

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

DUETS

HURRY, CHLORINE! YOU'LL BE LATE FOR WORK!

BUT MOTHER! I CAN'T FIND MY HOROSCOPE!

RUN ALONG, DEAR! I'LL LOOK FOR IT!

WHAT GOOD WOULD MY FUTURE DO YOU? IT WOULDN'T FIT!

I'M SURE THE PLANETS WON'T MIND THIS ONE TIME, DEAR

IT COSTS ME \$2 TO GET CHARTED AND NOW YOU ASK ME TO JUST DRIFT?

YOU GOT YOUR LUNCH AND CARFARE! WHY DO YOU NEED A HOROSCOPE?

I WOULDN'T THINK OF STARTING A DAY I DON'T KNOW ABOUT!



A Job Only You Can Do

and Answers
Price Control Questions

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's members, 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. Is the butter ration going to be reduced?

A. The butter ration will be reduced from seven to six ounces per person, per week commencing in January. The reduced ration will be in effect during the months of low winter production and will be restored as soon as supplies permit, probably next April. There will be no change in coupon values, the reduction being effected by postponing a coupon every fourth week instead of every eighth week as at present.

Q. I bought a two pound cardboard carton of honey and the dealer took two coupons. Was he right?

A. Not unless what you bought was honey butter which has a coupon value of one pound. Cut comb honey and extracted honey each come two pounds per coupon.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Not one of the books were read." What is the correct pronunciation of "wreath" and "wreaths"? 3. Which one of these words is misspelled: impediment, testament, sediment.

What does the word "bijou" mean? 4. What is a word beginning with prep that means "contrary to reason; absurd"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "was read." One is the singular subject. 2. Wreath (singular) pronounce the th as in both. Wreaths (plural) pronounce the th as in sooth. 3. Testament. 4. An exquisitely wrought trinket; a jewel. (Pronounce be-shoo, a as in be, as in too, accent first syllable). 5. Preposterous.

Cook's Corner

GINGERBREADS

2/3 cup molasses
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour, or 1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour,
1/3 cup milk-flavored fat,
1/3 cup baking soda,
2 teaspoons ginger
4 teaspoon salt

Heat molasses to boiling point and pour over fat. Add sifted dry ingredients and mix well. Chill, roll and cut into desired shapes. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., for 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 3 dozen cookies.

MOLASSES RAISIN BARS

1/2 cup milk-flavored fat
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup molasses
2 cups whole wheat flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 cup sweet milk
1 cup chopped raisins

Cream fat, add sugar and cream well together. Beat in egg. 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.

COMFORT TEMPERATURE

The human body is so constituted that it functions best at temperatures of 60 to 70 degrees for those who wear civilized clothing, and at somewhat higher temperatures for unclothed people.

EXTRA FINE BREAD!

BAKE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S ACTIVE FRESH YEAST

QUICK HELP WITH FULL-STRENGTH FRESH YEAST
Watch Fleischmann's active fresh Yeast go right to work—help give your bread more delectable flavor, finer, smoother texture every time.

IF YOU BAKE AT HOME, be sure to get Fleischmann's fresh Yeast with the familiar yellow label. Dependable—Canada's favorite yeast for more than 70 years.

Always fresh—at your grocer's

MADE IN CANADA

The Mulberry Bush

by HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER VIII

When Gamble returned, they explored together the once splendid theater, the bar where in the rich, roistering seventies gold dust had been weighed on delicate scales in exchange for potent drafts from folk old bottles. At that bar, fur-collared coats and tall hats had jostled buckskins and flannel shirts, men had fought and there, men had died, caught up in the violent frenzy of the fever for gold. Then the short October day began to wane and they drove down the steep, winding road again, a little silent, a bit oppressed by the past.

It was as if those lost adventures went with them down the trail. Men crouched on the top of stage coaches with rifles across their knees, in white hose and strapped shoes, gold cartridges in their ears. Men with brown beards and quick angry eyes, men who blustered and then spoke slowly with deadly intent. Fusses, proud, brave women—Mike could have put it all into words. But to Virginia it was only a faded nostalgic pain, and a small, cold breath of fear. Life was such a passing thing. Life was so soon over. And then they were down and speeding along the wide highway, with the autumn day dying in a purple and russet haze upon the hills, and traffic roaring by going home. Suddenly, Bruce Gamble slowed the car, laid his hand over hers. "This has been a happy day for me," he said. "I knew—when I first saw you that you were a person I could talk to—about the things I like that old town up there—just like that."

