

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

Legends Of P. E. Island

(By Uncle Joe)

THREE YEARS CAPTIVE AMONG THE MICMACS

In the days when Malpeque was the chief Indian village in this island, they held captive for three years a white man by the name of Lawrence Poirier.

Here is the legend in part: Poirier, a local fur trader and smith, found it profitable to trade with the natives through their chief, Nataka Maquina, who was a dignified savage, six feet tall and well proportioned.

The dark copper-hued chief always went about with legs and arms covered with red paint. His eyebrows were shaded in black in two broad stripes, and his long black hair was done up in a high mound on the top of his head and plastered with bear's grease, the whole crown being powdered with white down, giving him a rather extraordinary appearance. Mantled across his broad shoulders was the skin of a sea otter, which reached almost to his knees and was fastened round his waist with a wide belt made from the bark of a tree. This fantastic hair-do and dress lent to the huge savage a look of magnificence.

Through years of barter Poirier and the chief became quite friendly, and while a visitor to the Indian village the Frenchman would set up a rude forge and make iron trinkets and steel arrows for the tribe.

One day Nataka came into the forge and, throwing down a gun whose lock had been broken, said: "Look! Him no good."

The Frenchman, who was a bad-tempered man, called the chief a liar and threw the gun at his feet. Nataka frowned darkly but said nothing.

Two days later, when Poirier was about to depart, the chief ordered his warriors to seize him and make him a prisoner. In the ensuing scuffle a savage struck at him with an axe, making a deep gash in his forehead, so that he fell to the ground, dazed and bleeding.

When he came to himself, Lawrence Poirier was in the chief's wigwam. Water was brought and his face washed free of blood stains. As if he would be slave to the chief and make steel arrows for his bows, the Frenchman replied in the affirmative and was ordered to kiss his master's hands, which he obligingly did. Meantime the people cried out for his death, but the chief turned a deaf ear to their pleadings. A tobacco leaf was placed over the wound in his head and he was permitted to lie down and sleep.

That night the savages danced a war dance around Nataka's wig-

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Morning Smile

POSSIBLY

"Did ye bring home that pane of glass for the kitchen windy, Pat?"

"O' did not, my dear. O' was after a twelve be fourteen, an' his only size they had was fourteen be twelve."

"Ye fool, why didn't ye get it? Ye could have put it in sideways, couldn't ye?"

MARY—So, Mary is sore at her husband? I thought he was perfect. He always turns over to his pay cheque to her on the first of the month.

WIFE—Yeah, but she just found out he gets paid on the fifteenth, too.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Silly Woman

Wife Annoyed Because Husband Doesn't Get Jealous

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I have a husband who is so sure of me that it gets on my nerves. When I go to parties and flirt a little bit, he doesn't seem to even notice it. He just takes my affection for granted and I would like to see his fiery look in his eye occasionally. Don't you think I should try to find a way to make him a little jealous? OLD FAITHFUL

ANSWER: I think any woman who sets out deliberately to arouse jealousy in her husband is such an idiot that she should not be permitted to do so. She is going out to hunt for trouble and, believe me, she will find it a-plenty. With her own hands she is laying the ax to the foundation of her house of happiness, and before she knows it she will find herself crushed under its ruins.

There are a lot of silly women who think that the way to keep their husbands interested in them is to keep them guessing. Never let their husbands be sure of them. Always to intimate that there is some other man in the offing. Perhaps they tried these tactics in the courtship days and they worked, and they brought their husbands to the proposing point by playing up other men against them.

DIFFERENT SITUATION

But with marriage the situation is completely changed. Then the woman has made her decision and her husband must trust her absolutely. If there is to be any happiness in the family, he doesn't want to have to watch her, or spy upon her, or question her motives. He must have faith in her integrity and her goodness. He must believe in her love so implicitly that he feels that all the wolves in the world wouldn't turn her heart away from him, and that she simply could not be tempted to betray him.

So don't be peeved at your husband's taking your affection for granted. Get down on your knees and thank Heaven for it. It is the finest compliment he could pay you.

DEAR MISS DIX: Do you think that girls from the ages of 14 to 16 can love as much as those who are older? ANNE W.

ANSWER: No, my child, they can't really love at all. All they can know is a kind of sickly little love that they outgrow in a few years, and that is no more like the deep and abiding love of a grown woman than skimmed milk is like cream.

Of course, girls at that age think they are in love, because they have never experienced any real love and so have no standard of comparison. They think they are in love because they get a kick out of meeting a boy and they fill their thoughts full of him and they have a good time when he is around and miss him when he is absent.

