

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



SORE THROAT

Sore throat : : voice reduced to a husky whisper : : Severe pain when you swallow : : uncomfortable . . irritating : : Soothe it with Thermogene, warm, fleecy Thermogene.

Thermogene induces a glowing warmth which arouses the blood and keeps it circulating, breaking up the congestion which is the cause of pain.

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Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Is the Girl of 25 Wise to Snap up a Husband While She May?—Ambitious Man Who Would Marry a Pleasure-Mad Woman—How to be Popular

Dear Miss Dix—I am 25 years old and just lately I have awakened to the realization that almost all of my old friends are married. I have always been popular, but I have never really cared for anybody, and I think one should do more than really like and respect a man, don't you? Yet I realize that every year older I get the chances of my finding some one diminish, and I keep saying to myself that I am 25 and soon will be 26 and it really gives me a kind of a sick feeling. Maybe just going to see my married friends in their adorable little homes has made me wish I were married.

What shall I do? Forget my age and hope that in the future I will find some one whom I really care for? PEGGY.

Answer: You are at a very dangerous age, Peggy, and if I were a fortune teller I should say: Be cautious. Walk carefully. Refrain from making any promises, or entering into any sort of an alliance with either a blond or a brunette or a betwixt-and-between man, for you are now under your unlucky star.

You see, Peggy, when girls get to your age without being married they are very apt to get into a blind panic and feel, as you do, that it is now or never with them, and they had better take whatever they can get in the husband line even if they don't see anything that they want.

The girl sees her circle broken up. All of her old friends are getting married and setting up their own homes and that appeals to her home-making instinct. For every woman is born with a congenial longing for her own kitchen and her own manogrammed towels and dollies. And so the unmarried girl feels suddenly homeless, no matter how good a home she has.

Then her young married friends are so insufferably patronizing that a girl is tempted to get married, if only to have a John to come back with when Mamie and Sadie throw their Toms and Sams in her teeth. And somehow a young bride always assumes the air of having captured the matrimonial prize of the world, and poor Mauds her unmarried chums in a way that is hard to bear, even when she does not add insult to injury by ostentatiously lending a hand to help marry them off.

Also, the unmarried girl finds herself more or less socially stranded. The girls of her own age are married and so she is driven to consorting with debutantes, who do not hesitate to let her see that they regard her in the light of the Ancient Mariner.

So, hard pressed on every side, and with the fear of the future looming before her, many a girl at this age marries just to be a marrying, and takes the faithful old suitor who has hung on and whom she has refused a hundred times, or else a widower with many children or some hopeless derelict. She is at the point where she puts up the old maid's prayer for a husband: Anybody, good Lord, anybody.

But, believe me, Peggy, all this blue funk is for nothing, and all you need to do it to summon up your courage and use a little common sense in dealing with your problem. To begin with, it is ridiculous for a girl at 25 or 26 to even begin to get uneasy about her matrimonial chances. She is just coming to her prime and getting where she is really attractive to the men who are worth marrying. Callow collegians and nit-wit cake-eaters may prefer flappers, but men of intelligence and experience prefer women who are interesting, as well as good-looking, and who can do something besides hop around and giggle.

And when you do marry you will stand a far better chance of being happy than you would have done if you had married earlier, because you will be a better judge of men and you will know yourself what you want in a husband. So my advice to you is not to rush into marriage just because your friends have done so. Wait until Mr. Right comes along. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am engaged to a young lady and expect to marry in about two years. But this is my trouble. She is very fond of gayety, wants a big time all the time, while I work in the daytime, and am studying at night the profession which I am going to make my life work. Do you think we will be able to get along together after we are married when we have such different ideas and aspirations? She takes no interest whatever in my future. Just wants to enjoy herself now. C. P. S.

Answer: I do not think that an ambitious man has a chance of happiness if he marries a pleasure-mad woman. And the match is equally unfortunate for her, since she is balked as much in her heart's desire as he is in his.

When a poor and ambitious man marries an ambitious woman, she makes of her shoulders a ladder on which he climbs to success. She goads him on by her enthusiasm. She braces him up with her courage when his own falters. Her belief in him stimulates his every power to the 'nth degree. There is no sacrifice she is not willing to make to help him on.

