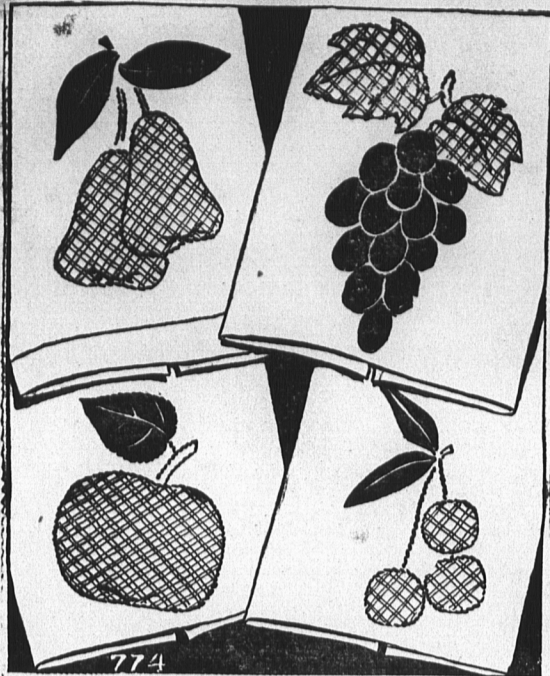


Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

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Blended and packed in Canada

The Wade Kidnap Case

By Leslie Cargill

FUGITIVES' CHATTER

There was consolation in the faintness of the calls which could be heard. The staccato crack-crack-crack of a firearm was probably intended as a more emphatic warning. Nothing was to be gained by endeavouring to put a greater distance between themselves and their captors. It was better to be as near as possible to the centre of the island, than to venture down to the more open country by the shores.

Crouching in a small cleft they could hear their names being yelled, and the breeze bore some of the threats. Finally the voices died away in an even more ominous silence.

Felicite expected to hear stealthy footsteps approaching their shelter at any minute, and she strained her ears to catch every sound for what seemed like hours.

A Scotch mist of a miserably penetrating kind seeped through their clothes and the pearl-grey dawn found Felicite wondering whether it was not better to take further intentions were only partially known.

"If I went back," she suggested, "I could strike a bargain."

"You could indeed, my dear. Safe conduct for me while you remained as hostage!"

"Yes, I'm glad—"

"Glad nothing! Their word isn't worth a brass farthing. The business has gone beyond the ransom stage. All they want now is a woman to stand in front of the bullets; towards her shelter. Remember, they have one \$25,000. Another similar sum we know nothing about."

"Oh," she gasped, "I'd almost forgotten about Bill!"

"It was a bad time to remind you. But I'm not going to let you down because—because—"

"Don't be precipitate in expecting the worst, my dear. They used to say no news is good news. All we know is that the messenger with the money has failed to turn up. Why should it be taken for granted that Bill has come to harm?"

"Thank you for that, darling."

"I want you to hope for the best."

"For calling Bill 'Bill,' I meant—"

"Considering you never do anything else I can hardly avoid falling into line."

"Do you believe in feminine intuition?"

"Well, I have known it work."

"Then I know it's all right. I should feel it more here—in my heart—if he had been... been hurt."

"That's the right spirit."

"Isn't it funny that we should be

shrinking under cover on a lonely island off the Scottish coast talking about my silly little romance at goodness knows what o'clock in the dismal morning that ever was?"

Strictly between ourselves I consider "dismalists" to be atrociously ungrammatical. Is it really a silly little romance?"

"No, the biggest thing ever."

There always had been a strong bond of sympathy between Sir Timothy and his niece, and it was hardly surprising that it should become even greater during the days of hardships and adventures which they shared. The experiences had not been wasted on the old man, who was acquiring a new tolerance and appreciation of the responsibilities of wealth which had previously been lacking.

A few weeks ago the idea of Felicite marrying his secretary had been a matter for grave concern, though he had never taken steps to intervene in the obviously ripening endeavour to wed her from an attachment at variance with his notions of fitness. Now he realized that human happiness, freedom of choice and action, and the right of the individual mattered far more than any dictatorial desires.

Yes, it was strange—most strange—Maknash these considerations in such unlikely circumstances.

The light was becoming stronger in spite of the low cloud and misty drizzle. Actually it was still early, the short northern night of the island quickly making way for the long day with all its perils. How could they expect to remain hidden once the search was seriously undertaken?

