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

**Are you the outdoor type?**

Get lots of exercise, by all means, but don't neglect the health of your skin. Winter and early Spring is hard on complexions, so get your skin in condition to withstand harsh winds with Transpec . . . the amazing new Beauty Pack that is both *liquid and transparent.*

A Transpec facial, which takes only 15 minutes and costs only a few cents, thoroughly cleanses the pores so your skin can breathe properly. It refines the skin, reduces enlarged pores, smooths away fine lines, and gives you the kind of complexion that wins compliments for soft, radiant loveliness.

Save money by acting at once. Get the regular 40c size from your druggist at the special introductory price of 25c. The $1.25 size of Transpec Beauty Pack contains enough for 20 to 30 facials. Recommended by Beauty Editors. 19


## Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. When a husband and wife are signing a letter, or a greeting card, which name should come first?

A. When Mr. and Mrs. are used togetheer, the letter or card should be signed Mr. and Mrs. Walter Allen. When signing a message of greeting, Christmas card, birthday card, message of congratulation or condolence, the wife's name comes first, Helen and Walter Allen.

Q. What would be a good toast for an employee to give to his boss?

A. "To the boss, and if he is as satisfied as we are, we shall hold our positions for life."

Q. Where should a woman place her purse when dining in a restaurant?

A. The purse should be placed on her lap, under the napkin.


**Have a Gay Song-Fest With Western Ditties**

**Tunes Easy to Sing and Play**

What a happy group gathered round the piano singing popular cowboy songs! Listen to them swing right into this rip-snortin' two-gun ballad, "Missouri Joe":

"He could get aboard a fast express
And holler, 'Hold 'em high!
Don't any man take down his hands
Unless he wants to die!' "

You can quickly pick up words and tunes when a songbook's handy—join in gaily on such romantic ditties as, "The Border Affair":

"I learned Spanish from a girl
Who lived down Sonora way,
Sparkling eyes as black as jet,
Hair as fine as softest spray."

At a party nothing like a good old-fashioned song to bring folks together! A real heart-warmer is "Where the Ozarks Kiss the Sky":

"Let me live, let me die in Arkansas,
Where the Ozarks kiss the sky . . .
Where the neighbors help each other,
Where friends never pass you by.'

Give the crowd a treat they'll clamor for again and again—an evening of their favorite cowboy songs. Our songbook has 19 hits, right in the spirit of the old frontier days. Complete with words, music piano accompaniments.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Popular Cowboy Songs to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

Town Province


## The Girl in the Crimson Cloak

By J. R. WILMOT

**POLICEMAN'S HOLIDAY**

Gerry Daynton stepped from the Boat Train at Victoria Station with feelings as mixed as a Pink Angel cocktail.

The analogy of the cocktail is appropriate because if you have ever indulged in a Pink Angel you will know all about that exquisite feeling of light-hearted inconsequence which Gerry Daynton experienced. You will know, too, that parallel with that lightheartedness there is sometimes a slight but nevertheless effective sensation of apprehension which is quite inexplicable since there is no apparent reason for its being there at all.

That is precisely how it was with Gerry. In the first place he was utterly glad to be back in London again after an absence of six years. That accounted for the light-heartedness. The apprehensive emotion was concerned solely with how he was going to put in his time in the ensuing six months.

It was true that there was a circle of friends and a number of relatives all within easy hailing distance. As regards the friends, Gerry was doubtful. When a fellow is away for a number of years friendships have a habit of changing. They change with the evolution of domestic relationships. Fellows marry. Settle down. And while Gerry was confident that each and everyone of them would be glad to see him and all that, it would be unreasonable to expect the welcome to be continued ad infinitum for six whole months.

As for the relatives, Gerry's mouth had looked funny when the thought had occurred to him on shipboard and since landing. His own immediate people—his parents—were both dead, and Gerry, much to his regret, had been an only child. The relatives on question were somewhat removed. Belonged, if you understand, to the successful branch of the family, and Gerry remembered only too well how their aristocratic noses had tilted when it was announced that Gerry Daynton was headed out East to join the Sudan Police.

