

# Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

## WAKE UP WITH THIS HOT BREAKFAST

Nature stored more of the great growth and vitality elements—protein—in whole grain oatmeal—than in any other natural cereal you can serve your family! To get the best results available, you must use this extra-vitality protection of Quaker Oats more than ever! Quaker Oats is so outstanding that it contains nine out of eleven food elements short in many present day diets! Serve delicious Quaker Oats daily! Children simply love Quaker Oats. It's so smart to protect your family's health and vitality by serving the one best cereal when so many other foods are rationed.



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## Living & Leisure The Woman's Realm

### "PRAYER HYMN"

Lord of all pots and pans and things, since I've no time to be  
by doing lovely things or watching late with Thee,  
I dream in the dawnlight of storming Heaven's gates,  
Make me a saint by gentle means, and washing up the plates.  
Although I must have Martha's hands, I have a Mary mind,  
and when I black the pots and pans, I think of how they trod the earth  
when times were scrubbing floors.  
Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time for more.  
Warm all the kitchen with Thy love, and light it with Thy peace;  
Forgive me all my worrying and make all grumbling cease.  
Thou who didst live to give men food, in room, or by the sea,  
Accept this service that I do—I do it unto Thee.  
—M. K. H. (Full name of author unknown.)

### COMFORTS FOR SAILORS

Britain's knitters have seen to it that sailors on minesweepers, patrol vessels, tugs and other small craft aren't going cold. More than 3,000,000 knitted garments have been sent to the "little ships" since the war started, said Sir Basil Brook, treasurer to the Queen and chairman of the Royal Navy Knitted Garments Depot.

### HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

How does a girl act when men in uniform whistle at her? The very best way to meet the situation is to smile and go your way. No need to be angry. The boys are away from home and the girls they know, and are lonely.

### FRIEND OF BRITAIN

The King and the Prime Minister sent congratulations to Queen Salote of Tonga, or the Friendly Islands, when she celebrated the silver jubilee of her coronation. This wise ruler of 32,000 subjects in the southwest Pacific, who models her life on Queen Victoria, is also an enthusiastic motorist, golfer and yachtswoman. Queen Salote, whose family ruled before the Norman Conquest, lives in a modern car and dresses in black. She recently made a gift of \$10,000 to Britain. She and simple in her home life. Queen Salote is an ardent Wesleyan. Married at 17, she succeeded to the throne the following year, her husband becoming Prince Consort. He is also Premier.

### EARLIEST DOMESTIC HORSE

The horse has again come into his own. He is being used in ever-increasing numbers for commerce and industry. When did the horse, as we know him, begin?  
The horse as a domestic animal in all probability, dates back to prehistoric times; there is more than one theory regarding the taming of this intelligent animal. One belief is that the first change-over from the wild to the domestic state among horses occurred in Northern Europe—the domesticated horse is said to have wandered into Britain about 2000 B. C.  
Another opinion is that the horse was first tamed in the Altai region of Central Asia. There are records indicating the horse had already been domesticated in the Near East about 2500 B. C.  
The oldest known picture of a rider on a horseback was found scratched on stone during excavations by archeologists. This find is estimated to date back to the end of the fourth century B. C.  
—Alan A. Brown.

### SCRAMBLED ATTIRE

Parisian creation 1943—blue slacks, a top garment made from a French silk slip, a French blouse and part of a tartan skirt, a gaily hat, made from the rest of the tartan skirt, and a roomy, wide-brimmed hat. Miss Rolfe brought back to England with her when repatriated recently. Miss Rolfe had spent nearly three years in Vittel prison camp near Paris where clothes were catch as catch can. The great-haired woman could only the few things she could snatch when she was arrested in December, 1940, to last during her imprisonment.

### PROTECT PAIR

Enamel pails are not so readily plentiful nowadays, but if the bottom of yours has worn into small spots, don't worry. It can be made quite watertight again for hot or cold water. First wash the pail inside and out and dry thoroughly. Then turn the pail upside down and paint the bottom with a thick coat of enamel. While this enamel is still wet spread a piece of stout calico over it to fit. Press it down so that it sticks, then apply another coat of enamel over the calico. When that is dry, apply a second coat, making sure that the enamel goes well up over the edges.

