

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

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



Incidentally the raglan shoulders are very slenderizing and a smart vogue. The wrapped bodice is out for effect with its hip bow. And incidentally, it's a style most becoming to the youthful figure.

It's very easily fashioned! You'll be surprised! You'll have a stunning dress for a small outlay. A dress you will enjoy wearing for town or for the afternoon bridge or tea.

Style No. 417 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1 1/2 yards of 3-inch ribbon.

You could also carry it out in plain crepe silk in cadet or navy blue.

For summer, it is delightfully cool in a chiffon or a voile print.

Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern.

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

417

Form for ordering the dress pattern, including fields for Name, Street Address, City, and State.



THAT CHEERY sign of health

It gives you a thrill to see the children eat with enjoyment. When they don't, naturally you are concerned.

Then just bring Kellogg's Rice Krispies to the rescue. These crunchy rice bubbles, that actually crackle in milk or cream, fascinate youngsters.

And Rice Krispies are one of the best of cereals for children. Nourishing, rich in energy, easy to digest.

Ask your grocer for the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.



Beauty: Every Woman's Wish Dorothy Dix Questions Value Of Great Beauty

Is Beauty the Magic Talisman That Insures a Woman's Happiness and Success in Life? On the Contrary, Thinks Dorothy Dix, the Moderately Pretty Girl Stands a Far Better Chance of Getting a Good Job and Husband

If a good fairy should suddenly appear before her and offer every woman her heart's desire, she would cry out: "Give me BEAUTY," without ever even pausing to consider the subject.



For, if she told the honest-to-goodness truth, there isn't a single female of any age, station or achievements who wouldn't rather be pulchritudinous than to be intelligent or talented or amiable or good or to possess any other virtue whatsoever and who doesn't get more of a kick out of being praised for her looks than she does for her accomplishments, no matter how great these may be.

Also, the woman who shrewdly argues, that if she possessed beauty, she could get for herself all of the balance of the things she craved. If she wants money, she can marry it. If she desires

good times, there are relays of men anxious to step out with a good-looking girl. If she yearns for position and place, she has only to roll her glorious eyes to be invited into the reserved seats of the mighty. In a word, if she wants her pathway strewn with orchids, she has only to be easy on the eyes to turn the trick.

Furthermore, the woman who would reflect, there is no other such alibi as beauty. A peaches-and-cream complexion and wavy hair are a substitute for brains, and as long as a woman's head is sufficiently decorated on the outside no one cares how scantily furnished it is on the inside. Nobody expects a living picture to be a kitchen utensil, or a lily-white hand to cook or scrub or have a tight hold on the market money.

It is because it seems to the homely woman that the beauty gets all the breaks in the life that those of the sex that is not always so fair place such an inordinate value upon good looks, and spend their lives and enrich beauty shops in their heroic efforts to circumvent nature and make themselves better-looking than it intended them to be.

But, after all, is beauty so all-powerful as women think it is? Does beauty insure a woman's happiness and success in life as women so devoutly believe it does? Is it really God's best gift to a woman?

According to the recently expressed opinion of a Follies beauty, than whom none is more pulchritudinous, the answer is emphatically NO. She says that beauty is indeed a fatal gift and that hers has brought her nothing but trouble and worry and disastrous marriages and blighted ambitions and hopes and plans that failed, and that the woman who has to depend on her brains instead of her looks has a better chance of happiness and success than has the beauty.

One is inclined to agree with her and to surmise that beauty has probably always been a much overadvertised attraction for which its owner had to pay far more than it was worth. Possibly it has never got her what she thought it would, and indeed in many cases it has cost a woman her life, for in ancient times it was always the most beautiful maiden who was selected for sacrifice, while the lucky owners of snub noses and curly hair went safe and free.

