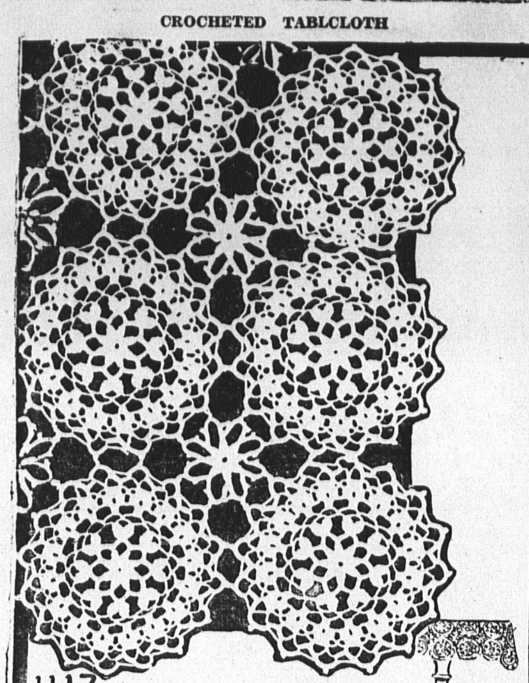
Woman's Realm — Social and Personal — Fashions — Literature

CROCHETED TABLCLOTH



DESIGN NO. 1117

A crocheted tablecloth done in this lovely large medallion in a star and cluster design is ideal for an heirloom piece. It is not a difficult pattern. Pattern No. 1117 contains list of materials needed, illustration of stitches and 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.

To Charlottetown Guardian,
Needlework Department.

Design No. 1117

NAME ——————————————

STREET ADDRESS ——————————————

CITY —————— PROVINCE ——————

THE COOK'S CORNER

CANNED CHERRIES FOR PIES

Sour red cherries are best cooked. For canned cherries for pies later on, wash, stem and pit the cherries, taking care not to lose juice. Heat very slowly until juice is extracted. Bring to boiling. Cook 5 minutes. Pour into hot sterilized jars. Partially seal. Sterilize in the oven 5 minutes at 275 deg. F. Seal. Invert to cool.

PICKLED CHERRIES

Pickled cherries are a native substitute for olives, but you'll have to take the sugar from your ration if you want to make these, since no extra sugar is permitted for any form of pickle. Select and wash firm ripe cherries. Pack unpitted and with stems attached in sterilized jars. Cover with cold vinegar mixture made of 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup cider vinegar, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 1-4 oz. stick cinnamon, 2 tablespoons whole cloves.

Tie spice in cheesecloth. Put all in a saucepan and boil 5 minutes. Cool and remove spice. Pour syrup over cherries and seal, using sterile rubbers and lids.

JEWEL CONSERVE

1 cup gooseberries
1 cup pitted cherries (sour red)
1 cup red raspberries
1 1-2 cups sugar
1 1-2 cups honey

Crush and cook gooseberries 6 minutes. Add cherries, cook 4 minutes, add berries, sugar and honey. Cool 10 minutes. Pour into hot sterile glass. Seal when cold.

RASPBERRIES AND RED CURRANT CONSERVE

4 cups stemmed currants
4 cups raspberries
6 cups sugar

Mix and let stand one hour. Heat slowly stirring often until boiling point is reached. Boil 10 minutes. Pour into sterilized jars and seal at once.

War—25 Years Ago Today

(By The Canadian Press)

JULY 21, 1917—Mutiny along the whole northern Russian line in Galicia forced retreat on a wide front. Austro-Germans attacked positions near the confluence of the Rimnik and Sereth Rivers as fighting resumed in Rumania.

A HOME ON THE RANGE

By Bentley Ridge

"HE LOVES ME"

Tellforth looked at her, and she saw, ill-suppressed in his eyes, something of the recklessness she felt herself. He smiled—and rather surprisingly, swung himself into the saddle without a word.

"Good!" said Myrle. "That's very sensible!"

"Yes, but I'm not going to leave you to walk," he replied quietly. "This nag will carry two."

"I can very well walk," protested Myrle instantly, turning pink.

