

Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature

COOL Undies



Slips of real crepe de chene—guaranteed not to rip in the seams and guaranteed not to shrink—they are plain with fagoting trim at neck-bias or princess styles. Tea Rose and White — \$2.00
Rayon crepe slips—full cut—plain tailored styles—all sizes — \$1.00
Discontinued styles in corselettes—broken sizes, some with inner support selling at — HALF PRICE
KAYSER "Marvalex Bloomers, Vests and Panties of runproof rayon—Tea Rose and White — 50c
Harvey Woods "Quality Controlled" silk knit bloomers and vests in Tea Rose, Pink and White. Each \$1.00
Runproof silk knit night gowns in new styles for Summer—Blue, Tea Rose and White — \$2.00
Flannel slacks—Brown and Navy, sizes 14-20, \$2.95

Moore & McLeod Limited

SOFT FLOWING MATERIALS FASHION EVENING GOWNS

Most of the evening gowns are in soft flowing materials and are fashioned with draped bodices and full, circular skirts. Those in heavier materials are beaded—usually with sequins. A few even-

ing tunics are shown. These are usually quite short with full, flared basques. White chiffon is used for a gown of this sort with a basque that is embroidered with silver sequins. The transparent chiffon is pulled high to the neck where it is banded with the silver beading and the same trimming is used on the short, puffed sleeves.

EXCLUSIVE STYLES FOR PEERLESS DRESSERS

Complement your spring and summer clothes with these youthful open crown hats. There are wearables with almost anything. You can make them in every conceivable fabric at a very low price.

They are wearable with almost anything. You can make them in every conceivable fabric at a very low price.

Plain or print crepe is particularly lovely for the flattering soft crownless turban for general wear. If you intend to spend any time at the beach, make it of printed seersucker to match your beach bag.

The wide capeline of natural colored linen has a strip crown. The youthful Calot or skull hat is charming as can be of black bengaline silk for your print frocks. Pose a flower right at the front with the color picked out of the print. For spectator sports, make it of suede, bright plain or tweed woolsens, chintz, pique, challis prints, etc.

This easy to follow pattern includes all the models illustrated. A detailed step-by-step sewing instruction chart enables you to make them in no time at all.

Style No. 2541 is designed for one size only. For material requirements see pattern envelope. Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 2541 Size

Name
Street Address
City State

Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

(Continued)
Tubby glanced at him and was silent again. He moved his chair.
Tubby began. "Does she think . . . does she expect . . . because if she does . . ."

"She does," Bryn said with bitterness. "She thinks that a wedding ring is a kind of magic talisman. If she knew that Deborah and I were . . . strangers, she'd die. Marriage is a kind of enclosure, to her. Deborah and I are one forever, she thinks, and the future is safe and secure. If life is smooth and unruffled she may live for years. If she's unhappy, troubled, she will just drift out. And if anything did happen to her, Deborah would never be happy again. She would always think she'd failed her."

Tubby stood up. He moved across to his friend, and faced him. "Bryn," he said steadily. "I don't want to make any more mistakes. I think I'm sure, but I'd like your word for it. I never saw you like this before. Is it the real thing, Bryn? It's got you, at last? You are in love with Deborah?"

Bryn pulled away. He went across to the window, and stood looking out at the stars. He turned at last. "Yes," he said.

Tubby swallowed. Then, "I'm sorry I acted like a fool."
"Is it all right, Tubby. Either . . . either it doesn't. Nothing you said would make any difference to Deborah, not even if you told her I'd been in love with half a dozen girls. She doesn't care anything about me."

"Listen," Tubby said. "Why don't you just show her how you feel, Bryn? I mean, put your arms around her and, well, kiss her. Can't you do that?"

"No. Why? She gave me an opportunity once. I was afraid to. She wouldn't understand. You've got to remember that she doesn't understand anything. I'd frighten her. She might never get over it. If I've got a chance at all, Tubby, it's in letting her get used to me. Once she has confidence in me, really trusts me, once we get to be friends, then perhaps I can . . . oh, touch her hand once in a while. But if I frighten her now—I'm sunk."