So examined; that is, peeping around the corners and into all sorts of likely places, it certainly looked as if Gerry was going to depend rather much on himself for his entertainment and diversion during the six months he expected to remain in England.

It must not be supposed, however, that Gerry had developed either a superior or standoffish complex. He had the capacity for making friends easily. Everyone liked him. He had charm of manner allied to a particularly personable appearance. Physically he was an excellent specimen of young manhood—that is if young men are considered young at twenty-eight nowadays—tall, nearly six feet in height; athletic-looking; fresh-complexioned before it had become tanned by the Eastern sun; clear, bright eyes of a rather deep shade of blue; a nose that never poked its way into other people's affairs unless such a procedure was absolutely essential; a mouth that could appear humorous as well as grim, and a chin that told its own story . . . firm as that Gibraltar Rock he had passed a day or two ago.

Altogether, you will agree that Mr. Gerald Daynton was quite a personable young man. He had no inhibitions; had never been abnormally introspective; smoked a pipe in preference to cigarettes; took size ten in shoes; wore the same weight underclothing summer and winter, and had never been fussy about his food except that he knew when it was good and had never formed the habit in such circumstances, of stinting his stomach.

From this you will be able to marshal a fair idea of Gerry Daynton leaving the Boat Train at Victoria Station with a list of hotels in his pocket which had been prepared for him by an obliging dining-room steward aboard the S. S. Paganzes which had brought him to England without incident.

A porter was looking to his luggage which was quite extensive. A second porter had slipped away at the behest of the first to requisition a taxi-cab and Gerry fumbled in his pocket for the hotel list. The steward had recommended The Brisson, but had mentioned that if Gerry should find it too quiet for his tastes, the others on the list could be sampled in order of gaiety.

So to The Brisson went Gerry Daynton on that delightfully warm September afternoon with the crowded London streets bathed in mellow sunshine.

The manager of The Brisson was pleased to meet Mr. Daynton. He was confident that Mr. Daynton would like the room he was offering him because it overlooked the Green Park which he was sure would afford a pleasant change from the fierce shadows of the East. If there was anything he could do to assist Mr. Daynton in choosing his amusements, Mr. Daynton had only to ask and it would be a pleasure to be of service.

There is no need to follow closely Gerry Daynton's activities for the next hour or so, except to mention that he ordered a bath and a large pot of tea to be served in the bathroom. It was an odd request but then Gerry had promised himself this experience all the way from Alexandria, and he was not disappointed.

**CHAPTER II**

**GERRY NOTICES THE GIRL**

It was eight-forty-five precisely that same night that Gerry Daynton first set eyes on her.

He had made a decision immediately after his bath that he would not avail himself of The Brisson's cuisine, but that he would hie himself away into the heart of the West End and pick on a place at random that looked reasonable from the entertainment and feeding points of view. One could eat at any hotel any old time. What he wanted on this his first night in London for six years was to get out and about and among folks. To get sort of acclimatized after the comparative barbarity of the Sudan.

It was true, there was plenty of colour out East, but it wasn't the colour that one associated with pretty women . . . the sort of colour they had chosen for themselves because in their artistic little souls they always knew what suited them best. Out East the colour was provided by Nature, and Gerry wasn't so sure whether Nature was the artist she was sometimes cracked up to be.

However, Gerry Daynton found himself attired in very correct evening clothes—how that boiled shirt irritated him even after his rehearsal on board ship! and seated at a table in a really artistic little dinner and dance club he discovered between Leicester Square and the Haymarket.

An attentive waiter had selected his table for him and Gerry felt that the fellow really deserved a tip more lavish than usual since from where he was sitting he could see The Girl perfectly.

