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

## Happenings Of The Week

Captain Lord Leveson, 25-year-old son of Vice-Admiral Earl Granville, Governor of the Isle of Man, and a nephew of Queen Elizabeth, has been wounded. His name appears in the latest War Office casualty list. He is the grandson of the Victorian statesman after whom Granville street, Vancouver, B.C., was named. He is also a sniper of note. With Sergeant Knight of the Coldstream Guards, he was making a reconnaissance in the Medjez-el-Bab area of North Africa when a movement on the hillside nearly half a mile away caught their eye. They watched until a German patrol of seven crept into view—then they opened fire. Only three got back to cover.

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Mrs. Edward McManus of Membrancook, N. B., who is the guest of Mrs. W. E. Hyndman, is receiving a cordial welcome from her old home friends.

• • •

Miss Marion Morris is leaving Monday to further her studies at Toronto University. Miss Morris is a gifted musician and has very generously given of her talents for patriotic causes. She will be very much missed by her intimate friends as well as the musical public.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Anderson and children who have been visiting their parents, Mr. H. H. MacFarlane and Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, left Sunday on return after a very delightful holiday.

• • •

Mrs. Rankin MacLaine left Wednesday for Toronto where she will visit her daughter, Leading Wren Beth MacLaine, before proceeding to Winnipeg where her mother, Mrs. J. P. Hansen, has been seriously ill. Mrs. Hansen visited Charlottetown a few years ago and made many pleasant friendships.

• • •

Miss Joan Roop, who is taking a technician course in the Saint John Hospital, and who was cordially welcomed home last week on a holiday visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Roop, has left on return to Saint John.

• • •

Mrs. Fred Ellis of Roslindale, Mass., arrived by plane yesterday and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Trainor, Prince Street.

• • •

Mrs. James Shaw and daughter, Miss Sunie Shaw of Watertown, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. H. R. Hillson, The Birches.

• • •

The Hon. Chief Justice and Mrs. Bond and their daughter, Miss Anne Bond, left Thursday on return to Montreal from Keppoch Beach, where they spent several weeks.

• • •

Miss Sally Wood is spending an enjoyable holiday the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Miller at their summer home, Broadlands, Quebec.

• • •

Mrs. Ann Peters has arrived from Lethbridge Alta., called home by the illness of her mother, Mrs. G. W. Gardiner, who is in the P. E. I. Hospital.

• • •

Mr. Harold S. Holbrook, who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. G. H. Holbrook, left yesterday on return to Toronto, Ont. Mrs. Holbrook and her daughter, Mrs. MacFadyen, spent a delightful summer with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Taylor in Kensington.

• • •

Mrs. William T. Rogers, who is leaving on Aug. 30th to join her husband in Saskatoon, is at present the guest of Mrs. R. R. Bell, Brighton Road. Mrs. Rogers has been the centre of a gay round of farewell parties, her hostesses of the week including Mrs. Robert Wolman, Mrs. E. K. McNutt, whose house guest she was last week; Mrs. R. R. Bell, Mrs. J. David Stewart, Mrs. B. Rogers, Brighton Road, and Mrs. Benjamin Rogers, Prince Street. Mrs. Rogers will be very much missed as she has been quite prominent in social and patriotic work since coming here as a bride some years ago.

• • •

The tea hostesses at the Tennis Courts this afternoon will be Miss Barbara Rogers, and Miss Barbara Pickard.

• • •

Miss Elizabeth MacMillan, who has been visiting her home left this week for Toronto on a short holiday with friends before resuming her duties at Acadia University.

• • •

Flight Officer Muriel Weeks after a very much enjoyed holiday the guest of Col. G. Elliott and Mrs. Full at Keppoch, left Wednesday to resume her duties in Calgary.

• • •

Mrs. Ernest B. Wright, Beverly, Mass, leaves on return Monday morning after spending a few weeks in Morell with her mother, Mrs. Kimball H. Coffin and her brother, Mr. I. Layton Coffin.

