

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

Ligne



Worn by all the mannequins of the famous Parisian couturier, Lucien Lelong, the new LIGNE LELONG gives to you the greatest discovery in modern costume—"FABRIC BONING." Special fabric panels, 300% stronger than ordinary corset fabric, mould your figure as firmly as steel boning, yet with a smooth, delightful contour never before possible. With LIGNE LELONG, the elusive "curve of beauty" becomes a reality.

Made in Canada exclusively by DOMINION CORSET COMPANY LIMITED, QUEBEC, CANADA

THE COOK'S CORNER

CREAMED POTATOES

6 medium potatoes, cooked
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1-2 cups milk
Salt, pepper
1-2 cup grated cheese

Method: Use the potatoes cut in cubes for creaming, particularly when you are using old potatoes, and if they are already cooked and peeled, this is a matter of minutes. Make a white sauce by melting the butter, blending in the flour and then adding the milk gradually. Add the seasonings and the cheese and cook until the mixture thickens. Add the potatoes and heat gently until they are heated through.

Turn into a serving dish and sprinkle with paprika. They go well with the broiled ham because they provide their own gravy.

BAKED HAM SLICE

2 lbs. slice ham 1 cup milk
1 teaspoon flour Whole cloves.
1-4 cup brown sugar

Method: Wipe the ham and score the fat. Stick the surface with whole cloves and place fat in a small roasting pan. Pour the milk around the ham and bake in a moderate, 350 deg. F. oven for about 1 hour. If the milk has not all evaporated, pour off the rest and then sprinkle the surface of the ham with the brown sugar and flour mixed.

Moisten with a little of the liquid in the pan and bake for a few minutes longer or place under the broiler for a few minutes to glaze the surface. Lift to a hot platter and surround with the glazed sweet potatoes.

Dorothy Dix

Admiration, Respect and Congeniality Are Just as Important as Love in Marriage, for After All They Are the Qualities That Make or Break Families

What is love? It is the question that every human heart asks and to which there are as many answers as there are men and women. Yet, in the end, there is no definite, final answer at all. We are still left guessing. We do not even know what are the unmistakable symptoms of love and how to tell whether what we are suffering from is the grand passion or merely a passing fancy.

Still less do we know what kind of love we must have to make marriage a reasonably safe investment of our futures. Is love purely physical, a thing of thrills and chills and fever? Or is it a mistletoe of the spirit, a congenial mingling of souls? Are friendship and liking, admiration and respect and having the same tastes and habits enough capital to start marriage on? Or must marriage be filled with romance and poetry and idealism to be a success?

These are questions that millions of people ask themselves every day. One woman who is lying awake at night trying to decide whether she loves a man well enough to marry him or not says: "I have known a certain boy all my life. We started kindergarten together and he took me to my first party. My family is crazy about him and his family is just as anxious for the match. We like the same things and dislike the same things.

"We have the same memories and have shared the same experiences and pleasures. He is steady, dependable and would make a wonderful husband and father of my children. His best and worst, for twenty years I don't think there could be many delusions in store for me.

"But I don't love him. I am very fond of him, but I don't thrill over him. I have always had the notion that some day the Right One would walk into my life and I would know it the minute I saw him. Should I hold out for this person, who up to now has lived only in my imagination, or should I take the boy whom I am sure has all the qualities I could want in a husband?"

It has always seemed to me highly unfortunate that the accepted authorities on LOVE are novelists and poets and the movies, which deal with fancies instead of facts. These have taught us that we are struck over a heap, as old nurses used to say when we first held our pre-arranged mates; that we palpitate at the sound of their footsteps; that we grow hot and cold at their approach; that we thrill with indescribable bliss at their kisses.

Perhaps love does affect the highly neurotic in that way, but there are multitudes of sane, sensible men and women, with their feet on the ground, who never could experience all of this emotionalism.

Yet they think that because they cannot do something contrary to their natures they are not in love. They don't think that admiration and respect and congeniality and warm friendship, which is, after all, what married love turns into, are enough to marry on. That accounts for innumerable old maids and old bachelors who waited for the miracle to happen that couldn't possibly befall them.

"Dear Miss Dix—We have been married more than two years and love each other dearly, but still we quarrel and fight over every foolish thing. We haven't any real reason to quarrel, but we do it just the same. Jim has always had his way and I have always had mine, and neither of us want to give in to the other. We both have terrible tempers, but we don't want to part. We want to live together in peace and be happy, but we can't. Now Jim has started drinking and I am a nervous wreck. Would having a baby help us to get along together?"

Answer: Having a baby certainly wouldn't solve your problem. It would just give you another bone to fight over. The possibilities for disagreement over a child are simply endless and you would find all the material you need for a knockdown and dragout fight over the baby's feeding and rearing, whether it should be rocked and sung to sleep or put to bed in the dark.

