

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



**SURE WAY TO REDUCE STOCKING-RUNS**

Join the LUX DIPPERS

In these days, is there any girl who isn't dying to discover how to prevent ruinous stocking runs? Here's how to do it! Join the Lux Daily Dippers.

Dip your precious stockings in Lux every night, soon as you take them off. Lux keeps stockings threads elastic so that they stretch under strain instead of popping into runs. And it removes the perspiration acid which causes runs and holes when left in stockings overnight.

So if you want your stockings to last absolutely ages—don't forget your daily dipping. Start tonight!

**TONIGHT dip your stockings in—LUX**

LEVER PRODUCT

## THE COOK'S CORNER

**APRICOT BREAD**

1/2 cup corn syrup  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup dried apricots  
1/2 cup milk  
1 egg  
1/2 cups flour  
1/2 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon soda  
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Method: Combine the corn syrup, brown sugar, shortening, salt, apricots which have been chopped finely, and the milk. Heat this slowly until the sugar is melted, then cook the mixture to lukewarm. Beat the egg thoroughly and add to the first mixture.

Sift the flour, then measure and sift, again with the baking powder and soda. All the dry ingredients to the liquid mixture and stir until the mixture is well blended. Add the chopped nuts.

Pour the mixture into a greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 1 hour. Turn out of the pan to cool, and then wrap in wax paper and store in a tight-covered container for at least a day before cutting. It cuts to better advantage when allowed to stand like this.

**ORIGINAL ABORIGINALS**  
More than 50 per cent of Peru's population is composed of the aboriginal Inca Indians.

**TENDER LEAF TEA**

A famous name for Tea Excellence

At your grocer's in 7- and 12 oz. packages—also in improved FILTER tea balls.

Blended and packed in Canada

## House of Hate

By ISABEL GARLAND

**CHAPTER XXXIII**

When Thurber had been led from the room, there was a short silence.

"Then, Alan turned to the sheriff and said slowly, 'The fellow is right. He certainly couldn't have had anything to do with Manders' death. By your own testimony, Mr. Stephens, he spent the entire afternoon yesterday in a bar in Truesdale.'"

The sheriff nodded. "That's right."

"By the way, Aunt Leona," Chad said suddenly, "what were you doing with Manders yesterday afternoon? Leighton said he saw you two talking together outside."

"The little old lady blinked. 'I don't believe it—oh, yes, that must have been when I went after him to ask him about the horse. Duchess. Such a nice black horse! The other day, Manders told me she was sick but yesterday afternoon he said she was much better. Poor Manders! To think that, only a little while after I talked to him, he met such a violent death!'"

Alan said, "Perhaps we're wrong in thinking he was murdered. Perhaps he simply slipped and fell, after all. There's no way of proving—"

"There's no way of proving anything as far as I can see," Estelle broke in bitterly. "It's all just an unholy mess. The only clear part seems to be that Thurber couldn't have had a hand in both murders. And I'm inclined to believe he did not kill Mother, either. I think he's been telling the truth."

"What!" Paul exploded. "Why, the man's a criminal of the worst order! He has confessed he doped a helpless old woman with morphine and stole her money. Why should you think he'd stop at that?"

"Because he didn't have any reason to murder her," Estelle pointed out. "If she was doped and wasn't making any trouble for him, what would be the point in getting in deeper? It wasn't as if he had anything to gain by it."

Paul's face darkened. "All right! I know what you're thinking, so why don't you say it? Let's have this thing out in the open!" He swung toward the sheriff. "My sister is insinuating that I did gain by my mother's death. Therefore, I am the guilty one! Probably the rest of my loving family is of the same belief!"

"Oh, Paul dear—no!" wailed Miss Peaseley. "Estelle didn't mean that!"

"Why not? That will of Mother's—though I swear I know nothing about it—was damning to me, as if my fingerprints were on her neck!"

"Now, Mr. Comstock—" the sheriff began soothingly.

"Paul, however," cut him short. "That's what I tell you. I tell you! Well, it appears to be my word against Thurber's. If you and I can't believe that I strangled my own mother than to think a sneaking little rat murdered her—all right! There's no way I can prove it."

"Now, son, calm down! No one's accusing you," said the sheriff. "And I personally don't aim to go jumping at conclusions. There's lots to be said yet about all this business. Suppose we make this a kind of informal gathering for a while. If any of you wants to ask each other questions about things that are bothering you, go ahead and let's see where we come out. Mr. Comstock, why don't you lead off? Is there anything you want to ask anyone?"

Paul, tight lipped, hesitated a moment, then shook his head.

"All right, if no one else got anything to say?" asked the sheriff.

Advent spoke up. "I just want Mr. Paul to admit that I was telling the truth about the money I gave Miss Estelle. He accused me of taking it from Mrs. Comstock's desk, but he can't say that now. It was my own, just like I said."

Paul stared at her moment then shrugged. "I still don't see where you got it, but—oh, well, I apologize."

"Good for you, Boco!" said Estelle. "And by the way, do we figure that Thurber's confession about the green ink clears me of the arsenic charge?"

