming—we offered to James at supper. And he smiled and said: "If you live to be as old as I think you will, Ellen, I'm sure there won't be many of them left to come. But I'll try my best he twinkled "to hunt up one or two of them!"

Friends of later years were there, too, those for whom she ever made a warm place in her heart. And a word to younger generations, who have now their nice memories to cherish. And for her, death meant only the opening of "an old door, set in a garden wall."

So December is here. What a lovely season she brings in her train, full of rare expectancy and enchantment!

"But where is the money to come from to buy all the things you want for Christmas?" Jamie asked Mack.

"Shucks!" he grinned. "Don't you know yet that we don't have to pay Santa Claus, he just brings them himself!"

The day brings the shades of night now, dusky and still.

Until tomorrow ———— Diary

Good-night

LaVie-David Nuptials

On Monday, November 22nd, St. James Church, Georgetown was the scene of an autumn wedding when Rev. Owen Kiggins united in marriage, Margaret Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence David of Georgetown and Charles, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund LaVie of Souris.

The bride looked very charming in a gown of white satin. It was designed with a bateau neckline in princess style bodice, and a bouffant skirt with insets of lace, terminating in a cathedral train. Her fingertip veil of French illusion fell from a Queen's crown of pearls and she wore a corsage of Remytime roses.

Miss Joyce, quiet, cousin of the bride was bridesmaid, she was attired in a gown of yellow net over taffeta, with matching headdress and a corsage of yellow roses. Mr. Basil LaVie, brother of the groom was best man.

Mr. E. L. Boudreau played and sang the nuptial Mass. Mr. David chose for her daughter's wedding a dark suit with red accessories and wore a corsage of red roses. The groom's mother wore a navy blue suit with red accessories and a corsage of red roses.

Following the ceremony a delicious breakfast was held at the "Bison Restaurant" where the bride's table was centered with a three-tier wedding cake, topped with a miniature bride and groom. The bride and groom left on a honeymoon trip to New Brunswick and points in the U. S. A. On their return they will reside in Souris. Before their marriage they were tendered a shower at Kozy Hall, where they were recipients of many lovely and useful gifts.

Bringing Up Baby



Hint Collected by Mrs. Ben Galen (Mother of 5)

It's a proud "something-to-brag-about" day when baby first starts to creep. But once the little Gulliver gets a taste of adventure, he's going to want more and more freedom. So when baby gives you that "don't-fence-me-in" look, it's time to give him more elbow room than a play pen. Start letting him out of the play pen for a little time each day to explore new territories. Always remembering to keep an eagle eye on the traveler! By letting baby investigate a new nook and cranny each day, you help him develop confidence . . . and independence.

Further developments. About this time, baby will probably have enough teeth for another new adventure! "Chatterbox" is the name for the "talking" stage. That's the time to introduce Gerber's Junior Foods. You'll find the chance-over-easy with Gerber's Junior Fruits, Vegetables, Meats, Dinners. For they have the tender, evenly-mashed bits that encourage chewing, are easy for tots with a few teeth to manage. All have the natural, true-flavor goodness, the tempting true colors baby's become used to in Gerber's Strained Foods.

Packet this for future reference. Here's how one mother increases the life of her baby's creeps. She buys the over-all type with two big patch pockets. When knees wear through, she detaches the pockets, sews them over the gaping holes.

Mother, here's a special offer! Send for three of these attractive handy Refrigerator Can Covers, to snap on your opened cans of Gerber's Baby Foods before they're put in the 'frig. FREE to you by furnishing only 3 labels from Gerber's Strained Foods or Junior Foods. Send to Mrs. Dan Gerber, Box 68, Toronto 18, Canada.

Anne Adams Patterns



HALF-SIZE STYLE

Twice as much fashion for your sewing time! Jumper and blouse go everywhere, mix and match with the rest of your wardrobe! Alteration problems are solved! Pattern is perfectly proportioned for shorter, fuller figures!

Pattern 4857: Half Sizes 14½, 16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½. Size 16½ jumper, 3 yards 39-inch fabric; blouse 2 yards contrast.

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Send order to ANNE ADAMS, care The Guardian, 60 Front Street, West, Toronto.

ASPIRIN

RELIEVES

PAIN AND DISCOMFORT OF

COLDS

FEEL BETTER FAST!

