Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

Happenings Of The Week

The King, recovering from influenza, spent his 48th birthday on Tuesday, quietly with the Queen and Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret. Flags were flown over public buildings and messages of congratulation poured in from all parts of the Empire. Thanking citizens of London for their good wishes, His Majesty expressed hope that "the coming year may give the people of London an ever clearer prospect of the blessings of peace which their courage and endurance have so well earned." During the morning the King handled state papers and other business. The official celebration of his birthday will occur next June as is the Royal custom. His Majesty is to deliver the usual address to the Empire in a Christmas Day broadcast.

• • •

The Duchess of Kent who celebrated her 37th birthday on Monday, has been stricken with influenza, a wave of which has been spreading in Britain in recent weeks. A bulletin said the illness was "taking a normal course."

• • •

Miss Audrey DeBlois arrived home from Netherwood, Rothesay, Thursday, to spend the festive season with her parents Mr. and Mrs. N. H. DeBlois.

• • •

Mr. Frank Gunner, R. C. A. F., and Mrs. Gunner, formerly of Winnipeg, now of Summerside, spent the past week end at the Manse, Carleton.

• • •

Lieutenant Ian McPhee, R. C. N. V. R., of Halifax, will be in Ottawa for the Christmas season with his parents, Judge and Mrs. G. W. McPhee. Judge McPhee is a former Islander.

• • •

The marriage is taking place in the Brookline, Mass., Baptist church, on the afternoon of Dec. 23th of Miss Edith Rogers Porter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Porter, Brookline, Mass., and Durrell Murray, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Murray. This happy romance is the culmination of several summer holiday visits in Charlottetown and Keppoch.

• • •

The engagement was announced to their friends here this week of Miss Jessie Caroline McGibbon of Moore's Mills, N. B., and Corporal Reginald Earl Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Taylor of this city. The wedding is taking place the latter part of December.

• • •

Mrs. H. Tay Judson, Alexandra, arrived home this week from a visit to Montreal.

The indisposition of Mrs. H. S. Henderson who has had to enter the P. E. Island hospital for treatment is regretted by her friends. She will be especially missed in musical and charitable circles over the holiday season, as she is one of Charlottetown's most active workers.

• • •

Miss Edith Rogers left Thursday to spend the holiday season with her sister, Mrs. Ernest Porter and Mr. Porter in Brookline, Mass.

• • •

Mrs. Hugh M. Simpson entertained at a smart birthday dinner party last evening for her daughter Miss Nancy, who with her friends later went on to the dance in the Officers Mess at the Airport.

• • •

Lady Tweedsmuir, widow of Lord Tweedsmuir, a former Governor-General of Canada, now residing at Elsfield Manor, Oxford, England, recently received a shipment of toys from the British Columbia Toys Club, for which she has expressed deep gratitude.

• • •

Deepest sympathy goes out to Mrs. J. E. Sterns and family in the death of Coun. Sterns.

• • •

Sgt. J. T. Place of Halifax, is spending his Christmas leave with Dr. and Mrs. Pierce, North River Road.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Murray are spending the winter pleasantly in Orland, Florida

• • •

Flying Officer Dereck Hogan of Halifax, is visiting his brother Mr. Arthur Hogan and Mrs. Hogan, Green Street.

• • •

Mrs. Beatrice Judson left Thursday by plane to spend the winter with her daughter Mrs. R. V. Welz and Mr. Welz in Cincinatti, Ohio.

• • •

Princess Elizabeth will play the role of Aladdin in the pantomime which she and Princess Margaret are present in the country at Christmas. Princess Margaret will play the princess and the other roles will be taken by friends of the princesses and 25 boys and girls chosen from a school in the country.

• • •

Mrs. Andrew C. Macphail and her little daughter, who have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Macphail in Ottawa for several weeks, will go to Barrie this week to join Lieut. Macphail and take up residence there.

SAFELY SEALED

Fruit cake, spices, tea and coffee and other foods kept in tins or jars can be effectively sealed with waterproof adhesive tape, which excludes moisture and air. If going on a trip many articles of food may be saved until your return by sealing them before leaving.

Home Service

IMMORTAL WORDS

"In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below."

Words immortal written by Lieutenant-Colonel John D. McCrae for those brave ones who died fighting for their souls and countries in the last world war. The words are timeless for they can refer also to our men in the battlefields today.

If you enjoy reading poems that are well known through the ages, do not hesitate.