Now was the time to speak, to end this stupid nonsense. Now was the time to say casually, "My husband is in South America. He's a writer—I wish he could have seen all this." But she did not say it. She said instead, a trifle awkwardly, drawing her hand away, "You were generous to take pity on a working woman. I'd have gone up there in a taxi probably, and been scared to death."

"What I want," he went on, ignoring her words, "is to see you again. You're going back to Washington aren't you? Baltimore isn't far. I have to shove off tomorrow—make the Western Slope and Utah, perhaps Nevada. I may not get back to the East again for a month—but when I do—"

Virginia managed a light laugh. "I'm at the Harrison Travel Bureau. Call me up when you're in town, and I'll sell you a nice trip through the Panama Canal, or to the Virgin Islands or Trinidad thrown in. Or would you prefer Alaska?"

"Postman's holiday? When I come home I don't want more places to go. I want my old corduroy pants and the garden hose to sprout around. I want to put my feet up and let the pup nuzzle my hand, and have plenty of tobacco for my pipe. I want fire and hot coffee and no ice water brought in."

Q. How can I remove white spots from a table? A. The spots are the result of heat, try polishing with croceon, or sand with a mixture of oil and alcohol.

Q. How can I remove the skin? A. Mix and apply equal parts of rose water and lemon juice.

Q. How can I prevent curdling of the milk when making sherbet? A. Add very slowly the juice of a lemon.

Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

O Lord, I ask of Thee today, the understanding heart, To know these little children; To tell each living part, That I may lead them in Thy way with true, unflinching love, And may I not be angry, Lord, and smother every smile.

How Can I !!

By Anne Ashley

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CROCHETED ROSES

Roses are crocheted and worn on bouquiers or hat trimmings. They measure approximately 2, 2 1/2, and 3 1/2 inches in diameter. Pattern No. E-1251 contains complete instructions.

To order Pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or Postal Script to Needwork Bureau, Charlottetown, Guardian, Design No. E-1251



DESIGN NO. E-1251

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Province _____

Dorothy Dix Says—

Holding Your Man

One-Date Girls Have Only Selves to Blame

A problem that keeps many girls guessing is why they cannot hold their boy friends. Some of them say that they have no difficulty in attracting men, but they cannot keep them. They are one-date Marys. The lads take them out once, but they never pay a return engagement.

Myriads of other girls want to know why the boys they have gone about with ever since their school days, and who have been as faithful as old dog Tray, suddenly desert them. They say they are still young and a girl who is as pretty and good dancer and carry the same line of charms they have always had, and they can't understand why Tom, Dick, or Harry, who has been going steady with them for so long, should fade out of the picture without rhyme or reason.

Well, of course, no explanation of the fickleness of man that will hold water has ever been devised. Women with him are purely a matter of taste, and the one that allured him one day bores him the next, and why this is thus he doesn't know himself.

GIRL'S OWN FAULT

Generally speaking, the trouble with the one-date girl is easily diagnosed. It is herself, or her mother. Men have ever a roving eye for a girl who is as pretty and good dancer and carry the same line of charms they have always had, and they can't understand why Tom, Dick, or Harry, who has been going steady with them for so long, should fade out of the picture without rhyme or reason.

It takes intelligence and a glib tongue and an instinctive know-how to do it, and, unfortunately, beauty and brains do not often go together. One evening of trying to talk to a dull girl, or a giggler, or a chatterbox is a plenty for a man, especially if he belongs to the great silent type who expects a woman to keep the conversation going.

And if Mama is one of the mothers who thinks that her daughter's beaux came to see her instead of Sally, or if she treats every young man as if he were a kidnapper who had come to steal her darling from her, it is easy to see why when a lad says good night, it is goodbye forever.

Many reasons may be advanced as to why the "steady" becomes unsteady. The chief one is that it subjects him to the monotony of domesticity without any of its compensations. He gets fed up on Sally and craves a change, and so he forsakes her for some girl who has a new bag of tricks.