Becomes Bride in Ontario



Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cyril Muir and their attendants are shown above following their recent marriage in St. Vincent de Paul Church, Toronto, Ont. The bride is Leona Catherine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred A. Doucette, Rustico, P. E. I. and her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Muir of Orillia, Ont. In the back row are: Mr. Vincent McDonald of Tracadie, P. E. I., usher; Mr. Bill Muir, groomsmen; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cyril Muir, the groom and bride; Miss Ellen Doucette, bridesmaid; Mr. Eddie Powers, Toronto, usher. Seated in front are Freda and Frances Doucette, sisters of the bride.—(Photo by York Studios.)

Herman N. Bundesen, M. D.

Don't Answer "No" Without Good Reason

You parents should learn to listen to your children.

When your youngster asks permission to do something, don't you frequently answer irritably, "No, you can't!"

Automatic Response

Too often, I'm afraid, that "No" comes automatically, without your having given due consideration to the request.

As I have said before, kids disobey only when you tell them "No." So commonsense should tell you that if you say "No" too often, you will have an unruly child.

Remember, a child has his rights. Don't try to brush him aside simply because you're busy or aggravated at his persistent questioning.

The experience I have had in raising my own children might help you.

Two Lists

For instance, I took a little notebook and marked off two columns. One I headed "No, you can't!" the other "Yes, you can." It might be a good idea for you to do the same.

Now, each time your child makes a request, jot down your answer in the appropriate column. I think you'll find at the end of the day that the "No" column is practically filled, while there are relatively few entries under the "Yes" heading.

Don't Be Hasty

Many times that hasty "No" was Continued on page 9

Household Hint

You may be advised to use soap jelly or "dry" soapsuds for washing surfaces and fabrics that should not be saturated.

To make soap jelly, dissolve one part of soap in five parts of boiling water. Allow it to cool for several hours.

Morning Smile

A schoolmaster was lecturing to a class upon the circulation of the blood. "If I stand upon my head," he said, "the blood will run down to my head, will it not?"

"Yes, sir," assented the boys.

"Then," said the master, "why does the blood not run into my feet when I stand on my feet?"

"There was a pause for a few minutes, when a bright youth replied, "Please, sir, it's because your feet ain't empty."

LET'S EAT

Not Only New England Relishes Baked Beans

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

"Are Boston baked beans popular all over the country, Madame?" asked the Chef.

"They are known and used everywhere, Chef, but they are most popular in New England, where they originated.

Different Versions

"In New York State it's customary to add less sweetening, and bake the beans only until light brown throughout, and crisp-brown on top. In the Middle West, soured cream is sometimes used instead of salt pork or bacon. In the South, cow peas or black-eyed peas cooked with fresh or salt pork or hog's jowl are very popular."

"In France, we prefer dried green beans and dried limas, Madame. We like to stew them with dried mushrooms. And often we serve the cooked beans as a salad, with vinaigrette sauce and a garnish of black olives."

The Protein Balance

"In any case, Chef, dried beans contribute considerable of the protein needed for the meal. A good way to round out the protein balance is either to start off with a milk or so-called "cream" soup, or end it with generous portions of a milk-based dessert such as Floating Island. Or just provide milk to drink."

TOMORROW'S DINNER

Cream of Onion Soup
Honey Bean Pot, With
or Without Frankfurters

Buttered Kale
Corn Kernels Sauté
Celery, Pepper and Lettuce Salad
Baked Applesauce
Nut Cookies

Coffee Tea Milk

Honey Bean Pot (Western Favorite): Cover 1 pt. pinto or pea beans with boiling water. Put on a lid and let stand 50 min. Then boil in the same water until the skins are loosened.

Put beans and liquid in a casserole. Stir in 2 sliced peeled onions, 1 c. vegetable oil, 2 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. monosodium glutamate, ½ tsp. pepper and ¼ c. honey. Add boiling water to barely cover.

Bake until soft, in a moderate oven, 325 degrees F., about 3 hrs. Then top with 4 thin-sliced tart apples. Dot with butter, and bake uncovered until apples are tender and brown.

Nut Cookies: Stir ½ c. butter or margarine until creamy. Gradually work in 1½ c. sugar, ½ tsp. salt and 1 tsp. vanilla or black walnut flavoring.

Sift together 4 c. already-sifted enriched flour, ½ tsp. baking soda and ½ tsp. salt. Add 1 c. fine-chopped nuts—walnuts, pecans, filberts or butter nuts.

Add flour mixture alternately to butter mixture with 1 c. soured milk or buttermilk. Cover and chill for 1 hr. when the mixture should be stiff enough to roll out. If necessary, add a little more flour. Roll thin and shape with a cookie cutter.

