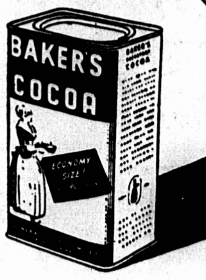
Woman's Realm — Social and Personal — Fashions — Literature



For Real Cocoa Nourishment

YOU'LL enjoy Baker's Cocoa for its delicious smoothness—its rich, satisfying flavor. You'll benefit from the proteins, fats, carbohydrates and minerals it contains.

Be sure to prepare it according to the recipe on the package. Up to 90 servings from the 1-lb. size. Good for baking, too.

BAKER'S COCOA

C173 A Product of General Foods

Living & Leisure
The Woman's Realm

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
With all the love you can.

LAUNDRYMEN'S ADVICE

Laundry experts say that shirts will wear better if the collars and cuffs are turned up and thoroughly soaped along the folds before being placed in the tub or washing machine for laundering.

To make quick lemonade squeeze out enough fresh lemon juice for 2 or 3 days, add half as much sugar as you have juice and put it in a covered glass jar in the refrigerator. It will keep fresh and you have only to add ice water to it when serving.

COLLEGE GIRL HAS STYLE OF HER OWN

NEW YORK —Under the direction of B. Altman & Co., the college girl develops a style of her own, and in this instance style should be written with a capital S. The clothes that were promenaded in the newly-opened college shop spelled college in every line without being collegiate, in the old sense of the word.

In watching the presentation one had the feeling that college styles have turned a corner and are taking a new place. They are young, they are lovely, they are serious — they have left non-sense behind them. To illustrate —slipovers were neatly tucked into skirts, banishing the loose bunching look at the waist. Jumpers were teamed up with slick blouses, trim and neat in every line, yet colorful and full of dash. One had the feeling that the girls were turned out as boys in uniform would like to see them.

It is important to know the correct way to put on stockings, also to wash rayons before the first wearing to assure better fit and better wear. Most women pull the stocking out of shape when they put it on. By fitting the heel first of all, then passing the hand under the arch to smooth the stocking down to the toe, and lastly working it up gently over the instep and up the front of the leg, the hose will fit better and keep its shape longer. The back seam should never be pulled up as this stretches the stocking and causes the looseness around the ankles which is the principal complaint about all rayon hosiery.

SALAD DRESSING

To one cup of mayonnaise, add a teaspoon curry powder, teaspoon chopped scallions. Teaspoon chopped scallion tops, teaspoon wafer-thin radish slices. Blend together and chill.

LUNCH IMPORTANCE

It is hard to work after lunch? The sort of lunch eaten really does make a difference to the amount of vim Canadians are able to bring into afternoon jobs. For afternoon pep on hot summer days have a crisp, fresh salad, brown bread and butter and a glass of milk for lunch.

TOMATOES CREAM OF CROP FOR VITAMIN C

Though seasonally outranked by some fruits, tomatoes are the cream of the crop for year-round dependability as a source of Vitamin C in the Canadian diet.

During their all too short growing season, black and red currants, strawberries and raspberries are veritable vitamin mines, but they are here today and gone tomorrow while tomatoes, fresh or canned, can be depended upon as a year round source of supply.

People need a certain known amount of Vitamin C every day, say the authorities at Nutrition Services in Ottawa. Unfortunately, the body cannot build up a reserve supply of this vitamin in summer when foods containing it are most plentiful. Towards the end of winter when sources of Vitamin C are none too abundant and expensive into the bargain, many Canadians do not get enough of this important vitamin to supply their daily needs.

Nutrition Services suggests that everyone who can possibly do so, should can tomatoes in the next few weeks for winter use. Locally grown, vine-ripened tomatoes not only have the best flavour but carry the most vitamins under their rosy skins.

Needlecraft
For The Home

TO MARKET TO MARKET In This Simple Frock

The roomy patch pockets and tie belt make this dress more than just a shirt-maker. You'll always feel cool and at your ease when you don it. Try the buttons in some bright color, if you make the dress in a solid shade. This dress is just the thing for town or country.

