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

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

ETERNAL TRIANGLE

At first, she used to say, "My mother-in-LAW,"
Placing the accent on the last cold word,
As if in such a forced affair, she saw
A matter legal but a trifle absurd.
During the second year, it got to be
"Dick's mother." After little Dick was born,
It turned to "Grandma Martin." Gradually
That same, once-strange relationship was shorn
Of every small antagonism; at last
Became a peaceful, kind, familiar thing—
Living renewal of my own dead past,
A safeguard against all old age might bring—
And when today she said, "Dick's-mother-and-mine,"
She set upon the words love's seal and sign.

By VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

SHOE COLORS FOR SPRING

Next spring (1943) women will be wearing shoes of town brown, golden tobacco —the official shoe color for the women's army—and turf-tan. Also there will be bluejacket, liberty red, freedom green, cream blond and golden honey. This is the verdict of the Textile Color Card Association, which states that men will have the choice of Yankee and national brown charro tan, army russel and the popular American and adobe tan now in vogue.

PREVENT STOCKING RUNS

"An ounce of prevention," and so the saying goes on. Here is one way to prevent stocking runs caused by snagging on the splintery legs of office desks or chairs: Cover splintery sections well with several coats of colorless nail polish to make a smooth hard surface.

GOLDEN FANS

Earings made in the shape of small gold fans are quaint bits of costume jewelry. Yellow enamel is traced against the gold metal background.

When the rubbers of sealers become stretched and loose, clip them with the scissors, fold them over a little as you would when joining elastic, and stitch the ends together. They will seal as well as ever.

ROASTED CORN

Break ends from ears of corn, remove outside husks, leaving one layer, and remove silk. Wet each ear and place on grill high above glowing coals, and roast about 10 minutes, until milk in kernels is set, turning occasionally. Corn may also be roasted in a moderately hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) 15 to 20 minutes.

USUALLY NEGLECTED

If the sewing machine makes strange noises and creaks and groans, try to think back when last you oiled adn greased it. You no doubt will be able to explain the stiffness and racket immediately.

* * *

Drippings in Lieu of Butter

If through economy you are using drippings in a cake instead of butter, you can obtain a better flavor if you will squeeze the juice of a lemon over the drippings and then beat them into a cream. It will also make the cake lighter.

HARD TO GET UP IN THE MORNING?

Sleepyheads can tame that stubborn foe of the morning, the alarm clock, by doing just a few minutes' "getting up" exercises in bed.

You need them when the bell gives you a dreadful jolt and you have to get up though you haven't had enough sleep. And if you're one who habitually has the impulse to reach out and shut off the alarm and go back to sleep exercise might help you break the habit. Try it for seven mornings in a row.

After turning off the alarm, drink a tall glass of water, then get back into bed. But instead of covering up and falling asleep again, stretch your feet toward the footboard, fold your arms across your chest, and keeping ankles together, lift legs upward till they're almost perpendicular. Then lower legs as slowly as you can.

Now sit up and lean forward, touching toes with hands. Relax. Repeat three times.

Now, get out of bed and stand with feet wide apart. Breathe deeply, lifting hands overhead as you inhale, lowering hands as you exhale. Let the chest cavity expand at the sides as your lungs fill —don't encourage the chest to heave up and down.

These motions stimulate the circulation and wake you up. If you still feel any lackadaisical hesitation to be out and active, rinse your face and throat with very cold water until the skin is pink and tingling. Dip a washcloth in the water and press it firmly against the eyes, mouth and brow.

Now, how's your appetite for breakfast?

PILE SUFFERERS

SEND COUPON FOR SAMPLE

Why suffer another day of pain. Get quick relief and soothing comfort from distressing HEMORRHOIDS by using either of the special Pile Remedies made by the makers of the well known Mecca Ointment. Thousands of satisfied and grateful users.

Mecca Pile Remedy No. 1 is for Protruding Bleeding Piles, and is sold in Tube, with pipe, for internal application. Price 75c. Mecca Pile Remedy No. 2 is for External Itching Piles. Sold in Jar and is for external use only. Price 50c. Order by number from your Druggist.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

MECCA OINTMENT CO., Dept. 62
337 King St. W., Toronto 2
Please send me Free sample of Mecca Pile Remedy ☐ No. 1 Internal ☐ No. 2 External.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....P.C.2

A Morning Smile

Mandy—Ah wants a quawt of sanctified milk.

Grocer—Whut yo'all means is pacified milk.

