Woman's Realm — Social and Personal — Fashions — Literature

SECOND CHANCE

By HOLLOWAY HORN

BACK IN MOSSFORD.

On the Friday morning, on his way to the office, Hallett had a bit of luck. He passed a little junk shop in Percy Street, the window of which was apparently filled with rubbish. Among a pile of books, however, he noticed a small buff-coloured Lallier album and bought it from the junk dealer for the price he was asked—a shilling.

He glanced at it as he strolled along. It was a stuck-down collection and he already knew enough about the value of the ware in which he worked to appreciate that he had a find. There were no exceptional rarities in the album, but it contained, amidst a lot of damaged copies, a few good specimens.

"I picked this up for a bob this morning, sir," he told Simon Dale.

Dale laughed as he glanced through the book.

"What do you want for it?"

"A bob. I bought it for the firm."

"Nonsense! It's worth a fiver. Hand it over to Miss Dalrymple. She'll have the decent copies out in no time. Always keep your eyes open."

"I was on my way to the office when I picked it up."

"A fiver, neither more nor less, is what I shall pay for it. We'll make our profit on it at that price."

"Very good. I hope I haven't done too badly this week, Mr. Dale?

"Not too badly. I'm quite satisfied—so far —if you are."

"I certainly am."

"That chap Buckland I brought up to you yesterday afternoon spoke very nicely about you, Hallett."

"I'm pleased."

"Lord Beccles is coming in this afternoon. His weakness is Trinidad. Care to take him on?"

"Yes."

"Good. I'll do the Fleet Street sale. I dislike my Lord of Beccles. But he's a good customer. Handle him gently."

Simon Dale returned in the late afternoon. "How did you get on?" he asked.

"Fine. I liked him very much. Sold him quite a lot of early Granada as well."

"You'll do," said Simon Dale.

On the Saturday afternoon Hallett moved from Percy Street to a room in a house in a quiet Kensington Square.

In the evening he called at the police station to notify his change of address, for he was still on ticket of leave.

The station sergeant was a decent fellow and genuinely pleased at Hallett's change of fortune. "Superintendent Bryce wants to see you," he said. "He's in now."

"Evening, Hallett, the Superintendent greeted him. "I had a note about you from Inspector Garrod, in Mossford. How are you getting on?"

"I've had some luck. I've got a really good job. From a man I used to know slightly."

"He knows about . . . er . . ."

"Yes," said Hallett.

"Good. That makes what I was going to suggest unnecessary. I was going to send you to a friend of mine who would probably have put some kind of a job in your way."

"Thank you very much all the same. By the way, Superintendent, have you heard about the Murray emeralds?"

"Of course. I've heard about Bayley's confession, too."

"In a way I was mixed up with it."

He told the Superintendent the story of the burglary and his recent experiences in Mossford. "Curiously enough, I saw him last Sunday in Richmond," he concluded.

"Teddy Wilson, Sternberg," the Superintendent mused. "Thank you. I'll get into touch with a friend in hand. He may be interested. If I can help you, Hallett, let me know won't you."

They shook hands and the ticket-of-leave man left the office.

The train left Euston the next morning at nine-thirty and as it rolled out of the dismal treminus Hallett lit his pipe with a feeling of thankfulness. A week before, only the indomitable courage of the girl who would be waiting for him on Mossford platform had kept him from depression, but that morning, as he looked out on the suburban houses flying past, he felt able to face the future with confidence.

Berkhamsted —it was incredible that ten days he had been vainly attempting to sell books to its unresponsive citizens.

Mary Donovan was waiting on the platform when the train stopped in Mossford.

Impossible not to compare this with the last time he had come to the town. Then he had been alone as he had turned into the London Road, but this morning it was as if he had come home.

They took a troley 'bus to her road and they were there before he had told her all the news.

"I told you!" she said several times. "I'm not in the least surprised."

"But don't you think it extraordinary? Stamps . . . bits of paper . . ."

"What else is a bank note?" she asked. "I wish I knew more about them. And I think Simon Dale seems an absolute dear!"

Mrs. Donovan was quite friendly when he got there, but it was clear that she welcomed him because she had to. But by the time he and Mary left to go to Manor Street, however, her reserve was not so evident.

"She's as good as gold, really," Mary assured him. "She'll come right round. She always does."

But at Number Five, Mrs. Gaddesden had no reserve. There was no mistaking the warmth of her welcome.

They had tea in his old room and immediately after the meal Mrs. Gaddesden remembered a promise to call on a friend just down the road and hoped they wouldn't mind.

