Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

FOR THE WOMAN READER

Buckwheat cakes and sausage time—
Bins forgiven and no more crime.
Maple syrup a-runnin' free—
Come sit down to a bite with me!
Old weather's about and rantin', too,
But he can't hit me nor he can't hit you
If there's buckwheat cakes in heart and mind
And a spirit of sort of feelin' kind.
—F. McK.

LEANING OVER CUP

Watch carefully the very natural tendency to lean far over the table when drinking from a well-filled cup of tea or coffee or when taking soup or other liquid food. This is a bad habit unconsciously adopted by many people who are tall, or whose hands are a bit unsteady when holding a heavy cup, or who sub-consciously have a fear of spilling something on cloth or the lap.

In this connection be it said that it is the duty of every hostess to see that no overflow of liquid from a cup is present in the saucer with consequent danger of dripping; and it is the privilege of one dining in a restaurant to request that the saucer be freed of liquid or a clean one produced in case the cup has overflowed in serving.

Never scrape the bottom of the cup on the edge of the saucer to free it of drops. That is equally as bad a faux pas as leaning over.

HOW MANY IN A DOZEN

Ask someone the following question, "How many pennies are there in a dozen?"

"Twelve," he will reply.

"And how many halfpennies?" is the next question.

"Twenty-four," he will reply.

Then explain the catch by saying "Oh, I always thought there were only twelve half-pennies in a dozen."

NECKLACE AS THE FINISHING TOUCH TO FROCK

When choosing a necklace to put the finishing touch to your frock, select beads that either go with anything or tone definitely with each particular frock.

The woman who has a short neck should never wear a choker, however attractive the necklet may look to her in the hand.

It is often possible to have a few beads added to a necklace that particularly fascinates which will drop the line to about two or three inches from the throat. Very large beads should be avoided, of course, and simple clasps are best.

The tall, thin girl, especially if she is dark, can wear big beads and bright colours, but very quaint or unusual necklaces must be chosen for a simple frock as its sole decoration.

CHAPPED HANDS

Cold weather and especially cold winds, are the immediate cause of chapped hands.

In normal health the skin is protected by little glands which supply a natural oil. This keeps the skin soft and supple.

When you wash this protection is temporarily lost, but in warm weather it is quickly replaced. In winter the cold air prevents this natural oil from doing its work and the skin cracks in consequence.

As a precaution it is wise to wash your hands some time before going out of doors and see that they are thoroughly dry. There is then much less chance of chapping.

Cold cream is as good an application to use as any.

900 YEAR OLD ABBEY NEARS COMPLETION

Selby Abbey, Yorkshire, although founded by William the Conqueror in 1069, will not reach completion until 1935, when the two western towers now being added and forming part of the original plans will be completed.

Completion has been made possible by modern developments which through underpining, permit the foundations of the two towers to be made secure, a difficulty which prevented the more than partial construction of the towers in earlier days.

Selby Abbey, today, consists of a double-aisled Norman Nave and decorated Choir, a Central Tower and North and South Transepts.

The interior is very beautiful. The Norman Nave has an arcade of eight bays, with massive piers. Above is the Triforium, Norman and Transitional, on the North side, Norman and Early English on the South, and above this an Early English Clerestory on both sides.

A Famous Window

The Choir is "decorated" built in the Fourteenth Century, to replace the Norman Choir. The Clerestory has beautiful decorated windows in the seven bays. At the East end of the Choir is the famous Jesse window, with Fourteenth Century glass, and tracery of exquisite flamboyant style.

The Sacristy with Scriptorium above, off the South aisle, is regarded by many as the finest in the country.

The North and West doorways are splendid examples of late Norman work.

Over the North doorway is a Transitional porch, above which is a chamber, at all times windowless, containing an altar base.

The Monastery was dissolved in 1539, and the present Church made "parochial" in 1618. In 1690 the central tower fell, and in 1906 was the Great Fire, the building being restored at a cost of 45,000 pounds. The South Transept was rebuilt in 1912.

