

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

CLEAR AS A STARLIT NIGHT!

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KAYSER STOCKINGS... GLOVES LINGERIE SOLD IN CHARLOTTETOWN

—BY—

Moore & McLeod Ltd.

Feather in Her Hat

By JULIE ANNE MOORE

No one there knew how near that time to being a prayer. It had taken these hours of increasingly anxious waiting to bring Bill to his senses. Earlier he had said, "Tough Lee kicked off now when he's sitting on top of the world." Perhaps then he had really believed his chief concern was for Lee's safety. He had wanted to believe it. But for an hour now he had been abusing himself for what, in retrospect, he saw as his "shabby" treatment of Ann; and it was Ann's face—not hers—that had been in his brain like a picture in flame when he thought of the tragic possibilities of this night she had made with the man whom he, Bill Hudson, had almost trust upon her.

Lee was trying to start a fire with wet matches. Every time a match sputtered and went out, Ann grinned. She was sitting in the open door of the twisted cabin, a bandage around her head.

Lee drew a fresh match along the edge of the box where was a momentary flash followed by a faint plutter as the flame died out.

"If I were you," Ann suggested, "I'd put the rest of those matches in the sun and give them a chance to dry. You may need 'em before we get down from this mountain."

"Do you suppose we're still in the United States, Lee?"

Laughing, Lee closed the match box and pulled up on one leg. Ann jumped up and ran to him.

"You mustn't try to use that leg, Lee. You'll only make it worse."

He looked down at his limp left leg as a mother would look at a child who was misbehaving.

"Couldn't I try it," he said, grumpily.

Ann pulled her arm behind her head and over her shoulder and put her right arm around his firm body.

"All right—let's go."

Putting as little weight as possible on Ann, Lee hopped the dozen feet to the wrecked plane and sat down by the open cabin door. He leaned back and looked up through the trees at the irregular shaped patches of blue sky. "Looks like swell weather up there," he said musingly. "Too bad the old boat couldn't have stuck on top of one of these trees. . . . Must be late, too." He looked at his watch. "Ye gods! It's just seven o'clock. Unless this thing has stopped."

This watch had not stopped. It was seven o'clock—which meant that exactly eight hours ago he was hearing that first ominous cough of the motor.

"At intervals since Ann had remained unconscious and learned they had, due to an empty gasoline tank, made a forced landing in what appeared to be a mountain wilder-

Soothes Skin Irritations

Vaseline WHITE

DEMAND THE GENUINE

A Morning Smile

It was the first time that the Jinkins, who had lately come into money, were entertaining in their newly-purchased mansion.

"The cook looked flabbergasted. "Mash the peas," she exclaimed. "Yes, mash the peas," remarked her mistress. "Mr. Jinks is scared that they might roll off his knife."

Pat had lost a gold coin. Frantically searching all around the place, he was asked by someone, "Did you look in your pockets?" to which he replied, "I searched all me pockets, but one."

"And why don't you search that one?" he was asked. "Oh, begone," he replied, "if I looked in that one and it is not there I'll just drop dead."

absorbed her consciousness that there had been no opportunity to think of herself as she went down the mountain. Then she brought the tiny tinkling sound of running water. . . . at first a small stream twisting down a narrow, rock-walled gully; then, stumbling in her haste, she had come unexpectedly to an open space where the grass was summer green beneath her feet, and overhead the wide canopy of sky was blue and warm and friendly. And at that moment, even before she flung herself down for her first drink of the cold water, she decided that by some means she must bring Lee Monday here.

Carefully Lee screwed the plug into place and laid the canteen on the ground. "Personally," he said, grinning, "I feel a thousand per cent better. How about you, Ann?"

She grunted agreement, but her eyes remained closed. The rise and fall of her breasts beneath the thin coat was more regular now. "I found a place—perfectly beautiful. And in the open. . . . We've got to get down there somehow. . . ."

Lee's head shook hopelessly. "No chance, I'm afraid. I've put a hand carefully on his forehead and found the hinge of this darn leg is broken, or something. Maybe—say—did you hear that. . . ."

