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

Living & Leisure
The Woman's Realm

"You that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Upon the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know, that out of night and death shall rise
The dawn of ampler life.

Rejoice! whatever anguish rend your heart,
That God hath given you this priceless dower,
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour.

Many of Britain's universities have arranged special facilities for British prisoners-of-war to study various subjects in their camps and consequently to take the university examinations. One prisoner, a lieutenant from Coventry, has recently gained his master of science degree through Bristol University.

SPECIAL PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE

As the zero hour draws near for naval ships to go into battle, this is the prayer said by naval men:

"O most powerful and glorious Lord God, the Lord of Hosts, that rulest and commandest all things: Thou sitting in the throne judging right, and therefore we make our address to Thy Divine Majesty in this our necessity, that Thou wouldst take the cause into Thine own hands and judge between us and our enemies. Stir up Thy strength O Lord, and come and help us: for Thou givest not always the battle to the strong, but canst save by many or by few. O let not our sins now cry against us for vengeance; but hear us Thy poor servants begging mercy, and imploring Thy help and that Thou wouldst be a defence unto us against the face of the enemy. Make it appear that Thou are our Saviour and mighty Deliverer: Through Jesus Christ Our Lord. Amen."

Chinks around windows and cracks and open joints in walls are in the front line of fuel wasters. An easy way to effect an important fuel saving is to fill these openings with putty or caulking material. The repair job won't show after painting — and you'll be warmer next winter.

The orange African daisy is an excellent border plant. It blossoms all summer.

Plant radishes with your early vegetables. They will mark the rows so that cultivation can begin promptly, and the young radishes may be pulled for the table before the other crops come along.

More volleyballs have been shipped to the armed forces than any other item of sports equipment.

Even if the earth did not rotate at all on its own axis the sun would rise and set once during the year because of the earth's journey around it.

WORDS OF WISDOM

Praise of the wise and good! It is a meed for which I would long years of toil endure, which many a peril, many a grief would cure. — Brydes.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

If you are giving a tea, have plenty of boiling water on hand, and make your tea fairly strong. Then it may be diluted for those who like it medium or weak, and also satisfy those who like their tea strong.

MEDITERRANEAN NOT TIDELESS

The Mediterranean is often known as the tideless sea, and it is true that in its western half tides are only a matter of a few inches. But farther east tides are obvious enough.

At Leghorn, on the Italian coast, there is a foot of tide: at Venice (Adriatic) there is as much as three feet. The strange thing is that in the Gulf of Syrtis, on the Tunisian coast, quite large tides occur. The rise and fall amounts to six and a half feet, while on the shores of the island of Djerba, off Tunisia, there is actually a difference of nearly 10 feet between high and low water.

The whirlpools of Scylla and Charybdis, in the Straits of Messina, which were so dreaded by the ancients, still exist, and are deep eddies dangerous to small boats but not to modern ships.

Actually, the Baltic is far more tideless than the Mediterranean. Though it is 900 miles long and from 45 to 1b5 miles wide, there is nowhere a tide of much more than a foot.

The average speed of worker bees engaged in making honey is about 15 miles an hour.

Fish odors can be removed from hands by washing them in strong salt water and rinsing well in soapy water.

An advance tip: when picking raspberries, the one that stings you is a bee.

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. Whan do butter coupons 66 and 67 become due?

A. Butter coupons 66 and 67 are now valid. Coupons 68 and 69 will fall due on July 6.

Q. Must beekeepers register?

A. Yes,all beekeepers in Canada must register either with their Ration Administration or Local Ration Board.

Q. Is there a price ceiling on Canadian-grown cherries?

A. Home-grown cherries of all types and cherries imported between July 3 and September 30, are now under a ceiling for the first time.

Q. Is it true that shoemakers can now put full leather soles on children's shoes?

A. Yes, it was announced by the WPTB that a shoemaker may use full leather soles in repairing children's shoes to size 3 and also in loggers' boots.

Child's Bad Breath Often Sign of Upset Tummy

Save your doctor's time. For minor digestive upsets children so often suffer as a result of overeating or eating too much candy or sweets, give Children's Own Tablets, new corrective for youngsters 5 to 15. They quickly help sweeten sour stomachs and act speedily to clear out from the bowels, offending waste material in a gentle, thorough manner. You never know when you will need the help of Children's Own Tablets . . . so get a package today at your druggist. Only 25¢.

THE GREENS HAVE IT

And so will you if you eat 'em . . . iron-rich lettuce, watercress, spinach, dandelion leaves, turnip and beet greens. Young, tender and crispy, they're relectable.

Before his invention of the steamboat, Robert Fulton was a portrait painter.

Sea water can be made drinkable by adding silver oxide, and tartaric or citric acid.