IT'S WONDERFUL HOW BUCKLEY'S CAN FIX A COLD SO QUICKLY

That's what surprises everyone who takes BUCKLEY'S for the first time. Accustomed to ordinary cough remedies they don't expect any benefit for several days, and often don't get relief then, and are astounded to find that the very first dose of BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE gives unmistakable relief. Take Miss Mary Rysary, Glenside, Sask., for instance — She writes:- "Last Winter I caught a very severe cold. I tried several remedies without deriving any benefit. At a friend's suggestion I tried BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE. It is wonderful how it can help a cold so quickly."

Whether your cold is merely in the sneezing, sniffing stage, or away deep down, Buckley's will bring you prompt, sure, safe relief.

It acts like a flash—A single sip proves it.

AUCTION SALE

OF PURE BRED SHORTHORN CATTLE

At the residence of Ernest Mutch, Mt. Herbert, on Saturday, January 20th, at 2 o'clock, as follows:

One Pure Bred Shorthorn Cow, 8 years old, freshened, one pure bred Shorthorn Cow 2½ years old, One Heifer 1½ years old, One Bull 1½ years old. These cattle are bred from the Best Pure Bred Stock on Prince Edward Island.

Terms at Sale.

(Signed) ALBERT FORBES, Mt. Herbert.

4510.

PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

In The Surrogate Court
24th George V., A. D. 1934

In re Estate of Hugh Stanhope MacLeod late of Charlott town in Queen's County in the said Province, Accountant deceased intestate

By the Honourable HAROLD LEONARD PALMER, Surrogate, Judge of Probate, etc. etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County

GREETING

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of William E. Bentley of Charlottetown, Queen's County aforesaid, Barrister, the Administrator of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Surrogate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Friday the ninth day of February next coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock fore-noon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of William E. Bentley, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner.

And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at or near the Bank of Nova Scotia and at or near the Royal Bank of Canada both in Charlottetown aforesaid so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court (L. S.) this 8th day of January A. D. 1934 and in the 24th year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) H. L. PALMER, Surrogate.

4172

THE COOK'S CORNER

Marvel Cheese Spread Has Many Uses

½ pound package American Cheese
1 1-3 cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
3 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Paprika

Cut cheese in small pieces and melt with sweetened condensed milk in top of double boiler, stirring frequently. Remove from fire. Add butter, salt, pepper and paprika. Beat until smooth. Cool. Keep in covered jar.

Serve on crackers, between toasted bread or as filling for pears or peaches in salad.

Fresh Peach Ice Box Dessert

¾ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon almond extract
1 cup fresh peaches, crushed
1 dozen lady fingers or slices of stale sponge cake.

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and lemon juice until mixture thickens. Add salt and almond extract. Add crushed peaches.

Line a mold with lady fingers or slices of sponge cake. Pour in half the peach mixture. Cover with layer of lady fingers. Add remaining peach mixture and top with layer of lady fingers.

Chill for several hours. Unmold and serve.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Great Love Can Survive Even Poverty-Stricken Marriage — Shall a Man Fire His Efficient Secretary to Please His Jealous Wife? — Fortune Tellers

Dear Miss Dix—What would you advise a boy and girl to do who are desperately in love with each other, and who see no prospect ahead of them of being able to marry unless they are willing to face a very low scale of living in order to be together, as the man only makes $10 a week? The girl is as straight as they make them and there has never been a woman in the man's life, and they are trying to cling to their ideals. But they have grown discouraged and have about decided that they might as well take a chance at some happiness now, as their future looks dark. Shall they do this, or get married and try to live on the man's salary, which isn't as small as it seems, as they live in a little town where things are cheap? Things can't go on as they are. They must do something. But what:

THE MAN.

Answer:

Under the circumstances I should say: Get married. Take the strait and narrow road, even if it is a hard one. It will lead you to more happiness than the flowery path.

You are living now. The girl is living. Why will it cost you any more to live together than to live apart? I have never been able to understand why a liaison was a more economical arrangement than an honest marriage, nor why an under-the-rose establishment costs less than a home in the open.

Of course, a marriage has a better chance of happiness if it is adequately financed, and, as a general proposition, no one could honestly advise the average young couple to marry on a shoestring. It is too likely to break when the strain of poverty is put upon it. It is only the exceptional man and woman who are capable of living on bread and cheese and kisses and still finding any flavor in the kisses, or even any desire to kiss and not bite each other. It takes a great love to enable a husband and wife to toil unremittingly for each other, to go shabby, to be deprived of amusements, to be hungry and cold and torn with anxieties about the future and still to find compensation for all they have to endure in just being together.