Ann was on her feet, staring up through the little jagged holes in the trees, straining her ears to catch that holy hallow sound.

"She heard nothing but her own heavy breathing, but Lee cried, 'It's a plane—it's a plane! He's coming nearer, Ann. . . . He's coming this way. How—'

Ann's hands were on his shoulders forcing him back. "We're hidden. We're hidden. We're hidden."

The muffled exhaust of the plane was nearer now. Lee fumbled in his pockets. "Where are those matches, Ann? They ought to be dry by now."

Ann ran back with the matches and under Lee's directions raked up a little pile of leaves and twigs and pulled off a yard or more of torn linen from the fuselage.

The moan of the motor was very loud just as Lee's hand touched him the plane was flying an irregular course, swinging from left to right and back again.

A hand cupped to protect the flame, Ann drew a match across a loose stone. There was no flicker of light. Only a soft gray line across the rock.

Lee almost jumped at her. "Use the match box. Strike it on the box, Ann! It's almost here now. He'll be flying over in a second. Strike it, strike it, even purr of the motor was a roar in her ears as Ann pulled the match along the sandpaper side of the box. The match head was like paint. . . . She tried again. Again. Again. In desperation she thrust the box into Lee's hand. He tried a match after match. The flame of hope gone out of his eyes, Lee tossed the match box into the air. The hum became a continuous, echoing blast.

"Well," said Lee, "here we are." "What a lovely, lovely, lovely," he said, gravely, "we've got to get down, Lee. . . . They'll be able to see us. . . . And at least we'll have water. . . ."

How they managed that long and sometimes treacherous descent, neither Ann nor Lee would ever be able to explain. It had seemed impossible when they started. Yet, they had done it.

They had been content with a minimum of salvage from the wrecked plane—two blankets, one fairly new and the other not only old and frayed but with a spike hole from the luggage compartment; the footloose flashlight; the two leather seat cushions, and the canteen.

When Lee was settled on the edge of the clearing with his back to a tree and his injured leg resting on a cushion, Ann dropped the blanket she had worn as a pack and pulled the canteen strap over her head.

"If you'll just be patient now," she said, whimsically, "I'll hurry supper all I can."

Lee watched her dark little figure moving across the clearing and came to the plot of grass at the water's edge. They had had nothing to eat since dinner at Elmville last night and they might never eat again—but she could joke about it. How many men, he wondered, could have stood up under the strain of the past twenty-four hours so well? And yesterday he had thought of her as only a little animated girl who would never grow up and whose sole attractions were a delightful innocence and an infectious zest for life.

She came back and put the canteen in his hands. The canvas cover was cool and damp. "You'll find the steak a little rare," she said, smiling, "but most men like it that way."

(To Be Continued.)

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Few Lapses in Table Manners and Grammar Are Not Good Causes for Divorces in These Days

Dear Miss Dix—Can you teach an old dog new tricks? About four years ago I married a man who is all right in other respects, but his table manners and his English are atrocious. The way he eats an egg in the morning is positively nauseating, and I cannot go out with him any more to parties or restaurants for the embarrassment he causes me by the way he devours his food. I would not hurt his feelings for anything, but I cannot stand it any longer. It makes me miserable. Will it be better for me to leave him? I cannot change him. He resents my every effort to improve his manners and his grammar.

MAY BELLE.

Answer: Well, May Belle, if I were you before I bought me a ticket for Reno I would do a high and fancy balancing act, and try to find out if a good husband and a good home and a shopping ticket that is good at the best shops do not offset a few lapses in grammar and table manners that are not quite Emily Post.

I don't wonder that bad English gets on your nerves, and that you hate to see a man battle an egg, with the egg coming out victorious on his shirt and tie, and that you sometimes think that even a jazz orchestra is preferable to hearing a man goggle his soup, but believe me, lady, all these drawbacks and disadvantages to your present estate would look mighty small and insignificant if you found yourself standing alone in the world with your own living to make and no job in sight and no good, kind, sturdy man to lean on.

