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

Keep Early Radish Sowings Down to One Week's Supply

Radishes share with young onions grown from sets the welcome which is always given the first harvest from the Victory garden. In three weeks from the time of sowing, Scarlet Globe radishes should be ready for the table.

But in another week they are unfit to eat, a fact which many beginners ignore. If more than a week's supply of such an early variety is sown at one time, much of the harvest will go to waste.

It is a general rule that the longer a vegetable takes to mature, the longer the harvest lasts. Slower growing varieties of radishes remain in good condition longer than the earliest, but all sowings should be carefully considered to make sure that a wasteful surplus is not produced. This is one of the most frequent subjects overgrown in the garden.

Many gardeners grow the first radish crop by mixing a few radish seed with the seeds of carrots, parsnips, parsley and beets, all of which can be sown as soon as the soil has been prepared. An early radish is used, which will germinate quickly to mark the location of the row, and come to maturity before the main crop has developed far enough to be injured by crowding.

Summer varieties of radishes have a long harvest season and winter varieties, sown in the early summer, produce huge roots which can be kept in storage for several weeks after the winter has set in.

Radishes Provide a Welcome First Harvest in the Garden.

DIGESTION OFF? Jittery? Pepless?

—Your Nerves May Need Feeding

Every act—every movement of your body, no matter how small, is controlled by nerves. When nerves lack nourishment, every function of your body may suffer . . . digestion . . . bowels . . . muscles. You may sleep poorly, feel depressed, physically and nervously exhausted.

An impoverished blood condition due to lack of sufficient iron is often accompanied by nervousness, for nerves may thus fail to get their proper nourishment. So if you are nervous, rundown, pepless and tired with sluggish digestion and bowels because of this condition try Dr. Williams Pink Pills. They not only help build up the blood but they supply Vitamin B-1 which contributes to the normal functioning of the nervous system and the digestive tract. Then see what a difference your improved blood condition may make, not only in your energy and strength but in your nerves, digestion and bowel action. Get Dr. Williams Pink Pills today from your druggist.

A Job Only You Can Do

Price Control Questions And Answers

Questions and Answers on Price Control will appear in The Guardian as a regular feature each day. The questions are those which have reached the Wartime Prices and Trade Board from housewives in this region. The answers are provided by the Board Readers. Persons who have intelligent questions to ask on price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the War Time Prices and Trade Board.

Q. Is there a ceiling price on canned lobster?

A. Yes, all canned Atlantic lobster products are now under ceiling according to recent Wartime Prices and Trade Board orders.

Q. Recently I paid more for having my hat cleaned and blocked than I used to. Is there a ceiling price on such things?

A. Yes there is a ceiling on such services. It is governed by what the dry cleaner was charging during the basic period. You should pay no more than you paid at that time.

Q. Is it necessary to have a permit to move my business to another section of town?

A. No, a permit is no longer necessary when an existing business moves to another premises or when it changes ownership or acquires additional floor space.

A Morning Smile

HIS CHOICE

Magistrate [illegible] hypothetically: — "Could the [illegible] have avoided you?"

Henpecked Victim (sadly) — "He could that, your worship, if he had the choice of 'itting me or the missus, and 'e picked on me."

THE REMEDY

"My dear," said the champion borrower, "[illegible] Mr. [illegible]'s lawn [illegible] the blade broken, he swore at me something 'orrible!"

—— wife sniffed. "Well, we don't want that sort of thing to happen again, dear," she replied. "In future, you'd better borrow all you want from the vicar."

ONE FATAL MALADY

They were discussing a certain undefeatable and irrepressible politician.

"Well," summed up the smoke-room philosopher, "I'll tell you this about him. He might have typhoid, and recover; he might have pneumonia and recover; he might have cerebral meningitis, and recover; he might have yellow fever, and recover; but—if he ever had lock-jaw, by gad, sir, he'd burst."

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

Asparagus is not a finger food and should not be eaten with the fingers.

Dorothy Dix Says—

TO MARRY OR NOT QUESTION

Heart Alone Must Decide Whether To Accept Proposal Of Man Of Small Means

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am an attractive woman of 26 and have had several opportunities to marry, but always to men who did not make enough money to support a wife and possibly a family, consequently making it necessary for the wife to work outside of the home. I have turned these offers down as I saw my Mother slave herself into an early grave, my Father being one of the men who are never able to make a living.

