

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

\$50,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

OPEN TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND ONLY

\$1750.00 This Week... and Every Week!

- Print your name and address on a plain sheet of paper.
- Mail this, together with Robin Hood Flour Guarantee Certificate or Robin Hood Oats box top, to: Robin Hood Contest, Box 310, Toronto, Ont.
- Each week 3 entries will be drawn from all the mail received. The three persons whose names are drawn will be advised by telegram to complete the following:
- In 25 words or less, state — "I like Robin Hood Flour (or "I like Robin Hood Oats) because..." REMEMBER, if you are chosen to complete the sentence, you are bound to win one of these BIG prizes! It is not necessary to complete this sentence unless you are one of the lucky three notified each week.
- In awarding prizes, judges' opinions will be based on the thought expressed in your letter, not on the writing ability shown. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the property of Robin Hood Flour Mills Ltd.
- Winners will receive the full amount of the prize money by enclosing with each entry a Robin Hood Flour Certificate or Robin Hood Oats box top. That is — with Certificate or Oats box top, 1st prize, \$1000.00; 2nd prize, \$500.00; and 3rd prize, \$250.00. Without Certificate or box top, only half these amounts will be paid!
- Contest is open to every man, woman and child in Canada and Newfoundland — except employees of Robin Hood Flour Mills Limited, or its advertising agency and their families.

Entries not received in time for the current week's contest will be held over for entry the following week. Winners will be notified by wire. Major prize winners will be listed in this publication and announced on the Claire Wallace show, "They Tell Me," over Trans-Canada Network, each week!

1st PRIZE \$1,000. • 2nd PRIZE \$500. • 3rd PRIZE \$250.

Only if entries are accompanied by Robin Hood Flour Certificate or Robin Hood Oats box top. If no Certificate or box top is enclosed prizes will be half the amounts listed above.

WINNERS

Weeks Dec. 20-26, Dec. 27-Jan. 2, Jan. 3-9

1st Prizes:

Mrs. Roscoe Buchanan, Rimouski, Que.; Mrs. Hugh McNeil, Glace Bay, N.S.; Mr. E. L. Mantrian, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

2nd Prizes:

Mrs. Lynn Nelson, Bonaventure, Que.; Mrs. H. E. Eby, Pointe du Bois, Que.; Mrs. Henry Wroldstad, Starnan, Ont.

3rd Prizes:

Mrs. Ivy Lucas, Brampton, Ont.; Mrs. H. E. Eby, Pointe du Bois, Que.; Mrs. F. D. Lorch, Vancouver.

Results Every Monday on the Claire Wallace Show!

CBA-2.45 P.M.

Trans-Canada Network

Drawings also will be made during this program every Monday. Be sure to tune in every Monday, Wednesday and Friday!

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Robin Hood Flour
Used by 4 out of 5 Baking Contest Winners

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M. D.

HERNIA AND EXCESS FAT

One of the commonest causes for rejection of men for overseas service is hernia or rupture. In this condition, a portion of the intestine comes down and pushes its way against the outer wall of the abdomen, should the wall be weak, and wholly or partly through an opening which is meant for blood vessels and a tiny tube only. As the repair of a hernia usually means several days in the hospital and light work only for several months, military physicians reject all cases of hernia or threatened hernia.

After World War I, many cases of hernia were caused by injecting a hardening substance, which partially closed the opening in the abdominal wall. This enables the patient to continue his usual occupation, reporting at intervals to the surgeon's office instead of the hospital, until he is cured.

One of the conditions in which surgeons try to avoid operation is when the hernia is overweight. They have found that where there is a heavy layer of fat over the ab-

What a thrill - get more Strength and Energy!

If you are troubled by restless nights, irritability or nervousness, try Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills. They contain only the purest ingredients. For over 50 years they've been used by thousands as a tonic for frayed nerves or a general rundown condition.

They stimulate the nervous system, help improve the blood content, increase the appetite and thus promote sleep.

Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

We awoke to a disturbed peace this morning. Clearly then the sound of a hammering of metal on the old anvil, the scene of many a mending, warned us that all was not well with us. "It's nothing!" I murmured sleepily. But James springing from the bed knew better. "You've peered from a window. Do you know what, Ellen?" he said in a concerned tone. "Jock's mending has been untied—perhaps all night. I thought I heard a noise. Don't you remember my mentioning it to you? I wonder what happened. There was no need of a reply. He was dressed and already down the stairs."

But I awaking through the night-hood had heard only the quiet bleat of a ewe, a crackle of frost, a disturbed twitter from a sparrow on a broad eaves-nook near the window and the low whistle of the wind along the radio wires—the "lead-in" where it plays many a tune for me. But James had heard a different sound. A bit weary but perhaps in an uncertainty had awaited to hear it repeated, in vain, and returned to his rest. When a man has had much of the care of farming over a period of years he can read a distress in every unfamiliar sound from the stables, especially in the "stilly night."

"There!" James has said before this, leaving his bed quickly in response to a plaintive low from the direction of a stable, returning later to interrupt a dream of mine, most inconsequential in the face of the event, to remark with obvious satisfaction in his voice. "Wasn't it fortunate that I heard that, Ellen—to tell you the truth I was before expecting it though not before morning. Do you know what was there? The new calf? Yes, sir, it had just arrived! A heifer too, just what we'd been hoping for. Farmer shouldn't sleep too soundly—not when he's expecting young stock. I'm telling you!"

And I have known in Spring, when in the dark hours, the horned bleat had been wafted in the open window, wrapped about with the scent of fresh fields and small new leaves, and James hearing would slip away through the darkness to the fold-of-sorts in the shed. And return, cold but elated to report: "Well, if that old ewe hasn't gone and got herself twins! It's a good thing I was there, or they might have gotten chilled. It's pretty cool out there. I put them in the barn. And you didn't hear the bleating! Isn't that funny! I heard the first call. Now we must be up early. Ellen, to see that they're fed. She just might not take up with both of them." Now that there are two farmers, not much in the way of these cares goes unmentioned. "Yes, he broke a strap of his halter, but he's a quiet fellow and except for some harness knocked from the pegs, there was no harm done," James reported later this morning when he came to breakfast.

Perhaps it is due to a New Year resolution though more likely it is because the chere is now so light, James himself has taken over the milking—only two of the heifers now, and they not at all at the height of their production. Some mornings I come there and find him, to see also the tiger-cat's reproachful stare, and then turning away, I go to fetch a bit of crushed grain from a bin in a barn to watch a number of arrangements. "Yes, he's broken a strap of his halter, but he's a quiet fellow and except for some harness knocked from the pegs, there was no harm done," James reported later this morning when he came to breakfast.

"Sparrows are lovely things, aren't they?" grand-daughter commented, stopping this morning to watch a number of arrangements. "Yes, he's broken a strap of his halter, but he's a quiet fellow and except for some harness knocked from the pegs, there was no harm done," James reported later this morning when he came to breakfast.

Until tomorrow... Diary... Good-night...

Better English

D. C. Williams

- What is wrong with this sentence? "It's apt to snow almost any day."
- What is the correct pronunciation of "credulous"?
- Which one of these words is misspelled? Mistletoe, potatoe, tip-toe.
- What does the word "decadence" mean?
- What is a word beginning with "inh" that means "belonging by nature"?

ANSWERS

- Say, "It's likely to snow almost any day." 2. Pronounce kred-u-lus. 3. Potato. 4. A falling away; decay. "The old castle where the family lived in their decadence." 5. Inherent.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Women's Happiest Time Of Life? Sometimes It's Early, Sometimes Late, Depending Upon Individual

DEAR MISS DIX: At what age is the pleasantest time of a woman's life? We are a group of teenagers who have been discussing this subject and we cannot make up our minds whether it is the most fun to be sweet sixteen, when all life lies before you and everything is new and exciting, or to be so old that you have quit worrying over the problems of life. What do you think?