• • •

Mrs. F. S. Chandler has returned from a short visit with her friend, Mrs. Will MacLaren in Georgetown.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Ledingham of Saint John, N. B., who came over for the Wings ceremony at No. 2 Air Navigation School yesterday, at which their son, LAC. Robert Ledingham, received his wings, return home today taking with them as their guests their son and Miss Alberta Bryant.

• • •

Miss Lilian Earle left Thursday for Brockville, Ont., where she will spend a two weeks' holiday with her brother, Mr. Will Earle and family.

• • •

Home friends will be interested to know that Nursing Sister Ruth MacLean, daughter of Mrs. Mary MacLean, is now serving in France.

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Mrs. H. T. Prowse, returned Monday from a three weeks' visit with her sister, Mrs. Adam Campbell and Mr. Campbell in Barney's River, N. S.

• • •

Mrs. M. G. McNeely and daughter, Miss Kathleen, are leaving Monday for Toronto where they will visit the late Mr. McNeely's mother, after which Miss Kathleen will take up a technician course in one of the leading hospitals.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lafferty received the reassuring news by cable yesterday that their daughter, Mrs. Gladys Mitchell and baby have arrived safely in England.

• • •

Judge H. L. Palmer and Mrs. Palmer have as their guest, Judge Palmer's nephew, Midshipman R. F. Wood, of Esquimault, B. C.

• • •

Mrs. D. H. McLean and little granddaughter Beryl have returned home from New York where they spent several enjoyable weeks.

• • •

Mrs. Nelson Windsor, nee Beatrice Coles, Wynyard, Sask., is visiting relatives on the Island, after an absence of forty years. She is at present the guest of her cousins, the Misses Coles, Euston St., Charlottetown.

### SMART HAT AND BAG

**DESIGN NO. 1093**

A smart pillbox hat and matching bag are worked in the simple single crochet. Bows give the finishing touch. Pattern No. 1093 contains 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. 1093

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## Serving Overseas

Miss Margaret E. Martin, daughter of Mr. K. M., Martin, K.C., and Mrs Martin, Ambrose Street, Charlottetown, who is serving overseas with the Canadian Red Cross Corps. Miss Martin has been a member of the Office Administration Section since June, 1940.

## As Long as I Live

By EMILIE LORING

Craig followed her along the flower-bordered graveled path till she stopped in an enchanted patch of moonlight and looked up.

"I've always wanted to study astronomy". There was a hint of emotion in her voice. "There's Scorpion rising from the Southeast. See that bright star? It is Antares which marks the Scorpion's heart. You're not looking!"

Lamont agreed.

"I'm not. I'm not interested in the Scorpion's heart. I have my own and your on my mnid. As has been said before, there are one or two little matter to be cleared up between you and me. I love you, Joan."

Her eyes flashed to his.

"But, but your mother said-"

"That I was mad about a girl. It was a bit of Sally Shaw diplomacy. She's right, I am. You're the girl. I had told her that." He cleared his voice of huskiness.

"Why did you call Slade 'darling' up there on the mountain?"

She looked down at his hands which had caught hers.

"I was glad to see him."

"Why? Because you had told me you loved me?"

She looked up with gay defiance.

"You've missed your vocation. As a prosecuting attorney you would make your mark. Mister Lamont."

"Was that the reason?"

Laughter left her eyes. Their radiance set his heart pounding

"It was," she admitted in a voice so low that he had to catch her close in his arms to hear.

A throbbing interlude, before, with her head tipped back against his shoulder, she looked up and suggested unsteadily.

"Having settled those one or two little questions- that's a quotation, in case you care-perhaps we'd better join the families."

His arm tightened. He laid his cheek against her soft hair.

"Just a minute. There's a little matter of a cross-country motor trip to the Coast in June I'd like to discuss with you, adorable."

**Chapter XXX**

June! June at last!

