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

The Rational Choice!
RED ROSE COFFEE "is good coffee"
... As good as RED ROSE TEA

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 mittee of the War Times Prices Women's Regional Advisory Committee and Trade Board.

Q. I wish to sell a Moffat table top Gas Range which I have used for slightly over two years. Also want to sell two small electric heaters. They are all in excellent condition. Please advise me what price I may charge.

A. Your gas stove may be sold at 80 per cent of the price of the stove when new . . . the price is based on the age of the stove . . . the price for the heaters would be arrived at in the same manner, but as you have not told us when they were purchased we cannot give you the percentage which you may charge. If you are in doubt apply to your local Board office and they will advise you.

Q. I rent a room in a private home by the week. I now want to move. How much notice must I give my landlord?

A. If there is no lease you need only give one clear week's notice.

Q. Do I have to make application for canning sugar this year? I know that coupons are to be used, but I wonder whether it is necessary to make any application to use them? And when do they become good?

A. Sugar for canning will be made available through ten spare "P" coupons in Ration Book 3. No application will be necessary this year. The Ration Administration will announce a definite date when the coupons will become valid. It is expected that some will become good about June 1.

TERM EXTENDED

LONDON, — (CP) — The King has approved extension for a further six months of the term of office of Sir Harold Macmichael as High Commissioner for Palestine and Trans-Jordan, the extension of office dating from March 3, 1944.

Home Service

SMART SLIP-COVER

That faded Cinderella of your chairs may become a queen overnight. For today you can pin on colorful slip-cover material, and tomorrow you can baste and stitch.

It's as simple as that to make such a smart slip-cover.

Working the pin-on way, remove the chair cushion and smooth your fabric over the inside back and seat, leaving a four-inch tuck-in hem. For welted seams, work with fabric wrong side out. Pin your pin every three inches and cut off surplus material outside the pins, allowing 1½ inches for seams and baste, inserting the welting from the right side.

This half completes your slip-cover! All that remains is to stitch it up and add the fringe.

Our 32-page booklet gives exact details, step-by-step diagrams for making slip-covers for differently shaped chairs and sofas, also auto seats. Tells how to trim, make pleated flounces.

Send 15c in coins for your copy of Personality In Home Decorations to the Charlottetown Guardian Home Service, address. Be sure to write plainly your name, address and the name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

THE COOK'S CORNER

COOKIE'S FISH FLAKES AND CRUMBS

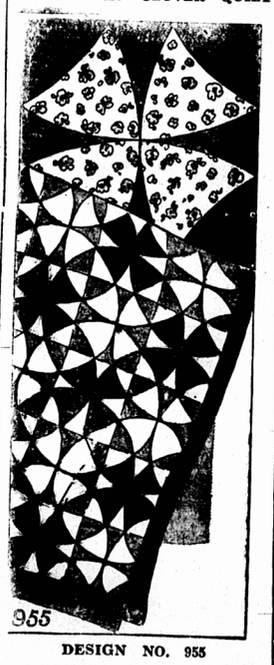
One and one-half to two lbs cold cooked flaked fish —mackerel, salmon or cod are good —2 cups milk, 2 cups coarsely crushed crackers, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-3 teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons butter or cooking oil. Heat the milk with the seasonings and butter, then stir in crackers until all are wet, then add fish, mixing it with the cracker, stirring as little as possible. Heat through and serve —however there is an addition "Cookie" recommended: before adding the fish to the milk and crumbs stir in 2 beaten eggs, and stir until the egg is cooked soft— then add the fish—heat through and serve immediately.

A good dinner can be made of this with tomatoes in some form—scalloped, stewed, or made into jelly mold and served with cole slaw.

Every cook should know how to make regular codfish cakes —but there are many who have never even attempted to —here's your chance to extend your fish program economically and they are a real addition—for they make a good supper or luncheon dish too.

