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

Her Marriage was Topsy-Turvy!

NOTHING BUT ARGUMENTS between them! Sally never dreamed *she* was the guilty one—until her doctor warned her against careless, "now-and-then" feminine hygiene methods. He advised using Lysol disinfectant for douching —*always*. Cleanses thoroughly. Deodorizes. A proved germ-killer—far more dependable than salt, soda, or other homemade solutions. Yet so gentle for douching, it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow easy directions. More women use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. Try it.

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For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol Disinfectant —every time

Sign Your Name to Victory—Buy Victory Bonds

Dorothy Dix Says—

'IT CAN'T HAPPEN TO ME'

Selfish And Cruel Women Never Blame Selves For Consequences

Probably the most harmful delusion with which humanity bedevils itself is that "it can't happen to me." We can see how the law of cause and effect works inexorably with other people. We do not have to be prophets to be able to tell that the lazy and shiftless will be on the bread line in their old age; nor that those who abuse their health are destined for invalidism; nor that the girls who marry drunkards and philanderers and the boys who pick out shrewish girls for wives, are headed for the divorce courts.

But we delude ourselves into believing that we can escape the consequences of our acts. We think we can dance without paying the piper, and that we can go our mean, selfish, cruel way through life and still be loved and cherished by our families and friends. All about us we see plenty of people who never do anything to win love but who are sure they will never be lonely and neglected, because they are sure it couldn't happen to them.

WOMEN WORST OFFENDERS

Among those who are the most fanatical believers that they are darlings of the gods, who are always going to be adulated, no matter how little they deserve it, are women. You never hear of a wife who blames herself for having lost her husband's love, or a mother who feels responsible for her children leaving home as soon as they can break away from it, or a mother-in-law who isn't sure that the reason she doesn't get along with her in-laws is their fault. The party of the other part is always the offender.

A woman who belongs to this school of thought has just written me telling me of her troubles. She says that although she has never invited her mother-in-law to her home, the pesky old woman has been to see her son twice in four years. Also, she has discovered in going through her husband's pockets that he secretly sends his widowed mother a little money now and then. And she is so enraged at her mother-in-law's crashing her home and at her husband's perfidy in still loving his mother that she is beside herself.

She does not claim that the mother-in-law is in any way objectionable, nor that her husband can't afford to help his mother. She just doesn't want to be bothered with the old lady and she feels that every cent that her husband makes belongs to her.

As I read this woman's letter I wondered if it never crossed her mind that the reason her husband sent his mother money secretly was because she had browbeaten him until he was afraid to be open and frank with her. And I wondered still more if she did not realize how she had killed every particle of respect and affection that he had ever had for her by her not being willing to let his mother come into the house he supported, and by her begruding his mother the little help he gave her.

And most of all I wondered that she did not know that the time would come when her sons would marry and how she would feel if their wives shut their doors in her face. And I marveled that she did not realize that she herself might be left a poor widow, as her husband's mother was, dependent upon her sons for the aid their wives begrudged her so much, it had to be given in secrecy.

It cannot happen to me, this woman and thousands like her think. But it can.

ELLEN'S DIARY

By an Island Farmer's Wife

This was the morning that James had the "funny feeling" that could not be tracked to its lair. James has these feelings at times. When a potato inspector's car comes "on business bent"; when a farm product is to be marketed or when he has received an invitation of importance that will allow no excuse. "I have a funny feeling, Ellen" he said to me, when his bare feet struck the floor at dawn, then added as if to himself "you never can tell." I knew what was in the offing. Some of the seed-potatoes were to start presently on their long trek from an Island farm to the markets of the world. However, it so happened that something interfered to postpone the work until tomorrow so that James' peculiar—but nice —sensation was shelved for the intervening period.

* * *

The family car is rolling again. An ex-service man skilled in such mysteries, overtook the gremlin causing the condition and inserted part of a new gas-line. He worked busily at these repairs, when the brown leaves danced a death quadrille, gently to the wind's playing. Pard catching the mood, frolicked about with a mouthful of leaves to release them presently and roll over and over in sheer delight. Jeanie was busy too —cooking a chicken for her young men's dinner. I caught the aroma of it when I went to the woodpile near her door, for a few chips to hurry my fire. In no time, I heard the put-put of the car engine and down went our limousine around the driveway, returning in a short time to the garage, a smiling lad behind the wheel and every sail billowing. This airman has returned to the house on the hill, where he lived as a small boy and like James I have a feeling that he is likely to be an interesting neighbor to those of us at Alderlea.