Nor is beauty really as potent in modern life as we think it is. No man, or at least no man's wife, wants a ravine, tearing beauty in his office, and so it is a real handicap to a girl in getting a job if she belongs in the bathing-beauty class. A moderate amount of prettiness is all to the good, because we enjoy beholding girls who are balm to our eyes, but

For FULL-FLAVOURED COFFEE This Question Must be Answered



WHEN buying coffee, ask yourself this question: Is there ANY air inside the tin or package or can any air get in? If so—coffee deteriorates, loses flavour. If not—coffee keeps its full flavour indefinitely.

Vita-Fresh Process Removes Every Trace of Oxygen

Maxwell House is the only coffee packed by a method which removes and excludes all traces of oxygen from the sealed tin. Such protection afforded the famous quality of this old Southern blend ensures rich flavour and satisfying smoothness—more than you've ever enjoyed in any other coffee before.

Get a tin from your grocer today. Look for the words "Vita-Fresh" marked on the sealed and locked tin.

It's the Air Inside the Tin or Package That Ruins Coffee Flavour. Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavour in 9 days after roasting. Coffee in old-fashioned tins or cardboard cartons loses 45% of its flavour in 9 days after roasting.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE ROASTED AND PACKED IN CANADA

Summer Sickness

Mothers Tell How BABY'S OWN TABLETS Relieve Children's Distressing Troubles

"My baby was so bad with summer complaint that we despaired of saving her," writes Mrs. Hazel Allard, Whitby, Ont. "A friend advised Dr. Williams' Baby's Own Tablets. After the third dose baby fell asleep. By noon the next day she took the usual bottle feeding." "At the first sign of baby's reeviness or illness in the trying months of summer, I give him Baby's Own Tablets, and in a short time he is well, and smiling his thanks," writes Mrs. Alton Farber, Glenora, Que.

DR. WILLIAMS'

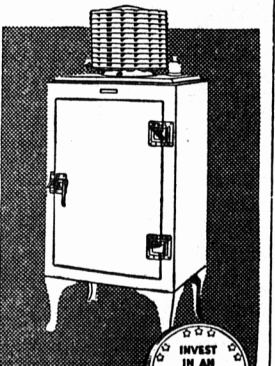
BABY'S OWN TABLETS Make and Keep Children Well—As Mothers Know

In thine or in another's day; And if denied the victor's meed, Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay. —Whittier.

A Rebuke: It takes little time to administer a rebuke, but it takes a long time to forget it.

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LEONARD GENERAL ELECTRIC on display Maritime Electric Company, Ltd. of the ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM

A Morning Smile

Only A Fair Entertainer

Young Wife: "Listen, I'm going to give a little party and dance. Now, you will have to show what you can do to keep up the reputation of my house." Cook: "With pleasure, ma'am! But I can only dance the waltz and the polka; you will have to excuse me for the tango!"

Idleness: Mere idleness, though it may be necessary in sickness, can never be a pleasure for long to a healthy man. To do your work without friction, that is the rest prepared for the saints.

The Plains of Abraham By James Oliver Curwood

"Friends!" sniffed Hepsibah. Henri, it is because of Catherine and Jeems that I call you a fool. Take them where this danger does not hang day and night along the frontiers. Take them to the St. Lawrence if you will, or bring them south into Catherine's country. But do one or other, for God's sake, or the day will come when Christ himself cannot save you, and his voice shock with earnestness. "There will be no war," insisted Henri stubbornly. "England and France have bled themselves white on Continental battlefields, and the peace which was signed only last October will surely not be broken again while you and I are living, for Hanover and Austria have had their fill, as well as the others, and are like two dead men on their backs." "That is right," nodded Catherine, with a shudder. "I think all fighting is over for many years." "Fools—innoents!" the brother growled. "I tell you neither George nor Louis will have anything to do with the running of this war until every mile of woods between our colonies and your city of Quebec is red with fire and blood. God love me, it has already begun! French and English traders are fighting wherever they come together along the frontiers, and the hired Indians of one are taking scalps for 'other. Even white men have joined in that pretty game, for Massachusetts has sent out Lovewell and his fifty men to hunt the heads of the Indians and French—it makes no difference which, though the order says redskins only—at a price of five shillings a day plus a bounty for every scalp that is taken; and down in New York county S'r William Johnson counts out English money for human hair, while the French—and you know it, Henri—are paying a hundred crowns apiece for white scalps as well as red. It's the Indians are bringing in instead of fur. And here you sit like a couple of foolish doves with your scalps worth fifty pounds a