DOMINION GIANT ASTERS
NEW WILT-RESISTANT TYPE
45¢ VALUE - 15¢
GET ACQUAINTED OFFER
Finest of all Asters. One pkt. each Crimson, Shell-pink, Azure-blue, regular price 45¢, for only 15¢, (or 6 separate colors 25¢) Postpaid. Don't miss this remarkable offer.
FREE—Our Big 1944 Seed and Nursery Book. Best yet. Send today.
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, Georgetown, Ont. 23

FOUR LEAF CLOVER QUILT



DESIGN NO. 955

"Four leaf clover" is a favorite old time quilt pattern. Three small patches are set together. Pattern No. X 955 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. 955

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY PROVINCE

The HUNS and JAPS Gloat over
COUGHS & COLDS
that delay the day of reckoning
FOOL THEM WITH
BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE
Coughs and colds are all-out allies of the Axis, postponing the day of Victory by cutting down our production of tanks, guns, planes. Don't let them sabotage your war effort. At the first sign of a cough or cold, take Buckley's Mixture and stay on the job. This grand prescription routs coughs and colds F-A-S-T, keeps you FIT TO DO YOUR BIT. The new improved Buckley formula is all medication—no syrup—acts faster—goes farther. 40c & 75c everywhere. Get a bottle TODAY.
IT'S BETTER IT'S BUCKLEY'S THAT'S WHY

Living & Leisure
The Woman's Realm

SONG BEFORE SPRING

Beneath the snow, the farmlands lie
Waiting the touch of spring.
And winter woods against the sky
Their leafless branches fling.
The groundhogs takes a perky stand,
The squirrels flick their tails,
And Valentines walk hand in hand
On February trails.
—New York Herald-Tribune.

GET PLENTY OF B

Important to get plenty of vitamin B in daily diets, and extra amounts in winter time. Wheat germ . . . a tablespoon or two added to piping hot porridge is an easy way to make sure of this. Important not to cook wheat germ too much —add it about five minutes before porridge comes off the stove. Add it raw to dry cereal, too. And here's another tip: Wheat germ keeps best in a cool, dry place.

FAUCET TROUBLE

Faucet leaks should never be allowed to go unrepaired. They waste water which in turn wastes coal used to heat the water. Instead of jamming the faucet shut, close it firmly, smoothly, but tightly. Many leaks owe their beginning to the fact that faucets are shut tight. The leaking water wears through the washer.

FIRE ON HEARTH ADDS TO FUN OF INFORMAL PARTY

Simplicity is the key-note in home entertaining these days. A few friends, simple refreshment, and quiet conversation in congenial surroundings— these are the ingredients of true hospitality. And clever is the hostess who asks her friends to draw up a chair close to the glow of the fireplace. For there is nothing like the magic of the blazing hearth for producing contentment.

The warmth of the burning logs is more welcome than ever these fuel-rationed days. Everyone is trying to keep the house comfortably warm on the least possible fuel oil or coal and using the fireplace saves fuel in chilly evenings. It's a good idea, too, to draw the window shades as soon as it gets dark. The insulating layer of air between the shade and the glass seals warm air in the house.

SALAD SUGGESTIONS

Add shredded raw beets to cabbage salad . . . Sliced radishes and chopped parsley will provide the right color notes in a potato salad . . . Russian dressing, made by combining equal portions of mayonnaise and chili sauce, is delicious with cabbage or lettuce salad . . . Mould cranberry jelly in a shallow cake tin and cut with a fluted or star-shaped cutter for garnishing cold meat platters, turkey or fruit salads.

UNDIES BECOME FROZEN ASSETS

Britons are wearing the very minimum of underclothes these days, and some have completely dispensed with them. It isn't that the English winter has suddenly turned tropical, but Englishmen, according to an official report, would rather spend their few precious yearly clothing coupons on outer wear. Of course, a small percentage — mainly men — never did wear shorts and shirts and such, by choice. But now they have been joined by a great many others, especially women, who have discovered that by discarding superfluous lingerie, or mending what they have until it falls apart, they can have an extra pair of shoes or jacket. As a result, shopkeepers find they are stuck with an enormous stock of "frozen" night clothes and underwear, and have appealed for a reduction in their coupon values. Clothing Controller Hugh Dalton has consistently turned them down, though. It would give the squanderers too much food for inflation, he believes.

