

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

FLAVOUR DASH TO YOUR MEALS

● New appetite rest with Libby's Prepared Mustard... sharp and zippy, but mellow smooth. Gives new pep and "dash" to your roasts... a "snap" to a sizzling steak... makes your salad dressings dance with new life and sparkle. Try it today... bring out exciting, new flavour in your every-day meals.



Libby's PREPARED MUSTARD

TRY LIBBY'S SWEET MIXED PICKLES—DELICIOUS

THE COOK'S CORNER

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Butterscotch sauce is wonderful with a tapioca or rice pudding or with a cold custard. Combine 1-2 cups brown sugar, 4 tablespoons corn syrup, 3-4 cup boiling water and 1-2 teaspoon salt and boil together until slightly thickened. Remove from heat and add 1-2 tablespoon vinegar and 1-2 teaspoon vanilla and beat in 3 tablespoons butter. Serve hot or cold. This may be bottled and kept until needed.

PRUNE NUT BREAD

1-2 cups flour
3-4 cup sugar
3-4 teaspoon soda
1-2 teaspoons baking powder
1-2 tea spoon salt
1 cup graham flour
1 cup dried, c. o. peen cooked prunes
3-4 cup chopped nuts
1 egg, beaten
3-4 cup thick sour milk or buttermilk
1-2 cup prune juice
3 tablespoons melted shortening

Method: Sift the white flour with the sugar, soda, baking powder and salt. Add the graham flour, the chopped prunes and nuts and mix well.
Beat the eggs and add to the sour milk or buttermilk along with the prune juice. Add this to the first mixture and stir until well blended. Add the melted shortening and stir until this is just well blended into the batter also.
Pour the batter into a well-greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for about 1-2 hours.
Remove from the pan when baked and allow to cool. Then wrap in waxed paper and store in a tightly covered container for at least 24 hours before cutting.

A Morning Smile

In a small country town a meeting had been called to discuss the question of a brighter Sunday for the people.
Various proposals were put forward when some daring soul suggested a "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon."
A grim woman rose and said: "There will be no pleasant Sunday afternoon where I am."

TOY DOG AN IDEAL GIFT



Delight any child by making this adorable toy dog. Fun to make, and will be greatly appreciated. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 559 contains toy dog motif measuring 10 inches high also embrodered dog 6 1/2 inches high, and 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.
Needlework Department, Charlottetown Guardian
Design No. 559
NAME _____
CITY _____
PROVINCE _____
ADDRESS _____

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

CHRISTMAS DAY

A loving atmosphere surrounds, this day of festive cheer; When happy family gatherings, make homes a place most dear. Our hearts are kind and humble, and are tuned to sympathy, This day of gits, and carols children 'round the Christmas tree, The blessed day that gave our Lord, and our Redeemer birth. His love divine to be a light to glorify the earth.
The mystic day when grace and human kindness reign supreme; And life again is radiant with faith's effulgent gleam. The spirit of the gentle Christ, seems hovering very near—'tis the joy of Heaven reaches us, this glad day of the year.
Caroline Eleanor Wilkinson.

CHRISTMAS

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea, in the days of Herod the kind, behold, there came west men from the east to Jerusalem. Saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him. And he, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight! Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,

Can butter sold last year at the same period for 38c sell this year at 40c to 42c?

A.—Butter which sold during the basic period at 38c should now be selling at 40c. Butter was allowed to advance one cent November 1 and another cent December 1, according to Wartime Prices and Trade Board order. If you think your retailer is selling butter above the price ceiling, you should report particulars to your local office of the board. It will be investigated at once.

My daughter is a teacher away from home, yet she spends several week-ends at home and the Christmas vacation. Have I the right to any of her sugar, tea or coffee coupons?

