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

ALL IS BRIGHT

By ELEANOR BROWNE

Author of "This Time Forever", "Diane Looks at Life," "Highway To Romance." — A Christmas Cruise With Romance In The Wind ... Ghosts of Pirates! ... Everybody Adventure Bent — And One Girl Finds The Golden Treasure — LOVE.

But Gloria was lost to sight all afternoon, playing bridge. Star wandered around restlessly, unable to concentrate on anything. She went down to the lower deck for tea. She found many others before her. Mrs. Jenkins was deeply engrossed in a game of shuffleboard. Nearby Stuart and his father were listlessly playing deck tennis. As Star settled back into a chair Stuart aimed the ring over his father's head. Star put up her hand and caught it.

"If you do that again—" Barton said threateningly. Then he turned and saw Star smiling at him, holding out the ring.

"Let's call it a day, son," he said over his shoulder. "I could do with a bit of iced tea myself." He sank into the chair next to Star, mopping the perspiration from his forehead.

As always, Stuart looked mutinous. He had not wanted to play deck tennis, but now that his father was quitting it suddenly became a most desirable games. He glanced over at his father talking eagerly to Star. She was smiling. He picked up one of the hard rope rings used in the game. No one was watching him. Quickly he sent it sailing along the deck.

It caught Mrs. Jenkins just as she was shoving the puck into position. Startled, she turned and bore down on Stuart who ran over to Star and stood defiantly beside her.

"My land!" Mrs. Jenkins towered above Star and Barton, quivering with indignation. "If I couldn't train a child better than that I wouldn't let him get near folks. Do you know that ring hurts?"

Barton was instantly on his feet, distraught and apologetic. "I'm so terribly sorry. I'm sure it wasn't intentional, Mrs. Jenkins. Won't you take my seat? Steward!! Steward—another glass of tea, please!"

Star grasped Stuart firmly by the shoulder saying, "If you want to play deck tennis we'll play together. But no nonsense, Stuart."

He nodded eagerly and gathered up the scattered rings. The next minute they were playing fast and furiously, Star seeming chagrined at her inability to make any points. Stuart's eyes danced with joy as she ran desperately from one side to the other, often hurling her best shots straight into the center of the net.

"She is a charming girl," commented Mrs. Jenkins.

Barton started, aware that he had utterly neglected his companion in watching his son and Star playing together.

"Yes, she is," he agreed weakly.

"The child is a smart-looking youngster too," Mrs. Jenkins conceded, "but of course a boy that age needs a mother. Have you ever thought of marrying again?" she demanded.

"Well, no—not exactly," Barton stammered. He flushed to the roots of his hair.

"You ought to think of it," Mrs. Jenkins leaned back in her chair, smiling fatuously. "The boy needs a mother and you need a wife. I wouldn't tell everyone, Mr. Underwood, but it might help you to know that when Mr. Jenkins proposed I wasn't the least bit in love with him. I told him so too. But he only said, 'Never mind Myra, that will come later.' And it all worked out fine. Of course Mr. Jenkins didn't have any children. But still, you're a fine-looking man and . . ."

Barton was acutely self-conscious. He was deeply grateful when the unloved Mr. Jenkins made his appearance and the couple went off for their much publicized "forty winks" before dinner. But as he lit his pipe and peace once more envolved the ship he began to think less harshly of Mrs. Jenkins and her advice. The old girl might be right, after all. Certainly Stuart was a changed child whenever Star was around. And, he thought, his eyes kindling, she was the kind of a girl any man could love and respect. A girl any man would be proud to call his wife.

* * * *

Star scarcely dared to breathe late that night as she stared at the radiance of the moon and enjoyed the deep silence all about her. The ship moved on gently, hemmed in by the waves and under the tremendous arch of sky overhead. The stars were spilled carelessly over that domed darkness; the moon was silver white, disturbingly bright and clear.

