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

Fashion Horoscope ☆ by Colette

T. M. Reg.

Chicago Sun Syndicate

Sleeve fulness below shoulders, round-full skirts that make tiny **waist**lines, that, gals, is the new look, the look for you. if you are tall **and** slender—practically a Powers Model.

Fashions from Paris are bulky, bulkier than we can ever remember although we lived in Paris for years. Perhaps the Parisian must wear plenty of clothes to keep warm—could be. They're mad about bulk, fulness and lots of fabric in every garment.

Oh, lady, these are most impressive fashions for the 5 ft. 7 in. slender figure.

COLORFUL EMBROIDERY

Gay little Dutch boys and girls are embroidered on towels, place mats or aprons. Make them all colors with left-over floss from the sewing basket. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 519 contains 6 motifs about 6 inches high with complete instructions.

To order Pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or Postal Scrip to Needework Bureau Charottetown Guardian.
Design No. 519

Name

Street Address

City Province

give fried fish the master touch

RECIPE

● For a tempting, tangy, rich brown crust, dip fish before frying in milk or beaten egg highly seasoned with Heinz Yellow Mustard. Dust with flour. Cover with fine bread crumbs or cornmeal... Used in cooking or at the table—there's nothing like Heinz genuine stone-ground mustard to add rich zest to plain foods.

C-145N

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Bottle Odor ....

To remove the odor from a medicine bottle, fill it half full of cold water and add one tablespoon of dry mustard. Shake thoroughly, let stand for half a day, and then rinse carefully in cold water.

Leftover Starch

If there is any starch left over on washday, use it instead of water for scrubbing hearths and tiles. It will keep them clean longer and make them lik like new.

Dried Glue

When the glue has dried in the bottle or can, pour a little vinegar over it and it will be restored.

Cook's Corner

CHOCOLATE-ORANGE FLUFF

Once again we combine for you those flavors so many people like together—orange and chocolate.

2¼ cups milk
1/3 cup plus 1 tablespoon granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons corn starch
3 tablespoons cocoa
⅛ cup strained orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 egg white

Scald the milk in a double boiler Combinethe 1/3 cup granulated sugar, salt, corn starch and cocoa. Gradually stir in part of the scalded milk; return to upper pan of double boiler and cook over low direct heat, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened. Cover and cook over boiling water, stirring occasionally, until no raw flavor of starch remains—about 7 minutes longer.

Remove from heat and stir in orange juice, orange rind and vanilla.

Cool to lukewarm.

Beat the egg-white until stiff but not dry and gradually beat in remaining 1 tablespoon granulated sugar; fold into cooled pudding.

Turn into individual dessert glasses and chill.

When serving, pass pouring cream.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "He laid on the bed because he was tired."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "interest" (noun and verb)?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Devotional, deviation, devinity.
4. What does the word "extraneous" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with me that means "greatness, as in size"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "He lay on the bed." 2. Accent first syllable. 3. Divinity. 4. Not belonging to, or dependent on, a thing; not essential. "These considerations are extraneous to our subject." 5. Magnitude.

RECORD FISH SHIPMENT TO UNITED STATES

More than 1,815,000 pounds of frozen fish were shipped from the Maritimes to the United States over Canadian National Railways lines in September, a record for any 30-day period. Ninety C. N. R. refrigerator cars went 194,040 miles, some as far as San Francisco. With meat rationing, Canadians are eating more fish too. In the same month, 302,446 pounds were carried in 14 C. N. R. reefers to all sections of the Dominion.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

At Alderlea, work at the woodcutting commenced this afternoon, not back in our woodlands, which occupies some extent of land but in a wooded spot in "the back forty" and snuggling closely "down by the old mill stream." I am not certain which forbear left this heritage of cearing-up to James and "mine." Commendable it is as regards an orderly farm but then no fairy nook of trees in any fence corner, nor uncomely monarch of the spruces, or maples, or silver birches, full of tales of summer zephyrs and winter gales nor any bedraggled but picturesque row of these on a line-fence is safe from their biting axes and ringing saw. Jock went down the lane with freshly ground axes, whetted to a keen edge by James' practiced hand. The crosscut saw, he carried, also had received a share of his attention. I think as Jock went on his way, that he anticipated the work, quite as pleasantly as Pard who above everything likes an excursion to the wood-cutting. He gambolled ahead, returning to Jock's heels, only to repeat the performance. Any mottled, loitering rabbit, would find his exercise this afternoon in keeping out of Pard's way. Like today's wind, Rob came out of the north to join them. His acreage is for the most part cleared land except a small woodland, where so Jamie informed me lately "only Christmas trees grow" so it suits all of the family to share our abundance of fuelwood with him. I could smell the spicy odor of the spruce in the kitchen when Jock came in near twilight and I could also understand his haste in getting home to the house across the lane. Woodcutting like field-work stimulates a healthy appetite.

