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

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

This was one of our busy mornings when because we lingered in bed duties pressed closely one following another. We were at the milking James and I—It's not the task it once was!—When James said: You'll have to milk the odd cow, Ellen. I should get at the feeding in the other barn." The "odd" cow I must explain, is not a "peculiar" one. The "odd" applies in another way. It's when you divide an uneven number by two. There yo uare! The one left over is the "odd" cow. This morning it was one of the Ayrshires, attractive and usually as well-mannered as a Victorian lady but possessing long sinister horns. She has a "personality" that says: "You do the right thing by me and I'll stand patiently for you. But if you pinch me or speak loudly, beware!" Cattle are like humans. As unlike as night and day. Dependable and not so good. We had barely commenced the work when James was summoned by Judy to the 'phone. Then, almost all morning, he was as Aunt Kitty Mahoney used to say: "As busy as a hen laying two eggs." It's much too soon yet for a New Year's resolution but I have an idea James made one this morning that if he lives up to, will do away with lingering in bed after dawn, at least on a Monday morning.

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I was busy too this morning, in a very nice way. I intended to have an hour or two "away from the world" and off my myself. It was much too interesting in the kitchen this morning. Ellen—my namesake—was there, a book open in her lap. But her attention was not on my reading. Judy was about her work between pantry and kitchen contributing a sentence now and then to the conversation. Jeanie came from the house across the lane, on an errand but sat down to wait for the mail. Then James, when he had finally completed his work and seen the last of his morning's callers go down the lane, came in to remain a few minutes in his old arm-chair. How could I leave the kitchen? There were so many things I had to hear and know. I can steal away to myself presently, when the snows isolate us and Ellen and perhaps even Jeanie can not come to visit. James was saying to Ellen: "Do you mind the time . . . ? For Ellen often holidayed at Alderlea and they have much in common to recall. "Mrs. Ellen" Judy whispered to me in passing. "What does Mr. S. mean when he says 'mind'?" "Mind"? I asked a bit bewildered. "Why," remember 'of course, or 'recall'. "So that's it" she said with a look of understanding breaking across her face. "I've often wondered." James loves to "mind" especially the days of other years.

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My first Christmas card of the season, came this morning, suddenly reminding me that I have some among my worldly possessions to be mailed one of these days. Judy's are addressed and stamped, ready to be mailed. I may have mislaid mine. I've come to the time, I often put things away too safely. James sometimes says despairingly: "If Ellen can only remember where she has put them". Supposing I cannot find the cards or worse still, supposing there's not enough, when there are so many I should remember, I shall only mean to say a heartfelt "Happy Christmas." My Christmas card this morning had the prettiest scene on the cover. "Northern Trail." A winter-road with fringing evergreens. The sender, from a neighboring Province wrote: "This might be almost anywhere on your own lovely Island." Not alone "mine". I thought, but ours.

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The dinner today, prepared in Ellen's honor was very good. Spareribs slightly salt and all brown and sweet-tasting. Carrots to make young eyes sparkle and cheeks grow roses. "To keep the breath of life in the likes of us" I heard James explain to Ellen. Potatoes, aristocratic-seed, floury and delectable. A pickle too, to aid digestion. Then one of Judy's pies. Apple with what Judy calls "real cream." James sipped the last of his tea, slowly then leaned back to say: "Ellen I'm glad you came."

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The men went to the wood-lot this afternoon to cut fire-wood and also as Jock said: "to cut a few trees for plank or boards." Very often needed in a hurry about farm-buildings. The work in the woods was commenced Saturday when the rain ceased. The cross-cut saw had been sharpened and there had been many inquiries as to where this or that axe might be found. It was a sizable load, I saw Rob take in the mill-road later that afternoon. There will be "a sound of a" sawing from the mill one of these mornings. And there are few idle minutes on the farms these days, now fast approaching the very shortest day of all the year. The stove-pipe, neglected still hangs from the room-ceiling awaiting James pleasure. No time now for such things! I have no time yet in the kitchen, that is, no loud and measured sound. The old clock that has been here for years n' years is gone to be repaired. It was taken away carefully on its back and disembowelled. Meanwhile ther is somthing missing from the shelf.

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And now Monday is putting on her wraps to go. Tomorrow there is an important anniversary to be celebrated at Alderlea. Very important and very dear when I can see before me as I write a round smiling dimpled face and two brown eyes.

Until tomorrow — Diary—Goodnight.

Tomorrow is Forever

by Gwen Bristow

"You probably got one on the train, on your way to California," suggested Mr Stern. "Coming from New York you must have changed trains in either Kansas City or Chicago. Which was it?"