Star had no idea how long she stood there. She knew suddenly another presence. Someone was standing just behind her. Kent still in uniform was looking, not at the moon, but at her. The light drained all color from his face, he looked tired.

He moved so that he stood beside her and turned his face, as she did, toward the moon. "Beautiful, isn't it? I've seen it a thousand times and on each occasion it seems just as wonderful."

"I can't get the Christmas Carol out of my mind," Star said dreamily. Softly, so that only he could hear, she hummed:

Silent night—Holy night—
All is clear;
All is bright.

Her voice was light as the breeze that bore it away. As she finished she turned to him and his arms went out toward her. She held up her lips to his. It seemed to both of them as natural and inevitable as the moon upon the water or the gentle throbbing of the boat beneath them.

Their lips clung together even after Star had realized that it was wrong. For a brief moment she was passive, held gently but securely in the circle of his arms, experiencing in spite of herself the joy of a moment too precious and perfect to last.

Star was breathing hard when Kent let her go. "Why did you do that?" she demanded.

He did not answer immediately. Then he said, "I did it because I care for you deeply. And because I hoped for a little while that you cared for me." Without another word he turned and walked away.

She shivered and drew the beach robe more tightly about her. The moon had become cold and unfriendly — remote from the distressing problems of a lonely girl far below.

CHAPTER XVI

The Cartagena had slipped noiselessly into the harbor. The ladder was already in place and the passengers were descending, ready for the shore trip to Barranquilla. Star was startled at her emotions during this brief time of waiting. Perhaps it was because she had lain awake such a long time last night after she had returned from the top deck. Now she was paying for that restless night.

"Do you think she's sleepwalker?" Barton Underwood's voice roused her with a start. He and Elise were standing quite close, laughing at her absorption. Stuart's hand tugged at hers.

"Come on. Nearly everybody's off." They left the ship, Elise walking slowly with Barton's hand under her arm. The steel pier was the only modern structure as far as their eyes could see. Indeed it was almost the only structure of any kind except the open-faced sheds that held a conglomeration of bowls and hats and baskets.

"I'm going to buy out his place," Elise announced joyously. "After all, this is the first real port I've seen."

"Better wait till we're coming back," Barton said cautiously. "It's amazing how bulky these things are. They haven't been corrupted by the fever for packaging down here."

Stuart was unexpectedly quiet. His hot little hand clung tenaciously to Star's and his round eyes roamed ceaselessly from one thing to another.

"Don't you like this place?" Star asked as they stood on the small bridge waiting for the trolley that would take them to the mainland.

"Yes," Stuart agreed gravely, "but there's too much wind—it hurts my ears."

Star and Barton smiled at each other. But Elise unfastened the white chiffon handkerchief at her throat and knelt before Stuart. "If I tie this over your ears," she explained, "the wind can't get in." He nodded and stood quietly while the handkerchief was knotted, peasant fashion, under his chin. "That better?"

"That's fine!" said Stuart happily, sniffing at one corner to get the full benefit of the delicate scent. "You're nice, too. You smell nice."

This tribute was so sincere and unprompted that Elises eyes were misty as she stood up again. Star mentally promised Stuart an extra-long story for giving Elise what she needed now above everything else—unquestioning friendliness.

The "Toonerville Trolly" rattled along and stopped abruptly in front of them. Hilariously Star and Elise managed the high steps, finding that their skirts needed only this slight elevation to send them billowing upward. The ride seemed all too short. They were sorry when they had to take an ordinary touring car for the ride further into the hills.

They flew past homes painted in what Elise called "ice cream" colors. Lovely, beautifully kept homes that they knew even before the guide told them had been built by Americans.

When they finally reached Barranquilla it was lunch ime. They drove up to a hotel dropped as if by genii in the midst of an otherwise barren land. Star caught herself hurrying toward the dining room and deliberately slowed her steps. But she could not help glancing quickly around at the tables as they came in. One glance was enough to tell her—Gloria and Kent were not here. As if their absence had released a hidden spring in her mind Star began for the first time to enjoy the day.

