

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

Charm on Wheels

By the Tweeds



A lovely smile with every wire—when Dora delivers them. But some nights she's pretty weary when she gets home. Then it's Kellogg's Corn Flakes she reaches for, but quickly.

"A snack in 30 seconds," she says gleefully, "and one I can really enjoy because there's no messy pot to wash up." Kellogg's Corn Flakes save time, work and fuel. Get some at your grocer's tomorrow. Two convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

Ellen's Diary

By An Island Farmer's Wife

The swallows piped me from my bed in good time this morning although the electrical storm of last night (Sunday) following intense heat, delayed our retiring.

The welcome company to the house across the lane, where James and I were also guests, had barely driven away when a fitful thunder and lightning came from dark and threatening skies, pressing more to follow. We came home and as usual during such disturbances, went to sit quietly in the living-room, where presently we were joined by the younger members of the family. We watched the storm, I rather in awe, for it is during an electrical storm that I am made very much aware of the Omnipotence of a Great Power. The lightning was like handwringing across and up and down the southern sky where I sat, the out-buildings sent out my view to the north. The yard however seemed filled with the brightest flames that seemed to linger awhile as if reluctant to depart. James viewing the angry sky at intervals said: "It's a bad storm somewhere." At Alderley, where little rain fell, it was not so near nor so intense as a previous storm, but the display of lightning was to say the least, spectacular. Happily by this morning's paper there was no report of any damage done.

There was a bit of mulling to be done this morning and just to be certain the letters would reach their destination quickly, I filled with this morning's paper there was no report of any damage done.

I left James at his last cup of tea—having no time for morning coffee—and cautioned him if he went outdoors to be sure to put the cream out of reach of Tabby's paw in case I might be delayed a few minutes. Tabby has one valuable accomplishment—among many, she can open the kitchen screen door at will. Perhaps desperation compels her to be ingenious; perhaps needs—must when the letters are scattered at the mail-box was short for an already so bright and early this Monday morning. There was a fresh track—where Tabby had been on the road. I was sure the mail-man had done this. There was very little doubt that I lingered overlong at my breakfast, had missed him, and my chance of catching the earlier mail. When I returned James was already out about his work and Tabby had had her own sweet way. It was not that I minded the remnants of bread scattered over the cloth for Pard ever-hungry can cope with windfalls, neither was it the loss of the cream for in summer there is always cream on a farm. But it was

You Women Who Suffer From

HOT FLASHES then CHILLY FEELINGS

During 38 to 52 Years of Age!

If you—like so many women between the ages of 38 and 52—suffer from hot flashes, weak, tired, nervous irritability, are a bit blue at times—all due to the functional middle age period peculiar to women—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound is one of the best known medicines you can buy for this purpose. Here's a product that helps nature and

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Dorothy Dix Says—

YOUNG GIRLS SELF-CENTERED

War Will Mature Man; Conversation With Any Teen-Age Miss Must Please Her Mood

DEAR MISS DIX—I am 22, a lieutenant in the army. At college I made Who's Who among Students in American Universities and Colleges. I won several medals for debating (domestic and public problems, but when I take a girl out I don't know what to say to her. I try to make myself interesting by talking about something that I have done or heard or read and she practically yawns in my face.

ANSWER—The trouble is my dear, is that I am a poor dancer. And still another is that I am blond and you are not. You are not look my age. I look much younger. Can you make a hit with the girls? C. I. J.

WAR WILL AGE MAN

ANSWER—You needn't seek a remedy for aging. Nature and the war will see to that. You will not go home looking like Mama's little boy. You will show the stress and strain that you have been through and death and suffering and tried to fathom the meaning of them.

If you have failed to interest girls by your conversation, it is probably because you have picked them too young. It is probably if you had been talking to a woman, she would not doze; have lunch and a teen-age girl is interested in nothing as much as a crime to slay the and her own crowd and the things they do. If you had kept telling her she didn't go to Hollywood and be a starlet; if you had talked about the last dance, or where you got the best hamburgers, you would have gotten along with her swimmingly.

Later on she will probably be interested in discussing worthwhile subjects, but when she is in the adolescent stage you have to keep the spotlight on her if you want to make a hit with her. No man endears himself to a girl by tramping on her feet and running her best slippers.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am married and have a family of four children. The trouble is my wife is insanely jealous and is getting worse every day. She has no earthly cause for I have been the most domestic of men, devoted to my home and children. My wife's incessant nagging and remonstrate with him over his business ability.

