

Happenings of The Week

The days of champagne in shoes may be tucked away in a memory book, but those two main ingredients sparkled and spun their magic again this week at one of the Ottawa's plushiest satin-and-silver formal, the Bal des Pettis Souillers.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Simpson on Tuesday evening entertained at a canasta party for Mr. and Mrs. Troop. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moore are in Montreal where they will spend some time on holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Soper is in Hillsborough, N. B., where she is visiting with Dr. and Mrs. Oxley. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Matheson will be leaving Charlottetown shortly for a holiday in Bermuda.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Smith left this week for Saint John, N. B., where they will holiday for a week. On Monday afternoon at the Charlottetown Hotel Mrs. J. D. MacGuigan entertained at a luncheon bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Poole entertained for friends at a dinner bridge at her home on Monday evening. Miss Connie Martin who has completed her training at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, was a visitor this past week with her sister, Mrs. Olive Johnston and Mr. Johnston.

Miss Dorothy Leard, R.N., left on Monday last for Ottawa to resume her musical studies. Miss Leard, a lyric soprano is a member of the cast of the Orpheus Operatic, and the Ottawa Opera Companies and takes part in the concerts put on twice yearly in Ottawa. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon Leard, Charlottetown, and formerly of Ottawa.

Her Excellency was wearing a graceful gown of midnight blue net over satin, designed with a light bodice, and a very full skirt. She wore a matching stole, studded with diamonds, and a diamond tiara and other diamond jewelry. Presenting a charming picture was Rose, who wore a frock of white lace over palest pink, with a full pleated skirt with an overskirt of white net, outlined in silver thread.

Friends are happy to learn that Mrs. H. J. A. Brown is recovering satisfactorily from the painful accident which happened a week ago. On Monday Miss Cook, Miss Foster, and Mrs. Norman Saunders left by plane for Montreal where they will spend some time on holiday and a business trip.

Hostesses at the Curling Club this evening will be Mrs. Edith Wood, Mrs. Reginald Mahar and Mrs. Maric Dockendorf who will serve coffee and sandwiches following the usual matches. The annual Valentine formal was held at Prince of Wales College on Monday evening in an original setting designed and arranged by several talented members of the college social committee and their assistants.

The hostesses this Saturday evening at the Summerside Curling Club will be Mrs. William Hayward, Mrs. Ernest Morrison, Mrs. Ralph Silliphant, Mrs. Victor Howatt and Miss Sally Basler. Mrs. G. S. Inman of Montague is spending some time in Summerside renewing friendships.

The Abegweit Chapter of the J. O. D. E. held a delightful social evening on Thursday at the home of Mrs. E. T. Tanton, Summerside. Mrs. A. S. Hopkins was convener of the program and Mrs. J. W. Lecky of the refreshments.

Miss Wilma Monkley, R.N., of Boston, Massachusetts, arrived in the Province this week on a visit to her grandmother, Mrs. W. A. Toombs, Summerside, and her sister, Mrs. Claude Barrett, Malpeque. Mrs. W. P. Callaghan entertained at bridge at her home in Summerside on Monday evening and again on Tuesday at the tea hour.

Miss Claudia Rogers of Montreal is spending a few weeks' holidays in Summerside the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Rogers. Miss Zilpha Sharp, Summerside, was hostess at bridge on Monday evening.

On Tuesday three rinks from the ladies of the Summerside Curling Club played at a friendly bonspiel at the Beaver Club in Moncton, N.B. They were Mrs. Harry Dickie, Mrs. J. C. Simpson, Mrs. H. T. Holman, Jr., Mrs. T. D. Morrison, Mrs. Ralph Silliphant, Mrs. Gerry Hayes and Mrs. T. L. Linkletter, skip; and Mrs. Gerald Sheen, Mrs. Harold Schurman, Mrs. Thane A. Campbell and Mrs. Creelman MacArthur, skip.