Style No. 3412 is designed for sizes 12 to 20, 36 to 50. Size 36 requires 4 1-4 yds. 35-in. fabric. Pattern is hand-cut to United States Standard Measurements and includes chart with step-by-step instructions.

Send twenty cents for pattern. Write your name, address and style number. Be sure to state size you wish.

Name

Street Address

City Province

NOT UNDERSTOOD

Old Gaffer Muggins, who was as deaf as an owl, met the vicar as he was strolling down the village street.

"Ah, Muggins," boomed the vicar, "there's spring in the air."

"What's that you say?" asked Muggins.

"I said spring in the air," thundered the vicar.

"Why should I?" snapped the old man.

KELLOGG'S ASTHMA RELIEF
FOR ASTHMA & HAYFEVER

Karin Ellis

(By Michael Jackson)
Author of Popular Stories in National Magazines

CHAPTER XI

In Norwich there was no one at the station except an expressman and the station man. Emily stood under the wing of the building, her collar up about her face. The sleet began to soak through her shoes and she moved foot to foot for a few minutes before she walked toward the square to get a cab.

Coming into Hilltown, she saw that it was as it had always been; the drab little houses, identical in design and slovenly neglect, uncurtained windows and chipped grayish paint. Hilltown was too new to be quaint, too old to be bright.

She was not aware that the car had stopped until the driver turned and said, "Here it is. Doc Tillotson's place."

The door was unlocked. And when she stepped into the darkened hallway she was conscious of the thick musty smell. Immediately all the strangeness slipped away from her. She was home. She stood there a moment, her bag still in her hand, shaking the moisture from her coat. When she looked up she saw her mother at the top of the stairs. "Yes?" Mrs. Tillotson squinted down toward the darkness. "Yes?"

"It's Emily, Mother."

"Why, Emily!" Mrs. Tillotson came down the stairs quite slowly, stiffly, and Emily saw that she was an old woman. She was wearing a black, shapeless dress, and her tread was soundless, her feet in worn house slippers.

They pecked cheeks. "Well, Emily! Well!" Mrs. Tillotson studied Emily for a moment with rheumy blue eyes that were now framed by rimless glasses.

"How is he, Mother? How is Father?"

Mrs. Tillotson turned on the light and now, seeing Emily more clearly, there was admiration in her eyes. "He's asleep now," she said. "Leastways, he was a minute ago. They said he might die Thursday. But he didn't. Now they think he might be all right unless there's a relapse." Mrs. Tillotson stared at Emily.

"What is it?"

"It's the Spanish influenza. It's all over town. You can't get a nurse for love or money."

"You have the doctor though?"

"Ayeh. Doctor Frawley. He's from Hartford."

Emily was quiet, staring out beyond her mother. She wanted to run upstairs. Yet, if the Doctor were sleeping, she did not want to disturb what might be precious rest. She moved into the parlor and sat on the couch in the darkness. Mrs. Tillotson padded in behind her and flicked on a lamp. "The Germans put the germs in the reservoir," Mrs. Tillotson said. "Now everybody has the Spanish influenza. I don't drink any water. Just tea, Like a cup of tea, Emily?"

"No."

"Oh, Emily, I must tell you! Your Aunt Emily Winship was here Thursday. Big as life."

There was a pause and Emily felt that she must say something. "Was she?"

Mrs. Tillotson moved to the edge of her seat. "Big as life. About three in the afternoon it was. I went to the door and when I got there, there she was. So I said, 'I'm delighted to see you, Mrs. Winship. Won't you come in? It ain't like your place, but you be right at home. After all,' I told her, joking kind of and yet not disrespectful, 'you own it, don't you?'

"Well, she come in all right and I showed her up to the room and I said, 'The Doctor is your brother and he'll be glad to see you. I guess we'll all miss him if it's the Lord's will.' Well, I guess she was kind of ashamed for not coming to the house sooner, because she didn't say very much. And even in the room with the Doctor she didn't say much. She just sat there by the side of the bed and the Doctor looked kind of surprised and then sort of glad. 'Well, Sister!' he said. And she said. 'Hello, Abraham. You are going to get well, ain't you?' The Doctor said, 'Sure, I'll be fit as a fiddle.' I told her to go ahead and kiss the Doctor as long as they had made up after all these years. But she didn't. She just looked at the Doctor and then she left."