The beat of Joan's heart broke into double time. Her wedding day. She looked about her room strewn with tissue paper and white boxes containing presents which had arrived too late to be unpacked. Open on a chair was a dark blue alligator dressing case with extravagant silver fittings. Her tulle veil with its Juliet cap of point lace was spread on the bed. Near it lay a spray of pure white azaleas and white orchids.

The filmy chiffon of her frock drifted and floated about her as she crossed to the window. What a day! Fields emerald and gold. River platinum. Amethyst hills deepening to purple, as they loomed to touch a turquoise sky. Below in the garden glossy rhododendrons, colonies of pink, lavender and white lupin, Siberian irises, roses, patches of velvety green lawn. Girls gowned in brimmed hats, men in white clothes everywhere excepts in a place roped off with garlands where she and Craig were to stand - and the clergyman, almost she had forgotten him. From somewhere drifted the exquisite music of harps.

"Time to put on your veil, honey," Patty Crofton's voice caught on the familiar word. "That chiffon frock is perfect for a garden wedding. Satin would have been such a mistake," she added with what briskness her soft voice would permit and blinked long lashes.

Joan's lips trembled in a smile.

"You are rather ravishing yourself, Mother, in that silvery gray frock. Choosing the American beauty hat and bag and sandals as a contrast was positive inspiration. Gorgeous day, isn't it?"

"Gorgeous, honey. Stand still while I place the cap on your head and arrange the veil. I couldn't let anyone else do it. Your father is coming to go down with you and Peggy is already in the drawing room. She is fairly trembling with pride that she is to be your maid of honor. That must be your father. Come in!" She answered a knock on the door.

David Crofton dressed in white entered.

"Long distance call you, Jo. Take it in your workroom."

"I will! I will! It's Vic! I know it's Viv!"

Her mother caught up the flowing end of her veil and followed as she ran into the adjoining room. She pleaded,

"Be careful of your gown, honey. Try not to be so excited. You're shaking."

"Me! Excited! I'm calm as a summer sea," Joan declared and wrinkled her nose at her father. She spoke into the phone.

"Yes. Yes. Ready-Viv! Viv, darling. No. No. You haven't made me cry. Hearing your voice makes everything perfect. I can't believe you're thousands of miles away. Love the traveling case you sent. Of course I'm taking it. It's packed except for the clip I'm wearing with my wedding gown-Craig gave it to me. Star sapphire set in georgeous diamonds-have to wear something blue, you know. Old? Mother's wedding handkerchief as a cap for my veil. Borrowed a dime from Seraphina to put in my slipper, and with everything else new, I have all the good-luck talismans. Not that I need them when Craig loves me-Yes, gorgeous day, we can have the ceremony in our garden for intimate friends and the families. Reception at Silver Birches. Mrs. Shaw begged to have it. In about five minutes-Think of me, darling, Don't cry, Viv. You'll see me in two weeks and, after we leave, Mother and Father are coming out to you. They are turning this house over to the newly-weds for the summer. Isn't it like them? Craig and I are to plane home. We'll leave the roadster for Patty and Davy to motor back in. Isn't it exciting?- It is lunch time there- He is! - Mother has put her hand on my shoulder to remind me that I- -I- have a date. It's a gorgeous day here-Mother's a dream-Viv-'

Joan looked at her father. Her lips trembled.

"She said 'Cut the film,' and rang off before I could say goodbye. I - I think I heard her sob," she added unsteadily.

"She would," David Crofton agreed, "but I'll bet my year's Fedora that already she is faring forth to celebrate."

Joan blinked wet lashes and laughed.

"Davy Crofton, you are positively psychic. Jerry Slade is taking her to lunch."

"Jerry her mother and father exclaimed in unison.

"Jerry, "Joan repeated, "The fact that he has flown out to her makes everything perfect. I can see the finish of her cinema career. Gorgeous day, isn't it, Mother?"

"It is, honey," Patty Crofton agreed for approximately the tenth time. "Take your flowers. Exquisite, aren't they? I'll go down now. Seraphina will be at the terrace door to arrange your veil. I-I-"

She left the room without finishing the sentence. Joan looked at her father and said unsteadily.