BOBBY-SOCKERS

ANSWER: Well, dearies, there is no set time for being happy in life. It is a problem that is on the knees of the gods. Sometimes our good times come early in life. Sometimes late. It is a matter of luck and personality and determination to get pleasure out of living, even if the cards are stacked against you.

According to the general belief, the happiest time of a woman's life is in her girlhood. It is then that she is in the flower of her beauty, prettier than she will ever be again. It is then that she is most avid for pleasures when her feet ache to dance and every pipsqueak boy is a hero of romance to her.

VERY YOUNG SUFFER MORE

But if the very young has her moments of ecstatic happiness, she also has her hours of deepest despair. Trifles make tragedies for her if she is not invited to a party to which she wants to go, there is nothing in life worth living for. She perishes of shame if she does not have a date. She eats out her heart in longing for fiery that other girls have and she does not possess. She goes through the agony that scars her more than their elders, because they have not learned how to meet trouble and vanquish it.

I think that the pleasantest time of a woman's entire life is when she is in the sixties, because then she is still young enough to do anything she wants to do and old to do anything she doesn't want to do. She has in her age the one perfect alibi. Also, most women of 60 have better health and more money than they ever had before and their first real freedom. If they are widows, they have the consolation of the dear departed's insurance. If their husband is still living, they have either learned how to get along with him in harmony, or else are so indifferent that they do not care what their spouse does.

Women do not realize it, but age is their consolation prize in life.

DEAR MISS DIX: Miss Dix, when your husband comes home at night with rouge on his shirt collar, lipstick on his handkerchief and perfume on his lapel, then what? I don't fuss much about it, but I can't hide the hurt in my heart. My husband is very good to me and tells me all the time that I am a perfect wife, but I am getting old fast because I am sick with thinking about this perfume business. How can I handle the situation?

C. E.

ANSWER: You should reverse your tactics in dealing with your husband. You are overdoing this perfect wife role. Your husband thinks that as long as he flatters you, he can blind you to his side-stepping. Call time on him. Ask him if he considers you such a perfect lady? Maybe that will hold him for a while.

Hundreds of letters come all the time to this column from wives who complain that they have difficulty in washing the lipstick out of their husbands' shirts. The remedy is simple. Let George do it.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: We recently have moved to a small town and we find it so hard to make any contacts with the people who live here. Everyone is civil enough to us, but they hold us at arm's length and avoid us as if we were pariahs instead of a decent married couple. It makes us very lonely and homesick for our old friends. What can we do about it?

STRANGERS

ANSWER: People who live in small towns nearly always form close-knit corporations. They have their little cliques and it is as hard to get into one of them as it is to break into a bank. This is not because of ill will, but just because they are not accustomed to adapting themselves to strangers.

It is a great pity. We should all hold out the hand of friendship to the newcomer.

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How should paint and varnish brushes be cleaned?

A. It is a good thing to remember that varnish and enamel brushes should be cleaned out in turpentine, while shellac brushes should be cleaned out in denatured alcohol.

Q. What is a good way to strain cranberries?

A. Instead of using the customary spoon and strainer, try using a rotary flour sifter.

Q. What is a good treatment for sore throat?

A. Alternate gargles of peroxide and Listerine, both diluted with water, is often effective.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it considered bad manners and rude for a guest to refuse a drink when in the home of a friend?

A. Absolutely not! There most certainly is nothing compulsory about this, and only a person who is weak-willed will be influenced to do so.

Q. Is it proper to say, "Pardon me, but I did not hear your name. If one has not understood a person's name when introduced?"

A. This is often done, but it would seem preferable to wait and ask someone else as soon as possible for the person's name.