Last evening Mrs. K. Lefurgey entertained at her home in Summerside when bridge was in play.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Crockett of Summerside visited the Curling Club in Alberton on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Llewellyn Rogers, Summerside, was hostess at bridge on Monday evening.



Back Row, left to right — Clara MacNair, James Ibbott, Stanley MacNair, Lloyd Simmons, Karl Reardon, Mary Lewis. Front Row, left to right — Barbara Beck, Heather MacLean, William MacKay, Marjorie Huestis, Joyce Proctor. Absent — Donna Shaw, Edwin Kelly, Barry Bears and John Yeo.

Cook's Corner

YAM OR SWEET POTATO BALLS The crisp and nutty outside surface adds the last superb touch to these sweet potato balls. If you are serving them with a roast of pork, you need not worry about the 400-degree oven for the last 20 minutes and brief time at a higher temperature won't hurt any meat, but pork, 350 degrees when we are roasting it—and maybe you will have taken out your roast for part of that time so that you can make a gravy. If you prefer a lower temperature, give the balls a longer time, but all the right, too. If better for other things, balls may be made ahead of time, refrigerated until baking time.

That Body Of Yours

ANXIETY NEUROSI Physicians admit that many individuals consulting them for various symptoms requires assurance more than medicine. They find that in an effort to get ahead of any suspected disease, they should consult their physician immediately, as early diagnosis of a disease such as cancer or a heart ailment means a better than even chance of curing or controlling it. The disease that was called soldier's heart following World War I is now known by various names— anxiety neurosis, effort syndrome, cardiac (heart) neurosis, neurasthenia. The chief symptoms are breathlessness, pounding of the heart, nervousness, irritability, chest pain or discomfort, tiring easily (effort syndrome), spells of dizziness, faintness or "anxiety attacks." There are thus many symptoms but the physician cannot find any organic cause for the symptoms, that is, there are no physical signs.

The Stars Say

For Tomorrow "EXPECT the unexpected" is the usual axiom for expressing the Uranian rulership of this day. The ritual is ever uncertain, unpredictable, but always upsetting, perplexing and radical in its tactics. Crashes and unforeseen change in locale, contacts, romance, ideals and ideas, with a complete reversal or about-face. The force is ever unforeseen, dynamic, challenging. If It Is Your Birthday Those whose birthday it is, may find strange circumstances distorting, integrating, unsettling, of far-reaching consequence on life and its occupations as well as pre-occupations. There is an indomitable urge for change, with a possible challenge to "get away" from "things as they are," but it might be well to sail with the current rather than make drastic attempt to buck the tide. Personal affairs as well as others change abruptly, radically. A child born on this day, may be radical in its ideas and outlook on life, with an unquenchable urge to upset all codes and live under an eccentric, possibly spectacular rule of its own. Day After Tomorrow The astrological forecast is for a most exciting and pleasant state of affairs, possibly with the accent on the intimate, doings of family or romantic life, although aspects of church and state are not negligible. With all forms of gaiety, celebration and indulgences, social, home, romantic, there is one sly loophole for treachery, double-crossing, or other intriguing episode, subtle or pernicious. If It Is Your Birthday Those whose birthday it is, may anticipate a very lively year, with personal, social, domestic as well as public activities keyed to high tempo. While it is a time for preferment, promotion, enhanced prestige and popularity, with family and home festivities moving at number of friends at her home in Summerside one evening last week. Mr. and Mrs. W. Arthur Allen, Summerside, entertained at mixed bridge last evening. Mrs. James Connell, Summerside, was hostess to a number of friends on Wednesday evening.