A.—According to the regulations, each ration book must be used only by or on behalf of the person to which it is issued. Since your daughter holds a book, it is up to her to use it for her own personal needs, both when she is living at home and when she is boarding. As you know, her boarding-house keeper must present your daughter's book to the grocer when buying supplies, rationed commodities. If your daughter wishes to keep the book in her possession at other times, for example, when she is visiting at home, she will have to make those arrangements with her landlady. Your daughter is quite justified in giving you a fair share of coupons when she is home. However, it is for the three of you to adjust these matters fairly among yourselves.

Are You Awkward at Good-by?

Saying good-by at a party is a simple thing. But how many women do it badly, leave an impression of awkwardness, poor manners! It's correct for a departing guest to rise when she says it's time for her to leave—and then she walks directly to the door with her hosts. To stay seated while murmuring "Really I must go," to stand chatting endlessly in the hall is inconsiderate to hosts and other guests.
Should you say good-by to each of the guests? Not if the party is a large one. Nod to those nearby, say "I've had a lovely time" to your hosts—and you'll leave a delightful impression.
Knowing etiquette keeps you poised, gracious at all times. When introduced to a man you have met before, don't remind him of the previous introduction if he doesn't remember you. If in doubt about what to do, say "Really I must go," to stand chatting endlessly in the hall is inconsiderate to hosts and other guests.
Our 32-page booklet tells the correct thing to do on all occasions as hostess or guest. Gives etiquette for public places, at teas, dances, when travelling—for the younger and older sets.
Send 20c in coin for your copy of "Etiquette—The Correct Thing To Do" to Charlottetown Guardian Home Service Address. Be sure to write plainly your name, address and the name of booklet.

Home Service

Know Etiquette for All Popular Occasions



Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Province _____

Buy the BEST YEAST

Best for Baking Best for Health!

FRESH FROM MARITIME PLANT

Santa Rides Again — Merry Christmas

By Geoff Hayes

When they came out of the fireplace they saw their own living room.
"No wonder it looked familiar," cried Ted. "It's our own house."
"That's right!" laughed Santa. "Now you kiddies get to bed. I have work to do."
"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" called Santa and the old rabbit as June and Ted fell fast asleep.

Dorothy Dix Says—

DISILLUSIONED MOTHER LEARNS NOBODY CAN TAKE HER PLACE

War Service With Growing Children At Hand Brings Strained Nerves, Wild Impulses

One of the problems which confronts a vast number of women nowadays is to decide where their duty lies, whether it is more patriotic to do war work or home work, and whether they serve their country better by helping to build bombers or by bringing up children who will be able to carry on the plans and ideals for which their fathers fought and died.
For they are finding out by disillusioning experience that they can't do both, and that the theory that woman can be a good wife and mother and a pace maker in a war production factory is nothing but a pipe dream. It can't be done, for the very adequate reason that no woman can be in two places simultaneously. She can't be patching little Johnny's pants and sewing on an airplane at the same time. Nor can she focus one eye on a precision tool and keep the other on the coming and goings of her adolescent daughter. She is bound to fall down on one job or the other.
As an illustration of this, consider the case history of a woman who has been so personally familiar. The J.'s are a fine couple, typical of what is best in American domestic life. Very fond of each other and their children. Very industrious and frugal. Buying their pretty little cottage on the F.H.A. plan. Mr. J. was never weary of homing of what a good cook and manager his wife was. And Mrs. J. made Mr. J.'s coming home of an evening from work a gala event.
DOUBLE APPEAL TOO STRONG FOR WOMAN

Came the war, as the movies say, and the call for women in the factories. Before them was dangled such salaries as domestic women had never dreamed of earning. Besides, both the husband and wife were jolted over with patriotic enthusiasm, and it seemed a marvelous chance to do something for their country and to pay off the mortgage on their own little home at the same time. The two older children were in school most of the day and they could get the woman down the street to take care of the baby, so Mrs. J., who was bright and quick and clever with her fingers, went into war work.