Another reason is that the girl friend becomes too possessive. The boy may never have thought of such a thing as being in love with her or of marrying her, but she acts as if she owned him, body and soul. She expects him to take her wherever she goes, and to let her dictate to him about everything he does, and she raises ructions if he speaks to another girl. All of which is bound to get on his nerves.

Still another reason why girls often find themselves forsaken is because they made themselves a luxury that their boy friends couldn't afford. They were too good at gold-digging. They had too many birthdays. They had to have too many wrist watches and orchids and too much caviar. So the lads dropped them for sweeties who would think the movies and a hot dog a treat.

And, most of all, girls drive away potential husbands by being too eager to marry. The boy is on the anxious seat, not sure of himself. He doesn't want to be tied down, but the girl is so afraid she will lose him she tries to hurry him to the altar, and that scares him so that he scrams.

IDEA IN JEWEL SETS

Most appealing item in costume jewellery in the holiday cases is a matching set of miniature jewelled jesters. The lapel pin is shaped to form the court, comic's sceptre topped with a clown's head, and matching earrings complete the ensemble.

EYE ON THE CLOCK

A Cardiff doctor broadcasting a health talk recently in Welsh from the B. B. C. Welsh regional station chose for his theme, "Don't overtax your strength as you grow older—keep your eye on the clock." He used the phrase "Keep your eye on the clock" as a recurring slogan to give point to a number of his remarks. When he got home after the radio talk he found that the house had been burgled, and the clock was gone.

RING AS WEAPON

Hollow "poison" rings were used in classical times not only for suicidal purposes, but as weapons.

Fashion Horoscope

by Colette

If you would charm—
Do—
Do buy a pastel ostrich hat.
Don't forget—dress-up wear only.

One of the best known ways to relieve

MONTHLY FEMALE PAIN

With its tired, nervous, cranky feelings!

If female functional periodic disturbances cause you to suffer from cramps, headaches, backache, feel nervous, jittery, cranky—at such times—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's Compound uses those herbs that relieve such monthly pain. It also relieves accompanying tired, nervous, cranky feelings—of such nature. One of the best known and most effective medicines you can buy for this purpose.

If you suffer like this we urge you to give Pinkham's Compound a fair and honest trial!

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

CHARMING BLOUSE

The dressed-up look; a smart, surprise blouse with its new fullness over the hips, and worn with the sleek skirt also presented herewith.

No. 2861 is out in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Size 16 requires 1 1/4 yards 38-inch.

No. 2837 is out in waist sizes 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 28 requires 1 1/4 yards 38-inch or 1 yard 54-inch.

Send 20 cents for each 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.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ Province _____

BLACKHEADS

Blackheads go quickly by a simple method that dissolves them. Get two ounces of peroxide powder from your druggist, apply with a hot, wet cloth gently over the blackheads—and you will wonder where they have gone.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

James introduced me to a new activity today, and now that its beginning comes back to my memory, yesterday as well. Then, I had an idea, I was only a temporary substitute for one of the workers in the woods. This morning, dinner was in the preparation. The aroma of frying pork-chops mingled with the scents of the cooking vegetables, golden ringed carrots and some of the aristocratic potato-seed from the cellar, to be served jacketed, in the busy-buzz of my day. The oven was ripe for receiving a pan of baking-powder biscuits, I had mixed with my lightest tone when James opened the porch door. He wore a familiar and wistful expression, "Would you mind coming to build a load of hay only a small load?" At Alderley, none of James' appetites are as voracious as those of what moment is a meal or even any part of one, to a farmer or his family. I had been in the kitchen, I should not then have met James at the barn. It was a happy necessity this morning, for the benefits of an sheltering tree, by the wind swept down from the Arctic. Not frosty but rough and piercing, ruffling the bright mare's coat, but at the same time assisting James to turn great rolls of hay easily to the sleigh below. "Hold it down, Ellen," a tall of my assisting James called to me but his words were carried away from me, over my head, I suspect the mill in the valley and over the meadows and lost in the distance. We rode then to the barn yard, down the frozen and partly-bare slope. "I suppose, Ellen," he said helping me to alight "the dinner will be ruined, I'm afraid, but I'll try to make it do. The happiness, my going afforded James, made up for our delayed dinner and my cup near to overflowing. I thought James called to me but his words were carried away from me, over my head, I suspect the mill in the valley and over the meadows and lost in the distance. 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