These stock piles won't stay on the shelves for long, however, it's rumoured. The underwear and other "frozen" merchandise — mostly raincoats, dresses and cotton shirts of poor wearing quality —will prove valuable in plans for the rehabilitation of liberated countries.

The make-do-and-mend injunction of the Government has taught even the most expensively dressed Mayfairites the wisdom of thrift.

BROKEN GLASS

Should you drop the bottle of medicine or your nose glasses in the bath tub and they break into tiny pieces, dampen a wad of absorbent cotton and pick up the splintered glass with the cotton. The tiniest particles will adhere to the cotton.

SHOP FOR NEIGHBOURS

Butchers and grocers are so restricted as to deliveries that Australian women face a great marketing problem. They have solved the difficulty in some communities by forming Good Neighbour Clubs whose members take turns doing the shopping for the neighbourhood.

FEET "KILLING" YOU?
HERE'S REAL RELIEF!
Do this when feet are tired and burn. Bathe in Cuticura Soap suds. Massage with Cuticura Ointment. Then, use Cuticura Talcum. Wonderfully refreshing—try it! At all druggists.
MILDLY MEDICATED
CUTICURA SOAP TALCUM OINTMENT

ASHES OF LIGHTING

By VINCENT CORNIER

CHAPTER I
THE NIGHT SHIFT TRAVELS

Across a crowded and smoke-wreathed compartment of the "Lowood Workers' Special" — that agglomeration of ancient engine and carriages plying between Hellersfield City and the moorland village of Lowood — Carol Gilroy watched Giles Moreton.

She adored the tumble of his fair hair above a quite remarkable forehead: a forehead high and wide but creased in worried furrows that ought to have had no place on the brow of a man of 25. She liked the slightly aquiline nose and the tired but gentle mouth. She admired his clever and sensitive hands and guessed a formidable power of will was indicated by the squareness of jaw and cheek-bones . . . But, she decided, she detested his eyes.

If he laughed, the light in them was a lie. The man seemed empty of true merriment. Whatever the lips might do, those cold grey pupils remained calculating or luminous with mockery.

She wondered why. Moreton was neither rake nor cad.

She had heard that he had been a Spitfire pilot, shot down in the Battle of Britain, and subsequently invalided out of the R. A. F. Other women's gossip had it that his nerves were shattered by the experience, and that was the reason for his return to civilian life.

Carol discounted the tale. Malice was behind it, her sensible mind informed her. The handsome Giles had been a thrill to them all when he first entered the works. His cold rebuffs and his air of weary disdain soon collected his would-be admirers into a scorned and furious company.

Carol still pondered. This deadly manner of his was not natural to youth—to British youth, at all events. She started with dismay. Now she had placed it! Giles Moreton had that arrogant and sullen attitude she had often noticed portrayed on the faces of Nazi prisoners.

Oh she was foolish! Poor man; maybe some dim horror of fighting experience still clouded his mind. After all, he was only a boy. She wondered if he had a mother—he needed one, or failing her, some understanding woman to drive off the bat-wing demons that surely must beset his brooding thoughts.

There it was! Carol felt quite proud of her analysis. Here, before her, was an example of what war could do to golden youth. And by the very laws of existence, only a woman's love and infinite devotion could succeed in rapairing the damage.

Nazi indeed- Ludicrous.

There she stopped. Her thoughts flew, frighteningly, along another route.

Moreton was employed by the Lowood Tractors' Corporation as an inspector of final grinding in the tank gears' department. She worked alongside him as a viewer. She had opportunity, greater than most, of observing him.

She recalled, with a feeling of sickness that he talked rarely to his fellow workers, including herself, yet freely with the Czechs and Australians who worked on the bar-lathes and vertical drilling machines at the far end of the shop.

