

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

IN DEPTHS OF DESPAIR



MRS. MARY JONES lives in New England. Every month was a nightmare to her. Her letter says, "I suffered periodical pains through my head, backache and female weakness."

She tried everything. Visited clinics. Nothing helped her. Finally she gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial...

But she was surprised. Through her tonic action, it built up her health, lessened her pain. She says, "My backache is completely relieved."

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Diana Churchill Weds Next Month

LONDON, Nov. 28.—The marriage of Miss Diana Churchill, eldest daughter of Winston Churchill and John Milner Bailey, eldest son of Sir Abe Bailey, the South African mining magnate, will take place on December 12 at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

Miss Churchill, who is 23, is one of three sisters, and, like her brother, Randolph Churchill, she has inherited much of her father's versatility and wit. She has helped her father in his election campaigns, and has been with him on his travels. She went with him to Canada and United States last year. Miss Churchill is a keen Voluntary Aid Detachment worker, and two years ago was among the V. A. D.'s on duty with the hop pickers in Kent during the three weeks' picking season.

Mr. Bailey, who is 32, is the son of Sir Abe Bailey by his first marriage. Sir Abe was created a baronet in 1919. The present Lady Bailey is the distinguished air-woman.

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Wife of Bore Should Rejoice That He is Away Four Out of Five Years — Is Jealousy a Part of Love? — Helping Others Best Cure for Those Who Are Tired of Living

Dear Miss Dix—What can a woman do who is married to a man who bores her to death? My husband has no more conversation than a store dummy. Fortunately his occupation takes him away from home four years out of every five, but in the year that he is at home and we are thrown into each other's company for twelve long, weary months, it is well-nigh insupportable. I threatened to leave him the last time he was at home on account of his silence and dullness and he promised to try to be a little bit more entertaining, but after a feeble attempt lasting about a couple of days, he once more passed out into the silence. In what way can I save myself? WINNIE.



Answer: Well, Winnie, I should think that if you only had one year of boredom out of five that you could stand it for the sake of the cakes and ale you get out of matrimony. You have a comfortable living, your pretty dresses, your comforts and luxuries, and enduring a husband who is short on conversation is a pretty easy way to pay for these.

Nothing like as hard as working for them yourself would be. So I think that you would be making a mistake and one that you would bitterly regret if you divorced him for no other reason than that he was not a spellbinder. Especially as your sufferings are intermittent and you get a four-year respite from them.

I am not denying that to be married to a bore is a hard tribulation to bear. No woman's idea of a happy evening is to pass it with a man who has retired behind the evening paper and who only grunts when she asks him a question, and who by no device can be drawn into a real human conversation. Not can any woman keep from feeling like screaming who is united to a man whose one unending topic of conversation is himself, and how great and wonderful he is, or who tells the same stories over and over again until she could repeat them backward in her sleep.

Unfortunately, many women and many men are married to perfectly good husbands and wives who are models of all virtues, but who are dull and tiresome and tedious and who bore them to extinction. Perhaps their sufferings are greater than that of those who are married to entertaining villains. In fact, I know a man who often says that he would far rather be married to an amusing sinner than a tiresome saint, but alas and alack, those who have got the virtuous but dull are tired for keeps, with no avenue of escape open to them.

For you cannot get a divorce from a wife who is amiable and thrifty and domestic merely because she babbles along hour after hour about the children and her operations and the price of fresh vegetables. Nor can you collect alimony from a husband who is good and kind and a good provider just because he is no wise-cracker.

So all that is left the unfortunate who are married to bores is just to find some interest outside of their own homes. For the evenings they must spend at their own firesides, reading is an ever-present resource. You can find all the good company you wish between the covers of a book. And you can always turn on the radio. That will fill the gaps of silence and shout down the garrulous.

But in marriage the ounce of prevention is always worth the pound of cure, and so I urge all youths and maidens contemplating matrimony to put more stress on the companionable qualities of those they are picking out to spend the remainder of their lives with than on any other one thing. For you can reform a drunkard occasionally, and you can frequently domesticate a rone. You can teach a girl to cook and how to handle money. But no human agency can teach a man or woman how to be a responsive companion. The ability to talk and to be entertaining is a gift of Nature.