As a matter of detailed fact, Gerry's heart somersaulted the moment he saw her. Not that Gerry's heart was normally associated with such gymnastic exercise either at mealtimes or on any other occasion. There had been times when it had mildly fluttered, of course. There had been a girl aboard the boat that had lately had his name on her passenger list . . . a girl whose large, brown innocent eyes had followed Gerry nearly everywhere he had gone. But it had been nothing more than a flutter—a small increase in blood-pressure; a little dizziness when they had danced; but that was all.

This girl was different. Gerry was profoundly confident on that point. She was seated three tables distant from his own; dining a deux, and Gerry immediately found himself hating with an almost unbelievable intensity the young man who sat smiling opposite her. To Gerry's way of looking at things just then, that particular young man had no right to be alive. His existence was merely an instance of overcrowding. But the girl . . .

(To be Continued)

**Real Flower Pictures**

A new idea in wall decoration takes the form of groups of real flowers framed as a picture beneath convex glass. Sea lavender, mosses from India, and flowers of England, South Africa, and South America are arranged by a clever woman artist.

Other flowers mounted in an artistic arrangement on plywood with a painted background are immortelles in gold, white and crimson pinks, tiny fairy flowers, flowers from Brazil and maidenhair fern and silvery grasses

**Dizzy**

"Trade is in a maze," states a writer.

No one is surprised, considering the corners it's supposed to have turned during the last few years.

**Kind-Hearted**

A bald-headed eagle has been seen in the Highlands. A sympathetic lady ornithologist is knitting it a natty little beret.

"America is great because America has accorded justice to all."—Herbert H. Lehman.


**Does Your Food Cause You Distress?**

The impairment of the stomach is often of serious consequences, for only by properly digested food is the system nourished and sustained.

Burdock Blood Bitters is a reliable remedy for stomach disorders such as dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas, headaches, etc.

It helps to stimulate the secretion of saliva and gastric juice, the main factor in digestion, neutralizes acidity, tones up the lining membranes of the stomach, and restores the natural, healthy process of digestion.

Put your stomach right by taking B.B.B. and see how quickly you will start to enjoy your meals free from digestive troubles.

The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.


Married People Can Stay in Love | **Dorothy Dix** | Try a Little Mental Spirit

## Being in Love After Being Married is Just as Easy as it Was During Courtship Days if You Adopt the Proper Attitude Toward Each Other

A forward-looking young couple who are about to be married want to know how a husband and wife can keep their love for each other alive. They have seen so many marriages lose their pep and degenerate into just mere endurance contests, so much burning love simmer down into lukewarm liking, so many men and women who couldn't live without each other before marriage but who can't stand each other after marriage, that they desire to know what precautions they can take against this happening to them.

I do not think that husbands and wives fall out of love with each other nearly so often as is generally believed. Admittedly the average middle-aged married couple show few of the signs of romantic passion. They do not bill and coo. They do not stage a perpetual petting party.

They are not forever telling each other how beautiful and wonderful they are. Their kisses are more apt to be a peck on the cheek than of the movie variety, but this, nine times out of ten, is not because they have ceased to care for each other. It is because their love has grown to be so much a part of themselves that they take it for granted just as much as they do any of the other blessings of life.

Otherwise, why do they stay together? Why does a man work himself to the bone to keep his wife comfortable? Why does a woman slave in the kitchen cooking the things her husband likes? Why does she nurse him through spells of sickness and put up with his crotchety ways? In these days of easy divorce, when husbands and wives stick together it is because they want to, not because they have to do so.

Still and all, even the hardiest flower blooms the better for some tending, and there is no doubt that any husband and wife can make their love a more beautiful and fragrant thing by nourishing it and cultivating it instead of leaving its fate to chance.

Love, for instance, is largely self-hypnosis. They can keep themselves in love by the simple process of thinking they are in love. As long as a man thinks his wife the most beautiful and desirable woman in the world she is that to him. As long as a woman thinks that she has married Prince Charming she is wedded to him. Husbands and wives should never permit themselves to doubt the wisdom and desirability of their choice of mates. Nor should they examine their bargains too closely when they get them home. Their slogan should be: Every day in every way I am more and more in love.

