

# Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

## THE COOK'S CORNER

### LAMB PATTIES

3 lbs. ground lamb, 1-1/2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 6 to 8 strips of bacon.  
 Method: Grind lean parts of the shoulder, neck or breast. Season shape into patties. Wrap each with strip of bacon, fasten with a toothpick. Broil, fry or bake.

**TO BROIL:** Place on hot broiler pan, set the broiler in place allowing just enough distance from the heat that only one turning will be necessary to cook the patties to the doneness desired.

**TO PANBROIL:** Slowly preheat the frying pan before putting the patties in. Cook uncovered until the fat cooks out of the meat, pour it off.

**TO BAKE:** Arrange the patties in a shallow pan. Bake in a moderate oven 375 deg. F. 30 to 45 minutes. It is not necessary to cover them. If desired, the patties may be covered with vegetables during the baking.

### CASSEROLE OF LAMB

2 lbs. breast of lamb, cut small, flour, bacon drippings, 1 finely minced onion, cup canned tomatoes, 1 cup hot water, 2 cups sliced raw carrots, 2 cups diced raw potatoes.

Method: Roll lamb pieces in seasoned flour brown well in hot drippings with the onion. Turn into greased casserole, and tomatoes and water, cover and bake 2 hours in moderate oven 350 deg. F. Add carrots and potatoes and bake 45 minutes more or until all are tender. Add more water as needed and thicken the gravy if necessary.

## Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

**Perspiring Hands**  
 When troubled with perspiring hands, try applying two or three times a day, or at least nightly, an astringent lotion consisting of one part boric acid to twenty parts of water, and then dust them with talcum powder.

**Removing Rust**  
 There is nothing like a touch of kerosene to remove the rust from iron or steel, when applied with powdered bath brick to give it the proper roughage.

**Pie Crust**  
 If the pan is warmed before the undercrust pie is put into it, the crust will not become soft and soggy when it is baking.

## How Can I??

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

**Q. How can I make a water filter?**  
 A. Cut a hole in a shelf so that by inverting an ordinary lamp chimney, it will pass about a quarter way through the hole. Fasten securely to the lower end of the chimney about three thickness of cheesecloth; then stuff in a quart of bent cotton to the depth of three or four inches. Renew the cheesecloth and cotton as often as necessary.

**Q. How can I destroy plant lice?**  
 A. Spray the plants with a strong soap and a solution of naphthalene. Also one tablespoonful of smoking tobacco soaked in a quart of water for twelve hours or more makes a solution that will destroy insects and promote plant growth. Pour on the soil about every two months.

## Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

**Q. When the ceremony is finished at a wedding, shouldn't the members of the family be allowed to leave first, before the other people?**  
 A. Yes; this is proper.

**Q. Shouldn't the word "dear" be capitalized in the salutation of a letter, as, My Dear Mrs. Adams?**  
 A. No; it should be written, My dear Mrs. Adams.

**Q. What is the real definition of "dinner"?**  
 A. Webster says a dinner is "the principal meal of the day, eaten about midday or in the evening; also, a formal feast in honor of some person or event."

## NASTURTIUM FOR ACCENT

Nasturtium is a new and exciting accent color for spring. It adds zest to costumes of slate and navy blue. It is ideally suited to brown or black. At resorts it has been worn for contrast with soft blue—blue slacks and nasturtium blouse, with toes and finger-nails done in the same nasturtium shade. The demure girl—a bunch of nasturtiums in the hair.

# Satisfying King Cole TEA

## Old English Blend

Ten Greatest Faults of Husbands Dorothy Dix Ten Greatest Faults of Wives

## Here You Are, Ladies and Gentlemen; Maybe a Perusal and Some Self-Introspection Will Make You Over or Keep You From Being Guilty of These

The ten greatest faults of husbands are: First, Being imperfectly monogamous. No matter how much the average man loves and admires his wife, nor how superior he considers her to all other women, he still has an eye out for a pretty girl. There is never a place between the cradle and the grave where a wife can sit down and take marriage easy and feel that she is absolutely safe.

