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

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 Times Prices and Trade Board.

Q. I have rented one room in my home for some time. The tenant [illegible] in rent. How much notice do I have to give her to vacate? Must the notice be given in writing?

A. It is not necessary for you to give her any notice at all . . . persons in arrears of rent are not protected by the Rentals Administration . . . you may have your tenant evicted under Provincial Law.

Q. My grocer refused to sell [illegible] on the special preserves "D" [illegible]. Is this correct?

A. No, you may purchase sugar [illegible] coupons from any storekeeper . . . you must surrender [illegible] coupon for each half pound of sugar.

Q. May I take my own sugar to a baker to have special icing put on my son's Birthday cake?

A. Yes this is permissible. You are allowed to use your sugar as you wish providing you do not attempt to sell it.

Q. My husband is going to the United States for a month on business. May I use his ration book while he is away?

A. Yes you may use a member of your family's ration book during his absence if he is not away more than 60 days. After 60 days the book must be turned into your local ration board.

LONDON —(CP)— The British Army has instituted uncensored "honor" air letters for the forces in Italy. The letters have a blue triangle on the back, indicating they are from home and about private matters.

THE COOK'S CORNER

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Place 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate in top of double boiler, add 2 cups milk and scald. Then add ¼ cup corn syrup, 3 tbsps fine-grained cereal, 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, and stir slowly into milk. Cover and cook 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Slowly stir in 2 beaten egg-yolks, add 1 teaspoon vanilla, and pour into a casserole. Beat 2 egg-whites until stiff, adding 2 tablespoons sugar gradually while beating. Spoon this onto the pudding. Bake in oven of 325 degrees F. for 20 minutes. Serve warm.

LEMON BUTTER

2 egg yolks
1 egg
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Juice of 2 lemons
2 tablespoons butter
¾ cup sugar

Beat eggs and yolks until very thick. Add lemon juice, butter, sugar and lemon rind. Cook over hot water, beating all the time with dover beater, until thickened to the thickness of mayonnaise.

The secret of this filling is in the thorough beating it gets while being cooked. This amount makes about 2 cups, and if sealed in a jar and stored in a cool place it will keep for some time. Must be sealed in cans for overseas.

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

WORDS

A careless word
May kindle strife;
A cruel word
May wreck a life.
A bitter word
May hate instill;
A brutal word
May smite and kill.
A gracious word
May smooth the way;
A joyous word
May light the day.
A timely word
May lessen stress;
A loving word
May heal and bless.

—Recorder.

POST-WAR STYLES

A revolution in women's fashions after the war has been predicted by James Laver, London, England, clothes and fashion expert. Speaking to the Royal Society of Arts here he stated that all major wars are followed by fashion upheavals. After this war he forecast a simplification of styles for women, with shorter skirts, raised waistlines, and straight lines replacing pre-war curves. Leading colours will be pastels, probably blue, and hair styles will be short and very simple. Men, he said, will wear sports clothes for all occasions.

GOOD GOODS

Women purchasing coveralls slacks or other work clothes are being tipped off by U.S. Department of Agriculture textile scientists. Tests on nine types of cotton cloth showed, that gabardine, herringbone twill, and whipcord were superior in durability to poplins, sports denim, jean and osnaburg. Thickness proved to be no sign of hard-wearing quality. Gabardine and osnburg were the two thickest fabrics. Gabardine tested cut among the best, and osnaburg among the poorest.

JUMPERS FOR ALL

NEW YORK, March 31 —Starting as a youthful fashion, jumpers are now recognized as suitable in one style or another, to any age, any type of person, any time of day or evening. It may be cut to fit as well as a dress, and because the top part may flare at the shoulders and descend in a sharp wedge, it will seem to take inches off your waistline. Clever designing will make the jumper flattering to almost any figure.

KEEP TO BUDGET ON BEAUTY AIDS

Swinging more beauty on a smaller budget is a war-time challenge which a little patriot can boast about with pride. But to make the boast good, keep abreast of the tricks.

Do you know, for instance, that by whipping off makeup as the finale of your bath, you can remove it with about a third as much cleansing cream as you ordinarily use? The bath must be hot. Heat opens pores, releases moisture, practically pushes off make-up with very little help from you or your cream. After your face is cleaned and while your skin is still warm is the time to apply your night cream, which can also be used more sparingly.

Have you tried stripping soap tablets from their wrappers and putting these away to harden and dry before you use them? You'll find when you're ready to use these hardened cakes that, even though they may have shrunk a bit in size, they will last longer and yield more lather.