But this is just because they are feeling the first thrill of adolescence, and it flatters them to death to realize that they have sex attraction, and they are so much in love with the idea of being in love that they can imagine themselves in love with any boy who happens along.

But, in reality, what they feel is only a passing fancy. They outgrow it as they do, their taste for all-day suckers. Their ideas change from day to day. So don't take seriously what you feel now, little girl. They are just growing pains that you will get over.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a woman 30 years old and have lived with a very dear friend for years. Now this pal of mine is going to be married and has asked me to make my home with her. I love her dearly, but I am afraid if I go to live with her it might interfere with her happiness. What is your advice? GERTRUDE B.

ANSWER: Don't think of such a thing, because her husband would be more than happy if he were not jealous of you. No man wants to have some other woman tagging along every time he takes his wife out of an evening and listening in on every conversation they have.

Don't go to live with your friend. Don't even visit her too often. Any third party in a home is a menace to it, and it is especially dangerous to the newlyweds.

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M. D.

MUCH IS KNOWN ABOUT CANCER, BUT NOT THE CAUSE

Many of us may grow impatient when we think of the thousands of research workers all over the world seeking to find the cause of cancer, and also of the huge amounts of money spent and being spent on this search. What we do not know—and so cannot appreciate—is that a great many discoveries have been made about cancer, so that scientists know a great deal about what it is and, what is just as important, what it is not.

An editorial in the "Canadian Medical Association Journal" states that no single problem in medicine is being studied more intensively

than is cancer. We have learned much about the many factors which may be responsible for "starting" cancer, injection of chemicals, X-rays, radium, ultraviolet rays, diet, heredity.

Certain other points have been established regarding cancer that will save the time of cancer researchers throughout the world.

One important point is that cancer cells do not start as cancer cells, but are normal cells which have been irritated in some manner, so grow unruly and become gangster cells. Another cancer discovery is that there are simple or harmless growths which, for some reason, develop into cancer. Also, that cancer cells are not supplied with nerves by the body although they draw abundant blood from the body; that animals of all kinds develop cancer but each cancer is specific or peculiar to each animal.

Cancer is always a "group" of cells; there is no single cancer cell.

Notwithstanding all the above knowledge, just what the essential or real nature of cancer is, is still unknown. Cancer can be started by the above irritants (chemicals, X-ray, etc.); but after the process is started, the cancer cells multiply themselves without any further starting process. What happens in the cell that causes it to grow and multiply and become a cancer cell, is the goal sought by research workers. What we do know is that once the cancer process gets under way, it becomes a parasite in and on the body.

Cancer cells are called traitors from within, whereas communicable diseases, such as diphtheria, are gangsters attacking from the outside.

CANCER: ITS SYMPTOMS AND TREATMENT

We should never forget that cancer is curable if discovered early. Send today for Dr. Barton's informative booklet entitled "Cancer: Its Symptoms and Treatment." To obtain it, just send 10 cents and a 3-cent stamp, to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Bell Syndicate, in care of this newspaper, Post Office Box 99, Station G, New York 19, N. Y., and ask for your copy.

LIGHT FOR SIGHT

Older people and people with poor eyesight need more light than young persons with normal eyes. And more light is needed when prolonged detailed work is being done. Correct lighting prevents damage to the eyes and helps them function at their best. How do your reading habits and the lighting conditions in your home stack up?

BRIGHTLINGSEA, Essex, England—(CP)—When the wall of an outbuilding belonging to an old cottage here was demolished it was found that unopened oysters had been used in the place of bricks.



The fiery female above is Marie-Claude Valliant-Couturier, 37-year-old Communist member of the French Assembly. She'll be coming to the U. S. to appear "in an advisory capacity" before the United Nations Economic and Social Council, meeting at Lake Success, N. Y. Mme. Valliant-Couturier, a member of the French Communist Party's Central Committee, is shown delivering a speech before a women's group in Paris.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "He has been pretty successful."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "exquisite"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Recommend, condensed, superintendent.
4. What does the word "longevity" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with ad that means "to make impure"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "He has been very (or, rather) successful." 2. Accented first syllable, not the second. 3. Condensed. 4. Length of life. "The longevity of the human race has been increased." 5. Adulterate.