Dorothy Dix Says—

LOVE THIEVES ACTIVE IN WAR
Working With Married Men In Big Factories Affords Chance To Snare Victims

Among girls there has always been a type of man-hunter that specializes in married men. No adolescent college boy for her. No unattached bachelor. No widower ready to blunder into any sort of a trap. Bringing down one of these is like shooting ducks on the ground. It takes something with the spice of danger in it to arouse her sporting blood, and so she goes in for taking other women's husbands away from them, and gets a kick out of seeing the deserted wives writhe in helpless jealousy as they pit their faded charms against her youth and beauty.

All of us have known conscienceless and heartless girls whose pathways are strewn with wrecked homes, but never before have there been so many of them, or their work so devastating as it is now. For the war has given them their opportunity. It has opened up to them a new game preserve that has been practically untouched and in which the hunting is so good that even an amateur can make her kill.

Heretofore the average married man has been safe. He has spent his days working among other men and his evenings in the bosom of his family. The only women with whom he was thrown in contact were his wife's friends, who were no more glamorous or seductive than she, and so if he craved adventure he had to go out and hunt for it, which he seldom did because his feet hurt him.

MEN VULNERABLE TO HELPERS' FLATTERY

Then came the war, and these thousands of men had their protection stripped from them. They were put to work in huge factories with thousands of pretty young women who were out to get their men, and who knew how to do it. And the men were singularly vulnerable. It had been a long time since their wives had wasted any flattery on them, or told them how handsome and fascinating they were, and how wonderful it was that they could manage that great big machine, and when their cute little helpers, or the blonde they worked next to, applied the old true and tried technique, it worked as usual.

The sharpshooter had brought down her game. The husband spent his money on giving Sweetums a good time instead of paying off the mortgage, and there was another brokenhearted, deserted wife.

These predatory girls, whose tribe has so increased, defend themselves by saying that most of the single men are in the service and that they can't sit at home and suck their thumbs of an evening. They have to have some fun. They have to have some man to take them out and give them good times. And if there is nobody to do it but married men, well it has to be husbands and fathers. Goodness knows, they are not responsible for war conditions.

Which is but a lame excuse for wrongdoing, but love thieves are no more considerate of their victims than horse thieves. What they want they take with ruthless hands. But in the end they pay for it, for no woman ever yet built a house of happiness for herself on the ruins of another woman's home.

Ellen's Diary
By An Island Farmer's Wife

We were up as usual this morning a bit tired perhaps, but as James had a number of irons in the fire, I thought it better to rise in good time. The "Jack-horse" was to be taken away to get new shoes for his next position; there was to be another trip back country to buy more "young stuff" and at the same time help Rob drive home some that he had bought in a far-off community. And there were other duties also to be done. Jock volunteered to take the horse to be shod and Jeanie went along with him, after I had persuaded her that she had better grasp the opportunity. There might never come such a chance for a "buggy-ride"; there would certainly never be another with the same horse and I knew of all memories there could be none more precious, than a drive on a "rare" day in June.

* * *

The air was heavy this morning, and I advised the younger folk to take their rain-coats for I thought that possibly there might be a continuation or a repetition of yesterday's rain. The wide stream below us was still red and swollen and the wind blew from a suspicious quarter. Presently however the wind changed and the sun shone forth in all its splendor and there was great rejoicing from the "little folk" about me. I went to the work of washing, more I think to revel in the perfumes borne on the tiny winds that blew, rather than from a desire for being industrious. There was the matchless perfume of clover and rowan-tree besides many tantalizing odors from the rain-washed earth.

* * *

James went with Karolyn's father to the task of hauling new boards from the old mill into Rob's. Once they came up the lane to Alderlea and leaving, I went with them to the mail-box. They paused while I read the morning paper's headlines. He has three lads there, one of whom can never more return. Small wonder a parent waited patiently for news. And then "naming their names" as far as I could hear them they were away again to the old mill.

* * *

James saw the young folk returning, at the dinner hour, far out the road, beyond the hill, I knew it was the horse he saw. I think he wished now to regard him from a stranger's point-of-view and as he came to the table he said: "He looks well."

* * *

Jeanie and Jock came across the lane to dinner, she to tell me how much she had enjoyed the drive. The countryside was a charming picture and the folk she visited while the horse was shod were very kind. There was the lady who in typical Island fashion brewed the delicious cup of tea and there was the "Gran" very smart and interesting with the snows of many winters reflected in her hair. There was a kinship that Jeanie is the best one to trace and of course theres an old and very true saying about "blood being thicker" than a common element.

* * *

Jeanie moved her chicks to new quarters to-day. It was yesterday evening, Jock hitched a team of horses to the sleigh to haul home a fox-pen, he had purchased from Mr. Brown to make the snuggest chicken house. I noticed Tuesday on my way to the city that many others have adopted this same plan of housing their chicks. One such building seemed filled almost overflowing with some very fine white chicks. This possibly is not such a select kind of farming as formerly practised in these buildings but also fairly lucrative and interesting to those who like this particular line of farming.