When you came to think of it, fluent German and the difficult Czech tongue were odd accomplishments in an ex-fighting pilot of the R. A. F.!

Carol lit a cigarette and let the rough humour of her fellow passengers sweep her thoughts away from their sinister bent.

The village of Lowood was settled on a patch of grassland at the head of an exquisite little valley which broke the dull bastions of two ranges of heather-covered hills. The late sunshine of that autumn day lighted it, leaving the hills in sombreness. Lowood was a sunny jewell among chilly purpled and shadowed silver rocks. The great camouflaged factory dominated its beauty.

And the passengers, glimpsing it, began their usual evening moan.

"It's still there. Nazis haven't blown it up!"

"Oh, it's not good enough. We'll ha' t' go t' work now, lads."

Carol chuckled. Every night the ritual was similar. Every night she listened to these gibes at the big tractor works. Yet, every night, those self-same grumblers put in an honest shift and took a real and substantial pride in the mounting total of their products.

Now the train came in for its evening interlude. Despite its two old engines, the "special" was reduced to a walking pace by the gradient. Various humorists were hanging out of windows cheering the engine crews and smacking the carriage doors with sticks in a sublime effort to "gee-up" the proceedings.

Inside Carol's compartment Fruity Flintoff was rehearsing a new song he had composed. Fruity was enormously fat but his baritone voice was a joy to hear. Seemingly, he could concoct extempore doggerel on any subject under the sun.

To-night he had taken the date and makers' plates of the two engines as his subject matter, and he wanted his companions to serenade the wickedly - tormented engine drivers with a composition running in sound, to the familiar tune of a slow-moving sentimental song.

"Now get it right this time," Fruity ordered. 'Remember how it goes, lads. Plenty o' feeling; make it juicy. Now—one, two, three . . ."

The song rolled on and Carol revelled in Fruity's ingenuity.

Yet, throughout the whole fantastic uproar, Giles Moreton sat quietly in his corner seat sombrely watching rabbits scuttling away among the tall foxgloves on the lineside; brooding like the windhovers which still hawked the evening moors.

Again she fell to wondering. What was wrong? Assuming, charitably, that Moreton's physical and nervous systems had been shattered by his war experiences, surely, by now, he should have recovered a sense of proportion at least—and, with that, a sense of humour. These men, led by the inimitable Fruity, were truly funny. Their antics were as rich in fulsome comedy as anything she had ever witnessed in the funniest film. She had spent good money on far less vital entertainment.

Perhaps he was an intellectual snob? Maybe, as an obvious ex-public schoolboy and varsity man, apart from having been a commissioned officer, he was a complete snob. Perhaps, again, he was a rebel—"directed" into industry by the Ministry of National Service and hating every hour of his "slavery." Some men were like that.

"Falling in love," the mind-a phrase brought her up short. Carol found herself growing hot and confused; violently angry with herself too. Of all the ridiculous nonsense.

Viciously she threw away her cigarette.

The wind from the open window deflected it—straight into Moreton's face.

Afterwards she calculated that the speed of that flying cigarette must have been upwards of twenty miles an hour. Its deflection from the open window to Moreton's eyes might have been measured, in time, by thousands of a second. Yet the uncanny fellow seemed merely to move his fingers from about his chin and the half-smoked butt was caught neatly between them.

For the first time she saw real laughter in him.

(To be Continued)

Dorothy Dix Says—

EPIDEMIC OF WAR DIVORCES

Natural Sequence Of Hurry-Up Marriages Of Service Men And Girls On Short Acquaintance

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a girl of 20 and married to a boy a year older than I am. We were terribly in love and for four months we lived in a Paradise for two. Then he was sent overseas. Now he has written to say that he has met a girl in Scotland with whom he is madly in love and he wants my consent for a divorce. Shall I give it to him?

I am practically insane from worrying over it, and although I still love him to death, I must think of his happiness as well as my own.