"I needn't be away more than an hour," she told them.

It was then nearly five. "John's train goes at seven-fifteen, Auntie. We must leave here at a quarter to seven. You must be back by then, any way."

They sat together on the couch by the window.

"I've told Mr. Mumford," she said. "He was delighted."

And for an hour and a half they were alone.

They talked of the past and future as lovers will —particularly of the future.

They built their castles, and even if the probable site was in a modern suburb, a castle there can be as lovely and as exciting as any in Spain.

They would, if fortune smiled, be married in the autumn.

And neither doubted for a moment that fortune would smile.

"Somebody is bound to walk into the shop one day who knew me," he said. "It will be awkward for a moment or so if he recognises me, but I shan't mind. Besides I'm going to grow a moustache; that will alter my appearance quite a lot."

She attempted to visualise him with a moustache. "Yes, I think I shall like it," she said, after falling in the attempt.

But it is hardly fair to intrude on them. An hour and a half is a very short time when one is in love, and much of what they said was intensely private and no concern of anyone in the world excepting themselves. They discussed ways and means, for Mary Donovan, in spite of being absurdly in love, was a very practical young person.

"I've got quite a bit of my own," she said, "I've never paid mother for living at home. She wouldn't let me."

"Oh, I didn't tell you," he said and told her about the collection he had picked up in the junk shop.

But, ultimately, Mrs. Gaddesden's key was heard in the outer door. She found them sitting hand in hand and beamed on them from the doorway.

"I must make you something before you go," she said. "It's a long journey back to London. Well, well, well!" she added and suddenly grabbed at Mary's left hand.

Proudly Mary displayed the ring on the significant finger.

"Isn't it naughty of him?" she smiled.

It was a narrow gold band with one small diamond. He had paid six guineas for it. As he put it, it cost one small stamp collection and the commission on an encyclopaedia.

"I think it's lovely." Mrs. Gaddesden said and kissed her niece.

"Yes. So do I. But he had no right to do it without telling me. He can't afford it . . . yet."

"I can and I did," he insisted.

"That's right, John. Don't let her bully you," her aunt advised and disappeared into the kitchen to prepare the meal.

Simple and rather commonplace? Of course it was.

Love, if you come to think of it, is just the

To Be Continued

A Morning Smile

At a gathering of bishops, a waiter tripped when serving soup and spilt the contents all over one of the divines.

The victim jumped up, stuttered, went red, and finally blurted out: "Will someone not in Holy Orders please say something appropriate?"

TELL US ALL!

"Going far?" asked the chatty little man in the corner of the railway carriage. "Only to Scotland," replied the other, who hated talking to strangers. "I'm a commercial traveler. My age is 46. I am married. My name is Henry Brown. I have a son of 19. He is in business in London. I have a niece with red hair. Our charlady's name is Mrs. Robinson. Is there anything else?" The chatty little man smiled affably. "What oil do you use for your tongue?" he enquired.

How Can I ??

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I eliminate the odors of paint and turpentine from a room?

A. Try cutting a raw onion into small pieces and placing them around the room.

Q. How can I remove stains from the inside of the percolator?

A. Place one teaspoon borax, some soap, and hot water in the vessel, and allow it to come to a boil. Rinse well with boiling water and dry thoroughly.

Q. How can I dry ribbons quickly and smoothly after washing them?

A. After washing the ribbons, fill a long round bottle with warm water, place the cork in securely, and then wind the ribbons around this bottle. They will dry quickly and smoothly.

Home Service

Have You Charming Manners in Public?

Good Manners Mean Good Times

What charming manners these young people have! Wherever they are — in restaurants, theatres, at dances—their perfect poise wins admiration.

If the waiter's not on hand, Jim's Johnny-on-the-spot at seating Molly. If an older woman's in the party, Jim gallantly seats her first.

As for Molly! Does she cling to her escort's arm? Flourish a comb in public? Turn down one man for a dance—then sail off with a better dancer? Of course not! If Molly'd rather not dance with a certain man —and has had no previous request for the dance—she suggests sitting it out.

Manners make or mar your success. Learn fine points of etiquette from our 32-page booklet. Tips on introductions, conversation, invitations. What to do and say in restaurants, theatres, parties, clubs, other public places.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Etiquette For Young Moderns to the Guardian Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Girl With An Average Education Who Looks up to Her Husand Has a Far Better Chance of a Happy Marriage Than One With a College Degree

Dear Miss Dix—Do you think a young man with a university education would feel superior to a girl without even a high school education, but who is holding a responsible office position? Do you think the girl should tell him when he proposes to her that she is not up to his standard in education? Does education play an important part in making or marring the happiness of a marriage?