What would you advise me to do? Shall I continue to go on as I am at present, working, self-sufficient, with no financial worries, but lonely and unloved? Or shall I marry one of these poor suitors and struggle and work with him the rest of my life, probably being denied the joys of motherhood due to financial conditions? Would the love and companionship of a husband compensate me for the sacrifices and hardships that I would be called upon to make? WAITING.

LOVE FINAL APPEAL IN MARRIAGE

ANSWER—The lot of the bachelor girl with a good job is a comparatively easy one because, if she has only herself to support, she can have most of the comforts and luxuries of life; whereas the fate of the wife of the man who has no faculty for getting along, as the phrase goes, is one of unending drudgery and anxiety, especially if she has children. So it is no wonder that the modern young woman thinks long and carefully before she swaps a mahogany desk in an office for a cooking stove in a kitchen.

But her own heart must solve the problem for her. She must decide whether she loves a man well enough to share the hardships of poverty for his sake; whether his companionship will compensate her for not being able to have any other diversion than his society; whether his love will clothe her in royal raiment.

Also, the girl should take into consideration the type of man the poor suitor is before she says YES or NO. If he is the shiftless sort, she should hesitate a long time before marrying him, because few women can stay in love with a man whom they cease to respect. On the other hand, no matter how small a salary a man may be earning, if he is of the up-and-coming type, he is a good bet. He will get there and his wife will have the time of her life helping him on his way.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am 24 years old. Have been married five years and have three children. My husband is very good to me, but I am in love with a man who has obtained a divorce from his wife because he marry him. He is in the army and in his letters he says that if I don't tell my husband about us that he will tell him when he comes on his furlough. I have been going with his man for three years without my husband knowing about it.

Would you advise me to stay with my husband for the children's sake, or to divorce him and marry the man I love? UNDECIDED.

"FEMME FATAL" RUINS GOOD HOME

ANSWER—What a mess of your own life and of other peoples' lives to have made in so short a time! To be only 24 years old and to have been married and had three children, and broken up another woman's home and taken his hand from her, and to have been unfaithful to your own good husband, certainly constitutes a record. You must be what the story-writers call a "femme fatal."

As for whether you shall divorce your husband, it seems to me that is up to him. Probably he will not be anxious to keep a wife he can trust so little and who loves another man.

DEAR MISS DIX—My wife is continually yelling and swearing at me and the children and it is getting us down. The doctor says it is owing to her mental condition. What should I do PUZZLED HUSBAND.

ANSWER—Send her to some sanatorium where she can have proper treatment. Such cases are often cured.

The Man Who Wasn't Himself

By Leslie Cargill

Once more he was at the door taking up his stance, putting on a glove.

"Cheerio. See you later."

Precisely the way he stood and spoke to Mr. Cooper.

There was a slight click in Harkness's brain. Why had he thought that? Who was Mr. Cooper? The name had come instinctively. At the moment he could not associate the man with anything more than a name.

Sitting alone in front of the fire he was able to build him up in to a shadowy personality—the first individual to be associated with his lost identity.

Acting on an impulse he rang up Murrey.

"Chuck Cooper, isn't it?" he asked hazarding a guess.

"Sure it is. So you do remember?"

"It came back to me a few minutes ago."

"Don't lose it. He's top of the list. Hold hard, We don't want to gab over the wire. Cheerio! See you later."

Black Jack and his catchwords had a stimulating effect. That night the dreams were more vivid and had not dissipated by morning. He knew that once, long ago, Mr. Cooper had been very much in the forefront of the scene. There was an unpleasantness attached to his person.

And in the innermost cells of his mind he heard those sinister words again as he heard them that day months ago—the day the bomb had dropped.

"The firm is short by £5,000. If you care to replace it we may avoid prosecuting."

The cold unsympathetic words was as clear as though spoken at that moment, though it was many weeks since they had actually come to the startled ears of Richard Harkness.

His rightful name and all the circumstances were coming back. They still lacked clarity and he was unable to distinguish between the true and the false. Not yet did he know whether the accusation was warranted.