piece your windows open, your door unlocked, your senses gone." Catherine rose from her seat and came around to her brother so that she stood behind him her arms about his shoulders. "Hepsibah, we know this you have told us is true," she said, pressing her cheek against his face. "There is terrible murder along the frontiers from which you have come, and that is why Henri has brought Jeems and me into this country of his where are only peace and friendship and no thought of the hideous killings and ugly traffickings you speak about. You have argued against yourself, Brother, for it is you who should move out of strife and danger and come to live with us." "Together we will have a paradise here," urged Henri. "And I will find you a wife," added Catherine. "A wife who will love you greatly, and until you have children of your own we will give you half of Jeems." Hepsibah rose gently out of her arms. "For Jeems you should change your home to a place where there is a schoolmaster and more for him to learn," he said, catching desperately at a last argument where all others had failed. "In all of New France and the English colonies there is no better teacher than our Catherine," answered Henri proudly. "In English and French she has given to Jeems more than he could ever have learn-

ed in your town of Albany or our college in Quebec; for there, in one place, he would have been English, and in the other, French, while here he is both like his father and mother, and will never strike at either of the two bloods that are in his veins." "Of that I am sure," agreed Catherine. "I pray God my Jeems will never be a fighting man." When Hepsibah went to his cot in the loft, he stood for a moment with his lighted candle beside Jeems' bed where the boy lay sleeping with the cloth of velvet close to his hands, a smile on his lips. Looking down on him Hepsibah thought of Henri Bulain's last words and his sister's prayer, and his lips moved whisperingly to himself, "They can't keep it from you, lad—hope nor prayer nor all their faith. It's coming, and when it comes you'll strike and strike hard, and it's then you'll be what you're bound to be, Jeems—a fighting man!" Catherine's breakfast was on the table with the break of sunrise, and Jeems was even ahead of that, helping his father with the chores. The ox was fed and the cart ready for a day's rough travel before his Uncle Hepsibah came down from his sleep. Talk of war and massacre and death had left no shadow in Catherine's heart, and Hepsibah could hear her singing. The sound of her voice made him pause and face the south. He's wide shoulders twitched and he marked the swelling and dips of the timbered solitudes of Forbiddan valley, and saw where the Mohawks would enter it and where they would come out if his prediction and his fears came true. With the shiver still in his blood, he turned and found Odd standing close behind him, also facing the stillness and mystery of the valley, his nose sniffing the air, and his eyes—as the man's had been a moment before—filled with a steadiness and tenseness of look which had in it a sombre and voiceless foreboding. At the touch of Hepsibah's hand the strain seemed to leave Odd's body. "It'll bear watching day and night but specially in that hour of darkness which comes just before the crack o' dawn. Not now, but soon!"

(To Be Continued)



Had Melancholy Blues Feel draggy... blue? Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you. Its tonic action builds you up and relieves Monthly Pains. Ask for the new tablets.

For The Cook GRAPEFRUIT WITH NUTS

1 level tablespoonful gelatine. 1/4 cup cold water. 1/2 cup boiling water. 1 cup grapefruit juice. 1/2 cup sugar. 1/2 whole pecan nut meat. 1/2 cup celery, diced. 1/2 stuffed or ripe olives, sliced. Salt. Soak gelatine in cold water at five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and grapefruit juice. Pour a little in the bottom wet individual molds. When they are set, arrange a ring of sliced olives with a pecan nut in the centre. When remaining has stiffened somewhat, stir in rest of the olives and celery, fill molds. Chill, turn out on lettuce leaves, garnishing each salad with mayonnaise and a whole nut. Or, season cream cheese high moisten with cream and arrange about molds.

Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum, featuring the text 'GOOD AND GOOD FOR YOU' and 'WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM THE PERFECT GUM LASTS' with an illustration of a gum pack.