Another way to keep love alive after marriage is for husbands and wives to continue to make themselves attractive to each other. Naturally, in the wear and tear of everyday living a lot of the romantic frills of courting days are bound to go into the discard. Mary can't always be dolled up in pink chiffon. John can't always look like a cinema hero But they can keep themselves looking clean and kissable and lovable.

And they can continue to practice some of the arts and wiles with which they won each other. They can show each other appreciation and gratitude and courtesy and consideration. They can refrain from criticizing each other or indulging in arguments and spats. They can adapt themselves to each other and cultivate congeniality, and so keep love alive and a fire by which they can warm themselves until the end.

* * * * * *

Dear Miss Dix—I am 18 and I want desperately some advice. I have known David for seven years. We went to school together and I always liked him better than the other boys, but the trouble is that he has always insisted on having my undivided attention. He is not only jealous of other boys, but of everything that I do that he doesn't dictate. Now, I am going to college, but he doesn't permit me to belong to sororities, or to dance, or to go to the assembly, or to play in the school theatricals, or to take any part in the college activities. I have a chance to go with some of the most eligible boys on the campus. I have a chance to make a name for myself at school. But if I do I can't have David. Or can I? Is there some way I can have the happy times I crave without losing the boy I love and who would mean everything to me some day? PERPLEXED EIGHTEEN.

Answer:

Right you are, my dear, in saying that he would mean "everything" to you some day if you married him. But listen when I tell you what he would mean. He would mean misery to you from the day you married him until the day you died or got a divorce. He would mean a broken heart and a broken and cowed spirit. He would mean a grinding tyrant over you who would not let you call your soul your own. He would mean that you would live in such terror of doing something that would offend your master that all of the joy in life would be lost to you.

He would mean that you would be separated from your mother and father, for he would never be allowed to join a club, or have a friend, or do anything that you wanted to do, because he would get a sadistic pleasure in hurting and thwarting you and making you come to heel like a dog.

Can't you see what a mean, selfish, little-minded creature your David is? Can't you see that he is so self-centered that he thinks only of himself and never of you? Can't you see that the reason he won't let you take part in the school plays or do any of the things in which you shine is because he is jealous and envious of your talents and he can't bear for you to succeed? Break off with this boy right away. Don't think of marrying him. You will wreck your life if you do.

* * * * * *

Dear Miss Dix—I am 27 years old. Good enough looking. High school education. I am a baby nurse and I am tired of living on the edge of other people's lives. I want to marry and have a life of my own, but I can't because I never have a chance to meet any men. How can I meet men? Don't you suppose there is some nice man somewhere in the world who would like to marry me? MARY EVELYN.

Answer:

Sure. But the riddle of the world is how girls situated as you are can meet men with matrimonial intentions. I should say your best chance would be to study to be a trained nurse. Nurses have a chance at marrying the internes and the patients. A man is never so much inclined toward marriage as when he is sick and dependent upon woman's gentle administration, for his comfort. DOROTHY DIX.

## THE COOK'S CORNER

**BUTTERSCOTCH RICE**

1-3 cup rice
2 cups scalded milk
1-4 teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon gelatin
1-4 cup cold water
1 cup hot milk

Method: Wash the rice thoroughly in several waters, then put into the double boiler with 2 cups scalded milk and the salt. Cook until the rice is tender and the milk absorbed.

Melt the butter in a heavy skillet and add the brown sugar. Cook gently until it is coated with the caramel and the mixture is syrupy.

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for 5 minutes, then dissolve in the hot milk. Strain this into the rice mixture, mix well and turn into a mould rinsed in cold water. Chill until perfectly firm Unmould and serve with custard sauce, cream or maple syrup.

**PINEAPPLE DIVINITY CREAM**

1 pkg. strawberry jelly
1 cup boiling water
1 cup pineapple juice
1 tablespoon sugar
1 cup crushed or diced pineapple
1 cup cream, whipped
Green mint cherries

Method: Dissolve the jelly powder in the boiling water and add the pineapple juice and the sugar. If there is not sufficient of the pineapple juice, add enough water to fill the cup. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then set aside until it begins to set.