"I'm starting out on that 'high adventure,' Davy.'

"Keep your marriage a "high adventure,' Jo, darling. You can do it." He kissed her tenderly. "There's our signal. Let's go," he said gruffly.

As she went down the stairs, Joan felt as if she were progressing like a girl in a slow-motion picture with her veil and chiffon skirt floating and drifting behind her. She heard the musical drip of the harp strengthen into the wedding march. She knew when Peggy in an enchanting rose color frock and a big leghorn hat tied with rose and blue ribbon, slipped into place to precede her, knew when pink gowned, grinning Seraphina arranged her veil and whispered loudly,

"You sure done look grand, Miss Jo-an!"

From the terrace she looked across a sea of color and faces to where Craig stood waiting with Tony Crane beside him. She stopped floating and walked toward him.

Portions of the service rang through the emotional confusion of her mind like trumpet calls.

"Dearly beloved we are gathered together-" "To have and to hold from this day forward-" "To love and to cherish till death do us part-" Craig's fervent, "I do.' Her own response. The clergyman saying, "In this new united life you now begin together."

After that, a flood of impressions, registering, passing, a pattern changing with the quickness and color of a kinstoscope. Guests coming. Some of them kissing her. Guests going. Voices shrilling above the throb of music. Rainbows of color. Hearing the same wishes over and over. Making the same response over and over. Awareness of Craig beside her. A sharp close-up of Janvers wishing them luck and hoping she liked the diamond bracelet he had sent her. The gayety and beauty on the terrace at Silver Birches; cutting the cake; Craig's mother, in an amethyst net frock and orchids, clasping a string of pearls about her neck; running pack to The Mansion along the brown stone path; changing to the thin wool beige frock; another brief close-up of Babs Shelton and Tony standing together. Babs catching her bridal bouquet; Craig waiting at the foot of the stairs; their dash under showers of confetti for his roadster miraculously free of white ribbons; looking back to wave to her father and mother, to Sally Shaw and the Senator and wet-lashed Peggy with the black and white dog beside her looking as if he were about to burst into tears; out of the drive into the highway faring forth on that new united life they now began together.

It seemed to Joan that they drove for miles in silence. Beyond the village, along a road bordered by brilliant green shrubs, through another village, and on into the country. She must shake off the feeling that she was in a dream. She moved her left hand. That was real. The square-cut diamond of her engagement ring was real, so was the gem-set platinum wedding ring. She looked up quickly. So was Craig beside her. His eyes met and held hers.

"You act as if you were afraid of me, Mrs. Lamont," he teased.

His laughing voice quieted the pulses his look had set throbbing. She responded with unsteady gayety.

"Believe it or not, all this time I have been scrambling round in my mind for something to say to you, something sparkling, debonair, as if- as if being married happened every day, but it wouldn't come."

"Just to start the conversation, you might say, 'I love you, 'I'll always love you.'"

"As long as I live, Craig," she said fervently.

She saw the color surge to his hair. Saw his eyes deepen and darken. Saw him glance over his shoulder before the roadster slid to a stop under the spreading branches of a benign old oak.

"That promise can't be properly acknowledged with one hand on the wheel," he declared huskily.

THE END

## THE COOK'S CORNER

### GRAPE JAM

Wash the grapes, remove from the stem and press the pulp from the skins. Cook the pulp 10 minutes and put it through a sieve to remove seeds. Add skins to the pulp and measure the mixture. To 1 cup of pulp allow 2-3 cup of sugar. Cook about 20 minutes or until skins are tender and seal at once in sterilized jars.

### PEAR MARMALADE

4 lbs. (14 cups) peeled, cored, sliced pears
2 oz. green ginger root or 1 oz. dry ginger root
2 lemons
2 lbs. sugar

Place pears in preserving kettle in layers, sprinkling each layer with sugar, lemon juice and grated ginger. (If dried root is used, break in pieces and tie in bag). Let stand 2 to 3 hours or overnight. Cook slowly until clear and thick. Pour into sterilized glasses. Yield: about 4 pints.

