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


Bake sweeter, tastier bread!

use FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH ACTIVE YEAST

NO WAITING—no extra steps! *Full-strength*—Fleischmann's fresh *active* Yeast goes right to work. Makes sweeter, finer bread! And makes it *faster!* You can be sure of tender, smooth texture—lightness—delicious flavour *every time!*

IF YOU BAKE AT HOME, insist on Fleischmann's fresh Yeast with the familiar yellow label. It's dependable—Canada's tested favourite for more than 70 years.

Always fresh—at your grocer's

MADE IN CANADA


## 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.**

Q. I want to preserve some peaches but I have used all my canning coupons. Is there any way I can get more?

A. Because of the shortage in sugar supplies there is no possibility of increasing the sugar ration for canning purposes. However, you may use your preserves coupons for sugar purchases. Each preserves coupon is good for the purchase of one-half pound of sugar.

Q. I have purchased a used car and think the price was too high. Where can I find out the correct ceiling price?

A. Apply to the nearest office of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. All used cars have a fixed ceiling price.

Q. If I buy and pay for meat before meat rationing is introduced and take delivery afterwards do I have to surrender coupons.

A. Yes. Coupons must be surrendered for all meat delivered after the announcement of the effective date of meat rationiny.


HERE'S A SENSIBLE WAY TO RELIEVE

cramps, headache backache

Of 'CERTAIN DAYS' of the month

This Medicine Helps Nature!

If you suffer this way due to female functional periodic disturbances, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. This time-tested formula DOES MORE than relieve such monthly pain. It ALSO relieves tired, cranky, nervous, blue feelings of such days—when due to this cause.

Pinkham's Compound is what is known as a uterine sedative because it has a soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.

This medicine *helps nature.* It's one of the most effective medicines of its kind. Follow label directions. Buy a bottle of Lydia Pinkham's Compound today at any drug store

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND


## MODERN ETIQUETTE

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it necessary to write or telegraph for reservations of hotel rooms?

A. While it isn't exactly necessary, it is advisable. One should also specify the size of the room desired, double or single, with or without bath, and any other details desired.

Q. If a man is calling on a girl and another man arrives, which one should be first to leave?

A. The man who called first should be the first to leave.

Q. What is the best form for giving invitations to a stag dinner?

A. They are usually given verbally, in person, or over the telephone.

## BETTER ENGLISH

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I calculate on going tomorrow."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "inopportune"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Arsenal, argument, arrogance.
4. What does the word "indomitable" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with ant that means "opposition in feeling"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "I think I shall go," or, "I intend to go tomorrow." 2. Pronounce the u as in unit, and accent last syllable. 3. Argument. 4. Not to be subdued; unconquerable. "He has an indomitable will." 5. Antipathy.

## MORNING SMILE

AS ADVERTISED

The man walked angrily into the boot repairer's shop. "Look here," he said, "you advertise "Boots repaired while you wait" — and you have had mine a week and not finished 'em yet!" "Well," replied the boot-mender, "you're waitin', aren't you?"

## Escape From Heartbreak

By Margaretta Brucher

CHAPTER XII

Valerie had had breakfast, and was in the living room putting on her coat and hat, when Dot appeared in the bedroom doorway.

"Off already?" the latter asked, yawning and stretching her arms above her netted blonde head.

"Yes it's time to go."

Well, good luck." Dot yawned again and sank into a chair. "Suppose I pick you up at the school this afternoon about four? You should get around and see the shops—buy some clothes."

Her glance swept Valerie's simple coat and hat disparagingly.

Valerie flushed. "I know, but I haven't any money to spend on clothes yet. It will take all Terry advanced simply to get my training and pay my expenses here."

"Advanced?" Dot eyed her curiously. "Say, are you dumb enough to think you have to pay back that money to Terry?"

Valerie stood at the door ready to leave. "Of course I'll pay it back."

"Why?"

"Because I owe it to him!"

Dot said drily, "You've got a lot to learn, girl! Well—see you at four."

Valerie departed, feeling angry. However, she soon forgot her anger upon reaching the school, where she was plunged into a strenuous routine that left her no time to think of anything else.

Among other things she learned that her posture was wrong and she set to work to remedy it under the instructions which were given her. She walked up and down step with a block of wood on her head until her neck was stiff and her muscles one throbbing ache.

With a group of other girls, she sat against a wall for a Buddha exercise, her shoulders against the wall, her feet crossed under her.

"This will lift the bust, strengthen the back, and strengthen the stomach muscles," the instructor said.

"Golly, I thought modeling was fun!" grumbled a girl beside Valerie.

"I feel like a race horse," said another.

