

# Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

## "Why are your teeth so much whiter today?"



"Because I changed to Pepsodent WITH IRIUM!"

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS

### PEPSODENT

WILL GIVE YOU, TOO, THE WHITEST TEETH

Why? Because only Pepsodent contains Irium, the marvelous exclusive ingredient that gives you the greatest cleansing action ever offered. Pepsodent gets rid of every trace of dull film. That's why New Pepsodent with Irium gets your teeth cleanest—and when they're cleanest they're whitest... Ask for Pepsodent Dental Cream today!

NEW! New Pepsodent, delicious, fresh minty flavor!



IT'S IRIUM THAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

### Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When dining out, on what sized bill should one apply the "Ten per cent" rule?  
A. If the bill amounts to \$2.50 or more, if less than this, the tip may be just as much as one wishes to give.  
Q. Who should be asked to give the bride away if she has no parents or near relatives?  
A. She may ask an old friend of the family.  
Q. What is the proper way to invite friends to a christening?  
A. Inasmuch as this is an informal affair, these invitations may be by informal notes or by telephone.

### The Stars Say—

By Genevieve Kemble

For Saturday, October 2  
DESPITE possibilities of an abrupt interference or block of interesting and thriving conditions it is probable that some sort of clever, unique or unorthodox measure, some ingenuity or stroke of fortune may avert threatened disruption. Probably the friendly intervention of strangers or others lured by prospect of excitement or adventure, may negative the crash.  
For the Birthdays  
Those whose birthday it is, may be able by exceptional talents, peculiar insight or a bold and audacious stroke, to postpone or entirely avert a threatened smash of major significance. A curious, adventure of romance seeker, may be ready to jump into the breach, and with surprising results of long-term or radical denouement. Work with unique talents or a curious hunch toward such end. Romance is in the air.  
A child born on this day possesses many exceptional ideas, skills or originality, for smacking an adventurous, exciting and romantic career.

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### DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

#### Vandal Grandchildren

##### Young Couple Resent Ruin Of Household By Visiting Younger Generation

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: We are a couple 54 years old. All of our married life we have worked hard to send our children to the best schools and give them every advantage that we could. Now they are all married and my wife and I thought we would indulge ourselves in some of the things we have always wanted; so we did over the house and made everything very pretty and comfortable. But all of our efforts have fallen flat, for our grandchildren simply wreck our home. Our new floors are all marked up with crayons and pencils. The floors are scuffed. The chairs battered and pieces. And when we try to protect our home and things, the parents get angry. We can't even enjoy reading a book in quiet, or turning the radio on to hear an interesting program, because they make so much noise. It is bedlam. And on Sunday nights they all come for supper and we have to take the money we would like to use on ourselves to buy snacks for them.

Then they have the nerve to say: "Mama, you look so tired and you are getting thin." But they never even offer to wipe a dish. What shall we do?

TIED GRANDPARENTS. PROTECTION NEEDED

ANSWER: Unless you can hire a police squad to stand guard over your premises, I can see no way in which you can protect yourself against your grandchildren. They are vandals whose sole pleasure in life is destroying the cherished belongings of other people. To them a free point and lowly new wallpaper and beautifully upholstered chairs are just an irresistible lure to see how destructive they can be. And don't expect any aid from these little hoodlums' parents. You won't get it. If it were their own walls that were being disfigured, they might make a faint protest against Johnnie drawing pictures on them, they might say "don't" to Tommy if he was making a spring-board of the new chairs, but as long as it is somebody else's property that is being wrecked Papa and Mama are not going to interfere with the innocent pleasure of the little vandals.

You have my sympathy, for I, too, have suffered at the hands of these boisterous youngsters, but there is nothing you can do about it. They say children will be children, but why their parents should let them be destructive pests, nobody knows. Maybe it is because the parents are so worn out with them they haven't enough strength to voice a protest.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: My father has spent his life roaming from place to place, never trying to get a job and never contributing to the support of the family. He is practically a stranger to us and we haven't laid eyes on him for years and years.

But the other day, out of a clear sky, he comes home, saying he is getting old and sickly and wants to settle down with his wife and daughters. He doesn't seem to consider how hard we have had to struggle to get along without any help from him through the years. Do you think we are in duty bound to take care of him?

