

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



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Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Wise Young Wife Stays at Home Rather Than go to Rowdy Parties — May a Girl go to a Young Man's Apartment? — How Can Mother Keep Bad Literature From Her Children?

Dear Miss Dix—Have I gone stale or am I looney or what is wrong with me? I am a young married woman. Before I married I worked in a large office, led an active, clean life. My husband is a domestic man, loves his home, and we are very happy together. Regardless of what party we are invited to it consists mainly of husbands and wives having petting parties with somebody else's wife or husband, drinking moonshine whisky that is like carboic acid, telling vulgar stories, yelling and singing. I am no prude, but all of this is repulsive to me and I would much rather stay at home with a book or listen to the radio.

The result of all this is that the crowd we meet think we are highhat and rarely come near us because we are too slow for them, and we really have few friends. What's the matter with us? Were we born a generation too late? MRS. E. M. M.

I would say that what's the matter with you is that you are too decent and self-respecting for the rowdy crowd that you have fallen in with, and my advice to you is to beat them to the dropping proposition and do it first.

Don't worry about their laughing at you and calling you slow. Just wait ten years and see which one of you has got along best in the world. It is dollars to doughnuts that you and your husband will be a contented, happy, prosperous pair, permanently located on Easy street, while the crowd will, for the most part, have been through the divorce mill and have degenerated into a lot of boozey, disgruntled men and women who are always grousing about their bad luck and their bad health.

You are confronting one of the greatest dangers that menaces every young married couple, and that is getting into the wrong crowd. Probably no other one thing wrecks more marriages, because it is one of the sunken rocks in the matrimonial sea and the water above it looks so placid and safe that the young mariners do not even suspect its existence until they have gone smash upon it.

You see, all young people naturally crave companionship and amusement. They want to tick together and dance and have good times, and this is natural and right. They need human contacts and friends, somebody to play with and exchange confidence with, and it is natural that they should gravitate toward other young couples, who are like-minded.

And here is where the danger comes in. Sometimes they get with a set of the nicest sort of newlyweds, but who are better off than they are. They have more money to spend. Finer cars. Better clothes. They entertain more lavishly. And before they know it Tom and Betty are head over heels in debt trying to keep up with the young Million-bucks.

They don't want to seem pikers. They want to pay their part when they go out with the bunch. They are ashamed to say they can't afford to go to an expensive night club, or to play for high stakes in a bridge game. They haven't the courage to ask the people to a plain dinner who set them down to feasts, and only too often the end of such a couple is bankruptcy or dishonesty and shame or suicide. All the result of a fine young couple with limited means trying to run with a rich crowd.

Equally disastrous is it for a clean young couple who are in love with each other and who honestly intend to make a success of their marriage to get into a rowdy, loose-living crowd, like the one you have been drawn into. I have watched many of these groups of half-fellow-well-met young married people who considered themselves very broad-minded because they indulged in drinking bouts of poisonous liquor and regaled each other with obscene stories and swapped partners. No prisms and prisms about them. No cut and dried ideas of morality. No jealousy. Oh, dear me, no. They were far too liberal for that. Everything was to the merry-ha, ha!

him into touch with Sonia Gaynor: it had shown him love for the first time in his life, and it had, by the merest flick of Fate's fingers, robbed Hooker, who was supposed to be in him of what he felt was to be a wonderful dream. It was curious how much could happen in a few short weeks. Life—death—love—and perhaps, despair!

It had been a whirligig of doubt playing with doubt; fact cheating fact, and now—perhaps nothing.

Then there was last night. Something more than melodrama had been enacted last night. There was Natalie Morrison. He could see her eyes now as she looked at him in that room expecting to find in the man she had rescued one for whom she quite obviously had a great and a passionate regard. And she had been disappointed.

Blayne felt his heart beating faster as he recollected her face—the face of an innocent child robbed of a surprise. Vaguely he wondered just how far Natalie Morrison had really affected his taciturnity. Perhaps more than at that moment he cared to admit.

