

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

Break the Tyranny of UNCONTROLLED COLDS



When Colds THREATEN ... VICKS VA-TRO-NOL ... VICKS VAPORUB

BUILD RESISTANCE TO COLDS - by following the simple health rules that are part of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds.

VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

STEPS

I see not a step before me As I tread on another year, But the past is still in God's keeping.

TABLOID

When washing paint, dissolve two tablespoon of ordinary sizing glue in a pint of warm water and proceed.

SHE SLEPT FOR 32 YEARS

Scientists throughout the world have been baffled by the case of Parida Maguire, America's "Sleeping Beauty," who has been in a coma for two and a half years.

SMART FROCKS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern



A fashion point of the dinner dress sketched today is the new décolletage. Bias seaming gives emphasis to its slim bodice.

The original dress in sapphire blue crepe with gleaming metal threads is a lovely choice for the woman or miss with a heavy calendar of social dates.

Style No. 977 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 5 yards of 39-inch material.

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

HOME ECONOMICS SHORT COURSE

Commencing January 28th, the Women's Institute Branch of the Department of Agriculture will conduct, in the Prince of Wales College, a three weeks' Home Economics Course for rural women and girls.

Those wishing to take advantage of this course should apply to the Supervisor of Women's Institutes, Box 123, Charlottetown, before January 24th.

THE COOK'S CORNER

ASPARAGUS WITH CHEESE SAUCE The following recipe is taken from the bulletin issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture on canned fruits and vegetables for variety in every-day meals.

SWEET PUDDING One cup suet (ground), 1 cup raisins, 1 cup sugar (preferably brown), 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk, 1 teaspoon molasses, 1 teaspoon soda (heaping), 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-2 teaspoon cloves, salt to taste, vanilla, to taste, flour enough to make stiff batter.

Chapped Hands?



Improve them overnight with this famous cream 10,000,000 jars sold yearly

Knits in Thread Thread or cotton will never knot or "kink" if the knot for sewing is made at the end of the cotton that first leaves the reel.

A Morning Smile ALTITUDE O. K. - BUT Two Scots arriving in London went to a hotel, where they were informed that the rooms on the first floor were a guinea, rooms on the second floor 15 shillings, on the third floor 10 shillings and on the fourth floor 7 and 6.

Grandmother's Quilt Patterns Cut out pieces and sew together as indicated on small block. Either print or plain material may be used.

SQUARE CROSS Cut out pieces and sew together as indicated on small block. Either print or plain material may be used.

Using Canned Music LONDON Jan. 14 - (CP) - Synchro-sound opera, which is gramophone orchestra and chorus, will accompany living soloists to English provincial towns unable to make full opera pay.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Will Marriage Without Thrills Compensate Business Woman for Lack of Liberty? - Straight Talk to Woman Who Remains Having to Care for Old Father

Dear MADAM - I am a business woman of 30. I am alone in the world. I earn a salary that enables me to live comfortably, but not to lay up much for the future.

Answer: All marriage is a gamble, but the marriage of convenience adds a few more risks to the venture. So your spirit must determine whether you should chance it or not.

Being of a romantic and sentimental nature, I always feel that nothing but love can make marriage worth while. Nothing else can pay for all the sacrifices that marriage exacts.

To have to give up one's personal liberty; to have to adjust oneself to another of a different set with different habits, tastes, points of view and desires; to have to prefer another always before oneself and consider another's pleasure before one's own; to have to work harder than one has ever done before and get neither money nor appreciation in return; to have to endure meekly fault-finding and criticism, all of these things are among the penalties of marriage and only love can make one glad to suffer them.

Nor does even love guarantee that a marriage will be a success. All of us have seen boys and girls marry on a tidal wave of passion that broke against the rocks of matrimony and receded, leaving them stranded on the shores of the divorce court.

Another factor in the success of the marriage of convenience is that the woman who is not blinded by illusion is better capable of estimating a man's real worth and deciding if he measures up to her standards and suits her tastes. She knows really how much they have in common.

So it would seem that a woman might settle herself down safely and comfortably in a marriage of convenience, except that love has a way of revenging itself upon those who have flouted it, and suddenly and without warning turning all their cakes and ale into cinders, ashes and dust by inspiring in their breasts a hopeless passion.

Among the most pathetic letters that come to this column - and they come by the score - are those written by women to whom this misfortune has come. They married men they did not love but whom they admired and respected.

Dear Dorothy Dix - I am a housewife and have a very kind and good-natured husband; in fact, he is just about an ideal.

It seems to me they have got your number if that is the way you feel about taking care of your poor old father. Believe me, Mrs. X., that while the attention you have to give him may be a burden to you now and his lousy, old-fashioned ways may get upon your nerves, they are nothing to the load of remorse that will weigh you down and the torture your conscience will give you some day when you remember that you begrudged him a seat at your fire and a place at your table and that you made him out of her house.