* * *

Perhaps a reason—a stimulus to the trek to the cutting, besides the ideal weather conditions existing today, was that Mr. B. our next neighbor but one, to the North, whose worthy axe rang the first challenge to the work in the frosty Fall air has completed his cutting and James tells me has a neat and sizable pile drawn home to the yard. "Yes, we're done of the wood" Mrs. B. informed me today on our reconditioned 'phone and when I considered the amount of planning and energy that went to see the labor completed I could appreciate her sigh of relief. "A-hem" said James clearing his throat "they're an exampe and an inspiration to the younger generations."

* * *

But James through no fault of his own, was unable to join the wood-choppers. He, obliged to "take it easy" went to less strenuous work. This included a drive with a team of horses a distance in connection with farm interests and then on his return, there were, of course, the usual evening chores. The sunset sparkling this afternoon on the hills, seemed to belie a weather forecast of "cold with showers of snow tomorrow." The moon now touches them with a brush of palest gold and James who closes a stormdoor for the night shakes his head dolefully "Dirt shortly", he tells me.

* * *

These days are rather trying to Jeanie and me—and I suspect to many other Island housewives as well. No matter how sanely we plan for our Christmas, there is bound to be an air of excitement about the place and vicinity that we are bound to catch. Jeanie wondered if Jock would remember to fetch a tree for her to place in a corner of the sunporch and Jamie said they were hanging up their Christmas decorations "on the walls." Jamie talks by 'phone to James and me now—not always too clearly but depending on the subject of his conversation. It is encouraging to hear that he is invariably "pretty good." We find these days too short for the "three squares" we must fit somewhere into the day but have no trouble at all with the extra meal, which now comes nearing day's end.

It came leisurely awhile ago, when James and Mr. C. from the house on the hill who came over "kaleying" and to report on the potato situation there, sat around the kitchen table. The last truck load, hauled by an "old and established" firm of produce dealers left the yard on the hill today. Jock came in from being about the stables and although I strongly suspected he had already lunched "guessed he could do with a cup of tea" and joined the rest of us. What foods did we eat? For I too, who preach incessantly to James about the rules for good health, which does not include a full meal nearing the time for retiring, partook whole-heartedly and with keen enjoyment. There were not too dainty slices of bread and butter, with cheese from the corner store; tea, of course with cream, that does have a bit of Jersey in its content—as well as Guernsey and smatterings of this or that beef or dairy breed; generous slices of the Christmas cake—which got very little time to ripen but which was made expressly for occasions like this. All of the meal or any part of it may not "sit quiescent" on the various stomachs it entered—which remains to be learned in the wee sma' hours. Alone again, the clock wound, the cats to the stables and Pard to his bed of straw—storm doors closed against the nip and tang of the frost and quiet music on the radio. Very cozy we "old ones" are. James leaves his arm chair to get a fresh stick for the fire. "But James, dear" I expostulate "have you noticed the time?" He glanced at the clock and at once makes his way slowly to the stair door.

Until tomorrow—Diary — Goodnight.

Dorothy Dix Says—

Love Is More Than Emotion

Mental and Physical Compatibility Both Marital Requisites

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: It is actually true, as it appears, that most people think that love is some sort of malady accompanied by chills and fever and violent erotic emotionalism, and that if the virus, which is responsible for the disease, is removed for a length of time the symptoms subside, and in many cases disappear entirely; sometimes to revive at the return of the object which caused the infection?

If marriage is really based upon this sort of maudlin principle, what is there about it that a person of dignity and respect would desire?

DISGUSTED

ANSWER: I am afraid that it is true that the great majority of people do think that love is solely emotionalism, and that when a married couple gets past the chills and fever stage and cease to thrill at each other's touch, it is all over except getting the divorce.

FREE OF OBLIGATION

Apparently they do not consider it necessary to take into account the suitability, the character, the intelligence, or the disposition of those with whom they are undertaking to spend the balance of their lives. Nor do they feel bound by the obligations they have assumed. All that counts with them is how they feel at the moment, and when they cease to palpitate they decide that they have fallen out of love with their mates, and they are headed for the divorce court.

Millions of boy-and-girl war marriages, which were entered into in the belief that a thrill was a proof of love, are already ending in disaster as the soldiers come marching home and the youngsters, who have been aged, sobered and disciplined by all that they have been through, find out that what they thought was love was only a little physical attraction that has already vanished.