A DAUGHTER.

ANSWER: You certainly are not. If he had been a good father to you, it would be your duty to support him in his old age, but since he ignored his responsibility to you and spent his time in idle dissipation there is no reason why you should work to support him. He failed completely in his obligation to you. Now let him reap what he sowed.

"I'll speak Turkish if there's any more such foolishness," warned their invisible driver.

"There will be plenty of foolishness unless you come around here and give an account of yourself," I shall call it nothing. But if I am aiming at your back now, and if I am forced to shoot again, I shoot to hit.

"Elsa," said the voice from the front seat, "can't you make your own friend behave? We're wasting time, and anyhow I don't like all this noise here in a strange locality."

At the stranger's first sentence Elsa had gasped; but she could not believe her ears. Now she knew for certain, "Ted!" she cried. "Oh, Ted! I thought I'd never see you again, and here—"

"Here you saw me and didn't know me," interrupted Ted from the front seat, "all seems now back there? Can I drive on again?"

"You cannot," said Elsa coolly. "You come back here this minute and give an account of yourself." Carl switched on the ceiling light and aimed his revolver at the door. In a minute it opened, and Ted Layton appeared in the aperture. His chauffeur's goggles were swinging from one ear, and he was grinning until his face appeared in danger of cracking.

Elsa leaned forward in her seat, and he rested one foot on the step while he kissed her and felt her kisses in return. Then reluctantly but firmly he put her from him. "That will have to do for the present. Now will you people please be quiet while we go to where we're going?"

"Not for half a minute, we won't be quiet," said Elsa firmly. "We have the night ahead of us, or most of it, at any rate. You come

### The Queen's Holiday

BY Elizabeth Corbett

Carl put up the curtain nearest him and stared out into the night. "I can't see a thing in this darkness," he complained. "There's no need to see anything," said Elsa coolly. "I just heard the bough of a tree scrape the roof of the car. Listen! We are going under more trees, trees with low branches that come right out across our way. We are in a country lane. Carl, we should be on a highway."

"Highness, the car is right. They might have painted the door. But look! There are the Magdeburgs arms on the fixed ash trays."

"The car is right," agreed Elsa. "But nothing else is. I'm afraid my early optimism was unjustified. Possibly the Magdeburgs have gone over to the enemy. But no, that wouldn't account for our being driven far out of our way, would it? Carl, it looks to me now as if we are being kidnaped."

"Kidnaped? Oh, Highness!" "Well, call it what you please."

"I shall call it nothing. But if I can I shall find out what is threatening us." Carl brought out his revolver. Before Elsa could stop him, he had rapped with the butt on the window which separated them from the spurious chauffeur.

A curtain was down there, too, on the driver's side of the glass. But when Carl rapped a second time, it was lifted slightly. A gauntleted hand motioned to the passengers to be quiet.

Carl rapped again and began to shout indignantly, first in French then in English, finally, when anger anesthetized his language center, in Leucadian. The curtain behind the driver was jerked down again. The car sped on faster than ever.

The humble embarrassed Carl whom Elsa had mothered for the last forty-eight hours, disappeared then in a twinkling. A cavalry officer whom Baron Gottlieb would not have disowned drew back a little, aimed his revolver, and fired a shot through the window beside the driver's.

The car came to such a sudden stop that Elsa was thrown almost to her knees. In very clear tone a voice in front of them said, "Don't do that again."

"Oh, you speak English do you?" thundered Carl. "You come

### Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Confectioners' Frosting  
Bolt 1/2-cup of granulated sugar and 1/4-cup of boiling water for about 4 minutes. Then stir in sifted confectioners' sugar until the consistency of paste for spreading. Flavor with 1/2-teaspoon of vanilla extract.

Linoleum  
Before mopping the linoleum on washday, try adding the leftover starch to the water, and see what a brilliant gloss it gives to the linoleum.

Coffee Stains  
Coffee, tea and other stains on china can be removed with a damp cloth dipped in soda.

### Best-Known

home remedy for relieving misery of children's colds.

