

# Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

## Needlecraft For The Home

With stepped-up schedules, there's new interest in the practical cottage. You see it in defense work, you see it worn for sports; in fact, it sometimes goes to town. Style No. 3555 is designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26. Size 16 requires 1 7/8 yards 36-inch fabric for eulotte; 1 7/8 yards for blouse.

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. 3555 Size \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

## THE COOK'S CORNER

### SPICE PUNCH SYRUP

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 6 cloves, 1 inch stick cinnamon, 2 tablespoons chopped ginger (optional), 1-4 cup lemon juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 drop oil of peppermint, green coloring (optional), mint leaves. Boil sugar and water 5 minutes. Add cloves, cinnamon and ginger; cover and let stand until cold. Add fruit juices, strain color green (optional), and add peppermint. Let stand 1 hour and pour into jar to keep in refrigerator for whenever it is needed. Add 1 part of this syrup to 3 parts water and ice when serving. Or add 1 part of this syrup to 3 parts boiling water for a hot drink.

### SKIM MILK COCOA

Heat to scalding point 1 quart skim milk in top of double boiler (10 cents or less per quart in most cities). Mix in small bowl 2 1/2 tablespoons good quality cocoa and either 2 1/2 tablespoons sugar or 6 tablespoons corn syrup and shake of salt with 1-3 cup boiling water. When milk is hot, stir cocoa-mix into it and beat with rotary beater



3555  
SIZES 10-26

to make it foamy. Serve from your new cocoa pitcher.

### LEMON SYRUP

One cup corn syrup, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups water, grated yellow rind from 6 lemons. Boil together 10 minutes and strain. When cool add the juice from the 6 lemons and keep cool.

Pour about 3 oz. (1-3 glass) of this syrup into glass and fill with cold water and cubes of ice. (One or two tablespoons of this syrup is good over hot Cottage Pudding.)

### LEMON MINT SYRUP

Very good when served with boiling hot water. Make same as Lemon Syrup, adding 20 mint leaves to syrup while it is boiling.

## Remembered April

By STEWART VAN der VEER

### CHAPTER VIII

Field Larks darted and dipped above the pastures. Young onions, like sharp green spikes, thrust themselves through the dark loam of the Fleetwood garden. Aunt Sue's small incubator emptied its first brood of cheeping fuzzy balls into the lap of spring. Guinea hens were appearing unexpectedly with new families from hidden fence-corner nests.

One morning in May, Aunt Sue was in the front yard. For a half hour she had been trying to make up her mind to work among the flowers, but it was such an intoxicating day that she couldn't settle down. At length, she leaned restlessly over a rose bush and thrust her trowel into the warm earth.

She didn't look up until she heard her coming up the drive. Dr. Peter McClure, said Mont, "I've heard Miss McClure's name in connection with a family friend who lives in Antigonish. He was a serious young man who appeared perpetually to be studying the world, through a horn-rimmed spectacles, with a clinical exactness.

"Aunt Sue advanced to meet him. 'You're an early caller, Peter,' she said warmly. 'Must be a new baby in the neighborhood.'

"No," he replied, "nothing like that—just dropped in. I wondered how you all were getting along. 'For one who has always been part of the family, you've been neglecting us,' she said accusingly. 'Only yesterday, I heard Anne and Judith wondering what had become of you. You haven't shown up at Fleetwood for over a month. Something must have prompted you to drop today. We're all disgustingly healthy, so—'

"I came over to have a look at that new manager," Peter broke in frankly. "Being a privileged character over here, I thought I'd visit headquarters for my information, not rely on the gossips. Where's Anne?"

Aunt Sue pointed toward the house. "She's back in the office, and since you're so curious about the new man, you better look her up. You'll find him with her."

"I'll drop in on them," Peter, entering the house, walked the length of the hall. In a room next to the kitchen, he heard voices. He knocked. "It's Peter—may I come in?"

"Peter!" Anne flung the door open. "I'm so glad to see you. Over her shoulder he caught a glimpse of Mont, noted that his face was serious, strong-jawed. He decided that he liked his looks.

"Dr. McClure, this Fleetwood's manager, Mr. Sherrill," Anne introduced. "When he was gone, Anne and Mont turned back to their work. Seating themselves side by side at the old roll-top desk. They were going through some of the Fleetwood records.