"Get up in front," said Tellforth.

"No, really——"

"You're wasting valuable time." He squared his jaw obstinately.

To argue was more embarrassing than to obey. He gave her his stirrup and took her hand, and Myrle mounted easily enough; she sat sideways, leaning against his left arm while his right prevented her from falling forward; but as soon as they started she began to think she could never stay on.

She had nothing to cling to but Tellforth, and as the horse broke into a trot she clung desperately, all but the necessity of the moment forgotten.

"All right," said Tellforth.

Myrle nodded breathlessly.

"If this is what young Lochinvar's bride had to put up with," she thought wildly, as she lurched, pounded and swayed, "I don't think she can have liked it."

All the same, as she gradually found her breath and her balance, the feel of the strong arms about her and the shoulder against which she had to lean her head, made her heart beat with something more than fear.

She surrendered herself to the moment and the blood ran warm in her cheeks.

"I shall never feel his arm around me again," she thought. "Never, never, never——"

Was he glad to be holding her like that? He never spoke or looked at her, but gazed ahead with bright, unwavering eyes. But she knew that he was glad; why else had he suggested it?

Time seemed to stand still, and they were alone and inconsequent. There was only the sun above, the movement of the horse and the sound of its hoofs on the road.

Suddenly Tellforth spoke, so softly that she had to raise her head to catch the words.

"I thought you were dead," he said.

But when she looked up at him, his face was lifted, he was looking away. She might have fancied that he had never spoken.

But those words, so quiet, yet so tense with feeling, had told her all that she wanted to know. To have said outright: "I love you!" could not have told her more.

Myrle said nothing. She shut her eyes, and her head rested gently against his shoulder; only her heart beat heavily, wayward and uncontrolled.

The horse trotted on steadily. Tellforth exclaimed once, when they came to the great fissure in the road. But not another word was spoken until they came in sight of the cottage. They saw Evelyn's little figure dart out of the gate and come running towards them.

Myrle slid to the ground, and Tellforth dismounted. She stood by while Evelyn launched herself, yelling ecstatically, into her father's arms.

"Oh, Daddy, why didn't you come before? Daddy, Mrs. Henty's got a baby! And Daddy, Myrle and I swam the river. I thought you'd never come, Daddy!"

"Well, I can see you've got a lot to tell me," smiled Tellforth.

Mrs. Henty rallied remarkably when she heard that help had come; but it was a blow when Myrle had to break to her that nothing had been heard of Jack.

"I had a kind of feeling; I kind of knew something had happened. Oh, where is my husband? — where is he?"

But she soon pulled herself together [illegible] as people in great trouble will.

"There's only one way of getting Mrs. Henty away from here," Tellforth told Myrle, after she came out of the tent. "And that's by plane. We can't get a car over the river."

"Would it be possible to get a plane?"

[illegible]orth said he thought he could arrange it, either through the Earthquake Relief Committee, which was running things in Christchurch, or by getting into touch with a friend at the airport.

"Can you hold on here for a few hours longer, if I take Evelyn with me, and get down to town immediately?"

"Of course, I can," said Myrle.

"I'm afraid it's the only way."

"I assure you I don't mind staying a bit, now I know that everyone is safe, and that the world hasn't come to an end.'

BACK TO REALITY

They had a meal of fried eggs and stale bread, and tea, sitting on chairs round Myrle's cooking fire in the open. Evelyn sat near her father, chattering excitedly.

"I was terribly frightened when the earthquake came — I was terribly frightened. But Myrle didn't seem to be frightened a bit. I hated it when we had to swim across the river, but Myrle tied our clothes on the top of her head, and she looked so funny I laughed. And we were nearly drowned, Daddy—the water carried us away, and I could tell that Myrle thought that we had nearly been drowned afterwards, but she didn't say anything."

"Ah!" said Tellforth. "But that's because Myrle is a very brave person."

"What rot!" laughed Myrle, colouring brightly all the same.

But Evelyn looked at her with flushed cheeks and excited eyes.

"I think so," she said, and rushed on immediately into an account of how she had milked Mrs. Henty's cow.

