

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

THE SILVER ASSASSIN

By WILLIAM J. MAKIN

(Continued) "Drink this, guv'nor! You look look as though you needed it." It was Alf with a glass of brandy in his hand. "Thanks, Alf," He gulped it down. The colour came back to his cheeks. "That's better, guv'nor," cheered Alf. "And what now?" "What now?" Peter wondered. He suddenly recalled the telegram that should have been delivered to Bretherton. Well, John Bretherton would never read that telegram. On a sudden impulse Peter took it out of his pocket and tore open the orange envelope. The words danced before his eyes: Regret to report your observations wrong. Carefully searched region you mention through my instruments during the night. No results. Edward Carr. The telegram had been handed in at Oxford at six o'clock that morning and was marked Special urgent. Edward Carr. Oxford! muttered Peter. He turned swiftly to Alf Merryweather. Alf! I've got to drive back to Oxford right now! "Right, guv'nor!" And see what speed records you can break. "Leave it to me guv'nor." Peter sought out the innkeeper. He begged him to look after Jill until he came back. "Leave her to the missus. Indeed she'll be all right, sir, replied the inn-keeper. Five minutes later, the old taxi was hurtling down the pass towards the road that led to Oxford. Inside sat Peter Allister, a grim, cruel expression on his youthful face, and a crumpled telegram clenched in his hand. Again Alf Merryweather and his taxicab excelled themselves. It was not yet eleven o'clock when the motor-stained, dusty taxi entered the High at Oxford. The engine came to a clanking standstill outside Magdalen College. "That's done it, guv'nor," declared Alf, sorrowfully. "I'll take more than petrol and kick in the monarch to start that engine again. But Peter was already out of the cab and striding across the quadrangle towards the rooms occupied by Professor Edward Carr. Once again, on the stone staircase, he encountered the servant, Jukes. "You can't see the professor, said the man with the surly grin. Been working all night, he has. I unlocked his door and took him his

breakfast at seven o'clock this morning. Fair done up he, looked. Seven o'clock, eh murmured Peter. That would be after you had handed in the telegram that the professor had given you the night previously." Well, what of it? demanded Jukes. I obeyed orders. The professor gave me the telegram before he settled down for the night's work and said that it must be handed in for special service at six o'clock the next morning. Peter smiled. Thank you, Jukes. I'm glad you remember it. And now stand aside. I'm going to see the professor. "You can't, said Jukes. He's resting. He told me he doesn't want to see anyone. Will you please tell him that I've come from Snowdon, declared Peter. I think you'll find that he'll see me then. Jukes hesitated. Then he shrugged his shoulders. All right. Wait here. But I don't expect he'll see you." And he trudged slowly up the stone steps to knock discreetly at the professor's door. The professor said he can give you five minutes," he said, surlily. Five minutes will be quite enough," said Peter, grimly, and pushed his way into the room. After the sunshine of the quadrangle, those rooms seemed dark. A grey gloom enshrouded everything. Peter hesitated. A door clicked, and the figure of Professor Carr appeared. He was in a dark red dressing-gown. His features were tired and lined. The scientist seemed to have aged in a night. So it's you, my young friend, he nodded. What's this I hear about you having come from Snowdon. That's a goodish distance to travel, isn't it? I seem to recollect that you were at my lecture yesterday afternoon." "It's not such a long distance if you have a fast car," said Peter, quietly. The professor drew a hand across his tired eyes. No, I suppose not, he replied, listlessly. But why have you come to me direct from Snowdon. I want to tell you that John Bretherton's body was found smashed on the slopes of Snowdon early this morning, said Peter. The professor seeped to sway under the shock. John Bretherton... dead? he muttered. Good heavens, how awful. But how did it happen? A climbing accident? It was made to look that, said Peter Allister. But I know that it was murder." The professor stared blankly at the dishevelled, travel-stained man who stood before him. Once again his hand crossed those tired eyes. Really, my young friend!" he murmured. Don't you think you are losing a sense of proportion? I can understand that the shock of discovering John Bretherton's body must have upset your emotional reflexes. But to talk of murder... It was murder, almost shouted

Mothers!

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A Morning Smile

NOT THE SAME "And what is the child's name?" asked the minister. "Shirley," replied the mother. "Shirley?" "Yes, sir. After the famous Shirley Temple." "Yes, yes, of course," said the minister. "Let me see who is the preacher there now?" ALL EXPLAINED. Mr. Brown looked at the letter on his desk. "We are very surprised," it read, "that the money we have demanded so often has not yet arrived." Turning to his secretary, he dictated his reply: "Dear Sirs—You do not need to be surprised. I have not sent you the money."