Island Nurse Is Married In Germany

Capt. Edwin D. Bowman, Post Quartermaster, of Dallas, Texas, and his bride, the former Janet Sutherland, 1st Lt. ANC of the 130th Hospital, American Army, Heidelberg, have returned from a honeymoon in Vienna, Austria. The couple was married at the 130th Chapel on Saturday, Dec. 30. Lt. Sutherland is the daughter of Mrs. W. G. Sutherland, Charlottetown, and the late Mr. Sutherland, M.L.A. of Montague. Marriage rites were performed by Chaplain (Capt.) G. A. Lollis, while Capt. Robert Hester, QM, served as attendant to the groom and Lt. Theresa Larivee also of the 130th, was maid of honor. After the wedding, the bride and groom and their guests went to the Schloss Hotel for a wedding dinner, and that evening, Captain Bowman and his bride departed for a honeymoon in Vienna. Since their return to the Post, the newly-weds have been residing in one of the new apartments located near Campbell Barracks—(Heidelberg Post).

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee Q. When a girl is dining out with a young man, and the food is not very good, is she privileged to criticize it? A. Never under any circumstances. This would be the same as criticizing the cooking in a private home, and is just as ill-bred. Q. When visiting in the home of friend, and a box of candy is open on the table, is a guest privileged to help himself without an invitation? A. No. To do so would be presumptuous. Q. Is it necessary for the bride's father to receive guests with his wife in the reception line, at the wedding reception. A. Not unless he wishes to do so.

Morning Smile

Eye-Opener Landlord: "How did you find the room?" Guest: "Terrible! I didn't close an eye all night." "That's your own fault, sir. If you want to sleep you must close your eyes." Generous Appetite He took his best girl for tea in a restaurant. Half way through he looked at her and smiled. "You're gorgeous," he said. She seemed peeved. "I may possess a hearty appetite," she replied, "but no one could truthfully call me gorgeous."

Potholders to Brighten Your Kitchen.



The makings of these colorful and inexpensive potholders are in your scrap box. Pick out some plain cotton pieces and a bit of printed fabric, then convert them into lovely potholders and quilted potholders. Every housewife needs these handy kitchen aids. If you would like directions for making this FAB OF POTHOOLDERS, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Needlecraft Dept. of this paper, requesting Leaflet No. E-1938.

ELLEN'S DIARY

And as we read, moving close to a window as the cleared twilight of Candlemas say began to drop like a soft veil over the countryside, it was to forget all else about — to forget that pall of milk from the surplus of morning for the youngest calf of all should be heating, that the fire itself was dying and a table unspread, as we gave mind and heart to the story... On a recent day while she awaited our attention to discuss with her some matter of horses or kittens or other consuming interest of hers, granddaughter commented despairingly to James: "I wonder who it was that first wrote books for grandmothers to read? Whoever it was, should have known better — especially when there are children around!" And presently too dark to follow the lines, and not at all willing to break the enchantment of those minutes which are neither day nor night, but a lovely intermingling of the two, we sat on, idly into the dusk. Watching the shadows settle on the hillsides, cuddling the trees in their arms and the house on the hill, as the mother her babe at its rest-time. And then we found we were listening, in the quiet and gloom of the old house.

Listening now for James' return from the fields from Rob's... Rob is better today. He joined our farmers at the lumbering this afternoon, bringing with him, Gage and his mother. Jamie had come in the morning. The black dog, expiring him a distance away — and granddaughters! He is here for the week-end, loving it much. Why, we cannot say, not knowing the lode-star which draws him. Perhaps it is the old house itself, home of his people, though it is neither more comfortable nor pleasant than his own. Maybe it is that he knows we regard him as a nice continuation of our own family, a thoughtful, good boy in his nine years. In any event, a knock at the door brings him — smiling happily, while pleased reflections answer his, about the place. Karolyn, a neat hand at the work "whipped" us a cake "for Sunday" and a jelly roll in the pan, she had fetched, "just in case you should need one." It is no secret at Alderlea, that we enjoy being waited on by the family!