Wade was just preparing Felicite for the dangers they might have to face when the steady chugging of a motor engine changed the entire outlook.

"They're leaving," he exclaimed. "That's the boat."

"Isn't it marvellous?"

"Marooned!"

"Like the characters in a sea story. Why do you speak so gloomily?"

"This place must be right off the beaten track."

"There is plenty of food. At least, I don't suppose Mr. Jones would be unpleasant enough to take it all away. Let's go and investigate."

"HANDS UP!"

"Not yet. Wait until the coast is clear. I wish this confounded weather didn't make it impossible to watch them out of sight. Can't see the sea, alone in a boat."

But they could distinctly hear the dull throb of the motor. Long after it ceased they were still in hiding.

Felicite was hungry. "I've got to make a move some time," she urged. "Thinking of biscuits and butter, with hot coffee to wash them down makes me want to be up and doing."

Sir Timothy was persuaded, almost against his will. Breakfast, indeed, was a very potent argument. They could not eat without making a foray.

"It may be a trap," he suggested, "but they began carefully to retrace their steps."

"How could it be? We heard the boat leave, didn't we?"

"Certainly we heard the boat. Whether it is a trap is another thing. Supposing it cruised round and returned?"

"Uncle Timothy, your imagination is stimulated by lack of food. After a good tuck in you'll feel heaps better."

"No doubt I shall, but I'm not satisfied I didn't like the noise that engine made."

"It was a lot more pleasant than the shrieks and wails we heard last night. Just to make sure, we might take a look at the creek. If the boat is there back we go to the hills, old and hungry. As it won't be, we hope, the next step is breakfast."

Making a detour to avoid the hut, they were reassured by the absence of the boat, and Felicite raised a little cheer. "Satisfied?" she demanded.

"More or less."

"Come on—don't be a pessimist. Not a soul in sight, no human voice, not even a footprint like Man Friday found."

Wade was beginning to believe that his fears were groundless after the kettle was singing on the spirit stove, and Felicite was busy setting the table. Yet he could not tittle the feeling that all was not well. Far from leaving them to starve, there was surprisingly little depletion of the stores as he remembered them.

Several times during the meal he stopped eating to listen until his companion was driven to protest.

"Crouching biscuits makes you near things," she added. "That is one of the great arguments in favour of soft food whatever the doctors and dentists may say to the contrary."

(To be Continued)

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

WHITHER?

The sail is set, the wind blows strong, The boat I cannot stay; I helped her upon the dock And no man comes this way.

The fairy Islands of the Blest, Their currents may me send; But home I'd rather drift into The Harbour of Our Friend.

—JOHN STEPHEN.

IMPROMPTU PARTY

Many times we gather several couples for an impromptu party of bridge and we are at a loss for prizes. Run down to your jelly closet and select a few jars of homemade preserves or jellies and wrap them in paper napkins and place in a box for the winner. Everyone enjoys a change in homemade preserves.

HOME DISPENSARY

Make your own bandages at home by tearing an old clean sheet into strips and rolling them. They can be sterilized by placing in a jar that is suspended in water and allowed to become boiling hot.

KNITTING TIP

Here's a tip for knitting addicts. Keep your work clean by lining your knitting bags or boxes with removable white cloth linings. The white linings will show dirt quickly and should be removed and washed immediately.

CLEAN CLOTHES FOR BABY

Just as important as having every item of the baby's layette on hand when he arrives is having every item scrupulously clean. For sake of his protection, his entire wardrobe should be carefully washed and ironed before new from the store or handmade. Wash garments with a very mild luke-warm suds; boil 4 vipers, rinse repeatedly until no trace of soap remains. Crib and carriage accessories as well as baby's exclusive towels and wash cloths come under this rule, also. Absolutely everything that will in any way be used by or near the baby must be immaculately clean.

REMOVE CLOUDED EFFECT FROM FURNITURE

If your fine mahogany furniture has become clouded with grime, it can be cleared with a soft cloth wrung out in luke-warm water in which a little pure, mild soap has been dissolved. Work quickly and dry carefully with a soft, dry cloth, wiping gently and with the grain of the wood.