Beat with a rotary egg beater for 5 minutes, until the jelly is a pale pink then fold in the whipped cream and the well drained pineapple. Turn into small moulds which have been oiled and rinsed with cold water and chill until firm Unmould and serve, topped with a green mint cherry.

## A Morning Smile

**HER PENANCE**

"My husband gave up smoking for Lent, you know."

"Splendid! And you, dear lady?"

"Well, I've been living in the same house with him."

**IN LIGHTER VEIN**

Mrs. Mustard: "Listen to me, I'm sick and tired of hearing you talk about 'my car' and 'my furniture' and 'my son'. It's getting no my nerves, and you're going to learn to say 'our.' What are you looking for in that closet?"

Mr. Mustard: "Our trousers."

## Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

**When Airing Clothes**

Often when garments are hung out of doors on coat hangers, they blow off the line. This can be prevented by using two coat hangers for each garment, reversed, so that the hooks form a circle.

**Marking Shrubs**

A small bottle comes in very handy as a marker in the garden, especially for shrubs. Simply write the name on a slip of paper, place in the bottle, cork securely, and hang it on the plant.

**Olive Oil**

A medium-sized lump of sugar added to each pint of olive oil as soon as it is opened will prevent its becoming rancid.

## How Can I ??

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I keep a good vision through the windshield in a heavy rain, when the wiper refuses to work?

A. Keep a bottle of clear vinegar in the car. If the windshield wiper fails during a rain, pour the vinegar over the outside of the windshield from the top. This will keep the glass clear.

Q. How can I remove a fish bone caught in the throat?

A. One of the best methods is to swallow a raw egg. This treatment seldom fails to carry the bone down with it.

Q. How can I make a nourishing broth?

A. The water in which green vegetables are cooked is excellent to use for a broth. Beat an egg in it for bouillon. This gives the body salt, potassium, and nourishment.

**NEW ANGORA CARDIGAN**

Sizes 32-34-36-38-40-42.
DESIGN X 211

This season's sweaters believe in going both backward and forward. The simply knitted cardigan is buttoned down the back, but is knitted in such a way that it may be reversed and worn with a sweater underneath, creating a twin ensemble. Zephyr wool, fine cashmere, angora, and even chenille are favored among the group of popular yarns. One thing is certain: it is easy to knit this sweater that requires no time at all, since the stitches are of the simplest type.

Send 20 cents, coin preferred.

PATTERN ORDER FORM—to be used when ordering pattern.

To Charlottetown Guardian

Design X 211

Name - - - - - - - - - - - -

Address - - - - - - - - - - - -

## The Housewife And Her Activities

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the slender, delicate threads
Of our curious life asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends
And sit and grieve and wonder.
—Anon.

**Shaker Colors**

The Shakers are remembered as the first users of vegetable dyes, hence the adaptation of color names true to their sect: Canterbury mallow, Hancock blue, Shaker grey and broom yellow among others.

Flat silver that is not used daily should be stored in an airtight box with a small piece of camphor enclosed to prevent tarnish.

**Embroidery Hoops**

One woman uses large-sized embroidery hoops in her clothes closet through which to hang sweaters and knitted blouses. They get the air in this way without stretching out of shape.

**Protects Surface**

One housewife lines the bottom of her refrigerator with waxed paper, changing it each time she cleans the box. Incidentally this housewife has no stains of any sort on the enamel.

Automobile fatilities in the major cities of the United States this year are running about 11 per cent less that the fatalities during the early part of 1938.

**Closet Accessories**

Attractive closet accessories make a nice gift for that friend who seems to have just about everything. Dainty rayon-covered boxes for shoes and hats, dress bags of lovely colorings and beautifully covered coat hangers to match are all pleasing to the woman who has lovely things to put in them.

The smell of citronella oil temporarily stimulates the sense of sight.