Rust stains on porcelain sinks and bathtubs should be removed as soon as possible. If you want your plumbing fixtures to last, and if you catch the rust soon enough it is fairly easy to remove. Make a fairly thick paste of scouring powder and cool oil, rub this on the stain, and wash with hot suds. If this does not entirely remove the mark, leave a solution of Javelle water or other liquid bleach—one tablespoon of bleach to one gallon of water—standing in the sink or bathtub overnight.

If you have an old suede jacket that has become worn around the neckband and wrists rip it and wash it with warm suds. Dry it and cut it over for a lining. It will make child's coat invulnerable to icy winds and cold.

The house will feel warmer if chairs and sofas are moved away from outside walls. There may be as much as 10 degrees difference in the temperature of the room near a window.

## Dorothy Dix Says—

### NAZI WON'T FEAR SOLDIER WHO CAN'T REFUSE TO MARRY GIRL

#### Matrimonial Gangsters Try To Force Youths Into Wedlock With Pretty Eyes Instead Of Guns

DEAR MISS DIX—Will you please speed this letter, for I am on a hot spot and need help in getting out of it. I am 30 years old. In the army, I have been along with girls for about seven or eight months. She claims that she is in love with me and insists on my marrying her right now before I am sent abroad. But I don't want to be married during the war. Besides, I have an old mother to support. During depression Mother supported me and I feel it is my turn to support Mother.



My worst trouble is that my girl friend calls me a sissy because I don't want to be married before going overseas. Please advise me and make the advice hard, for I am not ready to take a wife and make her the right sort of a worried private.

#### A WORRIED PRIVATE

#### A MATRIMONIAL GANGSTER

ANSWER—Well, soldier, what sort of a fighting guy are you going to make if you haven't enough guts to take a girl who is determined to marry you against your will? The Nazis or the Japs will not have much to fear from you if you are a coward. You will surrender without firing a shot in defense of your liberty. But when you have enough sense to see that any girl who tries to force you to marry her is just a matrimonial gangster? She is a robber, bent on taking your pocketbook away from you, and the fact that she holds him up with a pair of blue eyes or brown eyes instead of a gun, makes no difference in the case. And why men so seldom have the intestinal fortitude to ever try to protect themselves against these highway women is one of the mysteries of masculine psychology that nobody can explain. They just throw up their hands and quit. A man seems to think that if a girl wants to marry him, he has to let her do it, no matter whether he wants to or not. And apparently it never occurs to him that she is on the lookout for a meal ticket and thinks it would be easier to work a husband than to work behind a counter, or that the first woman to be married because all the other girls are doing it. Believe me, soldier, you would be surprised if you knew what hard-boiled schemers a lot of these innocent little babes are. In your case this is every reason why you should brace up and have enough backbone to refuse to let this girl take you for a ride to the altar. In the first place, you don't want to be married and don't want to marry her, and you will let yourself in for a lifetime of misery if you do. In the second place you are in no position to support a wife, no matter if she wanted one. And thirdly, and most important of all, your girl is your mother. She is the woman who is not able to work, and the girl is young and strong and amply able to take care of herself. That gives Mother the first call on you.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—Don't think me a cranky old lady. I am just hurt. My son has been married ten years and has three children. I love them all, but I don't love my son. I don't ever feel that I have been a martyr, but I have practically been at the head and tail ever since the first baby came. They are grateful to me for what I have done for them, but I have the feeling that they are taking me for granted. On my last birthday they said they wanted to give me a gift, but months have gone by and I have not received it; while many of my women friends, who have had birthdays since mine, have gotten nice presents and cards from their children. Please print this letter as it may wake up some other careless children. A NEGLECTED MOTHER.