Elise Cattrell was as delighted as a child with the lovely bougainvillea blossoms that were scattered over their able. She gathered up a handful of them and sniffed expectantly, only to put them down in disappointment. "They might be made of paper!"

"Lavender tissue paper," agreed Star. "What a pity they have no scent."

"Women always want everything," Barton said, with such a pained expression Elise and Star laughed at him.

They stayed a long time, wandering through the cool tiled terrace that was open on one side in tall archways wreathed in Poinsettia. But they left early enough to avoid tiring Elise and because Stuart in spite of his protests was almost sleep. All the way back to the ship he lay in Star's arms, his short lashes curled up. He had chosen that position himself as they got into the car and Barton obligingly rode with the driver.

Before they began the return trip Star glanced up and discovered Gloria and Kent just driving in. Kent's expression was thoughtful as he saw her holding the child, but he only bowed quietly to them and turned with Gloria toward the hotel. Star heard her roommate's light voice and saw her smiling brilliantly. But she did not hear Kent respond. In spite of herself she could not help contrasting his gloomy expression with his gay laughter during that day at Kingston when they had been together.

* * * *

(To be Continued)

Here's How to Relieve MISERY of COLDS Without Dosing

There's nothing to swallow. Massaged on throat, chest and back, Vicks VapoRub acts two ways at once to relieve misery of colds.

FIRST: VapoRub acts on the skin, stimulates like a warming poultice.

SECOND: At the same time, VapoRub gives off soothing medicated vapours that are breathed direct into irritated air passages.

THIS DIRECT, 2-WAY ACTION loosens phlegm, clears air passages, checks tendency to cough—also relieves muscular tightness and soreness.

Because it's external and safe, VapoRub can be used freely and as often as needed, for children and grown-ups. No wonder it's used in 1 out of 3 Canadian homes.

VICKS VAPORUB

WAS SEAMAN'S FRIEND

BOSTON— (CP) —For 47 years superintendent of the Sailor's Haven in Charleston and a sailor himself in the days of the square riggers, Stanton H. King is dead at 73. He was friend to thousands of seamen of all nationalties.

Morning Smile

A HORSE DEAL

Angus had a horse which he wanted to sell for $50, but Smith was only willing to pay $25 for it. The business was on the point of falling through when the horse became ill and died, so Angus sent a telegram to Smith.

"Have changed my mind. You can have horse for $25. Send cheque and will forward horse.

The next morning the cheque arrived, and as soon as he had cashed it, Angus sent off the dead horse.

To his surprise he did not hear from his friend Smith, and after a long silence his conscience began to prick him. He paid a visit to Smith and apologized for playing such a dirty trick on him.

"Let's shake hands and forget it," he said.

"Certainly. I'm not grumbling about the deal."

"But what happened to the horse?"

"I raffled it."

"What!"

"I got 20 entries at $5 each. Only one man grumbled—the winner — so I gave him his money back!"

THE TEST

Jim Sloan, purchasing agent, sat listening to a salesman.

"To sell goods," said the latter, "you must be a psychologist; you must be psychic. Now I am psychic. I can read the minds of men I call on. For instance, I know what's on your mind right now."

"Well, then," replied Jim, stifling a yawn, "why don't you go there?"

Butterscotch Tapioca

2 tablespoons butter
1-2 cup brown sugar
2 cups milk
1 1-2 tablespoons tapioca
1-8 teaspoon salt
1 egg

Method: Melt the butter in a heavy skillet and add the brown sugar. Cook stirring constantly until the sugar bubbles and melts. Add the milk and cook until this glaze dissolves.

Turn into a double boiler and add the tapioca. Cook over hot water for about 15 minutes until the tapioca is transparent. Beat the egg yolk with the salt and add a spoonful or two of the hot tapioca. Return this to the rest of the mixture and cook for a minute or two longer.