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

- Q. How can I remove cod liver oil stains from clothing?
- A. Apply a tablespoonful of banana oil mixed with a table-spoonful of soapy water. After five minutes or so, wash the stained article in warm water and soapuds. Then rinse thoroughly.
- Q. How can I make use of left-over rice or macaroni?
- A. Mix it with cooked meat and it will make a delicious filling for green peppers or tomatoes. The latter need to be cooked only 20 minutes in a moderate oven.
- Q. How can I preserve olivich?
- A. Rub the olivich occasionally with a mixture of beeswax and turpentine, and it will last longer.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Old Paint

To soften and remove old paint or varnish, try two parts of spirits of ammonia to one of turpentine; apply with a rag. Old paint may also be removed with sandpaper, dampened with benzine.

Gas Burners

If the gas burners of the stove make a roaring noise, it indicates that there is too much air. In this case, the only remedy is to adjust the burners.

Squash

Squash is easy to peel if it is first put into the oven and thoroughly warmed.

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Old English

NO RUBBING FLOOR WAX

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

And so it was that last evening, as is usual when we come to spread a solitary meal for ourselves, the remembrance of another woman out of the long ago accustomed to the like, returned to mind. She was a maiden lady, then about the three score and ten, attractive still and most gracious, white-haired, blue-eyed with a stern but kind face. She dressed in dark gowns, tight bodiced then and long skirted, the severity relieved by a white scarf, bowed beneath a chin, and the pretty show of mauve wool or paisley, she wore about her shoulders. As a child we were allowed the privilege of visiting her, on an errand usually, and often those occasions have a way of returning to our thoughts. Of course it is those in the shortened days of Fall which come back more clearly.

Quick footsteps would carry us thither then, when a crisp twilight was enclosing the surrounding countryside, and lights were already commencing to appear in the other houses in the village, which extended now and changed even beyond recognition, lies near our old home by the Strait. If one cared to, though there was then nothing extraordinary in the sight, on the way one might stop briefly to glance in at the village smithy. There in a dim corner glowed the fire, and here by the open door a horse awaited his fitting while the leather-smith smith beat out "a fine new shoe, with a clanging and a clanging and a cascade of sparks, on the anvil beyond.

But as you stopped a moment or proceeded at a more leisurely pace past, you remembered "Now don't forget, Ellen" the motherly injunction which had been given you at the outset. For invariably there were tiresome spellings waiting return, and you were well aware that no excuse under heaven could serve to stay one's bedtime, nor lengthen that magic spell which precedes it. "Don't you children know that 'Early to bed and early to rise, makes one healthy and wealthy and wise' was the quotation which dispensed any sign of displeasure or that account, though one of the brood would willingly have forgone any one or at least two of these virtues then, to have been allowed to remain down stairs at least "until the clock strikes!"

But how could one hasten this outing, which offered one such pleasant prospects? Though it was as well to remember that the return trip should not be delayed too long. Only brave lassies could step out into the deepened night. This was a bewitching abode—this small cottage to which in answer to your hollow knock, presently a stout bolt was slipped back and you were admitted with: "Oh, it's you, Ellen!" The place was comfortable and neat and enveloped in a peace and quiet which could not be found in a home where a large family dwelt.

No bustle of work here, no worry of colds and tooth-aches and all the troubles to which small flesh is heir to, to disturb one except the slight conveyance of a mistress would confide to you about Donald, the handy-man, who was dilatory in attending to his work. "I don't know at all," she would tell you with Scottish accents, "when Donald will be getting the storm-windows up for me, and the would break in a merry chuckle and in a tone which made you recall that she was a mite deaf, exclaim: "Now, why am I being bothered over such trifling things? Won't they all be done in good time? Did the Lord ever yet fail his creatures?—using us much better than we deserve. Yes, verily—a much better. I'm thinking. And here I am complaining like a child's idle body—when I know better!"

And when we had dispatched our mission which was usually: "Mother made... today, and she sent you some," and the reply: "It's good indeed your mother is to me, Ellen, and she with so many to do for. May she always have something to give!" We still loitered there. Not to receive the cookie flavored with caraway seeds, but hoping to be an onlooker while she spread her table for supper. It was a rare privilege to behold. If you have been accustomed to dine, one of a table of ten, you are aware of a strange ascension in watching it being arranged for one.

"Heigh-ho, Ellen!" Jams yawned, "what a busy day this has been! Rustle up a bite of something won't you—and we'll go to bed." Until tomorrow... Diary... Good-night...



Mrs. Emma Wolkin, 28, who spent two and a half years in penitentiary as a result of the famous Soviet spy trials, was married at Saskatoon, Sask., to Louis Savula, a C. N. R. employee. Mrs. Wolkin, who was a stenographer in Ottawa, pleaded guilty of conspiring to provide secret and confidential information to the Soviet. Mr. and Mrs. Savula are pictured above after their wedding.