#### TAKING FOLKS FOR GRANTED BIG COMPLIMENT

ANSWER—Once I knew a woman who was in her fifties, strong, healthy, robust, possessed of all her faculties, (except a little common sense) who refused to stir out of the house unless she was leaning upon the arm of a man. She was not a widow, but she was not able to work, and they had to leave their work or their play to support grandma when she took her daily promenade. Asked why she made this demand upon them, she replied that it was because it made the neighbors see that she was treated with respect by her family. I had thought that she was in a class all by herself for neurotic vanity, but when you make yourself miserable because your family don't go around praising you, you are in a class all by yourself. You say that you love your son and your grandchildren and that you are grateful for all your kindnes to them, but you are grumpy that they don't make enough fuss over you. Your grievance is that they take you for granted, yet that is the greatest compliment that they can pay you. A lot of the realties that are granted are those whose goodness and kindness and love we utterly trust. If your children showed you no affection or appreciation, you would have a right to complain, but it seems that such is not the case. You are sure of their devotion, but you are not satisfied with that. You want them to make a public demonstration of it, something that you can flaunt in the faces of your friends and make them green-eyed. A lot of the realties that are granted are those whose goodness and kindness and love we utterly trust. If your children showed you no affection or appreciation, you would have a right to complain, but it seems that such is not the case. You are sure of their devotion, but you are not satisfied with that. You want them to make a public demonstration of it, something that you can flaunt in the faces of your friends and make them green-eyed.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—We, being respectable girls, would appreciate your advice on how to treat a situation regarding the upkeep of the servicemen's morale. We would not be satisfied with that. You want them to make a public demonstration of it, something that you can flaunt in the faces of your friends and make them green-eyed. A lot of the realties that are granted are those whose goodness and kindness and love we utterly trust. If your children showed you no affection or appreciation, you would have a right to complain, but it seems that such is not the case. You are sure of their devotion, but you are not satisfied with that. You want them to make a public demonstration of it, something that you can flaunt in the faces of your friends and make them green-eyed.

ANSWER—Well, Lorraine and Dottie, keeping up your own morale is a lot more important than keeping up the soldiers' morale. So the thing for you to do is to turn down those soldiers who are on the make and have their own lives on the prowl and they bode you no good. Keep away from them.

#### A Job Only You Can Do

Free 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 low relief. The answers are provided by the Board Readers. Persons who have intelligent questions to ask no price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the War Times Prices and Trade Board.

Q. Has any date been set for the expiration of rationing coupons?  
A. Yes. Canning sugar coupons will expire in the hands of the consumer, Dec. 31, 1943.

Q. We are expecting relatives from the United States to spend the holidays with us. Can we obtain special rations for them? Local Ration Board.  
A. Yes. Apply to your Local Ration Board.

Q. Is corn syrup rationed?  
A. Definitely yes. corn syrup is rationed. I wish to kill a pig for a farmer in my neighborhood. Must I have a license to do this?  
A. No, you will not need a license if the meat is to be used by the farmer or to be sold to a neighbor for consumption on his farm. The farmer should get in touch with his local Ration Board, advising them when he wishes to have the pig killed. They will advise him how many coupons he must surrender for this meat.

Q. "BY ANY OTHER NAME."  
A. Rabbit fur, after processing may be known as any of these: Coney, Legin, French sea, French beaver, ermine, near seal, polar seal, marmaline, ermine or squirrel.

#### TILLIE THE TOLLER - TIMELY SYMPATHY.



## Mr. Winkle Goes To War

### As they got out, he glanced at the tent, set at one side among the trees. Ordinarily the off-duty members of the machine-gun crew would be rolling or sleeping there. It was empty.

Up on the low ridge, fifty feet away, a helmeted head appeared above the sand. It was the Alpha-Bet. Recognizing them, he waved briefly and then disappeared. "It ain't like him," Mr. Tinker observed, "not to be hospitable to his friends."

Mr. Winkle took their tools from the back seat of the jeep. His hands shook a little. He pulled his helmet still more securely over his head and said, "We'd better get to work."

"We can take a minute," Mr. Tinker said, "to see what's going on up there."