"I was afraid Mrs. Henty's baby would die," she ended breathlessly. "Like Lola's foal did. But, anyhow, it didn't."

When it was time for Tellforth to go, to Myrle's surprise Evelyn objected.

"But I can't go and leave Myrle, she can't milk the cow!"

When the child had been persuaded to go and say goodbye to Mrs. Henty, Tellforth said to Myrle, with a smile:

"You seem to have won her heart."

"I don't know why,' said Myrle, but she was touched, remembering how three days ago she had wished that Evelyn would dislike her less.

"I saw you riding in front of Daddy when you came along the road," said Evelyn, when Tellforth lifted her up before him.

Both Tellforth and Myrle looked studiously indifferent. He held out his hand to Myrle before they started:

"Thank you for looking after her."

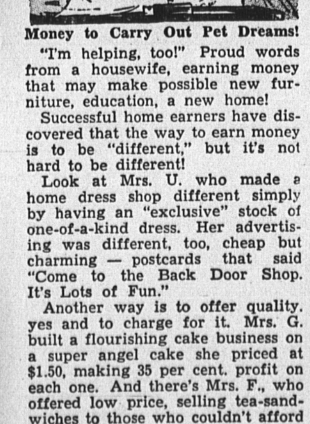
"I'm afraid all I did was nearly to drown her!" said Myrle, laughing again to hide the sudden tears which rose into her eyes.

"Goodbye."

His hand gripped hers convulsively for an instant. He looked at her as though he could not trust himself to speak. Then he was gone.

Continued on page 6, Col 8)

Money Earned by Women at Home



Money to Carry Out Pet Dreams!

"I'm helping, too!" Proud words from a housewife, earning money that may make possible new furniture, education, a new home!

Successful home earners have discovered that the way to earn money is to be "different," but it's not hard to be different!

Look at Mrs. U. who made a home dress shop different simply by having an "exclusive" stock of one-of-a-kind dress. Her advertising was different, too, cheap but charming — postcards that said "Come to the Back Door Shop. It's Lots of Fun."

Another way is to offer quality, yes and to charge for it. Mrs. G. built a flourishing cake business on a super angel cake she priced at $1.50, making 35 per cent. profit on each one. And there's Mrs. F., who offered low price, selling tea-sandwiches to those who couldn't afford caterers' wares.

You needn't invest money or be specially talented to earn at home! Our 32-page booklet explains five main rules of home business success, tells how other women got started making money; describes enterprises you might try. Has ideas for women who can sew, knit crochet, cook, type, [illegible] helpful.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of "21 Ways to Earn Money at Home" to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address and the name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

Dorothy Dix Says—

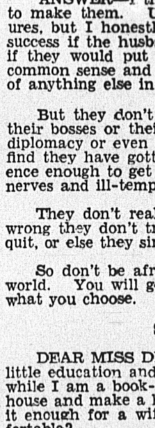
YOUNG WIFE EXPECTS HUSBAND TO BE PERPETUAL LOVER

Woman's Job Is To Bring Peace, Cheer And Comfort Into Home

DEAR MISS DIX—Two years ago, at the age of seventeen, I married a man twelve years my senior. My mother tells me that I have a good husband, but I am disillusioned. He does not measure up to the dream husband or to the romantic lover that I thought he would be. He treats me as part of the house fixtures and is indifferent to my presence so long as his meals are on time and the home spotless. I am very miserable. What shall I do?

MRS. A. S. C.

ANSWER—Yours is another tragedy of a too-early marriage, for it is only when one is in the teens that one is silly enough to expect to get a husband who will be a perpetual lover and the hero of one's dreams.



If you had waited to marry until after you had grown up, you would have seen enough of life to know that no woman gets a Fairy Prince for a husband and you would not have looked for the impossible. You would have been satisfied with just a plain, ordinary human being, such as you are yourself, and you would have thought yourself lucky to have gotten a man who was good and kind and gave you a comfortable home.

THE MOTOR IN THE HOME

Don't resent your husband regarding you as part of the household equipment. That is what every wife is bound to become. She is the motor that keeps the whole works going, and it is no mean compliment that a man pays to the woman to whom he is married when she is just part of the peace and cheer and comfort of his home.

Without knowing it you have probably come to look upon your husband in much the same way — as a sort of cash register — the thing that provides the money that keeps you soft and warm and safe, that gives you pretty frocks and a car and the luxuries that mean so much to a woman.

After a man and woman are married they cease to be romantic figures to each other. They can't keep up the eternal billing and cooing. But, if their marriage is a success, they come to take each other for granted, and being sure of a love that will never fail them they don't have to be always protesting it, or taking its temperature.

You will be wise if you will put all of your vain imaginings and foolish little disappointments out of your mind and realize that you are a very lucky girl to have a husband whose only fault is that he isn't an understudy of some impossible creation of your imagination.

* * * * * * *

ODDS OF HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE

DEAR MISS DIX—Is there anything left in marriage after the novelty of the first year has worn off? Has any one ever proved it to be a satisfactory institution? My mother and father stage a battle royal on the average of three times a week. My aunts and uncles merely tolerate each other because they have to. My cousins look at their fractious children and small pay envelopes, and the chorus from one and all is: "Stay single. Hang on to your job and your freedom."

I am twenty-four, engaged to a man who is wonderful now, but I am afraid to get married. What are the odds on happiness in matrimony.

A. B. C.

ANSWER—I think the odds are just about what any two people want to make them. Undoubtedly the great majority of marriages are failures, but I honestly believe that practically every one could be made a success if the husband and wife were determined to make a go of it, and if they would put into marriage the same amount of determination, of common sense and self-control that they have to use in making a success of anything else in life.

But they don't try to adjust themselves to each other as they do to their bosses or their clients or their customers. They scorn to use any diplomacy or even common politeness in dealing with each other. If they find they have gotten into the wrong environment, they haven't intelligence enough to get up and leave, and they vent on each other all of their nerves and ill-temper and spite at life in general.

They don't really give marriage a fair show, and when things go wrong they don't try to remedy them. They throw up their hands and quit, or else they sink into a sullen acceptance of their disappointment.

So don't be afraid of marriage. It is like everything else in the world. You will get out of it what you put into it and you can make it what you choose.

* * * * * * *

SEEK SPIRITUAL COMPANION

DEAR MISS DIX—I am engaged to a pretty, sweet girl who has very little education and who has never even read a detective story in her life, while I am a book-worm. This girl is very domestic, knows how to keep house and make a home, but so far as culture is concerned she is nil. Is it enough for a wife to know how to cook and make her husband comfortable?

A NEAR-BRIDEGROOM.

ANSWER—Not unless his physical comfort suffices him. If I were a man, I should rather have a wife who would feed my soul than one who would feed my body, one who would be a companion to me rather than a good cook. There is a restaurant or a hot dog stand on every corner where you can get something to eat, but if your wife has no understanding to give you, you will starve to death spiritually. Nor is a man always hungry for food, but he always craves comradeship.

Any woman with fair intelligence can learn how to cook, but a love of reading and for the finer things of life comes by Nature. If a girl is born without the desire for culture, she will never acquire it. You will always speak an unknown tongue to her. And she will always resent your love of reading and feel that books are her deadly rival.

But why choose between a domestic girl and an educated girl when you can so easily get both in the same person?

* * * * * * *

A GIRL'S HOME TELLS A STORY

DEAR MISS DIX—Does a man judge a girl by the appearance of her home? I mean whether it is neat and clean, or dirty and untidy?

BETH.

ANSWER—He certainly does, and if he has any intelligence whatever he doesn't ask the girl to marry him who lives in a slovenly home. He naturally thinks that the girl who is being reared in that kind of a home will keep the sort of a house that her mother does. And he thinks also that if she wasn't bone lazy she would get a broom and mop and clean it up herself.

Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

EVERYDAY THOUGHTS

What have you done today for God or man
To prove yourself a part of His Great Plan
Who sent you here some useful work to do,
Some cross to bear, a life to live that's true?
What have you done to ease another's load,
To help some wayfarer along the road?
What word of cheer from you has made each day
Less weary to some toiler on the way?

SOCK DRIER

To keep your wool sports socks and sockees in shape, dip them regularly in gentle suds that won't shrink woollens. Then take old wire coat hangers and bend them into the shape of your socks and slip your socks on these after washing. These home-made driers are exceptionally easy to make.

SIMPLE ROUTINE IS EFFECTIVE

Some of the simplest, most war-budget-worthy home beauty treatments are of the greatest value of feminine charm.

Keeping hair glossy, skin clear and smooth, and hands nice are things which can be accomplished without spending huge amounts of luxurious preparations.

For instance, a piece of pumice stone costs practically nothing, and will last for years—and there's nothing more effective for taking off stains on hands and keeping hands and feet perfectly smooth. Women who are working with their hands and women who are going stockingless will find in pumice a surprisingly able ally to beauty.

For bleaching the skin — face, neck, arms, a mixture of half lemon juice and half water is excellent. It can be used full strength on the hands.

Beauty Aids

Housewives who have laid in honey to supplement sugar in the kitchen can dip into it for a home-made face treatment. Strained honey mixed with bran to form a paste is a good facial mask. Buttermilk acts as a mild bleach as well as a tightening mask. It should be applied lavishly on clean skin, allowed to dry, followed by another layer of buttermilk, another five-minute drying period, and a thorough rinse with tepid water.

Exercise, fresh air and water are the great skin-clarifiers. Those long walks that every woman is taking are a "cosmetic," too — especially when taken briskly and zestfully.

MAKE DRAINBOARD PAD WITH OLD TOWELS

To keep fine china from chipping by sharp contact with sink drainboard, cover the board with a pad. One can be made very simply by simply cutting old turkish towels to fit the shape and size of the drainboard. Use double or triple thickness, according to the degree of softness you wish, and bind the edges with bias tape. And it will be easy to keep scrupulously clean, too. Wash out in warm soapy water after each using and hang outside to dry.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH

Making every penny count is a constant battle, but you go into it armed, if you have a supply of basic facts. For instance, before you buy a slip, examine it carefully at hemline, shoulder straps, seams and make sure it is washable in gentle, rich suds that are safe for anything safe in water alone. Many manufacturers now attach labels to their garments giving information on washability.

LESS LABOR

To make linoleum look polished without hard work, wash it with rich suds to which a large tablespoon or more of floor polish has been added. The linoleum will not be slippery to walk on, but it will be shiny; even old floor-coverings are happy with this treatment.

KING'S MESSENGER BADGE

By Arthur Follows

The Silver Greyhound, which is the badge of Britain's King's Messengers, has an interesting history. These messengers now carry diplomatic pouches, which must never be out of the messenger's sight. As a safeguard, the pouches are weighted, so that if the messenger's ship goes down, the vital secrets will not fall into enemy hands. The greyhound badge that the messengers wear was devised by Charles II when that king was an exile in Holland. He chose four messengers to carry dispatches to his loyal followers in England, and each messenger a silver-greyhound — broken from the decoration of his porringer. The fleet-footed dog has been the badge of this branch of the British service ever since.

HARD KNOCKS—

Have a way of teaching great lessons. Must be listed among life's great blessings.

Never hurt a man who is on the way up.

Have a way of grading a man according to worth.

Can be compelled to yield big dividends.

Are never so hard as when self-inflicted. Are among life's best educators.

—Roy L. Smith.

ACID AIDS PAINTING OF GALVANIZED IRON

Adhesion of the paint film to galvanized iron which has not been exposed to the weather for six months or so before painting, may be overcome by washing with one of the following: (1) vinegar or diluted acetic acid; (2) diluted hydrochloric acid; (3) ammonia (copper acetate) water.

After one of these solutions has dried, the sheeting is washed with water, allowed to dry and then the paint is applied. A red lead or blue lead priming coat is advised.

EARLY COAL PURCHASES

MONCTON, N. B., July 19—(CP)—Early purchasing of coal and coke, as urged by government officials, is making the busiest summer ever known by Moncton coal dealers. Most dealers report about a 100 per cent increase in summer orders to date, with more expected before the end of August.

Relieves Distress From Monthly FEMALE WEAKNESS

And Helps Build Up Red Blood!

Thousands upon thousands of women and girls who suffer from functional monthly disturbances—headache, backache, cramps, distress of "irregularities", nervous, tired, blue, weak feelings—have obtained most gratifying relief by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets (with added iron).

Pinkham's Tablets not only relieve such distress, they also help build up resistance against it. They help build up red blood! Made in Canada.

Needlecrafts For The Home

When you go to a barbecue, or just to a picnic, you are sure to wish for a picturesque cotton frock such as this charmer.

Style No. 3463 is designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3 1-8 yards 35-inch fabric for pinafore; 1 5-8 yards 35-inch fabric for blouse; 3 1-4 yards braid. Kerchief (not included in pattern) may be made of a square of matching fabric.

To order pattern: Write or send picture with your name and address with 20 cents in coin or stamps to the Needlecraft Bureau Charlottetown Guardian.

The Charlottetown Guardian
Needlecraft Department.

Style No. 3463 Size ....

Name

Street Address

City Province

KELVIN GROVE W. M. S.

The June meeting of the Kelvin Grove W. M. S. was held at the home of Mrs. Stirling Millar, Tuesday evening the 16th. There were ten members and four visitors present. Miss Addie MacMurdo led the worship service and followed the order as arranged in the missionary Monthly, with responsive reading by the members Mrs. Crawford Picketts read a portion of scripture taken from Luke 10th chapter, and Mrs Hubert MacNeill read verses from Hymn no. 582, All Things Bright And Beautiful.—The Hymns sung were, For the Beauty Of The Earth, Come Let Us sing Of A Wonderful Love, and Where Cross The Crowded Way Of Life. Prayer by the leader closed the devotional period.

The President Mrs. Laird then took the chair and minutes of last meeting were read approved and signed, members responded to roll call with a verse of scripture containing the word gift. Reports were given by the various executives. Mrs. Robert Hogg, Community Friendship Secy. reported four sick calls having been made during the month.

Mrs. Millar, reporting for the newly organized Mission Band, stated that the following officers had been elected. President Eleanor MacMurdo, vice-president Edgar Millar, Secy. Audrey Waugh, Treasurer Marion Millar correspondence Secy. Lois MacMurdo.

Meetings to be held in the school during the summer months.

Five names were added to our roll bringing our membership up to nineteen. Mrs Edward MacMurdo had charge of the program and the fourth chapter of the study book was taken up and proved most interesting, taking the form of a question box with Mrs Erskine MacMurdo, Mrs.MacNeil, Mrs Waugh and Mrs. Millar as returned missionaries answering questions asked by the different members.A pleasing feature of the evening was a duet entitled "Send the Light" sung by Mrs Waugh and Mrs. Erskine MacMurdo. Mrs MacMurdo invited members to her home for next meeting, roll call to be answered by a verse of scripture on temperance, Mrs. Millar was appointed as leader and Mrs. E. C. Creeley to prepare program, lunch committee Mrs. Robert Hogg, Mrs. Hubert MacNeil and Mrs. Harold Laird, collection amounted to $3.40 Meeting closed with prayer. After which lunch was served by the hostess assisted by Mrs. Waugh and Mrs. Edward MacMurdo.

A Morning Smile

Judge: And you call yourself a peace loving man?

Defendant—I do, your honor.

Judge—Even after you slugged Casey on the jaw?

Defendant—Yes, your honor, I never saw Casey so peaceful as just after I hit him.

CLEVER

A clergyman noticed a woman named Mrs. Parker, whom he much disliked, coming up his front steps.

Taking refuge in his study, he left his wife to entertain the caller.

Half an hour later he emerged from his retreat, listened carefully on the landing, and hearing nothing below, called down to his wife: "Has that horrible old bore gone?"

The woman was still in the drawing room, but the minister's wife proved equal to the occasion.

"Yes dear," she called back, "she went long ago! Mrs. Parker is here now."

GOING TO INDIA

India's native population will be trained in firefighting by 500 National Service "blitz" heroes from Britain.