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

YORK SANDWICH SPREADS

Long as I Live

By EMILIE LORING

CHAPTER XI

April had blown away in a gale of blowing wind and rain. Followed two days of golden sunshine and presto, branches and twigs faded into full leaf. Life was exciting in a world where the trees were brown and bare on Wednesday and were a mist of soft red or a vague, tender green on Sunday.

Joan threw open the iron grille gate that separated the Crofton garden from the tulip-bordered path which led, brown stone beyond brown stone set in low ferns, to the house at Silver Birches. She loved the vista. She fitted tulips to their names. The soft salmon pink with pointed petals were Rosabella, and those georgeous red ones were –

Her eyes narrowed. What was moving in the tulip border? She took a step forward.

Peggy! she exclaimed incredulously. Peggy Lamont, what are you doing?

The little girl poked her head above the tulips, muttered something and stepped into the brown stone path. Her face was flushed. Her larkspur blue linen frock was crumpled.

I'm – I'm weeding, Joan, Peggy haltingly explained.

Weeding! Does Angus the Scot know you're weeding among his tulips? They are the pride of his life.

Well, perhaps he doesn't – but – I'm not doing any harm. Where you going in that pink dress? You look like a strawberry ice-cream.

Peggy's change of subject confirmed Joan in her suspicion that mischief was brewing. But where? Perhaps she was imagining mischief where there was only innocent fun.

I shall walk to the post-office time I had a letter from that lazy sister of mine – and then to the Country Club for tennis.

Going to play tennis in a skirt? Gee, but you'll look funny.

Joan was annoyed with herself that the child's scornful comment should prick, but it did. She answered crisply. The skirt comes off. I'm wearing pink linen shorts under it, but I don't walk on the village street in them.

You needn't get mad about it. Going to walk all the way to the post-office? You'll be tired.

If I am it will be because I have flabby muscles from scooting round in the sedan so much. Come with me, won't you? Joan urged regretting that she had been impatient with the child.

Peggy shook her head until every dark curl bobbed and shone like obsidian in the sunlight.

I can't. Got to change my dress. This one is rumpled. Besides, Granny is away and doesn't want me to go off the place. I'm going back to the house.

Peggy's flushed face kept recurring to Joan as tennis racquet under her arm she walked to the post-office. She had an uneasy feeling that the comments about the pink linen skirt had been to attract attention from herself. Should she have kept the child under her eye?

Senorita Nadja Donesca was coming down the steps of the post office as Joan mounted them. She was so intent on the address of the square package in her hand that she passed without looking up.

Lucky I didn't bring Peggy, Joan thought and ducked into the post-office. The Senorita had looked as if a ghost were rising from that package like a genie from the sea. Perhaps it was something that would stop her fight for her own leetle daughter.

(Continued on page 8)

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 am planning on opening a small grocery store. How can I buy rationed groceries to stock my store?

A. You should apply to the Local Representative of the Board in your district. You must have a permit from the Board before opening a new store. If this permit is secured the Board representative will advise you as to the procedure necessary to secure new stock.

Q. I am in need of a new cream separator. Where do I make application for a permit to purchase it?

A. You no longer need a permit to purchase a cream separator. It is among the 35 items of farm machinery which are off the ration list.

Q. I have used all my canned sugar coupons and would like to know if I may now destroy my No. 3 Ration Book?

A. No, keep your No. 3 ration book, it still contains meat coupons and if it becomes necessary to ration meat again these might be used.

Dorothy Dix Says—

BE GOOD TO HIS MOTHER

Nothing A Man Appreciates So Much As His Wife's Kindness To Parent

DEAR MISS DIX—I married the only son of a widow. She worships him and she is nice to me, but in my heart I hate her. I tell my husband everything I can to estrange him from her and to make him angry at her. To please me, at times he is very rude to her but she says nothing. Only looks hurt.

She never asks any favors of us. We have a fine car but we never take her out for a ride. We have a little girl 6 years old. I teach her not to like her Grandmother and I destroy everything that my mother-in-law gives the child. I am a good wife, but at times I am very vicious with my little girl.