Our 32-page booklet is full of poems that have reached the hearts of millions in all parts of the English-speaking world—also by translations in foreign countries.

They have been read and loved because they speak in simple language of the things which move us most deeply: love of one's fellows and one's country; religion, nature, childhood, and family affection.

If you're looking for courage and hope to bolster you in these war days read these poems and be lightened.

Send 15 cents in coins for your copy of WORLD'S BEST LOVED POEMS to The Charlottetown Guardian, Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your name, address and the name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

THE COOK'S CORNER

OAT CAKES

1 cup flour
1-2 teaspoon soda
1-2 teaspoon salt
2 cups fine oatmeal
1-2 cup sugar
1-2 cup fat
Warm water

Method: Sift together the flour, soda and salt. Add the oatmeal and the sugar, and mix well. Now add the fat (use any kind for this—lard, shortening, or butter), and work this into the dry ingredients until the mixture is in fine crumbs. Now add enough warm water to make a dough the consistency of pastry (about 3 to 5 tablespoons). Turn out onto a lightly floured board and roll very thin—about 1-8 inch in thickness. Cut in any desired shape and place on a greased baking sheet. Prick through with a fork and bake in a moderate oven (352 deg. F.) for about 10 minutes, or until lightly browned.

GIFT SLIPPERS ARE CROCHETED FOR ALL AGES

DESIGN NO 1087

Crocheted play shoes created from cotton rug yarn are simple to make in a couple of hours. Pattern No. 1087 contains complete instructions for making these slippers for adults and children.

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, Design No. 1087

NAME - - - - - - - - - - -
STREET ADDRESS - - - - -
CITY - - - PROVINCE - - -

Christmas is the FIVE and TEN

by HELEN EDWARDS

Mary's feet throbbed. Her knees wanted to buckle beneath the weight of her slim young body.

"Fifteen minutes more!"

She saw Mr. Adams, the cross-looking floorwalker, frowning in her direction and she hastened to tidy her counter. Clerking in a five and ten, she decided, wasn't such a bad job—except during the Christmas rush.

A shabbily dressed old woman stood across the aisle looking wistfully at a display of curly-haired dolls on Mary's counter. The faded blue eyes were making an effort to read the price tag.

"May I help you, madam?" Mary asked. The woman looked up guiltily, then her fingers fumbled nervously at her shabby black purse.

"I—ah—I—no, I don't guess so." The woman turned and almost ran from the store. At the odor, however, she turned and slowly retraced her steps to the counter. "How much for that yellow-haired doll, miss?"

"Twenty-nine cents. Shall I wrap it in our gift pack? That will be ten cents extra."

"N—no, I'll come back later. Not tonight, please."

As Mary nodded her head the

"N—no, I'll come back later."

woman's shoulders seemed to sag lower, and she trudged slowly toward the door.

Mary's thoughts kept returning to the wizened old lady as her tired feet dragged through a long Wednesday and a longer Thursday. As she left the store Thursday night she was almost happy, reflecting that there would be but one more day of the Christmas rush.

A timid hand clutched at her arm. Mary recognized her near-customer of the preceding week, and smiled encouragingly.

"That doll, miss—" she seemed momentarily at a loss for words—"it—is it sold yet?"

"No, we have a few left. Do you want me to save one for you?"

"If you could?"

Mary nodded and the woman hurried away.

Mary selected an especially nice doll the next morning and laid it carefully beneath the counter. Then she watched, between spurts of last minute shoppers, for the timid old lady. At noon the doll still rested beneath the counter. At six it was still unclaimed. When Mary sold her last remaining doll a few moments before nine, she reached for the hidden one.

"I'll give her a few minutes more," she decided. "If I put it out it will go almost as soon as anyone sees it."

At last she appeared, breathless as if from running. She gazed along the counter and stark despair was written in every line of her face.

"Am I too late? Are they sold?"

"No, I saved one for you, madam."

"How much did you say it would cost?" The old woman was fumbling in her purse while Mary wrapped the doll. "Twenty-five cents, wasn't it? I think I have that much."

Shaking fingers reached into the shabby purse and fumbled into every crease and corner of its flat interior. Two dimes and a penny appeared, and then two more coppers. The woman's face turned white, and the fingers continued to search frantically. Finally they reappeared clutching two additional copper coins.

"But," Mary began, "it costs—" a picture of some tiny waif waiting for just such a doll flashed through Mary's mind. Mary turned to the woman and held it out to her.