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Jealousy is the Greatest Stumbling Block to Happiness in Marriage, so Guard Against it Before You go to the Altar

Dear Miss Dix—I married a divorced man and at his request our marriage was kept secret for two years. He is very jealous, and after one occasion when he came into the office where I work and made a scene and demanded his wedding ring back, my mother forced him to announce our marriage and take me to live with him. I adore my husband, and except for his jealousy he is nearly perfect, but there are many things in my life that keep me almost on the point of leaving him. One is that his mother lives with us, and Heaven didn't mean for a man's wife and mother to call the same place home. Another reason is that he lets his son by his divorced wife use his car, and I am supposed to beam with joy when he brags about the boy. Another is that the first wife still uses his name, and I want to be the ONLY Mrs. Jones. Another is that my husband does not resent my being called "Miss Smith" by the people I am associated with in business, as I was before I was married. And another is that my husband consorts with Wife No. 1, and says she did and so, or didn't do this or that. What do you think I should do?

Answer: To cultivate a little common sense, in which you seem to be abnormally deficient. Accept the situation in which you find yourself and which you deliberately chose, and make the best of it. After all, it isn't so bad.

I agree with you that it is unfortunate when a mother-in-law and daughter-in-law have to live together, for two women can live under the same roof without getting on each other's nerves, but even that is what you make it. You can make her a friend or an enemy, as you will, for there are very few old ladies who cannot be won over by a young woman who will take the trouble to be kind and considerate to them, who will make them feel welcome in their sons' houses and who will not respond to a little affection.

After all, a daughter-in-law owes much to the woman who has given her a good husband. You might think of that a little. And you might also remember that perhaps sometime you will be the unwanted mother-in-law in your son's house, and so treat your mother-in-law as you would like to be treated.

As for your other troubles, when you married a divorced man you must have known that you would face complications arising out of his previous marriage. You know that you could never possibly be the only Mrs. Jones, because there was another one who had as good a right to the name as you have, so why make that a grievance now?

And surely you are not heartless and selfish enough to wish your husband not to love his son and have pride in him, when he is his own flesh and blood. And you are silly in objecting to being called "Miss Smith" in business, when it is the common custom for women to keep their names as a sort of trade-mark if they succeed in business or a profession. Don't go out of your way to borrow trouble. Plenty of it will come to you as you go along.

Dear Dorothy Dix—As soon as we were married my wife set herself to correct what she considered my faults and blemishes and to make me over according to her own ideas. She found fault with everything I did and said. My dress, my table manners, my accent and modulation of voice, the statements I made, the phrases I used all came in for bitter censure, and for me to transgress her code brought on a scene. If I protested at all my wife declares that she will "just let me go, and never try to help me again," "let me make a fool of myself if I choose," etc., etc. The situation makes it impossible for me to show her the little attentions I would like to. I dare not send flowers because they are sure to be the wrong kind, or get there at the wrong time, or nobody is wearing flowers. I cannot even carry a conversation because I speak too abruptly, or am too positive in my statements, or I am argumentative, so all that is left for me is to keep silence and then be accused of being dumb. We are both young enough to have many more years of life, and it is a dreary prospect if we must live it together. Can you make any suggestions about how matters can be helped? J. C.

Answer: I am afraid not. A fault-finding woman can never be reformed, because she is always so self-righteously convinced that her persecutions are all for the good of her victim. In a thousand years you couldn't make her see that it is nothing but overbearing self-conceit that makes her believe that she is an oracle who knows more than any one else and that she is a paragon upon whom every one should model themselves.

Why women don't marry men of whom they approve in the first place, instead of marrying men who are apparently everything they disapprove, is a mystery past finding out. It can only be explained on the theory that they get a kind of sadistic pleasure out of tearing their husbands apart as they do their dresses and hats and making them over according to their own tastes. But it is an agonizing process for the poor creatures who have major surgical operations performed on their habits and their conversation and have all of their pet stories and ways removed from them.

No man is more to be pitied than the one who has a critic on his hands. The only remedy I can suggest for dealing with the past is to give her a dose of her own medicine. Criticize her as severely as she criticizes you. Show up her faults and foibles. Turn the spotlight on her peculiarities and you can frighten her into silence. She will be afraid of retaliations.