Even those of us who consider it a privilege to have our old mothers and fathers in our homes and to minister to their needs can never look at the vacant chairs in which the pathetic old, white-haired figures sat so patiently waiting for the one, without being stung by the thought that, as much as we did for them, we might have done more.

Take it from me that you will find that you will be a lot less nervous if you will quit worrying over having to take care of your father and put a little heart and affection into ministering to him.

MIX BEST COUGH REMEDY AT HOME. EASY! BIG SAVING! Beats Them All For Quick, Lasting Relief.

If you want the best remedy for severe coughs, mix it at home. Once tried, you'll never use any other kind, and it's so simple and easy.

First, make a syrup by stirring 2 cups granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. A child could do it. No cooking needed.

MADAM, FOR PERFECT COFFEE YOU MUST HAVE BLEND + FRESHNESS + GRIND

I BRING THAT FAMOUS BLEND THE OLD SOUTH KNEW AND LOVED YEARS AGO, AND I CONTAIN LESS FLAVOUR-ROBBING AIR THAN ANY OTHER COFFEE CONTAINER, THANKS TO THE EXCLUSIVE VITA-FRESH PROCESS

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

WHISPERING ROCK by JOHN LEBAR

Ann! Ropes! bring ropes quick! Ruth struggled to free herself from the giant's arms. "Let me go! Oh God, don't let David be in there."

"No-no-but where else is he - where else -" Ruth was dizzy; she fought to keep her senses. "Ann - Ann left her and ran into the house. Ruth climbed upon the box again, but she could not look down.

She heard Snaveley's voice shouting angrily for Ann, then the thump of his boots as he entered the house. "David," whispered Ruth, "Mama's going to trust you to do as she says: stay on the bed and don't be afraid - Mama'll be back pretty soon."

With the revolver in her hand she stepped to the door, silently unlocked it, and stood with her left hand on the knob.

In the kitchen Snaveley abruptly ceased to upbraid Ann, and the boots thumped across the porch. "By God, I'll show her who's who!"

As quickly as she could move Ruth flung open the door and stepped out, the revolver, fully cocked, pointing at Snaveley's breast. He stopped and his hands went up, metallic. "Go into the living room."

"Ann!" Ruth's voice was sharp. She waited until she heard Ann's footsteps. "Now you march in!"

Snaveley turned without a word and walked before her. "Sit down - you too, Ann." The girl nodded toward the chairs by the table.

The huge woman and the pale-eyed man seated themselves. Snaveley gradually lowered his arms. "I've got nothing against you, Ann - far from it. But if you won't help me you'll have to go with this murderer."

Dr. Wood's NORWAY PINE SYRUP STRIKES AT THE ROOT OF COLDS AND COUGHS

TRY THE New Tillyer Lense When next you need glasses. Their worth has been proved. We fit up in latest style of frames or mountings.

E. W. TAYLOR Charlottetown J. S. TAYLOR Alberton

"All right, Ann, think it over." Ruth stopped close to the man in the chair. Her voice was clear and sharp. "You murderer!"

"Snaveley shrank back in his chair. "Say it!" commanded Ruth. "I'll Ann what you are!"

"Snaveley's lips moved silently. "Goddam!" he cried, thrusting the muzzle of the gun almost against his face.

"I don't - My God! Let me be - quit lookin' at me! I had to do it, I tell you!"

"I don't know - he come here. He bought his interest from the man who owned it and he come here. He wanted to be partners - I signed. I couldn't help it - damn him!"

"What did he do?" "He don't know - let me be, can't you do it? He come here and I want my money - I couldn't get him to go."

"You didn't have to murder him!" "I hated him, I tell you! He don't want all people do - I hated him like I hate all the rest. I got to be by myself. I been alone since I was born. Every man I ever knowed tried to get something off me. Every storekeeper tried to cheat me. Every rancher tried to fence off part of my land - every time I got a good thing, somebody tried to get it away for his own self. That's all humans do! Their whole lives is just spen' trying to get something somebody else has got!"

"Well?" "When I come here there was twenty thousand acres of this ranch on the house was in the middle of it. I couldn't see no fence which ever a-way I looked. I bought this ranch. I could stay here. I had my horses and I had enough cattle to keep me busy as to feed me. I bought this ranch for an' square. Then a man come with a paper an' says he owns three-quarters of it. But he didn't want to stay here - he didn't want nothin' but money. So he went away an' I scraped enough together each sellin' time an' sent it to him. That was all right. Then your brother bought that man out an' come here. He come to stay. He aimed to improve the ranch."