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

LET FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST DO YOUR BAKING FOR YOU

● If you bake at home don't risk doughy, indigestible bread. For 70 years Canadian women have found Fleischmann's *fresh* Yeast *dependable*. It makes bread that's delicious, light and smooth-textured — really *good* bread! That's why it is Canada's *favorite* fresh Yeast. Buy Fleischmann's fresh Yeast from *your* grocer today!

GET MORE VITAMINS — MORE PEP! Eat 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S *fresh* Yeast every day. This Yeast is an excellent natural source of the B Complex group of vitamins!

MADE IN CANADA

As Long as I Live

By EMILIE LORING

The memory of her voice and face sent the blood racing through his veins! In love with Joan! So that was it. That was the reason he had determined to make her like him! He had so consistently distrusted girls since Carl's disastrous marriage that he hadn't recognized love when it had crept up on him. He had allowed his life to be distorted by his fierce, burning inner protest against the tragedy of Carl's marriage. Instead of dwelling on it he should have thrust the memory behind him with all his might, when his brother died.

Curious that the awareness of his love for Joan should bring with it the swift realization of the futility and senseless wastefulness of brooding on the past. He couldn't see her going on in life looking back over her shoulder. She was too valiant, too full of zest to spend a moment in vain regret.

He wheeled from the window as Tony Crane entered and collapsed in a chair.

"Did you see Nadja off the premises?"

"I went one better than instructions, boss. I landed her in a taxi. Ready to bite, wasn't she?"

"She was. The foot-bell we had put in to connect with your office, that I might ring when I wanted to get rid of a talker with no terminal facilities, was a brilliant idea of yours, Tony. Only the next time you burst in, don't give it away by asking if I rang."

"My mistake. It was a break. Now that that is nicely washed up, what next?"

"Where's the copy-writer who's been waiting to see me?"

"Couldn't wait any longer. That was only my excuse for barging in. What was Janvers laying down the law about?"

"He threatened to leave us for Bard if we don't get Joan Crofton on his ads. I restrained my urge to knock his head off and told him smoothly that I'd see what we could do about it."

"Well, what can we do about it?"

"Cheerio, Tony. All is not lost. Among other choice bits scattered like crumbs from Janvers' vast store of information was the fact that Joan is taking the last train to Carsfield this afternoon."

He spoke into the transmitter.

"Miss Otis. Send in the space-salesman. Make sure that the Carter Starch campaign is released to the newspapers for morning publication. Phone the Motor Mart to have my roadster sent round at once. I shan't be back to the office again today."

CHAPTER XVI

Joan glanced at her wrist watch as the door of the Bard Advertising Agency closed behind her. She drew a little sigh of relief. Scott Rand had kept her for hours talking over and planning work he wanted her to do for him.

She dashed into the descending elevator. The door clanged behind her just as Philip Bard stepped from an up-car. She was in luck. After luncheon he had told her to bring the Bus Line folder to the Agency in the morning. When she had protested that she would be too busy—she wanted time to frame her refusal to submit them—he had suggested driving her home this afternoon that he might get them, but she had told him she had other plans. The more she thought of it the more she disliked that meeting with Janvers at luncheon. She smiled as she remembered his offer of a private bus. She chuckled as she pictured herself arriving in lonely state at the front door of The Mansion.

Her smile faded as she visualized his wary eyes. She hoped he hadn't thought her a party to the account-stealing scheme. She had been glad of the work the Bard Agency had given her, but she didn't like Philip Bard.

Life was getting complicated to say the least. She had fought and died several times before she had made Jerry Slade realize that she did not want to see him. The final battle had occurred after Peggy's mother and Craig Lamont had taken themselves out of her garden. She had ordered Seraphina to throw away the flowers with which Craig had filled the rubbers she had left in his office. Lovely things, the violets and gardenias, not the rubbers. It had hurt so to give them up that she had turned on Jerry and furiously told him that she never, never wanted to see him again. Evidently she had at last impressed him, for he had neither called nor phoned since.

She consulted her watch again. She could make the train if she were not held up by traffic.

The station clock. Two minutes before the train left. Could she make it?

"Taxi, lady?"

She turned toward the voice. She might make it in a taxi—she stopped. Craig Lamont was holding open the door of a black roadster. She caught her breath. What was it about his eyes that—

"No thanks," she declined frigidly. "You can't make that train. It's the last for the day."

