

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

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern By Annabelle Worthington



different ways, tied in ascot style or knotted in bow effect at the shoulder. The beret is quite one-sided which makes it so utterly flattering. It is a lovely set for travel for resort and for the college miss for early fall wear. Soft woollens are smart. Style No. 679 comes in sizes 21, 22 and 23 inches head measure. Size 22 requires 1 yard of 39-inch dark and 1/2 yard of 39-inch contrasting material. Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

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

Match your scarf to your beret, if you want to appear smart this season. The scarf may be worn in two

Pain and Bloating Feeling

Keewatin, Ont. — "My husband had been a sufferer from indigestion for the past few years and tried several well-known remedies, but got very little relief," said Mrs. W. J. Farfit. "Life was becoming unbearable for him with the pain and bloating feeling he experienced. Upon taking the first bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he is 100% better and all trace of indigestion is gone. He feels like a new man—is gaining weight and eats all kinds of food." Sold by druggists. If you want free medical advice, write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y.

For The Cook

TWO-MINUTE MAYONNAISE

Two-thirds of a cup of condensed milk, 1 egg yolk, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1/2 cup oil or melted butter, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper. Be sure you have condensed milk; evaporated will not do. Put all ingredients in a sealer and shake continuously for two minutes only, and you will have a wonderful salad dressing. Made with oil, it is mayonnaise; made with melted butter, it is like a boiled dressing.

UNCOOKED SALAD DRESSING

One-quarter cup vinegar or lemon juice, 1/2 cup salad oil or melted butter, 2-3 cup sweetened condensed milk, 1 egg-yolk (unbeaten), 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, few grains cayenne pepper. Put all the ingredients into a jar; do not beat, do not stir, but shake vigorously.

A Snapshot of ALLEN ROBERT JARRETT at 17 Months



A PRIZE WINNER NOW—once despaired of

"Yesterday," writes Mrs. J. A. Jarrett of Scarborough Bluffs, Ont., "my fifteen months old son won second prize over more than two hundred other boy babies of the same age in the Canadian National Exhibition Baby Show. When he was five weeks old Eagle Brand saved his life. He was half starved and nearly drove me crazy with his crying." If you are unable to nurse your baby, send for Baby Welfare literature, using the coupon below.

FREE! Wonderful Baby Booklet! The Borden Co. Limited, 115 George St., Toronto, Ont. Gentlemen: Please send me free copy of booklet entitled "Baby Welfare."



Why Most Households Are Ruled By the Weak Dorothy Dix Finds Strong Won't Stoop To Coward's Weapons

The Weak Nearly Always Rule the Strong, And the Reason is Plain: They Use Coward's Weapons, Against Which the Brave Have no Defense—Particularly are Women Given to Using Tears, Tongue, Ill Health and Age to Gain Their Own Way at Whatever Cost

It is a tragic thing that in domestic life the weak rule the strong, fools dominate the wise. Take the families you know. In nine cases out of ten the real head of the house is not the strong, intelligent man with the wide experience of life that fits him to decide with sound judgment the problems that arise in his household and to be a guide and mentor to his children. No. It is a little hen-brained woman filled with prejudices and superstitions and ignorance who is the autocrat of the home and who rules her husband and children with a rod of iron.

Nor in the cases where the gray mare is the better horse, and the wife is wise and strong and broadminded and the husband is weak and narrow and morose, do you find that the wife's influence is paramount in the home. On the contrary, it is the stupid and bigoted little man who has his family under his thumb.

Why this is a puzzle that we grow gray trying to solve. We can't understand why the strong surrender to the weak without even putting up a fight. We can't comprehend why the far-seeing permit themselves to be led into ditches by the blind. We can't see why high-souled men and women allow themselves to be needlessly sacrificed to silly, selfish egotists.

But the reason is plain. The weak are cowards and they fight with coward's weapons and against these the brave and honorable have no defense. There is no mean advantage that the weak will not take, no underhand blow that they will not strike to gain their own ends. The strong and wise will not stoop to do these things, and so the finer a man and woman are, the less able are they to cope with weak fools, and the more surely are they their victims.

Women's armories are full of these coward's weapons. Perhaps the most dangerous and the most frequently used is the tongue, which is a two-edged sword that has slain its thousands of men who were giants abroad but trembling mice at home, whose words were law to battalions of soldiers and multitudes of employes, but who said "ma'am" to their wives.

What can a man do with a woman who makes scenes in public except walk warily so as not to rile her? What can a man do to a woman who nags the life out of him except bow his head to the storm and let it roll over him?