Another evil that this theory that love has to be an emotional orgy is that it keeps so many practical-minded people from realizing that the deep affection they feel for each other and the happiness they find in each other's companionship, is the finest and most enduring kind of love there is in the world. There isn't an ounce of hysteria in their systems, and because they can't thrill and grow hectic over each other, as people do in novels, they think they don't love enough to marry, and so they miss the happiness they might have.

DEAR MISS DIX: I have been in the Navy for the last three years and am now awaiting my discharge, when I will, of course, go home. But here is where I am up against it: There is a girl there, 18 years old, whom I have known since childhood and like as a friend, but nothing more. I am not in love with her and she knows it, for I have told her so and asked her not to write me love letters as I didn't believe in writing love letters to someone who was not in love with her. But she still persists in writing me love letters and has started a rumor that we are engaged.

What should I do about this girl? As I don't love her, should I continue seeing her and break off our friendship gradually, or should I just stop seeing her immediately?

BUTCH

ANSWER: Immediately is the word, Butch. If you don't break off with this girl before you get back home, you are a goner. There is no use in trying to use gradual means and let her down easily. You've got to ditch her at once. For an 18-year-older who thinks she is in love has neither discretion nor even common decency when she is in pursuit of her man. He has to flee for his life. She will camp on your doorstep. She will weep on your shoulder. But don't let her soften you up because her emotions are as fickle as they are ardent at the time, and she can fall out of love and with as little reason as she can fall in love.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: Can a girl who is too young to wear make-up be admired by boys?

N. B.

ANSWER: Certainly. Paint is not the only thing that is attractive on a woman's face. A young girl's fresh skin and natural color is far more beautiful than any make-up can be. Women only plaster themselves with cosmetics when they are trying to look as young girls do naturally.

Modern Etiquett

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it correct to address a wedding invitation to "Mr. and Mrs. John Williams and family?"

A. No. Mr and Mrs. Smith receive a joint invitation, and every other grown member of the family receives an individual invitation

Q. What is the best and proper way to secure a business appointment with a stranger?

A. By writing a brief note asking for an appointment.

Q. What is the correct way to write the date on an invitation?

A. "Thursday, December Twenty-seven.

How Can I !!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make a substitute for linoleum?

A. A substitute is to stretch a worn brussels carpet wrong side up and apply two coats of floor paint. 24 hours apart. After this, use one or two coats of waterproof varnish.

Q. How can I give fried potatoes a good flavor?

A. Sprinkle a small quantitp of flour on the potatoes before frying them; it will give them a delicious flavor and make them a rich golden brown.

Q. How can I prevent scorching the cover on the ironing board?

A. A wire-covered asbestos mat can be used for an ironing stand. It will clean the iron, and also prevent scorching the ironing board cover.

LONDON —(C P)—Workers are reconstructing Smithfield, London's huge meat trading centre, blasted by a rocket bomb last March

Morning Smile

SAFE PLACE

I went along to see Sandy a few days ago, and while I was there his missus said she expected a few friends to tea.

Sandy went and got four umbrellas from the hall and hid them in the kitchen.

I said to him: "Are you scared your friends will pinch your umbrellas?"

"No," he told me, "I'm scared they'll recognize them."

Passenger (who hasn't enjoyed the rough weather) — This ship seems to tip a good deal steward?
Steward — Yes, ma'am. However, I assume it's merely trying to set a good example for the passengers.

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Enlargement 4" x 6" colored by hand in finest studio style from any negative, on special 7" x 9" blue line mount, framed in rich moulding White with Gold trim, Rose Natural or Gilt. $1.39 with easel back, $1.65. Get orders in early.

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DEPT. D

Star SNAPSHOT Service

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If The Bough Breaks

By LOIS MONTROSE

CHAPTER XXVI

When Tam entered her apartment she saw a letter lying on the floor. She trembled at the very sight of Cary's handwriting. He had written

Dear Tam,

I expect you'll be back any day now, so I'm tucking this under your door as a little welcome. I'm on my way to the train as I'm going back home. As you know, it's between Beaver Meadowm and Hazleton. I've heard from my kid sister that Dad is letting the old Inn go on the rocks—he's even trying to sell it and I simply can't have that. I know I can step in and make it a big success and afterward devote all my time to research. I can stake myself then to laboratories and assistants of my own. I can see now that I should have stayed with the Inn before, when Dad wanted me to. But I was stubborn and thought I ought to go headlong into science.