Second, They slump. They get seedy. Somewhat marriage generally seems to take the sting out of a man and he feels that everything is over now and he doesn't have to bother about his personal appearance. He forgets that a wife is no more allured by a three day stubble of beard on his face than he is by cold cream on hers.

Third, They resent having lost their personal liberty and they blame it all on their wives. Every husband's favorite story is about how his wife enticed him into the matrimonial fold. No man ever married of his own volition.

Fourth, Most men begrudge the money it takes to support a family. In spite of all the haecet, bil-hundreded married men know, they cherish the illusion that their wives could run a house on air. Hence when this miracle fails to materialize and all of their hard-earned money goes for groceries, rent, sterilized milk for the baby and having little Johnny's adenoids cut, instead of or fishing trips and new sport cars, it turns them sour and grumpy.

Fifth, They deny their wives any financial independence. They make their wives come to them like beggars for every penny, and expect them to say "thank you" for the money they have earned ten times over by their work in the home.

Sixth, They think that a home is a place where a man can dump all the temper, nerves and irritation that he dare not show the outside world, and be just as disagreeable as he pleases. Many a man who sets everybody else's dinner table in a roar with his wit never speaks at his own except to grumble over the food or correct the children. Many a man who is noted for his chivalry to other women doesn't treat his own wife with even ordinary politeness.

Seventh, They take their wives for granted. They never pay them a compliment, or show them any affection or display any appreciation of all their wives do for them, or indicate in any manner that they regard their wives as anything but household conveniences.

Eighth, They do nothing to make their wives happy. They seem to think that just being married to them is all the amusement and diversion that any woman could crave.

Ninth, They are unmindful of all the little things on which women set so much store. Tenth, They make no effort to keep their wives in love with them. They think themselves so fascinating that their wives couldn't possibly lose their taste for them, no matter how they are treated.

The ten great faults of wives are: First, They are possessive. When they marry a man they think he belongs to them, body and soul, and has no right to any life or liberty of his own.

Second, They are jealous of every one whom he likes and everything he enjoys doing. A young wife's first act is to separate her husband from his family and friend and stop him from playing golf or tennis or going to his club.

Third, They nag. They can't say a thing once and let it go at that. Fourth, They are lazy. Keep dirty houses. And poison their families on bad food. Fifth, They are extravagant and wasteful. Sixth, They are high-tempered and shrewish. Seventh, They are dull and stupid and boring. Eighth, They go slouching around the house. Ninth, They are more interested in clubs and society than they are in their homes. Tenth, They make no effort to entertain their husbands and make them happy and contented.

In spite of all of which marriage is still a good thing if you don't weaken.

DOROTHY DIX

## SECOND CHANCE

By HOLLOWAY HORN

**CHAPTER I**  
**TREVOWE AND CO.**  
 Trevowe and Co. Ltd., of Mossford, in their own line, were unequalled. They made the finest shoes that machines could produce. The hand-made article (as in every other commodity) is, of course, still better, but apart from that, shoes which bore the name of Trevowe were in a class of their own. They were expensive, which in these modern days is a serious drawback, but their quality had never been sacrificed for the sake of the price. It was in recent years the factory had been modernised and the new offices seemed out of place in Mossford. Chromium plated fittings and mahogany desks look one rather a long way from the ideas of that William Allan Trevowe who founded the firm in the days of the Franco-German war. The William Trevowe who controls the destiny of the firm today, however, is a man of ideas, a broad-minded, tolerant business man. He is nearer fifty than forty and his hair is greying at the temples; in appearance he is more like a lawyer than a provincial manufacturer and most of his time is spent at the office of the firm in London or in its various subsidiary companies.

Mossford, it has done its best to keep pace with its famous firm. It has one theatre, five cinemas, and innumerable pubs. Recently it has scraped the top of the hill and a trolley bus service. Its population has steadily increased and it has spread out into the pleasant countryside in a sprawling and rather arrogant manner.