As she did so she saw Mr. Adams bearing down upon her, his most ferocious frown upon his face. Now she was in for it! Maybe she would be fired. And for four cents! Well, it had been worth it.

"Will you say 'Merry Christmas' to the little one for me?" she whispered.

Amuffled cough at her side told her that Mr. Adams had arrived.

"I saw what you did, Mary, and—"

"But, Mr. Adams, I intended to repay the company from my own purse.

"I know—I know. I'd have done it myself if you hadn't. Merry Christmas, Mary."

CHOCOLATE BAR RULES

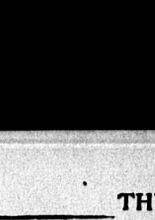
From now on you not only savor your candy bar . . . you can also judge the contents by weight! A recent board order specifies the minimum weight of 1 1-2 ounces for plain or milk chocolate bars; 1 1-4 ounces for milk chocolate bars with other ingredients; 1 3-4 ounces for chocolate bars with confectionery centres, and 2 ounces for confectionary bars without chocolate coating. The order also freezes the design of chocolate bars to those you are familiar with now . . . so that no new color and design will be on the shelves for the duration.

Dorothy Dix Says—

POST-HONEYMOON DAYS TEST MARRIAGE'S LIKELY SUCCESS

Young Couples Find Life Is Not Perpetual Petting Party But Hard Labor

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I have a married son and daughter whose marriages, I fear, are going on the rocks. Not because there is anything wrong with the girl and boy they married, but simply because they do not seem able to come down to earth after their honeymoons. They talk cynically about the disillusion of marriage and having missed their soul mates and a lot of nonsense like that, and have even begun to doubt that they love each other. And you know that when a young couple start on that road they are on their way to the divorce court.



What can I say to them that will make them see that they are just sobering up after the emotional debauch they have been on, and that if they will just give themselves a little time and use a few grains of gumption that they will be all right?

WORRIED MOTHER.

ADVICE OF LOVE SHUNNED

ANSWER—To advise young people about love is a sheer waste of breath, because they are convinced that nobody has ever felt the way they do. Probably nothing else on earth would surprise your children so much as to know that you and your husband went through exactly the same experience at the beginning of your marriage that they are going through now. You, too, had that flat, let-down feeling and wondered what made you do it.

Probably more marriages are wrecked by great expectations than by anything else, and that is why the ratio of divorce is so much greater among young couples than old ones. The young can't take it. Life hasn't disciplined them and taught them to make the best of their bargains. And so when they face the realities of marriage and find out that it is not a perpetual petting party, but a life sentence at hard labor, and that they are married to just plain, ordinary human beings, instead of romantic heroes and heroines, and that you can't keep on thrilling over a person you see 365 days a year, why, only too often they decide that their marriage are failures and throw up their hands and quit.

They don't try to make their marriages a success. They don't even give their husbands and wives a sporting chance of winning out. The bridegroom is disillusioned because his bride isn't as pretty with her complexion off and a bungalow apron on as she was when she was dolled up in her pink chiffons when he came to take her out of an evening. And he feels that he has been gypped because she doesn't know how to manage a house and cook the way his mother does.

And the bride is equally disappointed to find out that instead of having acquired a great lover as her husband, she has one who takes her for granted and is more interested in his stomach than he is his heart, and that he has fussy little ways and habits that get on her nerves, and peculiarities that she never suspected that he possessed.

Neither one realizes that what is happening to them is that they are going through a shaking down process that will either land them in the havens of the blest, which is a happy marriage, or in the divorce court. It all depends on whether they meet the situation with common sense, with unselfishness, with fortitude, and a determination to make their marriage a success instead of a failure.

It is precisely the same situation that every man or woman who goes into a profession or business encounters. There is the same disillusion at first, the same discouragement, the same despairing wonder if one hasn't made the wrong choice, and the same results. Success for those who had the courage to fight through it. Bankruptcy for the quitters.

"What wonderful congeniality there is between you and your wife," said a guest at a silver wedding celebration.. "Yes," replied the elderly bridegroom "but it took us 25 years to achieve the results you admire so much."

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—Just how much patience is required to be accepted as a good mother-in-law? My son is married and to me he seems an ideal son, husband and father, but his wife is never satisfied with what he does and comes to me with her complaints of him. She is a careless housekeeper and poor manager and she expects him to take over the responsibility of the children and the house so that she can have her time out with her girl friends, as she puts it. But, when it is necessary for him to attend a session of the church brotherhood or a meeting of his lodge, she calls me up on the phone and complains about how selfish he is.

