

LET'S EAT

Children Will Enjoy Candy Pin-Wheels

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Every normal child, and most grown-ups, like candy. They need it, too, in controlled amounts. One solution is to serve candy for dessert, and here's a brand new kind to make at home. You don't even have to cook it! Keep in the refrigerator and slice as needed.

DEBUT: CANDY PIN-WHEELS

This recipe calls for candy in two forms which, properly combined, make the pin-wheels.

Peanut Butter Candy: Empty 1 pkg. homogenized instant vanilla pudding into a large mixing bowl. Add 1 pound box (3 1/2 c.) sifted confectioner's sugar, 1/2 c. soft butter or margarine, 1 egg white, 1/2 c. evaporated milk or cream and 1/2 c. peanut butter. Stir until well mixed, then work about 2 min. with a spoon or the hands to make a creamy smooth ball.

Chocolate Candy: Empty 1 pkg. homogenized instant chocolate pudding into a large mixing bowl. Add 1 pound box (3 1/2 c.) sifted confectioner's sugar, 1/2 c. soft butter or margarine, and 1/2 c. evaporated milk or cream. Stir until well mixed; then work about 2 min. with a spoon or the hands to make a creamy smooth ball.

To Put Together: Between sheets of waxed paper roll the Peanut Butter Candy to form a 1/2" thick circle. Do the same thing with the Chocolate Candy. Peel off the top sheets of waxed paper. Flip the Chocolate Candy over the Peanut Butter Candy, peel off the top sheet of waxed paper. Roll up, pulling off waxed paper as you go along. Wrap and chill thoroughly.

KEEP IN TRIM

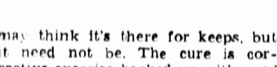
The Dowager's Hump—A Sign Of Age

By Ida Jean Kain

A dowager's hump is a telltale sign of age. This protrusion of fat which perches on the seventh cervical vertebra at the nape of the neck always is a shocking surprise.

Perhaps you haven't taken a backward glance for some time... but viewing the new millinery creation that the salesgirl assures you takes years off your age, you suddenly notice a small but unmistakable hump at the bend of the neck. How long has this been going on... where did it come from?

Well, it comes from bending the head forward over the years, perhaps while reading, knitting or typing. Erect head carriage is the only prevention. Once having an excessed this annoying appendage, you



Banishes "Dowager's Hump"

may think it's there for keeps, but it need not be. The cure is corrective exercise backed up with good head carriage.

Here is an easy-to-do set of exercises to banish the hump. The first corrective exercise helps counteract the forward bending tendency which is the natural result of most of our work activities.

Position: Lie face down in floor, arms down at sides.

Slice Candy Pin-Wheels 1/4" thick or to desired thickness. Makes 3 1/2 lbs. Keeps up to 2 weeks in the refrigerator.

BUFFET DINNER

Celery Pickles Carrot Sticks
Chili Con Carne
Candy Pin-Wheels or
Beet-Green Pepper-Onion-Salad
Candy Pin-Wheels or
Lemon Parfait

Coffee Tea Milk
Lemon Parfait: Separate 3 eggs; beat the yolks light. Add 1/2 c. sugar and 2 1/2 lbs. fresh or frozen lemon juice. Fold in 1 lb. heavy cream, whipped stiff, or use whipped evaporated milk. Then beat and fold in the 3 egg whites.

Rinse a refrigerator tray with cold water line with cookie crumbs made by rolling 2 vanilla wafers fine. Spoon in the dessert mixture. Cover with a thin layer of cookie crumbs.

Place in the freezing unit of the refrigerator, or in the food freezer, and freeze 1 to 2 hrs., or until firm. Cut in squares to serve. If desired, garnish each with 1 tbs. almost thawed frozen strawberries or raspberries.

DEVELOPED HAM BISCUITS FROM THE CHEF

Make baking powder biscuits from a favorite recipe or use a mix. Roll to 1/2" thick into oblong shape, cut in even 1 1/2" squares. Spread half with the contents of 1 (2 1/2 oz.) can devilled ham mixed with 1/2 tbs. butter or margarine and 1/2 tbs. table mustard.