Remove from the fire and fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. The pudding may seem thin but it will thicken up as it cools. Chill and serve with maple syrup or with whipped cream if you like that better.

A Hacking, Racking Persistent Cough

The constant hacking, racking, persistent cough that sticks to you in spite of everything you do to get rid of it is the kind that is dangerous to neglect.

The longer the cough sticks, the more serious menace it becomes to your health.

But, there is a remedy to relieve coughs—coughs that won't let go. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is that remedy.

It has a healing and soothing action on the air passages, and acts as a disinfectant of the respiratory organs, destroying the germs that may produce serious complications.

The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

A GIFT PICTURE IN APPLIQUE

DESIGN NO. X 633

An admirable picture you can easily make for your home or as a gift. It is 12 inches high and 10 inches wide. Hot iron transfer pattern No. X 633 contains transfer sheet and complete instructions how to transfer and apply the pieces, also color scheme.

To order this design write your name and address on a piece of paper and send with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Department, Charlottetown Guardian.

To Charlottetown Guardian
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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Living Together as Landlady and Star Boarder is the Wise and Decent Way to Settle the Problem of the Philandering Husband

Dear Dorothy Dix—My husband and I fell in love at first sight and were married within two months. Everything was lovely for eighteen months. Then he changed jobs and changed himself. Lost interest in me and our baby. Soon we will have our third anniversay and have agreed on this plan for the next year: I am to make the home as I always have. He will stay with us and provide for us, but will come and go as he pleases, no questions asked. I will really be just his housekeeper as he says he no longer loves me. His only reason for staying he stays is that he has got used to me and likes his home. I feel that this arrangement is better for the boy's sake than for me to leave. Besides, my health does not permit me to hold a job. And I still love him. Do you think I have done the right thing? A WIFE.

Answer:

I certainly do think you have done the right thing, and I think you have a fifty-fifty chance of winning your husband back if you have enough courage and self-control to play your hand astutely.

First, forget about your marriage. Treat your husband as if he were a star boarder and keep yourself in the role of his landlady, not his wife. Don't weep any more over his having lost his love for you. Don't go about with the sad, martyr air of the neglected wife. Make him comfortable. Give him what he likes to eat. Keep his clothes in order. But let it go at that.

Don't be mushy and sentimental and hang around him begging for kisses, like a hungry dog does for a bone. And don't delude yourself by thinking that you can win his affection back by showing him how much you love him, no matter how badly he treats you. There is nothing so repulsive to a man as to be swamped in the love he doesn't want. It is like being sucked down and drowned in a hogshead of molasses. The more indifferent you are to him, the more likely you are to reawaken his interest. He will wonder why you have ceased to care.

And keep your bargain not to ask any questions about his comings and goings. Perhaps the reason he got tired of you was because you made him too much of a prisoner of love. There are many men to whom liberty is the very breath of life who feel that a wife who keeps tab on everything they do is nothing but a jailer. Anyway, as long as you keep the door on the latch he will come back when he pleases, and that is better than having him gone entirely.

You have three trump cards in your hand. One is that, as your husband says, he is used to you, and that means a lot more than meets the eye at first glance. It means that he has gone through all the trying period of adjustment with you and he knows your moods and tenses and how you react to certain situations, and he doesn't want to go through that job with another woman. In a word, matrimonially speaking, he would rather bear the ills he has than fly to those he knows not of. That indicates that you are a pretty comfortable sort of woman to live with, and also that he is not in love with any other woman.

Your second trump card is that he likes his home. You make him comfortable. You give him good food. Everything is neat and clean and to his liking. Wives don't realize how much a comfortable home means to a man. Its appeal lingers after romance has fled, and a wife who in her husband's thoughts is always connected with a clean hearth and a savory dinner has something to conjure with.