"She wouldn't be frightened. I guess you're in love, all right. You're too modest, Bryn. She wouldn't be frightened. She'd find herself returning your kiss. It's short or less an unconscious process anyway, isn't it?"

"Bryn stared at him, the gray eyes dreaming, far away. They came back to earth. Tubby had a suggestion.

"Why not get Sally and Madeline up here? Oh, Simon too, of course. Sally wouldn't come without him, and he'd be useful. You said Grandmother wanted young company for Deborah. Company now, and such company as my delightful sister, and her delightful husband, and his more than delightful sister . . . the way's been paved by those presents, you see, and my mention of the family relations . . . her mind would be too fully occupied to brood over you. We can tip the kids off. They're all good sports. And, for the deepest part of the plot—you know how Sally trots around at Simon's heels day and night, and kisses him at all the most awkward moments, and how they always hang on each other's arms?"

"Tubby," Bryn said after a moment, "you are a fool. Nevertheless . . ."

"Exactly."
Bryn considered, whistling softly. His eyes began to sparkle. Tubby, seeing them, reached across the writing table for paper and a pen. He wrote a note. He sealed it in an envelope. He addressed it to Mrs. Simon Vallance, at Hillsborough, California. "There," he said. "They're dying to come, anyway. So are a good many other people, as far as that goes."

When Bryn went downstairs next morning there was apparently no one awake in the big house. Gary and Deborah were sure to be up, but they were not in sight. He stood for a moment on the top step, breathing in the fresh cool air, and then went around the house and down to the brook toward the bridge, on his way to the engine house.

He had filled the gasoline tank in the engine and was rinsing his hands in the icy brook water when he heard a foot-step on the bridge and looked up to see Deborah approaching. He stood up and dried his hands on his handkerchief. She came to stand a little above him on the raised plank, looking down at him. To his surprise, the strain of yesterday had not set a greater coldness toward him in her dark eyes. She was

"Nerves Went to Pieces"

WOMEN who suffer periodically, who may have headache or headache, and those about to become mothers, will find Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a dependable tonic. Read what Mrs. D. Kelly of Mount Vernon, Ont., said: "Following motherhood I was too weak to be up, my nerves went to pieces, but I began to pick up almost from the first bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription so I continued its use and I gained in every way. I could eat more, my nerves were calm, I became stronger and was in excellent health." Sold by druggists. Buy now. New 50c. bottles 50c. liquid \$1.00. Large size, table, or liquid, \$1.25.

Name
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smiling a little at him, and Grandmother was not watching. He stared at her.
"I followed you because I want to talk to you, if you don't mind, she said.
"Of course I don't mind. Is there something I can do?"
She hesitated. When he looked up the long lashes had dropped and lay close to her cheek. She began to examine the moss. "I'm not a very nice person," she said at last. I apologized once before for being so difficult, but I don't think I tried any harder not to be difficult. I mean it, this time. You were awfully thoughtful, last night, when Grandmother was so queer and afraid. You do love her, don't you? You're quite honest about it? You would do anything to spare her pain?"

"Yes."
She nodded. "I can see that. I don't think I quite believed it until yesterday afternoon, when you came home again, and last night, when you were so troubled. I've been very selfish. I've been thinking of myself all the time, and feeling trapped, and hating it. I haven't been half as thoughtful of Grandmother as you have. I've demanded things for myself more than for her, thought about myself first, and what . . . what my position was. You haven't thought about yourself once. You haven't complained. And this isn't your problem, after all, and yet you've put yourself into such a position that if anything went wrong, you would lose most. You signed the note for Mr. Howorthy, and assumed all the financial responsibility, and you've given me your name. I didn't quite see it all until Tubby came yesterday. And he talked about your friends and then he went on and nearly ruined everything, and suddenly I saw how dreadfully unfair that would be for you, and how horrid I've been." She looked at him gravely. "Will you forgive me?"

