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

YOUR FAMILY'S FED WITH BETTER BREAD WHEN YOU BAKE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST!

—THAT'S WHAT 4 GENERATIONS of Canadian Homemakers say!

● For over 70 years Fleischmann's fresh Yeast has been a *favorite* with Canadian housewives because it can always be counted on to give bread that's "just right"—even-textured, light, delicious-tasting! So don't take chances. Don't risk bread that's doughy and indigestible. If *you* bake at home use *dependable* Fleischmann's fresh Yeast and shine on baking day! At your grocer's!

GET MORE VITAMINS — MORE PEP! Eat 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S *fresh* Yeast every day. This yeast is an excellent natural source of the B Complex group of vitamins!

MADE IN CANADA

THE COOK'S CORNER

GOOSEBERRY RELISH

6 cups gooseberries
2 cups seedless raisins
¾ cup chopped onion
3 tablespoons ground ginger
4 tablespoons dry mustard
1 teaspoon turmeric
1-3 teaspoon cayenne
¼ cup salt
1½ cups brown sugar, packed
4 cups vinegar

Wash and drain picked-over gooseberries and raisins and put them through a food chopper, using a rather coarse blade. Add chopped onion.

Mix thoroughly the ginger mustard, turmeric, cayenne, salt and sugar, and stir them into the fruit. Add vinegar.

Bring to the boil, stirring until sugar is dissolved, and cook gently uncovered, stirring frequently until thick—about 40 minutes.

Turn into hot sterilized jars. Seal and label.

A Morning Smile

George Bernard Shaw was once asked the secret of his old age. The white-beareded playwright attributed it to his diet, his mode of living.

"And what are your favorite recreations?" continued the interviewer.

"Anything but sport," replied Shaw.

MORE POINT

As two elderly ladies were walking along the street they passed a couple of military policemen. One of the ladies drew the other's attention to the armlets bearing the letters M. P.

"That's what I call sensible," she said. "It's much better for them to patrol the streets than to waste their breath in the House of Commons."

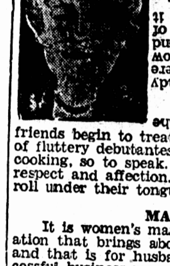
The average time it takes a fast train to pass a crossing is seven seconds—whether your auto's on it or not.

Dorothy Dix Says—

WOMEN DON'T GROW UP

Emotionally They Are Adolescents To The End Of Their Lives

The curse of women is that they so seldom set to be their age. Emotionally they are perpetual adolescents. They never lose their sweet teeth and at 80, they crave romance and flattery and love-making just as much as they did at 18.



Inasmuch as human ingenuity has never been able to devise any way of making women look as young as they feel, this is bound to be a frustrated desire, but nevertheless with deathless optimism they continue their quest for it in beauty parlors and dress shops in the fond belief that in them they can find the way to bring back the magic of a vanished day.

This yearning of women to be treated like lady loves instead of grandmas would be funny if it were not so pathetic, for to so many of them it is a sorrow that gnaws unceasingly at their heartstrings and that turns what should be plushy laves into beds of thorns upon which they writhe in misery. Over it have been shed enough tears to float a battle ship.

It is incredible, but it is true, that women's chief grievance against fate is that in the process of time they reach middle age or worse and their family and friends begin to treat them as if they were adult human beings instead of fluttery debutantes. And they can't take it. They don't crave home cooking, so to speak. They don't relish the solid, nourishing food of respect and affection. What they long for are the lollipops of flattery to roll under their tongues.

MARRIAGE TURNS INTO DUST

It is women's mania for maintaining an impossible sentimental situation that brings about one of the most difficult problems of marriage and that is for husbands to combine being great lovers with being successful business men. Marriage is cinders, ashes and dust to millions of women because their husbands take them for granted and no longer notice what they have on or how they do their hair.

So far as a wife is concerned, the unforgivable sin in a husband is for him not to be a high-pressure love-maker. If he is that, she will overlook all other shortcomings. If he is dumb about the state of his affections, in vain does he buy her mink coats and put up with her nagging. She considers herself a poor, neglected creature.

Worse still is it when at middle age a married woman becomes aware that she no longer sees a hero of romance in her husband and that she does not thrill at his bacon-and-eggs morning kiss. Because she doesn't palpitate at his touch she decides that she has lost her love for him, no matter how good and kind he has been to her. And whether she goes out in search of a gigolo, or settles down into being a disgruntled wife, it is misery for all concerned.

What a pity women's emotions always stay teen-age!

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

But what if I fail of my purpose here?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain;
To dry one's eyes, and laugh at a fall;
And, baffled, get up, and begin again.