* * *

Ours were at the potato-grading again today, joined in the afternoon by Jamie and his small wagon, both of which served to keep the workers entertained. James himself was obliged to leave his task to assist him when as a truck or tractor the wagon stalled or to help him across imaginery ruts. He came in to supper and then changing his mind, left in the dusk to sup with Jock and Jeanie in the house across the lane. "Me brave," he explained airily, dismissing his grandparents, both of whom would have guided him there. He set off, hands tucked in small pockets. James followed at a safe distance, and I watched from the verandah until a stream of light from a doorway told me of his safe arrival. He allowed Jeanie to escort him to our door and then was content to crawl up to waiting arms. A lullaby, a favorite of Judy's crooned in a quavering voice put an end to Jamie's day and set him wandering in the land of dreams.

* * *

Our farmers' work today has been considerably longer than just "from sun to sun." The hands on the old clock, on the shelf, continue to travel and the hours and half hours ring out—the hours of night and as yet, the men folk have not come from the barn. Karolyn and Rob came in the evening, and he followed Jock and James to the barn. "There's some potato-sacks to be weighed and sewed", James said. Jamie sleeps snugly on the couch and I hear Karolyn and Jeanie laughing in the pantry. "What on earth can it be"? I heard Jeanie say and Karolyn's reply is lost in a laugh. They have been preparing a plump fowl for tomorrow's dinner. Karolyn comes to the door to tell me: "You'll have a fresh egg for James' breakfast" and Jeanie to say: "I'm afraid we killed the goose that laid the golden egg" Then "with one fell swoop" of an Axe in Karolyn's hands, one of Jeanie's producers has met an untimely end.

* * *

And so on Island farms our days go by—days that are shortening until the span between dawn and dusk is all too short. October is assuming the "nut-brown maiden" look—the glory of the reds and crimsons are disappearing from sheltering groves and woodlands and again naked branches appear. Across the countryside the ploughs are turning the red earth to the weather, noisy tractors with mounted skilful operators or sturdy teams with patient guides. Cows home from the fields now in the evening and the fawn of Jeanie's jersey calf leads the others from their roving. Stables are warm places to turn to, now that fall winds are a-blowing. James read the paper hurriedly and with some concern at noon. "Ellen," he remarked "I see there's been snow in different places already—yes, and I'm thinking there'll be snow here before the farmers are ready for it." However if winter comes —and it never has heretofore until James had all of his house in order—there is much from this lovely month to remember. The thought I have, is nicely expressed in a clipping thoughtfully sent to me by an Islander abroad, still in the services in an educational capacity, who often (he confides) especially when autumn paints the landscape so beautifully, "in fancy —roams to the scenes he loves best on this, his Island home.

"If through November's sad grey days
The heart would still see hills ablaze,
Now in October none of this
No flaming branch the eyes must miss."

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night....

WATCH THE PEPSODENT 7-DAY MIRACLE OF DENTAL WHITENESS HAPPEN TO YOUR TEETH!

Yes! Pepsodent Tooth Powder with Irium will give your teeth the whiteness that comes only from this dental cleanliness

Remember how white — how bright—how film-free your teeth look and feel after your dentist cleans them? That's real *dental whiteness:* and he relies on powder. You see, unless dull, dingy film is removed, it hardens—darkens—turns into harmful, ugly tartar. And Pepsodent Tooth Powder with Irium is especially made to remove that trouble-causing film — gently, but thoroughly. So change to Pepsodent Tooth Powder and enjoy Pepsodent dental whiteness. You can see the difference in your teeth in *just one* week.

THE DIFFERENCE IS IRIUM AND PEPSODENT IS THE ONLY TOOTH POWDER CONTAINING IRIUM

Young April

by Dorothy Chadwick

CHAPTER XIII

Ben touched the horn button as he skimmed past Mr Weeks' delivery truck, toot toota toot toot—toot toot! He waved and Phoebe in white linen on the high seat of the truck beside Mr. Weeks, waved back.