* * *

It was Kit who said half in jest not so long since, when we discussed the use or misuse of a word or phrase—of mine: "After all, what can one expect from a farmer's wife? The words spoken lightly at the time floated away into the past. I recalled them recently as somewhere I read: "There is no more important person measured in influence upon the life of a nation than the farmer's wife: no more important home than the country home and it is of national importance that every thing possible be done to advance the efficiency of both." And it came to me, as by radio and paper, I heard and read reports from the Women's Institute in recent Convention in the City, that we on the Island not only expect but receive the greatest assistance from this splendid body of women comprised I would think for the most part of farmer's wives The work these women are accomplishing is amazing. They have "shoulders to the wheel" not only for every charitable cause but also for any worth-while undertaking for the advancement of anything that goes to help in home community or war-work. Their present ideals in some fields of endeavor will no doubt give way to others in the post-war and rehabilitation period but no matter what the call or the cost, we know the Women's Institute will be there still giving of their best "for home and country."

* * *

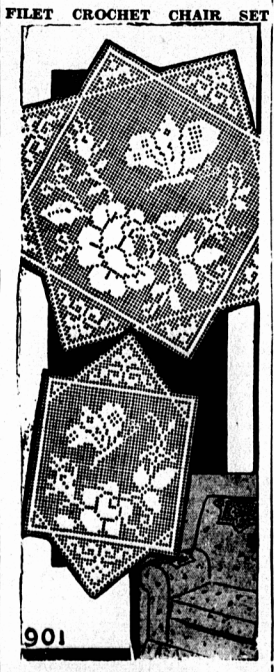
This evening after supper the men folk went to help "Rob" round up the cattle he had bought. They have returned and James tells me: "We picked up a few more." James is quiet this evening, when I teasingly remark: "Some think more of their horses than their women", he appears not to hear. I know time has turned backward for him and once again he is back in the happier pre-war days leading Jack by a brand new halter up the lane to Alderlea. There's another new halter "hanging on the wall" to be used for the first time tomorrow morning. James remarks: "I'll miss him" and then with an effort to forget him: "We've plenty left." There are plenty left but as yet they are neither tried nor trusted.

* * *

The hands of the old clock are travelling, one of them very fast. There's not a light to be seen across this countryside and now its near the "witching hour."

Until tomorrow — Diary—Goodnight.

FILET CROCHET CHAIR SET



DESIGN NO. 901

A combination of butterfly and rose design is worked in filet crochet to make this beautiful chair set. Pattern No. 901 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. 901

Name

Street Address

City Province

The Man Who Wasn't Himself
By Leslie Cargill

Police and the coroner had virtually agreed that death was accidental, merely questioning the degree of responsibility of the unknown driver. Any marks on the road had been obliterated by rain, so almost any story would pass muster.

Bad news about our old pal, Jack Murrey said, when they next met.

Richard held his gaze, making no reply.

Why do you look at me that way? Murrey asked.

I'm only waiting to hear what you have to say.

I've nothing else to say. Why should I have?

You knew Thomas better than I did Harkness asserted. He happened to be another unlucky chap over whom you excercised control; and he, also fretted under it.

Are you suggesting I drove him into doing away with himself?

It was artlessly, by-passing any more serious accusation. Yes, the the unfortunate manager might have been hounded beyond the limits of human endurance. In fact, there had been no further call on his services. The latest affair was outside the ordinary scope of transactions involving the warehouse, and it was of these that Thomas begun to complain. Little good was to be obtained from pressing Murrey, who was not likely to give any satisfaction even had he any information worth devulging.

Harkness was determined to keep ears and eyes open. As he was now amost continually in the company of Murrey there were more openings to find out.

You needn't imagine I trust you, Murrey informed him. Never have and never will. You'll keep doing as you're told because that's the way I want it.

Certainly Harkness was being thoroughly initiated into the gigantic black market plot which was being organized with close attention to detail. Richard was driven out to meet some of those at the supply end, which left him under no illusions. Murrey had a natural genius that would have take him far if only he had used his talents to better purpose.

There was so much to occupy both time and energy that he was able only rarely to see Joyce Barlow.

She was dubious. You would be in missions, and frankly taxed him with taking up with Back Jack.

Trust me, Richard pleaded It is a matter of expediency.

She was dubious. You would be in a nice position if Murrey cared to put the screw on, she insisted.

He thinks he is doing that. May I ask you a very personal question?

By all means.

About Perry Chetwood...

Please! I'd rather not discuss him.

This is serious .I have very good reason to believe he was killed by the same bomb that injured me.