Kessler tasted his brandy. "Chicago," he said.

Something clicked in Elizabeth's head. He had pronounced it Chisawgo. A hot summer day in Tulsa, herself by the pool, the extraordinarily vivid young man on the grass beside her. "Chicawgo. I can't seem to say it any other way' It's like a birth certificate, isn't it?"

"My God,' she thought, "am I drunk or is this the way you feel when you're about to faint?"

The others were still discussing ration point. Their words were a bumble of sound around her. Talking to them with his habitual unobstrusive geniality, Kessler was giving her no particular attention. Elizabeth's eyes clung to him, her lips slightly parted and her whole body tense as she stared. All the details of his appearance suddenly fitte d into a pattern, so evident that it was as though some voice within herself, unheard by the others but loud in her own ears, was crying out Arthur.

She saw, as though for the first time, the way his eyebrows grew, those crinkles about his eyes that vertical line above the bridge of his nose, which had been very faint when she knew him. She saw the way his finger stroked the handle of the cup while he talked. She heard his voice, thicker and deeper than it used to be, the words spoken with a faint German accent, but Arthur's voice.

(Continued on page 3)

A JOB ONLY YOU CAN DO

Prince 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 of the War Time Prices and Trade Board.

Q. When my husband enlisted, he left his business affairs in my hands, and I rented his business office to a wholesale firm. He is now being discharged and I want to have his office ready for him when he gets back. Do I have to give the business firm six months' notice to vacate?

A. No The six months' notice to vacate does not apply to business premises. There is nothing in the regulations which governs the length of notice to be given to a tenant of commercial accommodation. The notice depends on the lease you have with your tenant.

Q. Is there a ceiling price on canned poultry?

A. Yes, the WPTB has placed all tinned turkey, fowl and chicken under ceiling.

Q. Is cranberry sauce rationed?

A. Yes, cranberry sauce is rationed at 12 fluid oz per D coupon. Fresh cranberries, however, are not rationed.

Dorothy Dix Says—

SAFEGUARD YOUR HUSBAND

Woman Who Feels Pleasing Hubby Too Much Trouble Likely To Lose Him

DEAR MISS DIX: What you write telling women about how to hold their husbands makes me tired. A man that you have to work to hold is not worth having, is the way I feel about it.

ELIZABETH P.

ANSWER: And the way I feel about it, Elizabeth, is that a man who was worth marrying is worth keeping. You take precious good care to protect all of your other valuables so that they will not be mislaid or stolen. Why not take the same trouble to safeguard your husband?

If you have a diamond brooch worth a thousand dollars, you don't leave it lying around loose where any covetous stray female who comes along can pick it up. If you have a fine car, you see that it is well housed in a nice, clean place and keep it well greased, so as to minimize all friction, and you don't subject it to unnecessary bumps and strains.

Certainly a husband is a woman's most precious possession, so why should she resent having to take the same precautions in taking care of him that she would in caring for her other treasures? As for the work of making yourself attractive to your husband, don't you have to do that for every other human being with whom you come in contact?

Why do you doll yourself up in your best clothes and put on your peaches-and-cream complexion when you go abroad except that you want to look as well as possible and win a glance of admiration from every passerby? Have you a single friend that you do not have to handle with tact? Don't you work like a dray horse talking to bores and listening to egotists who spend their time telling you about great and wonderful they are, and what infant phenomena their children are?

So if it is worth while to make sacrifices to get along with casual acquaintances, why isn't it worth while to make them to get along with your husband? If you have to handle other people with gloves, why not handle him that way? If it pays to soft-soap other people, why not use a little emollient on the domestic situation?

Of course, there are a lot of other wives who feel just as you do—that it is too much trouble to take care of a mere husband. That is why so many women lose their husbands.

MOTHER'S TEARS DAMPEN MARRIAGE PLANS

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a woman of 21, engaged to be married to a splendid young man. My mother likes and respects him very much, but every time we mention getting married she cries and begs me not to leave her. My mother has other children and would not be left alone. What shall I do?

SUSIE.

ANSWER: Your mother is a silly, selfish, neurotic woman and you will be extremely foolish to let her ruin your life. Do not pay the slightest attention to her, but go along and get married and when it is all over, she will be as pleased as Punch and forget that she ever objected to your getting married.

No matter how much a girl loves her mother, that love isn't going to satisfy her. She is going to want her own home, her own man, her own children. You have a chance at this now. If you stay with your mother until she dies, it will be too late. Your opportunity will have passed you by. So don't wait. Take your happiness while you can get it.