They had decided against driving together to the office. Solemnly Phoebe had shaken her head when Ben said what fun it would be going to Riverhead together every morning. "But you can't. You get to the office any old time. Some days you have to go and see somebody and don't get in till noon. And isn't a secretary supposed to be at her desk at nine o'clock?"

"But how'll you get there? You can't keep your father's car in town all day."

"Don't you worry, I'll find a way."

So there she was bouncing along beside Mr. Weeks who kept the Seaside Fish Market in Riverhead and passed the Overton house every morning at eight.

When Ben opened the door of his tiny reception room she was at the desk. She had swung the top under so that the new typewriter was revealed. She beamed at him. "Good morning, boss!"

"Darling' . . ." Ben shut the door and swooped down on her.

"Be careful, Ben! Don't squash this suit, it'll look terrible enough in an hour or so."

"That suit needs squashing. You look prim like a secretary. What will you do first?"

"Whatever you want me to!"

"Well—" Ben glanced about the room. He looked a little embarassed. "Fact is, there isn't much work lying around."

Phoebe sat down and slipped paper under the roller of the machine. "I'm going to look busy. I'm going to sound busy. Anybody who comes down the hall past this door today is going to think that you're swamped with more work than you can possibly take care of."

"Great! Ben thought a minute. "Tell you what you do. Copy off some of these legal forms— he went to the old metal file and drew out a sheaf of crisp documents, "and that way you'll begin to get an idea of phraseology."

"All right," Phoebe spread out one of the printed sheets on the desk beside the typewriter and beamed up at Ben, her fingers poised over the keys. Now I'm all set. And really, Mr. Prentice, I know you're my boss and all that, but how I'm ever going to get anything done with you hanging around. . . ."

Toward the middle of the morning the outside door opened. Phoebe almost gasped. Three men stood before her. Three pairs of hard eys stared from beneath three pairs of bushy eyebrows. The men were so big that Phoebe rather faint, "Good morning, what can I do for you?" seemed to make no impression at all.

Without so much as a by-your-leave the three of them had walked right through the reception room and into Ben's own office.

At noon Phoebe sat perched on a stool in front of the counter in Harmon's Drug Store. Phoebe nibbled at bacon and tomato tucked between slabs of toast, sipped her frosted chocolate through the long pale straw, but she tasted nothing. What was happening to Ben. What did those rough looking men want with him.

They had stayed in the office for an hour and Phoebe, listening to the rumbling of deep voices, had grown more and more uneasy. Once there had been an argument, with Ben's voice sounding strange and sharp cutting across the rumble. Once there had been the pounding of heavy fists on the desk top. Then at last the door opened and Ben and the three men came out.

Ben hadn't looked a bit scared, but of course he wouldn't! As he passed her desk he had smiled. He had said, "Close the office, Miss Overton, and go out to lunch. I'll want you here when I return. . ."

Jamming on her hat Phoebe had got out of the office as fast as she could, had reached the sidewalk downstairs in time to see the four men enter the Clover Club Cafe across the street. And the Clover Club was known as the toughest joint in town! What did it mean?

Back in the office again Phoebe sat nervously waiting. She was sure those three big burly men were gangsters. They were forcing Ben into something dreadful.

The door swung open and her heart stopped. Ben came in and Phoebe's wide frightened eyes could see no sinister faces over his shoulder. He was alone. She flung herself upon him and clung to him trembling.

"Why Phoebe!" Ben held her tightly. "Phoebe tell me instantly, what's happened to you."

"N-nothing's happened to me. I've been frantic thinking of you with those awful gangsters. Oh Ben . . ."

"Gansters?" Ben held her away and looked bewildered into Phoebe's face. Then suddenly he shouted with laughter. "Darling, did you really think the Bojesca brothers were gangsters? Oh gosh, that's the best laugh I've had in years!"

Phoebe drew away. "Oh," she said in a small, hurt voice. "Then then they weren't?"

"Darling, I'm sorry you were worried. I should have explained before leaving the office, but I never thought. And," Ben chuckled again, "those Bojesca brothers are pretty tough-looking customers, I'll admit."

"And you went to that awful Clover Club!"