Besides which, it wouldn't be giving the poor little child a fair break. No greater crime can be committed than to bring a child up in a house of strife, where its nerves would be fretted to fiddle strings and its whole character warped by the disagreements of its parents. One of our most famous neurologists says that he has had a case of nervous breakdown in a person who had been reared in a peaceful home in which the parents loved each other and got along amiably together.

There is no reason why you and your husband should not break yourselves of quarrelling, and you would find all the material you need for a knockdown and dragout fight when you say that both of you are determined to have your own way. That inevitably produces conflicts, which could be avoided if either one of you were unselfish enough to give in and do as the other wanted.

You can do this, continually with other people. You are always having to adjust yourself to other people's likes and dislikes and desires and to not contradict them about their opinions or else you would have no friends. Why can't you make the same concessions and give in the same tact in getting along with the person whose friendship is most important of all in the world to you?

And you can control your temper if you have any strength of character. You can do this, continually with other people. You are always having to adjust yourself to other people's likes and dislikes and desires and to not contradict them about their opinions or else you would have no friends. Why can't you make the same concessions and give in the same tact in getting along with the person whose friendship is most important of all in the world to you?

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A Morning Smile

PARTING BROADSIDE

Father was looking in my temper with his son who, it appeared, was quite incapable of learning anything. One day, when the lad was even more than usually stupid, his father gave him a shilling, and sent him round to the local chemist for a bob's worth of common-sense. The boy took the shilling, and, just as he got to the door, turned to his father—"Shall I say it's for you dad?" he asked.

Modern Etiquette

Q. When a young woman is telephoning on a business matter, and wishes to identify herself, what should she say?
A. Mrs. Black? This is Miss Green, little white, and yesterday about our new encyclopedia.

Q. When a boy is answering a man, should he say "Yes" or "Yes, sir"?
A. He should say, "Yes, sir," or "Yes, Mr. White."

Household Scrapbook

Wall Brush Substitute

When one has no wall brush, when the broom with a clean piece of flannel and brush the ceiling and walls with a downward stroke. As the covering becomes soiled, replace it with a new one. This will prove as effective as a brush.

Bright Silverware

Four or five drops of water in which you wash your silver, and this will aid greatly in keeping it looking bright. The fat in the milk forms an invisible coating which helps exclude the air.

Headache Remedy

Often a headache will disappear if a cold water bandage is applied and the person lies down in a darkened room for about a half hour.

How Can I...?

Q. How can I prevent ornaments from scratching the surface of furniture?
A. Cut pieces of blotting paper to the required sizes and paste to the bottoms of all ornaments, and they will not scratch the furniture.

Q. How can I remove scale from a baby's head?
A. If the baby develops a slight scale on the top of his head, rub pure olive oil thoroughly into the scalp and then comb gently with a fine-tooth comb.

Q. How can I clean spinach thoroughly when preparing it?
A. Place the spinach in the wire dish drainer and hold under the cold water faucet; then soak in salted cold water.

The Housewife And Her Activities

THE SEED SHOP

Here in a quiet and dusty room they lie, Packed as crumbled stone or shifting sand, Forlorn as ashes, shrivelled, scentless, dry— Meadows and gardens running through my hand.

Dead that shall quicken at the call of Spring, Sleepers to stir beneath June's magic kisses, Though birds pass over, unremembering, And no bee seeks here roses that were his.

In this brown huek a dale of hawthorn drapings, A cedar in this narrow coil is thrust, That will drink deeply of a century's streams; These lilies shall make summer on my dust.

Paris in their safe and simple house of death, Sealed in their shells a million roses leap; Here I can blow a garden with my breath And in my hand a forest lies asleep.

Narrow, side-rolled brims will be popular on spring hats with fedora crowns, split to show the hair.

A new development is the bishop sleeve linked to the military epaulet shoulder.

Paris midseason openings pay much attention to blouses.

Mainboucher features deep cornflower or royal blue with black.

A "Boy Blue" coat is trimmed with shirred beaver.

Pierrot and harlequin shapes feature new hats.

Ostrich hats are particularly pretty above dark furs.

Old-fashioned colored Victorian prints on silk "paper" taffeta are coming in.

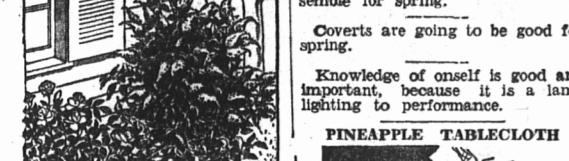
Paris is reviving the capelet ensemble for spring.

Coverlets are going to be good for spring.

Knowledge of oneself is good and important because it is a lamp lighting to performance.

For a Lovely Garden Plant and Prune Well

Pruning roses



New Booklet Aid to Gardeners

What a lovely setting for your home! Beneath your windows, dwarf rose bushes such as the ever-blooming hybrid tea. At corners and entrance—the tall flowering shrub, buddleia.

