

# Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

## The Housewife And Her Activities

God plucked a rose all dripping sweet  
With dewy down; all frail and cool  
With evening, as a new-made moon  
Asleep within a forest pool;  
He laid the rose at Nature's feet—  
And some one called it June.  
—Emery Pottle.

**OSTRICH AND FLOWERS**  
It is the Renour touch complete this use of ostrich and flowers together, and in colors as bright and untrammelled as those in the French painter's works. Nasturtiums are the new flower for trimmings, combined with self-color ostrich or in sharp contrast.

**WITH GREEN SLEEVES**  
Leather jackets in bright colors yellow mostly, of a sort of varnished kid and suede, are the leading items for sports wear this spring. Sweaters with Tyrol designs and green as the important color are favorites with Beau-brain. One pullover with green sleeves, has a waist of white block with green lines and closed with a zipper on the side front.

Brief puffed sleeves replace shoulder straps in the new evening gowns.  
Black fallie is important this season, especially the black fallie lapcoat cut along reefer lines.  
Wider brims and higher crowns are featured in the newest Summer hats.  
The soft fine kidskin shoes that feel light on your feet are back in style again. Kidskin is going to be the shoe fashion for Fall.

**ENGAGEMENT RING IN KEEPING WITH COUPLES CIRCUMSTANCES**  
A newly-engaged girl expects her fiancé to seal their bargain with a ring. It's one old custom women show no disposition to disregard, although many a sensible girl may decide to do without an outward symbol of her troth, preferring to put the money into the home-to-be rather than into a ring.

While this is quite up to the girl, it's distinctly the fiancé's obligation to offer some sort of ring and being much in love, it's a great temptation to go into debt for a ring that is far more costly than his position warrants. If he's wise, the young man will consider his fiancée and also the conditions under which he and his wife-to-be will live. It's foolish to give a girl, who is to be her own maid, a ring that is much too elaborate for anyone in humble circumstances.

For years on end a solitary diamond has been the accepted engagement ring. I suppose there must be a reason for it, but at the moment it escapes me, although I am full of interesting lore about diamonds.

For instance, the wedding and engagement rings are worn on the third finger of the left hand because of a popular belief that the circulatory system in some way makes more intimate contact between the heart and that finger.

The diamond has long been held appropriate for the engagement ring, because it was thought to soften anger, strengthen love, and promote harmony between husband and wife.

Happy is the girl who was born in April, for April's birthstone is a diamond. Many girls, especially the sentimentally inclined, like to wear a birthstone in an engagement ring. It's a nice idea, unless one was born in March and draws a bloodstone. This is a good stone for a man, but not so nice for a girl, unless she's the type who wears a heavy ring on every little finger, which is something else again.

In England, where old family pendants and old family jewels are so treasured, the wife of the eldest son gets the jewels when his mother dies. It is not uncommon for a son to have a ring set for his bride—a break for the son, not to mention his bride. At the moment it is the fashion to wear one large, important ring instead of several smaller ones as was once the style. A girl in moderate circumstances cannot expect her fiancé to give her a diamond of such proportions as fashioned dictates, therefore the solitaire is being replaced by rings with large, handsome settings.

There is a throw-back to the massive Eighteenth Century types of rings employing several stones none of which need be especially large or valuable.  
A young man about to present his fiancée with a ring would do well to consult her about the kind of ring she prefers. It's not a hazardous risk to take, for if she is the right sort she isn't going to plunge her man in debt and if she isn't it is just as well to get an inkling of the fact in time.

There is this much to be said: it all depends on the sort of life one expects to lead. It seems important to a woman to have beautiful jewelry if she is in the fashion-able world and goes among women who have jewelry, but if she's the country type she will value a new car or the house even above the most precious of all precious stones.—Exc.

### A Morning Smile

**ANOTHER SLUR.**  
"You are charged," said the Magistrate, "with throwing your mother-in-law out of the window. Have you anything to say?"  
"Yes, yer Worship, I did it without thinking."  
"I quite realize that, my good man, but don't you see how dangerous it was for any one who might have been passing at the time?"

## FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER



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Where Do We Go Here  
**Dorothy Dix**  
Question Is Asked By Girl Graduates  
Now That Thousands of Girls Are Finishing Their School Work, it is Time for Them to Consider the Future, With Marriage Far in the Background

Tens of thousands of girls are being graduated now from our high schools and colleges, and as they stand bewildered at the crossroads of life they are asking themselves: Where do we go from here?  
In what we call the good old times a woman did not have to worry over what occupation she would follow. It was settled for her at birth when the doctor said: "It's a fine girl, ma'am." Father would support her while she was growing up. Then she would marry and be a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, and fill that station in life which it had pleased God to call her. And that was that.  
But nowadays few fathers can't afford the luxury of a parasitic daughter, and as soon as a girl is out of school Papa expects her to rustle up a job and help him take care of the remainder of the family. Nor can any girl look forward with any degree of certainty to getting married, or if she does, or getting a husband who will not expect her to provide her own bread and butter and finger waves.