Mrs. Tillotson talked on. Words. Someone had died. In the middle of the story, Emily rose and began to walk slowly up and down the room.

"Why don't you get to bed?" Mrs. Tillotson asked from her chair. "You look tired. City ways, I expect."

"I am tired."

"Then go to bed. I'll fix the couch. I'm sleeping in your room since the Doctor—"

"I think I'll look in at Father." She went up the stairs on tiptoe, and her lips began to tremble When she opened the door there was nothing to see. The room was dark and the position of the bed had been changed to the far side of the room. She heard the steady, even breathing and followed it to the bed. She peered into the darkness a moment before she knelt beside the bed. Very slowly, softly, so that it would not awaken him, she ran her hand over the Doctor's forehead, breathing into her hand first so that he would not feel the cold.

She knelt there for some time, her head on the pillow next to his head, and when she rose to go her legs were cramped. She rubbed them for a moment, then walked toward the door. Halfway there, she heard him move and she was quiet until his breathing should become regular again. But his breathing did not become regular and in a while, she heard his weak voice. "Emily. Is that you, Emily?"

"Yes, Father. I'm home." She went and sat beside him, taking his hand in both of hers. She laid her head on his shoulder.

"You must be quite a woman now," the Doctor said.

"It's been a long time."

"Seven, eight years it must be." the Doctor said.

"Yes. Have you been all right —up to now?"

"All right."

"You'd never write," Emily said, stroking his forehead. "I'd write and you'd never answer."

"Well, you know."

"Sure, Father, I know."

The Doctor took a long breath and Emily felt that he might be going to sleep again. But when, in five minutes, she moved to get up, he was not asleep. "Put on the light, Emily. I'd like to look at you."

TAKE TWO—STORY . . . . . CW

She rose, patted his cheek, and went to the wall switch. And in the light she moved to the centre of the room, feeling his approving eyes on her, hearing his soft mutter, "Yes. Yes." Then she looked at him. And she saw. There was no one thing about him, she told herself, that should alarm her. Yet, even as she told herself this, a small, gasping sound escaped from her.

She turned quickly so that he could not see her face, and snapped off the light. She supported herself against the wall. "I guess that's enough for now," she said when she had found her voice.

The Doctor did not die for two days.

Most of that time he slept, but for minutes at a stretch he was awake and aware and once he called Mrs. Tillotson in the room and said, "I want to thank you. You've been very kind." And when Mrs. Tillotson remained at the door, her eyes blinking, he added rather petulantly, "All right. All right. You can go now."

Emily seldom left the room. Having seen her father's slow awakening smile on finding her at his bedside, she could not think of his waking to find her gone. She did not allow herself to think of his never opening his eyes.

And occasionally, because she felt that she should, Emily went down into the kitchen to drink strong black tea with her mother. Mrs. Tillotson talked. Once Emily interrupted her to say, "What will you do if anything happens?"

"Do?" Mrs. Tillotson pressed her thin lips over her teeth. "I don't know, Emily. I like it here, Emily. I'm used to it here."

"Then you don't have to leave—ever," Emily assured her, watching her mother's relief. "I can send you a little every week and I'll talk to Aunt Emily about your staying on here."

Emily was afraid to leave the house. Once, however, at her mother's insistence, she did go out briefly for fresh air. She went down to the river where the grass was stiff and dead underfoot and she saw the rock where she and her father used to sit, but it was a small rock now, hardly large enough for two. She remembered the day—that green spring day—when she had told her father that she was going away from him. And now she was not going away from him—he was going from her.

She stood there a while, scuffing her toe against an imbedded pebble. She loosened it from the earth and started back to the house. Her mother was standing at the door, waiting for her. "Oh, Emily," her mother whispered, "the—"

"Yes, Mother. Yes. I know. Did he ask for me? Did he say anything?"

"I don't know. I heard something, and when I went upstairs —and, well, there he was."

