

# Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature

## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

**I LOOKED FOR GOD**  
I looked for God, and found Him  
In every fragile flower,  
And in the mighty mountains  
I saw His strength and power;  
In shining sky and sunset  
His endless mercy smiled,  
But I found His love eternal  
In the eyes of a little child.  
—May Austin Low.

**PANSIES AN ENTREE, ROSES AS MAIN COURSE, REPLACE BEEF AND CABBAGE**  
Ordinary garden flowers make a good diet for people who aren't trying to reduce, according to Harold Williams, Managing Director of a large coal distributing company in Melbourne.

"They're full of vitamins A and B," he said, munching a gladiolus. "A pansy makes a good entree, but I like them all—that is, all except thistles." And he displayed a well-rounded figure as evidence of their nutritive value.

He treated constipation recently by eating about \$50 worth of special flowers at a Melbourne dance.

Roses, violets and nasturtiums are his favorites, but he bars chrysanthemums and dahlias. "I can't spell chrysanthemums and dahlias are too big," he said.

### TABLOID

To remove paint from colored material, dip the stains in turpentine, rub, then place in a little ammonia and rub it out and wash in warm water.

The surest way to prevent the loss of a four-hole button, is to sew it on tight; fasten two holes and break off the thread. Then sew the other two holes of the button separately.

### THE LAST GUEST

Why have you lit so bright a fire  
For chatters to sit about,  
While wistful at the door,

## DON'T LET CONSTIPATION MAKE YOU SICK

Do something about it and do it today. You can take endless pills—but just remember that chronic medicine taking is an unhealthy habit and often loses its effect.

Correct common constipation naturally by including sufficient vitamin B and the "bulk" in your diet.

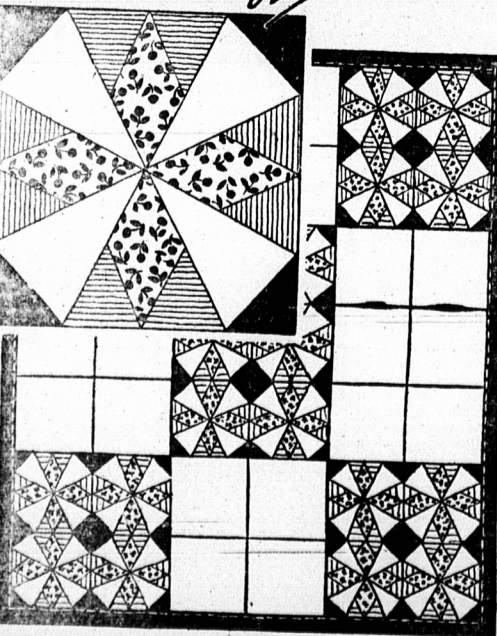
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN supplies vitamin B and the "bulk" you need. In the body, it absorbs twice its weight in water, and exercises and sponges out the system.

Rid your body of poisons and see how much better you'll feel. Try Kellogg's ALL-BRAN for a week. If not satisfied, your money will be refunded by the Kellogg Company. Eat two tablespoons a day, or in cereal with milk or fruits, or in cooked dishes. Stubborn cases with each meal.

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## STRIKING PATCHWORK QUILT

by Mayfair



Mayfair Needle-art  
KEY WEST is the romantic name given to this unusual patchwork design. The blocks measure twelve inches square. When the quilt is assembled, plain blocks are used with patched blocks to form a pretty arrangement that will add color and quaint novelty to any bedroom. The pattern contains detail chart, cutting pattern for the designs, color suggestions, and complete instructions for making and quilting.  
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## SECOND THOUGHTS

By CAPTAIN A. O. POLLARD

He was over half an hour late. Betty's small suede-shod foot tapped restlessly on the floor of the Flying Club-house waiting room. She glanced impatiently at her watch; frowned; recollected that line in the forehead have a habit of becoming permanent; smoothed her pretty brow with an effort of will power; clenched her teeth instead.

It was too bad of Ronnie to keep her waiting. Of course he would have an excuse, but that didn't matter. She had told him particularly that she did not want to enter the club grounds alone. He had promised faithfully that nothing would delay him; now he had failed her. She was a fool ever to believe him. She never would again.

