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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

THE SAVING GRACE

If you've the gift of Humor, and
can perpetrate a joke
Or tell a joke without the fear of
wounding other folk;
If you've the grace to take a joke
against yourself and bear
No grudge against the joker, then,
by all the gods I swear
You'll never lack good company
no matter where you go,
Nor yet good friends who'll be true
friends, come either weal or
woe.
(W. P. in Chambers' Journal)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When binding with thin material fold the bias strip down the centre and sew the two raw edges to the edge of garment, thus leaving the folded edge for sewing on the inside.

* * *

If you have not a fish kettle with drainer, tie the fish in muslin so that it may be removed without breaking.

* * *

A folding clothes-prop will keep clean indoors. Just cut the prop in two. On one side put a small hinge and on the opposite side a bolt. You can then fold it up.

* * *

When making sandwiches grate the cucumber instead of slicing it, and it will not slip out.

On the Tea Tray

Don't forget the small vase of flowers on the tea tray. It adds a daintiness that creates an interest immediately.

The Correct Amount

When dyeing a sweater, remove the buttons and weight the garment while it is dry. Buy enough dye to color the number of pounds the sweater weight. It will never take a good color with insufficient dye.

If Your Face is Fat

Avoid large and heavy earrings.

Wear your hair parted on one side rather than in the middle.

Avoid square necklines; the V-shaped neckline is far more becoming.

Do not rouge heavily and what is applied should be high up on the cheeks—never over the whole cheek.

Turned-down brims are almost always more complimentary to the plump face. A little hair showing under the brim helps, too.

ROSE MIDGES UNDER GLASS

As the Rose Midge is one of the worst known pests of roses, florists in Canada, says the Dominion Entomologist, should realize the danger of its being introduced into green houses. The egg of the midge is so small that it is hardly visible to the naked eye. Under greenhouse conditions, the eggs hatch in about two days. In from five to seven days the maggots become mature, and then leave the plant, dropping to the soil, where they change to the pupal state, emerging as adult flies. The insect can be completely controlled by applications to the soil of a coat of tobacco dust onefourth to one-half inch thick, great care being taken to cover all parts of the bed.

GLOVES—MANY COLORS

You can have as much color variety in your gloves as you like this fall and winter, for even though blacks, browns and white continue to be what are called "staples" by the trade, we fanciful-loving women will go in for gingery brown, wines greens, and rusty tones, as well as some navy blues just in case you're going to wear some of your navy clothes from spring.

GREEN AND RED COMBINED IN SOFT WOOLLEN SUIT

A rough but soft woollen in bright Tyrolean green makes a little suit, whose peasant inspiration is suggested by trimmings of bright red. All of the pockets close with red patented slide fastenings—one of the Schiaparelli high lights for autumn —tipped by little shiny red pine cones to match the larger buttons.

The accompanying blouse is of sheer toile de soie printed in broad black and yellow bands with scarlet motifs over the bands, made with a collar that shows in front like a scarf. The hat is green felt with jaunty red, green and black feather fancy.

Jackets are cut in swagger lines in many of the new metallized lace "doubit duty" models. However, the jacket that will be found to be repeated most often in the new collections is the brief waistline or higher cut that ties at front and may have dolman or set-in sleeves. Collars of this type are varied, but appear usually in stitched treatments or tailored expressions.

Next time the drain pipes in your kitchen become clogged, remember that the quickets and easiest solution is to take down your package of salt, mix it equally with Bal Soda, add enough boiling water to partly dissolve it and start it down the drain toward the obstruction. Let it stand in the pipe several hours and then flush with boiling water. The obstruction will have disappeared and the drain pipe be clear and there will be no need to call a plumber.

POWDER OF LIGHT TEXTURE GIVES LUSTRE TO THE SKIN

"For daystime, use a very small amount of rouge, no eye-shadow, a bit of mascara—only if your lashes are practically colorless— powder that matches your skin and plenty of lipstick," says a makeup artist.

"If it amuses you to work out a strange rouge-and-powder color scheme, go ahead and have fun. But if you want to look your best, wipe it off before you leave your house and put on a conventional makeup that enhances but doesn't change your natural beauty.

"You should attempt no tricky makeups. Your rouge ought to be put on according to the shape of your face of course, but this doesn't mean that you should smear it on heavily. It is intended only to give your cheeks a healthy glow—not a painted look."

USE LIGHT FOUNDATION

A complexion, which has a luster (not a shine, but a first cousin to it) is ideal, according to this beautician. He recommends only the very lightest foundations and thinks these should be used ever so sparingly.