What do you do with all of those soap chips that clutter up trays and bathtub niches? They make collector's items which will keep your shampoo bottle as everfilling as the cups in the fairy tale. Simply drop them in the bottle and add water to keep the liquid line climbing.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

If a service man has a letter of introduction to a friend of a friend of his who lives in a town near the camp to which he has been sent, he may look up the telephone number and call the person to whom the letter is addressed, introduce himself and ask if he may call to present his letter. Or he may go directly to the address and present his letter of introduction.

If You Suffer Distress From Monthly

FEMALE WEAKNESS

Which Makes You Cranky, Nervous

If you suffer from cramps, backache, headache, "irregularities", periods of the blues — due to functional monthly disturbances—

Start at *once* — take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It not only helps relieve monthly pain but also tired, weak, nervous feelings. This is due to its soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS.

Pinkham's Compound is one of the most effective medicines you can buy made especially for women. Taken regularly — Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. Also a fine stomach tonic! Made in Canada.

A Morning Smile

MADE NO DIFFERENCE

A fat woman elbowed her way through the crowd, jabbing first one person and then another. Finally she gave one nearby man an unusually hard thump, and said:

"Say, does it make any difference which car I take to Greenwood Cemetery?"

Rustic: "Ticket to—for the missus, please."
"Not to me, madam," he said.
Booking Clerk: "First or third, sir?"
"Sh! She's the third, but I ain't never told 'er about the others!"

SMART HAT AND BAG ARE CROCHETED

DESIGN NO 1270

This little pillbox and bag to match are easy to crochet. They are ideal accessories made quickly. Pattern No. 1270 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. 1270

NAME - - - - - - - - - - -

STREET ADDRESS - - - - -

CITY - - - PROVINCE - - -

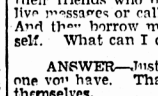
Dorothy Dix Says—

WOMEN IMPRACTICAL IN LOVE

Nothing May Be So Easily Over - Done In Home, Causing Husband To Become Fed Up

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a man of 26, married three years, have one child, and I am bored to death with marriage. My wife is a good wife according to her lights and I am not a philandering husband, or in love with anyone else, but I feel that I cannot stand her any longer because she simply surfeits me with affection and is so possessive that I do not feel that my soul is my own.

She tags me everywhere I go if she possibly can and even tries to drag me shopping with her. When we are at home together, in addition to being in the same room at the same time I must kiss her every fifteen minutes, or her feelings are hurt. When we go out together, I must devote myself exclusively to her. If I ever forget and call her by her name instead of "honey" or "darling", she pouts.



This love-making is too much for a tired business men. My attempts to carry on have worn me to a frazzle. I have contracted matrimonial gout. What shall I do? HENPECKED HUSBAND.

WOMEN KNOW LITTLE ABOUT PRACTICAL LOVE RATIONS

ANSWER—Why don't you join the army? It seems to me that is the best way out for you, because your ever loving spouse can't follow you across the seas, and after such a steady and prolonged diet of kisses you will probably relish a few bullets.

It is a curious thing that although love is the chief business with women in life they seem to learn so little about it from a practical, working standpoint. They rarely find out that men want their love potion rationed. They crave a little of it, but when a woman begins stuffing it down their throats morning, noon and night they get so fed up on it that they lose their taste for it completely.

Many a wife thinks that the way to keep her husband is to cut him off from all other interests and people. She has the insane idea that she must be all-in-all to him. She makes him give up his old friends, never step out without her, not even read the evening paper, but put in the whole time telling her how beautiful and wonderful she is, and how he adores her. And she doesn't realize that all this perpetual love-making bores him to death, and that when she insists on being petted he wishes he had the nerve to bite her instead of kiss her. There is nothing easier to overdo than loving.

DEAR MISS DIX—I am the ex-wife of a doctor. He was very good to me, but due to my insane jealousy of his women patients he divorced me two years ago. We have four lovely children and although I tell them that their father doesn't care for them and that they can get along without him, I feel that they need him. I love him very much, but I am of a very jealous nature.

Do you think there is any way that I could win him back and that we could be happy together? HEARTBROKEN EX.

CHILDREN BEST MEDIUM OF RECONCILIATION

ANSWER—The only chance you would have of getting your husband to re-marry you would be through the children and you are weakening that by prejudicing them against him. When we hear of a couple being divorced and the mother being given the custody of the children, we seldom stop to think of what a heart wrench it is to the man who must give up the youngsters who are bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh and the very core of his heart.

You are making a big mistake when you let your jealousy, even of your own children, make you alienate them from their father. If he comes back to you, it will be their hands that will draw him once more into the matrimonial fold. It will be because he longs for them and wants to feel that he has some part in their lives and to help them become fine men and women.

If the children beg their father to come back to them, he may do it But I do not believe that any man who has to leave his wife because her groundless jealousy was ruining his career ever goes back to her of his own accord. He has drunk too deeply of the bitter cup.