As they worked, Anne found herself studying Mont. It was hard to believe that this was the same man who had come to the farm only a few weeks ago. Life in the open had bronzed his skin, given him a look of perfect physical fitness. He seemed contented, too, and to have lost his original reluctance to work for a girl.

Today, however, he seemed to have something on his mind, for his attention strayed several times. Finally, when he rose to go, he revealed what was bothering him. "There's something I want to ask you. I had a letter from my sister this morning. Judge Daingerfield gave it to me when I drove into town. You see, his office is the address my family has had for me for some time. I—I didn't want to tell her about the farm, and so I've led them to believe that I've been working on a farm for the past couple of years.

"Now, my sister Nancy, who lives in Kansas City and has just been married, writes that she and her new husband will be driving through Kentucky on their way to Florida. Naturally she expects to stop by to see me. Kind of puts me on a spot. I can't tell her not to come, and yet—"

Anne said impulsively, "We'll be glad to have them come here. By all means write and invite them. They'll learn nothing from any of us—I can promise you."

"Thanks," Mont said, with relief. "You're very kind."

He turned and strode out of the office. Anne, picking up a sheaf of bills, started checking them, but she found herself unable to concentrate on the columns of figures. Her thoughts kept straying back to Mont.

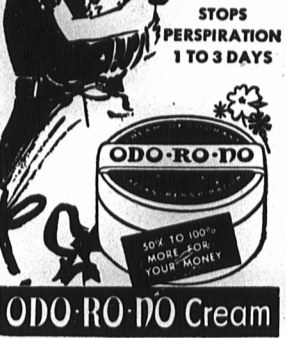
Had she been too ready with her invitation to his sister? What would Aunt Sue say about it? To entertain his family here under the circumstances might prove very awkward. And yet, she sincerely wanted to help him—to shield him from avoidable humiliation.

Her thoughts drifted, all that had accomplished since he had come to Fleetwood. The farm had taken on new life. Fences had been re-erected. The broken house was bright with a new coat of white-wash. The three geldings had been sold for a good price. There was money in the bank, and there was more in sight because placards had been nailed on hundreds of telephone poles throughout the county advertising the merits of Kentucky's Choice as a sire.

What if she did have to invite Mont's sister to Fleetwood. Anne asked herself. It was hard enough to repay him for all he had done. She tackled the bills with new energy. (To be Continued)

## Watch your Step

Guard your charm—with Odoro Cream. It will protect you against underarm odour and dampness. It's satin-smooth, non-gritty. Harmless to fabrics. Goes on in a jiffy. At your favourite toilet goods counter. Full-ounce jar, only 39¢. Also 19¢ size.



ODO-RO Cream

"I'm glad to meet you, Dr. McClure," said Mont. "I've heard Miss McClure speak of you."

"If I had a brother," said Anne, with a smile, "I'd want him to be just like Peter."

"Thanks, Anne," Peter grinned appreciatively, then glanced around the little office. "This doesn't look much like your father's old den."

"You've made quite a change in it," Anne laughed. "Yes—I threw out all the old magazines, three catalogues and bits of harness. Father never threw anything away. I don't know how he ever managed to work in all the clutter."

"Well, I won't keep you from your work now," said Peter. "I just stopped in to say hello."

"Won't you stay for dinner?" "I'll drop in on them," Peter turned toward the door, then paused and suddenly held out his hand to Mont. "I'll drop in on them," Peter turned toward the door, then paused and suddenly held out his hand to Mont. "I'll drop in on them," Peter turned toward the door, then paused and suddenly held out his hand to Mont.

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Black town dresses—made according to the new restriction—are distinguished by sterling silver slide fasteners—frankly exposed. There are several styles, and the fasteners are at the front bodice.

## Dorothy Dix Says—

### GIRL'S CHANCES OF MARRIAGE ARE BEST WHEN SHE IS 15

Statistics Also Say They Are Only Half As Good At 30

According to statistics recently collected by an insurance company a girl's chances in this country of getting married are 90 out of 100 at the age of 15 years. At 30 her chances are just one half as good. Up to the age of 25 girls have a better chance of marrying than have boys. After that age men's chances are better until the age of 45 is reached. After that the matrimonial chances are about an equal break between the sexes, with about 1 out of 10 old bachelors and old maids securing a mate.