He tells each woman to choose a powder that actually does match her skin, to press quantities of it firmly against face and throat after foundation lotion and cream rouge have been applied to let it set for a few moments and to whisk off the execess with the reverse side of the cotton or powder puff before she leaves her dressing table. He detests skin that looks coated and caked with powder, and advises powders of the lightest textures.

This cosmetic artist, however, is a lipstick enthusiasts. He likes it to be put on smoothly and evenly, of course, but he never once says to use it sparingly.

LOVES TO EAT THIS CEREAL, IT CHECKED HER CONSTIPATION*

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN Helped Miss Kesterke

We quote from her letter: "Three years ago, I became constipated.* I tried many laxatives. But as soon as I got used to each kind, I began to get the same trouble.

"Last summer I was on my vacation. They served Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. I just loved it. I eat Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every morning, and ever since I have not had to take any more laxatives."—Miss Margaret Kesterke. Address on request.

*Due to insufficient "bulk" in meals.

Tests show Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides "bulk" to aid elimination. ALL-BRAN is also rich in vitamin B and iron.

The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is gentle. It resists digestion better than the fiber in fruits and vegetables, so it is often more effective.

Isn't this food safer than risking patent medicines? Two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN daily are usually sufficient. If seriously constipated, use with each meal. See your doctor, if you do not get relief.

Use as a cereal, or in cooking. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Keep on the Sunny Side of Life

AUCTION SALE OF FURNITURE

I am instructed by Mrs. Alfred Frizzell to sell by PUBLIC AUCTION at the PARKER HOUSE No. 92 Kent Street

Tuesday the 24th day of September, A.D. 1935.

At 1 o'clock p.m. sharp. The Following:

1 Parlor Suite.
1 Dining Room Suite.
Hall Furniture.
7 Bedroom Suites.
—with Mattresses and Bed Clothing.
1 Radio.
1 Beatty Electric Washer.
And a lot of other articles.
(Terms Cash).

JOHN P. BRADLEY & CO.
Auctioneers.

AUCTION SALE

Don't forget the Auction Sale at the farm of Geo. D. Warren, Fortune Cove, Friday, September 27th, at 1.30 P. M. If stormy, first fine day.

Of Registered prize winning Holstein Cattle all from Lonsdale farm, Sussex, N. B.

Also a number of Registered Brown Swiss imported from U. S. A. Over twenty head.

TINT and DYE the modern way 15¢

It's smart to be thrifty . . .
Each tube contains 6 tablets.
Enough to dye or tint up to 3 lbs. of silk, cotton or wool.
No measuring - Easy to use
No mess - No fuss
The most economical and convenient home dyeing method on the market to-day. On sale at all Drug and General Stores.
FREE SAMPLE.
The Elliott Co. -- Montreal

A Morning Smile

Ray of Hope

It was the twins' first visit to the Zoo, and Aunt Prim, who had charge of them, was endeavouring with the aid of a catalogue to render the visit memorable. She succeeded, but not quite in the manner she anticipated.

The lessons in zoology were boring enough, but her continual nagging at the youngsters in regard to their behaviour was making their lives a misery.

At last they arrived at a cage containing a long--snouted animal which she informed them was an ant-eater.

Tommy brightened up at once, and, nudging his sister, whispered, "Do you think we could push her in?"

Man of Many Letters

Poor Prof.—"What's the formula for water, Jones?" asked the science master.

"H I J K L M N O," spelled out the scholar.

"What's that?" barked the master.

The scholar slowly repeated the letters.

"Whatever are you driving at?" said the master. "What gave you that idea?"

"You, sir," said Jones. "You said yesterday it was H to O."

THE COOK'S CORNER

Creamy Mayonnaise

This use of uncoked egg as well as uncoked yolk, is a favorite idea with many chefs—perhaps you will like to try this effect in your own kitchen.

1 hard-cooked egg yolk
1 raw egg yolk
1 pound can salad oil
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon fruit sugar
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon cayenne
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons vinegar

Sieve hard-cooked egg yolk and add raw yolk. Beat until very light. Add 1 tablespoon oil at a time and beat until thick with a rotary beater after each addition. When ½ cup oil has been used, beat in sugar, lemon juice and seasonings. Add remaining oil a little more rapidly, beating until thick after each addition. Finally beat in vinegar.

If mixture curdles, beat a while egg until very light in a clean bowl, with a clean beater. Slowly beat in curdled mixture, then proceed as above.

Catsup French Dressing

Color and flavor are never more easily given to a salad dressing than by the addition of a little catsup from the omni-present bottle.