Top with the remaining squares. Brush lightly with milk. Bake 20-25 minutes in a hot oven, 400 degrees F.

November Wedding at Basilica



The marriage of Mary Lola daughter of Mrs. Hazel Johnson and the late Mr. Johnson, of Halifax, to John Bernard, son of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Fleming of Charlottetown, was solemnized at St. Dunstan's Basilica on Tuesday, November 9, at 8:15 a.m. The members of the bridal party are from left to right: Mr. Charles Johnson, best man; Mr. and Mrs. John B. Fleming Jr., the groom and bride; Mrs. Maurice Goodwin, bridesmaid; Mr. William Murphy, usher; Mr. Gerard Hanlan, usher—(Photo by Meyers).

An autumn wedding was solemnized at St. Dunstan's Basilica, Charlottetown, on November 9, when Mr. Bernard Fleming, son of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Fleming, and Miss Lola Johnson, daughter of Mrs. Hazel Johnson and the late Mr. Fred Johnson and the late Mr. Fred Johnson and the Rev. Francis Corcoran officiated and celebrated the Nuptial Mass. The groom's nephews, Leo and Bernard Murphy, acted as altar boys.

The church was decorated with pink and white asters and chrysanthemums. The bride, given in marriage by her uncle, Mr. Thomas R. Cullen, chose a slipper-length gown of Charvillat lace with tiered skirt overlaid and bolero jacket edged with tulle and bolero jacket edged with seed pearls. Her fingertip-length veil, trimmed with mother of pearl sequins, fell from a small sequined headpiece. Her bouquet was of Pink Delight roses.

As matron of honour, Mrs. Maurice Goodwin, sister of the

groom, wore a dress of yellow net with yellow headpiece and a nose-gay of Tawny Gold roses. Mr. Charles Johnson, brother of the bride, acted as groomsmen. Mr. Gerard Hanlan and Mr. William Murphy were ushers.

The bride's mother, Mrs. Hazel Johnson, wore a dress of sea-blue crepe and silver lame with silver and coral accessories and a pink necklace. She wore a corsage of pink roses. The groom's mother, Mrs. John B. Fleming, was dressed in mauve wool crepe with matching accessories and muskrat cape. Her corsage was of yellow roses.

Mr. Frank McIntyre, accompanied on the organ by Mrs. Joseph Dougan, sang several beautiful hymns during the Nuptial Mass.

A reception was held at the groom's mother's, Mrs. John B. Fleming, at the Queen's Hotel for approximately 60 guests. The toastmaster, Mr. William Murphy, called on Rev. Francis Corcoran to propose the toast to the bride, to which response was made by the groom. Rev. F. MacDonnell proposed a toast to the bridesmaid; this was responded

for by Mr. Charles Johnson. Brief remarks expressing congratulations and good wishes were made by Rev. Preston Hammill, Mr. T. R. Cullen and Mr. Jerome O'Brien. For going away Mrs. Fleming wore a charcoal orlon dress, gray kidskin jacket, shrimp pink hat and gloves, with alligator shoes and handbag, and a corsage of pink roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming left by car on a honeymoon trip to Toronto and other central Canadian points.

Morning Smile

The barber had cut him, nicked him, and gashed him. "Give me a glass of water, please," gasped the victim. "You aren't going to faint, I hope," asked the barber in alarm. "No," replied the victim. "I just want to see if my mouth still holds water!"

Christmas Cake

1 lb. butter
1 lb. brown sugar
7 eggs (beaten)
4 to 5 cups sifted flour
2 tsp. nutmeg
2 tsp. allspice
2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. baking powder
tbs. milk
tbs. lemon extract
tbs. vanilla
tbs. seeded raisins
tbs. seedless raisins
1 lb. date
1/2 cup cherries
1/2 lb. walnuts
1/2 lb. mixed peel

Method: Cream butter, add sugar and beaten eggs, add milk, lemon extract and vanilla. Add chopped nuts, fruit and peel which have been well floured. Lastly add sifted flour, baking powder, salt and spices.