Ben laughed. "Yes—the Bojesca idea of being gay. You should have seen the devil-dog way they ordered cocktails as a starter. And what cocktails. But, Phoebe(" he leaned on the desk to peer into her face, "I'll burst if I don't tell you pretty soon. I have a real case. "Have you honestly, Ben? Oh, tell me about it!"

(To Be Continued) . . .

ANY DAY IS GRADUATION DAY when it comes to selecting the tea that's different, the tea that has *brisk* flavour. Try *brisk* tasting Lipton's, tea. Experts say it has *brisk* flavour always fresh, lively and full-bodied, never flat, insipid or wishy-washy. Graduate now to new tea pleasure. Ask your grocer today for *brisk* tasting Lipton's Tea.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAPBOOK

By Roberta Lee

Soup Bones

To prevent getting those small pieces of bone in the mouth when eating soup, place the soup bones in a small salt bag, and tie with a string. Place the bag in the soup and when the soup is done remove the whole bag of bones.

Reading In Bed

One should not read when lying down unless propped up sufficiently, so that the page is held at right angles to the line of vision.

Chilblains

To prevent chilblains, rub damp salt on the hands and the feet.

WHEN A COLD THREATENS take Father John's Medicine

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.

Q. Would you please tell us how many tokens or coupons we would have to surrender for the purchase of four meat pies?

A. This depends on the weight of the meat pies, Any kind or size of meat pies required the surrender of one token for every sixteen ounces.

Q. Is it right that jellied meats are no longer rationed?

A. Yes. Jellied meats have been removed from the list of rationed food.

Q. My son has returned from overseas, does he get the extra sugar for canning coupons when he gets his new ration book?

A. If his application for a ration book is dated on or before the 31st of October he will be given the extra twenty preserves coupons for canning. If his application is dated from the 1st of November to the 31st of December he will be given ten extra coupons over and above the regular preserves ration.

HOW CAN I !

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make dressing without baking it in a fowl?

A. When baking extra dressing, scoop out the inside of a dry loaf of bread, fill it with dressing, then fasten a thick slice of bread over the opening. It is as delicious as when baked in the fowl.

Q. How can I pack eggs successfully?

A. Before packing eggs, coat each egg thoroughly with lard and butter. Use a large stone jar and place the eggs small end downwards in layers of dry salt.

Q. How can I prevent water bugs areund the kitchen sink?

A. A little kerosene poured down the kitchen sink at night is a precaution.

MODERN ETIQUETTE

By Roberta Lee

Q. When at the table, how should one remove a seed, a bone, or some foreign substance from the mouth?

A. Drop it into the cupped hand and then place it on the plate.

Q. What colors and materials are considered proper for a young woman to wear as business frocks?

A. Dark colors are preferable, and materials that are not too thin.

Q. Is it customary for one who attends a christening to bring a gift?

A. Yes, it is customary.

MORNING SMILE

TOO CANDID

Lawyer — Well, Puff, have you any money for your defence?

Puff—Oh, a mule, some chickens and a hog or two.

Lawyer—That's fine — now, let's see; what are you accused of stealing?

Puff—Oh, a mule, some chickens and a hog or two.

TOO TRUE.

"My good man," said the missionary to the African chief, "it is wrong to have more than one wife. Tell all your wives except one that they can no longer look upon you as their husband."

After a moment's reflection the chief replied: "You tell them!"

Judge: What possible excuse could you have for acquitting the prisoner.

Jury Foreman: Insanity, sir.

Refreshments for Halloween Frolics

Hallowe'en is the night on which the witches set sail on their brooms, ghosts prowl, black cats howl and children demand that every one "shell out". Hallowe'en makes a perfect excuse for a party for other children or grown-ups.

The occasion offers ideas for decorating simple food to obtain unusual effects. Sandwiches cut round with holes in the top slice to show the filling and look like faces please the children. Spicy cookies with faces painted on with orange icing always make a hit and a little icing goes a long way. Devil's cake and taffy apples definitely belong in the hallowe'en picture.

The witches' brew may be milk, fruit punch or coffee according to the age and tastes of the guests.

The Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture, suggests the following recipes for hallowe'en frolics.