Everything in the happy little home was going to be just as it had always been, only with more money so that they could have luxuries they had never been able to afford before. But somehow the plan didn't work out. Mr. J. was on the night shift and when he came home tired in the evening there was no one with a glad welcome for him, no good dinner smoking on the table. Nobody laid out his clean clothes for him. There was nobody to whom he could talk and tell what he said to the boss and the boss said to him.

Mrs. J., who was on the night shift, was asleep in the sodden sleep of the utter exhaustion, and when she finally roused up to try to bring some sort of a meal together out of cans, she wasn't like Mom at all. She was nerve-wrecked and peevish and fretful. She slapped the baby and kicked the cat, and the children fled from the house as soon as they had gobbled a little indigestible food.

Now Mrs. J. had a night of recently and she put it in sizing up the situation. She saw her home going to wreck and ruin. She saw her husband and herself drifting apart, because they hardly saw each other from week's end to week's end. She saw her baby dirty and ill-fed and the other two children running wild and getting the manners and habits of the street. And she remembered seeing as she came home from work that morning, a policeman taking a girl no older than her own little Alice to the station house from the dive where he had arrested her.

And it made Mrs. J. wonder if a wife's and mother's patriotism lies at home, and if she wasn't best serving her country when she spent her time in rearing good citizens, instead of making munitions. She decided that the home front was just as important as the battle front, and so peace reigns once more in the J.'s establishment.

All honor to those whose children are grown and are on their own, who answer their country's call for women in the war industries, but it is a mistaken patriotism that makes the woman with children at an age when they need the protection and restraint of a home and a mother's unswerving watchfulness and guidance, forsake them for war work. Making character is a lot more important than making bullets, and we will have saved our country to a poor end if we turn it over to hoodlums.

No need of the mothers saying that they can get somebody else to take care of the children. Nobody can take a mother's place. No school girl can be trusted to watch over a baby. No doddering old woman can control adolescent boys and girls. It is Mother's job. And if she wobbles on it, it isn't done.

Juvenile delinquency has doubled and tripled and quadrupled since the beginning of the war. Divorce has increased enormously. And the reason is not hard to find. Mother has a war job.

THE PRINCESS OF GRATZEN

By Louis Arthur Cunningham, Author of "Of These Three Loves," "Marionette," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII

"You will marry me, Meridel?" Roger looked into her eyes, slowly withdrew his hands from her shoulders. "There is nothing to stand between us now."
"Less than nothing. If—if you want me, I will marry you, Roger."
"Want you? More than I have ever wanted or even could want anything else in this world. You have made it a great Christmas for me after all."
"But you are not quite happy, because it came to you this way."
"I think I would rather have lost the game than have won it this way—through knowing the truth about Michel. But I see no reason why

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Province _____

OGILVIE MINUTE Oats

You'll eat porridge because you LIKE it

WHEN IT'S MADE WITH OGILVIE OATS

If it's 'Ogilvie'-it's good!

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY LIMITED

To all our customers and friends and may your holl day be as happy as can be.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