So, if I were a man going a-courting, the first thing I would notice would be the kind of line of conversation the girl carried. If she couldn't



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start topics herself; if she didn't read and think, and didn't know what was going on in the world and have lively opinions of her own; if she couldn't catch a joke on the fly and didn't get the subtle points of a story, why, it would be good night for me, and she would never see me more.

And if I were a girl and had to work like a coal-heaver to entertain a boy; if I had to pry him out of silences, and if he didn't have any interest in anything but the sports page and the comic strip, I would gently wait him out into the outer air.

For I would know that I would yawn myself to death if I married him, and being bored is such a long and lingering and painful way to die. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I agree with your theory that a girl might keep a boy jealous, but only to a certain extent. It is all right some time, but not all the time. I and a lot of other boys would like to know what you think of this. JACK.

Answer: You've got me wrong, Jack, if you think that I advocate jealousy in any way, shape or form. Nothing is farther from my thought. I don't think that jealousy is an indication of love. I think it is the enemy of love and that any girl who deliberately rouses the green-eyed monster in a man's breast deserves what she generally gets, and that is to be forsaken for some other girl in whom he has more faith and who is surer of her sentiments.

But perhaps you are jealous of your girl friend without cause. If you are engaged to her and the wedding day is in sight, you have a right to expect her to devote all of her time and attention to you, and not to go out with other dates unless you approve.

But if you are not engaged to the girl and are merely, as the phrase goes, "keeping company," you have no right to assume a proprietary air over her and get peevy every time she steps out with another boy. Try to look at this matter fairly and see it from the girl's point of view.

You know that, generally speaking, the only chance a girl has to marry is when she is young and fresh and pretty. Occasionally an old maid gets a good husband, but it is an exception, and the chances are that if a girl doesn't marry before she is 30, she will not marry at all. Most girls marry between the ages of 18 and 22 or 23.

Now suppose you monopolize a girl while she is at her most attractive age and most likely to make a good marriage. You keep all the other men away. You prevent her from marrying some man who could give her a good home and take care of her, but you have no intention whatever of marrying her yourself, and finally, when you have tired of her and she is not quite such a good-looker as she used to be, you simply kick and ride away. And that ends it so far as the girl is concerned.

Now don't you see what an idiot a girl is to fall for such an unequal bargain? Don't you see that if she has any intelligence at all she will not tie herself down to one man until he mentions wedding rings? Don't you see why she should go around with a number of boys, and keep the door open for eligibles, so to speak?

And don't you see why no boy has a right to be jealous under the circumstances? DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—What do you do when you are tired of living, but are afraid to die? QUESTION.

I have never been tired of living because I have always worked so hard and been so busy and had so many interests that I have kept on my tiptoes and enjoyed every day as it came.

Try thinking of other people and interesting yourself in other lives. It is the best remedy yet for that tired feeling. And you needn't be afraid to die. When the end comes, God gives us courage to meet it. DOROTHY DIX.

For The Cook

CHRISTMAS LOG

This is merely a chocolate Swiss Roll iced with chocolate butter icing. For the roll: 4 eggs, 3 ozs. sugar, 4 ozs. flour, 1/2 oz. chocolate powder, vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon hot water, if needed.

Method: Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs. Whisk whites stiffly. Beat yolks and sugar together. Sieve flour and baking powder, and stir in, add whites, fold into mixture, add flavoring and water, if needed. Pour into a shallow baking-tin lined with greased paper, and bake in a hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Turn out on to sugared paper. Cut off the edges, spread with cream of jam filling, and roll up, using the paper for this purpose. With the pieces cut off, make two small rounds to represent the knots on the log where branches have been dropped off, and when cold, ice the cake with chocolate butter icing.

CHOCOLATE BUTTER ICING

1/2 lb. fresh butter, 1 lb. caster sugar, yolk of 1 egg, 1 oz. grated chocolate melted over hot water, vanilla extract to taste.

Method: The butter must be unsalted, beat it to a cream, add the beaten yolk of egg, and the sugar and chocolate gradually. Spread it thickly over the roll with a knife, and rough it with a fork or shewer to imitate the trunk of a tree.