Beat mixture well and bake in 3 cake tins, well greased and lined with wax paper. Oven heat, 350 degrees F., for 30 minutes. Small cake 1 1/2 hrs.; medium, 2 1/2 hrs.; large, 3 1/2 hrs.

GOOD SUPPER

BRIDGEPORT, Ont. (CP)—The Women's Institute of this village near Kitchener found the way to a dollar in the stomach. The annual sauerkraut supper this year reaped \$700 for flood relief from more than 500 eager eaters.

PIONEER NURSE

Jeanne Mance, who founded the Hotel-Dieu at Montreal in 1643, was born in France in 1606.

AIRLINE STEWARDESS WANTED

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Nicholson-Swim Wedding



Pictured above are Mr. and Mrs. William Nicholson who were married at Doaktown, N.B., recently. From left to right are: Miss Elizabeth Nicholson, (sister of the groom), bridesmaid; the bride, the former Mary Lou Swim of Doaktown, N.B.; the groom, William Nicholson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ewen Nicholson, Summerside; best man, Donald Nicholson, brother of the groom.

ELLEN'S DIARY

by an Island Farmer's Wife

Silver—that is the shade we remember now of this day. Silver of rain washing down the windward windows; of raindrops of crystal clinging to the twigs and branches of the bare trees and shrubbery about.

Silver of cloud on the hilltop and of tiny rain-made brooklets that ran down, ever down, to swell the water of the troubled mill-stream... And the farmers looked a bit doleful at the prospect of another damp November day with much of our turnip crop still on the fields "and not one sod turned yet!"

And we heard two lads at their bedroom window offer some disappointment over the damp down.

"Rain again!" Jamie said. "Yes, rain again!" Gage agreed soberly "there'll be no town this morning!" Given fine weather, this was the morning set to take the lambs off to market—those that both here and at Alderley in respective flocks have been gleaming nice pickings of late along meadow and pasture. Because of the occasion, in a rare happening, the two were to skip morning classes and be taken on the trip to the city.

"Better for them to go to school!" we had commented to James of the matter. "Now there's where you could be wrong, Ellen!" James offered "it might be them who gain more of value to them on the outing than they would ever learn in school. It's a great education for a farm-boy to know something of the other side of farming—the financial part of it. Supposing they, all of a sudden, found that they had to do the marketing, what then? At my father's death, when I was only fourteen, just a little more than a year older than Jamie is now, I had to take that responsibility. And for a while, until I got some experience at it, how it worried me! If I had to go to town, with a load of pork-hogs were butchered at home in those days—I never slept too well the night before! So I think farm-boys should know something of it—of markets, and methods of selling, of weights and prices, if they show any inclination for it. Yes, Ellen, there'll be a lesson in it for them," he smiled, "if it be only to show them that money doesn't grow on bushes!"

"Didn't get that 'coon yet. But he's been around", Gage, rosy cheeked from a pre-breakfast ramble to

a trap announced to his grandfather the other morning. "You'll get him yet!" James beamed. "I like to see boys interested in something that will make them a cent, something with some work to it! For bread and butter won't fall into folks' mouths, in this world—everyone has to busy himself to get it." The youngster nodded. "When the season opens, I'm going to set traps of my own down along the stream—for muskrats, or perhaps I'll get a mink! Did you trap when you were a boy?"

"No, I never had much time for that. But I'll tell you: I once knew a little fellow who was at that sort of work—he started rabbits and sold them to fox-ranchers, and he had a bit of a trap-line along the creeks. This time of year he had to be up early to make his rounds before school. But rain or shine, you'd catch sight of him... and that boy always had a dollar in his pocket. Yes, if a lad's ambitious and industrious, he'll make a living!"