As if she didn't know that. Automobile horns tooted furiously, sirens wailed.

"You're blocking traffic. Be a sport. Forget you don't like me and come along." He caught her elbow to emphasize his suggestion.

"Step on it, lady," shouted the driver of a truck. "The boy-friend won't eat you."

Joan stepped on it—into the roadster with its thrown-back top. She felt as if thousands of eyes were looking at her, as if thousands of lips were laughing in sympathy with the truckman's sally.

Her cheeks were burning as the car started. Without taking his intent gaze from the jam of automobiles ahead, Craig Lamont agreed.

"You do look good enough to eat in that knit dress. It's the exact shade of coffee ice-cream and I'm strong for coffee ice-cream. Beginning to feel at home in our city?"

He doesn't want to talk about Philip Bard's fight for his place, Joan thought, before she answered.

"Yes, I love it. I've always wanted to know the Boston of Paul Revere, the Tea Party, Longfellow, Emerson and the Alcotts. I had a feeling that the atmosphere of this city would be rarefied, different from others. I expected the average citizen to look as if he were interested only in heaven, hell and the Evening Transcript. Instead he is just as money-conscious, as swing-band and speed-mad, as cinema hungry as the rest of the world."

(To be continued)

TO SALVAGE SOAP

When bars of soap become too small to use, sew into a muslin or Turkish toweling bag to fit the hand. Tack on a loop for hanging. Use for cleaning bath tubs, sinks, or to make a quick suds for laundering small pieces.

Dry out between usings. This conserves soap and washing powder, and provides a handy scrub mitt, always ready.

New Cream Deodorant
Safely helps
Stop Perspiration

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor, helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Awarded Approval Seal of American Institute of Laundering—harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant

39¢ Also 15¢ and 59¢ jars

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

ARRID

WHEN CHILD GETS STOMACH-SICK
Bring Relief This Simple Way

Just try Children's Own Tablets — pleasant-tasting, easy to take. They quickly help sweeten sour, upset stomach and clear out offending wastes from the bowels without the weakening flushout of many old fashioned remedies. Fine, too, for relief of constipation and other minor ailments of youngsters from 5 to 15 years. Get Children's Own Tablets today from your druggist. 25¢.

Ellen's Diary

By An Island Farmer's Wife

I knew this would be no hay-day much as I desired it, for when I lit the morning fire, the birch-bark and kindling I had gathered from the wood-pile yesterday evening gave out the blackest smoke which instead of curling spirally to high heaven turned petulantly to earth. James noticing it, called from the barn-yard concernedly to ask if I had "the flue on fire." In the kitchen frilled apple-blossom petunia scattered her fragrance as at evening, a peculiarity I notice in daytime when the air is damp and heavy.

• • •

The morning-chores were hurried for the men were to go following breakfast to round up the lambs that have been pasturing at Rob's since potato-planting, ever since that day, they still tell me. I almost played myself out "following" at the planting. These were to go on a truck "to the slaughter" this morning and this is one truck-driver that will live up to his reputation: Being very early in the morning. James said: "Never mind washing the separator 'till after breakfast. Get the porridge up" as he swung off with pails of milk to the calves. At Alderlea the fact that one has breakfast or not depends, I may say, on the cereal. No porridge an unusual occurrence, means naturally no breakfast, small matter how many other appetizing dishes may be offered. Fortunately I was able to do both before James came to the house, for if I leave the separator unwashed, even at its height, there is likely to be a row of animated, satisfied tails waving happily over the edge of the bowl for it does seem that these kittens of ours have been the most apt pupils, already acquiring almost every trick of a cat's trade besides, I think, inheriting those of their feline ancestors dating back to Adam's cat. Breakfast however was barely over when the truck came by. One of the latest calves, vealed, was also lifted aboard the truck. I wondered afterward whether the money received from the sales was really worth the hurried breakfast. Perhaps the anticipation of the gain would make up for any inconvenience incurred. To those health-minded, it could be a moot consideration.

• • •

The potato-spraying continued at Alderlea today for there were still a few potato-beetles and then this could be as James said: "Real blight weather." He himself went with Mr. Evret, who is naturally something of a mechanic to continue the work of repairing the second mowing-machine which James tells me is "pretty much of a wreck."