Reluctantly, Mr. Winkle followed him to the ridge. They received a very warm welcome. "If you got to come here," Sergeant Czesdeszkowski snapped, "get down in."

They scrambled below ground level, hunching themselves into the fox hole, crowding Freddie, Jack, and the other men who sat listening for a moment and then returned over the ocean.

Freddie, at the machine gun, five yards away, pointed across the beach, and said, "Maybe you'll be in time for the performance."

"If they try any landing here," Jack whispered, "they'll get blasted back to where they came from." He fingered grenades hanging from his belt.

Mr. Winkle looked at the boy, hardly recognizing the tough, reckless youth as the same person he knew at home.

Mr. Winkle peered out over the turn to his own work. At a sharp buzzing noise in the fox hole he jumped.

The Alphabet picked up the field telephone. He identified his post, listened for a moment and then said, "Yes, sir. No, sir it hasn't lifted yet."

He put the instrument down and told his visitors, "That was your boss. He wanted to know if you got here. Like you heard I didn't give away you being with us, but you better get home where you belong and beat it as soon as you're through."

They went, Mr. Winkle with alacrity and Mr. Tinker with regret. Lifting the hood of the command car, Mr. Winkle said, "This is a good time to follow procedure, Pop. We haven't enough of it, we can hang around long time."

They began to work, Mr. Winkle moving fast, Mr. Tinker taking his time and glancing at the beach ridge.

Mr. Winkle was the first to reach the plane. He looked at the sea there came a sudden roar. Guns began to spit virtually at the same instant. There was the crackle of Alphabet's machine gun. Added to it was the louder firing of more machine guns and what sounded like a lot of rifles.

"Duck!" yelled Mr. Winkle. He dropped the wrench he was holding and dived under the command car.

Lying there, his heart beating so fast it seemed to equal the rapid firing of the guns, he expected Mr. Tinker to join him, but he didn't.

Instead, he heard the quick firing of a Gasand. He could see Mr. Tinker's feet and part of his legs, braced to take up the shock from the gun.

The plane came over. It appeared to be loading his rifle. There was a rush and a terrific, staccato banging, several loud explosions that shook the earth, and then it was gone.

The firing stopped. Mr. Winkle opened his eyes without having realized that he had closed them.

Again he saw Mr. Tinker, who was now standing halfway to the ridge. He was reloading his rifle and looking malevolently at the sky.

Once more it spit heavy death from its nose, and lighter, more gentle death from its wings. Mr. Tinker fired right back at it. His mouth was open, he growled fiercely, and he was yelling some kind of imprecation that couldn't be heard.

It wasn't until a moment after the plane had gone again, out over the ocean, that Mr. Tinker's arms dropped and the rifle slid from his hands.

He reached up, methodically, slowly, and pushed his helmet back on his head as if to get cool. He looked about. He might have been bewildered. His voice choked and gurgled when he called, "Pop. Hey, Pop."

Then he crumpled, like something stiff gone soft, folding up and sinking to the ground. Mr. Winkle, watching this from beneath the command car, couldn't believe at first that it was actual. It had happened too quickly, too much without warning to be any different from field tactics in which picked men snatched those who hit when the planes came over.

Then he realized that the plane hadn't been a friendly one. He crawled out from beneath the car and got to his feet. His legs seemed to function automatically, without any volition on his part, as he made his way to Mr. Tinker. The blood spreading over Mr. Tinker's chest made him sick and weak. He bent and touched him, whispering his name. But Mr. Tinker didn't answer.

Mr. Winkle realized something else when the plane went over the second time the Alphabet's machine gun hadn't fired.

From the fox hole now there came no movement. All about there was silence.

He ran to the ridge. He arrived breathing hard, not from exertion but from excitement. He gasped at what he saw.

To bring retail prices of veal under similar control to that prevailing for beef and lamb

**MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICES**  
for  
**VEAL**  
became effective in this area  
**MONDAY, DECEMBER 27th**

33 cuts have been designated as the only cuts which may now be sold. Maximum prices have been set for each cut.

Illustrated charts showing cuts and selling prices for each cut have been supplied to all butchers who are required to display them in their stores.