MISS P. S.

Answer:

Of course, the young college graduate will feel superior to the young lady without a degree, but college graduates feel superior to everybody else on earth, anyway, so that doesn't matter. Also, every man feels superior to every woman, no matter whether or not she is the educated one, so there is nothing to worry over in that, either.

In fact, it is a very good arrangement all around, for nothing makes more for domestic peace and happiness than for the husband to be able to look down upon his wife and feel that he is wiser than she is; and nothing makes a wife more blissful than to be able to gaze adoringly up to her husband and to regard him as an oracle.

Whenever you hear a wife begin every sentence with "John says," and when you observe one meekly burning incense at her husband's feet, you may be sure that you are beholding a contented household in which there is no wrangling nor disputes.

That men prefer wives who are not so well educated as themselves is abundantly proved by the fact that no blue stocking is ever a riot with the sheiks; that the more learned a young woman is, the less chance she has of getting a husband. As a result of an investigation that Dr. Roy Anderson, of Teachers College at Columbia University, has recently made of the effect of the higher education on the future of girls, he declares that college girls have 40 per cent less chance to get married than have the girls who do not go to college.

General observation will bear this statement out. When we are trying to "sell a girl to young men we descant upon her beauty, her dancing upon her prowess in outdoor sports, but we never dream of saying that a girl is a Ph.D., or that she reads heavy books, or that she understands the Einstein theory. For well we know that if we did, wild horses couldn't drag any youth to come and call upon her.

But you make a mistake in thinking that because a girl has not a formal education she is bound to be ignorant and stupid. Some of the very best educated people I have ever known had little schooling, but they had read, studied and observed until they had made themselves highly intelligent and well informed on every subject. Certainly a girl who is able to hold down a responsible office position is no fool, and very possibly she is far more mentally alert and up-to-date than her college-boy sweetheart.

No doubt she is, or else would not attract him, for while men may not prefer college girls for wives, neither do they desire Dumb Doras. They want women who have brains enough to keep up with them and to understand what they are talking about and to be entertaining companions. Certainly a girl does not need to tell a man how much education she has had. That speaks for itself and shows in everything she says and does.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a girl of 18 in high school, and although I try my best my mother always says that I will never make good, and that she is just wasting money on me. She keeps telling me that when she was a girl she never had a thought about young men, and when I go out she tells me to get rid of my boy friend as soon as I can. When young men come to see me she comes into the room and makes things so uncomfortable that they get up and leave. I help around the house after school, but I can never seem to satisfy her. I am so discouraged I do not know what to do.

AN UNHAPPY GIRL.

Answer:

Why a certain kind of mother thinks that she helps her children by killing their ambition and destroying their faith in themselves is something that nobody can explain. But it is a very common type, and they are responsible for more blasted lives and human failures than almost any other cause in the world.

These mothers love their children. They do not intend to be cruel to them, and yet malignity itself could not invent a worse torture than they inflict upon their offspring. They nag their children ceaselessly about their defects. They hold up their shortcomings for every eye to gaze upon. They make them feel that they are dolts or hoodlums, lazy or triflings, or that they are hopelessly awkward, until they inflict an inferiority complex upon the helpless little creatures than handicaps them for life.

Every one of us knows from our own individual experience that praise is a stimulus and blame a deterrent; that we all try to live up to what people think we can do and what they expect of us. Yet mothers almost invariably use the hammer instead of the salve-spreader in dealing with their children.

They seem to think they can incite a boy to study by telling him how slow-witted he is and that he will never learn, anyway. With the result that the boy gives up and thinks there is no use. They will tell a girl how homely she is, which only makes her self-conscious and uglier than ever. So they go on their devastating way, putting out the spark of ambition in their children's solus and making such cowards of them that they never even try to fight the battle.

Equally stupid are the mothers who put every obstacle in the way of their girls having nice boy friends and making good marriages by their finding fault with the boys, and making it uncomfortable for them when they come and see their daughters. It is part of every mother's duty to put welcome on the doormat for her girls' dates and make her home so pleasant that the boys will like to come to it. It is a pity so many good women are bad mothers. It is a pity so many mothers forget their own childhood and girlhood. And it is thrice a pity that so many mothers make their young daughters' lives unhappy with their ceaseless nagging.

Dear Miss Dix—I am the possessor of an unusual amount of masculine bauty. I have the classic features, the hair, teeth, figure, etc. How can I make these earn me a living. CHARLES.