Q. Should a widow have bridesmaids at her second wedding?

A. No, this is not in good taste.

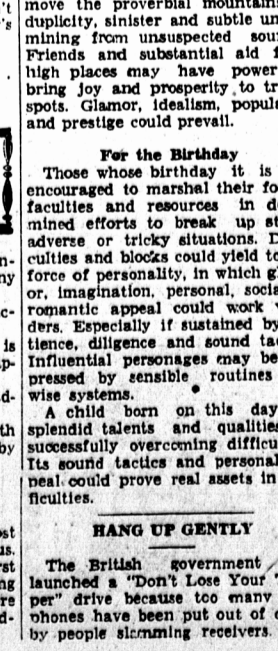
The Stars Say--

By Genevieve Keable

For Wednesday, January 26

IT is probable that a forthright and well-organized attack upon difficult, static or tedious conditions, with determination, patience and hard work, may result in a most satisfactory culmination, in which purely personal factors may move the proverbial mountains of duplicity, sinister and subtle undermining from unsuspected sources. Friends and substantial aid from high places may have power to bring joy and prosperity to trying spots. Glamour, idealism, popularity and prestige could prevail.

BLUE RIBBON COFFEE



BLUE RIBBON COFFEE

Coffee as it should be

A DELICIOUS BLEND OF THE WORLD'S FINEST COFFEES

SAVE THE COUPONS FOR VALUABLE PRIZES

Legends Of P. E. Island

By Uncle Joe

THE TAIL OF FIRE

Little did Donald Ferguson and Pat O'Shea dream that a great adventure awaited them as they strode down the country road to ward their Elmdale homes that peaceful October night in the year 1810.

The shades of night had given place to a blackness that made visibility poor. Indeed, everything pointed to a bad storm. The moon had long since driven herself behind a heavy curtain of clouds, and not a single star blinked its eye at the travellers as they plodded along the muddy highway.

Donald Ferguson and his pal, Pat O'Shea, were deep in conversation. The pair had touched on every subject of current interest and, having settled the various problems to their mutual satisfaction, they naturally spoke about the weather and wondered whether the threatening sky would bring on a storm before they would be able to reach their homes.

"I don't like the looks of that sky now," said O'Shea. "And it's mighty proud I am to have ye for company on such a night, Donald Ferguson."

"Bah!" snorted Donald. "Ye are superstitious as Old Mother MacRae. It's just 'bout like all other nights, only maybe a wee bit blacker."

"Don't spake so lightly," broke in Pat. "It was just such a night as this be that me dear old grandmother was scared clean out of her wits by a strange creature that kept followin' her as the dear old soul was on her way home from Mrs Flannagan's place. Many times have I heard her tell the story while she sat on her eyelids and dropped in her lap."

"That was quite a yarn," admitted Donald. "But in those days folks were always telling spooks or so they fancy. Now, take me, for instance, why I've been 'round most everywhere and divil the thing..."

The rest of the sentence died on Donald Ferguson's lips. In the twinkling of an eye there fell from the heavens a great ball of fire which was attached a long fiery tail. It lighted up the surrounding country so that each man could see plainly the face of the other. The heavenly body appeared to be headed directly at their heads, and no matter which way they went it always appeared to be right above them.

While the two men gazed upon the awful sight, the tail separated itself from the ball-like body and both danced about at a merry rate only a few yards from where the pair stood, striking them dumbfounded.

Horror of horrors! When Donald opened his eyes the tail had already wound itself neatly about the body of his friend. He saw the look of a lost soul in Pat's eyes, and he cried out to him to have courage. The ball of fire had left the scene and was now racing across the world at a dizzy speed. Donald observed its flight with a sickening feeling in the pit of his belly.

When he again focused his eyes on his friend, Pat was grinning like a laughing hyena. Donald felt sorry for the man, knew his brain had cracked under the terrific strain of the past few moments. He pressed his hand to his own head, which didn't feel any too clear at the moment. Maybe his own brain would cease to function any moment. It was a powerful power that might and the whole universe appeared to be out of joint.