That girls of 15 are tops in the matrimonial market is surprising news to most of us, for few of us have ever personally known any of these girls. Their senses would deliberately choose an adolescent girl. Probably they don't. The likelihood is that it is only boys who are as immature and as lacking in worldly wisdom and judgment as the little dummies whom they lead to the altar, who take this reckless plunge into domesticity. Doubtless this also explains why divorce is so much more frequent among youngsters than it is among grown-ups.

I should have guessed that the best time for a girl to make her matrimonial hay would be between her 19th and 21st birthdays. It is then that she is in the full flower of her youth and beauty. She has developed whatever brains the good Lord saw fit to give her, and has added the charm of intelligence and culture to the allure of a peaches-and-cream complexion and naturally wavy hair.

She has acquired personality and tact and knows how to handle men. She has ceased giggling and jumping around like a monkey on a stick. She has been around. She has had her little fling. She is tired of dancing and wants to settle down.

In a word, a girl between 19 and 21 is an adult, and the man who marries her knows, as well as any one can know before marriage, what he is getting if he takes her for a wife. Whereas the kind of a wife that a 15-year-old will make is pure guess work. She may turn out to be a helpmate whose price is above rubies, but the chances are that she soon will have lost her taste for her husband. She will be sick and tired of keeping house and being tied down by babies and will want to kick up her heels on the anxious seat she will be in the proper frame of mind to appreciate her blessings.

According to the statistics quoted above a woman's chances of getting a husband are slipping when she gets to be 30, and she has only half the likelihood of getting married that her kid sister has; and that fact doesn't entitle me to cast any bouquets at themselves as wife-pickers, for marrying a woman of that age is as safe an investment as putting your money in government bonds.

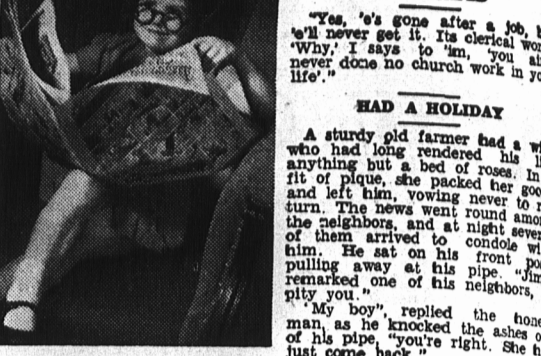
She still has most of the attractions of youth, plus the super attractions that age and experience give, such as common sense and livability as well as lovability. She doesn't expect too much of life, nor demand the impossible of marriage and of men. The man who marries a woman of 30 may be very certain that he is getting what he pays for; that she will never go fat or stringy on him, or bore him to death, or nag him, for having been on the anxious seat she will be in the proper frame of mind to appreciate her blessings.

Again, according to statistics, after the forties it is anybody's race to the altar and men and women have an equal chance of reaching it. This is easily understood because middle-aged and elderly people nearly always marry for the same reason—because they are lonely and because they want a home of their own, and heart-hunger is a malady from which both sexes suffer.

And that is what makes Grandpa sometimes make as foolish a marriage at 70 as Grandson does at 17.

## HELLO, OLD TIMER!

### A Morning Smile



BETTY JOHNSON relaxes with the funnies after a busy day. Like all healthy children she burns up a terrific amount of energy. But Kellogg's Corn Flakes, with plenty of milk and sugar, helps keep Betty full of life. She has developed whatever brains the good Lord saw fit to give her, and has added the charm of intelligence and culture to the allure of a peaches-and-cream complexion and naturally wavy hair.

Just before serving or in the case of new potatoes many people like to eat the tender skins. All the water in which vegetables are cooked should be saved and put into the soup or added to the gravy. Although the extra cooking destroys most of the vitamin C content, which is easily destroyed by heat, a certain amount of vitamin B is retained, and, of course, so are the minerals.

### LIKE STRAWBERRY

An adorable red straw handbag looks like a giant strawberry, with green trim on its lid and a green rope handle. This is lined in white printed tulle with a coin purse to match.

### SIMPLE FOOTWEAR FOR THE DURATION

With our simpler clothes this fall will come simpler footwear in all lines from work boots to little kid slippers that babies (w/over) wear the sides of their carriages.