Such being the case, it is virtually certain that the average girl is going to have to earn her living before marriage, and often that not follow some gainful occupation after marriage in order to eke out her husband's inadequate earnings. So it behooves her to give more serious thought to choosing her career and preparing herself for it than she has done heretofore when she cherished the idea that it didn't make much difference what she did, or how she did it, because she was only going to work until she could find a man to work for her.  
Under the delusion that any job was merely a temporary bridge between the schoolroom and the altar, girls have given no serious consideration whatever to choosing their career, or their plan for what they were undertaking to do. They went into it or that because Mamie or Sadie was doing it, or because they thought it romantic or glamorous, and this has given us the army of stenographers who can't spell and have no vocabulary, the saleswomen without personality or taste, the school teachers who have no faculty for imparting knowledge or inspiring a love of culture in the youthful breast.

And because they have believed they wouldn't have to typewrite, or sell goods, or try to hammer learning into thick little skulls for long, most girls never wasted any time and energy in even attempting to do any work or make themselves experts in their line. They never even seemed to grasp the fact that there is any connection between good reliable work and the size of a pay envelope.

It is to these myriads of girls who are about to face the problem of supporting themselves that I am speaking today, and I would like to say to them with all the earnestness which I can command first to put out of their minds the belief that they are only going to have to work for a few days or months until some Fairy Prince will come riding along and bear them off to his palace in Palm Beach or his penthouse on Park Avenue, and they will have nothing to do the remainder of their lives and have money instead of earning it. Maybe he will come, but the odds are all against it. So girl yourself, girls, for the long struggle that leads to self-earned independence.

Then I would implore them to study their own aptitudes and find out what they are best fitted for. Most girls are the result of round pegs getting into square holes. Work is only work when we are doing something that bores us and that we do badly. The work we love is the greatest joy and thrill and excitement that the world can give us.  
I would call their attention to the practical, homely, everyday occupations, and especially to those that belong peculiarly to their sex and for which they have an inherited talent. The women who succeed best are those who follow womanly pursuits such as dressmaking, millinery, nursing, hotelkeeping, secretaries and saleswomen. Don't overlook these. They are your best bet in choosing an occupation.

I get thousands of letters from girls who want to be cinema stars, poets, actresses, aviators, but I have never had a single letter from a girl who will have to work just as hard doing slop work, remember that you will have to work just as hard doing slop work, remember that you will have to work just as hard doing slop work, remember that you will have to work just as hard doing slop work. So put your heart and your backs into your job. It is the only way to succeed.  
**DOROTHY DIX.**

### How Can I???

(By ANNE ASHLEY)  
**Q.** How can I remodel a straw hat?  
**A.** The shape of a straw hat can be changed by pouring hot water over it, and while it is still hot and pliable, bending it into any shape desired. Select some kind of bowl or vessel that will fit the crown of the hat, and place the hat on this while working, leaving it on the form to dry in a hot sun.  
**Q.** How can I insure a cake's keeping fresh when sending it through the mail?  
**A.** When preparing the cake for mailing, cover the top of the cake with paper and then spread thin slices of apple over this. The cake will keep moist and fresh until it reaches its destination.  
**Q.** How can I prevent white clothing from turning yellow when storing it?  
**A.** The white garments can be kept from turning yellow if the starch is washed out, rinsed in bluing water, then packed away unironed.

### Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)  
**Furniture Polish**  
The finish on furniture may be renewed and small blemishes concealed by applying equal parts of boiled linseed oil, turpentine, and white vinegar with a bit of wool material, and polishing with a silk cloth.  
**Relieve Perspiration**  
Excessive perspiration may be relieved by sponging the affected area with one teaspoon of powdered alum to a quart of water. Allow the body to dry, then rinse and dusting with talcum.  
**Greasing Cake Tins**  
Never grease the cake tin with butter; use lard. The salt in the butter often causes the cake either to burn or stick to the tin.  
**COURTEOUS BUT UNKIND**  
Golfers—What you standing around here for? Get out and see if you can find that ball. I didn't see where it went.  
Caddy—Beg pardon, sir, but that was a mushroom you hit.