I see, said Joyce soberly. That accounts for the finding of the photograph.

Exactly.

Oh! I should be telling the untruth if I professed to be heartbroken. Naturally, I am sorry. It was a horrible end. Poor Philip.

Don't you find it rather gruesome to look at me. I mean being so like him.

She smiled. You're not, she said, surprisingly. At first the resemblance was complete. Now, the oftener I see you the difference becomes more marked. There's your manner, and the way you carry yourself. Lately your face is very distinctive.

Queer you should say that, he remarked. I've been geting so accustomed to my features that I feel they're my own property. Familiarity breeding contempt, eh?

For all that, I find it increasingly difficult to call you Perry. You know I think of you as Richard.

Thank you, I prefer it that way. You are progressing.

And am I forgiven for....for.... Neglecting me, she completed, when he stammered.. It still amounts to the same old thing—old friend or new friend. No, I shant forgive wilful neglect. Won't you tell me about your quest?

Not yet.

In that case I shall retire into a corner and be peevish. Come and drag me out when you are in a more confiding mood.

CHAPTER XIX
..... WAS IT MURDER .....

After seeing Joyce Barlow he went to pick up other threads. Tom Fawley was far more peeved over the long interval.

Gosh, I've wanted you, he exclaimed. Cooper has been putting a spurt on. Taking away more than one book at a time. I've a notion he's in fit of jitters. Could he have got wind of our spot of burglary?

Hardly! We were at pains to cover our tracks.

What can he be up to?

Seeing how far he's gone I'd say it wouldn't take much more to set him on the run.

Thats no joke these days, what with identity cards and the rest of it. Besides, he's sitting pretty.

On the edge of a volcano, old man! Believe me, anyone mixed up with Jack Murrey, has need to keep open a line of retreat.

Have you thought of a way of trapping the swine?

Several, but they wouldn't hold him. There must be ways and means. What I aim to do is to put a stopper on the whole gang. Cooper is only one, though it was he that started making me uncomfortable.

Tom had already concluded that was in the wind. Dealing with Cooper directly had been a practical possibility ever since they had inspected the contents of his desk.

I think I'll have another talk to him, Harkness observed.

Keep away. Fawley recommended.

You sound dreadfully in earnest.

The fact is, Harkness, your Jekyll-and-Hyde act is getting somewhat muzzy.

How?

Too much Harkness and not enough Chetwood. I don't pretend to know anything about plastic surgery,but you look a darned sight more like your old self than the night you burst in on me with a false face.

(To Be Continued)

Needlecraft
For The Home

SHEER MAGIC

There are so many occasions when you'll need this soft summer sheer, and the deeply slashed neckline and feminine ruffling will work wonders for you.

No. 3902 in size 36 requires 3¼ yards 35-inch fabric, 1¼ yards ruffling.

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

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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

A Morning Smile

NOT SO BABY

Doctor—Do you know, honey, if I had to do it all over again, who I'd marry?

Wifey—No, who?

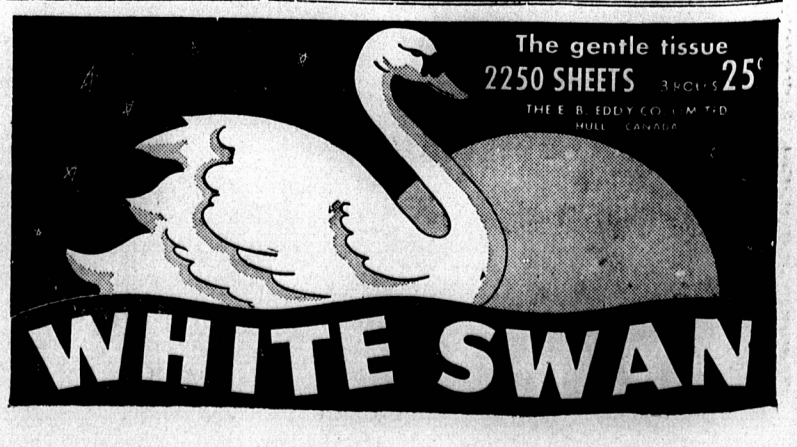
Doctor—You.

Wifey—Oh, no, you wouldn't.

Mrs. Withers had been to the talking pictures for the first time. "How did yer like it, Nell?" asked her friend.

"All right enough, but to tell ye the truth, I'd rather 'ave been in one of the old unspeakables ones."

THE COOK'S CORNER

POTATO SALAD

Two cups diced, cooked potatoes, 2 teaspoons minced green onions, 1 tablespoon minced green pepper, ½ cup finely chopped celery, 1 hard-cooked egg chopped, 1 tablespoon minced pickle, 5 tablespoons salad on 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper. Combine ingredients in order given, and toss lightly with two forks. Chill well and serve on crisp lettuce.