But when an ambitious man marries a woman who has no ambition, and who merely wants to have a good time, she pulls him down into the pit with her. She kills his faith in himself by always prophesying failure and minimizing his talent. She throws every obstacle in his way. She nags him about the time he gives to his work, and weeps foolish jealous tears because he doesn't think more of her than he does of his career.

And so at last, disheartened, discouraged, he gives it up, and does the thing that will bring in the quickest money that she is greedy for, and that gives him time to take her about to cabarets and picture shows. Many a silly wife has sold out to a great genius for a few foolish little parties and running with a cheap little crowd.

"Like to like" is a good motto in picking out a wife. Marry a woman who has the same aims and aspirations that you have if you want to be happy and make a success of marriage and of life. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—How can I acquire the gift of getting along with people and making friends? RAYMOND.

Answer: The old adage says: "If you would have friends you must show yourself friendly." I doubt if any one can improve upon that recipe for popularity.

We all instinctively like those who show that they like us, whose faces brighten at our coming, who seem to enjoy our conversation, and who show by a thousand little ways their thought of us, and their desire to promote our pleasure and happiness.

Cultivate a cordial manner in meeting strangers. Learn how to be a good listener. Lend a willing and attentive ear when people discourse to you about themselves and their affairs. Charge your memory with the things they tell you so that when you meet Mr. Jones you can ask him how he is getting along with his new radio set or inquire of Mrs. Smith if her darling Fido has recovered from the mange.

Nothing does more to promote popularity than the religious observance of the little niceties of life, which most people are too busy and too rushed to consider. The little note of condolence when we have had a misfortune; the flowers when we were sick; the telegram of congratulation; the postcard from some place that has some special significance to us; the small gift that shows a remembered taste or whim, make a hit with us out of all proportion to the trouble for which they call.

The golden rule for getting along with people is never to argue with them; never to try to force your opinion on them; never to interfere with their rights and privileges; never to borrow them. The secret of popularity is treating other people as you would like them to treat you. DOROTHY DIX.

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What the Fashionable are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



This graceful model will have an especial appeal to figures a little above normal. And into the bargain it will be found extremely easy to make.

The softly falling jabot with a marvelous slimming effect. It also offers opportunity for contrast. The scalloped outline of the bodice diminishes the width through the hips.

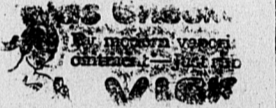
There are any number of schemes for its development. You'll like black canton crepe with vest and jabot in self-fabric with the jabot carried out in crepe.

Black transparent velvet with vest of lace is exquisitely lovely. Crepe in maroon in the new red shade is charmingly well with vest and jabot in self-fabric. Style No. 2706 may be had in 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 bust measure. Size 36 requires yards of 39-inch material with yard of 14-inch all-over lace with yard of 39-inch light contrasting material.

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For The Cook

CORNSTARCH CAKES

One-half pound cornstarch, 1 large teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon of granulated sugar, 6 ounces of butter, 1 tablespoon of milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla and 2 eggs. Method: Cream butter and sugar, beat in eggs, add cornstarch and baking powder; mix milk and flavoring and add to mixture. Grease some patty tins with lard and sprinkle a little ground rice in each, half fill them with a mixture and bake in a quick oven for 10 minutes.

A Morning Smile

In the dark days of Ireland's gratiation, when families scattered all parts of the English-speaking world, Felix came to America. His brothers and sisters migrated to various countries. Felix saw his menagerie when he came to the of the Atlantic, and was much interested in the strange and wild animals.

Calling the lecturer back at last had dealt with a cake of kangaroo meat?—

"What was it you said about ones there?" pointing to the kangaroo.

"Oh, those are kangaroos; the natives of Australia!"

"Natives of Australia!" The save us! An' me sister Norah man!"

You Cannot Out Bog Spav

—or thoroughly, but you can clean the scalp and work your hair during the treatment. Powerful antiseptic treatment does not remove the hair. \$2.50—at your drug general merchant's, Booklet free. W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Bldg., N. Y.

ABSORBIN

Reduces Inflammation

pletely wrecked, but of the worst there was no sign.

Four days later the house came across him tramping along country lane three miles away.

"Hallo, George," he cried. "You have been all this time?"