ANSWER—Stick to the job you like. That is the thing you will make a success. Nobody does good work at a job that bores them.

DEAR MISS DIX—I worked at a job that I hated. Now I have one that interests me and that I love, but I am offered more money to go back to the old job. What shall I do?

ANSWER—Stick to the job you like. That is the thing you will make a success. Nobody does good work at a job that bores them.

As Long as I Live

By EMILIE LORING

CHAPTER III

Joan spent the next two hours in the terminal of the Crow Files Bus Line. At judicious intervals she asked questions at the different desks, collected her baggage, listened to the amplified announcements of the destination of the bus and departed. She caught the bus and found a lurch counter and ordered tea and toast.

She drove home, over roads filled with glazed pools, deep mud and slush, past ponds honeycombed with ice, her mind seethed with ideas. It was almost as if she had reached the Mansion, the brick house, with its white columns and lower story windows in the portico above. It dated back to 1800 and was considered one of the finest examples of Federal architecture in the country. Her uncle had bought it as a background for his collection of rare furniture and china.

The springlike day had thawed some of the snow heaped on the lawn beside the drive. A red-winged blackbird which had outstared his flock on the northward migrating, swung on the brown top of a branch. The bird was pink, turned skeleton trees to claret, pools, in the road to crimson mirrors, grotesquely distorted shadows, drew its color brush lightly over the landscape. There was a hint of the fragrance of swells in the air. Spring in the air, all the time there is, heaps of interesting work and play, ahead, and he Jerry Slade telling me his life is in my hands and that he can't live without me, Joan exulted as she drove into the garage.

She entered the house by the rear door. Stopped to listen. Voices. The tinkle of silver on china. The scent of toast. There would be at this time of day. Were her mother and father marooned on a desert island, an aviator, perhaps a native from some remote continent, would be sure to drop in for a cup of tea.

She snapped on the light as she entered her work room. Fortunately the late owner's love for the antique hadn't dulled his sense for the comforts of contemporary living. The rose-colored chintz at the windows picked up a glow from the lamp. She hung up her coat, pulled off her hat and glanced at the clock on the mantel. Ticking off the minutes, had the time before dinner to make rough sketches of a few of the ideas which had thrived through her mind on the way home? If her parents had heard her come in she would be sure to meet their guests, if not she was safe from interruption.

Perched on a high stool before her drawing table with its cargo of T squares, rulers, brushes, pencils, and paints, she made a start. She sketched a radio sending forth zig-zag lines and clear-cut letters. Old stuff, she told herself and commenced again.

CALLING ALL TRAVELERS!

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

We are what we must. And not what we would be. I know that one hour Assures not another. The will and the power are diverse. —Owen Meredith.

One scrambled ostrich egg is enough to serve six persons.

Take it from sepiologist Lena Horne, the only reason grandma preferred the minutest of fiddling is because she wore too many clothes.

VIYING WITH VESUVIUS

A Red Shield Club, near Mount Vesuvius in Italy, overlooks the sea, with the Isle of Capri in the distance. The canteen accommodates two hundred persons and is equipped with adequate rest and recreation rooms. Servicemen make good use of it.

Cigarette butts are saved in the Union of South Africa to supply nicotine for farm insecticides.

Use of quinine and its salts in Brazil is now limited by Government order to the treatment of malaria.

A new type of dental burr with a chrome finish will outwear the present steel burrs at least 50 per cent, due to the hardness imparted by the chromium.

WESKITS FOR FALL

Weskits with separate skirts to give a suit or dress look to the costume of interchangeable pieces are in fall collections.

A Morning Smile

DREADFUL THOUGHT

A little girl was taken by her father to an old-fashioned church for the first time. She started for a while at the old Highland minister, seated up in a box pulpit, thumping the Bible. "What shall I say about the Bible?" he was waving his arms about.

She was unable to stand it any longer, she whispered in a frightened voice: "Father, what'll we do if he gets out?"

Sandy was paying \$7.50 weekly for board and lodgings. One day his landlady said: "Sandy, I'm afraid I'll have to charge you \$1 a week more, you are such a good eater."

"For goodness sake," cried Sandy, "dinner do that. I'm killing myself already trying to eat \$7.50 worth."

New York apartment had been a corner of her bedroom. Here she had two rooms and a bath for her very own.

She was slipping into a georgette frock splattered with huge pink spots and hyacinth blue as her eyes, when her mother knocked and inquired in her soft voice with its tint of southern drawl:

"Safe and happy, and gloriously happy. Mother, I'll tell you about it when I come down."