B. M. N.

POSTPONE FINAL DECISION

ANSWER—Play for time. Write your husband that if, after the duration of the war, he still loves his Scotch sweetheart better than he does you that you will give him a divorce, but that you want him to be very sure of his feelings for his own sake and the girl's sake, as well as your own, before you break up your marriage.

Judging from the number of letters I get from servicemen who write me that they have discovered that they have fallen out of love with their wives and in love with some girl they have met at camp, the yen for divorces seems to be sweeping our armed forces like an epidemic. This is not to be wondered at. It is the natural sequence of the hurry-up war marriages in which boys and girls rushed into marriage after an acquaintance of only a few days, sometimes only a few hours, and without any knowledge of each other's characters or habits or previous lives.

No enduring affection could be built upon such a flimsy foundation, for the love that lasts has to be rooted on something deeper than a passing fancy, or a few highballs, or even upon youngsters feeling that they have to get married because all the other lads and lassies are doing it and they will sort of be out of things if they don't.

And it is out of sight, out of mind. As soon as the soldier or sailor is transferred to another camp or overseas the bride of a few days finds that she wasn't in love with Joe or Jack, as she thought she was, and some other youth comes whistling down the street and she dances off with him. And the youthful husband has the same reaction, only more so. In camp he is lonesome. He is bored. He is homesick. He misses the girls he used to play with, and he falls for any skirt that comes his way. And he wants a divorce and to marry this strange girl. And, if he did, he would want to divorce her by the time he got to the next camp and met another charmer.

It is a pity that in order to avoid family mixups and broken homes a moratorium isn't declared against all divorces to both parties of war weddings until after the war is over. That would give the youngsters time to grow up and for their emotions to jell so that they would know what they really wanted in wives and husbands.

DEAR MISS DIX—I have been married for three years to a young army officer and we have a darling baby two years old, and we have been very happy. But recently my husband has been sent overseas and I find he married another girl in another state just before he left. I didn't know anything about this until a few week sago when she wrote me, thinking I was his sister. When she found out about me she had her marriage annulled.

Recently I met a young soldier and we fell in love with each other. He loves my baby too, and thinks more of her than her father ever did. I really love this man and I know I could never forget him, but I hate to divorce my husband because the baby loves him. Please tell me what to do.

AN UNHAPPY GIRL.

UNSTABLE FOLK SHOULD ACT CAUTIOUSLY

ANSWER—I don't think you could have much security in having a husband with such a marrying complex as yours seems to have, for he surely knew that one wife is all the law allows in this country and that two wives are one too many and are liable to land the unhappy possessor in the penitentiary for bigamy.

However, you have priority on the gentleman and as Number Two seems to have eliminated herself, it is up to you to decide whether you want to keep him or leave him. But my advice to you is, that inasmuch as you seem to be as emotionally unstable as your husband, to let the divorce matter ride for the present. Also, find out whether the sailor means business, or is merely passing the time with you.

DEAR MISS DIX—My husband says that all that is required of being worthy to being called a gentleman is uprightness of heart and rectitude of conduct. I say that in addition to a good character a gentleman also includes good manners, good grooming, good language, good taste and cleanliness.

A. R.

ANSWER—Both of you are right in your definition of a gentleman. Any man is a gentleman who is pure of heart and upright in conduct, but while a diamond is a diamond, no matter how rough it is, it is all the more valuable when it is polished.

Losin' Lovin' through BAD BREATH?

76% of all adults have bad breath! Play safe—use
COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER
Scientific tests prove conclusively that in seven out of ten cases COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER instantly stops oral bad breath.
TIP TO SMOKERS! Colgate's Tooth Powder is one of the quickest, easiest ways to guard against tobacco stain and tobacco breath! Get Colgate's today.
SAVES YOU MONEY! Compared to other leading brands, a large tin of Colgate's gives you up to 30 more brushings, a giant tin up to 46 more brushings—for not a penny more!
COLGATE'S TOOTH POWDER 25c 40c
CLEANS YOUR BREATH AS IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
COLGATE'S NYLON TOOTHBRUSH
Cleans those "Hard-to-get-at" places. Colgate Nylon bristles can't get soggy.
SPECIAL VALUE 29¢

A Morning Smile

She was fat and over forty, but she was still kittenish. The young man she had cornered at the party was thinking hard for some excuse to escape.