What are my chances with my husband? Will the time come when he will hate me for the way I treated his mother? PUZZLED.

WIFE WILL LOSE MATE'S LOVE

ANSWER—Unless your husband has a nature as cruel and ruthless as your own, the time will surely come when he will turn from you in hatred and loathing for the way you are treating his mother. While you are still young and beautiful you may have a physical attraction for him that enslaves him, or it may be that he is afraid of your vicious temper, but you will lose that hold upon him as your looks fade and your anger no longer terrorizes him.

Then his heart will go back to his mother. He will remember the sacrifices she made for him, her tenderness, her love that was great enough to make her bear in silence your insults and ill-treatment. Then he will be filled with shame and remorse for his weakness and he will blame you for it.

There is nothing a man appreciates so much in his wife as being good to his mother. There is nothing he resents in his wife so much as her unkindness to his mother. And that is something that every wife who is jealous of her mother-in-law and who tries to separate her husband from his mother should remember.

You ask what are your chances with your husband. You have a problem much more important to worry over than that. It is what punishment the Great Judge of us all is going to mete out to you when you die for the way you have treated your mother-in-law.

DEAR MISS DIX— My husband is in the army. Whenever he gets a furlough, which is so far every four months, he writes home for either his mother or me to send him $50 railroad fare. We love to have him come, but his mother is a hard-working woman and the baby and I are living solely on the $80 a month I receive from the government. So how can we manage to get him home on this small income? He gets furious, accuses us of not wanting to see him, and says if we begrudge him a price of a railroad ticket he will NEVER come home.

Is there some sort of a budget I can work out so I can feed and clothe the baby and save for the future and still send him money? L. P.

ANSWER—Not unless you are a miracle worker who can wave a dollar bill in the air and make it turn into a five. The one who should work out a new budget is your husband. He could do it if he would cut out some of the crap games and beers he indulges himself in and do a little penny-pinching on his own account.

The most vicious habit that a man ever acquires is asking for money from a woman. Whenever a man lets his mother or his wife support him, he throws away his self-respect and is on his way to becoming a bum. If your husband wants to see you and his mother and the baby badly enough, he will sweat the price of the railroad ticket out of his pay.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am in love with a very nice soldier who asked me to write to him when he went overseas. As I write a very poor hand, I had my girl friend answer his letters for me. Now I see I made a mistake, but I don't know how to tell him because I don't know how he will take it. What should I do? ELIZABETH.

ANSWER—You can do either one of two things. First, I would suggest that you improve your hand-writing. If that doesn't appeal to you, learn to run a typewriter. I think nearly everybody would rather get a typewritten letter than one written by hand. I know I would.

THE COOK'S CORNER

ORANGE ICE CREAM

2-3 cup milk
1 egg yolk, beaten
½ cup sugar
2-3 cup water
1½ cups orange juice, strained
2-3 cup cream
1 tablespoon grated orange rind

Scald milk, blend into slightly beaten egg yolk and cook over hot water two or three minutes, stirring well. Cool. Combine sugar and water and heat until sugar is well dissolved. Cool and add orange juice. Add custard. Freeze, using six parts ice to one rock salt until beginning to firm. Add whipped cream and grated rind, continue freezing until firm. Pack, using 3 parts ice to 1 part salt, until ready to serve.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can.—Emerson.

THREE LACY DESIGNS

DESIGN NO. 1089

Little leaves, lacy squares and border design are the three designs which are crocheted and worn as head gear or scarf. Pattern No. 1089 contains 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. 1089

Name

Street Address

City Province

HOT SOUPS for SUMMER ENERGY

HEINZ CONDENSED SOUPS

■ It's hard to believe that Heinz Vegetarian Vegetable Soup is made without meat or stock—it's so rich, lusty, satisfying. And just now the stores have plenty. Warm up cold summer meals with a main dish of soup—a heap of nourishment in itself. But be sure it's Heinz.