"Thats exactly the idea," snapped the teacher. "A race horse must be trained to move with speed and grace if it expects to win. You want to win don't you?"

All that day Valerie worked hard, but she took joy in it. Her thoughts ran ahead to the visionary day when she would be a success. Terry would be proud of her—and something else. She would make him look at her then with something in his gray eyes besides the good-natured friendliness which though heart-warming, was so maddening.

Late in the afternoon, when she was finished, she found Dot waiting for her in the reception room.

"Well, how did the first day go?" Dot asked.

"Oh, fine!"

"You'd show better sense to spend your money on clothes. That's what gets you places."

They went on a shopping tour, wandering in and out of stores where Dot bought little but looked at everything from high-priced furs to smart lingerie.

Then after having supper in a tearoom, Dot suggested that they go to a movie.

"Duke has an engagement tonight," she explained, "so for one evening I'm free."

At the movie theater, they were standing in line to buy their tickets when a man's voice spoke beside them.

"Hello, girls."

Valerie looking round, was startled to see that it was Duke.

Dot stared at him. "I thought you had an engagmet.

"Not until later. My orchestra is going to play on the stage here next week, so I dropped around to see the manager." Duke glanced at his wrist watch. "I've seen the guy, and now it's hours before my engagement, so why don't you two girls come and have a bite to eat with me?"

"We've just eaten," Dot said shortly.

Valerie could see that she was furious with Duke. Evidently, he had told her previously that he would be tied up this evening, and now, he acted as though he had all the time in the world. Did Dot think that he was now trying to date them because she, Valerie, was present?

(To Be Continued)


For delicious cakes and cookies, use

Natural content of vitamin D increased by irradiation.

Borden's EVAPORATED MILK

GET IT AT YOUR GROCER'S TODAY

© The Borden Co. Ltd.


## Dorothy Dix Says—

### MODERN WOMEN TEARLESS

### Unlike Grandma, Ladies Of Today Do Not Resort To Pampered Sobbing

Whatever the faults of the modern woman, and heaven knows they are a-plenty, she isn't a weeper. She doesn't sit down and howl over everything that goes wrong with her. In Grandma's time the feminine sex was mainly composed of moist, unpleasant bodies, as Mr. Mantillini used to say, but nowadays you are just as much surprised to see a woman burt into tears as you would be if a man did it.

In the past this ability to cry out loud seems to have been regarded as an elegant accomplishment. The heroines of all the old novels were perfect geysers of tears that they turned on at the slightest provocation. Sweet Alice Benbolt "wept with delight when you gave her a smile," and a poet of the time asserted, just as a matter of fact, that "men must work but women must weep, so runs the world away."

THRILLING TEARFESTS OF YORE

All of us who are—well, no longer bobby-sockers — can well recall certain melancholy ladies, swathed in crepe, who used to come and spend the day with our mothers, holding a tearfest. They were women who never "got over" things, and who took a mournful pride in having wept for 30 or 40 years over a faithless lover, or having lost their money, or Grandpa having passed on when he was only 90. And Mother would mingle her tears with theirs, and a pleasant time would be had by all.

But you cannot even imagine the women of today indulging in any such gruesome orgy, yet God knows that if ever a woman had tears to shed, now is the time to shed them. Never were so many mothers' hearts torn with anxiety, never so many women whose bread is sorrow and whose drink is tears, as now. Yet these women who wet their pillows with tears at night weep in private and turn a brave face upon the world.

Recently I spent several months at a resort in which there were more than a hundred women with husbands and sons at the front, and I did not see a single one of them shed a tear, or hear one speak of the terror that gnawed ceaselessly at her heart. And I thought that it was no wonder that such heroic women bore heroic sons.

No doubt in time science will trace the evolution of the feminine tear ducts into a backbone, but the process has not been without loss to women, because it has deprived them of their most potent weapon, which has always been tears. Women early discovered that the easiest way to get what they wanted was to cry for it, for there is some chemical in their tears that melts down a man's resistance so that any woman who can cry wihout getting her nose red can get out of him anything she wants, whether it is a mink coat or a marriage license.

Many a man marries the woman he doesn't love and doesn't want because she sobs on the second button of his vest. And multitudes of his brethren find out that wiping the tears from a woman's eyes is one of the most hazardous and expensive experiences in which they can engage.

Undoubtedly the modern woman who laughs off the misadventures of life instead of crying over them is a much finer human being than was her tear-sodden sister. But she is oftener an old maid. So, perhaps, the cry-baby wasn't as simple as she seemed.