But there is such a thing as the grand passion. There are men and women who can cry "All for love and the world well lost," and these are justified in marrying even if they haven't a spat dime between them. They will find their happiness in each other and, somehow, some way, Cupid seems to smile on such unions and they nearly always turn out prosperous. For love for a woman nerves a man's arm and gives him the strength to perform miracles. Only a few days ago I heard the vice president of one of the biggest corporations in this country telling that he married on $16 a week, and that he started off for a foreign country with his bride with less than $100 in his pocket.

I do not think, Mr. Man, that you and your sweetheart would find any happiness in an illicit relationship. There are, as some one has said, too many centuries of virtue behind you to enable you to enjoy a life of sin. You are too inherently decent. You have too high ideals.

You could not love a woman you did, not respect, and you could not respect one who had not the strength and character to resist temptation and who did not hold her honor above her life. Now you revere her for her purity, but you could not do that if she had stooped to folly even if she had stooped with you.

Possibly this should not be the case, but it is the case, nevertheless. No man ever really trusts the woman who has been his mistress. If she has been weak enough to yield to her passions once, he suspects her of being capable of doing it again.

And how could you face yourself if you knew that you had put your sweetheart in an equivocal position and besmirched her name? Would you not always feel yourself a cad? For it is an honorable man's duty to protect the woman he loves even against himself.

Believe me, Mr. Man, you will find more happiness in even the most poverty-stricken marriage than you will in an illicit friendship with your sweetheart.

DOROTHY DIX.

* * * * * * *

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have been married for nineteen years to a grand woman and we have three lovely children. My trouble is this: I have a secretary, a splendid young woman, a good Christian and so efficient that she is absolutely essential to me in my work. Between this girl and myself there is not, and has never been, anything but a business relationship, yet my wife makes my life miserable by demanding that I discharge the girl. She never saw the girl but twice in her life, yet she demands that I give up my job rather than keep my secretary. I have recently been elected president of a corporation which gives me an opportunity to recoup my fortune, and my directors have told me in no uncertain terms that their respect for me will be considerably lessened if I fire this girl, who has loyally stood by me and helped me through all the trying times we have been through. I want to make my wife happy, yet I want to be fair to the girl. What can I do and be right in the eyes of God and man?

S. W. G.

Answer:

If you want to be right in the eyes of God and man, you will keep the girl who has fought the battle of depression with you, shoulder to shoulder, and whose faithfulness deserves a better reward than losing her job at a time when good situations are hard to get.

But if you want to be right in the eyes of your wife and have peace at home, the girl will have to go, because jealousy knows neither logic nor justice and your wife will make your life a hell on earth until the girl is cast out of your office.

The only thing that you can do is to try to place your secretary in some position where she will get as good a salary as you give her, and with some man who is not cursed with a narrow-minded, prejudiced, spiteful wife.

This will be for the girl's good as well as your own, because your wife will justify her jealousy by aspersing your secretary's character and intimating that Miss Whatsis is no better than she should be, and telling how she removed you from temptation by making you fire her. And she will boast of how clever she was in doing it, with never a compunction about the inconvenience she is putting you to, or a pang of remorse about how cruel and unfair she has been to an innocent young woman who was trying to earn an honest living.

Of course this procedure will make you look like a squaw man to all of your associates who knew the facts in the case, but needs must when the devil drives, and they, too, would take the cowardly way when it came to dealing with an unreasonable, green-eyed wife. And, after all, it is better to give up a model secretary than it is to break up a home.

But be fair enough to the girl to see that she does not lose out financially. Don't let your wife's jealousy make you throw her out to starve.

DOROTHY DIX.

* * * * * *

Dear Miss Dix—Do you believe in fortune-tellers LARRY.

Answer:

No. No human being can see through the veil that hides the future. One of us can make as good a guess as another about what is going to happen. If fortune-tellers could foretell the future;; if they knew which way stocks were going to jump or whether the weather conditions would make little crops or big crops, they would all be millionaires instead of poor, as they mostly are.