"Then he died alone."

"Yes, Emily. He was alone."

(To be continued)

Dorothy Dix Says—

MEN, WOMEN ALIKE, A STREAK OF ANGEL, LOT OF BAD IN EACH

Males' Loyalty To One Another Is Matter Of Conjecture; Women Started Uplift Movements

One of the myths that die hardest is the belief that all women are cats, and that their chief delight in life is in clawing each other to pieces. It is not strange that men fall for this theory, because the great majority of them know just as little about the workings of a woman's mind as they do about the habits of the fauna of Darkest Africa, but it is amazing that women, themselves, who should know better, also credit it.

Every day you hear people making invidious comparisons between the sex loyalty of men and women They say how much better men stand by each other than women do; that men are always ready to help each other and push each other's fortunes, while women are longing for a chance to get into each other's hair; that men make so much truer friends than women do; that women can never get along together harmoniously as men do, and so on and so forth. You would think to hear them that the entire masculine sex was a band of Boy Scouts, bent on doing good deeds for each other, while women just waited for a sister woman to stick out her neck to give her the ax.

GOOD AND BAD IN BOTH SEXES

All of which is, of course, just sheer nonsense, because all human nature is cut off of the same bolt of cloth, and when it comes to good qualities and bad, men and women are much of a mudhness. Good and bad, altruistic and self-centered, a streak of the angel and a lot of the devil, and whether they wear petticoats or pants doesn't have anything to do with it.

Now, just for a little clean fun, let's examine some of these assertions that are so widely made and so generally accepted that men are so much helpful to each other than women are. Well, doesn't that depend altogether on whether the men want the same thing or not? There isn't very much Alfonse and Gaston politeness in business. Nor do political opponents tout each other's superior qualifications for the office they are running for. Nor in love do you observe one suitor withdrawing and handling over the lady to his rival.

Whether men stand by each other better than women do is a matter for conjecture, but let it not be forgotten that there has not been a movement for the uplift of women that hasn't been started by women, and financed by women, and run by women. There isn't a poor, foolish girl who stumbles off of the straight and narrow path who doesn't find some foman's hand held out to help her, if she wants to come back to decency and right-living. There isn't a drab of the street who cannot find refuge in some shelter than her pitying sisters have made for her.

WOMEN HELP THEIR SISTERS IN NEED

And in everyday life the way women help other women is one of the finest and most generous thing in this hard-boiled old world. The woman who has a good job is always looking out far a place in her organization for some other woman. Teachers, weary after their long day in the school room, coach other women for some position they want. And the number of poor landlords who keep girls on who are out of work and cannot pay for their board, is only known to the Recording Angel, who keeps tally of the good deeds that are going to be a passport to the reserved seats in Heaven

As for saying that women can't get along together as harmoniously as men do tut, tut. Did you ever attend a political rally and listen to the things the speakers had to say about each other and the names they called each other? And how do you account for the great philanthropic and religious organizations of women that go on functioning year after year, or even the fact that in every city and hamlet in the country there are women's clubs that are going concerns, while so many of the men's have simply folded up and quit?

MEN FAIR WEATHER FRIENDS TO WOMEN

As to men being better friends to women than women are, that is another fallacy. Men are fair weather friends to women. As long as women are good-looking and well and jolly and amusing, men like to be with them and to send them flowers and candy and give them other evidences of friendship. But men are allergic to sick rooms and tears and tales of woe. They leave a card or two on the afflicted one, help a little with money and that is about all. When Jenny or Mary or Sadie gets depressing, it is good-bye.

When a woman is in trouble, it is her women friends who rally about her; who come and listen to her tell over and over and over again about how her husband has forsaken her; who mingle their tears with hers when she grieves over her dead child; who buy her daubs of painting when she tries to make a few dollars, and who badger their own husbands or fathers or brothers into giving her a job.

No, women aren't cats. Or, if they are, they are the soft kind that purr under your hand and make nice household pets.

LUCKY

Nancy Worth, one of the ten lucky starlets, is living up to the title, since she and the other members of the starlet group have had their contracts renewed. Nancy will be seen in Warner Bros. "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

HEALTH LEAGUE OF CANADA

SALADS

We should have at least one fresh raw, vegetable each day. Salads are the answer.