Trevowe's offices were in Bridge Street and the office staff, without counting the travellers, numbered nearly forty. Usually the man in charge there was Henry Mumford, the secretary of the company. He had been with the firm since he was a boy and when Mr. Trevowe was in London, Mumford was responsible. When things were going well he was a good fellow to work with, but in times of difficulty he lacked the urbanity of his chief, Mr. Driscoll, who bore the title of Chief Accountant, was not, in fact, an accountant at all. He was a very shrewd, kindly provincial. Indeed, until the man who was known as John Fingal Ferguson joined the firm, the entire staff in the offices and stores consisted of Mossford people born and bred.

To a great extent this differentiated the staff from that of a com-

## A Morning Smile

A schoolboy, having kindly assisted another in a difficulty, was asked by the teacher: "Why did you work his lesson?"  
 "To lessen his work," replied the youngster.

Friend: "I hear you had a terrible fall the other week."  
 Pak: "Well, it wasn't so much the fall as the stop at the end that inconvenienced me."

parable London office. Everyone knew everybody else in all about them, knew where they lived and what their families were doing. In London workers in an office, casually say good-bye at the end of the day's work, and several to the suburb or that—to different worlds; they know little of each other's lives. In Trevowe's on the other hand, there was a certain familiarity. Many of the workers in the factory had been to the same school as Mr. Mumford, for example, and all of them knew for the other had originally kept a little draper's shop in Canlever Street. And, incidentally thought the more of him for it.

The order gives place to the new, however, even in a town like Mossford, and most of the recruits to the office came, in these modern days from one or other of the Secondary Schools. They had matriculated and possessed accumulated credits, and several had worked when, fifty years before, he had entered the firm as a junior office boy.

Mary Donovan, perhaps, was typical. She was eighteen when she came to the firm some six years before, and for three years had been Mr. Mumford's personal secretary. She was a rather striking girl in appearance, with fair, carefully "permed" hair. Her clothes were always well chosen and as for her appearance, she had no thought outside the job. She lived with her mother, the widow of the manager of one of the big multiple shops in the little house half a mile away from the office. Mr. Mumford had come to rely on her; it was an enormous advantage to be able to sign one's letters—excepting of course, the very important ones—without reading them. They were never, however, quite as happy as they seemed. Miss Donovan was far too good a secretary for that.

At twenty-four, Mary Donovan looked as though she had never been in love with her—were still, indeed, in love with her—she followed in the tenor of her way in a world in which women's lives were more important than individual men. Mr. Mumford sometimes widened his eyes when she spoke of affairs would last, for the very excellent secretary and he had reached the age when change of any kind worried him.

## "I AM SENDING A NEW CLERK."

Saturday morning was usually a particularly busy time for the travellers were in and the inevitable mistakes had to be adjusted. Mr. Trevowe himself usually spent the week-end in Mossford, for he liked to keep in touch with the travellers. It was on one of these Saturday mornings that he came into Mr. Mumford's room and started that gentleman by saying: "By the way, Mumford, I'm sending you a new clerk down from the head office."

"He hasn't been in our office at all, but I think you'll find he's a first class man."

"A new clerk, you say, sir?" Mumford asked in obvious surprise.

"Yes, Ferguson is his name. John Fingal Ferguson. He will be here on Monday morning." Mr. Trevowe said a little slowly.

"This coming Monday, sir?" Mumford asked in still more obvious surprise.

"Yes," said Trevowe, rather shortly. "He's a man of thirty-five or so."

Mr. Mumford cleared his throat as he usually did when he was perturbed and inquired: "This is a little surprising, sir.... this is a little surprising, sir...."

"I fancied it would be. You'd better keep an eye on him, too Miss Donovan." Mumford began, "The very best of affairs would last, for the very excellent secretary and he had reached the age when change of any kind worried him."

"Do we take up his references or has that been done?" Mumford asked.

"I did it personally, Mumford," Mr. Trevowe said as the eyes of the two men met.

"Had you any particular work in view for him?"

"No. That's your job. I'm certain he'll be a very useful man. He's had a wide business experience in one way and another."

"It has been our usual practice, as you know, to take a youth and train him." Mumford began, "But this time we've got a man who will probably have ideas of his own. A little new blood will be an advantage in this office."