We have not yet finished reading the book we commenced in yesterday's spell of leisure. And if it were cricket, how we should like to open it now at the very last chapter to satisfy our curiosity! It is "The Tower and The Town" the fourth book from the pen of one of our favorite authors: Grace Campbell. The tower holds the study of the Rev. Rorie Munro's Church and the town is his parish — his first. Looking down on it from the heights before his first sermon, "From here" thought Rorie "it's like a spread of tartan. A red, green, gray, and yellow plaid. Likable characters move through the story — "Patric" Scottish friend, and reason for Rorie's life-work; "Dr. Brian Gorgon", a tall gaunt old man, minister of a kindred congregation in the same town, extremely wise and kindly and good — and "Jessica", especially "Jessica" and wee "Johnnie" her son. Her kin too — "Aunt Emily" and "Uncle John", oldish and rather firm the Sessions, not given to "new-fangled ways" in religious practices. And we follow Rorie's work with interest. We meet and like bearded "Duncan Leslie", alert manager of Dr. Gordon's farm and retreat in the country, "A big clapboarded white house, with a red roof and green shutters" come to by a road under maples. And Mrs. Leslie, who is Ellen. "A friendly quiet woman, with a slow voice and kind eyes," who presides over it with much grace.

Other folks, weak of will and faith, and stronger weep or smile and go about their "lives on the pages of the book, in an enchanting tale, sweet and inspiring, clean as a wind-swept winter tree and of good philosophy. We remember being taken with words of Jessica's Aunt Emily in respect to women's fortunes. "It's strange how a woman's life is slanted" she remarked. "Now a man can say: 'I'll work hard and by the time I'm forty I'll have a good home and a big car and money in the bank! It's not that way with a woman. A moonlight drive, the way the hair grows off a man's forehead, his temporary, but which may be only temporary, but which is magnet to her steel, and it is settled for her, whether twenty years later, she'll wear rabbit or mink, take the bus or call the chauffeur. Queer isn't it?" Until Monday — Diary — Good-night...

How Can I...

By Anne Ashley Q. How can I put out an oil fire? A. Never try to put out an oil fire with water, as this only spreads the flames. Sand, earth, gravel, flour, meal, any of these, is effective to throw on burning oil. Q. How can I make use of pumpkin seeds? A. Pumpkin seeds make a good bait for the mouse traps. Some people claim that mice like them better than cheese. Q. How can I improve the flavor of tea? A. Add a small piece of dried orange peel, that is kept in a glass jar, to the teapot before pouring in the boiling water.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Alibis Nerves, Temperament Among Pet Excuses For Weakness WHAT IS YOUR favorite alibi? We all have them, you know. None of us has the courage of our sins nor the honesty to admit our shortcomings, so we hide behind a smoke screen and lay our weakness upon circumstances or heredity or luck or other people or what have you. Women's favorite alibi is nerves. They are a blanket excuse that covers temper and selfishness, self-indulgence, indolence and all of their by-products. What the feminine sex would do without their "poor nerves," no one has imagination enough even to guess. You never heard a woman admit she was a virago. When one flies into rages and rails like a fishwife, it is because something has upset her "delicate nerves." When a woman rears her children on the street and at her neighbors' expense because she is too trifling and no-account to shoulder her responsibilities. It is because her "poor nerves" cannot stand the racket that children make. When a woman has her husband so terrorized that he dare not open his mouth in his own house for fear of starting something, it isn't because she is mean and overbearing and tyrannical. It's just because she is "nervous." You have her own word for it!

POOR HEALTH A GOOD OUT The universal alibi for laziness is poor health with women, and temperament with men. Did you ever see either a woman or a man who acknowledged to being lazy, and confessed that the reason they sat down on the do-nothing stool and let other people support them was because they simply loathed to work? You never did. But on the contrary you know plenty of strong husky loafers who will tell you how they envy your energy, and how they wish they had the vigor and strength to join as you do, or that they had not been born so finely attuned that they cannot adjust themselves to a sordid commercial world. A woman will say she knows that she looks strong, but looks are very deceptive and she finds she simply cannot get up in the morning and get her husband's breakfast and start the children off to school, so she just has to lock her door so they won't disturb her morning rest, without which she wouldn't be able to play bridge all afternoon. And, of course, it is never selfishness. It's their poor health that sends myriads of wives off to the mountains in the summer, and south in the winter, while their poor husbands slave to pay hotel bills. It's not aversion to work. It's temperament that keeps thousands of men sponging on their friends and relatives. They will tell you with tears in their eyes that, they long for work, but they simply cannot do everyday tasks. They must have work for which they are temperamentally fitted. Something spiritual that can be done when they are in the mood for it, and with big pay checks attached, and as there are so much jobs they just let Mother support them until some fool girl with a good job takes over the contract. The alibi of the philanthropist is that his wife does not understand him: it's never his fault that he is a petticoat chaser. He never admits that he is a poor weak creature who is totally lacking in loyalty and a sense of duty and self-control. No, he is a poor misunderstood lonely soul, married to a woman who does not sympathize with him or who is cold, and so he is driven to seek solace elsewhere.