The man wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Boss," he tearfully replied, "been coming back."

The courts have ruled that a lege can compel its students to be vaccinated. We wish the same ruling could be extended to those whom educated—"San Diego, Cal."

With its glorious light May the Christmas Star Lead you to days That are ever bright.

STEWART'S BAKERY

The Old Order Changes

By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

"It's a queer world," murmured Granny, but the light of deep satisfaction did not die out of her worn eyes.

She had received the best bit of news in a long time, something to thank God for most fervently. It was not so much the prospect of having them all removed from her immediate vicinity, as the deep-seated certainty that, for her son, the step had been one in the wrong direction.

Further, she felt assured that he would not be happy in his new environment, and that Harriet would find it hard to make a gentleman, the kind of gentleman her estimate envisaged, out of Robert.

So she sent him a little letter on his way with words of hope and comfort and good cheer, and when he had disappeared through the recovered pergola she bent her head on her breast, and prayed.

Freeland had plenty of moral courage, but he quailed inwardly at the prospect of the scene when he should tell his wife what had happened at Manchester.

For three whole days he had kept the secret locked in his own breast, waiting for the opportune moment. As it had never presented itself, he had to seek it now, for he knew that his wife intended to spend the most of Saturday at the new home, measuring up the rooms for carpets and curtains, also that she had in view two or three days at Manchester in the ensuing week, to procure the

necessary materials. Judged from her standpoint, the thing he had done would be difficult to pardon. He was fully aware of that, and prepared to make what amends he could in any other direction.

But before she could accept any atonement from him, he was familiar with the long, hard road he would have to travel, the tirades he must listen to, the veiled and unveiled reproaches, the silences that were full of speech.

Many married men will be able to sympathize with Robert Freeland's feelings as he approached his own door, going round it rather gingerly by the way of the little garden on which the summer dusk was settling down. Supposing they were all in the sitting room, would it be diplomatic to drop his bomb there? He decided against it. There was a fine fibre in the man which made him shrink from witnesses to domestic disagreements. He believed and, as far as in him lay, had tried to carry his belief into practice—that differences between husband and wife should be hidden from their children. Harriet knew no such reticence. She called her outbursts of anger being

frank candid and above board, and had much to say about Scotch dourness and deceit.

The dourness might be there, but deceit could find no lodgment in Robert Freeland's disposition or temperament. He had run straight as a die, both in his private and business life. Everywhere his word was as good as his bond. He had been tempted to tell Mary first because he knew that she was least keen about the new place. But again the fine fibre of the man was shown.

If he had done wrong in his wife's estimation, then he would face the music alone. He found both the girls in the sitting room; Bee trimming one of the vast legion of hats with which she coquetted in Basing-ford; Mary correcting some school stuff at the table. Both looked up, Mary with a smile, and Bee to wave a marvellous confection of lace and tulle and pink roses before his admiring eyes.

"Do you like my new chapeau, Dad? I hope you appreciate the fact that I have a milliner on the premises saves you no end of cash."

"Does it, wifie? Well, Mary?"

"Get up, my dear, and come here. I want to speak to you."

She rose at once, for his tone was serious. He stood aside to let her enter the bedroom first, and then, closing the door, put his back against it.

"I don't know what you will say to me, Harriet, but I've sold the place over again."

"The place—do you mean the mill? Will you really retire then, Bob?"

"No, no; not the mill; the house, the place at Gorham Lacy. I sold it on Tuesday at Manchester."

She stood regarding him steadily, and the flush died out of her face, leaving it set death-like as a mask.

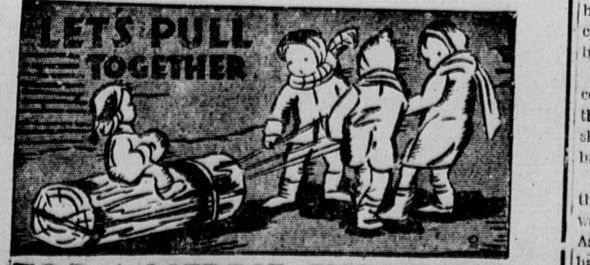
"You've sold Gorham Lacy over my head. I'll never forgive you as long as I live!"

"Oh yes, you will, lass," he said,

SEASON'S GREETINGS

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