It's what is in a husband's heart and not what's on his tongue that matters. It's the way he provides for his wife, not his technique with forks and spoons that counts. Many a man whose English is flawless never says a kind and tender thing to his wife, and his wife would gladly exchange him for a husband who provided the eggs, no matter how he ate them, and who told her that he loved her even if he murdered the King's English in doing so.

But how come, May Belle, that you married a man whose English and table manners you find it impossible to endure? They haven't changed since the days of courtship and surely then you must have gone out to dinner with him and listened to his wailing in the same language that he uses now.

You were not deaf then nor blind and if you could overlook his lapses before marriage why not shut your eyes to them now when it is so much more vital to you to be blind and deaf to what you do not wish to see nor hear? Your husband did not misrepresent himself to you in any way and so you are being a very poor sport in wrenching on your bargain because you find you do not like certain qualities that your husband had, and that you knew that he had when you married him.

Of course, your husband doesn't like to have you criticize him. Nor would you like for him to criticize you. Husbands and wives cannot endure the thought that their mates do not admire them and nothing breaks up a marriage so quickly as fault-finding.

My advice to you is to let him take me on a trip somewhere away from where you can hear him spit an invective and then let him tuck his napkin under his chin. In a little while you'll forget that he is a young clamor and realize how valuable a gem he is, and you'll be glad enough to come back to him, no matter what he does to an egg or the English language.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a boy of 17. My problem is this: My mother will not let me think for myself and I'm going nuts. She will not allow me to go to a show movie once in a while, but all the boys in my crowd can go alone to a show movie once in a while, and they don't mind. I get to be 21, but I'd like to get a little now. Can it be that my mother is right and a million other mothers who allow their nearly grown children some liberty? I know that Mother is "thinking of me only," as my father says, but I would enjoy thinking for myself some time now, when I'm HEEN-PECKED SEVENTEEN.

Answer: You have my sympathy, poor little overmothered lad. Your mother doesn't realize it but she is doing you as deadly a wrong in not letting you think for yourself, or decide things for yourself, even when you are 17 years old as she would have done if she had kept you from learning how to walk until you are that age.

Her plan would be cruel enough to handicap her child physically by preventing it from using its body as the contrary she teaches her babe her child must by the hand. She teaches it how to walk, she encourages it to stand on its own feet. She teaches it how to play and jumping even though she knows that it is bound to get bumps and bruises and is in danger of breaking its arms and legs.

But she does all in her power to keep her child dependent upon her and from using its mental muscles. She will decide every question for her child instead of letting it exercise its own judgment. She won't let the child do its own thinking or develop its own character and the excuse she makes for this is that she is afraid that the child will make mistakes, that he may get to know the wrong people or make injudicious decisions.

Of course it would, just as a little child learning to walk falls and bumps its nose, but it learns by mistakes. It learns how to stand on its own feet and take care of itself as the child never does whose mother always holds it by the hand.

A little millionaire who had always been surrounded by nurses and governesses and guards was killed by an automobile the first time he ever tried to cross a street alone. The grief-stricken mother cried out against the injustice of this, when little newsboys dashed in and out under the wheels of speeding cars without a scratch. The answer was plain—the child who had never had to think for itself could not take care of itself in life.

The child who had always had to depend upon himself could take care of himself. For alas, our mothers cannot always go with us and hold us by the hand and protect us against the dangers and hardships of a new world, and if they have not prepared us for this, they have failed as mothers.

Twenty-one is too late to let a boy think for himself. He should have begun that in his cradle.

DOROTHY DIX.

DOCTOR SAID SHE NEEDED "BULK" FOR HER CONSTIPATION*

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN Brings Relief to Mrs. Maneely

Read the following unsolicited letter:

"Up to five years ago, I knew no end of suffering caused by constipation. I used all kinds of laxatives but only found relief till I got used to them. My physician told me to get some Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, and instructed me how to use it.

"I did just as I was told by my doctor, and today I send my highest praise for what your ALL-BRAN has done for me."—Mrs. J. S. Maneely, Jr. Address upon request.