Happenings of the Week

Mrs. G. D. DeBlois, the popular new chatelaine at Government House, is being pleasantly entertained at small social gatherings by her more intimate friends.

* * *

Among the guests in Mrs. J. A. McLeod's box at Massey Hall, Toronto, for the Lily Pons concert was Miss Lena McLure of Charlottetown.

* * *

The illness of Mr. T. B. Woodman is greatly regretted by his wide circle of friends.

* * *

A prettily arranged dinner Bridge party was given by Mrs. B. Roy Holman at the Canadian National last Saturday evening in honor of her friends.

* * *

Mrs. F. M. Nash was among the hostesses entertaining at the Canadian National on Wednesday afternoon. Twelve tables were arranged with others coming in for the tea-hour.

* * *

Mrs. J. A. Bentley dispensed hospitality on two occasions this week, entertaining at Bridge on Thursday and Friday evenings at her home on 31 Amorose Street.

* * *

Mrs. D. J. Riley honored her house-guest Mrs. J. A. MacDonald of Cardigan last Saturday afternoon when she invited friends for three tables of bridge at the Canad an National Hotel.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Parkman, Royalty, entertained the staff of the Royal Bank of which Mrs. Parkman was a former member, on Wednesday evening. The jolly party of young people drove out by sleigh, and had a most delightful time, the mishaps coming and going only adding to the evening's fun.

* * *

Mrs. J. F. Gordon was among the popular hostesses this week, entertaining at five tables of bridge for her friends at the Canadian National last Monday afternoon, with additional guests in for the tea hour.

* * *

Mr. W. Chester McLure, M.P., and Mrs. McLure, of Charlottetown, who are leaving for Ottawa early next week for the session will reside at the Chateau Laurier.

* * *

The many home friends of Mrs. Wilfrid Wright, Souris, will regret to learn that she fell while skating a few days ago breaking her wrist.

* * *

Mrs. W. A. Cutcliffe gave a delightful bridge in honor of Mrs. Gilbert P. Brown on Thursday evening at her home in Brighton.

* * *

Mrs. G. Elmer Ritchie entertained a number of her neighborhood friends at a pretty home bridge Thursday afternoon.

* * *

On Thursday evening Mrs. Fred J. Holman was hostess at an attractive four table bridge at her her home 42 Ambrose Street.

* * *

On Wednesday, Mrs. C. H. Beer arranged a most successful afternoon bridge for her friends at her lovely residence 277 Kent Street.

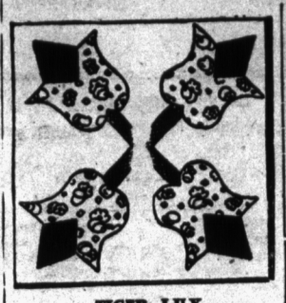
* * *

Mrs. Morley M. Bell entertained at two tables of Bridge at her home in Summerside last Monday evening.

* * *

Dark blue for spring suits and street dresses was stressed in New York the other day at an important spring opening. This was at an exclusive house which also designs coats and evening gowns. Other points about the spring mode as this designer interprets it, are: Suits—very important; some have three-quarter swagger coats with raglan sleeves. Many have closely-fitted, hip length jackets, leather-belted. A few six-button jackets are shown. Voguish suit colors are—soft grays and browns; some black; black and white plaids. Capes—Many waist-length detachable capes matching a dress in fabric and color, worn over dark daytime dresses. They give a suit effect. A few three-quarter plaid tweed capes shown. Coats—many of redingote style in dark wool, worn over printed dresses. Sometimes they are lined with the same print as the dress, and sometimes they are reversable. Some plaid fringed blouses are worn with suits.

Grandmother's Quilt Patterns



TIGER LILY

You will need 12-inch squares of unbleached muslin for each block. Applique the patches in place, using printed and plain materials for the flowers and bias tape for the stems. For a quilt measuring about 77 inches square, you will need 36 blocks. The number of blocks can be increased as you please, varying the size of your quilt to suit your needs. When the applique work is finished join the blocks, and add a border about 2 inches wide. A ¾-inch inner border will add charm to the border if made to conform with the plain color used in the flowers.