While these thoughts were taking shape in the head of Donald Ferguson, a strange thing happened. It was something he never could account for, but in less than a split second he, too, was in the grip of the fiery tail and right beside his friend, Pat O'Shea. For some time they were whirled round at a dizzy speed. Then they were lifted clear off the ground and borne away into space.

How far they had been carried up in the air Donald could not say. The night was so black that he had lost all sense of distance.

As for Pat O'Shea—well, that poor chap never did regain his senses and it is said that to the day of his death he just kept on laughing and laughing.

The next story: The Crazy Cabin.

From a Famous Salon to you!



the new, improved Richard Hudnut home permanent

Direct from a famous Fifth Avenue salon to you! Same preparations as used in expensive salon waxes. Simple, step-by-step directions. Latest improvements to insure a softer, more flattering wave in far less time! Ask for the new, improved RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT at our cosmetic counter; \$3.25. Refills \$1.75.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON

The Harvey Girls

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

"I can't for the life of me see why you can't be satisfied here. I'll tell you, Alma. You stay here and do your work and I'll give you a dollar a week spending money. Take a day and think it over."

Alma Seelye took her day of thought. The end of her thinking was that she mailed the letter.

"What if you was born on the far side of the locks," said Grandpa Hiltfinger. "You don't hafta stay there."

"I know that as well as you do," stated Hazel Biggs calmly.

"Then why doncha dick down your game is money. Find the bank and vammy?"

"You know I've tried, Grandpop."

"Teachin' school in a one-hoss town!" snorted the old man. "Clerkin' in a grocery store. Gal, your game is money. Find the feller that's got it, and git him."

"Show him to me," said Miss Hazel Biggs ferociously.

"Not here," said Captain Hiltfinger. "This canal country is dreaned out. The time to go fishin' is when the fish is bitin' and the place to git money is where the money is makin'."

What does Horace Greeley say? "Go West, Folks; go West!"

Discontent shadowed the beauty of the face before him. "Who'll pay my way? Will you?"

"W. H. H. Hartsey, Esq. of Sandrock."

The girl stared. "Who is he, and where is Sandrock?"

Grandpa Hiltfinger elected to answer the latter query first. "Sandrock is out in Mountain Territory. When I re-returned from the Erie, I towed the Far West, and stopped off there. The town ain't much to look at, the men-

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

The Hands

Grease and dirt will be much easier to remove from the hands if a little sugar is added to the soap lather, and the hands will be soft and white. Keep sugar for this purpose in a convenient place in a tin can with perforated top.

Potatoes

Scalloped potatoes will be delicious if they are made with potatoes that are not peeled. Scrub well, slice very thin, then continue in the usual manner.

Powder Stains

Stains on a garment that are caused by face powder can be removed by sponging with turpentine.

folks is mostly rough. But, say, there's stuff there. Gold, silver, copper, melle oil, timber and cattle creatures. Only needs development. That's where the real money comes from."

"Has Mr. Hartsey got it?"

"That's for you to find out! He went off on another tangent. You know, Hazel, after the excitin' life of the Erie it ain't so easy to find a way of amusin' my de clinic' years."

"I know, Grandpop," she said sympathetically. "It must be dul for you here."

"No more'n for you. Not a much, you bein' young. Well, I (Continued on Page 3)

Needlecraft FOR THE HOME



NEEDLECRAFT FOR THE HOME

SEPARATES IN SEASON

Two smart separates—to magnify the size of your wardrobe! The flaring skirt can be cut in a mid-calf or the longer "after five" length. The blouse features full three-quarter sleeves, a ruffled yoke. Two separate patterns.

No. 2450 is cut in waist sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 28 shortest length, 4 1/2 yards 39-inch; longer length, 5 1/2 yards 39-inch.

No. 2445 is cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16, 2 1/2 yards 39-inch.

Send 20c for each PATTERN which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you want. Include postal unit, or some number in your address.

Address Pattern Department, The Charlotteville Guardian, Pattern Nos. 2450 and 2445

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"Well, for heaven's sake! You're not coming empty-handed, are you?"