In some unaccountable manner the pole had been broken as well as the connecting-rod, two most important parts. The connesting-rod is of course the drive-shaft connecting the power of the machine with the cutting-knife to keep it in action. Needless to explain, the pole draws the machine, when the horses are attached to it by means of the neck-yoke and also fastened nearer the machine to the single-tree by traces. So all things considered there is as yet more than "a spot" of work in connection with its repair.

• • •

From the kitchen where I performed my "daily round" I commanded the best view of those who worked on the hill at the machine and also I could see Rob—and Jamie—with the car and trailer on his trips to the brigge for water to supply the sprayer. I was worried for fear James would come to dinner before it was prepared for I was busy this morning. I need have suffered no uneasiness on that score. Mid-day came and lingered not, the quarter and then the half and still there was the noise of hammers being plied from the hill-top. But nearing the hour he came. Again it was a hurried meal. The funeral-service was then only one hour away and sixty minutes are only a small portion of time. However, we arrived at the bereaved home, on the Alderlea road, with a few minutes to spare. Already a large number of relatives and friends were there and when Karolyn and Jeanie and I came to the house the seats had been all taken. I being older did finally manage to find a place to sit, in the kitchen, where I was rather at a disadvantage as to hearing the funeral service clearly. Perhaps it was just as well for often I accuse myself justly of never really hearing one word I did hear the beautiful favorite hymns sung and I think really most words of the impressive service came to me. "In the valley of the shadow." That was it, she had gone hopefully, prayerfully as women will, into the "valley of the shadow" and had never returned to her loved ones, on earth, but instead had been content to follow The Good Shepherd where he led "beside still waters." Part of the prayer came to me: "Comfort those that mourn" and "appoint for them a place in Zion." There is the age-old assurance that "they that mourn" are blessed for they shall be comforted." I may indeed have every word of the service subconsciously, that will come to me presently, as I sweep the floor and prepare the meals. I can remember too as I came to the porch after the service at the home, a robin in the lilacs on the lawn sang, with head uplifted, a beautiful song of hope and comfort, a song I know of the resurrection when ultimately he that overcometh shall inherit all things. That I am persuaded was the Robin's song.

• • •

There was more hay out this evening at Rob's. Consequently it was almost dark when the milking and incidental chores were put away for the day. I lit the lamp earlier this evening to shut out the damp foggy night. The light and fire served to make it cozy indoors. The late news too was heartening. "This was the blackest day of the war for Germany, losing as she did, many important cities to Russia. To-day will likely be written in history as "Black Thursday." So there comes, as always, the edge of "the silver lining."

• • •

Until tomorrow — Diary—Goodnight.

The love for an animal is something that grows on you like the love to grow flowers, which, with nature and the help of your hands, gradually grows into something unforgettable and beautiful. — Ruth

At the Church of St. Mary's in Merton, S.W. 19, London, England, on February 19, 1944, Miss Eileen Gladys Barringer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Barringer, of 16 Keswick Ave., Wimbledon, was united in marriage to Bdr. Clifford Borden Holman, son of Mrs. Holman and the late Mr. Frederick James Holman, of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Dorothy Dix Says—

SOME MEN NATURAL HUSBANDS

Good Dispositions Help Couple To Go Through Wedlock Without Upsetting Apple Cart

Undoubtedly there are men who have a talent for matrimony, just as there are men who have a talent for singing, or playing bridge, or making money. It is not that they are especially handsome, or intelligent, or Clark Gableish, or even that they are particularly diplomatic and skillful in handling women. They just seem born housebroken and knowing how to work in double harness without upsetting the apple cart.

Now while it is true that no one knows exactly just what qualities it takes to make a man a desirable husband, a great light has been thrown on the subject by a recent happening in which two women discovered that they were simultaneously married to the same man.

The women, neither of whom dreamed of the existence of the other, met for the first time at their mutual husband's funeral and, strangely enough, instead of upbraiding his memory for his deception, they both bore testimony to what a good husband he had been.

"No one," said Wife No. 1, who had been married to the deceased bigamist for 31 years, "could have wished for a better husband. He was always so kind and gentle and attentive and cheerful and good-natured."

"Our marriage was such a happy one," testified Wife No. 2, whose marriage had lasted 18 years; "He was so pleasant to live with."