Place in oiled pans; do not allow cookies to touch. Bake sparingly with granulated sugar or sugar crystals. Bake about 12 min. in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F. Makes about 100 cookies.

TRICK OF THE CHEF

Season vegetable soup with a small pinch powdered basil.

Cook's Corner

JAM SQUARES

½ cup sugar
1½ cups sifted flour
1 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
Grated rind of 1 lemon
1 egg
½ cup shortening
1 cup strawberry jam

Mix together sugar, flour, baking powder and salt. Add grated lemon rind, cut in shortening until mixture resembled fine oatmeal. Add well beaten egg. Press 2 3 of mixture into a greased pan, dot with jam. Drop remaining dry mixture by spoonfuls on the jam. Bake in a moderate oven 350 degrees F., until lightly browned.

—Mrs. Ralph Ellands, MacNeil's Mills W. I.

MARY HAWORTH'S MAIL

Man's Social

Behavior Poses

Career Problem

He Just Won't Listen and Learn

Who Has Right To Speak Out?

Add Criticism To Commendation

Criticism Is Never Easy To Bear

Several Times, when he's mangled a word, we've pronounced it correctly in a responsive sentence, but he seemed deaf to the hint. I have a feeling his wife is either afraid to correct him, or has given it up as a lost cause. Ours is a growing business and we need a talented man like John. What do you suggest in this delicate situation?

F. R.

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: We have a new man on our staff, a young account executive, say 35. He has a smart refined young wife, well poised and charming. He is, well, let's say a diamond in the rough—and by rough I mean he lacks culture and refinement.

He is very capable in his work, a hard worker and a man of integrity. But he seems to lack the habit of observation and apparently isn't the sort of man to learn from his wife and others the niceties of agreeable living. He is set in his ways.

We are an advertising agency, dealing with important people. Many of our clients are cultured and refined, easily offended by un-couthness. And I'd like to help this chap, but hesitate to open the subject.

DEAR MARY HAWORTH: It might have been more productive of useful suggestions, if you had identified yourself in this picture. Are you part of management? Or a solicitous fellow worker, who wishes John well but see him blundering? Or a friend of the family, perhaps, who introduced him to this job?

What to say or do, in constructive spirit, depends very much on the nature of one's routine relationship to John. I feel, if John if deaf to hints, he might become belligerently resistant to democratic attempts to educate him to saving awareness of his crudities.

A fellow worker, trying to give him valuable pointers, might be sticking his neck out to his own detriment, in the general estimate, if John took offense.

However a spokesman for management—say an employer or section chief—is in a defensible position, if he wishes to admonish John, presumably for his own and the agency's good.

How tackle the delicate subject from management's angle? I should think by calling John in, for a review of his accomplishments to date, and praise on that score, to be followed by a brief listing of work-habits that get in the way of his great abilities—that keep him from becoming the full success he might be. Then mention his loud voice, thoughtless interruptions, careless misuse of English (when surely he knows better); his nose-picking in client interviews; and above all his failure to listen and learn—an oversight that marks the difference between small and great men.

Criticism is never easy to bear, but inability to accept criticism

Former Islander Weds



Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Fraser Bruce of Vancouver, B.C., are shown above following their wedding in Neville, Saskatchewan. Mr. Bruce is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Munro Bruce of Vancouver. The Bruce family formerly lived in Valleyfield West, P. E. I., before moving to Vancouver in 1948.

An autumn wedding was solemnized recently when Myrtle Kjørven, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Kjørven of Neville, Sask., became the bride of Lincoln Fraser Bruce, in St. Paul's United Church, Neville, Sask. Rev. Douglas Garner officiated at the double-ring ceremony.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride was attired in a full-length gown of white satin with lace bodice, lily point sleeves and a long train. Her fingertip veil hung in graceful folds from a coronet trimmed with a wreath of myrtle leaves which is a tradition of Norway which country the bride's parents came from. She carried a cascade bouquet of white baby mums in which were embedded two mauve orchids and from the streamers hung a small horseshoe-shaped wreath of myrtle leaves.

As matron of honor, Mrs. Don Gallestrie of Val Marie wore a ballerina-length gown of white tulle and colored electric lights and rosebuds. At either end of the table were two Norwegian wedding cakes, prettily decorated with rosebuds and miniature Norwegian flags.

For her going away costume, the bride donned a grey wool serge suit with turquoise hat, white gloves and black purse and shoes. The justweds will reside at 872 Cambie Road.

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