Answer:

So far a I know the only markets for masculine pulchritude are the movies and the gigolo profession. In business nobody cares how the outside of a man's head looks. All that employers are interested in are his brains. Generally speaking, the pretty man is at a disadvantage with his homelier fellow when it comes to getting a job.

Nor do young girls care for the masculine beauties, but rich, fat old women frequently have a penchant for them and often marry them. I advise you to try to cash in on your brawn instead of your looks.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

SPICED FRUIT PUNCH

(Serves 4 to 6)

Three 2-inch sticks cinnamon, 1 teaspoon whole cloves, 1 tablespoon allspice, 4 pieces mace, 1 1-2 cups water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 cups mixed fruit juice (plum, grapefruit and orange), 1 cup spice infusion when made from spices above, few grians salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons granulated sugar.

To make spice infusion, combine spices, water and lemon rind in a saucepan and boil 10 minutes. Remove from fire, strain and chill. Measure 1 cup and add to fruit juices, salt lemon juice and sugar. Mix well. Add cubes or slices of any fresh fruit in season, just before serving.

ORANGE FLOAT

Top glasses of chilled orange juice with generous spoonfuls of Orange Sherbet. Garnish with raspberries and sprigs of mint. Serve at once.

CINNAMON FRUIT FLOAT

(Serves 4 to 6)

Two cans mixed plum and apricot juice, 1 cup mashed peach pulp, 2 tablespoon red cinnamon candies, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Combine candies with 1-2 cup nectar in a saucepan and cook and stir until candy is completely dissolved. Chill and add to remainder of nectar and lemon juice. Before serving, top with a scoop of vanilla ice cream.

LEMONADE

Three rules make the perfect lemonade. Use fresh lemon juice and plenty of it. Use ice and more ice. Sweeten to suit the taste of each—not too much for those that like it sour; sweeter for those with a sweet tooth.

For each person, allow:

One lemon, 1 to 2 tablespoons sugar or honey, 1 cup cold water, ice.

Extract lemon juice. Add sugar or honey to taste. Stir to dissolve. Add water. Serve over ice in large glass. Garnish with lemon slice on rim.

Lemon Fizz: Make lemonade with carbonated water.

HOLLYWOOD PARADE

(Serves 30)

Hollywood Parade swings to the fore as a beverage that makes hostesses popular. Guests come back for more and more.

One quart orange juice, 1 quart orange sherbet, 1 quart vanilla ice cream, 1 quart chilled ginger ale.

Beat orange juice, sherbet and ice cream with whirl type beater until well mixed. Add ginger ale. Stir and serve at once.

LIME PUNCH

8 cubes sugar, 2 oranges, 2 limes, 1 1-2 cups water, cracked ice, slice of pineapple, 2 crystallized cherries. Rub the cubes of sugar over the rind of the oranges and limes Then put the sugar in a bowl and pour the juice of the limes and oranges over it. Add the water and serve when the sugar is melted, chilling with plenty of cracked ice. Put in pineapples and cherries at moment or serving. Serves four.

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. When a man is playing golf with a woman, should he let her drive first, even though the "honor" is his?

A. No. In any game played between a man and a woman, the woman expects to be treated as an opponent, and shown no courtesies merely because of her sex.

Q. When should invitations to dinner be answered?

A. They must be answered immediately; written or engraved ones by return mail, and those which are telephoned must be accepted without the slightest hesitation, or declined with regrets.

Q. If an engagement is broken, must a girl return all the presents sent her for her engagement?

The Housewife And Her Activities

CONTENTMENT

Should this be my last day —
Down, down, deep down in fragrant earth
I've dug my hands; watched the rebirth
Of spring unfold before my eyes:
The golden sun climbs high in azure skies:
I've heard the wind sigh through the poplar trees:
Seen weeping birches swaying in the breeze.

I've planted bulbs deep in the soil:
I've seen a fern frond tightly coil:
Oriole's orange color dash
From the cherry trees in a brilliant flash:
Loved wee Wimpy puss—stroked his silken fur—
Seen his bright eyes shine—heard his silken fur—
Seen his bright eyes shine—heard his baby purr:

Seen humming bird poise, hovering:
Sun glinting on bluebird's wings:
Touched dandelions' lips of gold:
Seen white fleecy clouds shepherded to fold:
I've heard the drowsy murmur of the bees.
Should this be my last day—I've had all these!

—Mary Radford.