Mandy—Look here, small one, when Ah needs inflamation Ah'll specify.

Two friends (one married, the other a bachelor) were at the latest play, admiring the performance of a famous actor.

"By jove," the married man murmured, "he's grand; he's wonderful. The way he displays affection towards the leading lady, eh."

"Yes—pretty good," the bachelor agreed. "But, you know, he's been married to her, actually, for eighteen years."

"What? Really married?" gasped the married man. "Gosh—what an actor!"

Old Lady: "Tenpence a pound for candles. That's ver dear, ain't it?"

Grocer: "Yes, but you see they are dearer now on account of the war."

Old Lady (in surprise): "Lor' a mussy! You don't say so. An' be they a-fightin' by candlelight now?"

GAY NINETIES EMBROIDERY

DESIGN NO. 517

You'll hear admiring remarks when your guests see these motifs on towels, cocktail napkins, etc. Splendid as gifts, too. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 517 contains 16 motifs measuring from 1½ by 1¾ to 5 by 4½ inches with the 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.

To Charlottetown Guardian,
Needlework Department.

Design No. 517

NAME -
STREET ADDRESS - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
CITY - - - - - - - - - - - - PROVINCE - - - - - - - -

THE COOK'S CORNER

CRUMB CAKE

1 cup brown sugar, pinch salt, ½ cup shortening, 1½ cups flour. (Rub and mix like pie crust and save 2-3 cup for top.) 1 egg, beaten well before added; 1 cup sour milk and 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in milk, 1 teaspoon cassia, 1 cup raisins. Sprinkle crumbs on top of cake.

CORN FRITTERS

1¾ cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
¾ cup milk
1 cup corn
1 egg, beaten
1 tablespoon fat (melted)
1 teaspoon onion juice (optional)

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Mix corn, egg, milk and fat, add to dry ingredients and mix well. Drop by spoonfuls into hot, deep lard 350 degrees—365 degrees F and fry 2-5 minute turning once. Drain on unglazed paper. Serve in combination with other vegetables to form a vegetable plate, or alone with syrup or a tart jelly.

After the week-end guest had departed, the hostess was tidying up.

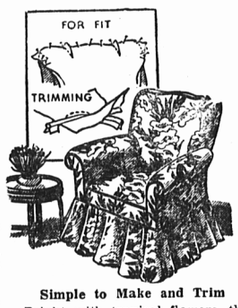
"There," she exclaimed in disgust, "I knew that friend of yours wasn't to be trusted. I've just counted the towels and one of them is missing."

"Was it a good one?" asked hubby anxiously.

"The best we had! It was the one with 'Grand Palace Hotel' woven in it."

Home Service

Fresh Slip Cover Transforms Room



Simple to Make and Trim

Bright with tropical flowers, this slip cover soon chases gloom from your living room!

Like any slip cover, it's easy to make and fit the pin-on way, ever if your chair has curves and curlicues.

The welting that trims the seams is also easy to sew on. In a color that matches a color in the fabric, it looks smart, professional!

To start the cover, remove cushions and smooth fabric over chair, starting at top-back and continuing to edge of seat. Pin down every 3 inches where seams will be and cut 1½ inches outside pins for seams.

Other sections you fit one at a time the same way—front, sides, arms and back. Where the fabric bunches at curves, take darts as in our diagram. Then pin pieces together and remove cover.

The welting is inserted from the right side and stitched in the seam. The deep gathered flounce goes on last of all.

Full details of making lovely slip covers are given in our 32-page booklet. Tells how to fit chairs, sofas and automobile seats the pin-on way. Gives directions for finishing seams, trimming; for

Send 20c in coins for your copy of "How to make Slip Covers" to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your name, address and the name of booklet..

Name

Street Address

City Province

Dorothy Dix Says—

PARENTS TOLD TO EXTEND GOLDEN RULE TO CHILDREN

Many Are So Calloused That They Ridicule Their Youngsters In Public

It would be a wholesome, spiritual exercise for parents now and then, to put themselves in their children's places and see how they would like to be treated by some domestic overlord the way they treat their youngsters. Very few mothers and fathers are intentionally unkind to their children, but many are brutal to them through sheer stupidity and thoughtlessness.

They have the idea that children are some sort of unclassified fauna with hides like a rhinoceros, so thick that no barb can pierce them, and they have strange habits and tastes that make them enjoy being exhibited in public and having their peculiarities discussed in their presence, and that they don't mind being baited and teased and lied to and disappointed.