ROMANTIC GIRL IMPERILS MARRIAGE

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I am a young married man and have one child. I love my wife and she loves me, but a 17-year-old girl thinks she has fallen in love with me. I am fond of this girl in a brotherly fashion, but I am certainly not in love with her. She is very romantic and takes every opportunity to show we how much she cares for me. What shall I do?

TOM

ANSWER: Well, Tom, if I were you I would have a plain talk with the girl and tell her not to make a fool of herself. Tell her that she is making herself perfectly ridiculous and that she doesn't touch your heart, she makes you laugh. Appeal to her better nature and ask her if she wants to break up your home and make you and your wife miserable and orphan your little child.

When you tell her this, she will burst into tears and throw herself on your breast, and that is when you want to watch your step and dodge her. If you take her in your arms and try to comfort her, you are a goner.

Let me stress this warning—that you are in grave danger. So break this affair off at once. Otherwise you are headed for trouble.

Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

FATHER CHRISTMAS HAS HIS JOYS

When the little ones are sleeping
On the eve of Christmas day,
Down the chimney softly creeping
Someone comes from far away.

"Father Christmas" children call him,
Kind he is to girls and boys.
Fills their little socks and stockings
With the loviest dolls and toys.

When he's filled them, smiling gently
To himself, he steals away;
Saying he will see the children
Once again on Christmas day.

When he sees them dancing gladly
Round about the Christmas tree,
Laden with the gifts he brought them,
He's as happy as he can be!

Hints on Etiquette

A woman who has been made an executive over other girls in an office with whom she has been friendly should, by her friendly and democratic behaviour, try to gain the cooperation of her co workers She should never be domineering and should ask them courteously to do the work.

OLD REFRAIN

"Don't scrub the vegetables Mrs. Kaye
Unless you use them right away."
Too true. If you like to buy potatoes and carrots and other root vegetables that have been washed clean and bright buy only in small quantities and use them up quickly—the don't keep as well as the unwashed ones.

DAILY WALKS

The daily walks of Mrs. Jane Sewell, the "Little Old Lady of Whitechapel," who has died at the age of 73, were so regular that shopkeepers used to set their clocks as she passed.

LINOLEUM

Nearly 100 years ago, linoleum was discovered, or more properly invented by accident. An English chemist, Frederick Walton, was engaged in experiments to improve the floor coverings of those days. One day he absent mindedly lifted a piece of dry paint from the top of an open can. All at once he realized that this lump of dry paint had possibilities. Looking into the matter more carefully, the chemist found the substance was nothing more or less than linseed oil exposed to air. That was the beginning of linloeum.

MODERN ETIQUETTE

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it necessary for a bride-to-be to write notes of thanks when a shower is given in her honor and she thanks each one who presents her with a gift?

A. No. A verbal "thank you" is sufficient, but genuine appreciation must be shown, and the girl must be very tactful in showing no partiality to any certain gifts, paying less attention to others.

Q. If a salad fork or a dessert fork is the only silver on the table, where should it be placed?

A. To the right of the plate.

Q. Is it in good taste for a man of limited income to give extravagant tips?

A. No, this is vulgar, particularly if he makes a display of it to impress his companions.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS—The Wicked King's Plan

By GEOFF HAYES

Why is Friday a good day to bake?

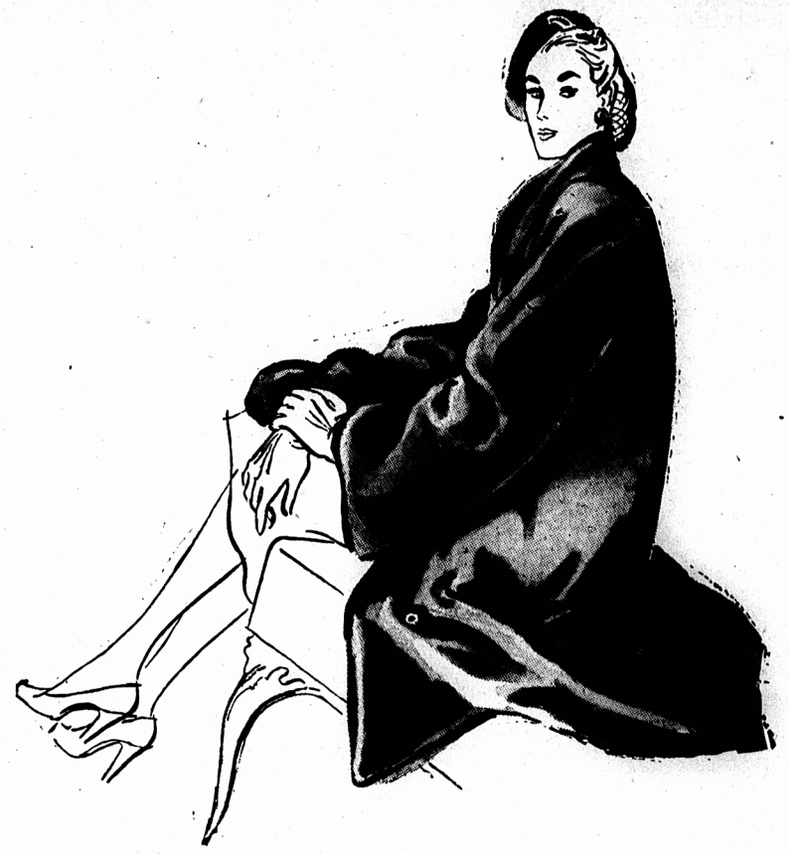
It is a favorite day for week-end baking--and among Canada's best cooks the favorite flour for bread, cakes and pastry is