In a salad you can serve an endless variety of the fruits and vegetables which are so rich in minerals and vitamins. Because you can use almost any kind of food or combination of foods, in salads, they may solve the problem of using left-overs.

If you include generous proportions of meat, fish, poultry, cheese or egg in your salad, you may serve it as a main dish. Salads consisting mainly of fruits and vegetables may be served as an accompaniment to a meal or in the case of fruit salads as a dessert.

If you follow the simple rules advocated by the Women's Institute Branch, you will have an appetising salad.

(1) Use clean, crisp, tender greens
(2) Keep all salad materials dry and well chilled
(3) Cut the ingredients in attractive shapes and suitable sizes
(4) Use foods to make good flavour and colour combinations.
(5) Add sufficient dressing to season well but not enough to make the salad watery.
(6) Add the dressing just before serving.
(7) Use strong flavour, such as onion, sparingly.
(8) Make an attractive arrangement, avoid a flat effect.
(9) Select a suitable garnish, preferably one that may be eaten.

When combining the ingredients use a spoon or fork and toss them together lightly with the dressing. Almost any proportion of ingredients may be used.

To serve with your salad you may choose one of several things. Hot cheese biscuits, hard rolls, crisp crackers, toast fingers, melba toast or cheese straws. You could spread crackers with butter and brown in the oven or add grated cheese. Toast fingers are made by cutting stale bread in slices 1-3" thick, spread the slices with butter and then cut into 1-3" wide strips. Bake in hot oven until browned.

Write to the Health League of Canada, 111 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario for "Salads that are Different."

A Morning Smile

The Plumber —Come, be good. You like me, don't you?

The Cook —Get on the job, plumber. I won't have it said that any man was paid two dollars an hour for courting me.

THE COOK'S CORNER

NEW ENGLAND STEAMED BLUEBERRY PUDDING

1 cup flour
1 1-2 teaspoons baking powder
1-2 teaspoon salt
1-2 cup butter
1-2 cup dry bread crumbs
1-2 cup sugar
1 1-2 cup blueberries
1 egg, well beaten
2-3 cup milk

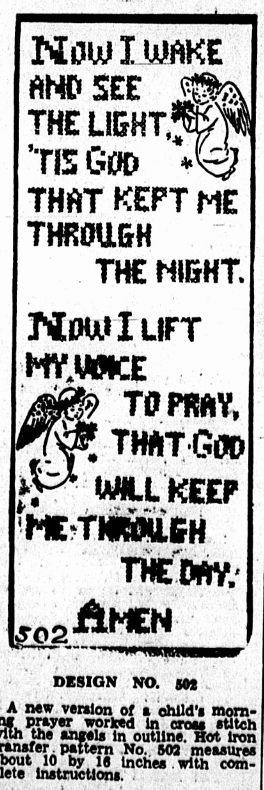
Combine the flour and baking powder; add the salt. Sift together several times. Cut in the butter, and add the bread crumbs and sugar. Mix in the blueberries, egg and milk. Pour into a steamer, and steam for two hours. Serve with creamy hard sauce.

Old Mill Dam Blueberry Cake

1-2 cup shortening
3-4 cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 scant cup milk
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
Pinch salt
Dash cinnamon
Dash nutmeg
1 cup blueberries

Cream the shortening and sugar; add the egg. To this mixture add alternately the milk and the dry ingredients sifted together. Add the blueberries and bake.

A BEAUTIFUL CROSS STITCH SAMPLER



DESIGN NO. 502

A new version of a child's morning prayer worked in cross stitch with the angels in outline. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 502 measures about 10 by 16 inches with complete instructions.

To order pattern: Write, or send stamps to Needlework Bureau above picture with your name and address with 15 cents in coin or stamps.

Charlottetown Guardian.
Needlework Department.

Design No. 502

NAME — — — — — — — — — — —

STREET ADDRESS — — — — —

CITY — — — PROVINCE — — —

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 Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Q. My son lives at home where he has his breakfast each day and four lunches a week, but he has to get his dinner at a boardng house. Who is entitled to his ration book?