Ellen's Diary

By An Island Farmer's Wife

I must have worked too hard yesterday or perhaps I picked up a particularly virile lazy "bug" in my going up and down the field on the rake for James had the cows to the stables and was leading, rather laboriously, the two mares from the pasture, before I finally left the castle I was building or the problem I was solving, and as Rob says: "Hit the floor."

* * *

At breakfast, James sadly informed me, there would be no hay made today because a balmy south wind was already exploring the corners of the kitchen through the front door and playfully waving the corners of the cloth on the table. Then as I attended to the upstairs work, I was surprised to hear the noisy clack-clack of the mowing-machine and the horses being urged to a greater effort, for this year it is difficult to cut the hay in its extraordinary heaviness.

* * *

There were already a few drops of rain falling when later, I was called to the raking for yesterday's hay needed to be safely in coil before any amount of rain came down. It was completed only with difficulty and following dinner when the showers continued there was time for a much-needed rest, a brief one, for presently with clearing skies, the men were off to the potato fields to assure themselves that the pesky potato-beetles were being kept in subjection there.

* * *

Jeanie went home to the house across the lane to bake a fruit-cake using fruit she had been storing away for just such an opportunity. I could catch the aroma of spices as I went upstairs to my nap after dinner and I viewed the finished cake this evening brown and inviting with the fruit evenly distributed from top to bottom as it rested on the "nook" table prior to being stored away for the ripening. This evening she informed me that when she consulted her Diary—doubtless interesting but as yet a secret to me—she found this entry for a year ago this date: "To-day July 21st Ann helped me bake a fruit-cake." She was then holidaying in a neighboring Province. It is "passing strange" that even when things are unplanned as was Jeanie's baking this afternoon, fate will twist things to her own liking forming a pattern easily followed if we but care to undo and examine the web that has already been rolled up and stored away in the past.

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I came from my rest—most irregular of late—to once more "treat" the roses. Bugs or their ilk have again been sucking or chewing the life-giving chlorophyl from the leaves. The pinkish blooms on a small climber hung dejected, from an almost leafless bush, beautiful faces that should have enjoyed the inspiration of a blue cleared sky dropped to earthly things. One magnificent, orange-yellow caught her neighbor's misery and joined her in her lamentations. But a dahlia early planted and fully-blown, flaunted her pink blossoms to catch my eye. Corn flowers in all their intriguing shades brightened their corner and tall delphiniums in their dresses of Madonna-blue displayed their loveliness in the border. There was a clump of white sweet-william steadfast and pretty beside the yellow sunshine of the poppies nearby. I was sorry when the spraying was finished and I came away reluctantly, but already James was returning from over the fields for his supper.

* * *

There was an excursion to another community this evening following the chores. There were those summer visitors to whom we must wish bon voyage for they were going to catch the earliest boat next morning on return to their Island in the U. S. As we left home a few drops of rain were falling, for skies had darkened again, and indeed continued intermittently throughout our trip. Our car was comfortably filled for Rob and his family were there as well as the Alderlea folk. James, of course was on his grandpere's knee and as usual kept his gaze intently on the winning road ahead until at last sleepy eyes closed and a tired small body relaxed in safe and comfortable arms.

* * *

There was quite a gathering when we arrived at our destination for these were the sort of visiting Americans that go to promote and keep the best of international good will for they entered whole-heartly into any activity either for work or pleasure, and appreciated gratefully any effort made on their behalf by a now very busy rural people. Indeed they were so taken up with the farm-life, that one thought he would like to buy an Island "fawm and hosses" and to the popular query as to: "How do you like our Island?" the invariable reply from young and older was: "I like it very much!" There was much conversation this evening mostly pertaining to the holiday, the places visited and the morrow's journey, for always at parting though words do their best to try to mislead, there is an ever-present poignancy of regret. But then shadows must never fall on this their last evening. We must "act" in the living present heart within and God o'erhead.