PROPER MIXING

To assure uniform color and proper brushing qualities, it is necessary to mix paint or enamel properly. First, pour off the liquid from the top of the can into a clean vessel. Stir well the pigment in the bottom. Then gradually pour the liquid back— a little at a time—mixing thoroughly with the pigment.

NEVER WASTED A PENNY

Hetty Green, the fabulous queen of Wall Street, was a shrewd, self-denying and thrifty woman. When \$50,000.00 she had saved that she had never wasted a penny in her life. One day the president of a downtown bank, while looking out of his window, saw her alight

New under-arm Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

ARRID

- Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
 - No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
 - Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
 - A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
 - ARRID has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.
- ARRID is the LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT. Try a jar today!
- 39¢ a jar At all stores selling toilet goods (also in 15¢ and 59¢ jars)

MARTINVALE SCHOOL

Honor roll for the month of March:

Grade X-1. Kingsley Shaw, Grade IX-1. Ellen Robbins, Grade VIII-1. Flora Martin; 2. Sadie Robbins; 3. John Shaw.

Grade V (Sr.)-1. Marguerite Campbell; 2. Lillian Myers.

Grade V (Jr.)-1. Laurence Campbell; 2. Hughina MacDonald; Grade III-1. Mary Campbell; 2. Martin Myers; 3. Rebecca McCausland.

Grade I (Sr.)-1. Gordon Shaw, 4. Iona McLeod; 2. Sterling Shaw.

Grade IV (Jr.)-No Exam nations. S. Margaret Lowery, Teacher.

(Patriot Please Copy)

Dorothy Dix Says—

ALL GIRLS ARE ROOTING FOR BOYS IN UNIFORM

They're Keeping Them True To The Ones Back Home, And Playing Square

DEAR MISS DIX—Recently you published a letter from a group of hometown girls in which they expressed fear that their boy friends would be stolen from them by pretty girls they would meet in their soldiering. They seemed to have gotten quite jittery over the parties and intentions that were paid to the draftees, and to think that their steady were in more danger of being captured by predatory ladies than they were by Germans or Japs, and they made a heartfelt appeal to those of us who live near training camps to keep hands off of their property. Let me set these sisters' minds at rest. We girls who happen to be Sally-on-the-spot and who have answered the Government's plea to try to entertain the soldiers in our midst and make camp life less dreary, are not a band of man-hunters. We are just a bunch of hometown girls like ourselves. Our Johnnies and Joes are off in camp, too, and our hearts are no less heavy than yours. We are in there pitching (and I don't mean wool) to keep our boys away from the so-called slums of a big city, and we would be very grateful if you would do the same for us. We aren't afraid you will take them away from us, not because we doubt your character in the least, for we have heard quite a bit about them from your own local draftees who have assured us that the prettiest and the sweetest and the most wonderful girls in the world live in Maine, or California, or Wisconsin, or wherever the lad hails from.

By this is how we figure. If a man will succumb to just any pretty face that comes along, or be trapped by any girl with a slick line, he isn't worth getting girl hairs about. In other words, if it is true love it will stand any test; and if it is phony, a girl is lucky to find it out on the safe side of the altar.

ONLY BEING SOCIABLE

Of course, we enjoy these soldier dances. We are human and it isn't natural for a girl not to enjoy a rush from the stag line, but it is not our intention to round up a mate out of the ranks of your men. We realize that in this project you have a priority, and we respect your rights. We are just out for a good time for ourselves and to give one to the boys of the U. S. Army.

And it may comfort you to know that the girls back home are the most frequent topic of conversation at the U. S. O. dances and we are in there rooting for you. But let me give you a tip: Just any girl doesn't look good to an Army man because that uniform does something to it. It changes his sense of value to a higher standard. So instead of spending your time getting green-eyed about some faraway girl, get busy improving your looks and your mind and your disposition so that you will be the girl of his dreams when Johnny comes marching home.

Incidentally—and this is the voice of experience speaking—the best way to keep your boy friend always thinking of you is the correspondence method. In Army camps there is a continual wall over there not being enough letters from home, so write, write, write. Make your letters gay and cheerful.

Tell Johnny all the funny little things you can think of and all the neighborhood gossip. Tell him how you miss him, but how proud you are of him going out to defend his country and that you are trying to be as brave as he is. And DON'T tell him about the handsome stranger who has come to town, or anything else that will make him jealous. If you keep writing, Johnny can't possibly forget you.