KENNEDY'S Ladies' Ready-To-Wear

that should spoil our lives, our happiness. Our love can be strong. It will need to be strong, there are so many storms these days, so many wild winds blowing about the world, seeking to blow apart those who through their love was as strong as the hill.
"I know, Roger. There is a sense of insecurity, of impermanence. We wonder if there is anything solid in the world, anything that is entirely proof against change and the whims of chance. We always knew the answer, though we never before had to ask ourselves the question.
"And what is the answer, Meridel?"
"Love and the stars remain—the love of a man for a maid, which is sprung from the Higher Love and partakes of it. Always that will endure. Hatred wears itself out, but love begets love."
"You have thought a great deal."
"Yes, and prayed more. I shall pray to be worthy of you, Roger."
He took her hand and lifted it to his lips. "It is almost morning—Christmas morning, the happiest of my life. You have done that for me. Come now, we had better go upstairs. A little while longer and the sky over there will grow gray, and you are tired."
At the door of her room he kissed her good night, and stood for a moment, staring at the panels, thinking of her beauty, of the great treasure that had fallen to him and in his own room he knelt briefly and prayed in the short heartfelt way of his kind, a man's prayer to the God of hosts, that he might be all that she wanted him to be, that in the hour of testing he might not fail. And in his prayer too he thought of Michel, who had taken the dark end, following the warped and crooked cross. And there was an ache in his heart for Michel that he knew transcended the power of his love for her.
He did not go to bed. The night watches were nothing new to him. He drew his chair to the window and cozed there a while and awoke to see the red-gold furnace in the eastern sky, that was the glory of the sun bursting upon the new-born world. He saw the black armies of the confederates marching up the long white slopes, like a cowardly army bearing pennantless lances. He looked upon the frozen land, his land, and loved it and was proud to be of it.
As soon as he heard a noise below stairs, he shaved himself and showered and went down to drink coffee with Gesner and Rudolph in the kitchen.
Soon they heard the children's voices, the patter of feet on the stairs, in the halls; then shouts, then laughter, the tinkle of a music box, the sound of a bugle, the roll of a drum. He heard Poi Martin singing. Bonoir, Nigaud! Bonoir, Pricot! Tuons le coq! Tuons le coq! Qu'il ne fera plus coquet-coquet! And then Rosine and the other children were singing too, and he thought, My God, why do they sing that song this morning, after what happened last night—The laughing soldier who killed Bonhomme Pricot! I have not heard them sing that roudou since last summer. And there they are in the very room, circling around the spot where the laughing soldier stood. Queer, though, he did not smile last night—not once was there even the suggestion of a smile on

(Continued on page 9, Col. 5)

Needlecraft For the Home

THE SOLDIER DOLL AND THE SAILOR DOLL

They're Such Fun to Make
If you want to make a sure-fire hit with a Christmas present, you couldn't do better than make one of these clever dolls. Any child would love one, and so would some grown-up.

Style No. 2697 is designed in one size (16 inches). The body requires 1-2 yard 35-inch fabric; shirt, 3-8 yard; suit, and hat, 5-8 yard.
Style No. 2002 is designed in one size (16 inches). The body requires 1-3 yard 35-inch fabric, and the suit 7-8 yard.

To order pattern: Write or send picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or stamps to the Needlecraft Bureau, The Charlottetown Guardian.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Province _____

UIGG SCHOOL

Standing of Uigg School for the Month of December

Grade 10 1 Cyril MacPherson, 2 Margaret Martin, 3 Audrey MacLeod and Shirley MacLeod (equal).
Grade 9 1 Gladys MacLeod, 2 Roy Campbell, 3 Charlie MacKinnon.
Grade 8 1 Flo Robbins, 2 Margaret MacLeod, 1 Leabel Shaw.
Grade 7 1 George Martin, 2 Louise MacLeod, 3 Sheila MacKinnon.
Grade 7 Jr. 1 Margaret MacIsaac, 2 Bea Dawson, 3 Rebecca Campbell.

Why Canadian Salmon Goes To Britain

REQUISITIONED

With her great North Sea fishing fleets requisitioned by the Royal Navy, Britain today largely depends upon the Canadian salmon fishery for seafood to sustain her fighting millions. Thus Canada's total 1942 canned salmon peak goes to Britain—where the need is greatest.

CLOVER LEAF Salmon

BRITISH COLUMBIA PACKERS LTD.

Why Canadian Salmon Goes To Britain

REQUISITIONED

With her great North Sea fishing fleets requisitioned by the Royal Navy, Britain today largely depends upon the Canadian salmon fishery for seafood to sustain her fighting millions. Thus Canada's total 1942 canned salmon peak goes to Britain—where the need is greatest.

CLOVER LEAF Salmon

BRITISH COLUMBIA PACKERS LTD.