1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon paprika
5 tablespons mild vinegar
¾ cup salad oil
¼ cup tomato catsup

Mix salt, sugar and paprika together. Add mild vinegar and salad oil and beat thoroughly; or put all the ingredients into a glass jar or bottle. screw top on or cork tightly and shake thoroughly. At serving time, add ¼ cup tomato catsup and mix thoroughly.

FLOWER SHAPED BUTTONS

New buttons are introducing flower shapes for autumn frocks, done chiefly in wood, in a variety of colors. They show solid effects for buttons and hollowed out silhouettes for matching buckles.

No Husband Comes Up to Dreams of Sweetheart — Dorothy Dix — Says Marriage is Full of Surprises for Most Women

In Picking a Mate the First Thing to Determine is Whether He Suits Your Taste

A correspondent asks: "Can a girl tell before marriage what sort of a husband a man will make and whether or not she will be happy?"

Not absolutely, for as an old friend of mine once said to me: "Husbands are the most undiscovered nation of people there is," and no woman can tell beforehand what dangers and difficulties of character and disposition she will meet in the strange land she is starting to explore. There will always be surprises for her, no matter how carefully she has tried to survey the unknown terrain. Always she will come across arid deserts of lack of understanding and sympathy that she had not dreamed of existing, volcanoes of temper that she had not suspected, and where she had expected easy going she will find hard sledding along a rough road filled with the pebbles of little aggravating ways and habits.

But for all of that, and despite the fact that no marriage is quite the Colossal Conglomeration of Attractions and Breathtaking Thrills that it is advertised to be and no husband quite comes up to a girl's dream, still and all any woman who keeps her wits about her can form a pretty good idea of how Romeo, the lover, will stack up as Romeo, the husband.

A man does not deliberately put on a show for a woman, as a woman does for the man she wants for a husband. He thinks that just as he is he is the answer to any maiden's prayer and this gives her an opportunity not only to judge what manner of man he really is, but also to figure out his possibilities as a husband.

Now, if I were a girl picking out a husband, the first thing I would note about the boy friend would be whether he suited my taste or not. It doesn't make so much difference what sort of a man a husband is as it does whether he is the sort of husband you like. So I should consider above everything else whether I was satisfied with him "as is", or whether I thought I would like him after I made a number of drastic changes in him. Altering a husband is as unsatisfactory a job as altering a hat. Somehow they never turn out right and always look like heck.

I wouldn't kid myself into thinking that I possessed some occult power as a miracle worker, so I wouldn't marry a drunkard expecting to reform him, or a broken reed, expecting him to turn into a sturdy oak that I could cling to, or a lazy loafer expecting him to suddenly become a go-getter. I would pick out, to start with, a man who didn't need to be made over. One who had strength and character and who could support a family and who would baby me instead of me having to mother him.

Next, I would pay particular attention to a man's disposition because that is what a wife has to live with and is what makes her happiness or misery. Women are always complaining about being so surprised and disappointed at finding out that their husbands are cold or unappreciative, or stingy, or grouchy, or whatnot. But, my heavens, why didn't they find this out before marriage? A man doesn't hide his nature. It sticks out like a sore thumb.

I knew a girl once who broke off her engagement to a most eligible young man because she saw him beat a dog almost to death for not coming at his call. "That is the way he would treat me if I were in his power," she reflected. "He is cruel and tyrannical. He will expect his wife to cringe before him or jump when he speaks to her, and as I don't care to be browbeaten and terrorized for the next forty years I'll have none of him."

Every man gives every girl he goes with a thousand tips as to how he will treat his wife. Is he selfish? Does he consider his own pleasure before hers? Does he drag her to see the plays and the pictures he wants to see instead of the ones she would prefer? His wife is slated for the doormat role. He will trample over her and kick her out of the way when she interferes with his pleasures. She will never be anything but an upper servant to minister to his comfort. He will eat the white meat of the chicken and leave her the back, and spend his holidays playing golf while she wheels the perambulator.

Is he niggardly even during courting days? Does he always say how much cozier it is to stay at home than it is to step out? He will make a husband who will make the first of the month when the bills come in a day of crucifixion for his wife. Is a man critical? Does he tell you that your dress is too gay, or you use too much rouge and lip stick, or that your bridge is rotten? Pass him up unless you enjoy being hammered to a jelly.

Is a man always taking offense and having to be jollied into a good humor? If you marry him, you will have to qualify for walking on eggs, which is a tiresome and difficult business.

And if a man is a philanderer and has a "way" with women, you don't need any Sherlock Holmes to deduct the fact that whenever he is out of your sight he will be chasing younger and fairer ladies than you, and you will be eating out your heart with jealousy. Oh, it isn't so hard to tell what sort of a husband a man will make. He will be just like he is, only a little more so.