## A Morning Smile

Anzac Officer — Didn't you see me coming up the lines?

The Recruit—Yes, sir!

Anzac Officer—Then why didn't you challenge me?

The Recruit — Challenge you ! Why, hang it, I've known you since you was a kid!

"You are charged with being drunk and disorderly," said the presiding magistrate to the man in the dock. "Have you anything to say?"

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," began the defendant in a flight of oratory. "I am not so debased as Poe, so ungrateful as Keats, so intemperate as Burns, so timid as Tennyson, so vulgar as Shakespeare, so-"

"That'll do, that'll do," interrupted the magistrate. "Seven days. And, officer, take down that list of names he mentioned and round the fellows up. They're as bad as he is."

## Dorothy Dix Says—

### GOOD SPORT PLAYS FAIR

### Recognizes Sacrifices Of Parents; Takes Things In Her Stride

A group of girls ask me if I will give them my idea of a girl who is a good sport. Well, my idea of a girl who is a good sport is one who plays fair. Especially with her mother and father. She doesn't take everything and give nothing. She doesn't let Mother sew her fingers to the bone making her a pretty party frock and then, when Mother asks her where she is going and when she will be back, tell her it is none of her darn business and that she will come home when she pleases. She doesn't keep her father hump-shouldered paying her bills and then scoff at his opinions as those of a senile Dodo.

On the contrary, she recognizes that her parents have worked hard and made many sacrifices for her, and that the least she can do is to give them a run for their money by being affectionate and companionable to them and causing them as little anxiety as possible.

**HAS BRAVE ATTITUDE**

My idea of a girl who is a good sport is one who has the brave attitude towards life. There is not a whine in her whole system. She takes what comes in her stride and makes the best of it. Maybe she would like to be a play girl instead of a working girl. Undoubtedly she would like to wear the silks and satins and furs and jewels she sells to rich girls. Surely she would like to lie abed of a morning instead of having to punch an office time clock. But if she would, you never hear it from her. She never bemoans her fate. She thanks God she has the intelligence and ability and grit to hold down a good job.

My idea of a girl who is a good sport is a square shooter. She is honest and frank and above board and she doesn't consider that her sex is an alibi for fibbing and welching and double-crossing. She doesn't hold up the boys who date her and make them spend more money on her than they can afford. She doesn't jolly a poor simp into taking her to a party and then ditch him and spend the evening dancing with other men. She doesn't have a birthday every time she sees a bag or wrist watch she wants. And, if she is a business girl, she doesn't try to make sex appeal take the place of good work, and rolling her eyes substitute for accuracy and efficiency.

My idea of a girl who is a good sport is one who plays the game. She is not puffed up by prosperity nor down-hearted over misfortune. If she is rich, she is not a snob. If she is poor, she is not a toady. She is neither a braggart nor a self-pitier. She neither runs after men nor away from them. If they show her attentions, well and good. If they don't, also well and good. Life is full of a number of things for her besides dates.

My idea of a girl who is a good sport is one who carries on. She is no quitter. She doesn't sit down and wring her hands and cry every time she mets a difficulty. She doesn't give up when the sledding gets hard. She simply bends to her work and puts her heart and her back in it and struggles on to success. All of the big business and professional women are good sports. So are the wives who hold their husbands. Because they don't give up the first time things go wrong.

That is my idea of a good sport. That's the girl for my money.

## Transport Driver

Miss Margaret MacMillan of Charlottetown, Transport Driver with the Canadian Red Cross Corps who has just arrived in England, Miss MacMillan who is the daughter of L.B. MacMillan M. B. E. of Dundas Esplanade, Charlottetown, P.E.I., has two brothers in the service, Sergeant Fred L. serving with the Canadian Dental Corps in Canada and Lieut. Robert C., R.C.N.V.R., D.S.C. and Bar who served Overseas from June 1940 till Nov. 1942 and is now navigating officer on one of the Canadian Frigates.