And your ace card is the baby. Your boy is getting to the interesting age now when it is beginning to walk and talk and he will grab his father's heart in his little hands and hold it. He will draw his dad back if anything on earth can. I think this arrangement that you and your husband have made of living together in the relationship of landlady and boarder is a wiser and decent way of settling the problem of the philandering husband. It is far better than divorce because it gives you a chance to think things over before you make a final break and make a mess of your lives.

* * * * * *

Does Corporal Punishment Aid Marriage ?

Dear Miss Dix—I am 23 years old and happily married to a fine young man who is very good to me. However, there is a fly in the ointment. He believes that a wife should submit to a spanking once a week in order to keep her from going bad, and I have had to take one every Saturday because he loves me and doesn't want to lose me. He admits that every husband should also get a spanking when he needs it. When he acts like a spoiled boy and sulks and nags and I remind him that he should be punished, he says: "Go ahead and do it." But how can a little wife who only weighs ninety-six pounds spank a husband who is a six-footer and weighs 236 pounds. MRS. A. B. C.

Answer:

Isn't that just like a man, always giving his wife the privileges she can't take? But I don't know what you can do about giving him tit for tat when he needs chastisement unless you can find one of the patent spankers, run by electricity, that some genius invented a few years ago. But the heel! Why didn't he marry a woman of his own size if he was an advocate of corporal punishment as an aid to a happy marriage?

* * * *

Use Care in Picking Wife

Dear Dorothy Dix—What would you think of my chance of happiness in marrying a divorcee who has had affairs with several men since her divorce? I truly love the girl, but as the time approaches for our marriage I am beginning to worry over whether I am doing a wise thing or not in taking such a woman for my wife. E. J. Y.

Answer:

Most risky I'd say. Any woman who isn't sobered up by divorce and who doesn't walk discreetly thereafter is lacking not only in principle but in ordinary common sense. She is one of the gay, sensual, pleasure-loving women who lead their husbands a merry dance.

DOROTHY DIX.

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

By FRANCES DRAKE

(Copyright, 1939, King Features Syndicate Inc.)
Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

For Tuesday, November 28th

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries) —Minor matters and work connected with steel, iron, lumber and all mechanical implements are favored after 12 Noon. Not so auspicious a day for signing agreemenst or starting new projects, say your stars. You born after April 3: Be especially alert, patient and careful.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus) —Be careful to avoid loss through breakage, wastefulness and neglect. Between 7 A.M. and 1:20 P.M. vibrations tend toward nervous irritability. Counteract this with calm reasoning and quiet efficency. Fairly good for ordinary routine, study. Religion asks attention.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini) —Fill your entire day with wholesome, progressive thinking, consistent application of your talents and capability and cheerful willingness to assist in anything that is worth while.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)— Proceed carefully with your daily duties and try to avoid friction. Be content to make slow progress, finish incompleted matters and say those cheerful, kind things NOW. Postmortem regret and kindness do not cheer heavy hearts. Day best for essential matters.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)— Combative aggresiveness and carelessness in expenditures, collections or assuming added monetary liabilities are taboo. Best results all round through patient efforts.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — For your first consideration this none too stimulating day: Close attention to the important issues, but without anxiety; careful planning for the future; solidifying your present holdings or position. Good for preparation work.

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — Aspects do not incline toward highpowered achievement, at least that of a spectacular nature, but industriousness and quality of effort will meet with favorable response. News of interest.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — You are reminded to be especially discreet in what you say and how you say it, and to be optimistic though things don't turn out as you wish and deserve. Fighting obstacles and overcoming them strengthens our character, makes us better fit for BIG tasks.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — A tendency to exaggerate and over-estimate are likely handicaps. Sincerity of purpose and accuracy in carrying out your activities will put you in the way of accomplishments. Don't neglect paramount issues for non-essentials.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — A pleasant setup for you born after Jan. 5 in industrial affairs, progressive projects and necessary duties. You other Capricornians will find this afternoon and evening best for important issues. Patience and moderation particularly advised in A.M

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) — Matters requiring keen penetration and patient study favored in A.M. and mechanical and industrial interests in P.M. (If care and attention to details are employed).