IN DIANA'S ROOM

Seventeen-year-old Diana Parry acted as royal guide when Queen Mary visited Queenswood Girls' School Potters Bar, England.

Diana is head girl at the school.

"It was my job to present a bunch of carnations to her Majesy and show her round the school," she explained.

"I don't remember taking such close notice at the time, but everything Queen Mary said, and every tiny detail of the clothes she wore, is clear in my memory.

"She wore purple—purple coat and hat—with grey kid gloves which blended beautifully.

"I hope I didn't stare, but I was fascinated by her lovely earrings, purple amethysts and diamonds.

"She had a gorgeous amethyst brooch as well.

"Queen Mary came up to my own room and looked out of the window.

"What a lovely view you have across those woods," she said. Then she admired some of the pictures.

PRUNING IN THE ROSE GARDEN

Pruning in the rose garden in the spring should be undertaken when growth has advanced sufficiently to indicate how well the plants have wintered. Pruning requires some courage, particularly by the beginner who hesitates to cut away what appears to be healthy wood. According to the experienced practitioners of the Dominion Experimental Farms, all weak limbs should be removed close to the main stems and the stronger ones shortened. Canes no larger than a lead pencil might be cut safely to six inches, and the stronger canes to a greater length. Five to six inches for Hybrid Tea roses and eight to ten inches for Hybrid Perpetuals is a fairly safe rule. Strong old plants, however, may be left longer unless relatively few fine blooms rather than quantity is desired. There should be no stumps of old shoots visible above ground when pruning is finished, and in most cases the retained growth should not be over three years old in the case of strong-growing varieties, and two years old in the case of weak sorts. The plant should be carefull examined for dark colored bark near the ground. The upper part of the canes may look quite sound, but if there is a ring of brown bark lower down, the cane should be cut away below this mark without hesitation. It is important that pruning should be done with a sharp instrument in order to avoid tearing or crushing the wood. A well-sharpened hook-bladed pruning knife is the best implement, but sharp pruning shears may be used if carefully handled.

FIVE DAY WEEK FOR BANK OF ENGLAND GIRLS

An experiment in working hours is being tried out by the Bank of England.

Every Friday afternoon, about tea-time, some 500 happy girls troop out of its great stone "fortress," free from the cares of work until Monday morning.

They are from the Bank's dividend department. They used to leave half an hour earlier, not only on Fridays, but on other days as well.

Now instead of bringing the girls up to town every Saturday morning, getting all the ledgers and books out of the safe and putting them back again—which took a long time—the Bank officials have asked them to do that extra half-hour every day instead.

And it works. The girls, refreshed by the long break in the week, do more work in the five days than they used to do in five and a half.

Smart women in Paris are wearing violet toques.

Grey Persian lamb will be very good this autumn.

"Winged Victory" is a description of colorful chiffon evening capes, paired with black evening dresses of satin crepe, and chiffons, the tie-on capes being in bright yellow, royal blue, vivid greens and one in fuchsia.

Gingham is being revived for sports clothes.

Plaided frocks are being shown for evening.

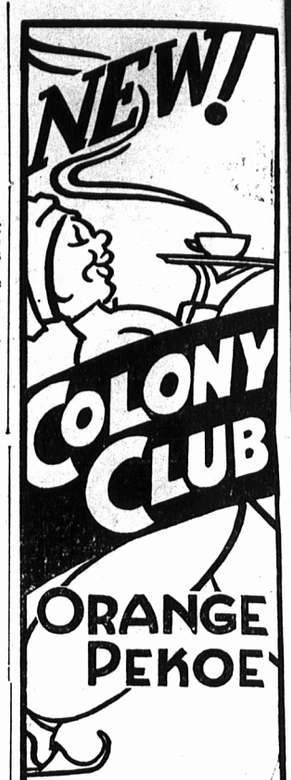
CAREFUL WASHING MEANS LONG LIFE FOR GLOVES

Washable fabric gloves may be kept meticulously clean and still hold shape and color with careful laundering. Use only a mild soap thoroughly dissolved in warm water. Avoid rubbing soap directly on the gloves or rubbing on a board. Try rather to soak the soil from the gloves by gently squeezing the suds through the fabric. If the soil is stubborn, brush the soiled spots gently with a flexible brush. Rinse thoroughly in tepid water, squeeze dry and stretch on glove form or stiff with tissue paper to preserve shape and prevent color running. Hang in shady, airy spot to dry.