CREAM FILLING

Whip some cream with a little sugar to sweeten it, add the stiffly-beaten white of egg, and vanilla to flavor. Spread this over the chocolate sponge, instead of jam and roll up. Leave a little over to represent snow on the log.

A Morning Smile

When You Could Hear a Hammer Drop

"Do you believe in telepathy?" "Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "I am convinced that thoughts are sometimes conveyed without words. For instance, when I step on a hotel staircase full of women who look startled and whose conversation suddenly ceases, I know exactly whom they have been talking about."

Red Rose Tea BROWN LABEL, 20 1/2 lb. Red Label, 25 1/2 lb. Orange Pekoe, 38 1/2 lb.

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By Annabelle Worthington

A slim moulded to the figure model of prune coloured rough crepe silk, attracts smart attention by its panelled front. The nun's collar, a bit modified by tabs at the front is white crepe silk and is repeated in the turn-back cuffs.

It's a dress in which you'll look charmingly slender. It's so easily fashioned. It can be made at a surprisingly small expenditure.

Style No. 915 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

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Black crinkly crepe satin with the collar of white crinkly crepe satin is a splendid choice for afternoons and informal evenings.

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Form with fields for Name, Street Address, City, State, No. 915, Size, and a small illustration of the dress.

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Uptrend In Mar. Industries

(Canadian Press) MONCTON, N. B., Nov. 28.—The fishing and potato industries in the Maritimes are expecting an upward trend, according to the natural resources department of the Canadian National Railways. Potatoes in New Brunswick have reached a price of \$1.00 a barrel for green mountains and 90 cents for Irish Cobbles.

Loadings of potatoes were more numerous from latest reports and higher prices are anticipated with the increased demand in sight. Higher prices are being received for sardines, \$5.00 to \$15.00 now being received for a hoghead as against \$1.00 and \$2.00 during the summer months.

There is an advance in the price of dried fish, particularly dried pollock. Bag net milt fishing will open in New Brunswick next month and from information to hand it would appear foreign competition in United States markets will not be as great as in former years. Holland is one of the strong competitors in the Eastern United States. Reports to hand indicate a good demand from United States markets.

Wife (disgustedly): What is there about that bathing girl that attracts attention? Husband (also looking): Very little.

of safety, where they first saw the light.

Dressed Poultry

I am now buying dressed fowl and chickens. All shipments promptly remitted for.

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"What the United States needs," says Abbe Dimmet, "is an American Gandhi." The fellow who got my old clothes that were given away will approximate the role, unless he patches them.—Detroit News.

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ZORA The Invisible By J. B. WILMOT

"But that is not all sir. This poison, while it can be used for embalming the dead, has no effect upon the living unless it is administered directly into the lungs. You will understand what I mean sir. It is harmless when drunk and taken into the stomach, but it becomes deadly when inhaled into the lungs. I was told how difficult—nay, almost impossible—it was for western science to detect this drug, and I conceived the idea of ridding the world of Montgomery Gaynor in this way. I secured a quantity of the poison—you will find it, sir, in a little bottle on the second shelf of the medicine chest in my bedroom. It is labelled 'essence of sleep'—and laid my plans. It then occurred to me, sir, that the only way would be to write Gaynor a letter on paper which had been previously saturated with the poison and to make quite sure that he burned the letter after reading it. I prepared the paper and dried it carefully. You will excuse me sir, but I used the little bunsen burner for the purpose in your laboratory. Then I thought out a letter of such a nature that Gaynor would be bound to burn it almost immediately. I could not risk his leaving it on his desk for a moment. So I conceived the idea of writing to him as if the letter was from Zora, whom, of course, he did not suspect was myself. I made sure he'd heard of Zora while he was out in India—almost everyone did at that time—and I said that Zora had discovered his secret, that he was a man of dishonour and that Zora would exact a just price. But I said that if he would destroy that letter before his firegate using only one match, and if he would watch the smoke from its crumbling ashes, Zora might see fit to take it as an act of allegiance and forgive.

"You see, sir, Gaynor was a superstitious man, and... well, sir, you know what happened. He must have walked back to his chair and died, and even the Home Office pathologist agreed that death was due to natural causes. I saw sir, by the newspaper accounts that Scotland Yard were trying to discover how that letter was received by Gaynor. Freda Vane once more came in useful. She handed it to him as he came from his lunch at the Lustré Club. I think that brings me to the end, sir—the end. There's nothing more for me to tell... nothing more except... well, sir, there's Natalie... you're young... she man of honour... she must never know—never... she loved her Uncle C... yes... loved..."