CHEESE CRUNCH

1 cup grated cheese
1 cup finely shredded cabbage
¼ teaspoon onion juice
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Or 1 to 2 tablespoons salad dressing
Few grains cayenne pepper
Salt and pepper to taste

Combine ingredients thoroughly and use as a sandwich spread with whole wheat bread. Yield: ¾ cup.

GINGERSNAPS

2/3 cup *molasses*
1/3 cup mild-flavoured fat
2 cups sifted pastry flour
Or 1¾ cups *sifted* all-purpose flour
1/3 teaspoon baking soda
2 teaspoons ginger
¾ teaspoon salt

Heat molasses to boiling point and pour over fat. Add sifted dry ingredients and mi xwell. Chi.l, roll and cut into desired shapes. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 deg. F., for 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 3 dozen cookies.

MOLASSES RAISIN BARS

¼ cup mild-flavoured fat
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
¼ cup molasses
2 cups whole wheat flour
½ teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon baking soda
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup sweet milk
1 cup chopped raisins

Cream fat, add sugar and cream well together. Add beaten egg, blending well, then add molasses. Mix dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add chopped raisins. Spread thinly in a greased, shallow pan, 15 x 10 inches. Bake in a moderate oven 350 degrees F. 20 to 25 minutes. Cut while still warm. Makes 3 dozen bars.

IF CONSTIPATION GOES BETTER HEALTH RETURNS

Don't stay sick or ailing—use the favorite family remedy that is in so many homes today—DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS; they will assist in giving you pep, ambition, appetite, good blood, better nerves —in short, better health. Hundreds say from personal experience that you can get much helpful aid in a 25c box of DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS.

DR HAMILTON'S PILLS

Needlecraft FOR THE HOME

SIMPLE TO MAKE

Jumper with smooth lines and a slim, uncluttered look. So simple to sew you'll make it in no *time at* all. Handsome, tailored blouse is included in the pattern.

No. 3758 is cut in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40 and 42. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch fabric for jumper blouse: 2¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

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. Include postal unit or zone number in your address.

Address Pattern Department The Charlottetown Guardian.
Pattern No. 3758

Name

Street Address

City Province

COOK'S CORNER

ONION PUDDING

6-8 medium sized onions
2 cups milk
5 egg yolks, slightly beaten
¼ cup grated cheese
Salt and pepper

Peel onions and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and chop fine. Scald milk and stir in the egg yolks. Add the chopped onions and cheese. Season highly with salt and pepper. Pour into a greased casserole. Set in pan of hot water. Bake in moderately slow oven, 325 degrees, for one hour or so, until set.

CORNS Lifted Out. No Pain!

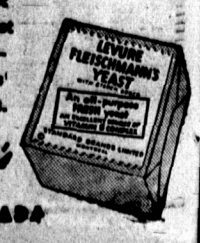
No pads or plasters to fuss with—just a few drops of a painless remedy PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR—only a few applications and relief comes quickly. Tackle your sore corn today. For rapid results, for greater comfort, use the old reliable Corn remover, PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR, 35c at all dealers in medicine.

Putnam's Corn Extractor

Here's sweeter, tastier bread with FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH ACTIVE YEAST

IT'S FULL STRENGTH so it goes right to work. No waiting. No extra steps. Fleischmann's fresh active Yeast makes bread that's more delicious and tender, sweeter-tasting *every time!*

IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—Get Fleischmann's *active* fresh Yeast with the familiar yellow label—*Dependable*—it's been Canada's favorite for more than 70 years.



Always fresh—at your grocer's

MADE IN CANADA

"Ah! Now I Can Breathe Again!"

Surprisingly fast, a few drops of Va-tro-nol up each nostril help open the nasal passages—make breathing easier—when your head fills up with stuffy transient congestion. Enjoy the grand relief it brings! Va-tro-nol gives quick relief, too, from sniffly, sneezy distress of head colds. Try it! You'll like it! Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

BETTER ENGLISH

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "The man is light-complected."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "ultimatum"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Pongee, portiere, possess.
4. What does the word "trite" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with ge that means "a history of the descent of a family"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "The man is light-complexioned." 2. Pronounce ul-ti-ma-tum, u at in up, i as in it, a as in may, accent third syllable. 3. Possess. 4. Worn or hackneyed; commonplace. "It was a trite remark." 5. Genealogy.