## ELLEN'S DIARY

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Jamie will likely be a farmer. In fact he has already embraced that occupation, combining it with other interests that are a part of farming. He does a little carpentry, drives a nail home with skill, and, so Karolyn told me yesterday he attempted to raise the house, calling her "from the middle of bread-mixing" to as he explained "sit hard" on a small pry. He had helped Mr. D. at similar work. Then too he repairs imaginery trucks and enjines that stall or refuse to budge, until all at once with a glad sound they are running perfectly again. These are, of course, really important branches of present day husbandry. Jamie also loves the animals and knows something of their care. "Rob does it this way" he will tell his grandfather at Alderlea, as he carefully combines the ingredients that go to make up a calf's supper. He came with Rob this afternoon, snugly held on a horse's broad back. And when the men went to the harvesting, and the work indoors became tedious, we went down to the remnant of orchard and found a sunny knoll swept by a wandering Autumn breeze, near the early apple tree. Presently Jeanie, flushed from her exertions in the kitchen of the house across the lane found us. Jeanie, much experienced in the ways of children, is one of Jamie's favorite "in-laws." He trusts her implicitly. Now, with Judy .... well to Jamie, Judy was a puzzle. And Julie, much as we all like her quiet way, is as yet only a stranger to him. Jeanie shook the tree gently and gathered the now mellowing fruit. Jamie turned an apple slowly searching for the best place to insert sharp white teeth, and then asked Jeanie: "Was there any fog out at your place this morning?" and when she replied, he added soberly in a manner familiar to me: "It wouldn't be too good for the potatoes."

• • •

The wraiths of its that wrap the stream and pond these mornings are only forerunners of warm sunny hours to come. The other members of the family except Julie and me, took time from their cares to go motoring. Not from choice but from necessity. They went a distance to an implement dealer's place of business to obtain a binder part, for the reels on ours were still in this mornin's sunshine. Julie and I were left at home to hold the fort, a delightful undertaking, although Julie assured me just this evening with a weary air "We were busy today, weren't we? We won't be so busy every day will we?" I would say mine family combined pleasure with their business—and then not pleasure but farm interests. Even on this important mission with fields ripened, James would not be loath to pause a minute to inspect a horse; a mare with foal at foot; a fat heifer; a field of potatoes, or a bin or to ask? "How many pounds of twine did you use, this harvest?" The time spent thus, would not be wasted even in the insistence of the season for by comparing notes with others, farm folk are able to improve their own handiwork, more perhaps by actual contact with those who have tried and proved some method, than in reading or in listening to a theory.

• • •

Mine was the theoretical part of the dinner Julie prepared. And then dejected because of our empty stomaches, we sank down idly to await the others return. "They could be to land's end and back" I said testily, for food in the warming oven gets cool and loses its appeal. Julie, remembering James air of pessimism as to "perhaps we won't be able to get it on the Island" said casually "perhaps they went to Moncton for it" I do not know what we should have done in the interim, if it had not happened that that housewife-loved and farmer-feared magazine had come in the morning mail. "Yes" the mailman said cheerfully "I'm later today—the mail order catalogues came this morning."

• • •

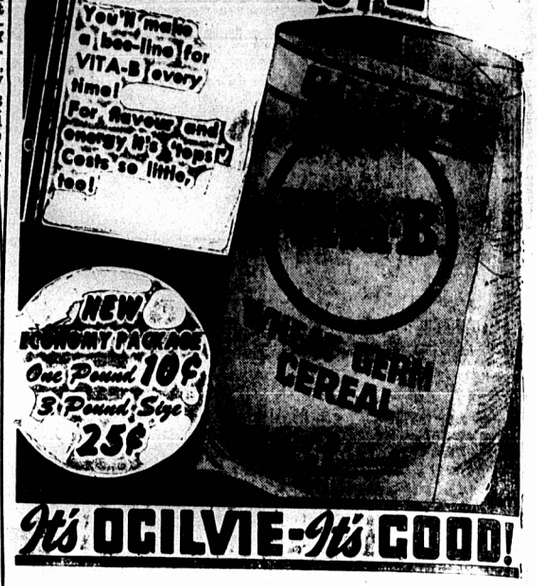
Julie hailed that book's arrival with delight, and sat down at once to enjoy its pages. Nothing there escaped her eye. She interspiced her scanning with a running chatter. "M-m, what a coat! Would I love to own that dress? Just my colors, and here's one made for you" I laid the paper aside and left the comfort of James' armchair to sit on the couch beside her. Page after page, we went into—and came out of. Our colors, our sizes our likes. "Turn over, Julie," I begged tiring of one leaf and pressing onward, all the while we did our wishful shopping. To the cover we came regretfully. I got up to view the road beyond the hill top. It was there, our car returning. Julie still sat spell bound, the catalogue in her lap. "Have you ever thought it queer" she asked me, "that they don't sell pianos?" I had not noticed the omission. I suppose there could be musical instruments somewhere between a needle and an anchor. "A catalogue." Jeanie said pleasantly when she came indoors and James, when he caught sight of the new artistic cover remarked: "Well, Ellen, the cows might have had a grand time to themselves in the turnips this morning!"