My son never criticizes her to me, but she calls me to account for everything he does that peeves her. Is there any way this situation can be remedied without severing our friendship? I have plenty of worries over another son, who is serving overseas, without being bothered with her petty grievances.

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW NEEDS PATIENCE, DIPLOMACY

ANSWER—Being a mother-in-law is always a difficult and dangerous job and one that requires almost superhuman self-control and patience and diplomacy but your daughter-in-law has added another complication to it in making you the recipient of all of her complaints against her husband. That is a new angle to the situation, but while it is extremely unpleasant for you, you should be glad that she does her whining to you instead of broadcasting her dissatisfaction to the general public. For you know how unjust and unfair her charges are, whereas strangers would naturally believe them.

Many a man has not only his character ruined, but his business or professional career wrecked by his wife's peevish faultfinding.. If Mrs. A. goes around wailing that she can't have this and she can't have that because her husband just doesn't seem to know how to get along, it does not help him to get the job he is qualified to fill, or the contract he wants.

And any a man, who is as sober as the town pump and as domestic as the house cat gets a reputation for being a rounder by his wife telling all who will listen that she had to stay at home with the children because her husband went to his class banquet, and she could smell liquor on his breath when he came home.

There are women who have to have somebody to tell their troubles to, and inasmuch as it is better for your daughter-in-law to tell them to you than to outsiders I don't see any safe way for you to shut off her flow of complaints. Perhaps you might try telling her that you did your best in trying to rear her a good husband, and if he doesn't give satisfaction that you will be glad to have him returned to you. And she can throw in the children, too. That should hold her, if anything will.

A Job Only You Can Do

Price Control Questions And Answers

Questions and Answers on Price Control will appear in The Guardian as a regular feature each day. The questions are those which have reached the Wartime Prices and Trade Board from housewives in this region. The answers are provided by the Board Readers. Persons who have intelligent questions to ask no price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the War Times Prices and Trade Board.

Q.—I am about to lease a farm in my possession. Is it necessary for me to complete any rentals form in this connection.

A.—No. Lands and buildings used solely for agricultural purposes are exempt from the rentals regulations and it is not necessary to complete any form or make any report when they are leased.

Q.—I have been wondering if peanut butter is not rationed as the Prices Board have rationed preserves.

A.—No Peanut butter and soya bean spreads are not included in the list of rationed commodities.

AVOID OUTSIDE WALLS

The house will feel warmer if chairs and sofas are moved away from outside walls. There may be as much as 10 degrees difference in the temperature of the room near an outside wall.

Since it rotates at almost the same speed as the earth, only one side of the moon is ever visible.

Mrs. Santy Claus

by HAROLD E. CHRISTIE

Last Christmas our local jewelry store added two new departments we never had carried before. One was a toy counter, where a selection of movie dolls was featured. The other—an optical department—catered to the trade who could not afford glasses unless they could arrange to pay for them on credit.

Visiting the shop the night before Christmas, I watched a tiny little girl. . . I'm sure she couldn't have been more than six . . . standing before the already sadly depleted doll counter. Her eyes were big as she looked up at the one doll still unsold, and there was a child's longing in them as she tugged at the tattered overall jacket of her father, busy talking to the optometrist.

"Daddy," she called, her voice shrill with excitement, "look; Isn't it the darlingest thing Do you think Santa will bring it to me?"

The man's tired face turned toward her, and a hurt expression flushed across it settling hopelessly in the gray eyes. "Fraid not, Mary," he answered, "I saw Santa in a store down the street a while ago, and he said that he'd be about out of everything by the time he reached our house. Reckon he might have some sweets, or maybe

She turned to make one last appeal!

a rag doll, though. And he's promised for sure to bring those glasses.

"Oh!" Tears were in her eyes, but she fought them back bravely, and her worn coat sleeve wiped the last trace of them away.

"I did so want one of them," she whispered. "But I'm glad Santa isn't going to bring it to me. It means that he's found someone else who wants it even worser than I do don't it Daddy?"

"Come on, Mary," the optometrist called, taking the little girl by the hand. "Santa told me to see what kind of glasses you should have, so's to be sure he'd get it right. Now just sit in this chair and do as I say."

The examination didn't last long, and I was still there when it was completed. The optometrist turned to the father. "I'll make a special effort to finish them tonight" he said.