### VICKS VAPORUB

### Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "He stated that he would go."  
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "dog"?  
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Exema, expiation, extravagant.  
4. What does the word "disputation" mean?  
5. What is a word beginning with "f" that means "that which misleads the eye or mind"?

### ANSWERS

1. Say, "He said that he would go." 2. Pronounce the o as in loss, not as in of. 3. Exema. 4. Act of disputing; controversy; debate. "After a lengthy disputation on the subject, a vote was taken." 5. Fallacy.

### How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove a brown stain that has formed at the base of a crystal vase that is frequently used?  
A. Moisten tea leaves with vinegar, place in the vase, and scrub the inside of the vase with a bottle brush.

Q. What is the best way to bake cookies when one has no cookie tin?  
A. Bake them on the bottom of an inverted plate. They will not burn so readily as when baked in the pan.

Q. How can I prevent book ends from slipping?  
A. Glue wide rubber band to the bottom of each book end.

In here and sit down with us, and give a full account of yourself and of your extraordinary proceedings. Ted remained standing. "Maybe we haven't as much time as you think we have. But I suppose I'd better satisfy your curiosity before it eats you up."

"Ever mind my curiosity. But how can I help being surprised? I thought we had left you behind us there in America."

"You thought that, did you? It was a kind thought! You actually supposed that I would let you walk into a lion's den while I sat in New York and figured people's rent bills?"

"You mean that when you heard I was leaving the United States—"

(To Be Continued)

By Fogaly and Shorten

### THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!



### Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Among the most enjoyable happiness of today was certainly our supper hour. It came after a day of fitful weather, of sunshine and wind, of shower and calm that was alike the despair of harvesters and housewives, who, in the unfavorable dampness of the early part of the week had postponed the washing until this morning. Twilight had drawn in from the hillsides then, leaving us at Alderley pretty much to ourselves in the dimness. It was through this dusk and when Jeanie and I were almost done of the milking and grand-daughter happily entertaining herself, the cat and the pups in the group that Jamie, our elder grandson, came. "Well, look who's here!" Jeanie nearer the door exclaimed and grand-daughter's most hospitable suggested at once: "Do you want to play with the pup-dog, Jamie?" He had come with our farmers, accompanying them home from a day at Ross.

They were "running" cement there today, to make walls of concrete about the basement of the house. Jamie's both grandfathers participated in the work, and perhaps this in itself would be an incentive to having more of it done, though I doubt that any rivalry for place or honor would increase it, since both are of a kind who always put heart and mind into any task no matter how important or how lowly it may chance to be. The endeavor has progressed to the stage where it is now as James tells me "on the home stretch" and the success of it has been blown to bits without a doubt by winds that have been unfavorable to the harvesting.

Thus it happened that Jamie, school-week past, arrived at Alderley to spend the night. "I brought my supper with me," he laughed. It proved to be a tin of a favorite soup and grand-daughter was invited to join him at the meal. It was only a matter of laying two extra plates, and adding a second pinch of tea, to have her parents and us as well—Jamie contributing a share of the food. A cozy period it is, the supper hour these cool Autumn evenings. By this time most of the choring has been completed, though our farmers manage to find excuses to be abroad again in the lantern light, but we usually can find leisure to linger over the meal in the lamp-light. The youngsters sit side by side at the table enjoying their soup, and in it's turn a fruity dessert and pieces of cake, the latter accepted by grand-daughter for the most part. "If you lived with me," I commented in a grandmotherly way, "I have an idea that you would eat all of that piece of cake or none." She smiled in a broad display of teeth and nodded her approval to Jamie who observed, "Well, you see, the pup has to get something, hasn't he?"

Jamie brought his school books, the better to acquaint me with the progress of his education, though our talk was interrupted by references to other pressing matters. He must describe how the water for the cement mixing was carried by a hose from a faucet to the pump, and how he had to operate the control that sets the machine to pumping. "It's in the sun-porch—the switch is," Jamie explained, which drew a remark from James. "And so that's the way that you're going to do your farming, sitting in the sun porch!" We talked of the farming; then to find that at present Jamie has no leaning towards it as an occupation, except that he "would much rather live in the country than in the city."