A. Since your son gets the majority of his meals at home, you should correspond as nearly as possible... ority of his coupons to get his supply of rationed commodities. However, as he eats his dinner at a boarding house, his landlady there is supplying part of his share of rations and therefore has a right to this amount . . . of course the number of coupons used by the boarding house on your son's behalf shuold correspond as nearly as possible to the amount of tea, coffee, sugar, butter and meat he is served. These details will have to be ironed out as equitably and fairly as possible among the three of you.

Q. My baby was born May 30. Because of illness I was unable to get down to our local ration board office until August. They gave me only two sugar coupons. As I am trying to put down fruit for the baby as well as myself, am I not entitled to sugar coupons back to the date of birth?

A. As you were not able to go down to the local ration board office when the baby was born, you could have had a friend or relative get the baby's book for you at that time. You can quite understand that it is impractical to m[ake] rationing regulations so flexible to permit the issuing of back co[u]pons to people who have not bo[th]ered to apply for their fair share [at] the appointed time.

Now Wac

Faye Emerson strides along the Warner Bros. lot on her way to the stage where production is under way for "Women at War." Faye plays a WAC (formerly WAAC) in this new Technicolor Short. "Women at War" is a story of the women who wear the uniform of Uncle Sam, and relieve men for more active duties on the battlefronts.

No Secret When You Have BAD BREATH

Play Safe—USE COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER

If it's kissin' you're missin[g] remember this—76% of all adul[ts] have bad breath. And unfortu[n]ately, OTHERS always detect before YOU do. Take no chance[s]. Use Colgate's Tooth Powder.

Scientific tests prove conclusive[ly] that in seven out of ten cases Colgate's Tooth Powder instantl[y] stops oral bad breath.

SAVES YOU MONEY!

Compared to other leading brands a large tin of Colgate's gives yo[u] up to 30 more brushings, a giant ti[n] up to 46 more brushings—for no[t] a penny more!

TIP TO SMOKERS!

Colgate's Tooth Powder is one of the quickest, easiest ways to guar[d] against tobacco stain and tobacco breath! Get Colgate's today.

COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER 12½c 25c 40c

CLEANS YOUR BREATH AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Home Service

Money Earned by Women [at] Home

MONEY TO CARRY OUT P[LANS,] DREAMS!

"I'm helping too!" Proud wo[rds] from a housewife, earning mon[ey] that may make possible new fur[ni]ture, education, a new home!

Successful home earners ha[ve] discovered that the way to ea[rn] money is to be "different," but i[t's] not hard to be different!

Look at Mrs. U. who made home dress shop different simp[ly] by having an "exclusive" stock one-of-a-kind dresses. Her adve[r]tising was different, too, cheap b[ut] charming—postcards that sa[id] "Come to the Back Door Shop. lots of fun."

Another way is to offer quali[ty] yes and to charge for it. Mrs. built a flourishing cake busine[ss] on a super angel cake she priced $1.50, making 35 per cent. profit each one. And there's Mrs. F. w[ho] offered low price, selling te[a] sandwiches to those who could[n't] afford caterers' wares.

You needn't invest money or specially talented to earn at hom[e]. Our 32-page booklet explains fi[ve] main rules of home business su[c]cess, tells how other women started making money; describ[es] enterprises you might try. H[as] ideas for women who can sew, kn[it], crochet, cook, type, be helpful.

Send 15 cents in coins fo[r] copy of "21 Ways to Earn Mo[ney] at Home to the Charlotteto[wn] Guardian Home Service Addr[ess]. Be sure to write plainly your na[me], address and the name of book.

Name

Street Address

City Provi[nce]

War—25 Year[s] Ago Today

AUGUST 25, 1918 —British ... road from Albert to Bapaume, captured Mabetz, Martinpuich Le Sars as successful actions c[on]tinued with 17,000 prisoners ta[ken] during the Somme advance. Fr[ench] bombed railways and assem[bly] zones at Laon, Jussy and Po[...]