Efforts to sharpen his returning memory were physically exhausting. His head ached and there was a throbbing at the temples which alarmed him. Ill as he was he made his way to the hospital. Fortunately Dr. Peberdy was available for consulation.

"Rest," he advised. "A sedative and you will be as right as a trivet. Go home and spend a few days in bed."

"It isn't my home. Not the flat in Wingham Crescent," Harkness protested.

"You will have to unravel that tangle later. You have not yet properly established that you are not Perry Chetwood. It remains a possibility that your thought processes are indulging in invention."

"No, that can't be. Not only am I sure my name is Richard Harkness but I know where I lived and worked—the friends I had and the interests that appealed to me. Everything, in fact, that belongs to my real self."

"In that case return to your old haunts and see what happens, but take my professional advice and postpone the experiment for a week. If you are acurate in your surmise there is an extraordinary coincidence that not only are you and Chetwood apparent double but that he disappeared on the day you contracted amnesia. Come and tell me when you've straightened it all out, or if you have any symptoms that require treatment. I think you are physically well and will respond to sleep."

CHAPTER VII
JOYCE IS WORRIED

Richard took the grevish tablets and woke up feeling more refreshed in mind and body than he had done for long enough. The nightmare intangibility connected with his Chetwood existence had completely dissipated. Examining his features in the mirror, prepartory to shaving, he realizetd that this was not how he looked. MacFarlane was undoubetdly responsible for the differences which he attributed to the vagaries of plastic surgery.

On the night the bomb fell it had been too dark to inspect his companion so he did not begin to put two and two together. It was sufficient to find that by accident he had been made unrecognizable and therefore safe enough from the police.

So Cooper had given him overnight to remedy defalcations for which he was responsible? That was months ago. His disappearance woud assuredly have stamped him guilty in the eyes of all who did not know the truth. And only the real culprit, or culprits, possessed that knowledge.

Unexpectedly he had been given a golden opportunity to conduct an inquiry into the circumstances, to pass among previous acquaintances without being noticed, even to seek the company of Mr. Cooper with impunity. No detective could ask a more fool-proof disguise.

Furthermore he had some sort of contact, through Jack Murrey, with his erstwhile boss. The racketeer had not only helped him to restore him to normal but was destined to continue his unconscious assistance.

Black Jack, in fact, remained the important link between the lives of Richard Harkness and Perry Chetwood. It was Chetwood now who was invested with an aura of mystery. That must be solved in the process of establishing his innocence in the Trensham's deficiency and in rehabilitating himself as Harkness.

All this required tearing up with the pose which had first been thrust upon him. There were aspects of this which he disliked, particularly in using money that rightfully belonged to someone else. However, he could arrive at a settlement when the real Chetwood turned up.

"If he turns up," he mentally corrected. "The man is a bad egg and probably prefers anonymity. Gosh, what about Joyce?"

Making free with Chetwood's material possessions was repugnant but to deceive a girl whom he had acquired a real and deep affection went to the limit of caddishness.

(To be continued)

BEAUTIFUL LINENS

DESIGN NO. 555

Embroider these lovely floral and bird designs on towels or pillowcases. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 555 contains 8 motifs with complete instructions.

To order pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau Charlottetown Guardian.

Design No. 555

Name

Street Address

City Province

Ellen's Diary

By An Island Farmer's Wife

I should have gone to the set-cutting again this morning but there were so many other duties demanding immediate attention that I rather gratefully put the "former things" aside till afternoon. I often think it is not really the work of cutting seed that tires me. After all, it should be no more tiring than any other work of "my hands." I think perhaps it is while they remain to be done there's a feeling of weight on one's shoulders—and mind—really tons of it that of course lessens as the work goes on. My burden in this regard is becoming more bearable.

* * *

There was transplanting from the cold frame begging to be done. The plants had made such rapid growth, that when the glass was over them, notwithstanding various bits of boards by way of props, they were in danger of being broken or at least suited. I knew if I left the cover off entirely, there were those awful hens, and even one pair of scratching feet among precious plants has before this brought grief to both plants and gardener. This morning I set out a few dozen not according to any fixed plan, but here and there along the border, where later they will bloom, giving their beauty and fragrance not alone for my benefit but also to many who go in and out at Alderlea.