"Quite. I'll have a talk with him, Ferguson, you said, sir?"

(Continued on page 8)

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## The Housewife And Her Activities

EVERY ONE SANG  
 Some one suddenly burst out singing.  
 And I was filled with such delight.  
 As prisoned birds must find in freedom,  
 Winging wildly across the white  
 Orchards and dark green fields;  
 on, on, and out of sight.

Every one's voice was suddenly lifted,  
 And beauty came like the setting sun;  
 My heart was shaken with tears,  
 and horror  
 Drifted away—Oh, but every one  
 Was a bird; and the song was wordless—the singing will never be done.  
 —Stegfried Sassoon.

**WRONG-DOING**  
 Not one wrong-doer in a hundred intends to injure any one by his wrong-doing. Yet every act of wrong doing since the world began has injured not only the guilty person himself, but others with him. How weak a defence is it, therefore, to plead that the man did not mean to hurt anybody! The devil would rather have persons of good intentions in his service than any other kind. The wrongs that he can work through them are the most complete. Whether we mean to harm anyone to-day is not the real question at all. Rather let us recognize that unless we take the highest possible ground someone is sure to get hurt.

**AS YOU IRON**  
 As you iron, stack your clothes into piles according to the rooms in which they will be put away. Then when you are finished the clothes are sorted and need not be handled twice.

**Woodsen Kitchen Utensils**  
 Wash the wooden utensils in slightly soapy warm water, rinse and dry immediately. It is letting the wooden utensils soak for a long time in water that causes the wood to discolor.

**Solled Suds**  
 So many laundresses dislike throwing out suds from previous washings, just because the soap is there. Solled suds will not thoroughly clean the clothes, and will create a very poor color, so that fresh suds are used for each batch of clothes.

**Safety All Around**  
 With a pilot on every gas stove nowadays and only the oven to

light with a match, it is wise to deal entirely with safety matches. If the kitchen is not a modern one, naturally the sulphur matches are more convenient, but a busy mouse can cause a fire by nibbling at her sulphur with a lid when not in use.

## SUN HAT and SUIT

by Mayfair

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**MAYFAIR NO. 481**  
 A long day on the beach will be a joy to a busy mother, many a young girl in this play suit with its hat to match. The picket fence is made of strips of gingham. The same strips make the top of the hat and the shoulder straps. All edges of the suit are bound with bias. You will enjoy making this set for the little lady.

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## George BURNS and Gracie ALLEN

Gracie's Grand-daddy Has a Hot Time!

**OH GEORGE—DID I TELL YOU ABOUT MY GRAND-DADDY'S PARTY? HE HAD ONE HUNDRED AND TEN CANDLES ON HIS CAKE**

**NO—WE WERE CELEBRATING BECAUSE GRAND-DADDY HAD A TEMPERATURE OF A HUNDRED AND TEN DEGREES!**

**HOW COULD YOUR GRAND-DADDY HAVE A TEMPERATURE OF A HUNDRED AND TEN DEGREES?**

**A HUNDRED AND TEN CANDLES? YOUR GRAND-DADDY IS A HUNDRED AND TEN YEARS OLD?**

**WELL THAT'S NICE! AND I SUPPOSE HE TURNED INTO A CRISP OLD GENTLEMAN!**

**THAT WAS EASY—HE JUST ATE THE CAKE WHILE THE CANDLES WERE STILL BURNING!**

**WRONG, GEORGE! NEXT MORNING HE TURNED INTO THE DINING-ROOM FOR HIS USUAL CRISP CRUNCHY GRAPE-NUTS AND HE WAS SINGING A SONG HE COMPOSED ALL BY HIMSELF!**

**I'M SORRY I MISSED IT!**

**OH IT'S JUST DUCKY, GEORGE! IT GOES LIKE THIS: BIRTHDAYS SURE DON'T WORRY ME, FOR HIS USUAL CRISP CRUNCHY GRAPE-NUTS I'M A DEVOTEE—THEY MAKE ME FEEL SO GOOSH DARN YOUNG!**

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