## Ellen's Diary

By An Island Farmer's Wife

It was a blessing that I followed James downstairs this morning for his mind was so taken up with cares incidental to the harvest that the usual first chore on Saturday morning as he told me "entirely slipped his mind." It would be most disappointing to miss the cream-man for thus far the cream-can has always been at its appointed place on time. I wished to accompany James to the bridge this morning for I knew it would be lovely there. The bed of what Aunt Kitty used to call: "Moses flowers" are beautiful there in their brown-velvet jackets and slim tapering leaves and dragon-flies dart in and out amongst them at will in early morning. I'm watching too for the wild-ducks to come down from nearer the head of the creek to below the bridge for the ducklings half-grown now would be interesting to see. But James said there was no need for me to assist him for due to the lack of moisture for the pastures the cream in the can is steadily decreasing. Indeed if the present dryness continues, I shall be able to attend to this chore with ease alone.

• • •

Harvesting operations continued this morning with a view to completing the first field at noon. I had baking to do and I shall never know what prompted me to fry doughnuts. I think perhaps it was because of the scarcity of sugar, I thought these would go further and last longer than any other cake. Ellen was my assistant and I directed her to roll-out cookies I had mixed while I took up the doughnut-making. The cookies came from the oven crisp and toothsome. I know for Ellen sampled them at times pronouncing them: "Excellent." I would much rather pass over the second part of the baking this morning for I suppose while I chatted with Ellen, I must have doubled the amount of shortening specified in the recipe with awful results. I am comforted to know, while my sugar and cloetcras are entirely wasted, never shall I be able to match either in form texture or taste the kind of doughnuts that came from my cauldron of fat this morning, no matter what ingredients I use in the mixing. Ellen said: "Give them to Uncle James for his lunch or to anyone very hungry" and she continued "couldn't you use that fat for french - fried or barring that for soap-grease?" I can not of course use it for the latter in wartime so I shall clarify it, then set it carefully away and some morning, not I think on a Saturday, I shall again go to the work of doughnut-making.

• • •

This afternoon the harvesters moved the binder in to Rob's for some of his grain was as he said: "Shelling ripe," and we three women—kind "all forlorn" were left to ourselves. I was busy for there was more work than usual awaiting the coolness of just such a day as this. I swept and dusted and scrubbed and made preparations for tomorrow's meals. Ellen prepared supper which we shared with Jeanie, her contribution being pieces of a choice pink and white cake.

• • •

At chore time when Ellen and I went to the pasture for the cows, I lingered to talk with an expert angler from the city who comes often to fish up and down the old mill-stream. He perhaps became too interested in our conversation, mainly on and about the war, and I think tonight he is perhaps even now telling someone of the big one that actually did get away. He may have hooked him later for I left them to follow with Ellen after the cows. Jeanie on her way to the stables encountered a horseman from a neighboring community. He was exercising his trotting-horse. I was sorry to have missed seeing this animal for Jeanie said he looked "beautiful." I would like to have compared him with Nell. He could never be so precious, after the miles and miles we covered in the heat at the raking. Then Joyce and Buddy MacRae drove over, stabling their driving-mare while they paid us a brief visit. Buddy had only returned by bus this afternoon from the city after spending several days there with relatives so as to more easily attend the Fair. He had as he said a "wonderful" time and will I am sure have much to recollect and relate to class-mates not so fortunate when he returns to school on Monday morning. Mr. Eyre came from over on the hill and

(Continued on page 6, Col. 3)

## Living & Leisure
### The Woman's Realm

**BE TRUE**

Be true to the highest your mind can conceive,
Be true to the noblest and best,
Let your life be the witness of what you believe,
And unto God leave the rest.

**DOG STORY**

There's the story of the crew of a Flying Fortress at a British base and their dog mascot, Lucky.

The crew made a special parachute, oxygen mask and wool-lined jacket for the dog, and then decided during a test flight that it was best to try out the apparatus under favourable conditions. Ambulance officers on the field below stood by, and Lucky was thrown, fully equipped, from the plane at 1,500 feet. The men on the ground were naturally a little apprehensive, but the parachute did not fail and on landing the "patient" barked and wagged his tail. Lucky had lived up to his name.

**HINTS ON ETIQUETTE**

The phrase, "she married well," has a snobbish sound. Do not use it.

**KEEP 'EM ROLLING**

Here's a variation of the wheelbarrow race that can be used by teams of the same number of players.

One fellow on each team is chosen as "worker." Number One gets down on his hands, and the worker picks up his feet and walks him on his hands to the other end of the room and back. Here Number Two gets down on all fours, and the worker "wheels" him up and back. And so on until all team members have been wheelbarrows. The side that gets finished first wins.

**FINGERTIPS**

Mastering the most skill-defying part of the manicure—putting on polish so that it doesn't look like a home-grown job — calls for tricks.

First, use a base coat to keep the colored jacket that's to come to brace your wabbly wrist by holding your hand firmly against a table; to take out a sparing brushful of polish: to outline a narrow band of color around the sides and base of one nail. Then with up and down strokes, fill in color, beginning at the moon and pulling down to the nail tip, where surplus can be thumbed off.

Clean up all polish strays on one finished nail before going on to the next. Waiting for smears to harden makes them tougher to remove.

**SEEK REASONS FOR TIREDNESS**

Have that tired feeling? It can sap vitality, shake poise and turn a sweet disposition sour. If you're tired, yet don't do hard enough physical labour to warrant all of that fatigue, you're probably overlooking three prevalent reasons for it.

No. 1 is anxiety .That's it, if you have worries and aren't preoccupied enough to rout them. Best way to drop the axe on worry is to keep busy. The faster you move, the less chance worry has to catch up with you.

No. 2 is boredom. A bored woman is a tired woman. She's apt to think that things must be made exciting for her, not that she puts excitement into what she does.

No. 3 is an inferiority complex. Best cure for that is to build up a deflated ego. Do it by making people like you; by doing something [illegible] you'll have to be proud of yourself.

**REMOVE BUCKLES**

Before washing overalls, remove buckles that may cut fabric or get into rollers of the wringer.

To give a satin smooth finish to makeup to sure to apply foundation cream in small dots over the entire surface of your face and smooth into the skin with your fingertips.

A good footbath for aching feet can be made with bicarbonate of soda. Massage feet with oily base cream and then apply witch hazel.

**LOOKS LIKE DRESS**

NEW YORK — The suit-that-looks-like-a-dress because of feminine details or its light weight fabric can be worn with or without a blouse. The new satin suit comes under th is classification and is being shown for early wear. So also does the weskit suit, especially when the jacket is edged with a tiny frill of faec-flattering piqué down the front and around the points of the weskit.

## 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. I bought a used car on August 10 and was able to sell it two days later. Now someone tells me I cannot buy another used car to replace it. Is that correct?

A. Yes. Under the used car order of the Prices Board no individual may buy more than one used passenger car in any calendar year, unless he owned five cars or more last year when he is allowed to buy one for every five so owned.

Q. It seems to me ridiculous to retain rationing of tea and coffee when the existing allowances seem more than enough for so many households. Is there no way in which the nuisance of having to tender coupons for those goods can be eliminated?

A. The authorities have the rationing of tea and coffee under constant review and you may be certain that as soon as the elimination of such rationing is practicable, it will be withdrawn.

Q. I am anxious to obtain a hot air furnace for installation in the house I am building. How can one be procured.

A. You may make application to any office of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, provided you hold a permit from the Controller of Construction.

## Needlecraft
### For The Home

**TWO - PIECER**

We believe you'l live in this good-looking two-piece dress, grand for shopping and visiting, perfect for business or a movie.

No. 3638 in size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-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.

Name

Street Address

City Province

## TILLIE THE TOILER— A JOB FOR THE ARMY!

By Webster