"And what is there about farming that you dislike?" I was curious to know, "is it the work?" "No, not the work," he replied, "at least, not in the daytime, but it's the working after dark that I don't like—yes that's the part of it that I wouldn't like." "But," I said, "farmers don't need to work after night. They can get their work done in daylight if they want to. Lots of them do." "But they can't work after night," Jamie argued. "What would they do supposing little pigs were coming—after dark?" and he looked to his grandfather for confirmation. "You're right," James said, "a farmer's day does go many hours at the after-dark, and sometimes throughout the night and into the new day without rest." "Well, that," Jamie continued, "is what I don't like about farming!"

One farmer has been abroad tonight in the car-collecting sacks of manure, but the finishing touches to the pen of hogs. He comes now into my office-of-sorts. Why? To lay an offering of sweets on my desk—a gesture which may be entirely superfluous in a grown son or grandson, but which is most heart-warming and inspiring to an old body like me.

Until tomorrow—Diary—Good night.

### Morning Smile

She: "My husband has flat feet. Can I get a divorce on that?"  
Lawyer: "Not unless his feet visit the wrong flat!"

INFORMATION PLEASE  
"Hello, is that the city bridge department?"  
"Yes, what can we do for you?"  
"How many points do you need for a little slam?"



### BUTTERNUT BREAD

### That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M. D.

### THE GENERAL PRACTITIONER BECOMES A SPECIALIST

For a year I was in charge of the out-patient department of a general hospital. As the patients reported and their symptoms were noted, they were sent to one of several departments where they were treated by "specialists" in their various branches of medicine. This meant that the patient would get the necessary treatment for his particular complaint. In our general hospitals today, in-patients receive the treatment necessary for their particular ailment under the guidance of a "specialist" in that ailment.

When a patient is confined to a hospital, it may be that his own physician, not a specialist, attends him if he is a private patient. If he is a public patient, a specialist supervises his treatment.

Because there are so many specialists in charge of wards in our hospitals, the general practitioner is now recognized and something is being done about it.

In "General Practice Clinics," Washington Institute of Medicine, we learn of the organization of The American Academy of General Practice last year. "The new organization recognizes the belief that the general practitioner should have an equal voice with the specialists in the choice of post-graduate courses, medical programs and membership on hospital staffs."

Now a physician doesn't become a member of the American Academy of General Practice just because he is a general practitioner. To become a member, the physician must keep in step with medical progress by attending post-graduate institutes and medical conventions or maintaining active membership on a hospital staff for at least three years. Also, each member must spend at least 150 hours in post-graduate training during the three year membership in order to be re-elected to the Academy of General Practice.

It can be seen that a general practitioner who has kept up to date in his work is well able to take care of the great majority of his patients in their homes; he has not the same need of specialists in treating his cases. It is both unnecessary and impossible to provide hospital beds for all the sick. The majority of sick persons can well be treated at their homes by the general practitioner.

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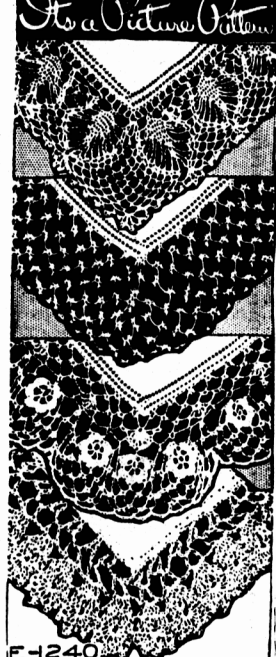
### Eastern Bakeries' BUTTERNUT BREAD

### Cook's Corner

#### SQUASH GOULASH

Four slices bacon, 1/2 cup sliced onion, six cups peeled, sliced squash, one green pepper, two cups fresh or canned tomatoes, one and 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, one teaspoon sugar.  
Cut bacon slices in 1-inch pieces fry until crisp. Add onion, sliced squash, green pepper, tomatoes, salt, pepper and sugar. Cover and cook slowly 25 minutes, stirring occasionally. Yield: Six servings.

### FLOWERS AND PINEAPPLE



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### BLACKHEADS

Don't squeeze blackheads, dissolve them. Get two ounces of peroxide 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 for a little slam!



2842

SIZES 14 - 48