They say the American way is the sporting way. We know you are American to the core, so why not take your boy friend's absence with you can't lose. If he strays off after every pretty face, let him go without a whimper and hope for better luck next time. That is the way we are trying to do, and don't think of us as your friends.

(A BUNCH OF OTHER HOMETOWN GIRLS)

IT HAS ITS GOOD POINTS

ANSWER—This letter, written by a girl who lives near a great Army camp and who knits for shy soldiers as well as dances with them, should comfort many a girl who lies awake at night wondering if her Johnny is looking into some other girl's eyes with the expression that devastated her own heart. Probably he isn't. In fact, the chances are that he is boring the other girl stiff telling her all about how cute his girl back home is. And if he isn't, well, one of the blessings of war is that it weeds out the philanderers and saves a girl a trip to Reno.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a boy 13 years old. Mom and I have always been great pals, but one night she was very fresh with her and she struck me twice with her fist and I lost my temper and hit her in the face. When I realized what I had done I was broken-hearted and I can't get it out of my mind. I told her how sorry I was and she forgave me, but I still feel terrible over it. Please tell me what to do.

SCHOOL BOY

ANSWER—Don't worry over it any more, son. When God made mothers, He gave them the power of not only forgiving, but forgetting any wrong their children did them. Besides, in this case your mother was even more at fault than you were.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

MONEY CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

- 1 cup butter
- 1-3 cups honey
- 3 eggs beaten
- 3 squares melted unsweetened chocolate
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1-2 cup cold water

Method: Cream soft butter until light, then gradually add the honey beating all the while, until the mixture is light and fluffy. Beat the eggs thoroughly and then add to the creamed mixture and beat the mixture hard. Melt the chocolate over hot water and blend into the creamed mixture.

Sift the flour, then measure and sift again with the soda and salt. Add a small amount of the sifted dry ingredients to the first mixture alternately with the cold water. Add the remaining ingredients to the second mixture. Do not beat the batter.

When all ingredients have been added, pour the batter into greased or wax paper-lined 9-inch layer cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 35 to 40 minutes.

Turn out onto cake racks to cool and then frost with the following frosting.

- MONEY FROSTING**
- 1 cup honey
 - 1 or 2 egg whites

CHILD'S COLDS

Relieve misery direct without "dosing."

Method: Boil the honey until it will spin a long thread when dropped from the tip of a spoon. Remove from the heat. Beat the egg white or whites until stiff and gradually beat in the boiled honey. Beat until it reaches a spreading consistency.

If finishes off the cake nicely if a little finely grated chocolate is sprinkled over the frosting.

Now here is the cake made with syrup. This is made also with sour cream.

A Morning Smile

PLAYED OUT

After returning from a twenty-mile hike the officer in command of a negro company said to a white man who was with him: "All men who are too tired to take another hike step forward two paces."

The entire company stepped forward except one big, husky six-footer. Noticing him, the officer said: "Well, Johnson, ready for ten miles more?"

"No, sah," replied Johnson. "Ah'm jest too tired to even take dem two steps."

I'M RID OF THAT HATEFUL GREASE FOR GOOD!

THE OLD GREASY WAY

THE NEW RINSO WAY

Just POP your dishes into Rinso suds—they'll come out sparkling

IT'S a thrill to find how fast you can wash dishes this grand new Rinso way. They're clean and shining in no time! No greasy smears—no nasty dishpan scum to clean up afterwards. All you do is pop your china, silverware, glass into rich, thick Rinso suds and they'll come out sparkling clean—dry with a fine bright polish. Rinso saves you hours of work—and it's easy on your hands. Rinso suds are gentle, safe—help to keep hands smooth and white.

RINSO DISSOLVES GREASE

WALLS and CEILINGS

Need Make-up too!

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Needlecraft For The Home

A good foundation frock is the basic for a well chosen wardrobe. This one features a fluted flared collar and modified mandarin sleeves, and its own jacket.

Style No. 3427 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards of 38-inch fabric for dress; 1-2 yard contrasting for collar; 2-1/2 yards for long sleeved jacket; 2 yards for jacket lining.

To order pattern: Write or send picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or stamps to the Needlecraft Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian, Needlecraft Department.

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MIDDLE-AGE WOMEN (38-52)

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SIZES 14-48