She still glowed with the excitement of the Bard Agency interview when she entered the candle-lit dining room. Had she ever really appreciated his charm before? Pity Uncle Mark had lived such a short time after he bought the Mansion for her father's, but what a backward it made for Patsy and David Crofton, Joan thought as she looked at her parents. Her mother's dark hair was dressed to show the lovely shape of her head. She had been young David Crofton had dashed in her shape of her head. She had been young David Crofton had dashed in her shape of her head. She had been young David Crofton had dashed in her shape of her head.

CROWN OF FLOWERS



DESIGN NO. 1083

Make this ray, little half hat with flowers and the corsage to match. Both are crocheted in a jiffy. Pattern No. 1083 contains 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, Charlotetown, N.S.

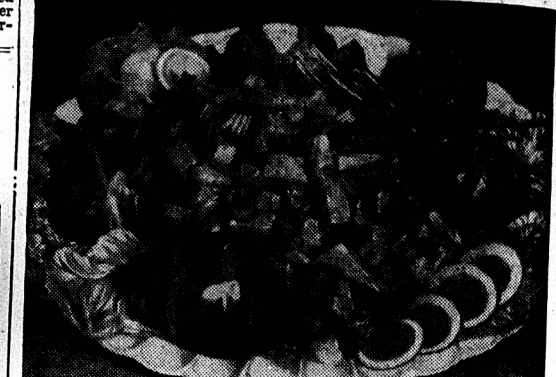
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Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ Province _____

SWIFT'S WEEKLY FOOD HINTS

Martha Logan, Swift's famed home economist, whose weekly, wartime cooking column is a regular feature of this page. Look for these valuable hints each Monday

By Martha Logan



Chicken Salad

It's ideal for warm-weather meals and an economical way of using heavier birds

This is the time of year to purchase poultry; especially the heavier fowl. And this is the time of year, too, when your family will cheer for chicken salad. So get yourself a plump six-pound bird; ask for Swift's 'Golden West' fowl, and simmer it—cut up—in salted water, till it is tender. Cool the chicken in the broth; then remove it, wrap in waxed paper and place in refrigerator. Keep the broth for stock. Then, when you want to serve the family or visitors a meal that will have

them almost embarrassing in their praise; follow the recipe in the panel!

CHICKEN SALAD (to serve six)

2 cups cooked, cubed chicken
1 cup finely shredded Premium Bologna
1/2 cup diced celery
1 head lettuce shredded
1 tsp. chopped sweet pickle
1/2 cup salad dressing

Mix chicken, Bologna and celery with salad dressing and chill. Toss lightly with shredded lettuce and pickle. Garnish, if you wish, with hard cooked eggs, tomatoes and fresh green parsley, or cross.

SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED

Makers of Premium Ham and Bacon; Silverleaf Lard; Jewel Shortening; Brookfield Butter; Eggs and Cheese

THE COOK'S CORNER

CHERRY ORANGE MARMALADE

4 cups pitted cherries
2 medium oranges
2 tablespoons lemon juice
3/4 cups sugar

Method: Wash the oranges and cut them into quarters or eighths from stem to blossom end. Discard the seeds. Slice the fruit into very thin slices. Cover the fruit with water and cook until the liquid is soft. Now add the pitted cherries, the lemon juice and the sugar. Stir the mixture until the sugar is completely dissolved and then bring to a boil and keep boiling quite vigorously until the marmalade is thick and clear. Allow to stand for a few minutes before pouring into hot sterilized jars. Seal with melted

Needlecraft For The Home

SOFT FLATTERY

Let the temperature soar—you'll look your cool and charming best in this soft and pretty frock with its new and so-becoming low neckline and pencil-slim waist.

Send 30 cents for PATTERN. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish.

A large number of women taking over the jobs of 17,500 male employees of Canadian National Railway, who are now on active war service, listed their previous occupations as "Housewife." The only concession they asked for—and received—was for specific shifts to dovetail home and railway duties.

FOR BATH * BABY * SHAVING * FEET MEDICATED

DIFFERENT! Finest Smoothest! Really useful! Absorbs perspiration. Helps prevent chafing. Is scented. Try it. Buy today!

CUTICURA TALCUM

Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ Province _____

Canadian soldiers and airmen are seen here in happy conversation with two women and a gentleman of the liberated town of Caen.—(Canadian Army—W.I.B. Redtop)