Cook's Corner

CHOCOLATE MINT BROWNIES

Melt 4 squares (4 ozs.) unsweetened chocolate and 1/2 cup butter (or half butter and half shortening—6 tablespoons of each) over hot water.

Remove from heat and allow to cool. Add 1 1/2 cups fruit or powdered sugar. Add, one at a time, 3 unbeaten eggs, beating thoroughly after each addition.

Fold in, sifted together—1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour 1/4 teaspoon salt

Then add 1 cup finely chopped walnuts 1 teaspoon vanilla

Pour into 2 greased, waxed paper lined 9" square tins and bake in 350 degree F oven for 15-20 minutes. Cool in tins. Remove and take off wax paper and put layers together with icing flavored with mint.

The Stars Say--

By Genevieve Kemble

For Saturday, April 2

THE weekend might profitably be devoted to seeking relaxation, diversion and a period of letting down after serious, arduous and taxing occupations, in which physical and mental energies may be benefited by postponing sustained and too persistent efforts. Time out for recharging mental, nervous and physical batteries would be advisable. Social, romantic, domestic and cultural festivities offer "escape."

For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may find it profitable to permit major objectives to "incubate" in a period of logical, methodical and systematic development, while the energies and programs center on securing personal prestige, aid from important persons whose solid cooperation is imperative to future issues. Security and prestige in the social, professional and more conservative contacts of life have tangible value in promoting so-called "big deals." Hospitality as power and personality assured potency tactfully manipulated as an asset.

A child born on this day should have its inherent social and professional graces and powers cultivated in supplement to its serious conservative attitudes.

Happy-Go-Lucky

By Mrs. Harry Fugh Smith

He sauntered out. Barbara heard him in the outer office kidding with Corine Lucas who was the society editor and did the Lovelorn Column on the paper. Corine was the office siren. She had made a desperate play for Tony, without much success. He paid her extravagant compliments publicly but he usually had a previous engagement when Corine tried to arrange a date. Tony knew dozens of girls. They were forever pursuing him.

"Hi, Beautiful!" Barbara heard him sing out. "What have you got on your mind besides your radiant blond hair?"

Barbara stared hard at her typewriter keys. Champ Fields was right, she told herself; Tony was spoiled and he was a playboy and he was the last man on earth to whom she should give her heart. Only she liked him. She liked him so terribly much.

Tony was waiting downstairs when Barbara came out of the Clarion Building. He was humming under his breath, "When did you leave heaven?" He smiled at her and went on humming it after he took her arm. His touch made Barbara's heart skip a beat. She turned instinctively toward the small, shabby cafe across the street where the newspaper crowd hung out, but Tony steered her toward his battered car.

"We're dining in style, Miss West?" he announced. "Hahn't you heard? The Kelly family feels so darned grateful, they insist on making me a little present. Sort of reward money, you know. Five hundred dollars, if you like your figures exact."

"I've had to be exact about figures," said Barbara, looking a little severe. "I've also had to learn the value of money. In case you haven't been informed, five hundred dollars will stretch only so far."

"So what, sugar?" inquired Tony, helping her into his dilapidated roadster.

"Why don't you pay your debts, Tony, and get even for a change?" asked Barbara.

Tony was the idolized only son of a widowed mother who lived in a small town halfway between Westhaven and New York. Tony's

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a girl is introducing a young man to her mother, should she say, "This is my mother, Mrs. Hudson?"

A. No. The man should be presented to her mother by saying, "Mother, this is Charles Baker." Neither is it necessary to mention the family name of Hudson, as the young man should surely know this.

Q. Which is preferable in conversation, "I conversed with Charles this morning," or, "I talked with Charles this morning?"

A. "I talked with Charles" is preferable. Always choose the simplest words to convey your meaning.

Q. What age should a young girl be to have "Miss" before her name on her cards and letters?

A. Sixteen is the suitable age.

Father had been married before. There was a spinster daughter by this marriage, namely Lily, and Mrs. Blake had an eighteen-year-old daughter of her own. However, so far as Barbara could find out, nobody counted with his mother except Tony. She had a small income, hardly adequate for her needs, but she had lent Tony the money to go through Columbia University at considerable sacrifice to herself.

"You could at least pay your mother part of what you owe her," said Barbara.

Tony grinned. "Mums doesn't

(Continued on page 3)

Is Your Chest Sore? Does Breathing Hurt?

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