Dover at last.

Blayne hurried out of the station and took a taxi to the hospital up on the hill beside the Castle. He knew the hospital well enough, for he had spent a few weeks there at the end of the War looking after some of the more serious cases which coming over by boat from Calais, were unfit to continue the journey for some days.

In the entrance hall he explained his identity and the message which he had received, and he was conducted to the matron's room, where that lady was awaiting him. "I'm glad you managed to get down so quickly, Dr. Blayne," she told him. "Our patient's been rather troublesome, and Dr. Ridley, the resident says he's got something on his mind."

"But what's the matter with him?" asked Blayne.

"He was admitted here at two o'clock this morning with a bullet wound in the stomach. The bullet had passed right through, but it had caught the spine. You understand, of course, doctor!"

Blayne's brain was in a fever. Hooker with a bullet wound and time in his life, and it had, by the merest flick of Fate's fingers, robbed Hooker, who was supposed to be in him of what he felt was to be a wonderful dream. It was curious how much could happen in a few short weeks. Life—death—love—and perhaps, despair!

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There lay Hooker, a ghostly pallor on his face and with his eyes closed. Blayne drew up the chair, and sat down to feel the pulse. Just as he was releasing the wrist the man opened his eyes, and they came to rest upon Blayne. Then a new expression seemed to leap into them—a light shone there, a light of eagerness and gladness.

"I'm glad you got down, sir," he said with surprising vigour. "I wanted you, sir."

"Quite right, Hooker," said Blayne cheerily. "And now what's the trouble? I thought you were in Lincoln! You know, Hooker, old man, you

Touches the Spot!

BROWN-BETTY TEA

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From the House of KING COLE

But in the end it wasn't too funny, after all. For these seem to be certain fundamental rules of nature and conduct that we can't joke with. Being broad-minded doesn't give you a stomach that can stand being outraged by mean liquor. A headache and shattered nerves follow a debauch, and petting parties between an assorted group of husbands and wives, whose carresses belong by right to their mates, doesn't promote family peace and harmony. It leads to fights and squabbles and divorce.

And so, my dear Mrs. M., if you have got into that sort of crowd, get out while the getting is good and you still have your husband. There are plenty of nice crowds of nice young people. Find one of them.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—We are three office girls who would appreciate your advice on the following:

First. When on a date is it necessary and proper to be home at 12 o'clock? Second. What about dating your employer or others you work with? Third. What about going to young men's apartments?

SALLY, MARY, FLOSSIE.

Answer: First. As you are a business girl and your advancement depends upon your efficiency and keeping your good health and being always wide awake, you should be at home by 12 o'clock on most nights in order that you may get your proper amount of sleep.

No girl who is out until 2 or 3 o'clock night after night can do good work or be of enough value to her employer ever to be worth much to him. But, of course, every now and then a girl is entitled to a big party where she will naturally be kept out later than 12 o'clock. I think it is a great pity for both girls and boys that they do not have their dates earlier so that they can get home in time to get a good night's rest.

Second. If your employer is a single man, or the men you work with are single men, it is all right to date them, but if they are married men, hands off. They bode you no good, as they used to say in the old melodramas.

The married man who asks a girl for dates is cheating his wife and he is making the girl break the Golden Rule, which is to treat every woman's husband as you would like some woman to treat yours. You wouldn't like to think that some pretty young girl was going out with your husband and have him spend the money on her that was needed for the baby's shoes. Also, try to figure out what a girl gets out of going

For The Cook

BAKED ONIONS AND POTATOES

This is a good luncheon or supper dish. Serve it with a crisp salad of mixed greens and a hearty dessert which can be baked at the same time the main dish is baking.

Four large white onions, 4 good sized potatoes, 1-2 teaspoon white pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons melted butter or bacon fat.