GUEST ROOM DECORATD IN GREEN AND YELLOW

For a top floor guest room with a homey atmosphere, jonquil yellow walls surround a deep brown floor. Pale green enamel is used for dressing table and beds, banded with a slightly deeper jade green. The inside surface of the built-in bookcase are Nile green.

A sewing cabinet is enamelled jonquil yellow and awing chair is upholstered with green chintz patterned with coral. The glass curtains at the windows have narrow green valances and a coral-toned spread covers the bed.



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Try Colony Club Orange Pekoe TODAY.

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Colony Club is now on sale at your Grocer's and he is authorized to refund your money at our expense, on the return of the broken package, if you are not satisfied.

FREE BALLOONS!

These big, amusing "Dapper Duck" and other animal toss-ups—while they last—are given free with every pound package of Colony Club. Your small folks will appreciate these — get one at your Grocer's.

ONLY 60¢ THE POUND

Never Before Such Value at Such a Low Price!

JONES-SCHOFIELD-HATHEWAY LTD.
SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

White Diapers

Diapers that have become dingy and gray-looking may be whitened by boiling for one-half hour in strong suds, made with yellow soap and milk and water (half water and half milk). Then wash in ordinary hot suds, and rinse first in clear hot water and then in cold blued water.

Peeled Peaches

Peeled peaches will discolor unless handled rapidly. Canners claim that this discolorization can be removed by blanching the fruit in boiling water for a few minutes.

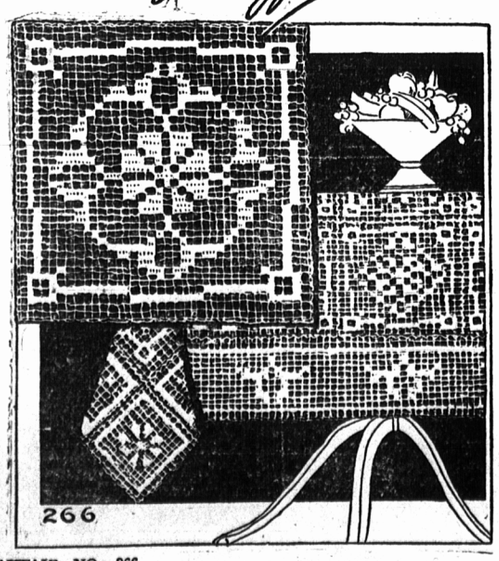
Cleaning Enamel

To clean enameled tables or chairs wipe them off with salt which has been moistened with vinegar; then sponge with clear water and wipe dry with a soft cloth.

SHOWERS REFRESHING DURING WARM WEATHER

The girl who is determined to look cool and be pretty comfortable most of the time in spite of summer's hot weather, takes a lukewarm bath every night before going to bed (no matter how late it is), a shower with the water at body temperature every morning and, during the day, as many medium cool showers as she can manage.

Filet Crochet Tablecloth by Mayfair



MAYFAIR NO. 266

This conventional filet crochet design is a favorite with all who see it. To own one is the height of a good home-maker's ambition. When you realize how quickly the blocks are worked and how simply they are assembled into a cloth that is delicate, lacy and lovely, you will not rest until your fingers are busy and the squares begin to take the form of a lovely cloth.

The pattern contains full crochet instructions without abbreviations.

For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

Use this coupon Print your name and address plainly

To The Charlottetown Guardian

Needlework Dept.

DESIGN NO. 266

Name

Street Address

City Province

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Same Pattern....Vacation Needs

A cool square neck dirndl dress of gay cotton print in gay cotton print in rose and navy for seashore or country. It's a "must have" for vacation week-ends. The full allround gathered, skirt makes your waistline look ever so tiny. You'll want to casually leave the lower part of the buttoned-down-the-front dress opened to give a glimpse of the deep rose colored play suit. It repeats a shade of the print, as does the trim of the dress. The buttoned front dress is easy to slip into. You'll want to use the pattern for separate playsuits, and for dirndl dresses to wear in the garden at home. The peasant hat makes the costume quite complete.

Style No. 2759 cost 15 cents extra and includes three other type hats, designed for one size.

Style No. 2099 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 7-8 yards of 39-inch material with 5-8 yard of 39-inch contrasting for dress; and 1 5-8 yards of 39-inch material for play suit.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving

Style No. 2099 Size..... ... .

Name

Street Address

City Province

NEW CANAPE

Spread thin slices of bologna with cream cheese mixed with chopped pickles, olives and onions. Roll the slices up and stick a wooden pick through each. Quickly dip the rolls into salad dressing mixed with catsup and broil them four minutes on toast squares. Serve