He was back soon, a slip in his hand. "I've fixed it with the management. A dollar now, and a dollar a month until the balance of five dollars is paid."

Mary had returned for a final look at the toy. "Don't you think, Daddy, that the glasses could come as a birthday present, and . . oh, I did want a doll so badly! But . . but I won't cry."

Her father hadn't heard. He was busy feeling in his pockets for the dollar needed for the down payment. He found a lean wallet, and from it pulled a quarter and seven dimes. He counted them over twice, a scared look on his face, then began a renewed search. Triumphantly, he finally produced an eighth dime, and handed the silver to the optometrist.

As the man in overalls and his elfin daughter started toward the door, the girl behind the doll counter looked at the optometrist, then at me, a tear in her eye. Then she ran after the pair. "Wait a moment—isn't your name Mary?" she asked.

"Uu-huh?" the little girl answered, bewildered.

"Then I guess Santa meant you. He was here just a few minutes ago, and said he had a doll for a little girl named Mary, but he was afraid he wouldn't have the time to deliver it. Then he remembered that the little girl's father said he was afraid he wouldn't have the time to deliver it. Then he remembered that the little girl's father said he was coming here, so he asked me if I'd keep the doll and give it to you. That's it, up on the counter. Take it and run away, because I'm so busy I haven't time to talk."

Shyly, Mary reached up for the proffered treasure, and hugged it close.

Mary was speechless while her benefactor busied herself behind the counter. Suddenly the girl felt a tug at her skirt, and Mary was at her side, looking up at her. "I believe you're Mrs. Santa Claus," the child whispered, awe in her voice. As the door closed behind the pair, the girl took her purse from her bag and looked inside.

"Mrs. Santa Claus, indeed!" I heard her mutter. "Lucky for me this is pay day, or Mrs. Santa wouldn't eat tomorrow."

NOT FOR FUN

TORONTO, Dec. 14—(CP)—Mrs. J. Evans, women's personnel manager of Research Enterprises Ltd., said here today, that 'mothers do not work in war plants just for fun They do so by necessity and they are good workers, for they are serious."

Mrs. Evans was commenting on an address last night by Ontario Labor Minister Daley in which he criticized large-scale use of women in industry.

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

LET ME REMEMBER LOVELY THINGS

By Willa Hoey

Let me remember only lovely things:
The scattered smiles of children at their play,
The sapphire of the sea, the star adrift,
The spreading glory of the dying day;
The friendliness of those who light my soul,
Like crystals woven into winter snow;
The clear, blue sky that follows summer rain,
Sweet warbled notes, and sunset's after-glow,
Thus shall I keep the storehouse of my mind
Barred to the gloom that memory often brings;
Beauty shall mold each thought that lives with me—
I shall remember only lovely things.

A HOT TIP

A heap of coal can be saved between now and next May by placing shiny sheets of reflective material behind all the radiators. Why? Because they toss the heat rays back in the room instead of letting them be soaked up by the walls. Insulation board or even cardboard painted white or light cream will be better than nothing.

Delicious cottage cheese — so good with salads and a grand base for lunch box sandwiches — can easily be made at home from freshly-soured milk.

Only freshly-soured, clean-flavored milk should be used. The milk is placed in the top of a double boiler and heated until it separates into curds and whey. It should be stirred occasionally while heating.

The milk will separate when it reaches a temperature between 100 and 110 degrees Fahrenheit — a drop of milk placed on the wrist will feel lukewarm at this temperature. When the milk has separated, place a double layer of cheesecloth in a strainer and strain off the whey.

Wash the cheese under running cold water and squeeze dry. Put the curd in a bowl, mix well with a fork, season with salt and pepper and moisten with a little top milk or cream.

ANNOYANCE

By a patient and loving endurance of annoyances are we preparing ourselves gradually for the discipline of trials.—Dean Goulburn.

HESITATION

When a thought is simple and clear in our own mind, we forget that our words may not be chosen so as to express it to others. Our doubt and hesitation may be misunderstood. We cannot believe in the sudden closing of some doors, and we shut out Fear with all the strength of Hope, watching in silence. —Jeanie Rowland.

ENVY

Envy is the daughter of Pride, the author of Murder and Revenge, the perpetual tormentor of virtue. Envy is the filthy slime of the soul; a venom, a poison, a quicksilver, which consumeth the flesh and drieth up the bones.—Socrates.