To make the tulips of plain material in variegated colors, with contrasting centres, will make a very handsome quilt; or each block may be of a different color.

4 yards of 36-inch unbleached muslin will be required for a quilt of this size, ¾ yard 35-inch material for stems, 1½ yards 35 inches wide for flower centres and narrow border, 2¾ yards 35-inch printed material, ¾ yard 35-inch material for outer border.

Send 15c for a book of quilt patterns containing 7 beautiful Grandmother quilt designs—every pattern different.

Daintiness With Chic Styles

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

It has the slimming cross-closure bodice of which you are so fond. And an altogether attractive sleeve that is so decidedly length giving.

Into the bargain it's as simple as A. B. C. to make it. Its small cost will surprise you.

A lovely woolen weave in rich bottle green made the original with beige satin for its trim.

Black crepe marocain with satin in off-white shade is another very smart choice.

One of the very supple woolens might also be employed. A lovely suggestion is a gray-green tone homespun effect in loose rustic weave. You can wear it right through th espring.

Style No. 368 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material with 1¼ yards 39-inch contrasting.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 368. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City State .....

Ellen—"How do you think you'll like your new place?"

Maud (very raw maid)—"All right. I've seen one of the lady's cards and she's only at home every second Tuesday."

Dejected Golfer—I can't sleep for worrying about my golf, and I can't play for worrying about my insomnia.

Your husband seems to be a man of rare gifts.

He is. He hasn't given me one since we were married.

A Morning Smile

"Patience and preservance will accomplish all things," said a passenger in a railway compartment. A pompous fellow-traveller turned to him crossly and said: "Nonsense sir! I can tell you many things which neither patience nor perseverance can accomplish." "Perhaps you can," said the other, "but I have never yet come across one thing." "Well, then, I'll tell you one. Will patience and perseverance ever enable you to carry water in a sieve?"

"Certainly!"

"I would like to know how!"

"Simply by waiting patiently for the water to freeze!"

Brown—What made you start clapping your hands when that woman stepped on your foot in the crowded car?

Barlow—I was doping and I thought my wife was giving a musicale and was signaling that it was time to applaud.

MORTGAGED WIFE

BY MILDRED BARBOUR

CHAPTER 66

THE TONGUE OF THE SERPENT

The night of the dinner which Jeanne dreaded came around at last.

Until almost the last moment she hoped that something might happen to postpone the elaborate function which her mother-in-law was giving.

Until almost the last moment, she had hoped that she might see Bonnicetti and find out from him whether it was safe to wear the ruby necklace. She had waited until the morning of the day of the dinner before ringing him up, in the faint hope that the sprained ankle might not be as serious as at first had been reported, and that he might be about again.

But the broken-English voice of his valet informed her that Signor Bonnicetti's condition was worse, and that he was confined to his bed, and, therefore, unable to answer the telephone.

Jeanne expressed her regret, and asked that her message of sympathy be conveyed to the violinist.

THE EAVESDROPPER

When she had hung up, she turned around and perceived, with a start that Vera Dayton was curled up in a corner of the couch, idly flipping the leaves of a new magazine.

"Oh, excuse me, I didn't hear you come in," Jeanne quickly cloaked her dismay.

How much had Vera Heard? What would she suspect?

She hoped devoutly that the other girl would believe that Bonnicetti's servant had rung her up, and that it was not she who had made the call, although either way about, the jealous girl could make capital of the occurrence.

"Didn't want to disturb you, old dear," remarked Vera flippantly, at the same time giving Jeanne a knowing glance. "You seemed so engrossed in the person at the other end of the wire. Bonnicetti, wasn't it?"

Jeanne nodded, examining her nails, to avoid meeting Vera's glance.

Vera stretched luxuriously.

"Quite a friend of yours, isn't he?" she drawled.

"Say an acquaintance, rather," corrected Jeanne with a slight smile.

"Um! A peach of a little jewel box he gave you for a wedding present," she remarked. "Vic's rather jealous of him, isn't he? See him often?"

Jeanne blushed at the impertinence, but she answered carelessly.

"Not since my wedding."

"I hear the poor dear is laid up. Evidently his ankle was not an excuse, after all, to get him out of Dick Canby's dinner party."