* * *

There was a lunch, a clam-chowder concocted I knew "a la American" very delicious on this cold damp evening and also very satisfying. When one of the Islander's said teasingly: "Where is that shell-fish that swam through this?" one of the cooks said earnestly. "That chow-dah contains one-half bushel of your Island clams." I rather expected because of its making, to find at least a clinical thermometer floating in mine but there was only, by taste, chopped-up clams a bit of onion, pork, and potato, with perhaps milk added. When the lunch was over, I was allowed under a running fire of comments to gather the remainder of it from the stew-pan to a quart container, for it came to me as things will, if tomorrow happens to be a hay-day, this chowder would help make an appetizing supper. This characteristic or attribute of mine, I lay to many things besides a Scotch ancestry, for even foresight will come with experience.

* * *

We came home through the darkest foggy night, and then pouring rain to Alderlea. Jock and Jeanie scurried to the house across the lane, Rob and Karolyn and James—still asleep—to their car. I perhaps, confident in my well-doing for I carried the quart of chowder, walked calmly to the porch, through the rain. I'm writing while we await word by phone from Rob for the Alderlea road is slippery tonight. There it is now—our ring—changed of late to—two long and a short.

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night.

BABY'S HOT LITTLE HEAD IS A DANGER SIGNAL

WHEN your Baby's head feels hot to your hand you must do something. And do it quickly. Read what another mother does and what results she gets: "My baby's cheeks and hands were so hot I was frightened. I gave him a Baby's Own Tablet at noon and by after supper he was all better."

And Mrs. Francis Carroll, of Midland, has this to say: "My little girl was so feverish I was really alarmed. Then I thought of Baby's Own Tablets, so I gave her three every two hours and by night she was up and around."

Baby's Own Tablets are sweet-tasting, easy to take—and may be *quickly crushed to a powder if desired.* Analyst's certificate on every box. Equally good for teething fevers, diarrhoea, upset stomach, colds and other minor ailments of baby. Get a box today. Sickness so often strikes in the night. 25 cents. Money back if you are not satisfied.

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

DAISIES

By Betty Leigh

Daisies in the meadow,
Daisies in the lane.
Little lamps that glow
In the fields again.
Daisies on the hills,
Daisies in the dell,
There the wood thrush trills,
For daisies never tell.
Daisies in the gloaming,
At the pasture bars,
When the cows are homing,
Underneath the stars.
Daisies, daisies everywhere,
Dance and sway and nod,
Each one a little golden prayer,
Climbing up to God.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

If you must move about from place to place, make as many friends or pleasant acquaintances as you can in each place. This will help you to lead a more normal social life.

* * *

DRY IT A BIT

Ironing is made easier after cold-starching is the garment is dried out a bit. Dry it by first wringing it from the starch solution. Then place a cloth over it and give it a few strokes with a hot iron. After removing the cloth the garment can be pressed as usual.

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China reports the discovery of petroleum in western Szechwan province.

* * *

Five factory plants in the United States are now producing helium gas.

* * *

Pyrethrum grown in Peru and Ecuador is found to be of equal quality with the Japanese-grown insecticide plant.

* * *

Standards to provide safety in electric and gas welding have now been prepared by competent persons and approved by the American Standards Association.

* * *

STUDIES AMERICAN ENGLISH

Sir William A Craigie, co-editor of the Oxford Dictionary, is working on the tenth volume of his Dictionary of Older Scottish Tongues. It is part of a monumental work which he started in 1901. It comprises dictionaries of Middle English, Early Modern English, and American English. His Dictionary of American English was recently published in the U.S.A

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A good sandwich filler can be made by chopping raisins or prunes into peanut butter and thinning down with orange juice.

* * *

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

Even if your present home is temporary, make it as homelike and run it as carefully as if it were your permanent abode.

* * *

A daily eye bath will help keep your eyes sparkling.

* * *

Try making individual pies or tarts instead of full sized pies that may not be eaten up.

* * *

PRESERVES WHICH ARE RATIONED

Jams, jellies, marmalades, molasses, comb-honey, honey butter extracted honey, fountain fruits canned fruits, canned rhubarb corn syrup, cane syrup, blended table syrup, maple syrup, maple sugar, maple butter.