THOUGHTS

The wise man must remember that while he is a descendant of the past, he is a parent of the future, and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die.—Spencer.

BELFAST, — (CP) — Northern Ireland will share in the big post war housing program to meet urgent needs in all parts of the United Kingdom, Major J. M. Sinclair, Minister of Finance, in the Northern Ireland House of Commons.

A MEASURE OF SUCCESS

It is one of the appointed conditions of the labor of men that, in proportion to the time between the seed-sowing and the harvest, is the fulness of the fruit; and that generally, therefore, the farther off we place our aim, and the less we decide to be ourselves the witnesses of what we have labored for, the more wide and rich will be the measure of our success.

VARIETY IS KEYNOTE OF NEW NECKLINES

As the season's new clothes get into action and are met with around town, one naturally begins to look for confirmation of earlier predictions. The furore made over novelty necklines has been certainly justified. Where once one could choose between plunging, or V, and sweetheart necklines, one now has keyhole, horseshoe, fanshaped, bateau and even cowl necklines, with several others, including the scooped out shapes and the high Chinese line. Whether for purposes of curtailment of material or because bracelets are bigger and more spectacular and gloves more glamorous, sleeves are obligingly short, though most women seem to much prefer long sleeves when winter comes. It also develops that women do not want the too confining and uncompromising silhouette, which allows no freedom and no grace.

So the ways the dressmaker uses to give the softer look to skirts, includes the little peplum with animated pleats or full at side only, the subtle drape through the top of the skirt. A crossed draping is fluid and graceful and takes nothing from the narrow look. In suits, the drape of the skirt has a pretty way of meeting the edge of the jacket.

Dressmakers are finding out that there must be a soft easy look in the skirt somewhere, that the woman who orders made to order clothes does not care for the "sausage look." Too tight clothes are in poor taste.

CANDIED ORANGE, LEMONS OR GRAPEFRUIT PEEL

Use the skins of 4 large oranges, or 6 lemons or 2 large grapefruit. Cover the skins with cold water, heat to boiling point and drain. This removes most of the bitter flavor. Cover again with fresh cold water, and cook slowly until the skins can be easily pierced with a fork and cool. Scrape off loose white skin with a spoon and cut the thick peel into thin strips with the scissors. Mix together 1 cup sugar and 1-2 cup water. Stir over a slow fir until the sugar disolves, then cook without stirring until it threads, or reaches 242 deg. Fahr. Add the peel, and cook slowly until it is transparent around the edges. Lift from syrup with a skimmer, and roll at once in granulated sugar. The syrup may be colored pink or green, and flavored with mint or any flavor.

(NOTE: If the candied peel is to be used in place of candy at a bridge party a fancy container may be made from a half grapefruit, put through the same process as above only left in its cup shape).

HOUSEKEEPING TIP

To remove the odor of fish from tea towels and dish cloths boil them for five minutes in one tablespoon baking soda added to a quart of water. Rinse in warm and then in cold water. Soda water will also remove the odor from the hands.

NIGHT COUGHS due to colds . . . eased without "dosing". Rub on VICKS VAPORUB. APPROVED BY 2 GENERATIONS

Needlecraft

For The Home

You will surely want to make one of these animals as a Christmas present for a small child. You can use scraps or leftovers to great advantage here.

The scottie and horse are both 12" high and either one can be made from 1-2 yd. 35-in. fabric.

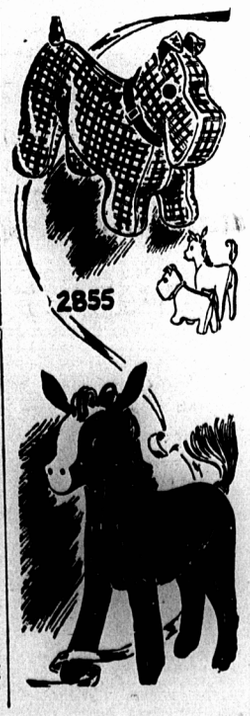
Send 20 cents for PATTERN, which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish.

Address, Pattern Department the Charlottetown Guardian.

Name

Street Address

City Province



A Morning Smile

A SMILE OR TWO

"I've been told that yer man's teeth ain't really his own, Mrs. Smithers."

"Sure they are. Ain't we just paid the last instalment?"

"Smith is getting married next month, and we are going to give the bride a shower."

"Count me in. I'll bring a towel."

HONESTY

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.—Carlyle.

TIGHT BIND