If he treated her with such scant respect when they were not even engaged, what would he be like later. Although he had not yet said anything, she knew quite well that he wanted to marry her. She would be an idiot to accept him if she could not rely on him. When the freshness of marriage had worn off, she would probably be neglected like half a dozen other girls she knew.

Unconsciously she played with the third finger of her left hand. The marriage knot was so dangerously easy to tie, so tormentingly difficult to unloose. Perhaps she should be wise to break her friendship with him before it was too late.

There was the sound of men's voices outside raised in merry greeting; laughter.

Here he was at last. Betty took a swift glance at her mirror; deftly patted her perfectly ordered hair; pulled her beret a shade more to one side.

A man burst unceremoniously into the room; halted abruptly; smiled delightedly as he recognized her.

"Why, Miss Chelmers—this is a pleasant surprise. I thought the room was empty."

"I'm waiting for Ronnie—Mr. Piddington," explained Betty, rather lamely.

Gerald Withers was rather a dominating individual; so ably sure of himself. Betty had taken a liking to him when Ronnie introduced her some weeks previously. He was a man of the world; polished; immaculately dressed; well-off too. The sort of man a girl would choose for a husband if she were able to select one like a hat.

Ronnie declared he couldn't stand the fellow, but that was probably subconscious jealousy. Withers was a successful stockbroker; Ronnie only a clerk in an insurance office. He had a good position, but he counted his income in hundreds against Withers' thousands.

Some impulse induced by her interrupted train of thought urged her to be very nice to him. Her mind avoided a decision as to whether it was merely to spite Ronnie, or for some more amiable reason.

He was going to take me up," she added, and sighed with disappointment.

Withers advanced a step into the room. She saw the approving eye with which he took in her neat ankles; her shapely limbs her slender, graceful figure; the delicate oval of her face. What a good job she had taken so much trouble to look her best.

"Has he let you down? Too bad!" he smiled invitingly. She felt a glow of anticipation.

Why not let me act as a substitute?" he suggested. It seems a shame to waste a beautiful afternoon like this. My machine's all ready; the engine's running like a bird. I've just been up to test it. I shouldn't have landed again only wanted. I cursed at the time but now I recognize the finger of fate.

What about a nice little flip down to the coast?"  
"Oh, I couldn't go as far as that," protested Betty. She flushed and bit her lip. I mean—it's most awfully good of you, but I mustn't think of it. It wouldn't be fair to Ronnie. I'm sure he'll be here any minute."

Of course she must not go. How did such an idea ever enter her head. Ronnie would be furious—not that he had any right to be. Her chin tilted. Why should she account to him, even in her thoughts, when he hadn't the decency to keep his appointment? He didn't own her yet; he never would if he wasn't more careful.

Withers laughed.  
"We mustn't forget Piddington," he mocked. That would never do. We must wait at his beck and call until he chooses to remember us. If I were ever lucky enough to have an engagement with you, Miss Chelmers, there's nothing on God's earth would prevent me keeping it."

His eyes added emphasis to the compliment; told her how much she attracted him; made her senses tingle with delightful possibilities. It was nice to be talked to like that of course he didn't mean it. All the same, Ronnie never said such things; he simply did not think of them. But then Ronnie hadn't Gerald Withers' experience.

She realised she was comparing the two men to Ronnie's detriment. I'm sure Ronnie has some very good reason," she found herself making excuses for him. He might have "phoned me though."

Precisely. As it is, you're not certain if he's coming at all." He took her persuasively by the arm. "Let's do a couple of circuits. Ten minutes at the most. I'll take him that time to get his bus ready when he does arrive."

There was truth in what he said, but still she hung back. The influence of his personality instinctively prompted her to resist him. He released her instantly.

"You're afraid!" he challenged.  
"Of course I'm not. How absurd! Very well then. I give in."

He moved towards the door.  
"All right; I'll come," she agreed quickly. "But only for ten minutes mind."

He gave no sign of victory.  
"Just as you say—this time. I'll have my way another day."

He contemplated a future occasion, then. She was thrilled. He must like her quite a lot. She was not in the least vain, but she was fully aware of her charm. Once more the thought of his eligibility as a husband entered her mind.

Regarding him in this new light she became actually critical. And, since she weighed him against the standard of how Ronnie treated her, he appeared more than satisfactory.