"You haven't been horrid, Deborah. You've been . . . Bryn began, and caught himself in time. But she did not notice.
"Yes, I have. You don't know all the things that have been going on in my mind. I'm sorry." She put her soft hand out, momentarily and patted his, lying on the railing. Bryn did not move.

"Bryn."
"Yes, D . . . Deborah."
"Grandmother is in a state of mind. Last night I was very worried. I went into her room to tuck her up and kiss her good-night. She looked up at me directly and asked me if I were happy. She hasn't asked me before. Not in the same way. I think she began to suspect everybody, even me."

"Did you tell her you were happy?"
"Yes. But . . . she's going to be watching very closely for proof." She stopped. The color began to rise under her white skin. Bryn watched it, bewitched. Her eyes were lowered.

"What . . . what are we going to do about it?" he asked, lost.
"Happy with you," Deborah explained as if he did not understand.
"Dogs she think I'm in love with you?"

"Yes," Deborah replied, and flushed violently. "You're a much better actor than I am. I'm sure she's beginning to suspect me."
"When you go out the door,"

(To be Continued)

THE COOK'S CORNER

BUDGET BISCUITS.

Sift together 2 1-2 cups flour, 3-4 teaspoon salt, 5 teaspoons baking powder and 1-8 teaspoon curry powder; cut in 1-4 cup shortening; add 1 cup milk, mix well and put into greased individual square shell cake pans, or drop in mounds on a greased baking sheet and make a depression in each mound of dough with a spoon. Bake about 18 minutes at 450 degrees Fahrenheit and fill each biscuit with a mixture of left-over roast meat, bravy, potatoes and vegetables, or with the following mixture:

Mix together 2 tablespoons melted shortening and 2 tablespoons flour, gradually add 1 cup hot water and cook until thickened; add 1 crushed bouillon cube, 1-8 teaspoon meat or cooking sauce, the contents of one can cream of asparagus soup, 1 cup drained canned green lima beans, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup diced cooked carrots, 1-2 cup diced roast pork or beef and 1 cup diced cooked potatoes; heat thoroughly and serve.

RHUBARB AND GINGER CONSERVE.

Cut two large lemons in very thin slices, add 1 cup cold water, and let stand over night. In the morning cook gently until the rinds begin to get tender, then add 3 pounds strawberry rhubarb, washed and cut into small pieces, 1 cup crystallized ginger, shredded, and 2 1-2 cups sugar. Simmer until very thick, and during the last half hour of cooking add 1-2 pound of sultana raisins. Seal in sterilized jars.

RHUBARB AND ORANGE PIE.

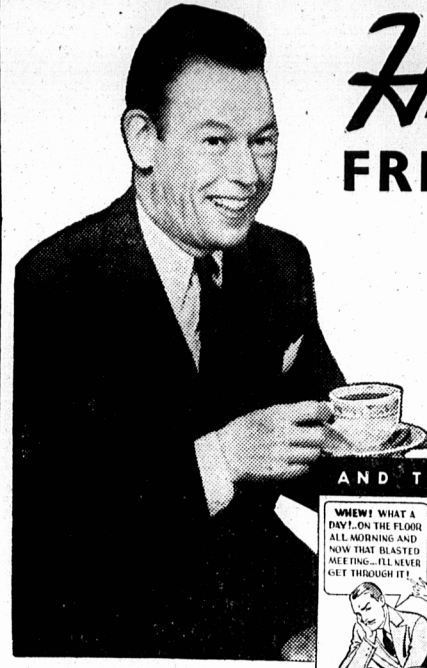
Enough rhubarb cut in small pieces to fill 1 pie shell, 1 orange, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 3-4 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 1/2-2 spoon butter (about).
Combine rhubarb, diced orange, lemon juice, flour and sugar. Fill pie shell, dot with butter, cover with upper crust and bake as for any fruit pie.