## THE COOK'S CORNER

**STRAWBERRY DRINK**  
This drink is equally delicious when either strawberries or raspberries are used. Have four ounces strawberries or raspberries; one tablespoon of strained lemon juice; caster sugar to taste; egg. The fruit should be crushed or sieved through a hair sieve. The juice is then strained and added with sufficient water to fill a tumbler. Whip the white of an egg stiffly, place the drink in a long glass then fold in the whipped white of egg. Add a cube of ice if desirable.

## DANDELION WINE

One gallon of dandelion flower petals, one gallon of boiling water, one orange, one lemon three pounds of sugar, an inch of whole ginger (well bruised), half an ounce of yeast, one slice of toast. Wash the dandelion flowers as they may be gritty, cover them with boiling water. Allow to stand three days. Strain frequently, before squeezing all the flowers out. Pour the liquid into a pan add the finely pared rind of both lemon and orange (but no white pith), then add sugar and ginger, and the lemon and orange sliced. Boil for thirty minutes. Allow to cool. Spread the yeast on toast then float it in the liquid. Leave to ferment for six days then strain and bottle, corking loosely until all fermentation has ceased.

**NEW YORK — (CP) —** Two Canadians appear in *Stories of 1938*, Robert Ayre and Morley Callaghan. The Boston Transcript story as "a weird, whimsical gem."

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What rich human sympathy is these lines by Sam Foss!  
"I see from my house by the side of the road...  
The men who press with the ardor of hope...  
The men who are faint with the strife...  
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears...  
And who can fail to thrill to the patriotism of Walter Scott?  
"Breathes there the man with soul so dead himself hath said,  
"This is my own, my native land" or the tenderness of Elizabeth Barrett Browning?  
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## PURE TEA IS GOOD FOR YOU!

BECAUSE—It's a most friendly drink—enjoy it with your friends  
**Remember King Cole**

## SECOND CHANCE

By HOLLOWAY HORN

**REMINDER OF THE PAST.**  
"You'll find that people here are friendly," she said. "Look! The rod!" she suddenly cried, excitedly.  
Ferguson grabbed the rod and began to reel. There was a half-pound perch on the hook.  
"We... I'm bothered!" he said. "That just shows, doesn't it? We were talking about success."  
He removed the hook gently from the lower jaw of the fish and dropped it back into the water. "I don't think I like fishing after all," he said.  
"Why?"  
"I have a horror of anything being captured or imprisoned."  
"But you eat fish!"  
"Yes, I haven't caught them yet."  
"I think I understand what you mean," she said quietly.  
Suddenly he smiled at her. He rarely did smile and it altered the expression of his face. "I was talking about success," she said.  
"I've suddenly remembered something. It's an absurd story about a Chinese philosopher called Luen Chi who spent his life in fishing."  
"Well?" she urged.  
"But he used no bait—since his object was not to catch fish," he added solemnly.  
"He was a philosopher?" she asked gravely, after thinking over what he had said.  
"I fancy I can understand Luen Chi," she said.  
"Have a cigarette?" he suggested.  
"Thank you. Then I must go. I've a date for the pictures tonight. Do you ever go?"  
He held a match for her and for a while they smoked in silence. Once he glanced at her; she was looking out across the water where the old mill was red in the light of the setting sun. For the first time, and almost with a shock, he realized that she was a very pretty girl.  
"A penny?" he said.  
She turned her glance to him and smiled: "Actually, I was wondering what you thought of me."  
"I've already told you. I think you are exceedingly sympathetic and kind."  
"Anyway, I'm glad you think so. And now, having eaten most of your tea—in order to show you how kind I really am—I will go."  
She rose from the bank on which they had been sitting as she spoke. "The roads at the top of this path" she came across the field from Ferry Road. I'll walk up with you and come back to pack up the rod."  
He wheeled her cycle up a path and at the top watched her set out down the hill. At the bend in the road she waved to him, and with a queer, exhilarated feeling he turned back to the mill.  
The meeting with Mary Donovan made all the difference to the afternoon, had dissipated the feeling of loneliness he had used for the first time and set out across the field towards Mossford. She had said that she was going to the pictures.  
He wondered with whom. Some youngster, he decided, who could meet her on level terms.  
He fell to thinking of her delicately-cut profile as she had looked across the water to the Mill. There was a wistfulness in her face which puzzled him.  
And suddenly, as he walked along, he realized that he had not consciously thought of a woman's face since Lucia Desmond had filled his existence.  
Lucia Desmond... for months he had not thought of her at all. That he could do so this lovely evening, as he walked through the lush meadows to the shadowy wood ahead, without bitterness, was due to his meeting with this Mossford girl who had been kind to him. He wondered what Lucia Desmond was doing and smiled a little grimly. Even her name was a joke. But she had realized, was unfair. Lily Smith would hardly be as the name of an actress, and most of them changed their names. Probably she was somewhere on Bay Street.  
But it was foolish to dwell on her. She belonged to the past, to that portion of the book of his life which was closed. Here in Mossford a new chapter was opening—indeed, a new book beginning. The

## Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)  
**Q.** On what finger should the bride wear her engagement ring, or her wedding day?  
**A.** She usually wears it on the third finger of the right hand.  
**Q.** Is it ill-mannered to rest the arms or elbows on the table, while eating?  
**A.** It is often done, and is not exactly ill-mannered, but it is not good form.  
**Q.** Is it imperative that a person, being introduced, repeat the name of the other person?  
**A.** No. One may merely say, "How do you do?" Repeating the name is done only to show that you have understood the name.

they were watching, and the one who had shared his tea with her that afternoon. Of Garrod she knew everything—his history, his ambitions and some times, she knew, indeed, how he would react to any given situation. She had few to match his sterling qualities, realizing that four girls out of five in Mossford were frankly envious of her chance. But she knew with even greater clarity that she did not love him in the least. She had told him so, and he had argued that love would come, that love as described in books and on the screen was a lot more than the real thing. She had had apparently started as wild romances had ended in disillusion of one kind or another. She liked Garrod, as she had admitted to her mother when Mrs. Donovan had been inclined to press his claims. But there was no thrill in the thought of him. She realized with a certain relief that she would just as soon have been sitting in that cinema with a girl.  
Ferguson, on the other hand, interested her, so other man had done. Indeed, interest was hardly the word. He intrigued her, worried her so that she found herself thinking of him at the oddest moments. Only Mary Donovan knew that the meeting that afternoon at the deserted mill had not been a coincidence, as it appeared. Her aunt had mentioned casually that Ferguson had borrowed the rod and meant to try his hand at fishing on Saturday. And as Mary Donovan knew, the mill was the one place where fishing was possible within several miles of Mossford.  
As they walked back to Mary's home after the show, she said, "I met Mr. Ferguson this afternoon."  
"Mr. Ferguson. He's just come to Treavor's from London."  
"Ferguson?" said the Inspector, as if the name stirred some memory in him.  
"Yes, I cycled to the Mill-out on the Ponders Road—and he was fishing there. We had a very interesting chat."  
"Do you know anything about him?" Garrod asked.  
"Nothing whatever. I wish I did."  
"Why?"  
"I don't know. He seems a bit out of the ordinary."  
"Meaning I'm not?"  
"But you are out of the ordinary, silly! You've told me so often enough, anyway. An Inspector at thirty-two," she mocked.  
"Go on. Pull my leg!"

(Continued on page 8, Col. 0)

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**George Burns and Gracie Allen**  
GRACIE'S BROTHER GOES IN FOR FINANCE

WELL, GRACIE, I WENT TO THE RACES TODAY BUT I COULDN'T PICK A WINNER  
IT'S TOO BAD YOU WEREN'T WITH MY BROTHER. HE CLEANED UP SEVERAL HUNDRED DOLLARS AT THE RACES.  
HE MUST HAVE PICKED THE RIGHT HORSES.  
NO—HE PICKED THE RIGHT POCKETS!

I SEE / AND I SUPPOSE HE INVESTED THE MONEY IN THE STOCK MARKET...  
YEP!—GRAPE-NUTS PREFERRED

AND OF COURSE IT WENT UP AND HE DOUBLED HIS MONEY...  
NO GEORGIE, IT WENT DOWN WITH CREAM AND FRUIT—AND HE DOUBLED HIS ENERGY!

WELL, THAT'S NICE!  
NICE? IT'S WONDERFUL / JUST OODLES OF PEOPLE ARE INVESTING IN GRAPE-NUTS. THESE DAYS BECAUSE THEY GO DOWN SO GOOD!

HERE'S A FOOD MARKET TIP FOLKS: BUY GRAPE-NUTS TODAY! YOU JUST CAN'T BEAT THAT SATISFYING, NUT-SWEET GRAPE-NUTS FLAVOUR! AND GRAPE-NUTS ARE WONDERFULLY NOURISHING, TOO—FOR JUST TWO TABLESPOONFULS WITH WHOLE MILK OR CREAM AND FRUIT PROVIDES MORE VARIED NOURISHMENT THAN MANY A HEARTY MEAL. THEY'RE MADE IN CANADA AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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