*Due to insufficient "bulk" in meals.

ALL-BRAN provides gentle "bulk" to help overcome common constipation. It is also a good source of vitamin B and iron.

The "bulk" of ALL-BRAN is often more effective than the "bulk" in breads and vegetables, as it does not break down within the body. Two tablespoons daily are usually sufficient. If not corrected this way, see your doctor.

Isn't this food much pleasanter and safer than risking patent medicines? Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Keep on the Sunny Side of Life

House For Sale

Valuable property at Lower Montague comprising about one-half acre of land with dwelling-house and small barn or warehouse. Dwelling-house comprises seven rooms, furnace, bathroom and sewerage. Property in good repair.

Apply to George A. Poole, Administrator estate M. J. Parker on the premises, or to H. F. MacPhee, Solicitor, Riley Building, Charlottetown. L-1827-10-Thur-Sat-Tue-61.

Auction Sale

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17th.

At 1.30 Sharp.

at the residence of Mrs. John S. Morris, 6 North River Road, of all household furniture including some fine old pieces of mahogany.

J. P. BRADLEY Auctioneer. L1400-10-16-21

Edwardsburg CROWN BRAND The Leading CORN SYRUP

"THE FAMOUS ENERGY FOOD"

A product of The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind? Neither I nor you; But when the leaves hang trembling, The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind? Neither you nor I; But when the trees bow down their heads, The wind is passing by, —Christina Rossetti.

Satin Slippers

When satin slippers are wet, do not dry them on the shoe trees, as this will stretch the fabric. Stuff them with tissue paper, not too tightly. The paper will absorb the dampness and the slippers will dry quickly and hold their shape.

Plant Tonic

Save all the egg shells, put them in a large bottle, fill the bottle with water, and use this water on the plants.

Cabbages.

Cabbages can be stored by packing them in barrels with the roots turned upwards.

BOWS AS TRIMMING

Some of the gayest and most youthful hats this season are trimmed with bows. They give height or width and provide color contrast. They are a gay trimming and may be combined with novelty ribbons, feathers or fur.

Do not expect to keep for any length of time during summer, cheese that you have grated at home. The better plan is to keep it in the lump until wanted, and to grate only so much as is needed at the time. Grated cheese bought in that form, however, is specially prepared to protect it against deterioration, and will keep for considerable time in good condition.

JOY

Joy is essential to true religion. A gloomy religion is far from God. A sad gospel is a contradiction in terms, like a black sun. "Behold," said the angel, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." And that message was simply the news of a great power which has appeared in the world for salvation.—Van Dyke.

WEALTH

Wealth is not acquired, as many persons suppose, by fortunate speculations and splendid enterprises, but by the daily practice of industry, frugality and economy.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Today's little daytime dress has chic, simplicity and charm. It's the semi-tailored type with clean cut, sternal lines. A dress that can go to town or grace an afternoon at bridge or tea.

Imagine this model too, in gay checked rabbit's hair woolen with the gilet of plain woolen or in satin-back crepe with the lustrous side used for the gilet and collar.

Style No. 445 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 38-inch material with 1/2 yard of 38-inch contrasting for long sleeve dress.

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

No. 445. Size Name Street Address City State

Use Cuticura

When your Skin requires Special Care

The Soap to cleanse and invigorate, the Ointment to soothe and promote healing. In the treatment of skin irritations, baths freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment.

THE COOK'S CORNER

PEPPER HASH

12 green peppers
12 red peppers
1 cup sugar
1 head celery
2 onions
2 cups vinegar

Wash peppers and remove seeds. Wash celery and peel onions. Put all through a coarse mincer, stir well and add 2 tablespoons salt. Allow to stand 2 hours and drain off liquid. Add vinegar and sugar to pepper mixture. Simmer slowly 1 hour. Bottle while hot.

The liquid drained off may be boiled 5 minutes and bottled. When added to tomato juice it makes an excellent cocktail.