"If Thurber's telling the truth, we're none of us cleared of anything," said Chad somberly.

Miss Peaseley sighed. "There are so many things bothering me that I simply don't know where to start. For instance, I suppose I isn't really important, but I would like to know how Chadwick's overcoat got that perfectly frightful rip in it."

"Heaven gave a little gasp. 'I didn't tear it—truly! It was just like that when I took it out of the closet yesterday afternoon.' She glanced at Chad anxiously. 'I suppose it was taking a liberty.' Mr. Comstock, but I wanted to go for a short walk and I took the first coat I came upon and—"

"You borrowed my overcoat?" Chad asked dazedly.

"Yes—but only for about ten minutes, and I assure you I had nothing to do with tearing it."

"Don't worry Chadwick dear," Miss Peaseley put in. "If you can find the missing button and the piece that was torn out, I can mend the coat so that you'll hardly notice the damage."

"All right, Aunt Leona," Chad said wryly. "Here it is."

(To be Continued)

## Dorothy Dix Says—

### JUVENILE DELINQUENCY RISES AS MOTHERS SERVE U.S.

#### Parents Of Small Children Advised To Keep Home Fires Burning

According to the church welfare workers and probation officers the chief victims of this war are the children whose mothers are so busy saving the country that they have no time to protect their own boys and girls. They report that juvenile delinquency among the boys of this country has increased 22 per cent during the last year and among girls 8 per cent. And the officers of the Volunteers of America assure that in all their long history never before have they had such a multitude of young girls many of them children themselves, besieging their doors, asking for shelter in which to hide themselves and bear their fatherless children.



A clergyman, who is a director of a church federation welfare bureau, said that there are many cases of children being locked in cars, or trailers, or houses all day while their parents are at work. In other cases, he declared, they are barred from their homes during the day while their mothers, who work on night shifts, are sleeping. In thousands of other cases they are just turned loose on the street to do as they please and shift for themselves while Mother is doing war work.

Now I would not for a moment asperse the motives of these women war workers, or belittle the value of the service they give. Most of them are simply overflowing with patriotism and they feel very noble when they think of how they have sacrificed everything themselves, their homes and their children to their country—and how tired they get standing for hours and hours in a canteen serving coffee and sandwiches to soldiers, and what back-breaking work driving an ambulance is.

"Why, my dear," they say, "I'm on my job all the time. I'm at home so little the children scarcely know me now. I have forgotten these are such things as bridge and cocktail parties and beauty shops; and as for my hands, well, I hate to think of what my manicurist would say if she saw them."

In unnumbered factories millions of women are doing men's work and releasing men for fighting. No other factor is more important in keeping up the morale of an army than the enthusiasm and the burning patriotism that women pour into it. They wave the flags that make men fight on to victory.

**KEEP HOME FIRES BURNING**

But when women have young children the fighting line for them is not on the front, but in the rear, and they best serve their country when they keep the home fires burning. A bungalow apron is not as nifty a costume as a gold-braided khaki uniform, but the woman who wears that, and who has kept her family together during all this upset wild wartime; who has disciplined her youngsters and watched over them and kept them safe, has done as patriotic a job and is of more value to Uncle Sam than if she had piloted a flying fortress, or broken a riveting record.

For what is the use of saving a country if we have not saved our children first? Why should we fight and die for our country if we are going to turn it over to hoodlums and wastrels, as we will do if we let our youngsters run wild in their formative years? Our future lies in the hands of the mothers of our land. In the end they must save us, if we are saved.

I leave this thought with the women who apologize for not being on more war committees. Their battle is at home. Their fight is with little own children. And if they and their husbands and daughters they have given their country the best gift they can offer.

If they fall—well, not all the plaudits in the world will compensate them for knowing that if they had stayed at home and watched over Johnnie might not have gotten in with that criminal gang, and if they had taken care of Mamie when she was so young and ignorant she might not have been one of those girls who are creeping in the night to the doors of the Volunteers of America.

Take Joy home, and make a place in thy great heart for her; She will see come, and oft will sing to thee, When thou art working in the furrows; aye, Or wedding in the sacred hour of dawn. It is a comely fashion to be glad. Joy is the grace we say to God.

—Jean Ingelow.

## Living & Leisure

### The Woman's Realm

**STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE**

A Kentucky country editor quoted in the Louisville Times, champions crisp-crust strawberry shortcake and denounces "the soggy mixture of poundcake" so often offered instead. The genuine, bona fide strawberry shortcake, according to the Kentucky editor, "should be a sandwich, as it were, of ripe berries hiding their blushing beauty between layers of crisp pie crust."

He adds: "The restaurateurs, who dish up some dark and sad looking berries on a square of wet and sad tasting cake should meet the fate of folk who sweeten cornbread. They should be banished 'north of the river' and be forced to eat cold bread and never see a hot biscuit."

**HEALTH LURKS IN EACH GLASS**

People get tired of being told to drink milk, but there are few ways of getting enough calcium without it, according to nutrition services, department of pension and national health.