"Apparently not," agreed Jeanne.

There was a moment's silence, then Vera chuckled, a slow, silky little chuckle.

"How you young married women can put it over! You can have all the young interesting men in town dancing attendance on you, and no body dare say 'boo.'"

VEILED INSULT

Jeanne rose abruptly.

"I think that is rather unwarranted, Miss Dayton . . . If you will excuse me I have a number of things to do. There is a dinner here tonight, you know."

Vera dragged herself up lazily from the couch.

"Surely I know. I am included among the guests. I am over this morning to see if I couldn't arrange the flowers for Mother Barstowe. She likes the way I do them. It has been my own particular job ever since I wore my hair in braids. I used to amuse myself when I was a kid thinking about the days when I should be grown up enough to come to the Barstowe's dinner parties."

"To be hostess at the Barstowe dinner parties," Jeanne corrected her mentally.

The ill-concealed antagonism of Vera Dayton was making Jeanne realise more and more what a blow it had been to the girl's plans when Victor Barstowe had given his heart and hand to the interloper. She knew, too, that Adele's warning had not been vain.

"I'll go up and see Mother Barstowe now," said Vera. "May I stop a minute and powder my nose?"

"Certainly."

Jeanne pushed aside the curtains of her dressing room.

"You'll find powder and rouge on the dressing table."

"Never use rouge, not even a lip stick," Vera informed her, as she trailed into the other room. "Vic taught me not to when I was quite young. He loathes rouged lips," she called over her shoulder.

Going to the window, Jeanne stood with clasped hands, looking out at the Winter landscape.

That last remark of Vera had brought another queer twinge, such as she had experienced the day she had seen Vera coming out of Barstowe's office.

She realized with a great deal of surprise that she hated the idea of Vic's former "understanding" with the Dayton girl.

Then the inexpicable emotion which Vera's reference had aroused was dispelled by the disquieting thought that the other girl would go straight to Mrs. Barstowe with the tale of Jeanne's telephone conversation to Bonnicetti.

Her mother-in-law's suspicions, only too obviously apparent on the day Canby's secretary had called, would be given fresh fuel by this latest episode.

IMPERTINENCE

"Oh!"

A little cry from Vera made Jeanne turn around.

"My dear, how exquisite!"

Vera was standing in the doorway with outstretched arms.

Dangling from her wrist was the ruby necklace.

"Wherever did you get it?" demanded Vera. "I saw Bonnicetti's jewel case on your dressing table, and I couldn't resist peeping into it. My dear, I was fairly blinded by these gorgeous red things!"

"It is an heir loom," said Jeanne with a little fixed smile.

"Oh!" Vera looked at the necklace and back to Jeanne. Then she lowered her eyes.

"Seeing it in that duckly little cabinet, and remembering you had never worn it before, I thought perhaps it might be a gift from Bonnicetti."

Jeanne flushed.

"Surely you don't think Signor Bonnicetti would make me such an expensive gift."

Vera wilfully misconstrued the protest.

"Oh, I don't know!" She held the necklace aloft, watching with half-closed eyes the pulsing red hearts of the gems asthey caught the sunlight. "He could easily afford it. He is coining money with his afternoon concerts. Every woman in New York is mad about him. You are lucky to have such an admirer."

"Really, Vera—"

The voice that broke in was that of Jeanne's mother-in-law.

She had been standing unobserved in the doorway, and now her questioning, grimly-accusing glance, swept from Vera to her daughter-in-law.

(To Be Continued.)

1 "Mary — I just don't know what to do with Junior. He whines like this all day long. And he hasn't one BIT of appetite!"

2 "I've gone through the same thing with my Polly. Don't worry — I'm sure all he needs is a good laxative. Give him Castoria tonight."

3 "Mary! I followed your advice—and you ought to see the smiles around here this morning!"

"I'm so glad, Sue. You see, Castoria is made especially for children. You'll find it's a wonderful help in relieving constipation. And it's a splendid laxative to give Junior when you notice a cold coming on, too. Often laxatives made for grown-ups are uncomfortably strong for little systems. They really do harm. I'm sure Junior loved the taste — all children do."

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative from babyhood to 11 years