DEAR MISS DIX—What can I do to rid myself of telephone and newspaper hounds? My neighbors are forever hanging on my telephone and, not satisfied with using it themselves, they give my number to all their friends who do not hesitate to call me either day or night to deliver messages or call their deadfast friends in to have long conversations. And they borrow my newspaper before I have had time to read it myself. What can I do about it? MRS. X. Y. Z.

ANSWER—Just have a pay instrument installed in place of the free one you have. That will stop 'em. And advise them to take the paper themselves.

Twenty-Four Hours Leave

By RENEE SHANN
Author of "Student Nurse", "War Wife", "Air Force Girl",

CHAPTER I

They were hurrying this morning, those of them who were snatching their twenty-four hours' leave. It didn't come very often—only once in every fourteen days. That was why they had to make the most of it. They worked hard—harder, they often thought than many of the girls in the Waafs, though probably the others wouldn't have agreed with them. Still, their hours were the longest. Day and night they were on duty. They weren't like the girls in the Administration. Those girls worked reasonably. They might almost have been in offices. They got up and went to bed like normal human beings. But not the plotters—not those girls who had enlisted for "special duties", though there wasn't one among them who would have been in any other branch of the service. Theirs was the most interesting, the most important, and assuredly the most thrilling, for they were right in the thick of it all. They were in the Operations rooms, they knew what was going on. Theirs wasn't routine work, they needed to use their brains and they needed to have plenty to use, too.

Cherry Pyecroft had plenty. She was quick as lightning. She was small, had dark hair and blue eyes. She used her hands when she was talking. She was vital, alive, full of restless nervous energy. She was breaking her neck now to catch the one-thirty to town. The others said she'd never make it, that it wasn't really worth trying. There was another train half an hour later for those who wanted to take it. Some of them were going to hitch-hike. This was a grand and most economical way of getting to the city. A girl in uniform could always get a lift. They traveled in cars, in delivery wagons, in trucks, on the backs of motorcycles. They were never particular. The great thing was to reach their destination.

But Cherry wasn't trusting to any chance way today of getting to London. She had told Denise she would go straight to the apartment as soon as she arrived. She had Denise on her conscience. It had been a long time since she'd seen her. And because of this, a long time since she'd heard any news of Simon, Denise's husband. Simon had gone to America with the War Purchasing Commission, but Denise had said in her last letter: "Simon will be back any day now. It seems quite incredible to think he's been gone nearly six months. The time has simply flown. But I suppose that's because I've been enjoying myself."

Cherry, giving her uniform a quick, hard brush — wishing it didn't pick up every little bit of dust—wondered a little anxiously just how well Denise had been enjoying herself. She wished that somehow she had managed to keep in closer touch with her, though it wasn't easy now that she was working so hard. When Simon had gone away she had been doing nothing toward the war effort. She'd had a good job and there had seemed no reason why she should lose it. She had consented willingly to go and stay at the apartment with Denise, who so firmly refused to fall in with Simon's wishes that while he was away she should go and live out of London. Then the unexpected had happened Madame Hayden, the well-known milliner in Berkeley Street, to whom Cherry had been secretary, had suddenly to'd her she was closing down. She hated sacking Cherry and all the other girls, but she was afraid there was nothing else she could do.

Cherry had said that night to Denise, "I don't feel like taking another civilian job, Denise. I'm awfully tempted to join one of the women's services. The Waafs are advertising for girls for "special duties." If it wouldn't mean letting you down.

Denise had said stoutly that, if Cherry felt that way about things, of course she must go and do her duty to her king and country. She'd be perfectly all right Only the other day Sandy Drake, a friend, had said how much she would like to come and share the apartment with her.

"But what about Simon, darling?" Cherry had objected. "I said I'd look after you for him."

Denise had laughed lightly at this, and added a trifle tartly that she was perfectly capable of looking after herself. "You go and be a Waaf, my pet. You'll look positively stunning in that Air Force blue uniform."

Which hadn't — though Cherry had never been able to make Denise believe it — had anything to do with her reason for joining the service. It was true she felt a little thrill of satisfaction the first day she'd seen herself in uniform. But that was a trivial matter. What counted was from that day she joined up she had known a deep inner satisfaction. She had known, too, that right from the outbreak of war she would never be really satisfied to remain in her civilian job. She was young — twenty-three her next birthday; she was strong; and had no responsibilities. It was only right that she should be doing her bit. So she had left Denise's comfortable flat and there had been a fortnight's disciplinary training at a big camp just outside London. Looking back on that fortnight Cherry wondered sometimes how she had come through it so well, for her life had suddenly been so different. With Denise she had enjoyed every comfort. At the camp.