**CONSULT CHART AND PRICE TABLE BEFORE BUYING**

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

**New under-arm Cream Deodorant**  
safely  
**Stops Perspiration**

- Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
- Nowing to dry. Can be used eight after shaving.
- Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Prevents odor.
- A pure, white, greaseless, stamming of cream.
- Awarded Approval Seal of American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

**Arrid is the largest selling deodorant**

39¢ a jar  
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Footstool

LOW FOOTSTOOL

There's an artist in every woman. That is why weaving—which gives her a chance to play with color, with design, with texture—is diversion of a superior sort. Yes, and it is useful.

What could be more charming than a smart cover weaved by your own fingers for a small footstool, as the one pictured above.

Weaving is really not difficult to learn, either. In fact, it is quite enjoyable because it is rhythmic handwork. It is soothing to taut nerves. It also brings pleasure because it gives the creative urge a whirl.

Human weaving can be as intricate and delicate as a spider's web, as simple and sturdy as a beaver's. You can use equipment as complex as a textile mill's or as simple as a kindergarten's.

Our 32-page booklet gives you all the necessary information for weaving various materials from rugs to purses and what materials to buy for each.

Send 15 cents in coins for your copy of How to Weave Useful Novelties to the Charlotte-Town Guardian Home Service. Address: Be sure to write plainly your name, address and the name of booklet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

**THE COOK'S CORNER**

**LEMON CURD**

¾ cup lemon juice  
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind  
1 cup sugar  
3 eggs  
1 tablespoon butter

Method: You will need about 4 lemons to obtain this amount of juice. Combine the lemon juice and the grated rind with the water and the sugar. Beat the eggs well and add to the first mixture. Cook at a boiling temperature, stirring quite often, for about 5 minutes; then add the butter and continue cooking, stirring to prevent scorching, until it thickens to the desired consistency. Pour into hot, sterilized jars and seal with melted paraffin. Cover the jars and store in a cool, dry, dark place.

needed Japanese assault boat. Behind it, but somewhat off to either side, were two more. (To Be Continued)

**A Morning Smile**

Boy (to train porter) — "If there's a man in this car, get him out of here. He's taking it over."  
Porter — "Never mind. The next stop is Waterloo."  
Prof. — "Didn't you have a brother in this class last year?"  
Student — "No, sir. It was I taking it over."  
Prof. — "Extraordinary resemblance."

**Tortured By SINUS PAIN**

You can get quick relief from painful distress with a few drops of **WICKS VICKS-Vapo-Rol**.  
It works right where misery is!

**Needlecraft For The Home**

**GAY HOUSEDRESS AND APRON**

A button-front princess housedress that will stand you in good stead on the home front. The matching apron buttons on so you will stay fresh and crisp all day.

No. 3623 in size 36 requires for the dress, 3½ yards 35-inch fabric, 2½ yards broad; apron, 1½ yards 35-inch fabric, 1 yard broad.

Send 20 cents for PATTERN, which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish.

Address, Pattern Department, the Charlotte-Town Guardian.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

By WEBSTER

**CARELESS TALK MAY LOSE LIVES**

Don't be careless about a cough due to a cold. Take prompt action. Buy a box of **SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS** and get prompt, pleasant relief. Back or Menthol, 10¢.

**SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS**

**WELL HE NEEDS SOME**

**HE JUST KNOCKED OUT A FELLOW PRISONER**

**MAY I SPEAK TO PRIVATE MACDOUGALL, I'VE SOME GOOD NEWS FOR HIM**

**WELL HE NEEDS SOME**

**MAYBE MAC'LL ONLY GET COMPANY PUNISHMENT. ANYHOW, IT WON'T BE SERIOUS**

**GUESS MAC WON'T BE PUNISHED FOR SOCKING A NON-FIGHTING THAT'S BETTER**

**FOR SOCKING A NON-FIGHTING THAT'S BETTER**

**FOR SOCKING A NON-FIGHTING THAT'S BETTER**

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3623 SIZES 10 to 40