ORDINARY MEN PLEASED TWO WOMEN

Now this man was just a plain, ordinary run-of-the-mill sort of a chap who had no way of gilding marriage for his wives. He supplied them with no fine houses, or gay life. He gave them no limousines or mink coats. He was no Glamour Boy himself. But just because he was easy to get along with they contentedly cooked and washed and scrubbed for him and pinched pennies, and forgave him for the deception he had practiced upon them.

And after all has been said, isn't this the real answer to what is a good husband, and how to be happy though married? Especially for women. Deep down under all the romance and the ambitions and the craving for luxuries, even down under love itself, isn't the one thing that a wife wants in a husband more than anything else, is for him to be pleasant to live with?

It isn't a husband's virtues that make or mar a wife's happiness. It is his disposition. He may be as moral as all the Ten Commandments, but if he is grouchy around the house and she goes in fear and trembling of doing or saying something that will send him into a spell of the sulks, she will envy every woman who is married to a cheerful sinner.

A man may hang his wife with jewels, but if he never speaks to her except to say something sarcastic that cuts like a knife, her matched pearls will not ease the pain in her heart. If he never does anything to make the home bright and cheerful, she has less than the poorest woman whose husband pals up with her. So perhaps what a woman wants in a husband is just a good disposition.

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 on price control are invited to send them in writing to the Women's Regional Advisory Committee of the War Time Prices and Trade Board.

Q. I have a few bees and am planning on selling honey this year. Is there some regulations about registering with the W. P. T. B.?

A. If you produce less than 4,000 pounds you must register with your local ration board. If you produce more than 4,000 pounds of honey annually, you must register with the nearest branch of the Ration Administration.

Q. I operate a boarding house. May I use the F canning sugar coupons of the boarders?

A. Actually all ration coupons, including F coupons, are the property of the person whose name is on the book or card to which the coupons are attached. However, every housewife who provides meals will expect to have the use of such coupons as are necessary. Therefore a permanent boarder should turn over his F coupons to enable his landlady to do home canning. A boarder of less permanence should divide his coupons equitably so that his present landlady has her fair share, thus leaving coupons for himself to provide against the future.

HAS HE FOUND SOMEBODY NEW?
Your breath may be the reason!

76% of all adults have *bad breath!* Play safe—use COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER

Scientific tests prove conclusively that in seven out of ten cases COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER instantly stops oral bad breath.

SAVES YOU MONEY! Compared to other leading brands, a large tin of Colgate's gives you up to *30 more brushings*, a giant tin up to *46 more brushings*—for not a penny more!

TIP TO SMOKERS! Colgate's Tooth Powder is one of the quickest, easiest ways to guard against tobacco stain and tobacco breath! Get Colgate's today.

COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER 25c 40c

CLEANS YOUR BREATH AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

COLGATE'S NYLON TOOTH BRUSH
Colgate Nylon Bristles Can't Get Soggy. SPECIAL VALUE 29¢

A Morning Smile

An elderly bridegroom marrying his third wife was called upon to sign the register.

The pen was a bad one, as they usually are on such occasions, and after making several attempts to sign, he said: "This is the third time you've played this trick on me. Next time I'll bring my fountain-pen."

"Now, then, young man," demanded her father irritably, when he called for the tenth time what do you want with my daughter?"

"Wi-with her, sir? Well, you know best what you can afford."

FUR POCKETS, CUFFS PICK UP SUITS

Lavish costume suits have pockets and cuffs of long-haired furs like black or gray fox matched to brimmed hats with the same fur trimming.

Diarrhoea Dysentery

If you are suddenly attacked with diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps or pains in the stomach or bowels, or any looseness of the bowels do not waste valuable time, but at once procure a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and see how quickly it will give you relief.

When you use "Dr. Fowler's" you are not experimenting with some new and untried remedy, but one that has stood the test of time; one that has been on the market for the past 94 years. Beware of substitutes. They may be dangerous to your health.

Get "Dr. Fowler's" and feel safe.

The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

GAY MEXICAN EMBROIDERY

DESIGN NO. 566

Colorful Mexican figures are embroidered on towels, place mats, luncheon cloths. Hot iron transfer pattern No. 566 contains 17 motifs measuring from 2 by 2½ to 3½ by 4 inches each with 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 Charlottetown Guardian. Design No. 566

Name

Street Address

City Province

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

SUSIE

By Marjorie Freeman Campbell

Susie came to our house
When she was very small;
Came walking univited
Into mother's spotless hall.
Mother said, "Get out of here!
Scat! Someone put her out!"
For Susie's muddy, kitten paws
Left track marks all about.