The next coward's weapon that women use is tears. Perhaps more men have had their will power flattened out under hydraulic pressure than in any other way. You can't combat tears. Fighting them is like fighting ghosts, something awful, terrifying, impalpable against which a man struggles in vain, knowing that it will get him in the end. Any woman can weep the last cent out of a man's pocket and make him do the things he has sworn he never would do if she is unprincipled enough to do it.

It is perfectly appalling to think of the men who go into debt to buy motorcars and fine houses that they know they can't afford just because their wives cried for them until they got them. It is heart-breaking to think of the men who wipe their wives' eyes on the last shred of their self-respect and ambition when they give up the profession for which they have fitted themselves, or shut the door of opportunity in their faces because their wives dissolved in tears at being left alone while their husbands pursued their callings, or because perfect fountains of weeps at the thought of going away from mother and the girls.

Still another coward's weapon that women use to dominate their families is ill health. They use nerves as a smoke screen to cover up unimaginable atrocities in the way of temper and irritability and general lack of all decent self-control. Probably there isn't a husband in the world who isn't more afraid of his wife's nerves than he is of a machine gun, and who wouldn't flee to his dugout, if he had one, when he sees them about to explode.

And heart disease. If there is a clinch on earth it is having a poor heart, which is why it is a favorite ailment with women. It is a perfect alibi, going and coming, for everything a woman wants to do and wants to get out of doing.

I have known women who enslaved their entire families for twenty years to their "poor hearts." They not only did no work themselves, they had to be waited on hand and foot because they couldn't make any exertion. All the family troubles and worries to be kept from them because they couldn't be excited.

Everybody else had to stay at home and toil to make the money to send the poor victim off to summer resorts and winter resorts. But she had to be kept cheerful and to do this she felt it necessary to belong to bridge clubs and go to parties and have a good time generally. And this treatment was so effective that these women lived on until they had worked their poor husbands and children into the grave.

The coward's weapon of old people is "I'm not going to live long. You won't have me with you but a short time." So mother thinks that daughter should give up her career and stay at home and nurse and coddle her, and that son shouldn't marry and should spend all he earns in keeping her in luxurious ease. And when mother makes this pathetic appeal to her children and squeezes out a few hard tears, what can they do except run up the white flag and let her wreck their lives for them with her selfishness?

Of course, mother doesn't make good on her promise of making a hasty exit and leaving her children free to follow their destinies. She lives on and on and on until daughter is a soured old maid and son is a cranky old bachelor, but she has conquered them and monopolized them, and that was all she wanted.

A terrible thing, these coward's weapons that women use. They should be outlawed as are the more hideous implements of war. DOROTHY DIX.

AN AGGRESSIVE INDUSTRY The production of leather footwear in August rose to 1,706,359 pairs, the largest output of the year to date, exceeding March which exceeds it by a little over 11,000 pairs. The returns are from 176 factories out of a total of 180 in operation during the month. The output during August shows a

Is Prettiest Princess In North Of Europe

Prince George's secretary denied week end rumors of a marriage between the Prince and Princess Ingrid of Sweden. The secretary issued a flat and uncompromising denial saying: "It just isn't so."

Prettiest Princess in Northern Europe. That is the title the Swedes claim for her. Ingrid Victoria Sophie Louise Margaret, named after two queens, English and Swedish. She is the granddaughter of our Duke of Connaught.

One lovely June day at Windsor in 1906 the English Princess Margaret was married to Crown Prince Oscar of Sweden. Today Sweden's pretty princess is 22, charming and smiling. A rose tinted complexion. A beautiful natural figure. In contrast with the starvation angularity of extreme fashion.

Wavy brown hair which has been shingled for some years. Now Princess Ingrid has let it grow. And it curls up softly in the nape of her neck. Most of all you notice her eyes. Vivid blue eyes. They look right into yours. One moment they are filled with merriment, with mischief. Then they change to seriousness.

Clothes English Her clothes are English in style. She follows the simple fashions of the English royal family. Whereas the Stockholm, the Swedish capital, favor the ultra-smart. It is the Paris of the north in fashion.

Another contrast—the other way. There is no trace of make-up on Swedish faces. No lipstick. But Princess Ingrid uses just a little. Like English girls. She loves the theatre. And the opera.

In Stockholm she often attends. She enjoys classical music—as well as the lighter kinds. In childhood she delighted in "Let's-pretend" games. She acted in children's plays. She even had a Special Little theatre.

And then, too, she delighted much more in fun. As she grew up, she assumed the serious air of a responsible princess. Welfare work. Homecrafts. And so forth.

For Princess Ingrid tries to resemble her mother, whom she adored. Sweden loves her for this. In her she see combined the qualities of Sweden and England. Admiring the traditional needlework of her country, the princess is an enthusiastic needlewoman. She has embroidered exquisite altar cloths. Picture her as her relations and intimates see her. Sitting in her boudoir in the palace at Stockholm. