

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops 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. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Prevents odor.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Awarded Approval Seal of American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant

39¢ a jar

Also in 15¢ and 59¢ jars

ARRID

THE COOK'S CORNER

SUGARLESS PUMPKIN PIE

- 1 c. steamed, strained pumpkin.
 - 1-2 tsp. salt
 - 1 tsp. ginger
 - 1-2 tsp. cloves
 - 2 tsp. cinnamon
 - 1 c. water
 - 1 can (1 1/4 c.) sweetened condensed milk
 - 3 eggs
 - Unbaked pie crust (9-inch).
- Thoroughly mix steamed, strained and mashed pumpkin, salt, ginger, cloves, cinnamon, eggs, condensed milk and water. Pour into unbaked pie crust and bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) for 15 minutes then reduce temperature to moderate (350 degrees F.) and bake 35 minutes longer, or until filling is set.

Lusty Autumn Appetites Demand More Baking

When crisp autumn air puts a keen edge on appetites—and an added strain on budgets—it's time to shop for Barbour's Acadia Baking Powder. Acadia gives you such extra good baking results, such even texture, moist and delicious, EVERY TIME. So thrifty, too. Costs less than one-third as much as cream of tartar at present war-time prices—YET GIVES BETTER BAKING RESULTS!



A Morning Smile

SHINE THEM

"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

NO CHANCE

A young woman whose beauty is equal to her business in conversation was visiting a house where other guests were assembled, among them the eldest son of a wealthy manufacturer. The talk turned to matrimonial squabbles. Said the young man:

"I hold that the thing for the husband to do is to begin as he intends to go on. Suppose the question was one of smoking. I would at once show my intentions by lighting a cigar, thus settling the question for ever."

"And I," said the young woman, "would at once knock it out of your mouth."

"Do you know," rejoined the young man, thoughtfully, "I don't think you would be there."



I KNOW - YOU WANT THAT LIPTON SOUP FOR DINNER AGAIN

MEN ARE CRAZY ABOUT THIS NEW SEAL-PACKED SOUP

THE SOUP SENSATION OF THE NATION. Try Lipton's Noodle Soup Mix today. You can cook it in 7 minutes and treat the man of the house to a clear, golden soup so smooth and satisfying... so deliciously flavoured... that he'll say you've had it simmering for hours.

Remember, Lipton's Noodle Soup Mix is very economical. Four generous servings are made from a 1/2 lb. package. Ask your grocer for it today.



A PRODUCT OF LIPTON'S The Packers of LIPTON'S FULL-FLAVOURED (Small Leaf) TEA

Living & Leisure The Woman's Realm

FOR THAT 1942 LOOK

Formal town knitted suits with jewel-cut buttons, worn with fur pieces and fur hats. Sleeve, collar, cuffs, and shoulder dinner gowns, especially in black. Fur faced scarves made of the weasel of your suit, and repeat the fur in your hat. Navy blue for dinner and evening wear. A green or fuchsia dyed evening jacket. Fur lined, greatcoats, adorned only with practical frog closures. A slim sheath of a dinner dress in black, with separate tricks such as a belt, a papain belt or a peg overcoat to make it look like three costumes. Navy blue dyed fox in hats or suits to go with Winter navy day and evening suits. Twin sweaters with braid and laces (instead of sequins) trumping the cardigan and the pullover neckline.

Truth be in my head, And in my understanding; Truth be in my eyes, And in my looking; Truth be in my mouth, And in my speaking; Truth be in my heart, And in my thinking; Truth be at my end, And at my departing.

—Saratim Primer.

adopted prices were fixed in each store as at the basic period, September 15 to October 11, 1941. At that time there was variation in prices across Canada. In future housewives who have been checking prices in different parts of the country will find less variation in prices of these canned products for the new order will result in a more uniform price ceiling within large areas.

UNIFORMITY OF PRICES SOUGHT IN NEW ORDER

Patriotic shoppers interested in maintaining the price ceiling will find good news in the Wartime Prices and Trade Board order authorizing maximum price variations governing the marketing of canned fruits and vegetables.

When the price ceiling policy was

SAVE SHOESTRINGS TO GET ALONG ON

If the war continues much longer, you'll probably find yourself having to get along on a shoestring, so you'd better start conserving even these trivial items instead of throwing laces away when they have lost their freshness and look like a

piece of string, give them a soap and water bath. Use a small hand-brush scrub with lukewarm suds made from all-pure, extra-soapy bar soap. After several rinsings, squeeze out the water between two fingers and hang over a rod to dry. This is a particularly useful bit of thrift in connection with white shoelaces and paste-on laces. Further advice: If a metal tab comes off the end of a shoestring, coat the string with clear nail polish 1/4-inch from the end. Dry thoroughly and it laces as easily as ever.

Strange Victory

By FRANKLIN MELONEY Author of "Call Back Love"

CHAPTER XXVII

At dinner John Welton referred again to the cruise. "What about it—are you going, too?"

"Yes," said Paige.

"What do you think of the ship?"

Paige recognized the tactics. He wanted to sound her out. She glanced up the long festive table, where Connie was presiding gracefully as hostess. Connie's violet eyes turned ice-blue with fury as her gaze fell on Paige. "What right had you to change my seating arrangements! she seemed to scream. Paige looked across to young Carter, whose present partner was Mrs. Billings, wife of the head of the Allied Bank. No wonder Connie was angry; their sitting together was an utter waste.

But the rest of the party was off to a good start, with plenty of talk and good food and excellent wine.

The ladies were delighted with the little ship models, and Mrs. Billings picked up her boat and dropped it into her handbag. "I shall take this home to my little grandson," she informed Carter in a loud, pleased voice.

"Humph!" said John Welton non-committally. His attention was centered on a small lead bowl of caviar, but he saw and heard everything that was going on about him.

Paige smiled. "What does the 'humph' mean?"

"You answer my question first."

"What question?"

"I asked you what you thought of the new ship."

"Oh—she hesitated. "It's a courageous thing for a man to build ships when the rest of the world is huzzing dollars and running for cover," she offered tentatively.

John Welton thoughtfully squeezed more lemon on his caviar. "Some people might call it by another name than courage," he remarked.

"Some people like to call things by other names," she parried. "But courage and audacity were always handmaidens."

"Hope is the third of the handmaidens, but unfortunately hope doesn't pay dividends when profits are falling."

"You're wrong Hope isn't a handmaiden of courage and audacity. They have only a sidekick and he's called The Punch To Put It Through."

John Welton gave a dry chuckle. "Mike Herron's the kind of man that women champion every time." He lowered his voice. "Tell me, did you fall in love with him before or after you took this to call things by other names?"

"Mr. Herron is going to marry Mrs. Barlow. This party was Mrs. Barlow's idea." Paige pursued a little desperately. "He didn't know anything about it until he arrived this evening."

"I'm glad to hear it," John Welton's eyes twinkled. "Ship models her idea, too?"

Paige nodded.

"Their talk did not touch on Michael Herron again in an old man's John Welton ended up. "Horses don't interest me, but I am interested in betting on men who will be winners. And I still like long chances, long odds. They mean big losses or big profits, but either way they're worth the gamble."

They rose from the table. Paige held out her hand. "Good night. I want to get Erica into bed."

"Good night. What do you say I go along on that cruise tomorrow?"

Paige registered the significance of his question. Her heart beat high. "I'd say it was very much worth the gamble," she answered.

Young Carter was waiting for her in the hall. "I want to talk to you," he said shortly.

"Later I have to see Erica now."

"Erica can take care of herself. What I have to say won't wait."

They walked on in the corner of the terrace. "Miss Griswold, what's the big idea of parading about under a phone name? Does Mr. Herron know you're Griswold's daughter?"

"No, and I'd rather he didn't."

"I thought so. What's your game? Are you waiting on him for that darned bank crowd that's trying to oust him?"

Her anger melted. "I'm not spying on him. Please believe that."

He caught her hand. "I do believe it. I'm sorry going off the handle like that. I'm crazy about you—I sure you know that by this time, and your being Griswold's daughter sort of bowled me over."

"Please—"

He laughed unsteadily. "The joke's on me. I thought I was being pretty broadminded, wanting to marry a sort of upper servant. You must think I'm a first-rate

Dorothy Dix Says—

MANY GIRLS THINK MARRIAGE LEADS TO A LIFE OF IDLENESS

Those Who Look Upon It As A Soft Snap Will Have A Rude Awakening

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I read an article in a paper about a girl who says she is getting married so she can take it easy. I laughed. I was up at 7:30. Made fire in the water heater. Cooked breakfast. Washed the dishes. Washed five lines of clothes. Ironed two dresses for myself and a blouse for my daughter. Went to the store and bought the food for the day. Cooked lunch. Did the dishes. Swept five rooms. Made two beds. Cleaned two bird cages. Gave the baby a bath and washed her hair. Washed four windows. Hung the curtains. Cooked supper. Put baby to bed. And now at 8:30 I still have the supper dishes to do, my husband's dinner to cook and his lunch to put up.

And that is about the life of the average woman who is married to a poor man. It is worth while if you love your husband and he loves you, but any girl who thinks marriage is a soft snap and that she won't have to punch the time clock after she gets a husband, has another guess coming.

INTERESTED READER.

ANSWER—It is a queer thing that any girl who has intelligence enough to hold down a job thinks she can sit down and do nothing as soon as she gets married. But many girls do. There is hardly a day I don't get a letter from one of these little misses who tells me she is going to get married because she is tired of working.

One recently wrote me that she is going to marry a boy, who makes \$15 a week and take things easy the balance of her life. Can you tie that? A woman would have to be a magician who could conjure meals out of the air in order to live in luxury on \$15 a week.

Yet girls who have earned their own money and know how short a distance a dollar goes, and have seen their mothers work harder than any slave to take care of their families, do marry under the belief that somehow their husbands will be able to support them in idleness. And when they find out that they have swapped an eight-hour job, with holidays and Sundays off, and pay envelope every Saturday night, for an eighteen-hour grind, with no pay and no time off, they only too often throw up their hands and quit.

Anthropologists say that women devised and built the first homes. When they did, they invented a perpetual motion treadmill they have never been able to stop. For the work of a home never ceases. As soon as one meal is eaten another has to be started. Floors have to be swept. Clothes picked up. Washing done. The baby fed. The children gotten off to school. Husbands gotten off to work. Stockings darned. Clothes patched. A million homely little tasks performed every day, over and over and over again. And Mother has to do it.

Mother does a great work. It is the most important work in the world. But it is no soft snap, and any girl who marries a poor man, thinking she is going to have her breakfast in bed and spend her days at the beauty shops and the movies, will have a rude awakening.

SOLDIER BLABS SECRETS

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I am a young fellow in the armed forces, living out of barracks in a boarding house where there is a girl I am crazy about. The trouble with her is that she works for a newspaper and she is continually trying to better herself by turning in scoops. As everybody in the house sits down to meals she has a wonderful opportunity to listen to discussions we have regarding our work.

As we talk, she continually asks in her sweet way: "Are you sure that's true?" And, not suspecting anything, we readily assure her that it is. The next day it is revealed all over the front page of the paper she works for.

Now, Miss Dix, my problem is this: Shall I marry her to shut her up, or should I move? Remember she is the only girl in the world as far as I am concerned. Please don't forsake me in my darkest hour.

YEHUDI.

ANSWER—Haven't you read over and over again the warnings that are published in the newspapers, and plastered on every wall, urging even civility not to discuss war work, or war maneuvers in public? You have been told time and again that when you artlessly tell a

stranger or a pretty girl that a ship is sailing at a certain time that you may be furnishing the information that might destroy it and its crew. Or that you may be giving away vital production statistics to the enemy when you tell how many planes the plant you work in is making, that a strike is brewing.