Blayne grasped the thin wrist as it lay on the counter-pane, but the pulse of Christopher Hooker was still.

CHAPTER XXX. Straws in the Wind

Four days later Blayne let himself into his flat in Half Moon Street with a feeling of utter helplessness.

He had just returned from Scotland Yard where he had been closeted with the Assistant Commissioner for nearly an hour giving him details of the Sins of Zora and of what he had seen on that night he had been present at "Red Gables." This was necessary because at the Coroner's inquiry into Hooker's death, Blayne had to divulge that Hooker was the head of the sect and that, according to Ann Morrison, Hooker had long suspected the presence of an Indian in London who was secretly jealous of his power and who had been at that meeting and used a revolver to some purpose. Hooker, in self defence, had drawn his own weapon and fired in the direction from which the shot came.

Finding that Hooker was wounded, it was decided to get away to Paris immediately and for that purpose a rapid journey was made in the high-powered motor-car always kept at "Red Gables," only Ann Morrison accompanying. But Fate intervened and when they got to Dover she found her brother in too critical a state to continue the journey next morning and there was nothing else for her to do but to consult a doctor and see that he was admitted to hospital.

Chest Colds Rub well over throat and chest VICKS VAPORUB OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

gullible, although you will appreciate that at one period—not so many days ago—things looked uncommonly black against him. I think he was rather foolish not to tell me everything." (To be Continued)

EMYVALE

Look and behold the picturesque district of Emyvale, that nature so wonderfully endowed with scenic grandeur. Its "up-hill and down dale beauty" makes a suburb scenery that surpasses many of the historical points of the province. The Emyvale of a century past compares feebly with the one of today when a cow path here and there was the guiding star to habitation. At present nature is arrayed in Autumnal hues, the trees stripped of their foliage appear lifeless as they sway at the mercy of the prevailing blast. But see Emyvale when clothed in summer garments, then the stranger will witness with delight the richness of her mossy carpet and the fertility of the soil that so abundantly produces grain and root crops that help supply the world's market.

The residents are chiefly of Celtic origin and those sturdy pioneers transmitted to their offspring the outstanding qualities of heart and mind that give the courage and endurance to brave the evils of depression for lives of great men all remind us. We must make our lives sublime. Upon a prominence three hundred feet above sea level, once stood the Dalton Sanatorium, donated to the province by Sir Charles, who is the greatest philanthropist of Prince Edward Island,

and now occupies the gubernatorial residence. Centrally located is the school where the youth are mentally and morally trained by the qualified and genial teacher Mr. Geo. Berrigan. This school house at the cross roads has seen amongst its happy group of children young clergymen, Sisters, nurses and teachers, all doing honor to their birthplace. The parish church known as Lot 65 church, is comparatively new and quite suitable for the requirements of the parishioners, the pastor, Rev. Father Herrell, has evinced during the seven years of his pastorate, a strong, undying interest in the spiritual welfare of his flock, as a pulpit orator he is far famed, and if a parishioner has a difficulty to overcome, in Rev. Fr. Herrell will be found a staunch friend and advisor.

Next comes the parish hall recently erected. As we enter we note a spacious building with a large seating capacity, as we proceed stageward. We stop, pause, and admire the panorama that meets the eye. A stage suitable for any performance, that has depicted on either side a woodland scenery, where the tiny rivulets, in their onward courses, seem to bow in sweet recognition to the stately elms, that so majestically guard their miniature banks and upon the side facing the main hall is the interior of a living room decked with the requirements of the hour, and is so true to nature that the casual observer takes the imaginative for the real. In this hall the youth of the parish while away many pleasant hours, but always under the guidance of the pastor, whose presence adds dignity to the social functions. At Easter the play "My Dixie Rose" was staged, the players evincing wonderful dramatic talent, whilst in heavy drama some male players have nothing to acquire.

Such is Emyvale of the twentieth century, with her sons and daughters scattered abroad who are anxious to return to that haven

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