At last he murmured, "Do you remember the youngster who used to tickle you under the chin at school?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, gushingly, "so that's who you are!"

"Oh, no," said he, blandly. "That was my father."

To slow music, the film showed the poor old mother, discarded by her cruel children, trudging wearily along the road.

The pathos of it, brought tears to eyes of the well-dressed woman in the "eighteen-pennies," and the small boy with her heard her sob.

"Don't worry, mother," he said comfortingly. "When I grow up I won't let you go to the workhouse like that. I'll get you a taxi!"

LIVERPOOL, England — (CP)—Schoolboys working as soapbox cabbies between a railway station and a big R.A.F. training centre have cleared $4,500 in the two years they have been organized. The firm bears the dignified name of "United Nations Transport Service" and the profits are turned into war savings or clothes.

Biscuits that "Click" with the whole family

Magic's Orange-Raisin Biscuits
2 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
½ tspn. salt
2 tbspns. sugar
4 tbspns. shortening
½ cup raisins
1 tbspn. orange rind
1 egg
½ cup milk
Sift dry ingredients together. Cut in shortening until well mixed. Add raisins and orange rind. Beat egg slightly in measuring cup and add milk to make ¾ cup. Add to first mixture. Roll out about ¼-inch thick; cut with floured biscuit cutter. Place on greased pan. Bake in hot oven (475°F.) about 12 minutes. Makes 16.
Your guarantee of Successful Baking

Splendid Cough Relief, Mixed in Your Kitchen

No Trouble. No Cooking. Saves Big Dollars.

Yes ma'am, right in your own kitchen, you can easily mix a cough syrup that can be depended upon for quick results, and gives you about 4 times as much for your money. And no trouble—it's so easily prepared.

You'll need a syrup. Make it by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. No cooking needed. Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey, instead of sugar syrup.

Now get 2½ ounces of Pinex from any druggist, and pour it into a 16 oz. bottle. Then add your syrup. There you have 16 ounces of really splendid medicine for coughs due to colds. It lasts a family a long time, and tastes fine—children love it.

And does it do the work! You'll say it's your favorite cough treatment. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, and helps clear the air passages. Eases the soreness, and lets you rest at night.

Pinex is a special compound of proven ingredients, in concentrated form, well known for prompt action on throat and bronchial membranes. Just try it, and if not pleased, your money will be refunded.

Needlecraft
For The Home

SLEEK TWO-PIECER

A sure-fire way to achieve this season's smart, slim silhouette — with subtle detail on the blouse, and a skirt that takes inches off your hips.

No. 3705 is size 36 requires 4 1-8 yd. 39-in fabric.

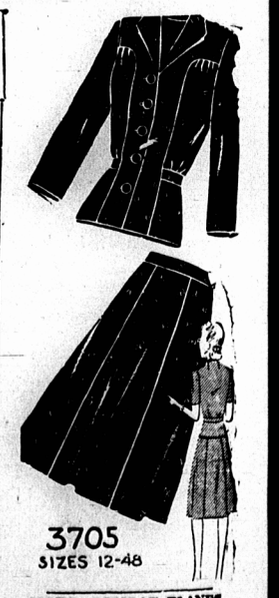
Send 20 cents for PATTERN, which includes complete sewing guide. Print your Name, Address and Style Number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish.

Address, Pattern Department the Charlottetown Guardian.

Name

Street Address

City Province



3705
SIZES 12-48

TILLIE THE TOILER— POPULAR READING!

By WEBSTER

MORE COMBAT PLANES

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28—(AP)—The United States army announced today termination of contracts with three companies for building training planes, in line with the gradual conversion of production from training to combat type aircraft. The announcement said workers making training planes will turn to building combat ships.