DOROTHY DIX.

The Murder at Hazelmoor

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

CHAPTER 24

"They haven't found anyone who saw Brian Exhampton," Charles pointed out, "and he's a fairly noticeable person."

Emily shook her head scornfully.

"He wasn't in Exhampton. Don't you see, Charles, if he committed the murder, he planned it beforehand. It's only poor innocent Jim who came down like a mug and stayed there. There's Lydford and Chagford or perhaps Exeter. He might have walked over from Lydford — that's a main road and the snow wouldn't have been impassable. It would have been pretty good going."

"I suppose we ought to make inquiries all round."

"The police are doing that," said Emily, "and they'll do it a lot better than we shall. All public things are much better done by the police. It's private and personal things like listening to Mrs. Curtis and picking up a hint from Miss Percehouse and watching the Willetts — that's where we score."

"Or don't, as the case may be," said Charles.

"To go back to Brian Pearson fulfilling the conditions," said Emily "We've done two, motive and opportunity, and there's the third — the one that in a way I think is the most important of all."

"What's that?"

"Well, I have felt from the beginning that we couldn't ignore that queer business of the table turning. I have tried to look at it as logically and clear-sightedly as possible. There are just three solutions of it. (1) That it was supernatural. Well, of course, that may be so, but personally, I am ruling it out. (2) That it was deliberate — someone did it on purpose, but as one can't arrive at any conceivable reason, we can rule that out also. (3) Accidental Someone gave himself away without meaning to do so—indeed quite against his will. An unconscious piece of self-revelation. If so, someone among those six people either knew definitely that Captain Trevelyan was going to be killed at a certain time that afternoon, or that someone was having an interview with him from which violence might result. None of those six people could have been the actual murderer, but one of them must have been in collusion with the murderer. There's no link between Major Burnaby and anybody else, or Mr. Rycroft and anybody else, or Ronald Garfield and anyone else, but when we come to the Willetts it's different. There's a link between Violet Willett and Brian Pearson. Those two are on very intimate terms and that girl was all on the jump after the murder."

"You think she knew?" said Charles.

"She or her mother—one or other of them."

"There's one person you haven't mentioned," said Charles, "Mr. Duke."

"I know," said Emily. "It's queer. He's the one person we know absolutely nothing about. I've tried to see him twice and failed. There seems no connection between him and Captain Trevelyan, or between him and any of Captain Trevelyan's relations; there's absolutely nothing to connect him with the case in any way, and yet——"

"Well?" said Charles Enderby as Emily paused.

"And yet we met Inspector Narracott coming out of his cottage. What does Inspector Narracott know about him that we don't? I wish I knew."

"You think——"

"Supposing Duke is a suspicious character and the police know it. Supposing Captain Trevelyan had found out something about Duke. He was particular about his tenants, remember, and supposing he was going to tell the police what he knew. And Duke arranges with an accomplice to have him killed. Oh, I know it all sounds dreadfully melodramatic put like that, and yet, after all, something of the kind might be possible."

"It's an idea certainly," said Charles slowly.

They were both silent, each one deep in thought. Suddenly Emily said:

"Do you know that queer feeling you get when somebody is looking at you. I feel now as though someone's eyes were burning the back of my neck. Is it all fancy or is there really someone staring at me now?"

Charles moved his chair an inch or two and looked round the cafe in a casual manner.

"There's a woman at a table in the window," he reported. "Tall, dark and handsome. She's staring at you."

"No, not very young. Hello!"

"What is it?"

"Ronnie Garfield. He has just come in and he's shaking hands with her and he's sitting down at her table. I think she's saying something about us."

Emily opened her handbag. Rather ostentatiously she powdered her nose, adjusting the small pocket mirror to a convenient angle.

"It's Aunt Jennifer," she said softly. "They are getting up."

"They are going," said Charles. "Do you want to speak to her?"

"No," said Emily. "I think it's better for me to pretend I haven't seen her."

"After all," said Charles, "why shouldn't Aunt Jennifer know Ronnie Garfield and ask him to tea?"

"Why should she?" said Emily.

"Why shouldn't she?"

"Oh, for goodness sake, Charles, don't let's go on and on like this, should — shouldn't — should — shouldn't. Of course, it's all nonsense, and it doesn't mean anything! But we were just saying that nobody else at that seance had any relation with the family, and not five minutes later we see Ronnie Garfield having tea with Captain Trevelyan's sister."

"It show," said Charles, "that you never know."

"It shows," said Emily, "that you are always having to begin again."

"In more ways than one," said Charles.

Emily loked at him.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing at present," said Charles.