To get best results from roses choose plants propagated by budding. Set in the ground as our diagram shows—placing the little shoulder (A) two inches below the surface.

Spring's a good season for planting roses—and the best time for the all-important pruning for "quality" blooms. Cut young bushes to point B in the diagram, leaving outside buds so bush will branch outward. Older plants you prune to point C.

For shrubs too, pruning is vital. Buddleia will produce gorgeous blossoms for you in summer if you cut the bush close to the ground in spring.

Clever when setting out shrubs to avoid planting too close together. Until the shrubs grow up, fill scanty spots with perennials.

Practical helpful information on gardening is given in our new 32-page booklet, HOW TO PLANT AND CARE FOR YOUR GARDEN. It tells how to grow annuals, perennials, shrubs, vines, bulbs, roses. Directions for lawns, trees, preparing soil. How to conquer pests, diseases.

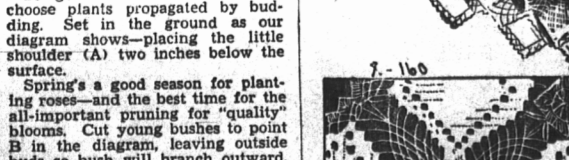
Send 20c in coins for your copy of How To Plant And Care For Your Garden To The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

PINEAPPLE TABLECLOTH

This design, used for a table cloth, is one of the more detailed of the pineapple patterns, but not difficult to crochet. Fine white or ecru macramized crocheted cotton is suggested for a tablecloth but a coarser material may be substituted if the pattern is to be used as a bedspread.

To order this design, write your name, address and No. X 160 plainly on any piece of paper and send with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown, Guardian.

Send 15 cents, coin preferred. PATTERN ORDER FORM—to be used when ordering pattern. To Charlottetown Guardian Design X 160



A Little Bird

TOLD HER A SECRET...

"Lady," whispered the little bird, "you're really very nice looking. But your skin isn't all that could be. I've pecked in lots of windows and noticed that the women with radiant complexions generally use Transpec. It's a new beauty mask, and I've heard 'em say it simply works wonders." Yes, scientific skin care is now simplified by the new discovery—Transpec, the Liquid Transparent Beauty Pack which is a sensation wherever introduced.

A Transpec facial thoroughly cleanses the pores, reduces enlarged pores, refines the skin, smooths away fine lines, and imparts a glorious sense of youth and vitality to the face. Your druggist now offers Transpec at a special bargain price of 25c for the regular 40c size. Try Transpec tonight—you'll be delighted. The \$1.25 size contains enough for 20 to 30 facials.

THE GIRL IN THE CRIMSON CLOAK

By J. R. WILMOT

CHAPTER XII AT OSTEND IN JULY

Suzanne Ralton lay back in a comfortable chair in the lounge of an artistically furnished flat situated not a stone's throw away from Ebury Street.

As Gerry Dayton has already mentioned she was a remarkably attractive girl. Her age? Twenty-five, perhaps. An artist, specializing in book jackets whenever she received commissions which were not regular enough to prevent her looking after brother John, who was three years or so her junior, and who was a research student at a science museum.

It was only last week they had returned—rather unexpectedly—from a holiday in Belgium. Suzanne had rented an attractive little villa, Le Coq, until October, and this return to London had by no means been according to their original plan. Something had happened two months ago there that had changed the immediate course of their lives.

It had happened on a perfectly glorious night in early July. The villa they had rented was well removed from the more populous district of Le Coq and stood all alone on the landward side of the Ostend-Zeebrugge railway and the electric tramway track. Suzanne had liked it because of its remoteness.

The weather had been wonderfully warm—almost sultry and Suzanne had returned from a late bath.

They had heard a noise—a curious noise, as though someone had flung something heavy against the green-painted outer door. In alarm John had sprung up from his chair and opened the door. The body of a man had tumbled unceremoniously into the room.

He appeared to be an elderly man, judging by the whiteness of his hair which Suzanne remembered vividly had merged with almost horrifying completeness into the whiteness of his face.

At first they had thought him to be dead, but when they had lifted him and placed him on a bed in the third—and spare—bedroom, they had discovered his heart still beating.

That had been the beginning of the greatest adventure in the hitherto uneventful lives of Suzanne Ralton and her brother John.

The adventure—or rather, the sense of it—had begun immediately they had coaxed back consciousness to the man. He appeared terribly frightened when first he had opened his pale blue eyes and looked on their strange faces, but no

HIGH-TEST OXYDOL

WOMEN EVERYWHERE SING WITH JOY AS THEY FIND THAT NEW

MAKES DISHES ALMOST "WASH THEMSELVES"

HEAVENLY DAYS! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HEAR YOU SINGING OVER A DISHPAN. A "MIRACLE" MUST HAVE HAPPENED!