Dear Miss Dix—I dye my hair because I can get a more becoming shade than my own. My fiancé raves about my black hair, but as he stresses that there should be no secrets between us shall I tell him before we are married? MARION

Answer: Certainly. This is one time when the truth is indicated, because he would find it out as soon as you were married. Anyway, if he doesn't love you for anything but your hair you've got a slight hold upon him. DOROTHY DIX

FREETOWN INSTITUTE The Birch Grove Women's Institute held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Alfred Curley, Wednesday evening, March 10th. The President presided and opened the meeting with the Ode and Creed. Roll call was responded to by 16 members and 6 visitors. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved and signed. Collection amounted to 95 cts also two membership fees 50 cts. Two letters of thanks were read from Mrs. Darrach Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moore's reports of Committees Sick Committees reported being to see sick in the district. School Com. reports that school needs scrubbing. It was then moved and seconded that School be scrubbed in Easter Holidays. Mrs. Brewer Auld and Mrs. Austin Rogers were then appointed on new School Committee, Program Committee, Mrs. Austin Rogers, Mrs. Austin Scales, Mrs. Everett Schurman, Lunch Committee, Miss Gene Arthing, Mrs. Albert Campbell, Mrs. Alfred Curley. Next meeting at the home of Mrs. Frank Deacon. A short programme then took place which consisted of Contests and a Relay Shoe Race. The National Anthem was then sung after which Lunch was served and a social hour enjoyed.

THE COOK'S CORNER

SCALLOPED SALT CODFISH

Cook 1-cup rice in boiling water till tender. Soak 1 cup salt codfish over night or put in cold water and bring to boiling point. Drain. Flake fish. Make white sauce by melting 1 tablespoon shortening adding 1 tablespoon flour, stirring until blended, then adding 1 cup milk. Stir until thickened. Spread rice, codfish and white sauce in layers in buttered baking dish. Cover with breadcrumbs and bake 20 minutes in moderate oven. Any leftover fish may be used. Serves 6.

CASSEROLE OF FISH

Two pounds fish, 3 tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons shortening, salt and pepper to taste, 1 small carrot, sliced, 1 small onion, sliced, 1 cup canned tomato, 1 bay leaf. Cut fish into cubes and dredge with flour. Heat the shortening in casserole and brown fish. Add the seasonings and vegetables and cook tightly covered until both vegetables and fish are thoroughly cooked. If juices evaporate while fish is cooking, add few tablespoons hot water, as needed.

FISH SALAD

One cup any flaked fish, 1 cup finely minced celery, 1 tablespoon capers, 1 head lettuce, lemon juice and mayonnaise to mix. Mix the fish and celery with the mayonnaise. Add the capers. Season well with lemon juice and salt. Dust over with paprika. Serve in neat of lettuce leaves.

FISHERMAN'S SALAD

1 pint flaked fish of any kind which has been boiled, steamed or canned, 1 pint boiled potatoes, sliced for the salad while hot, 1 pint finely shredded cabbage, 3 or 4 green onions or 1 small dry one finely minced, or chives, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1-2 cup salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, or more, to taste, 2 tablespoons minced parsley, big clove garlic. Rub the cut clove of garlic over the salad bowl until all crushed. Put in the cabbage, potato and fish, sprinkle over the onions, chives and parsley. Season with salt and pepper. Add the oil. Toss about lightly and, when all is well coated with the oil, add the vinegar. Garnish on top with the sliced hard boiled eggs.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Time is Eastern Standard)

TUESDAY, MARCH 16 ROME 6 p.m.—News in English. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg. LONDON 6:30 p.m.—"Music from the Scottish Past." GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg. BERLIN 7:30 p.m.—Radio scenes portraying German life. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. BERLIN 8:45 p.m.—Two years of the German Army. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. LONDON 9 p.m.—"World Affairs," talk by H. Wickham Steed. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg. BOSTON 9:15 p.m.—Harvard Lecture Series. WIXAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg. CARACAS 9:30 p.m.—"Sea Melody"—Dance Orchestra. YV2RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg. PARIS 10:20 p.m.—News in English. TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg. WINNIPEG 12 midnight—Just S'pos'n—dramatic presentation directed by Gordon Mitchell. CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.5 m., 11.72 meg.

Program for evening was as follows:—Vegetable Contest, by Mrs. VanIderstone. First prize won by Mrs. Edward Gillis, Second, Mrs. Warren Buchanan. Consolation by Mrs. J. R. McWilliam. Reading by Mrs. C. H. Johnson. Solo by Mrs. Angus Murchison. Meeting closed with National Anthem. Lunch was served by the hostess and social hour spent.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

KITCHENS.

Kitchens have always been like this (So may they ever be!) Modern this is and colorful, Quite like the soul of me! Yet kettles, laquered red or green, Still croon old songs steam-gray. And fire—electric stove or gas— Still cooks three meals a day. And I, who, late from bridge or tea, Would pour food from a can, Find here that primitive desire Myself to tempt my man!

Kitchens what sorrow had been saved Had Eva had one! Oh my; She might have baked that apple up In an inebible pie! —Violet Alleyne Storey.