Ronnie certainly helped her climb into the cockpit. She could hardly have scaled the side of the fuselage by herself. But after that he let her settle herself as well as she could whilst he attended to his engine. His aeroplane had open cockpit, and she had to crush her hair into a flying helmet and wrap up in a leather coat.

Withers laughed when she suggested taking off her hat. It was not necessary she found. He owned a model for owner-pilots. It had an enclosed cabin, and the perfectly-sprung bucket seats were side by side. Withers handed her up a short ladder and tucked a leopard skin rug round her knees.

"I don't think you'll need it," he smiled. "There's a heating apparatus if you feel chilly." (To be Continued)

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

### While a College Education is Greatly to be Desired, Young Mothers Should Not Sacrifice the Tender Love of Babies to Acquire it

Dear Miss Dix—I am 17 years old and the mother of three children—a son 18 months and twin daughters, 6 weeks old. When I was 14 I eloped with a man fourteen years older than I am, who promised me the college education my parents had planned for me. He is a Yale graduate, and with his help and encouragement I now have the required credits to enter a State University. Last week he took me in his arms and with tears in his eyes told me he was ready to keep his promise to send me to college. My husband has every good quality of character, and I realize that I must develop mentally and spiritually if I am to reach the high standard of living by which he lives. I feel I cannot see clearly or think intelligently without the aid of further education. I want him to be proud of me, and our children to look up to me with the same respect and love they will show their father. But here is my trouble—leaving my children. My mother-in-law thinks it simply preposterous to leave my babies. My husband thinks I should go while my mind is receptive and the children too young to really miss me. It will take every grain of courage I have to take this step, but I can do it if I am certain it is the right thing to do. My husband is leaving it up to me. Can you advise a worried wife and mother?  
DIANE



Answer:  
And you think that a college degree is worth practically four years of separation from your husband and your little children? You are willing to leave your babies to the care of hired hands, to miss the sweetest part of your life, to let some one else form the pattern of your character, which psychologists tell us is set by the time they are 4 years old?

You are willing to risk losing your husband, for you don't need any college education to teach you that no man is going to sit up and suck his thumbs of an evening for diversion while his wife is away pursuing the higher culture? I think you are mad to even contemplate such a thing, and that if you do it you are more fitted for the lunatic asylum than you are for the State University.

The trouble with you, my child, is that you have a romantic, fantastic and preposterous idea of the value of a college education. You think it is a kind of conjure that will make you wise and witty, brilliant, poised and self-reliant, and cause your family and your friends to fall down in awe and amazement and admiration before you. Look about you and see whether that miracle has happened to the many people you know who have been to college.

Can you tell a college graduate by sight or conversation from the man or woman of equal native intelligence who got his or her education in the university or at sea? Aren't most of the wise and witty people you know those who have educated themselves by reading and thinking and experiencing things and who never saw inside of a college? Aren't the best housekeepers of those who learned to cook in their mothers' kitchens instead of those who majored in chemistry and domestic science courses? Aren't the best mothers those who were brought up by their mothers? Aren't the best mothers those who were brought up by their mothers? Aren't the best mothers those who were brought up by their mothers?

Understand, I am not opposing a college education. It is fine for those who want it and can afford it, and if you had gone on from the schoolroom to college it would have been all right, for then you were not hampered by other duties and obligations. But you chose your way of life, and that was away from the schoolroom, and you have no right to try to turn back. You have given hostages to fortune and it is more important that you keep your home together and rear your children and take care of your husband than it is for you to have a college diploma.

Anyway, all knowledge isn't put up in schoolbooks. There is no secret information in them that you cannot find in libraries. No culture that you cannot get by reading. The whole world of knowledge is free to you and can take what you want of it at home as well as in college.

And, believe me, my dear, there is a wider and deeper knowledge than any college ever gives, a culture of the soul that comes from loving and being loved, of bearing children and rearing them, of making the sacrifices demanded of every wife and mother. It is a greater thing to be a Ma than it is to be able to write M. A. after your name.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a junior in college and I am entangled in a love problem. He is the nicest man in the entire world, has the most charming manners and is the most perfect gentleman in every way, but he is married. He says he respects his wife and they get along well together, but he does not love her as he loves me and he wishes to marry me some day. Am I foolish to spend my young life waiting for a man who is tied to another woman? Should I try to break up this romance where it is?  
CAROL

Answer:  
If you have one grain of sense in your head you will break off this shady love affair before you get into a mess that will leave you to wear bedraggled skirts the balance of your life. Just sit down and try to figure out what you want.