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — You must be alert, ready to act when opportunity presents itself. A dull day if YOU don't put it into action by initiative and driving force. Be aggressive!

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY will be inventive, capable of accomplishment in an unusual profession or trade; should be an excellent salesman or saleswomen. One big fault it will have to overcome will be a tendency to gossip thoughtlessly and thus make enemies of those who could be powerful friends. Happiness and good through the practice of true charity.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Devil's Food Cake I

1-2 cup of butter
1 cup white sugar
1 cup of brown sugar
4 eggs
1 cup of milk
2 1-3 cups of flour
4 teaspoons of baking powder
2 squares of chocolate
1-2 teaspoon of vanilla

Cream the butter with both sugars previously mixed together Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs and beat in the four yolks one at a time. Add the melted chocolate, then the milk. Sift the flour measure, and sift again with the baking powder, mix in and add the whites of the eggs, beaten but not until they are dry. Finally put in the vanilla. Bake in two layer cake pans.

Devil's Food Cake II

1-2 cup of butter
2 cups of brown sugar
2 unbeaten eggs
3 squares of chocolate
1 1-4 cups of milk
2 cups of flour
1 teaspoon of soda
1 teaspoon of vanilla

Cream the butter with the sugar very thoroughly. Break the eggs directly into the and beat together. Melt and add the chocolate. Stir in the milk. Sift the flour once, measure it, add the sugar and sift again three times. An automatic sifter is the time saver, it puts flour and soda through three screens with a few squeezes of the handle. Well sifted flour is the secret of the fine grain of this, as I believe it is of most, devil cake.

To ice these cakes with a good white frosting.

Sour Cream Gingerbread

Half cup shortening (part butter and part meat dripping may be used), 1 cup molasses, 1 cup thick sour cream, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon ginger (more ginger may be added if liked).

Stir all together, dissolve the soda in a little water, use flour enough to make a medium stiff batter, but not too stiff. Bake in moderate oven.

By an order of the Swiss Federal Council, effective September 25, the importation and exportation of merchandise, also the use of imported merchandise, will be supervised by the State .. Commercial Intelligence Journal.

Make Windows Cheery With Beautiful Plants

These Favorites Easily Grown

What a lovely trio—glorious clivia miniata, quaint holly fern, trailing strawberry begonia.

They look so charming on inexpensive glass shelves which you can buy ready to put up. And they need little care.

Brilliant as a summer's day is the tropical clivia or Kafir lily. Water it sparingly; see that it doesn't get too much sun, and for weeks you'll be thrilled by its magnificent clusters of orange flowers. Reduce light and water after flowering — and your clivia blooms next year, for years after.

The holly fern asks only that you keep it out of drafts, away from excessive heat—and please will you give it a good bath about once a week. Set the pot in a pail of water until air bubbles stop rising and soil is saturated.

A delightful companion for these two is the strawberry begonia, with its trailing variegated leaves.

Beautify your house all winter long with lovely easy - to - grow plants. Our 32-page booklet gives complete instructions for growing all your favorites—foliage and flowering plants, vines, bulbs. Includes information on fertilizers, watering, pests, repotting.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Making Plants And Flowers Grow Indoors to the Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER ACTIVITIES

ADVICE FOR A GIRL

She was just out of school
and stood facing the world.
She pondered: "Will I be a success?"
And, surprised, she looked around
at the everyday things
As promptly they answered her:
"Yes."

"Just listen to us, dear, and down
through the years
Remember our proffered advice,"
"In case of emergency always
keep cool."
So counselled the new block of
ice.

"And sing the day through," was
the tea kettle's say.
"Be bright," said the lamp on the
shelf.
The mirror spoke up from its place
on the wall,
"And always reflect your best
self."