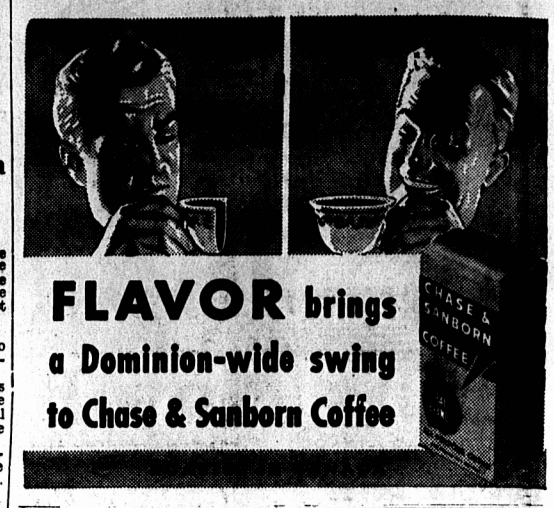
Sometimes she wished she had waited and joined up in the summer. Getting up at six o'clock on a raw Winter's morning, lighting fires, cleaning the hut in which she slept with a dozen other girls, drilling, going on route marches, eating unpalatable food from a bare table, never, it would seem, have any rest—all this certainly brought out the toughness in a girl, a toughness that hitherto Cherry had never suspected herself of possessing. But it had done her good. When later, after her training, she had been posted to an aerodrome and girls had come along who had not had to experience that grueling fortnight, as was very occasionally the case, she noticed the different at once. They were not so well able to stand the long hours. They were not so amenable to discipline. They didn't so willingly accept the fact that an officer's word was law and no Waaf ever answered back.

Now she felt as if she had been in the service all her life. Now she was quite at home on the station, quite used to hearing herself called by her surname. She had made friends among the girls with whom she worked. She was popular with all of them. And, more important than anything else now she no longer thought quite so often about Simon.

(To Be Continued)

"When I am tired and not regular

I depend on Fruit-a-tives"
LIVER TABLETS



SEAWEED CUSTARD

A "white satin wedding gown" and "extremely good custard powder" were some of the by-products of seaweed described recently by Dr. Margery Knight, lecturer in botany at Liverpool University.

Curtain material like artificial silk, sheets of paper as transparent as glass and as tough as steel, could also be made, she said.

For those who appreciate NATURAL FLAVOR

FOR flavor, wholesome, nourishing goodness and economy—choose Baker's Cocoa. Baker's have had 175 years' experience in making this *better* cocoa.

Because it's *real* cocoa with nothing added, Baker's Cocoa goes a *long way*. The thrifty 1-lb. package makes up to 90 servings! Prepare according to package directions. Order today.

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Needlecraft

For The Home

SMART SUIT

This sleek, single-breasted suit is one thing you must have in your fashion-wise wardrobe this spring, but the smart slender lines are right for every season.

No. 2066 in size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch fabric.

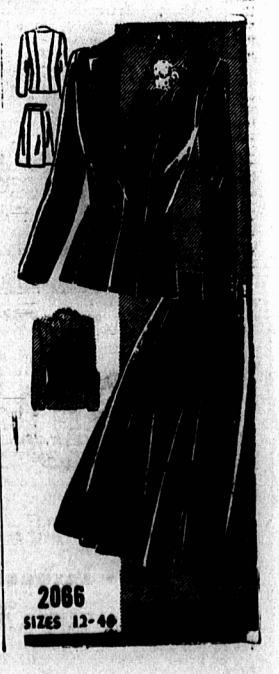
Send 20 cents for PATTERN, which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish.

Address, Pattern Department the Charlottetown Guardian.

Name

Street Address

City Province



Navigation To Be Resumed In Lakes

SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont., March 31 — (CP) — Navigation is expected to open here within the next day or two with two freighters, the W. G. Mather and the Frontenac reported today at Lime Island at the lower end of St. Joseph Island.

The coastguard cutter, Chaparal, which a few days ago broke a channel through the ice from Sault Ste. Marie to Detour now is moving ahead of the freighters to clear a passage. Progress is however somewhat slow.

"GOODBYE FOREVER TO CLOTHES THAT LOOK HALF-WASHED!"

THAT'S BECAUSE MY EXTRA-SOAPINESS GETS OUT THOSE EXTRA-DIRTY SPOTS

A LEVER PRODUCT

Do you want CLOTHES CLEANER BRIGHTER ALL OVER?

It's easy as pie . . . just touch those stubborn spots with Sunlight. Right away Sunlight's extra cleansing power goes to work on ground-in dirt. Without hard rubbing, clothes come brighter *all over* . . . no one can say *your* clothes look half-washed! And Sunlight is safe for all washable colors. Sunlight speeds up dishwashing, too. Kind to hands. And so economical.

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