* * *

Then I've noticed recently, some leaves of the rose-bushes turning white. I had trouble last year this same way. Then perhaps being busier than usual I had neglected to spray them, so my roses were not the lovely things they should have been.

* * *

This year they seem to be similarly infected. James who thinks of potato diseases says: "It must be an aphis." My particular aphides drank a potion this morning — I hope—equal to "the hemlock" and I think by repeating the treatment at intervals I shall be able to keep the bushes in a healthy condition. Not that I really have anything in the way of a rose-garden. But the few bushes at Alderlea are cherished because of associations. They have been carried from here and there or perhaps came by reason of a few pennies hoarded carefully, towards that end, all of which goes to make them more cherished.

* * *

Set-cutting claimed our attention after dinner and we—Jeanie and I—kept at it all the lovely afternoon, again to the accompaniment of bird-song. I read the signs aright when James returned from the set-cutting that first cold Saturday although I had hopes he would reverse his decision and as customary follow me—or I him!"—"to the last ditch." I was mistaken. James studiously avoids the basement in the house across the lane.

* * *

The men were busy all day at the laborious task of mixing and spreading fertilizer. Whether from habit or preference James purchases the chemicals and does the mixing at the barns. This mixing necessitates much labor, and of course the sacks must be refilled to be taken to the field. Sometimes too, to make sure of an even distribution from the spreader the entire lot is carefully sieved. The women have often seen service at this chore but owing to the cutting of the potato-seed there was no hint even of their service being needed, which was all to the good. The men came to meals today powdered from head to toe. Indeed Jeanie wondered if by any chance "they had rolled in the mixture." There will be planting tomorrow, after the fertilizer is harrowed in.

* * *

This evening there was a trip by car, planned to take in the entire family. It was to a neighboring community. I may not say where it was, for even one's family complain at times! But I can write of the beauty of it all. We left the prettiest red sky behind us as we drove away from Alderlea before dusk. The road we chose, was a tree-lined one leading to a broad river, where the lights from the City were plainly visible. As we paused a moment at the door of the house visited, involuntarily I exclaimed: "Isn't this beautiful?" There was the gentle wash of the river almost at our feet and across its waters the lights from the City vied in brightness with the stars overhead. Bright lights too from an occasional car coming to the river shed a brilliance of their own. Planes too like stars that had suddenly left their places helped make a picture of indescribable loveliness. And the mystery and hush of night was over all.

* * *

We are home now. We came quietly through the dark to the Alderlea road and home. I kindled a spot of fire to heat water, for this is bread-mixing night again. Its lunch time too for as James just said: "I scarcely had time to eat to-day". I can do with a cup of tea myself for it will give power to my elbow—"for the bread-settin'."

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night.

A Name to Remember!

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

RED ROSE Orange Pekoe Tea is extra good!

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

A DAY IN JUNE

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.—Lowell.

WHEN CLOUDS APPEAR

An aged couple, known for their contentment, affection and happy Christian lives, were asked, as they spoke of many joys that had been their portion, "Have you, then, had no clouds in your sky?" "Why, yes! Where else could all the blessed showers come from?"

There are 310 classes for physically handicapped children in New York City's public schools.

To prevent rusks becoming soggy when used as a base for poached eggs, let eggs drain thoroughly by lifting them from the water with a perforated pancake turner.

The idea which is being widely used in industry to increase illumination in workrooms by painting walls white or ivory has its home-application in garrets, basements, closets and other storage places. Painting of floors and walls white increases the reflection value of the surface to provide more light, and also discourage moths, which prefer surfaces.

STRAWS FOR ICED TEA

If you like to use straws for iced tea, invest in a box of white or colored straws that may be used once and then thrown away. They are most inexpensive and do away with all the care of glass straws. The glass straws are so apt to discolor and are so easily broken that they are more expensive than giving each person a new straw at each meal.

VACATION CAN BE ENJOYED AT HOME

For a successful summer you will need a program—and you will need a few definite plans! It may be that you must spend your vacation at home. War time is no time to go travelling. But you can have fun and relaxation even at home.

If you always eat at a restaurants, just reverse things and eat at home. If you always eat at home, why it's restaurants for you!

If you get up early the rest of the 365 days, get up late during your vacation. Just change your routine and you will be amazed at how different the days will be.

Plan a summertime skin care program if you want a really successful summer. Change your heavy, rich creams to light oils (even though your skin is dry.) Use more skin freshener, it's cooling to the Change your face powder to a little darker shade. Get a new, bright and becoming lipstick to wear with gay prints.

Get some flower scented cream cologne, bath powder and soap.

Get a big black hat and a sheer black dress for your "big moment."

To take a wife merely as an agreable and rational companion will commonly be found to be a grand mistake.—Lord Chesterfield.

Because of the famous "gunpowder plot of 1605" a ceremonial search of each building of British Parliament is made every year.

Coffee grounds and tea leaves will clean short-napped rugs if sprinkled by handfuls over the rug to be cleaned, allowed to remain for 15 minutes and brushed off with a stiff bristled brush.

Grate your favorite cheese and store it in a screw top jar in the cold part of the refrigerator. You will then have it ready at a moment's notice.

BLACKHEADS

Don't squeeze blackheads — dissolve them. Get two ounces of peroxine powder from any drug store and apply gently with wet, hot cloth over the blackheads. They simply dissolve and disappear by this safe simple method.

THE COOK'S CORNER

LEMON CREAM SAUCE

This very simple inexpensive sauce uses enough milk to make a nice little contribution to the family quota. The sauce may well be the one you chose to turn the spiced drop cakes now so popular into a pudding. It will also be excellent on hot ginger bread, cottage pudding, steam batter pudding and so on.

2 cups milk
Shaved rind of half a lemon
1½ tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons granulated sugar
A few drops of lemon flavoring.

Put the milk and shaved lemon rind in the top of a double-boiler and bring to the scalding point. Remove lemon rind.

Melt the butter, blend in the flour, stir in the scalded milk very slowly, then add sugar. Return all to the top of the double-boiler and cook, stirring constantly, until the sauce is smoothly thickened. Cover and continue to cook, with occasional stirring, until no raw flavor of starch remains.

Taste, and if it is needed, add a few drops of lemon flavoring. Serve hot.

WARNS MOTHERS OF BOTTLE-FED BABIES

If your baby is bottle-fed, be sure to watch little bowels closely. Mother's milk is a natural laxative which helps take care of baby's need. Lacking this, a bottle-fed baby often gets fretty, feverish and suffers constipation and upset stomach. Let Baby's Own Tablets help you keep your baby's bowels on schedule—sweeten upset stomach—relieve feverishness and discomfort of teething. No narcotics—no stupefying drugs of any kind. *Easily crushed to a powder, if desired.* Don't let your baby suffer—get Baby's Own Tablets today. 25¢.

Needlecraft For The Home

CASUAL SPORTSTER

An unusually becoming version of your favorite shortwaist dress. The attractive collar and well-cut action back are two significant fashion details that spell 1944.

No. 2769 is size 36 requires 3½ yards 35-inch fabric.

Send 20 cents for PATTERN. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish.

Address Pattern Department the Charlottetown Guardian.

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To relieve distress of MONTHLY Female Weakness

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made *especially for women* to help relieve periodic pain with weak, nervous, tired, irritable feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances. Pinkham's Compound *helps nature* and that's the kind of medicine to buy! Follow label directions. Worth trying!

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S [illegible]

MAKE THE BREAK THAT LEADS TO POPULARITY

MANY who were once lonely and friendless, are today popular and sought after! They broke out of the "B.O." barrier that stands between its victims and the good times they long for!

Anyone can offend, because everyone perspires. So play safe! Bathe daily with Lifebuoy—it stops "B.O." Its special purifying lather makes you feel extra clean. And its fresh, invigorating scent vanishes before you're dressed.

Lifebuoy is a grand complexion soap, too! Tests prove that it is actually milder than many so-called beauty soaps.

NEW ADDED INGREDIENT NEW VANISHING SCENT SAME PROTECTIVE LATHER

FROM HEAD TO TOE—IT Stops "B.O."