—Robert Browning.

Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade and are tasteless, if not dead, without it.—Sir W. Temple.

PEPLUMS MAY FLARE

Peplums may flare front or back. The back-flared type often resembles a bustle, sometimes is emphasized by a bow. The front-flaring peplums usually balance ruffles or bows at the neckline.

POACHING EGGS

If you have difficulty with eggs sticking to the pan when poaching them, put a long handled spoon into the water and hold the egg on it for a moment just long enough to set the bottom a trifle. Then it will not stick.

WINTER HALTERS

Winter halters for evening wear may be in glittering metal cloth or brocade satins. These have bow-trimmed necklines or weskit fronts and are backless. A little bolero or packet for not-so-dressy occasions may accompany the halter.

SHOPPING BASKETS PUT TO NEW USE

Shopping baskets used to go to market. But now, according to the British Information Service, they go parachuting.

In Britain the basket trade is small and exclusive. Only 7,000 members belong to the trade, and 3,000 of these are blind. Today their products have an adventurous time in enemy territory. Packed with munitions and food, they sail down by parachute to supply paratroopers.

FANCIFUL BERET

A flat, round, forward beret in pale lime felt is trimmed with golden nailheads and trimmed in back and at the sides with matching ostrich feathers.

As Long as I Live

By EMILIE LORING

CHAPTER XX

Craig Lamont stood with his back to the mantel in his mother's blue and silver boudoir. She was as lovely and wide-eyed as if he hadn't roused her from sleep.

"Sorry to pull you out of bed at midnight, Sally Shaw, but I wanted you to hear the story from me first," he explained.

"I was awake. I couldn't sleep in this storm, Craig. What a crash! Hear the rain! It's coming down in torrents. It would have been hard to forgive you if you hadn't come directly to your mother. Life is kaleidoscopic, isn't it? One never knows when the pattern will shift. I don't wonder Joan is furious at being railroaded into an engagement. What little demon prompted you to confirm it?"

"What else could I do? Joan had said that Slade would broadcast the news. I couldn't deny it, could I?"

"But it hadn't been broadcast. Apparently David Crofton was quite capable of scotching the rumor. You didn't by any chance want it to be true, did you?"

"As if you didn't know that I love Joan, Sally Shaw."

"The gods be praised! I thought you never would recognize the symptoms, my boy. I love her, too. I was afraid you might lose her but the Senator ordered me to let you alone. You know how afraid of him I am."

"Yes, I know, you and the Senator. You and he make me think of the Croftons. A man and woman who are still grand friends and lovers after years together. If Joan once loved a man, she wouldn't fail him—ever. I did want the engagement to be true, but I didn't want it to come true that way.

"Joan hadn't much use for me before, but she had promised she would go on a picnic to the mountain with me tomorrow—" he glanced at the crystal and silver clock, "it is already today, I suppose that's on the toboggan. She's furious."

"I cant understand why she didn't deny it at once, why she didn't tell Philip Bard that it wasn't true.'

"She started to and I stopped her."

"Why? It would have been so much better to have laughed it off as an amusing mistake. There would have been the buzz as of a million bees let loose then the talk would have died down. Now it's a mix-up. Won't Joan agree to let the engagement stand for the present?"

"Joan insists that she will tell how the misunderstandings arose."

"It would make much less talk if she would let the situation remain as it is for a week or two. Nothing is more easily broken these days than an engagement, unless it is a marriage, I'll talk to her."

"She won't change."

"I'll try to make her see reason. I'll go to The Mansion today. I will have to wait until after lunch."

"Go if you like, but she won't consent," Craig Lamont prophesied.

He had been right. Joan had courteously but firmly refused.

"I can't let it stand, Mrs. Shaw, really I can't. Besides, I've answered a dozen phone congratulations already and denied the engagement. Your son has told you that the mix-up came because of a silly lie I told. How was I to know that the man to whom I confessed an undying passion — I must have been good — would jump to the conclusion that I was talking of Craig Lamont?"

"And of course you weren't?"

"I should say not. I don't even like him. Never have liked him. Never will like him. Sorry if I've hurt your feelings."

She felt gauche and young and crude as Mrs. Shaw denied lightly,

"Of course my feelings are not hurt, my dear. This mix-up — as you call it — is an annoyance to you, but it's more than an annoyance to Craig. It may wreck his happiness. I don't know what Craig would say if he knew I was betraying his confidence — but you ought to now that he is in love with a charming girl. He's mad about her. It is his first love affair since his freshman days. Carl's unfortunate marriage embittered him. The Senator and I were so pleased. He was about to ask her to marry him when out of pure chivalry, he came to your rescue."