They know perfectly well that they would commit mayhem upon the person of anyone who would point out their peculiarities to the gaping crowd, and would never forgive anyone who made them promises they did not even intend to keep. But they expect children to take it and like it, yet a child is the most sensitive creature on earth and the one most helpless and least capable of defending itself.

Why so many otherwise intelligent people, into whose hands God has mistakenly intrusted children, ignore this palpable fact, no one knows. Yet they do. It is the common custom, for instance, for grown-ups to discuss a child in his presence as freely as they would discuss a horse or a dog, apparently under the impression that little Johnny is a deaf idiot who doesn't understand what it is all about. But he does and it crucifies him when Aunt Sally comments that he looks small for his age and takes after his Mother's family who were all runty, or when Uncle John remarks that he must be backward in his studies if he is only in the third grade.

PARENTS PERMIT TORTURE

Father and Mother stand complacently by while this torture is going on and make no effort to stop it; yet imagine what Father would do if anybody told him to his face that he was a miserable-looking little half-pint-size manikin. And what Mother would say to anyone who dared even suggest that she looked like homely old Cousin Eliza would be aplenty.

Thereare even parents so calloused that they hold their children up as laughing stocks for the amusement of their guests. All of us have seen children writhe in agony while Father set the dinner-table in a roar by relating some blunder that Tommy had made or repeating some artless question that Dicky had asked. Worse still, we have known a Mother to make a funny story about Mamie's shy confidence to her about the boy whose desk was next to hers at school. Once I even heard a Mother read aloud her little girl's first love letter to a guffawing crowd of grown-ups.

Now perhaps there are people with such an overgrown sense of humor that they enjoy a joke on themselves and are willing to be made to look ridiculous for the entertainment of their fellow creatures, but if they are any such, I have never met them. We like people to laugh with us, but not at us; and Father would no more enjoy having his blunders dragged forth to make a Roman holiday for his acquaintances than little Jimmy does. Mother would be just as much stabbed to the quick as little Sally is by having her sacred confidences betrayed.

CARELESS ABOUT PROMISES

Most parents do not regard a promise to a child as binding. They will promise the children to take them to the movies or on a picnic on Saturday or to give them a bicycle or a doll, or whatever the childish heart is set on. Then when the time comes if they want to go on a party themselves or to spend the money on something they want they put the youngsters off regardless of the crushing disappointment they are inflicting.

Yet many a man, who has been defeated for some high office, or who has missed making a million by a drop in the market, has felt less disappointment than he did when his Father went to play golf instead of taking him fishing as he had planned. Many a woman has shed fewer tears over the wreck of the dreams of her life than has the little girl whose Mother forgot to bring her home the doll she promised her.

Childhood lives only in the present. It has no perspective on life and it has not learned the law of compensation which is the staff we lean on in our latter years.

So I urge parents to extend the Golden Rule to their children and treat them as they would like to be treated. As Josh Billings once said: "Train a child in the way he should go, and walk there yourself once in a while."

Strange Victory

By FRANKEN MELONEY
Author of "Call Back Love"

"That's what I had hoped!" The words escaped Paige before she could recapture them. It was a clumsy move, and for a moment she was at a loss to proceed. She had a swift memory of those nights when only men had sat about the Griswold table, and later poker had been the order of business. An unobtrusive hostess, she had learned from her father something of the art of telling the cards you held, and bluffing people into being afraid to believe you.

"But . . . you were looking for a governess?" Miss Moulton was not only bluffed but baffled.

Paige pursued her slim advantage. "If you will remember, Miss Moulton, I didn't say that I was looking for a governess. I merely asked if you had a governess on your lists with certain qualifications which I happen to possess."

Miss Moulton's eyes narrowed. So that was it! Looking for a job. Miss Moulton had long since made it a practice to shun all encounters with the working classes— an aversion carried over from the days when she had walloped a pot with the best of them—but now she was arrested in spite of herself. "Where have you worked before?" she asked with grudging interest.

Paige summoned what little duplicity life had taught her. "I was governess to the daughter of T. J. Griswold, at Tarleton, his estate outside of London." How was that for a bold-faced one, Tod?

Miss Moulton looked impressed. "And then?" . . .

"After Mr. Griswold's death I came to America."

Miss Moulton assumed the wary maneuvering of the buyer. "I'm afraid you didn't realize that conditions here have changed. Times are very hard."

Paige had heard the same statement in a hundred different ways.