PICKLED CABBAGE

1 cabbage, finely shredded
1 tablespoon mustard
1 tablespoon corn starch
1 pint vinegar
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup butter
2 egg yolks

Cover cabbage with water and cook 10 minutes when water should be almost absorbed. Mix all other ingredients together and add slowly to cabbage, stirring constantly. Cook slowly 10 minutes. Bottle and seal while hot.

6 FRUIT SAUCE

6 peaches
6 pears
6 green plums
6 red plums
6 apples
6 tomatoes
6 tablespoons white sugar
6 tablespoons strong cider vinegar
1 teaspoon salt

Wash apples and tomatoes, remove stems and blossom ends, cut in small pieces and cook slowly until juice is extracted, then add spices and boil 10 minutes. Press through a coarse sieve. Peel pears and peaches and cut in slices, cut plums and remove stones, add sugar, vinegar and salt. Peel apples and tomato pulp. Cook 20 minutes. Bottle while hot.

for Baby's Cold

Proved best by two generations of mothers.

VICK'S VAPORUB

MORTGAGE SALE

THERE WILL BE SOLD by Public Auction in front of the Court House in Souris in King's County in the second day of November, A. D. 1935 at the hour of twelve o'clock P.M. ALL THAT CERTAIN piece or parcel of land situate lying and being at Rollo Bay in King's County in Prince Edward Island bounded as follows, that is to say: Bounded on the North by the farm of Joseph S. Deagle, on the East by land formerly in the possession of Charles Deagle now of John J. Burke and this day conveyed to the said Lasar Whites, on the West by the waters of Rollo Bay and on the West by land formerly in possession of Jerome L. Chaisson now in possession of Joseph Chaisson and this day conveyed to the said Lasar Whites. ALSO ALL THAT CERTAIN piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in Prince Edward Island bounded as follows, that is to say: Bounded on the North by the farm of Joseph S. Deagle, on the East by land formerly in possession of Charles Deagle now of John J. Burke and this day conveyed to the said Lasar Whites, on the West by the waters of Rollo Bay and on the West by land formerly in possession of Jerome L. Chaisson now in possession of Joseph Chaisson and this day conveyed to the said Lasar Whites. ALSO ALL THAT CERTAIN piece or parcel of land situate lying and being at Rollo Bay in King's County in Prince Edward Island bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Commencing at the corner of the lot of land owned by the above mentioned Mrs. Alexander Chaisson and running West along Rollo Bay Shore a distance of 100 feet to the Eastern boundary line of said Moses White's land to land formerly owned by the said Lasar Whites thence North along the Eastern boundary line of said Moses White's land to land formerly owned by the said Lasar Whites thence along the Western boundary line of the last mentioned Lasar Whites land thence along the Western boundary line of said Lasar Whites land South to the Main Road thence across the Main Road to land owned by the above mentioned Mrs. Alexander Chaisson thence along the Eastern boundary line of said Mrs. Alexander Chaisson's land South to the place of commencement containing THIRTY-FIVE ACRES of land a little more or less ALSO ALL THAT parcel of land situate lying and being in Rollo Bay aforesaid bounded and described as follows: Bounded on the West by land in possession of Charles Deagle; on the North by land in possession of Peter Chaisson and on the South by the farm of Joseph S. Deagle; on the East by land a little more or less and described in a deed from Dominick Simon Deagle to Thomas Kitcham dated November 22nd, A.D. 1887 reserving thereout and therefrom one acre of land conveyed by Louis C. Deagle to John A. White by Indenture bearing date the twentieth day of December A. D. 1906 and particularly described in the said indenture. The above sale is made under and by virtue of and pursuant to a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage dated the third day of December, A. D. 1928, made between Lasar Whites of Rollo Bay West of Prince Edward Island, Farmer, and Sarah White, his wife, of the one part, and John J. Burke of the other part, and the said Lasar Whites and Sarah White being the principal and interest secured by said Mortgage, particulars apply to John A. White, Solicitor, Souris P. E. I.

Dated this thirtieth day of September, A. D. 1935. JOHN J. BURKE, Mortgagee.

L1097-10-3-10-17-24