## Splendid Cough Remedy Easily Mixed at Home

### It's So Easy! Makes a Big Saving. No Cooking.

To get quick relief from a distressing cough, mix your own remedy at home. Once tried, you'll say it's your favorite cough medicine, and it's so simple and easy.

Put the Pinex into a 16 ounce bottle, and add your syrup. Thus you make 16 ounces of very efficient remedy, and you get four times as much cough medicine for your money. It tastes fine and never spoils.

And for quick, blessed relief, it is splendid. You can feel it penetrating the air passages in a way that means business. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, and eases the soreness. Thus it makes breathing easy, and lets you get restful sleep.

Just try it, and if not pleased, your money will be refunded.

## THE COOK'S CORNER

### GINGER SNAPPIES.

One-half cup butter, 1-2 cup sugar, 1-2 cup molasses, 1-2 cup bran, 2 cups flour, 1 1-2 teaspoons ginger, 1 1-2 teaspoons soda, 1 1-2 teaspoons salt.

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly. Add molasses and bran and mix well. Sift dry ingredients together and work into creamed mixture a small amount at a time. Knead and shape into a roll about 1 1-2 inches in diameter. Wrap roll in waxed paper, covering the ends so that dough will not dry out. Store in refrigerator until firm.

Take a small portion of the dough at a time, leaving rest in refrigerator. Roll very thin and cut into fancy shapes with floured cookie cutter. Bake on ungreased cookie sheets in moderate oven about 10 minutes.

Yield: Five dozen cookies two inches in diameter.

### AUSTRIAN FRUIT CAKE.

1-2 cup butter  
6 tablespoons sugar  
1 1-4 cups cake flour  
3 egg yolks  
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind  
Apple sauce  
4 egg whites

Method: Cream the butter and the sugar until it is very light, then add the well beaten egg yolks. Mix in the sifted flour and the grated lemon rind. Press this well into a buttered cake pan, shaping it like a pie shell. Bake in a moderate oven until the cake is a delicate, golden brown.

Remove from the oven and fill with the apple sauce which has been sweetened and flavored to taste. Beat the egg whites to a froth, add the remaining 6 tablespoons sugar and continue beating until they form a meringue. Spread this lightly over the apple filling and bake in a slow oven until the meringue is delicately browned. Chill well before serving.



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ure out what a girl gets out of a romance with a married man, and as you evidently lack the knowledge of life to do so I will give you a few pointers.

On the credit side of the ledger you can write down a sense of adventure that gives you a thrill. It makes you feel sophisticated and devilish to be risking your good name in having a married man for a boyfriend instead of some decent lad whom you have known all your life. You get a kick out of meeting him on the sly in more or less indiscreet places and in looking fearfully around to see if there is anybody there who knows you who will tell your father or his wife. And it tickles your vanity to think that you have the power to take a man away from his wife.

On the debit side there is the loss of your good name, for everybody believes the worst of a girl who has a married sweetheart, for everybody has the chance that you will be named as a correspondent and dragged through the muck of a divorce trial. If you are just enjoying a flirtation you pay for it by lessening your chances of making a good marriage, for few men want a wife who has been talked about with a married man. And if you really love the man you go through all the tragedy of hopeless waiting for a man who cannot marry you, or if he does marry you, you have it always on your conscience that you helped to break up a home and orphaned little children. Flirting with a married man is playing with fire. Don't be it. You are sure to get your fingers burned. DOROTHY DIX.

## Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

A gay print crepe shirt dress will "pep up" your winter wardrobe. It will solve your problem for afternoons at bridge or tea. You'll wear it to the office when you want to look especially nice to keep a luncheon "date".

The smart tailored lines and simplicity of this dress, make it very easy to wear. The swinging hem adds such grace to the flared skirt. Note the extreme snugness through the hips. The full sleeve gives a flattering wide shoulder line. The short sleeves are very fashionable. Pocket and cuffs.

For more conservative wear, black crepe is distinctive with long sleeves and with a glistening white satin collar.

Woolens, luxurious satin crepe, rayon on chailis prints and velvet are equally lovely materials for your choice.

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