* * *

PRESERVES WHICH ARE NOT RATIONED

Pineapple pulp in 105-oz. containers, or larger.
Apple butter.
Apple pie filler in 105-oz. containers or larger.
Sorghum syrup.
Sorghum molasses.
Blackstrap molasses sold in bulk or sealed containers over 120 fluid ozs.
Maraschino Cherries.
Canned fruit juices.
Canned Cranberry Sauce unt. August 31.

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FABRICS IN THE NEWS

Some fabric houses are directing their styling to a group of materials meant for "retail trade only." These high priced fabrics, too expensive for low and medium priced dress manufacturers are being made in an effort to supply the quality of materials which were formerly imported from France, Switzerland and England. Good rayons, in weaves used as bases for prints are given elaborate block printing treatments.

The increase in home sewers during the past year and the dearth of inexpensive dresses has created a drain on yard goods departments But the growing scarcity of rayon and fine cotton piece goods should not affect the strides made in home sewing. Rather the progress made can be turned to great advantage by reviving now, conservation, wardrobe salvaging and remodelling programs. Pattern companies, magazine articles and adult education classes have contributed much to show how easy and saving sewing can be. Now as piece goods become scarcer, is the time when their ideas, suggestions and literature can be put to greater use.—From the Newsletter of the New Brunswick Home Economics Assoc.,

A Morning Smile

LIGHTER VEIN

The golfer had made a perfect shot over the crest. As the ball rolled on to the green a small dog dashed forward and seized it. When the golfer came in sight he was furious and waved his arms excitedly.

"Put it down, Toby," said the dear old lady who owned the dog. "The kind gentleman will hit it for you again."

YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE SHE IS 48 . . . .

She's one of the peppiest, happiest-spirited women you ever saw. At the time when most women think life is passing them by—she's right in the midst of things—always ready to go places and do things . . . as popular with the men as girls half her age. To look at her you would never believe she was a day over 35.

How does she do it? She gives the credit to Dr. Williams Pink Pills . . . for well she knows how important it is to have plenty of rich, red blood during those years when so many women are "pulled down" in health by bodily changes.

If you feel "always tired", if you look pale and dragged out, if you are suffering from a feeling of nervous exhaustion, are jittery and irritable, you may be paying the price of poor blood make-up. Don't wait—start Dr. Williams Pink Pills today. They contain an easily assimilable form of iron—fortified with a generous amount of Vitamin B_1—and are wonderfully effective in helping to build the rich, red blood so necessary to vigor and energy. Get a package today from your druggist.

Needlecraft

For The Home

PERT PINAFORE

There has never been a more charming fashion than the perennial pinafore with its flower-fresh ruffles and perky tie-sash that slims your waist down to ring-size.

No. 3409 in size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric, 2⅞ yards ric rac.

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

BLACKHEADS

Blackheads go quickly by a simple method that dissolves them. Get two ounces of peroxine powder from your druggist, apply with a hot, wet cloth gently over the blackheads—and you will wonder where they have gone.

BUSIEST PHONE IN TOWN—

—SINCE SHE STEPPED OUT OF THE "B.O." BARRIER

Jane wasn't always so popular. Although she was attractive and charming, her friends were few indeed. Unknown to her, the invisible barrier of "B.O." shut her off from the good times she longed for.

Today, Jane has hosts of friends. She's happy . . . engaged to be married. She discovered the simple safeguard of careful thousands—a daily bath with refreshing Lifebuoy soap.

Remember, *everyone* perspires so *anyone* can be guilty of "B.O." So always use Lifebuoy. Its purifying lather stops "B.O." And its clean, fresh scent disappears almost instantly. What's more, tests prove Lifebuoy milder than many so-called beauty soaps.

NEW ADDED INGREDIENT
NEW VANISHING SCENT
SAME PROTECTIVE LATHER

A LEVER PRODUCT

FROM HEAD TO TOE—IT Stops "B.O."