Silver of day. Silver of night—above the millstream. Day and night of November! — — — Diary — — — Good-night



BAKED APPLE PUDDING

6 tart apples
1/2 cup water
4 tbs. cornstarch
1 tsp. cinnamon
6 tbs. butter
3/4 cup brown sugar
Thinly slice apples, put in greased pan adding water and cinnamon. Blend together the sugar, cornstarch and butter until crumbly. Put over apples and bake 1 hour. Serve with cream.

—Mrs. Harold Muttart, Carleton Place, Ont.

Household Hint

Decorate a bread board with stencils, then wax for use as cheese board.

Magic RAISIN SCONES

Mix and sift into bowl, 1 1/2 c. once-sifted-pastry flour (or 1 1/2 c. once-sifted all-purpose flour), 3 tps. Magic Baking Powder, 1/2 tsp. salt. Cut in finely 4 tbs. chilled shortening and mix in 1/4 c. washed and dried raisins and 1/4 c. lightly-packed brown sugar. Combine 1 slightly-beaten egg, 2 tbs. milk and a few drops almond flavoring. Make a well in dry ingredients and add liquids; mix lightly with fork, adding milk if necessary, to make a soft dough. Knead for 10 seconds on a lightly-floured board and pat out into greased pie plate (7 1/2" top inside measure) and mark into 6 pie-shaped wedges. Bake in hot oven, 425°, about 18 minutes. Serve hot with butter or margarine. Yield—6 scones.



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A few hints for the woman who must pack a number of lunches for husband or school children to prevent monotony: Use variety breads—enriched white, cracked or whole wheat, raisin, cinnamon, rye, pumpernickel or French bread. For fillings try peanut butter mixed with grated carrots and mayonnaise; cottage cheese and apple butter; or cream cheese and raisins with enough milk added to soften the cheese to spreading consistency.

SADIST - MASOCHIST SORT OF EXCHANGE

DEAR E. S.: It occurs to me that when Ralph has nothing more immediate or more amusing to do, he turns to you for an evening of sadist-masochist conversation. He talks to you continually of marriage because he senses it is in your thoughts concerning him, I suppose.

Whether his mockery is calculated or unconscious, he is teasing you with hostile relish, when he varies his skittish views about women. As for your long-time interest in him, it stems from unresolved problems in unhappy relationships in early life, I think. For some obscure reason, you gravitate to frustration as the emotion you associate with "love".

It is possible that Ralph captured your imagination because he is, elusively reminiscent of some key person who indelibly marked your formative experience. Maybe he has qualities — of looks, mannerism, voice — that suggests your father; or perhaps a brother; maybe even your mother — somebody who casually thwarted your hopes of getting close to his (or her) heart.

FIGURATIVELY SHE IS SLEEP-WALKING

In your futile suffering of Ralph's bored visits, you are sleepwalking, so to speak, in a busted dream of long ago. You are still involved in a childhood pattern of anxious patient longing,

Don't Skip Meals

Skipping meals, of course, is not sound dieting. Actually, you should learn proper eating habits while dieting, so you won't put on that unwanted weight again after the diet has been completed.

Thus, you see, dieting is serious business. If you want to lose weight, fine. But be sure you aren't robbing your body of vital supplies while doing so.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Mrs. M. R.: How can I get rid of scabies?
Answer: Scabies is a skin infestation produced by the itch mite. After a thorough bath with hot water and soap, you should apply sulfur ointment.
An emulsion containing DDD and benzyl benzoate, used under the physician's direction, may also be helpful.

and waiting, for acceptance by an indifferent Somebody.
You should be prompting possibilities of a satisfactory life on the adult plane — by developing realistic social competence, in respect to useful associations. Instead, you are still groping in a mist of childhood distress. You are still bidding for reassurance by proxy, to meet a cruel insufficiency in some relationship dear to you. I think that's how Ralph gets into the unconscious picture — a case of mistaken identity, we might say.
A few firsthand talks with a good psychiatrist would help to break the spell of your bootless fixation. And in the city through which you write, there is a psychiatric clinic attached to the city hospital, with office hours Wednesday afternoon.
M. H.
Mary Haworth counsels through her column, not by mail or personal interview. Write her in care of The Guardian, Charlottetown.



by Anne Adams