"Be spotless and clean," said the
washcloth and soap,
The sugar: "Be always refined."
The liniment, known for its soothing effect,
Spoke up and said, "Always be
kind."

"Be ever on time," said the bell
on the clock.
"And don't be too sharp," said the
knife.
The hammer and saw interrupted
to say,
"Build something, my dear, with
your life."

"Success is not measured by riches
or fame,
But by what you are and you do,
And if you but follow the rules we
give here,
This world will be better for you".
—M. E. Kibblewhite.

Season for Smocks

Women are going back to the old-fashioned smock for doing odd jobs about the house. These can be slipped over dress or skirt and are more attractive and just as suitable as an overall.

Made of gaily checked gingham or flowery chintz they are also suitable for impromptu tea parties. These smocks have Peter Pan collar and long sleeves for warmth. Inside the smocking on the bodice are two capacious pockets to carry household odds and ends.

Chic for Walking

Women will be walking more than ever this winter and shoes will be mainly of the sensible variety. Almost square cuban or wedge heels that look smart indoors or out, will take the place of the high heels.

Nowadays soft kid is more in demand for shoes than buckskin or suede as it keeps a "new" look much longer and withstands damp and cold. Plain black kid shoes can be made to look out-of-the-ordinary but substituting thick bright red or green laces and having the heel painted to match.

Darker Shades for Stockings

Stockings are appearing in a series of darker shades for winter wear. Twig—a deep coppery brown—is a favourite colour flattering to full calves and suitable for street wear as it does not show mud splashes. Grey stockings, faintly purple tinged in smoky shades tone perfectly with a black outfit.

Deep gunmetal shades suit the women who wears tweeds. Light-coloured stockings have been put aside for the winter as they are less suitable for wear with warm clothes and furs, and in any case dark stockings flatter the legs.

Prince Eitel's Move

Prince Eitel Friedrich, 56-year-old son of the ex-Kaiser, who has left Germany for a well-known resort on Lake Geneva, has not been popular with the Nazis for some time; they fear he might become the rallying point for discontented ex-service men (says the London Evening News)

Prince Eitel, who in the last war was an officer in the First Potsdam Guards, supported Hitler in the early days of the regime when General von Seekt and Dr. Schacht became converts to the swastika

Later, however, the Prince's Potsdam home was raided by storm-troopers.

The essence of Buddhist morality is the belief in Karma, that is, of work done in this or a former life which must go on producing results.

Almost a century and a half ago in the mountains of North Carolina John Morris kindled a fire in his hearth, and since fires were hard to start with flint and tinder, he kept it burning. Sentiment grew around the blaze, and each succeeding generation took over the task of keeping it alive. It is still burning.

TOO PRECIOUS TO LOSE!

Guard your children from the serious results which may possibly follow a heavy cold if you neglect it. Give them Father John's Medicine which builds up bodily strength, restores lost energy — helps the body to throw off cold infections. It is rich in vitamins—free from harmful drugs and alcohol.

For 85 years Father John's Medicine has been the dependable family remedy in treating coughs, colds and as a body-builder.

Father John's Medicine

7

New Fall Fashions And Winter Styles

A tiny waist and rounded hips in the newest manner is what this smart style gives you. Soft shirring at the waistline of the separate blouse is flattering. Tiny covered buttons marching right up to your chin, have a neat look. The gored skirt flares gracefully and comfortably. Two colors are newer than one and this is just the dress for combining two of your favorites. A black skirt topped by a red blouse is gay and festive looking. It also adds new life to a dark winter coat.

Style No. 3015 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 2 1-8 yards of 39-inch material for the skirt; 1 5-8 yards for the blouse.

Send fifteen (15c) (coin is prefered) for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number Be sure to state the size you wish.

Style No. 3015 Size ....

Name

Street Address

City Province

Tenders for electrical equipment required by the Public Works Department of New Zealand have been invited. Requirements include electrical switchgears and remote control equipment .... Commercial Intelligence Journal.

Keep Minard's in the home.