Of course, it will be quite all right instead of drinking the two glasses you eat; 26 pounds of beef, or two pounds of broccoli, or eight pounds of Brussels sprouts, or 17 pounds of potatoes.

All these things are the equivalent of approximately two glasses of milk, but what a diet! On the other hand, you'll get the same amount by eating eight whole grapefruit or 20 oranges, but even on a hot day when citrus fruits seem particularly refreshing, 20 oranges do seem rather a tall order, even if you can afford them.

So taking these facts into account milk, apparently, is the answer to calcium deficiency. There are no two ways about it. Without it, it is impossible for children to get enough calcium and very difficult for adults to get enough either.

Calcium is present in leafy vegetables which are a good source of vitamin A, and also supply some vitamin C, but the quantity is so small that it almost has to be supplemented with milk. If bones and teeth are to be strong and healthy, in case you don't like milk much, remember you don't have to drink



Your retailer, Madam, is doing you a genuine service when he asks you to take part of your change in War Savings Stamps. He is now an official, doing his appointed task in Canada's war effort. He makes no profit on these stamps. He is performing a loyal service—as a true Canadian—to the best of his ability. He does it solely to help win the war for you . . . and for Canada. And he is reminding you—according to his instructions—to do your part for your own safety and the safety of your home and family. For your purchase of War Savings Stamps—as many as you can every week—as long as the war lasts, means that our fighting forces will have the ships, the guns, the planes, the tanks, — everything they need—to keep Canada and Canada's people free. In a word, your retailer offers these stamps for your continued security. He is loyally serving Canada and you when he suggests:

**TAKE PART OF YOUR CHANGE IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS**

LOYAL RETAILERS ACROSS CANADA WHO DISPLAY THIS SIGN ON THEIR WINDOWS WILL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU PART OF YOUR CHANGE IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS.

National War Finance Committee

**Early-Canadian Rag Rug Easy to Weave**

Charming, this early Canadian rug with color in variegated effect! You'll love weaving it—in a cool summery combination of blue, rust and ivory.

Here's how to do it. Tear cotton fabric (cast-off dresses, perhaps) into strips 2 1/2 inches wide. Press down 1/2 inch on each side and fold again through the middle. Prepare also some "filler," 1-inch strips of rag which you'll use to start weaving and will later remove.

Now, in a home-made wooden frame 28 by 40 inches, drive in nails about 1/4 inch apart on short sides. To set up your warp, of rust candlewick yarn, tie one end to your frame and carry up and down over alternate nails.

Next weave 2 1/2 inches of "filler," going over and under warp threads, and weave 7 rows of rust candlewick for a heading.

Start weaving the body of the rug with a 2 1/2-yard blue strip, then add a strip of another color and length—containing in this way for variegated effect.

Our 32-page booklet tells how to finish with fringe, gives details of warping, weaving, amount of materials. Also tells how to make hooked, braided, crocheted, other types of rugs.

Send 15c in coins for your copy of HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN RUGS to The Charlottetown Guardian Home Service, Address Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, and the NAME of booklet.

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

**A Morning Smile**

RELIEVE SUFFERING QUICKLY WITH

**KELLOGG'S ASTHMA RELIEF**

Mandy—Meh cousin Deliah, had her face lifted. Mistress—Had her face lifted? Mandy—Yassuh but it didn't take. When de doctor give her de bill—her face fell!

"I'm proud to say I'm a self-made man."

"You're lucky. I'm the revised work of a wife and three daughters."

## Needlecraft For The Home

**SMOOTH PRINCESS LINES That Becomes All Figures**

This design looks nice and full, but it's really not hard on the yardage, when you consider you can make size 36 out of 4 yards of 39-inch fabric. The pattern provides for a square, open neck, with little flowers that button on for a feminine touch of lingerie trimming. Style No. 3513 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 42.

To order pattern: Write or send picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or stamps to the Needlecraft Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian.

The Charlottetown Guardian Needlecraft Department.

Style No. 3513

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
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**MONTHLY PAIN**

which makes you CRANKY, NERVOUS

If you suffer monthly cramps, backache, distress of "irregularities," nervousness—due to functional monthly disturbances—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets (with added iron). Made especially for women. They also help build up red blood. Made in Canada.

3513 SHEET 10-1

## Sugar Ration Coupons Issued

**COUPON RATIONING HERE**

With the introduction of coupon sugar rationing, history is being made in Canada. On June 23 every household in Canada will receive through the mails an application card (shown at left above) for a sugar rationing book. These must be filled out at home as is being done by the young housewife, left, and all members of the household having the same name can be entered on one card. Extra cards can be obtained from the nearest post office.

In urban districts where there is a house to house mail delivery, the cards will be picked up on June 23 by canvassers. In the rural districts they must be returned in to the nearest post office. Ration coupon books (right) will later be supplied through the mail to every individual.

DOMINION OF CANADA  
Temporary War Rationing Commission  
Rationnement de Guerre (Carte d'application)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
Age of applicant \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of household \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of nearest post office \_\_\_\_\_

SUGAR SUGAR SUGAR SUGAR SUGAR  
SUGAR SUGAR SUGAR SUGAR SUGAR