"MIRACLE" IS RIGHT, IT'S THIS MARVELOUS NEW SOAP I'VE DISCOVERED—NEW HIGH-TEST OXYDOL!

GOODNESS, I NEVER SAW SUCH HEAPS OF SUDS! AND JUST LOOK HOW THAT STICKY GREASE ACTUALLY SEEMS TO "DISAPPEAR"!

AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW WONDERFULLY SMOOTH AND SOFT MY HANDS STAY!

TALK ABOUT SPEED! —AND SPARKLE! NO WONDER YOU'RE SO CRAZY ABOUT THIS NEW HIGH-TEST OXYDOL!

AND BEST OF ALL—IT COSTS LESS THAN 1/2 OF A CENT FOR ONE COMPLETE DISHWASHING JOB!

NEW SOAP GOES TO WORK ON GREASE 25% FASTER

NOW—a new, faster way in dishwashing made possible by New High-Test OXYDOL. It contains a new ingredient and does these things, compared to less efficient soaps tested—

First—Gives up to TWICE THE SUDS of even well-known advertised soaps that lack its new ingredient. Suds stand up 2 to 3 times longer.

Second—Goes to work on grease 25% faster—is almost INSTANT-DISSOLVING. So you see what a time-saver it is—3 times a day!

High-Test OXYDOL leaves no stubborn, greasy film! One quick wipe and fresh dishes sparkle, as if you were like Venus. Try it! Procter & Gamble.

MADE IN CANADA

The Girl in the Crimson Cloak

By J. R. WILMOT

CHAPTER XII AT OSTEND IN JULY

It had been in sheer desperation that he had escaped the way he did. Olive Manshner saw the young man in the wing of the building where he was living. He had never intended it to be a very big fire, but a small blaze that could be kept extinguished with the aid of the chemical fire extinguishers with which the whole building was equipped.

It had begun with the curtains but, before attention was directed to it, the fire had other ambitions. It had seared its way into the surrounding woodwork with the voraciousness of an animal whose stomach had been long empty. As it happened it was, perhaps, just as well because the place was quickly in all uproar. The patterns in the burning wings were changing as the safety of an outbuilding, but in the hurry and the scurry Olive Manshner had seen to it that he provided himself with an opportunity to slip unobtrusively away in the darkness that was beginning to gather across the grounds, and he had breathed a sigh of relief when he discovered that he had not immediately been noticed.

He was thankful, too, that the darkness was increasing with every moment, and he had made up his mind to follow the coast and the sign-posts that pointed towards Ostend. Once there he had hoped that he might, with care, be able to avoid the vigilance of the passport officials and stow himself away on one of the steamers that carried the holiday crowds back and forth from Dover.

The suggestion gave him heart, but he had not counted his own stamina or the fact that he had missed his evening meal and that he had not even a coin in his pocket with which he could buy food. That that did not deter him, he far as he could and still making for Ostend.

(To be Continued)

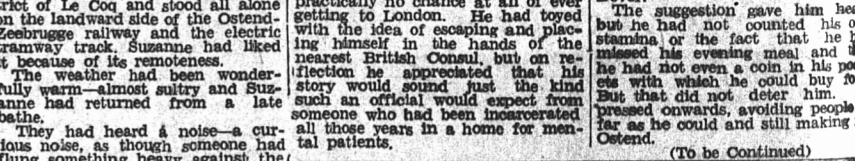
TIMELY TIPS FOR THE HOME SEWER

An exciting spring into summer sheer crepe print basque frock with that "little girl" look you'll love. Its wonderfully swinging skirt, makes you feel so gay and light-hearted. You'll find it simple enough for town, yet so delightfully pretty for "date-time." The formal length version has such quaint charm in solid colored pastel satin or in crepe silk print for the country club dances. It is made with the same pattern. Cottons in monochromes or prints, linen and rayon novelties are other popular materials for your choice for this easy to sew dress.

Style No. 2654 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 38-inch material with 1 yard of ribbon for bows.

Send fifteen cents in stamps (15c) or coin (coin preferred) to our care, carefully, address to Charlotteville, Guardian giving—

Style No. 2654 Size
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So temptingly... DELICIOUS

Christie's Sultanas

Packed full of tender, plump, uncrushed Sultanas, retaining the fine flavor of fresh fruit.

Send fifteen cents in stamps (15c) or coin (coin preferred) to our care, carefully, address to Charlotteville, Guardian giving—

Style No. 2654 Size
Name
Street Address
City Province

VISIT WINDSOR CASTLE

WINDSOR, Eng. April 13—Hon. Vincent Massey, Canadian High Commissioner, and Mrs. Massey arrived here today for a visit at Windsor Castle where the Royal Family is in residence.