Joan closed her eyes and opened them. She felt as if she couldn't breathe. Craig Lamont in love? Did he kiss the girl as he had kissed her last night? She protested passionately,

"But he need not have come to my rescue. I didn't mention his name to Jerry. I only said that the man to whom I was engaged was wonderful and tall and straight and dark and terribly good-looking and — and in politics. Isn't there more than one man like that in the world?"

"Of course there is, my dear. Pretty stupid of your friend Jerry to think you were describing Craig. But, men in love aren't noted for clear thinking. Try to drop the annoying thing from your mind. Don't let this spoil the friendship between you and me. I like you very, very much, remember."

(To be continued)

DEFENSE WORKERS!

Long hours, nerve strain, working at top speed for the nation's war effort, often weakens our resistance to sickness and minor ills. It's the duty of all of us to maintain our health—to prevent sickness. To do this, take Scott's Emulsion regularly. This pleasant-tasting tonic food supplement contains vital elements which build up resistance to colds and infection, improve appetite and health in general. 4 times easier to digest than plain cod liver oil. Buy today—all druggists.

A TONIC FOR ALL AGES

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Ellen's Diary

By An Island Farmer's Wife

Masculine hands caressed the Kelly cow this morning for I was later rising, coming to the stables when this early operation—the milking—was nearing its close. I can not say why I lingered abed other than that a delightful drowsiness possessed me, keeping me, at first, not an unwilling captive, there on the mystical borderland between wakefulness and sleep. I came to myself, however after a period, suddenly, doubtless from the shock of a dream that had come to me. I think perhaps it was that last evening the bread and cheese with an accompanying pickle for piquancy still played somewhere along my digestive tract or it may have been that I had planned—as people will for the future, regarding it then as a time far in the distance, that this evening, notwithstanding my assistance at the hay, I would attend the local "aid" at the corner. I may say as I recalled my responsibilities, I merely toyed with the idea for on our farm at Alderlea there are times when even ones devotion must be postponed in favor of material things. Not that I may not worship at my work for often there, one is more conscious of Divine Workings than in the most magnificent edifice. I see it in the mighty voice of thunder and the breaking of storm-tossed waves on the sea-shore; in the musical tinkle of the brook as it ripples over stones; in the silence of the dawn, amber and rose on blue; in the white magic of a moon-lit dusk. And I suppose most wonderful of all: In the Alpha and Omega of birth and death.

* * *

Dreams will of course, fortunately, go contrari-wise. This morning, I dreamt that every last member of our Aid descended on Alderlea, correctly bonneted and gowned, early, before even the evening chores were laid. Beside their pretty gowns and hair-dos, I was most conscious of my work-attire and matching coiffure. My lack of dusting in the rooms, this haying season, rose up to smother me, as I tried to smile a greeting. My half a loaf grimaced at me from the cupboard and in the tin beside it, my one cake danced in approving glee. It must have been that I bumped my head as I stooped to retrieve my best shoes from beneath the bed—for I had excused myself to change my dress—that I came awake comforted to find it was not evening, but the morning with the sun glowing red on the wall beside me, the birds hailing the freshness of new day with acclaim, and Pard driving the cows past the house across the lane to the milking. It had been only a dream. Not that I need ever have worried if it had been otherwise for these good and efficient ladies would likely never have noticed my discomfiture, or if recognizing it would have understood. And then true Island hospitality means not so much what one offers either in quantity or quality but the spirit in which it is shared for ever "the gift without the giver" is truly "bare."

* * *

I suppose it may have been because of my dream that I was most thorough in my duties this morning. No task was neglected and none unworthy of my greatest effort. James went early to Rob's to assist at the cutting and Jock was busy turning our last of the clover at Alderlea to hurry the making. It was hot today even in the kitchen, cooled by two open doors, while outside the sun was merciless. The very leaves on the lawn-trees seemed dejected and lifeless and the heat was in waves over the land. The cattle waded almost breast-deep in the water of the stream and Pard usually alert as to their wanderings, lay indifferent in the shade of the porch. It was hot but even without a breeze, excellent for the haying.