Relieves Distress From Monthly FEMALE WEAKNESS

And Helps Build Up Red Blood!

Thousands upon thousands of women and girls who suffer from functional monthly disturbances—headache, backache, cramps, distress of "irregularities", nervous, tired, blue, weak feelings—have obtained most gratifying relief by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets (with added iron).

Pinkham's Tablets not only relieve such distress, they also help build up resistance against it. They help build up red blood! Made in Canada.

She rose. "I was under the impression, that in coming to you, I was coming to the best agency in New York. However, if I have been wrong I can very well go elsewhere."

Miss Moulton bridled. "My clientele is the wealthiest in the city, Miss ——"

"Paige. Deborah Paige."

"If I am not able to place you, Miss Paige, nobody else can, I assure you." She squared herself before the desk, clearing her throat loudly and flicking over a pile of cards. She indulged in a bit of histrionic play for each—a grimace for this one, a purse of the lips for that one, a slight mmm and a pause for another, and then a reluctant flip to the next. Finally she paused over a card and picked up the interoffice telephone. "Has Mrs. Henderson's inquiry for a governess been filled yet?—It's for twin boys, eight," she threw out in an aside to Paige.

Paige wondered what one did with a brace of eight-year-old boys. But whatever reservations she had were stillborn as the automaton voice on the other end of the wire made known the fact that Mrs. Henderson had decided to take a tutor who could drive, and that Herbert, the chauffeur, was again on their lists for placement.

Miss Moulton shrugged in intimate invitation for understanding. "There. You can see for yourself how it is." The cards began to flip again—down—down—down — until there was only one left in her hand. She put it on the desk before her, twisting a rubber band around her short ringed fingers as she contemplated it. "Here's a hard nut to crack," she confided, and read aloud: "Wanted: Governess, preferably English. Companion to girl of thirteen. Language and background of travel required. Also competence in sports. Must be able to maintain a home and background for child in absence of family. No applicants considered under thirty."

"It sounds perfect!" cried Paige. "I don't see why it should be a hard nut to crack."

"Well, it is. I don't know the ins and outs of it, I only know that I've sent four governesses in three weeks, and they don't any of them seem to get along."

"Oh I'd love to try it, anyway!"

Miss Moulton looked doubtful. "I'm afraid you're too young—still, he called me only this morning again, he seems desperate for somebody——"

"I can look much older," Paige eagerly broke in, "and if it's a problem child, Miss Griswold was a hideous little liar—I'm sorry to say it, but she was."

"Dear me," said Miss Moulton. She picked up the telephone once more. "Get me Mr. Michael Herron . . ."

The conversation was brief. Evidently Mr. Herron was a man of few words. "He'll interview you at four o'clock," Miss Moulton reported, putting the receiver down. "Can you be back at four?"

"Yes," said Paige faintly.

CHAPTER III

Almost three hours to kill. Paige Griswold's knees felt watery as she stepped into the street again. Maybe it was relief—maybe it was the breakfast she hadn't had.

She began to walk downtown, past innumerable little specialty shops and restaurants. In her handbag there was a single dollar bill, and a dollar and forty-three cents in change. She knew the amount without looking. She had counted it three times the night before, and on the second count had known a moment of panic as a dime had eluded her behind a handkerchief. The dime had been found, and the fiscal balance of Paige Griswold reestablished.

She could feel herself slowing down. She wanted to keep on walking, but she had no strength of character. "I'm ashamed of you," she said to her stomach, as she peered through the window of a glorified delicatessen store. "I suppose you'd go in there and gorge yourself if I give you one drop of encouragement."

She dragged herself away from the tantalizing smell of fresh roast ham and new dill pickles. "This is torture," she whimpered, "absolute torture." She couldn't bear it. She turned into the nearest drugstore, and headed for the counter. "A glass of malted milk," she ordered, though her whole soul was crying out for the special thirty-cent luncheon of pot roast and mashed potatoes. The malted milk, however, was only ten cents and it had a lot of nourishment in it, and oh—bounty of bounties—they gave you a thin packet of soda wafers free. She consumed them slowly, to make them last, and while she ate she studied her face in the mirror opposite, slightly hampered in her scrutiny by the day's menus pasted over it.

She emerged from the shop not only in higher spirits, but knowing exactly how she was going to spend the time until four o'clock. She moved forward, imbued with purpose.

Between Lexington and Third Avenues, she found the sort of shop she was looking for—Feinman's Optical, Camera, Sheet Music and Novelty Store. She walked in. After a moment or so, Mr. Feinman emerged from dark recesses where he had undoubtedly been eating lunch.