ORANGE TRIFLE.

2 1/2-3 pound gelatin
1-2 cup cold water
1-2 cup boiling water
1 cup sugar
1 cup strained orange juice
1 cup strained lemon juice
1 1/2-2 cup cream
1 1/2-2 cup whipped cream

Method: Soak the gelatin in the cold water for 5 minutes, then dissolve in the boiling water. Add

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GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

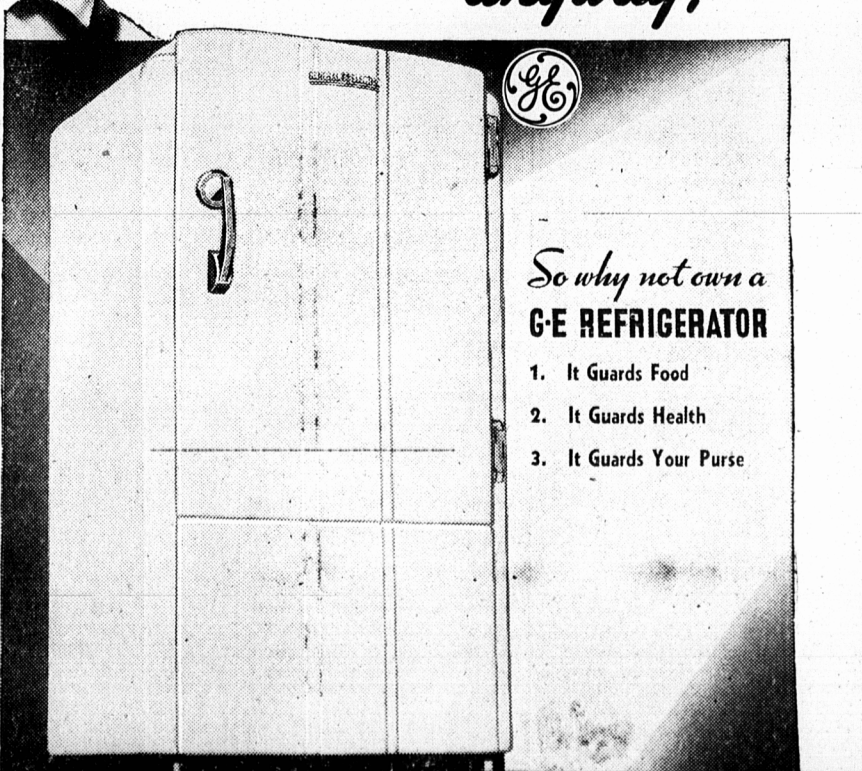
Bryn explained, "I stand and look after you. And when I hear you coming I go to meet you. And when you're talking I keep looking at you, and when you're away I talk to her about you. I tell her how beautiful you are, how much I love you, and the way it curls." He drew a deep breath.

making canapes both attractive and good to eat:
Anchovy paste with a border of mashed hard-cooked egg.
Paper-thin slices of cold chicken and turkey with minced chutney.
Caviar with a border of sieved hard-cooked egg.
Thin slices of cucumber with red caviar centre.
Foil gras with a centre of stuffed green olive.
Alternate rows of chopped egg and sardine fillets.

TOPPINGS FOR CANAPES.
Here are some suggestions for

MARIE SCHOOL
Report of Marie School for the month of April:
Grade X—1. Lillian Jay; 2. Ruby MacEwen; 3. Anna Jay.
Grade IX—1. Pauline Hooper.
Grade VII—1. Roy MacEwen.
Grade VI—1. Grace Dingwell; 2. Jean Webster.
Grade IV—1. Kenneth Dingwell; Reggie Hooper.
Grade III—1. Irene Hooper; 2. Mildred Webster; 3. Percy Jay.
Perfect Attendance: Grace Dingwell.

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