Susie came to our house
And sat outside the door;
Sat shivering while the raindrops
Made her wetter than before.
Mother sighed, "Oh, bring her in!
Why is it, do you think,
That all stray cats and puppy dogs
Come here as straight as wink?"

Susie came to our house
A long, long time ago;
And everybody loves her
For she's always let us know,
By purring hard and being good,
How very glad she's been
That it was our house that she found,
And we who took her in!

Thirty-one tablespoons of salvaged waste kitchen fat average one pound.

One way to test rubber connections: press them with your fingers; if they do not readily return to normal shape, they're going bad.

Keep up the spirits of your patient with the music of the viol and the psaltery, or by forging letters telling of the death of his enemies, or (if he be a cleric) by informing him that he has been made a bishop.—Henri de Mondeville: Treatise on Surgery, 1316.

Pleasure is produced by the union of excitement and affection. Hence we can hardly pretend that pleasures are wholly material. — Balzac.

French toast topped with syrup or fruit sauce will make a good dessert for Sunday night supper.

To remove fresh paint stains from windows or mirrors sponge with cloth dipped in hot vinegar.

A man dropped his wig in the street and a boy picked it up and handed it to him. "Thanks, my boy," said the owner of the wig. "You are the first genuine hair-restorer I have ever seen."

SLIP COVERS CHANCE FOR EXPERIMENTS

If your dreams for a post-war home include experimental color schemes, slip covers offer wonderful testing grounds. Try that melon with olive combination in a temporary medium of sailcloth slip covers and see how it takes when it's lived with day after day. See whether chartreuse with navy will have a sombre effect by doing denim and sailcloth covers of them. It's a wonderful way to prove your point to a skeptical family or to avoid more costly learning later.

Slip covers are also practical at a time when adjusting-to-a-thermometer needs are great. Pine green chalk white, denim blue will make you exclaim, "It can't be the same furniture!" while you remain calmly impervious to summer temperatures.

Slip cover your dining room chairs in crisp yellow or rose gingham and just see what happens to family appetites — even the food will taste better.

THE COOK'S CORNER

RHUBARB RELISH

(With Onions)

4 cups rhubarb
2 pounds brown sugar
4 cups onions
1 1-3 cups vinegar
2-3 cup water
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon celery salt
1½ teaspoons whole spices

Method: Wipe the rhubarb and cut into short lengths. Sprinkle the sugar over this and let stand for several hours or overnight. Stir it occasionally to make sure the sugar dissolves. Now add the onions which have been diced, the vinegar, water, salt, pepper, celery salt along with the whole spices which have been tied in a small bag. Bring the mixture slowly to a boil and cook for about 1 hour. Stir occasionally to prevent scorching. Pour into hot, sterilized jars and seal tightly immediately.

Next is a rhubarb relish without onions, and with ground spices.

Needlecraft

For The Home

SLIM MIDRIFF

There's nothing prettier — or cooler, either—than this soft, summery frock with its low, graceful neckline and artful fitted midriff that whittles your waist down to two hands' span.

No. 3720 in size 16 requires only 3 yards 35-inch fabric.

Send 20 cents for PATTERN. 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

To relieve distress of MONTHLY
Female Weakness

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made *especially for women* to help relieve periodic pain with weak, nervous, tired, irritable feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances. Pinkham's Compound *helps nature* and that's the kind of medicine to buy! Follow label directions. Worth trying!

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Corporal Betty Ward, Royal Canadian Air Force hospital assistant at No. 10 Repair Depot, Calgary, Alberta, recently was admitted as an honorary member of the Blackfeet Indian tribe with the title of "Princess Skylark." Duck Chief, 83-year-old chieftain of the tribe, is shown placing the elaborate feathered bonnet on Betty's head. Among thousands who witnessed the ceremony at the Calgary Kinsmen's Club, were many leading tribesmen in full regalia. Early in June Betty was chosen "Air Force Queen" and will soon compete for the title "Queen of the Services." She is a daughter of F. E. Ward of Calgary and has two brothers in the services. Her brother "Bud" an air gunner, is a prisoner of war in Germany and Donald is in the Army.—(RCAF Photo).