THE OTHER WOMAN The alibi of the forsaken wife is The Other Woman. Nobody ever heard of a deserted wife who admitted to losing her husband through her own carelessness. The reason that her husband strayed away from his own fireside was never because she slumped and got slovenly or because she was a bad housekeeper or because she got peevish or fretful and nagging or because she got so dull she bored him to death. No. It is always because The Other Woman possessed mysterious powers of attraction with which no wife could contend. The alibi of the divorced is The Other One. It's never the husband's fault when the marriage goes on the rocks. The wife is never to blame when the marriage goes blooey. Each will tell you that with elaborations. The husband won't say a word about his drinking too much or spending his money on Other Women or being as grumpy or grouchy as a sore-headed bear, but he will tell you all about his wife's extravagance and her fault-finding and how she kept the house cluttered up with her people. The wife won't mention her extravagance, or the kind of dinners she set before her husband, but she will hold forth at length how her husband neglected her and the row he made over the bills and how he simply drove her to Reno. And the alibi for all the unsuccessful is that they never had any luck. The reason they haven't got along is because they didn't get the breaks. Their never having the grit to stick to a hard job or put their backs and their brains into their work is never the reason that they are failures. It's just that they were unlucky. We've all got our alibis for our faults and weaknesses. What is yours?

Better English

By D. C. Williams 1. What is wrong with this sentence? "He replaced Mr. Brown as president of the company, and began his work yesterday." 2. What is the correct pronunciation of "persist"? 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Dissuade, persuade, suavity, suable. 4. What does the word "conducive" mean? 5. What is a word beginning with es that means "deserving regard"? ANSWERS 1. Say, "He succeeded Mr. Brown as president of the company, and began his work yesterday." 2. Pronounce second syllable as "sist." 3. Dissuade, persuade, suavity, suable. 4. "Conducive" means "deserving regard." 5. Estimable.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee Souffles Bake souffles in glass pie dishes. They may then be cut into wedges-shaped pieces and served directly from the baking dish. Only fill the dish half-full of the uncooked souffle, to allow for rising. Washing Flannel Flannel should be washed and rinsed in warm water of exactly the same temperature. Rub well in sudsy water and rinse several times. Dry quickly to prevent shrinking, either in a hot sun or near a fire. Liver Tonic A good tonic for the liver is to drink the juice of one-half a lemon in a cup of hot water, the first thing upon getting up of a morning.

Needlecraft - FOR THE HOME -

SAVES SEWING TIME Part heart and flower applique — plus a scalloped hemline — give personality to this practical daily-duty apron. And it's yours for a yard of material and a minimum of sewing time! No. 2679 is cut in one size and requires only 1 yard 38-inch, with 4 yards ric rac trim. Applique — included — can be made from scrap bag pieces. Get each PATTERN which includes complete sewing guide. Print Your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you want. Include postal unit, or some number in your address. Address: Pattern Department, The Charlottetown Guardian. Pattern No. 2679 Name Address City Province BUENOS AIRES, Feb. 8—(AP)—An Argentine-made jet plane today attained a reported speed of more than 300 miles an hour on an exhibition flight. President Juan Peron and other high Government, military and diplomatic officials saw the show.