• • •

Quiet at Alderlea tonight. Jamie is here asleep on the kitchen couch tanned sturdy limbs and a tired body relaxed. Pard, knowing that some of the folks are away, barks at each passing car. Jeanie came over "a minute to get the papers" and sat awhile to help me "pull the wool" till a small mountain of it, like a soft summery cloud, was on the kitchen floor beside us. No sound now, only Jamie's breathing, the old clock's tick and a friendly wind in the tops of the birches on the lawn. And now, Pard is off the verandah in a rush of feet, telling me "they're coming! For the second time today, Ellen, some of your family are coming home."

Until tomorrow — Diary—Goodnight.


Now for a GOOD BREAKFAST—




It's OGILVIE-It's GOOD!


## Needlecraft FOR THE HOME

KITCHEN GAIETY

Festive apron brightens up your kitchen and keeps your dresses spic 'n' span. So thrifty to make you can use that yard remnant tucked away in a drawer.

No. 2910 is cut in sizes small, medium and large. Medium requires 1 yard 35-inch, 2¾ yards ric rac.

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.

To order pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or Postal Scrip to Needlework Bureau Charlottetown Guardian.

Pattern No. 2910

Name

Street Address

City Province

HOUSEHOLD USE No. 28

KNOCKS THE SPOTS OFF STAINED SINKS AND DRAIN BOARDS

A few drops of Javex —and presto!— stains simply melt away from sinks and drainboards. Javex cleans, bleaches, disinfects, deodorizes.

AT YOUR GROCER'S

Javex 17¢

DIRT'S WORST ENEMY



Don't Make This Mistake When Child Is Constipated

Don't upset a child already upset by constipation with nasty-tasting laxatives or harsh, griping cathartics. Give Children's Own Tablets. This new corrective made especially for growing youngsters' needs is so pleasant to take—acts so gently and normally without disagreeable reactions that even the fussiest child won't object to their use. Make laxative-taking time easy on the child and yourself, mother! Get Children's Own Tablets today at your druggist. 25¢.



TRUE CHICKEN FLAVOUR AND OODLES OF NOODLES!

LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP Mix

The Soup Sensation of the Nation



REGAL FLOUR A Great Name

REGAL FLOUR A Great Flour

REGAL FLOUR A Great Value

FOR LIGHTER WHITER BAKING


## HOUSEHOLD SCRAPBOOK

By Roberta Lee

Scraping Pans

Do not use a knife for scraping pans to remove food that has adhered to them. Let them soak for a while and then use wire wool and cleanser. It is injurious to the pan and also to the knife when the latter is used for scraping.

Stuffed Dates or Prunes

First wash, dry, and stone the fruit, then cut almost in half, and fill with a half marshmallow, blanched almond, or chopped nuts and raisins. Roll in sugar.

Ironing Shirts

Do not crease the cuffs of a man's shirt with the iron. Let him fold over the cuff when the shirt is put on and they will wear longer.

## HOW CAN I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I loosen the dirt in clothes, and also make them whiter?

A. Pour a few drops of turpentine into the wash boiler and it will help loosen the dirt. A spoonful of borax in hot water and then added to the last rinse water tends to whiten clothes. Also remember that clothes dried slowly will be whiter than those dried quickly.

Q. How can I force out particles of potatoes or meat that cling to the knives of the food grinder?

A. Run two or three crackers or pieces of stale bread through it.

Q. How can I clean the clothes line?

A. Probably the best way to clean it is to wrap it around the washboard and scrub it with a brush and soapsuds.


A DEODORANT OF DOUBLE ACTION

HELPS PREVENT PERSPIRATION SPOTS AND ODOR WITHOUT IRRITATING THE SKIN

ARRID gives you double protection. It protects you from perspiration odor, and helps protect your clothes from perspiration spots. Arrid is an odorless deodorant, with the fine texture of a beauty cream. It vanishes instantly — giving immediate results. With Arrid, you are absolutely safe — can enjoy yourself wherever you are — regardless of the weather. Protect your daintiness and charm with Arrid. Start using it today. It is very economical. 15¢, 39¢ and 59¢.

ARRID The Largest Selling Deodorant



Pure as Mountain Air

3 for 25¢