Peel onions and pare potatoes. Cook together in boiling water until both are soft. Cut onions in thick slices in order that they may cook in the same length of time as the potatoes. Let water cook away as much as possible. Drain and mash vegetables. Add salt and pepper, milk and eggs well beaten. Beat thoroughly and turn into a buttered baking dish. Pour melted fat or butter over top and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

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EXPORT OF MEATS

The October export of meats was valued at \$487,238 compared with \$455,999 in September and \$873,351 in October a year ago. The chief purchaser last month was the United Kingdom with \$361,872. The 12 months export was \$6,721,594, compared with \$4,097,512 in the previous 12 months.

Insurance Agent: "Would you mind telling me if there is any insanity in your family, madam?"

Wife (a policy seeker): "Well, no not exactly. Only my husband thinks he's boss at home."—Hummel, Hamburg.

with a man who is already married and who can't marry her, but who keeps away the men who would like to marry her and give her a good home.

Third. Going to young men's apartments is something a decent girl does not do. A girl not only has to be good, but she has to look good. You might spend your time in the young man's apartment holding a prayer meeting, but you would never be able to convince the world of it. It would always believe the worst of you. So stay away, and keep your skirts clean.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—What are we to do about the immoral stories brought into our homes from the neighborhood lending libraries. Our children have access to the worst form of literature and we feel that they have a right to be protected from the mercenary thought which would distribute such filth.

A DISTRACTED MOTHER.

Answer: It is a pity that children should have access to books that were not intended for immature minds but for adults, but I do not know their reading can be censored except by their mothers. And even they cannot do it effectually. Probably there is no grown person who can't remember books that he or she read under the cover at nights, or behind the barn, and that were all the more enticing because they were forbidden. Fortunately, as a general thing, there is much in salacious books that passes over children's heads and that they do not understand.

Probably the one thing that parents can do to protect their children from bad books is to cultivate their taste in good literature.

DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

Old Lady (on train platform)—Which platform for the London train?

Porter—Turn to the left and you'll be right.

"Don't be impertinent, young man."

"All right then, turn to your right and you'll be left."

The new maid was fascinated by the modern contrivances in use all over the house, but the useless refrigerator seemed to impress her most.

"My goodness," she told her mistress yesterday, "I just marvel at the way they can cut ice to such little pieces and fit them into that tray! The next time the ice man comes I'm going to watch him and see how he does it."

EXPORT OF EGGS LOW

The export of eggs in October was 30,442 dozen, an increase over the very low export of 10,442 dozen in September but considerably below the 97,687 dozen of October 1931. The export of eggs recently has been falling off, the amount for the twelve months ending October being 348,172 dozen compared with 541,334 in the previous 12 months.

BUTTER EXPORTS LOW

The export of butter was again very low in October and none at all went to the United Kingdom. Newfoundland was the largest purchaser with 51,400 pounds valued at \$11,707. The total export in October was 112,700 pounds compared with 102,400 in September and 1,835,300 in October 1931.

ZORA The invisible

By J. R. WILMOT

The thought made the doctor's blood run cold. What if he had made a mistake? What if Dwyer was innocent as he had declared himself to be? It was devastating, this uncertainty. And now here he was rushing off to Dover to see his man Hooker because he had been sent for, whereas his place should have been in London trying as hard as he could to convince himself that in Dwyer they had the personification of this mysterious individual who was undoubtedly connected in some way with the queer death of the diamond merchant.

It was a jg-saw with the pieces put into the wrong box. And again, even supposing Dwyer was guilty, nothing could compel him to divulge the means whereby Montgomery Gaynor had gone to his death, and Blayne had to admit that this fact, perhaps more than the purely personal element of the case, was more important to him. He remembered that hard ash he had found in the dead man's fire grate: the strange reaction in the blood test he had made—the reaction that had convinced him more than any other thing that Montgomery Gaynor's death was not a natural one. It was important that he should know something conclusive about this.

The train stopped for a few minutes at Canterbury and Blayne felt impatient. He wanted to get to Dover to Dover, find out what had happened to Hooker, and then get back to London with all possible speed.

This case, he told himself, had been a perfect pot-pourri of events and their consequent effects upon his own emotions. It had brought

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