OLD-FASHIONED FACE WASH REVIVED IN MAYFAIR

The latest addition to Mayfair beauty aids is hay water—not to be confused with Hay diet. It is cold water in which hay has been steeped overnight, and is said to have a healing as well as cleansing action on the roughest of complexions. Hay water is an old-fashioned face wash, and has been used "time out of mind" in Irish and Highland country places.

TABLOID

Wash tortoise shell in warm, soapy water, rinse and dry. Polish with a paste of rottenstone and linseed oil, and finally polish with rouge.

WHEN YOU MAKE UP YOUR MOUTH

Before making up see that your mouth is bone dry and then apply a cold cream foundation. Smooth on a little lip rouge, powder your lips and then give them the final touch of color. Be sure to blend the color well so that there'll be no lipstick silhouette when you laugh with your head thrown back.

LEGACY FOR LANLADY

LAWRENCE, Mass.—(C.P.) — Benjamin W. Hayes, travel agency proprietor, left \$68,000 to Mrs. Maude R. Bell, wife of a bank president, in whose home he was a boarder.

PINK CAMELLIAS FOR EASTER WEAR

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt may not know it, but she helped the pink camellia from politics to the Easter parade. A florist who has seen 40 Easter parades said the camellia, deep pink and durable, would be the favorite of many women for Easter wear this year. Mrs. Roosevelt, unconcerned about her influence on fashion, probably has forgotten the sheaf of pink camellias she wore with a wine colored gown to the Madison Square Garden rally just before the U. S. presidential election last fall. But it seems New York women saw her flowers, and didn't forget. Anyway the pink camellia has had a big revival. Florist Ralph Armstrong said, after being eclipsed by the white gardenia for several years.

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DR. CHASE'S PARADOL

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

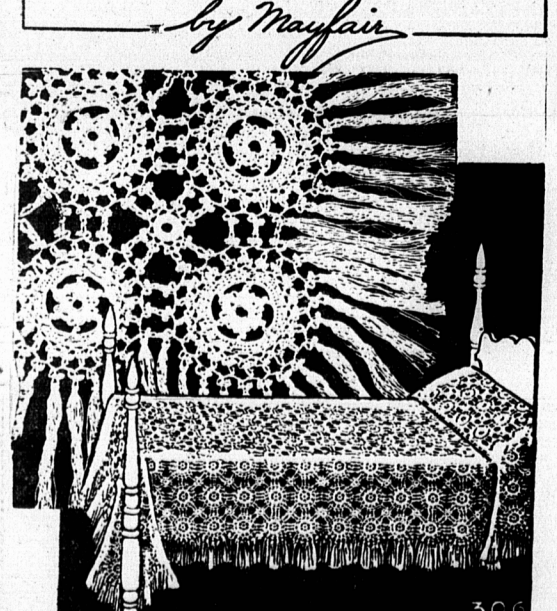
You'll be ready for the Easter parade and afternoon parties in this youthful light-tinted bodice and flared skirt dress. It is made of silk crepe printed in white motifs on a dark background. The crisp snowy white pleated organdie collar rides down the front of the bodice. The short puffed sleeves repeat the linger accent in the cuffs and pleated trim. Use the same pattern for an equally smart dress with V-neck and revers collar of beige or aqua plain crepe. The V-neck model will look extremely smart for summer in linen or cotton prints. You'll have lots of fun sewing it from start to finish. The pattern includes a diagrammed Sewing Chart.

Style No. 2627 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 39-inch material with 1 3/4 yards of pleating. Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 2627 Size... Name Street Address City State



Advertisement for Tintex dye, showing 'New Coronation Colors' in Orange and Red, and the Tintex brand name.

Crochet Medallion Bedspread



Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 308 If lace appeals to your feminine heart; if you admire the unusual; if you appreciate beautiful things, you will not rest until your busy crochet hook is fashioning these cleverly designed medallions and assembling them into lovely yet sturdy bedspreads. Each medallion is made separately, using heavy crochet and knitting cotton. The fringe hangs in graceful scallops and is added after the entire spread is assembled. The design is one which all needlewomen will instantly admire and the finished work has no equal in beauty and usefulness. It may be used over white or colors, as you prefer. The pattern includes easy-to-understand instructions without abbreviations, and sample of cotton original model was made of.

For complete patterns and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Needlework Department. Use this coupon Print your name and address plainly To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. DESIGN NO. 306 Name Street Address City State

Advertisement for Putnam's Corn Extractor, featuring the slogan 'Lift Right Out No Pain!' and 'QUICK RELIEF'.

Advertisement for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, titled 'The Danger of Cough Among the Children'.