None of these rest-crits is likely to worry Canadians unduly, providing they can still buy strong, well made footwear at under-the-ordinary prices. Comfort is going to be more important than fancy finishes as walking and bicycling becomes the most popular means of getting to town.

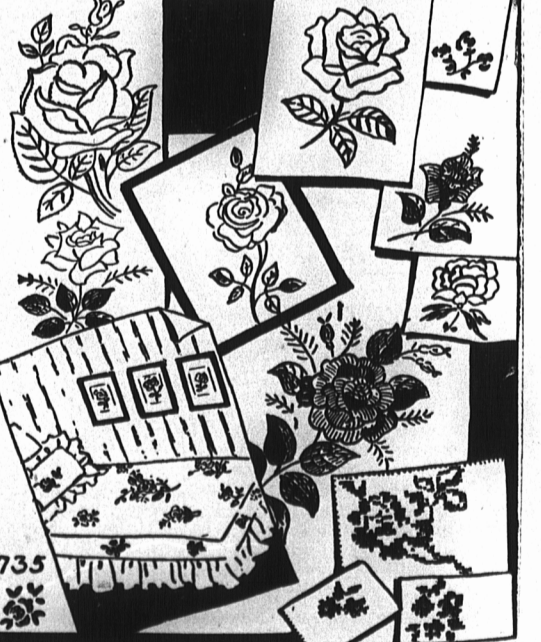
To assist retailers in clearing their stocks of summer footwear, they will be permitted in July and August to display and advertise shoes with rubber or crepe soles. The only restriction is that they must not use the word "rubber" in their advertisements.

### MONTHLY PAIN

Send 20c in coins for your copy of "Teach Yourself to Teach Typing" to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your name, address and the name of booklet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

### ROSES MAKE A LOVELY EMBROIDERY



DESIGN NO. 735

Lovely roses to add charm to aprons, dollies, guest towels, etc. Quickly and easily embroidered in satin, outline, and cross stitch. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 735 contains 12 motifs, measuring about 2 1/2 to 6 by 10 inches and 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. 735  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ PROVINCE \_\_\_\_\_

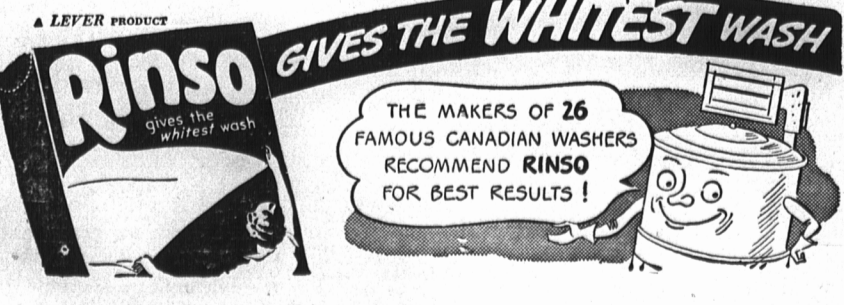
## Joe felt awful! He thought his shirt was white until...



he saw his girl friend's RINSO-WASHED blouse

## You'll never be satisfied with anything else once you see RINSO WHITENESS

ARE your clothes as white as your neighbors? Are your washable colors as bright and sparkling? If not, it's most likely because you haven't discovered that Rinsol gives the whitest wash. It's a joy to see how beautifully colors wash in Rinsol, too. How they stay fresh and new-looking even after dozens of launderings. Indeed, Rinsol helps to make clothes last much longer. That's because it gently floats away dirt without hard rubbing or scrubbing. Try Rinsol and see for yourself. See how much time and work it saves you. Get the GIANT package at your store today.



THE MAKERS OF 26 FAMOUS CANADIAN WASHERS RECOMMEND RINSO FOR BEST RESULTS!

## IF BABY IS CROSS FIND OUT WHY

HEALTHY BABIES are not cross. Your baby should not be cross. If he is, then something is wrong with his little system. It's "out of order" and it's putting the spotlight on natural-looking vitality—it is getting to be more and more a fashion "must" to hold your head up in a relaxed, quietly way which shows that you don't have to concentrate on good posture.

Never be without a full box of Baby's Own Tablets. Money back if you are not satisfied.