"I want a pair of glasses, please."

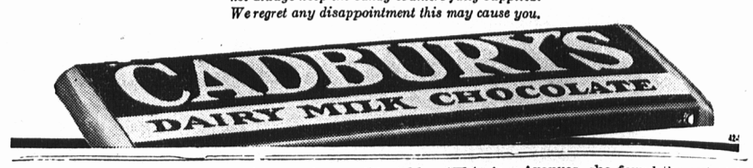
Mr. Feinman immediately enveloped himself in the scientific robe of a great oculist. "Glasses we have." He gave a large wave toward a partitioned corner filled with a clutter of alphabet cards and ophthalmoscopes. "Now if you just sit kindly on this chair, and read the letters—"

(To be Continued)

Chocolate is Food

Cadbury Dairymilk Chocolate, made of *highest quality* chocolate, sugar and fresh whole milk, is a compact energy-giving and body-building *food*. When you enjoy the *delicious flavour* of this popular Cadbury bar, remember you are also helping to keep up your stamina and resistance in wartime.

Owing to rationing and Government orders, we cannot always keep the candy counters fully supplied. We regret any disappointment this may cause you.



BROILING STEAK

For most flavorsome and juicy results, experts say beefsteak should be allowed to reach room temperature after removing from refrigerator before putting under the broiler.

Needlecraft

For The Hom.

SOFT FROCK FOR FALL

Use Two Colors if You Like

This soft and wearable frock takes advantage of the vogue for color contrast. It's also a wonderful idea if you have a dress you want to make over.

Style No. 3578 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 39-inch fabric with 1 yard contrasting.

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. 3100 ....

Name

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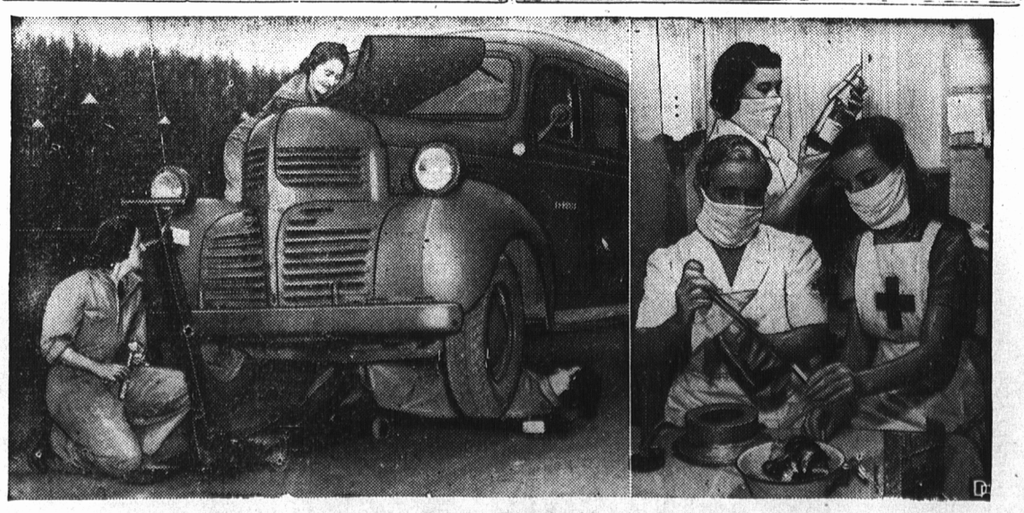
There's Nothing Like CUTICURA For BLACKHEADS

Cleanse with Cuticura medicinal toilet soap. Use antiseptic, emollient Cuticura Ointment to help clear up blackheads, pimples, rashes, chafing and chapping of inflamed skin. *Made in Canada.*

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

SERVING OVERSEAS

In her brand new steel helmet still chalk-marked with the size, Airwoman First Class M. A. Long of Ardene, Manitoba, is pictured aboard the ship which took the first contingent of R.C.A.F. (Women's Division) overseas for active duty. In addition to her steel helmet, AW1 Long has been equipped with respirator, gas cape and other essentials of overseas service. —R.C.A.F. Photograph.



Canadian women are stepping into all sorts of wartime jobs today. On the left three young Canadian girls are learning the mechanics of looking after a car. On the right volunteer nurses are capping the bottles in a Red Cross Blood Donors Clinic in preparation for shipment to a central depot.