Here are you, a soldier, letting a girl reporter wheedle out of you information that you should cut your tongue off rather than tell! It is your business to keep your mouth shut and not let the girl worm a single fact out of you. Probably she is a spy. Anyway, she has no loyalty, or patriotism, or she would not write facts she knows were injurious to her country. But that doesn't excuse giving away government secrets to her.

I certainly advise you to change your boarding house if it is filled with other boarders as inuscreret as you are. Don't think that marrying the girl will solve your problem. It would only make you an easier source of information.

BLIND MOTHER DEPRESSES FAMILY

DEAR MISS DIX—My mother, who lives with us, has recently gone blind. She cries all the time, saying she wishes she were dead. I don't know what to do, as her melancholy is affecting our whole family. When she weeps, it depresses me and makes me so nervous that I snap at my husband and children.

I wait on her cheerfully and we all do what we can for her. I devote as much time as I can to her, but I have to think of my family. Please tell me what to do.

ANSWER—Going blind is perhaps the greatest of all earthly afflictions, but it makes it all the harder to bear if the sufferer refuses to accept it bravely and make the best of it.

In some way you must get that idea across to your mother, and perhaps the best way to do it is to make her realize that she is ruining your family life without helping herself. If you could get some other blind person to talk to her, and tell her that even if she cannot see, many sources of happiness are open to her; that she can visit her old friends; that she can listen to what is said, and to the radio, which she could not do if she were deaf; that having loving children and grandchildren around her and a comfortable home she is far better off than many poor old women are, you might brace her up to think of others instead of herself. Also suggest to her that she learn to read Braille.

She was so happy that she forgot to be angry at Paige for looking beautiful and tampering with the dinner cards. "Come along, Mike, for a crowd." Her soft laughter drifted back to them.

Half an hour later Alice Thornton found Paige in her room, spraying the last soaping off her hair. "For the love of heaven, what's the idea? Why aren't you downstairs?"

Paige found a towel turban fashion around her dripping head. "I had to wash my hair."

Alice Thornton glanced at her flushed face and blazing eyes. "You mean you had to cool off."

"Or bust," admitted Paige.

Alice rose from the edge of the bed where she had been observing Paige in silence. "Good," she said. "I can't trot home now. I thought you were going noble on my hands."

"Don't worry, I'm not noble. I'm just an itizenblitz."

"What's an itizenblitz?"

"I don't know, but it's a fine word, and it describes me to the dot."

(Continued on page 3, Col 8)



Best for Baking. Best for Health! FRESH FROM MARITIME PLANT

HIGHEST QUALITY AND TASTIEST FLAVOUR

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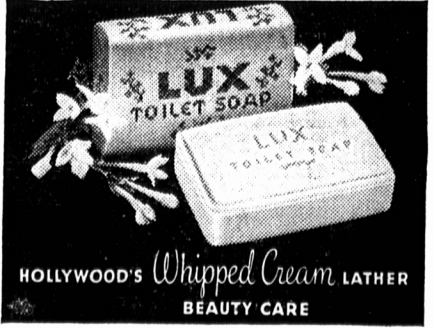
Maureen O'Hara tells you about her Complexion Care



How this Popular Screen Star takes care of her Priceless Complexion

THERE'S glamor in a clear, fresh skin. Screen stars must cherish theirs wisely. Charming Maureen O'Hara uses Lux Toilet Soap for daily facial cleansing. "Put the lather in with upward strokes and little pats," she says. "Rinse with warm water, then a dash of cold. Pat the face lightly to dry." Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly as the screen stars do. Whipped Cream Lather carries off stale cosmetics, dust and dirt... leaves your face smooth to touch, fresh-looking.

Use Lux Toilet Soap for a daily beauty bath, too. It makes you sure of perfect daintiness, leaves a delicate sweet fragrance on your skin... a subtle sweetness that clings.



HOLLYWOOD'S Whipped Cream LATHER BEAUTY CARE

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap