

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

## Needlecraft FOR THE HOME



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No one who aspires to an adequate wardrobe can overlook the benefits of extra jackets. Teamed with a skirt or two—look at the suits you'll have.  
No. 2616 is cut in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 2 yards 90-inch fabric for blouse with three-quarter length sleeves. 2 1/2 yards 36-inch for blouse with short sleeves and roll collar.  
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### Don't Make This Mistake When Child Is Constipated

Don't upset a child already upset by constipation with nasty-laxative or harsh, griping cathartics. Give Children's Own Tablets. This new corrective made especially for growing youngsters' needs is so pleasant to take—acts so gently and normally without disagreeable reactions that even the fussiest child won't object to their use. Make laxative-taking time easy on the child and yourself, mother. Get Children's Own Tablets today at your druggist, 25¢.

### BETTER ENGLISH

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "The clouds look as if it was going to rain."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "recoup"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Monotony, botany, villainy.
4. What does the word "intervention" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with "l" that means "easily understood"?

- ANSWERS**
1. Use were after as if. 2. Pronounce re-coop, e as in met, oo as in boot, accent last syllable. 3. Monotony. 4. Act of coming between by way of hindrance; interference. "It was an instance of divine intervention." 5. Lucid.

### MORNING SMILE

**WINDOW DRESSING**  
"Could I try on that red dress in the window?" asked the bright young thing.  
"There's no need to do that," the elderly shop-assistant answered coolly; "we have several fittings-rooms."

**HARD-HEARTED**  
"Please, Mr. Smith," the little girl said to the butcher, "we want it tough."  
"Tough?" said the butcher. "Most people want it tender."  
"Yes, but if we have it tender daddy eats it all."

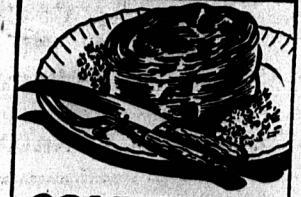
## Dorothy Dix Says—

### WRITE CHEER TO GI's Gossipy, Pithy Letters, Not Bad News, Cheers Soldiers

There used to be a handy volume entitled "The Complete Letter Writer" that was much in vogue and that consisted of a collection of epistles to fit every situation, so that you had only to thumb over the leaves until you came to one that met your needs and, presto, there you were. Fill in the name of the addressee, copy the text of the letter, and you were provided with a mischievous sympathy to Grandma over her rheumatism, or a romantic billet doux to your sweetie.  
Evidently there is still need for such a first aid to letter writing, for many people are smitten with pen paralysis at the mere sight of a sheet of blank white paper, and many others, even those who are tireless talkers, can never think of anything to say when they come to write it down.  
At any rate, to this column come endless requests for information about what to write to me, or son overseas; how to write a letter to a boy I have never seen; what to put in a love letter; how to pop the question by mail, and so on and so forth.

### POSTMAN AWAITED

Probably never before have letters meant so much to us as they do now when they are the thin white line between us and those who are dearest to us on earth. Not many of us in these war-torn times but who know what it is to listen for the footfall of the postman with more eagerness than we ever did for the step of a lover, and to have our hearts go cold with dread when he passes us by. We have been told over and over again, by those in a position to know that nothing boosts the morale of the fighting men as much as letters do, and that many and bitter are the tragedies of those lonely and forlorn souls who have nobody to write to them and who are always looking for a letter that never comes.  
It would be humorous if it were not also pathetic that Mom, who has never talked out to Johnny in the twenty odd years of his life, goes dumb when she tries to write to him. Perhaps it is because she knows her chirography is a little shaky and her grammar not above reproach, and anyway when she is sending a letter so far she feels that it should be full of high-flown sentiments and good advice.  
But Johnny doesn't want Mom to write a letter that would be a runner up for Madame de Sevigne. He wants her to write like herself. He would rather see her scrawl on the outside of an envelope than the finest copper plate. What he is hungering and thirsting for is the home-gossip—about the new babies, the love affairs, what the business is doing, how old Towser still misses him, and about how they long for him and pray for him, and how proud they are of him.  
The only thing that Mom should never put in her letters are the things that would get him down and give him something more to worry about as he lies in a foxhole and wonders if the shell that screams over him has his name on them or not. Let her hand be paralyzed before she writes him that his girl is stepping out with an old sweetheart, or his wife is getting herself talked about, or the quarrels she and her daughter-in-law have.  
And the pattern for mothers' letters is also a pattern for wives. Let them write cheerful letters, or none at all. Let them keep their bad news until they can tell it when clinging hands and tear-filled eyes will rob it of some of its bitterness. For, somehow, the written word has a coldness and finality that the spoken word never has.  
And, above all, let no woman, anywhere, at any time, mail a letter that she has written under the stress of a great emotion. Let her keep it on ice over night. If she does, she will never send it.



### COLD MEAT WITH FRENCH'S MUSTARD

The use of French's Prepared Mustard lifts cold meat out of the ordinary; gives it distinctive flavour and tang. Prove it next time you serve a cold plate.



### ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

But Judy's cold seemed to have improved with her outing, and while a slight business persisted, she was her old self this morning. A little over-confident I thought, her dealings with me; an obvious spirit of camaraderie with James because he it was who had allowed her to enjoy last night's excursion into the show in the neighboring community. We took our spring-cleaning, which has lagged off entirely from us, we went at it with renewed zest. "Talk" because of Judy's throat-condition was desultory and pretty much one-sided. I have a feeling that there will be "side words" heaped up for me to use in that day. I busied myself working at what one has called "the vestibule." generation the name still stands to designate the front door. In modern times this has developed into a room for posting and useful room: the sunning to the main house, in solid wood. I like to think that in the long ago, and as James says "before our time" that there will be hooped or bustled ladies, broad cloth gentlemen, and children door, maybe after a Servant's old Kirk. In all my days no hand has knocked for admission there. For their time the family often slip in or out this way or pause beside its windows. Being fully for those old days, wonder-fan-shape above the door—one can see many views. This afternoon, as I worked at what one has called "the vestibule," I remarked about the quietness of the traffic. Few cars were on the main road and wind, and only the salient and wind, wagon on the second round, passed the public bridge. A truck with lumbering from the woods, new and strong swines for certain farm machinery—James to assist her time. She said to get a few perennials from the woods of late, of narciads ("If I had a leaf of bread I'd sell the half to buy narciads," she said in a scornful, mauve phlox, with the heady fragrance of mid-summer about it, slips of the climbing roses, a white and a pink and when she was promised to guard it from prowling peck, a small golden willow. Katherine has been working at her flower border, putting plants in their permanent quarters. Judy and I—but when I spoke of this to her, she shrugged her shoulders—must put ours in order the first warm day, for the cleaning and other chores forgotten. It is this afternoon I was glad to come indoors from gathering the plants. Meanwhile the new swines, made in the shelter of the yard, well made with bolts and ends and what not, make me there too, to fetch and carry, if he would, to turn and un-turn, with small fetching wreathes, nuts on slim new bolts, all with a crowned air. The new work was so interesting, he found it difficult to find time to come indoors to supper. Only that we happened to have some of our his favorite foods spread, I suspect our combined efforts and enterprises would have been in vain.

### HOUSEHOLD GRAB BOOK

By Roberta Lee

**Food in Cans**  
If all the contents of food in a tin can is not to be used, place the remainder on a dish and put it away in the refrigerator to be used later. Do not leave it in the can.

**Tired Feet**  
If a rather thick rug is placed under the feet while ironing, or while standing very long at any other task, the work will not be nearly so tiresome.

**Soap Flakes**  
Try beating the soap into a foam with the egg beater. It will require fewer flakes and will give better suds.

The pleasure it gives the public, and as a means of raising funds for worthy causes, but also in promoting a spirit of good-fellowship and co-operation and understanding, so obvious last evening among the members of the cast. The performers all from the city were gifted in their lines. I can appreciate the work and personal sacrifice it entails especially in the busy-ness of the times to have an entertainment or play perfected to the point where it is ready to be presented to a new critical public. "It would be a pity" that's what I said to Judy "if this particular and talented cast disbanded without presenting an entire play with specialties and all." But you even James would come to see it! that's what Judy said to me. . . .

When we came away from the hall, I, with many of the ways of girlhood, forgotten didn't know whether to match my steps with Mrs. A's brisk ones returning to the car or not. Something, it may have been pure intuition or a what-I-have-you, warned me to loiter a little with Judy. It was then a brave young man soul in course to the immortal lad, who once "stood on the burning deck" and incidentally a very good friend and neighbor of ours seized the opportunity to ask a favor of me for Judy. His car followed ours at a respectful distance, and as I walked up from lane's end, where Mr. and Mrs. A. left me, the car light's pointed out an intriguing path for me. We have lunched now and Judy has everything in order for the morning—now not so far away. She sits down, to account tonight's doings to James, who receives the same in a calm and untroubled manner, with no thought of the morrow, so fast approaching. But there Judy yawns openly, and says in James' own words: "this won't be the time in the morning."  
Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night.



## Barbara Gould

Complete range of Barbara Gould preparations available in Prince Edward Island at  
REDDIN BROTHERS CHARLOTTETOWN

## Living & Leisure THE WOMAN'S REALM

As you are woman, so be lovely; as you are lovely, so be various; as you are various, so be constant as various; as you are constant as various, so be mine, as I yours forever.  
—Robert Graves

### ICE CREAM VARIATIONS

- To one pint vanilla ice cream add the following:
1. One cup chopped well-drained mixed fruits—bananas, orange, canned pears or peaches.
  2. One-half cup pureed pulp, pulp, and 1 tablespoon lemon juice.
  3. Three-fourth cup crumbled macarons or stale chocolate cake.
  4. One-half cup coarsely grated semi-sweet chocolate.
  5. One-half cup chopped candied drained cherries or maraschino cherries.
  6. One teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, and a few drops yellow vegetable coloring.
- Serve by spoonfuls on angel or sponge cake. If you work quickly the ice cream will not become soft. If it does, place in refrigerator tray until firm.

### HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

A mourning band should be from 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 inches wide. It is made of dull broadcloth or serge coats of winter clothing; of serge on summer clothing.

### HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

When there is only one man at a dinner with several women, the men should do in no hurry to be seated so the one man will have a chance to seat at least two or three of the group.

### EASILY FOUND

Place a row of tacks at the back of the medicine cabinet and on these suspend the eye dropper, other articles so hard to find when left on the shelf among the various bottles of medicine.

### HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

A No. 13 invitation should be from 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 inches wide. It is made of dull broadcloth or serge coats of winter clothing; of serge on summer clothing.

### CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter or shortening  
1/4 cup sugar  
1 egg unbeaten  
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 8 cups BRODIE'S Self-Raising Flour  
1 cup milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add melted chocolate and blend. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in greased 9 inch layer pans in moderate oven 350°F for 30 minutes.

### The All-Time Favorite!

How the men of your family will cheer when you serve their year-round favorite made from this special Brodie & Harvie recipe. Lighter, fluffier, they'll love its extra-rich chocolate-y flavor. And best of all, you can be sure of perfect results every time. You see Brodie's Self-Raising Flour comes to you "ready-mixed" with special leavening ingredients and salt scientifically blended in the correct proportions for baking success. Get a package of Brodie's Self-Raising Flour from your grocer today. See for yourself how easy it is to turn out deliciously light and tasty pastry, cakes and cookies.

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AND YOU'LL WHISTLE WHILE YOU WASH!

BECAUSE it washes clothes the whitest, safely—all leading washing machine makers recommend Rinso. Wonderful for tub washing, too. Soaks out dirt—saves hard rubbing and boiling. That saves the clothes!

Rinso gives heaps of soapy-rich suds even in hardest water. Safe suds that get washable colors bright as sunlight. Energetic suds that wash even grimy work clothes spotlessly clean. Marvelous suds for dishwashing and all cleaning.

You'll never be satisfied with anything else once you see Rinso whiteness.

**RINSO GIVES THE WHITEST WASH!**

### COOK'S CORNER

#### HONEY BUNS

The flavor of these buns—a quick type, leavened with baking powder—is one that everybody likes.

**For the Buns:**  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 cup liquid honey  
1/2 cup crisp breakfast bran cereal  
1/2 cup currants, washed and well drained  
2 cups once-sifted pastry flour  
1 1/2 cups once-sifted hard-wheat flour  
1 1/2 tsp; baking powder  
1 teaspoon salt  
4 tablespoons chilled shortening.

**For the Glaze:**  
1 tablespoon liquid honey  
1 tablespoon butter, melted  
Combine the milk and 1/2 cup honey and stir in the crisp breakfast bran cereal and prepared currants. Set aside to soak for about 10 minutes.  
Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt.

#### RUG IS MADE FROM SCRAPS

A rectangular rug is crocheted from scraps cut in strips. Easy to make and may be used in any room in the house. Pattern No. 289 contains complete instructions.

To order pattern: Write or send above picture with your name and address with 15 cents in coin to Postal Scrip to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian.

Design No. 289

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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Design No. 259

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

The concert was most enjoyable. Judy, who up to this time had never attended such a show in the country, liked it, and at once pronounced it "good." Such an entertainment is good, not only for

Our social activities, Judy's and mine have taken on an increased tempo of late. This evening early (too early James thought, regarding his usual wakening!) we strolled "in the road" to join Mr. and Mrs. A. in attending a variety concert in the hall in the next district to this. It was a secret. I had kept from Judy all day, so that it came in the nature of a pleasant surprise to her. Once on our walk I paused to look back, toward Aldeia, not as Judy said "to see if James is holding up there, but to catch the reflection of the sunset on my new western window. A smoke wreath from a hardwood stick had put out on the fire before leaving was spilling lazily upward. We saw the green-clad slopes and the budding trees as we made a short distance with the green. A white cat grazed across our path. "Good luck or bad?" Judy asked even as I told her "mine will tell." "It might mean rain," she said in fun, as we quickened our steps.

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