This afternoon my excursion to the hay-field began differently. Perhaps I approached this great task in a manner befitting its importance. For I rode the "Nell" mare—in to Rob's. Never an accomplished rider, I sat a bit diffidently after Jock had assisted me to mount. I would rather have walked leading my charger. But then the heat bade me throw caution to the winds. I knew that although the Alderlea road had been deserted all morning, excepting for the mail-man, there was bound to be unusual activity there when I entered it alone and mounted. I was a bit fearful there would be unaccustomed sights to alarm my steed. Perhaps a jeep, or a moving-van or most dreaded of all—to me—an oil-truck. And supposing none of these were abroad, a rabbit might scurry by or before this. I've seen the most staid of animals shy at their own shadows. However I had already crossed my river. I grasped a rein firmly in either hand, inhaled deeply, and set out a little nervously into the road ahead. My ride proved to be without incident and most delightful. From my seat, I was able to be certain, the tiny spring at the road side still gurgled forth, in all the heat of summer. I saw several small pines growing for next spring's planting, and a bank of vagrant morning-glories made a shady place, beside the stream, blossom with a blush like roses.

* * *

I was obliged to pause, more frequently at the raking to rest Nell for she protested at time in the unusual heat. But presently another field was cleared and gathered to the barns. I was allowed to return early to Alderlea and this time Karolyn hoisted me aboard. I held only one rein at the time, and although Nell wrote circles for awhile, I was soon, once again safely in the saddle headed in the direction of home.

* * *

There was vivid lightning this evening, up and down the sky. The men went into it at dusk, tired as they were, to staple the fence, the Gurnsey heifer leaped when she imitated the cow in the nursery rhyme. I hope for peace sake her limit was not so high! They came home through the exquisite moonlight, James to tell me: "There'll be no storm tonight—The clouds have parted." With an ear to the ground too, the clouds have parted.

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-

Put it on your shopping list

SUNCREST IRRADIATED — EVAPORATED MILK

FREE — Send your name and address for the booklet "How to Put 'D' in Your Diet" which contains many useful suggestions and recipes for healthful balanced menus.

BETTER for RICHNESS

● There's no finer milk in all the world than the yield from the tested herds of Leeds and Grenville Counties. That is the rich whole milk that comes to you doubly concentrated and fresh as a daisy in SUNCREST Milk. You get ALL the original cream, plus added quantities of Vitamin D. Discover how this concentrated richness imparts a special smoothness and finer flavour. Try SUNCREST in cooked dishes, in beverages, and for infant feeding in accordance with the formula recommended by your doctor. The whole family will like it better.

GENERAL MILK PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LTD. - BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Do You Suffer 'PERIODIC' FEMALE PAIN With Its Weak, Nervous "Dragged Out" Feelings?

If at such times—*you* like so many girls and women suffer from cramps, headache, backache, feel tired, restless a bit moody—when due to functional periodic disturbances—

Start at once—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's Compound not only helps to relieve monthly pain but also accompanying tired, weak, nervous feelings of this nature. This is because of its soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Pinkham's Compound helps nature and *that's* the kind of medicine to buy! Follow label directions.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

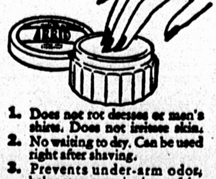
WHY IS YOUR TABLE CLOTH SO MUCH WHITER THAN MINE?

"Change to Rinso"— AND WHISTLE WHILE YOU WASH

A LEVER PRODUCT

RINSO GIVES THE WHITEST WASH

New Cream Deodorant Safely helps Stop Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor, helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Awarded Approval Seal of American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant

39¢ Also 15¢ and 59¢ jars

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

ARRID

VEGETABLE DESIGNS

DESIGN NO. 601

Vegetable motifs are embroidered on towels, place mats or luncheon cloths, using left-over floss in the sewing basket. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 601 contains 24 motifs 1¼ by 1¼ to 2 by 3 inches each with complete instructions.

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

Design No. 601

Name

Street Address

City Province

Needlecraft For The Home

GLAMOROUS PLAYDRESS

You'll snare your full share of compliments as well as your quota of Vitamin D in this gay and charming playdress with its cool and pretty bare midriff and low square neck.

No. 3766 in size 16 requires 3¼ yards 35-inch fabric 2 yards ruffling, 1⅞ yards binding.

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

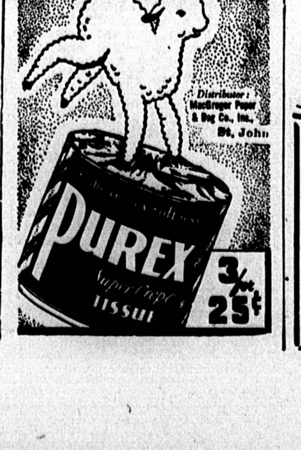
Address Pattern Department the Charlottetown Guardian.

Name

Street Address

City Province

Soft AS FLEECE Gentle AS A LAMB



For Foot Ailments
CONSULT
H. J. A. BROWN, D.P.
Orthopedic
CHIROPODIST
143 Great George Street
CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.