PURITY FLOUR

"Best for All Your Baking"

Christmas Furs!

FOR THRU THE YEARS



CHRISTMAS FURS FOR THRU THE YEARS . . . . Her most wished-for Gift from her favourite person! Give her the coat she's dreamed of and make this Christmas a truly memorable one, give her the very queen of gifts that will bring delight and beauty and comfort through the years.

And so . . . . for fur fashions that epitomize fine quality, authentic styling, expert workmanship and long time wear, choose a modern fur coat from the showing of ideal furs at this leadership department. You know it's always safe to buy a fur coat from this establishment known to you for so long.

MOORE & McLEOD Limited

HOW CAN I !!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I iron curtains so that there will be no crease in the center?

A. Fold the curtain lengthwise with the selvage to the right, within about an inch of the center, being careful to keep the selvage straight. Unfold and iron without stretching the two inches in the center which were omitted when the curtain was folded. This will make the curtain look like new, there will be no fold in the center, and it will hang perfectly.

Q. How can I get rid of crickets?

A. Put cucumber peeling, cut into thin strips, on the floor at night near their haunts.

Q. How can I remove indelible marks from fabrics?

A. Soak the fabric in denatured alcohol and then launder.

COOK'S CORNER

FLUFFY SAUCE

2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon flour
⅛ cup water
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon orange rind
1 egg white

Combine sugar and flour. Add water slowly. Cook over boiling water until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Just before serving (while still hot), add orange juice and rind and pour mixture slowly over stiffly beaten egg white. Blend well and serve immediately. Makes agout 1¼ cups sauce.

BETTER ENGLISH

By C. B. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "They could not disturb his equanimity of mind."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "pince-nez"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Obveous, obeisance, obstinacy.
4. What does the word "superficial" mean,
5. What is a word beginning with pl that means "disposed to forgive"?

ANSWERS

1. Omit of mind. Equanimity means evenness of mind. 2. Pronounce pans-na, first as in pan, second a as in ate, principal accent on first syllable. 3. Obvious. 4. Concerned only with the obvious: not profound: shallow. "It is the superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief." Sir Humphrey Davy. 5. Placable.

HOUSEHOLD SCRAPBOOK

By Roberta Lee

Waterproof Shoes

A good waterproof dressing for shoes is easily and cheaply made by melting tallow and mixing with neatsfoot oil in the proportion of 7 parts of the oil to 3 parts of tallow. In cold weather, use less tallow ,about 1 part to 3 parts of oil.

Hiccoughs

An excellent remedy for hiccoughsis to put a few drops of vinegar on a lump of sugar and suck it. The hiccoughs will stop very quickly.

Singeing Fowl

The best method to singe fowl is to pour a little wood alcohol in a saucer and light it. This method will not leave soot or the flesh.

MORNING SMILE

Two negroes were attending a political meeting where a candidate was making a speech.

In a few minutes one said. "Mose who is dat man?"

"I don't know." Mose answered, "but he sho' do recommen' hisself."

"Mary my husband came home very late last night. Can you tell me what time it was?"

"Well, ma'am, I don't know exactly, but when I got up this morning the master's hat was swinging backwards and forwards on the hatstand."

THIS GRAND MEDICINE made especially to relieve 'PERIODIC'

FEMALE PAIN

With its Nervous, Tired Restless Feelings—

Take heed if you like so many girls and women—on such days—suffer from cramps, headache, backache, feel nervous, "dragged out", a bit blue—all due to functional monthly disturbances!

Start at once—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms because this medicine has a soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Thousands upon thousands of women and girls—rich and poor have reported benefits.

Pinkham's Compound is made from effective roots and herbs (plus Vitamin B1). Here's a product that helps nature and that's the kind to buy! Just see if you're not delighted with results. Follow label directions.

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