**Oil Stains on Wall**

Cover the oil stain with fuller's earth or powdered chalk, patting it onto the paper until the spot is thoroughly covered. Then forget about it for a few days. Brush off the powder and repeat the process if any all remains.

**IF YOU FACE THIS TRIANGLE TAKE MAKE-UP EXPERT'S ADVICE**

It is a fairly simple matter for the women who has a triangular shaped face to arrange her hair and apply cosmetics in such a way as to make the lower part of the face seem less broad, her forehead less tapering.

If your face is triangular—broader across the jaws than across the forhead—always brush hair back and up from the temples to create the illusion of width in the forehead and length in the face.

According to a famous make-up expert, it would be a mistake for you to part your hair low at the side, to have bangs or wear it absolutely flat across the top. She would have you avoid any coiffure in which the hair is dressed very low on the neck. Keep forehead fully exposed, he says, using the natural hairline with softness behind ears but not full at jawline. No dips and no square cut bobs.

Rouge ought to be blended on the outside of cheeks, carried faintly upward toward temples and downward to create a slight shadow at jawline. Don't apply it in a circle in centre of cheeks or get it too close to your nose.

Use lipstick to make mouth look wide and full. Stick to natural lines. No Cupid's bows or round rosebud effects. Leaving the mouth wide will tend to reduce the apparent width of the jawline.

However, if your face happens to fall in the inverted triangle category—wide brow and narrow chinline, dress hair softly on top, letting fullness begin at a point above ears and continue downward behind them. A long bob with hair slicked down on the head and quantities of fluffy ends low on the neckline would be all wrong. Place rouge on highest point of cheek bones, carrying it well upward to temples and downward to a point directly below centre fullness of cheeks.

Only the extreme tip of a rose responds to gravity. Cut off the very tip and lay the root flat, and it will not grow downwards, but straight ahead.

The earth averages about 40 persons for every square mile of dry land.

England, Scotland and Ireland, taken together, are smaller than the state of New Mexico.

In hiding their kill for a future meal, tigers prefer to drag it uphill rather than down.

A Bluffton, Ind., man has patented his specially designed baking pan, which produces a bun with a hole in it. The hole is meant to be used for insertion of a hot dog.

## TIMELY TIPS — FOR THE — HOME SEWER

Paris inspired this charming crepe print shirred shoulder dress. It lends flattering softness to the bodice. It has the new lifted waistline with V-shaped seaming that takes inches off your waist. The gently flared skirt boasts a lengthening seam down the centre-front. It gives you that graceful tall youthful appearance everyone craves. This delightful casual spring afternoon dress is a boon for women who are not as slim as they would like to be. It's a joy for summer, too, in sheer cotton prints. See diagram! You can cut it out and sew it in a few hours ....at a remarkably low price. The 36-inch size requires 3 1-4 yards of 39-inch material.

Style No 2769 is designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50-inches bust.

Send fifteen cents (15) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving:—

Style No. 2769 Size ... ... .....

Name

Street Address

City Province

**WOMEN ON THE ENGINE**

Many railway engines in the Soviet are being driven by women. The tourists has usually quite a shock when he sees a feminine head peering out of the cabin, but he need have no misgivings, for these women are expert drivers, having been trained at a special school on the South-Eastern Railway.

There are now over 50 women in training at this school, the idea being that in time of war they could take over all the railways, leaving the men free to fight. So well do they operate the engines that the smartest and quickest engine on the South Western Railway is run by a crew of women.


**SAVE MONEY**
**MECCA OINTMENT**
**Costs only 25c**

Mecca saves you money. It is only 25c a tin, instead of double the price many other ointments sell for. You get better results from Mecca—and you pay less. Use Mecca for cuts, burns, sores, boils, eczema (and with mustard as a poultice for chest colds).

*Send for Free Sample*

"MECCA" THE HOUSEHOLD OINTMENT 25c TRY IT FOR BURNS, CUTS, SKIN DISEASES ETC.

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**TILLIE THE TOILER — THE PENALTY OF POPULARITY.**

By Westover