He put his hand over hers. She did not draw it away.

"We've got to put this through," said Charles. "Afterwards——"

"Afterwards?" said Emily softly.

"I'd do anything for you, Emily," said Charles. "Simply anything."

"Would you?" said Emily. "That's rather nice of you, Charles dear."

* * * * * * * *

It was just twenty minutes later when Emily rang the front doorbell of the Laurels. It had been a sudden impulse.

Aunt Jennifer, she know, would be still at Deller's with Ronnie Garfield. She smiled beamingly on Beatrice when the latter opened the door to her.

"It's me again," said Emily. "Mrs. Gardner's out, I know, but can I see Mr. Gardner?"

Such a request was clearly unusual.

"Well, I don't know. I'll go up and see, shall I?"

"Yes, do," said Emily.

Beatrice went upstairs leving Emily alone in the hall. She returned in a few minutes to ask the young lady to please step this way.

Robert Gardner was lying on a couch by the window in a big room on the first floor. He was a big man, blue eyed and fair haired. He looked, Emily thought, as Tristran ought to look in the third act of Tristran and Isolde and as no Wagnerian tenor has ever looked yet.

"Hello," he said. "You are the criminal's spouse to be, aren't you?"

"That's right, Uncle Robert," said Emily. "I suppose I do call you Uncle Robert, don't I?" she asked.

"If Jennifer will allow it. What's it like having a young man languishing in prison?"

A cruel man Emily decided. A man who would take a malicious joy in giving you sharp digs in painful places. But she was a match for him. She said smilingly:

"Very thrilling."

"Not so thrilling for Master Jim, eh?"

"Oh, well," said Emily, "it's an experience, isn't it?"

(To Be Continued.)

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The City of Uriconium

Britain is rich in Roman remains, yet few people realize that among them we can number what is almost a second Pompeii—the buried Roman city of Uriconium.

The remains of this City, once one of the greatest of the Roman settlements in Britain, are found at Wroxeter, a few miles south of Shrewsbury. It was first brought to light between 1859 and 1861, when several acres were uncovered. Further work was done in 1912-14, but the second really large-scale attempt to explore the site only commenced in 1924.

All the activities of the vanished life of the Roman city can be traced in the area which has been excavated. Broad, straight streets, intersecting at right angles, have been laid bare, and the sites of houses, workshops, and shops have been uncovered.

We know little of this city's history, but all the evidence points to some ancient raid, whether of Saxons or Britons, who, after putting the citizens to the sword, fired the city.

A complete set of the usual Roman baths has been traced, and here grim traces of the disaster which overwhelmed the city were discovered. In one of the hollow floors was found the skeleton of an old man who had apparently taken refuge in this hiding-place.

His outstretched hand still pointed to a little heap of coins, perhaps the savings of a lifetime. Nearby were the skeletons of two women. The collapse of the blazing roof had blocked the exit, and the refugees had been trapped in their place of sanctuary.

Part of an important building, believed to have been the forum, or town-hall and market place of the city, has been uncovered. Ten pillars out of eleven which had formed the South half of the portico were found in position. This is said to be the longest continuous Roman colonade in Britain.

LOWER FREETOWN W. I.

The September meeting of Lower Freetown W. I. was held at Mrs. D. M. Bernard's on the afternoon of the 18th. Eleven members responded to Roll Call with a joke. Five visitors were also welcomed. The teacher, Miss McDougall arrived in time for the social hour at the close of the meeting.

The bill for material for sheathing the cloak-room of the schoolhouses was presented and ordered paid. A letter from Miss Bateson, promising to send us a box of books soon as they are selected, was read.

Sick committee reported sending two boxes of fruit during the month.

Plans for a Hallowe'en Social to be held in Lower Freetown Hall, Oct 30th, were discussed at some length, leaving time for only a short programme, a humorous selection from "Peck's Bad Boy" given by Mrs. Muriel Burns, and several Piano selections by a visitor Mrs. Jack Paynter. Meeting adjourned. N t meeting will be at Mrs. F. L. Cairns, Oct 16th in the evening.

A delicious lunch was served by the hostess and a social hour enjoyed.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

During the fall season when invitations may be dropped in with any mail, or "impromptu" by ring of the telephone, it's well to be ready with some new togs.

Today's model is a luxurious Renaissance style in black and gold mixture crepe. It's one of those useful formal dresses that you always feel so smart and comfortable in wherever you go.

The high-round neckline is very smart. However the pattern also provides for deep U-shaped decolletage at the back, so have your way about it. It's so easily made and at just the cost of the fabric.

Style No. 652 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inches bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yards of 35-inch material.

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

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