While you were gone I've had time to think. They have not been pleasant thoughts. I have tried to see myself as you must have seen me—an unromantic, stodgy pedant. And I have actually been imagining again that your interest was more than friendship! It was conceited of me, to say the least. I realize that Pierrille has come back to you and I also saw that night how vivid and exciting you found his return. Yes, I am speaking bitterly because I have always disliked the fellow. I suppose you will hate me for that, because from things Dudley has let drop I take it you were very much in love with Pierrille. But here speaks the dry, cautious pedant—do remember that he is married and don't get yourself in any mess. However, if you do, remember that I will always be your good, loyal, friendly old dog.

(Cary) Tray Severance.

P.S. My middle name actually is Tray.

P.P.S. Address me at Beavers Brook, R.F.D.

She read it over and over, analyzing every word and meaning. Then she walked around the room, mechanically opening blinds, putting the dazed Aladdin on his hoop stand, and saying aloud, "But I love you Cary, I love you, Cary." It seemed to her that Cary must be listening and her voice would thaw his heart. She was afraid he was making Nathan a helpful excuse for his going away—just as Nathan had made Tam's deception an excuse for falling in love with Alouette.

Now she thought of Roger Dudley and decided that she wouldn't give up. Cary was going to come back and win the Cavendish award. And how could she make him do it now? He was maddeningly immovable unless his heart was touched. Intelligent argument never veered his personal conduct. She had thought scientists lived by microscope and sober reason; she was yet to learn that most people are unable to educate emotion. Conscientious and disciplined in the laboratory and devout in all his purposes Cary was still as wayward as Natim.

No, the only way she could change his decision was to assure him of her love. That meant the possible ruin of her pride which Nathan had once torn to shreds. But she remembered that she had undertaken what Corintance said, only a great woman could do. More and more she felt awed admiration for George Sand.

As if the white cockatoo cared, Tam said aloud earnestly, "But I love you, Cary! I'll even make a fool of myself. You've got to come back. Don't you see I love you, Cary." The cockatoo, happy in the sunlight, bridled on the perch and fluffed out his feathers. He gurgled the few words he knew: "Aladdin, how-are-you."

Tam praised him and stroked his head while he half closed his eyes in blissful hypnotism. Then to his annoyance she went away and talked to a funny black object which could not even say four words. To show his superiority Aladdin screamed and walked beupside down on the hoop. Then he overturned his dish of seeds and managed to pierce the window curtain with his beak before the ridiculous, unfeathered creature came back and paid attention.

She said the monotonous jargon gain: "I love you Cary."

Contemptuous and bored, Aladdin replied, "Aladdin-how-are-you." When he was not praised this time for uttering his whole vocabulary, he screamed so savagely that he was put back in the cage and covered by the great dark tent; and left to his own thoughts he mewed like a kitten and went to sleep sullkily with a grudge.

In response to Tam's telegram Cary was, as he had promised, good loyal and friendly. She had wired: PLEASE COME BACK STOP AM IN TERRIBLE MESS STOP KNOW YOU CAN HELP ME. TAM.

He wired: ARRIVING NINE FIFTEEN THIS EVENING STOP WILL SPANK YOU STOP REGARDS CARY.

rriving nineNs 2 8 THMMM

She worked all after noon to make the apartment charming. And then, after eating the ham sandwich and malted milk which she ordered from the nearest drug store, she took her shower and lay down and fell asleep in unusual self-contentment. She awoke about eight and felt spent and inadequate. Her body was wet again from the insidious heat which had crept in from the humid streets. With despirit she climbed into another shower bath.

She choose the ruffled white swiss dotted with red which Cary had liked. She began to take an interest in her face. She brushed her hair into curls above her forehead and behind her ears. She tised gve shadow which she seldom essayed.

Aladdin was awake now. She heard him murmuring and uncovered his cage. He was gay and alert. She looked at her wrist watch. Soon now—oh very soon! She was frightened at what she had done. Suppose Cary was stern or cold—worse, suppose he was sorry for her! She read his letter again; she could find no reassuring word. He had obviously decided to be her friend and cared to be no rival of Nathan's. If only Roger Dudley hadn't talked so much! But then he always did, the darling old gossip.

When she answered the door bell Tam's heart was beating so hard that she felt suffocated. Ofry shook hands casually and said, "Well, are you ready for that spanking? Slipper or hair brush?"

Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

THE EXHORTATION OF THE DAWN

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
Look to this day!
For it is life, the very Life of Life
In its brief course, lie all the Verities and realities of your existence:
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action
The Splendor of Beauty.
For yesterday is but a Dream, and To-Morrow is only a Vision, but to-day well lived makes every yesterday a Dream of Happiness, and every to-morrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well therefore to this day!
Such is the salutation of the Dawn.
—From the Sanskrit

If you have great talents industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well directed labour; nothing is to be obtained without it.— Joshua Reynolds.

YOUR FOOD NEEDS SET BY BODY SIZE

It's how big a girl you are not the kind of work you do, that determines how much muscle building food—meat, fish and eggs— you need in your daily meals.

That's food for thought, dished up by nutrition experts for you to nibble on, if you've been mistakenly thinking that a desk-chair toiler needs less food than the ones who labours over heavier tasks.

If you're a sedentary worker, you may need a smaller total amount of food than the woman who scrubs floors, digs in her garden, or swings a big household job. But both you and she need the same kind of energy-supplying food; how much depends more upon body size than the kind of work you do.

To lick undue fatigue, the daily meals each of you take should include at least a pint of milk and one or two servings chosen from such energy-supplying foods as eggs, meat, fish cheese, dried beans peas and lentils.

Wild foxes often have rabies and persons and dogs have been infected by fox bites.

American domestic airliners now serve cities with one-third the nation's total population and 76 per cent. of the urban population.

Real beginnings of the petroleum industry of the world date back only to the middle of the 19th century when the first oil well was sunk in deliberate search for a supply of "black gold."

A PRACTICAL GIFT

Crocheted rugs can be made from any kind of color or old material that you find in your piece bag. In fact, this is a good way to get rid of a lot of old material. Rugs may be of hit-and-miss colors, or of two colors. Or they may be of various shades of one color.

Just use your imagination and consider the color scheme of the bathroom or bedroom for which you are making the rugs, although they are by no means limited to those rooms; they fit in anywhere and the best part of them is that they don't cost one penny.

To make these rugs tear rags into inch-wide strips, then sew them together and wind into a large ball With a wooden chrochet needle, crochet strip in chain stitch that is 18 inches long This will be your "starter" or nucleus for the rug. Now put one single crochet stitch in each chain-stitch, widening three times at the ends each time so as to make an easy curve and insure the rug lying flat when done.—Family Herald.

HOODS AND COIFS

NEW YORK— Hoods and coifs to drape the head in cold weather are often sequin trimmed, others simply tailored in jersey.

Save Money By Mixing Cough Syrup at Home

It's So Easy! Needs No Cooking. Gives Very Quick Relief.

Even if you're not interested in saving good money, you surely want a highly effective relief for coughs due to colds. So try mixing it yourself, in your kitchen, and be ready for a surprise.

It's so easy to mix, anyone can do it. Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and 1 cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. No cooking is needed. Or use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.

Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (obtained from any druggist) into a 16 oz. bottle. Then fill up with your syrup. This makes 16 oz. of cough syrup, about four times as much for your money. It tastes good—children like it. It never spoils, and lasts a family a long time.

But what you'll like most is the way it takes right hold of a cough. It loosens the phlegm, soothes irritation, and helps clear the air passages. Eases soreness, and lets you sleep. You'll say it's hard to beat for results.

Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well known for its quick action on throat and bronchial irritations. Try it, and if you're not really delighted, your money will be refunded.

Needlecrafts FOR THE HOME

HOLIDAY FROCK

Pretty enough for the Christmas party is this sweet little dress with the unusual bolero line and front opening. And easy to make too.

No. 2554 is cut in sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4. Size 2 requires 1¼ yards 35-inch fabric; ⅝ yard 35-inch for collar.

Send 20 cents for Pattern which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly Be sure to state size you wish. Include postal unit or zone number in your address.

Address Pattern Department The Charlottetown Guardian.
Pattern No. 2554

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NO SUGAR ...lots of lusciousness!

MAGIC Peach Layer Cake

3½ cups sifted cake flour
3½ tsp. Magic Baking Powder
½ tsp. salt
½ cup shortening
1 cup white corn syrup
2 eggs, unbeaten
½ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla
½ tsp. almond extract

Sift dry ingredients together 3 times. Cream shortening. Add syrup gradually, beating well after each addition. Add ¼ of flour mixture. Blend well. Add eggs, one at a time; beat well after each. Add remaining flour mixture in thirds, alternately with milk in halves, beating well after each addition. Add flavoring. Bake in 2 greased lightly floured 9" layer cake pans at 375°F. until done. Top and fill layers with peach-halves and whipped cream.

MADE IN CANADA

FOR BETTER BAKING
BLOSSOM
OF CANADA
FLOUR
MILLED FROM SELECTED WASHED HARD WHEAT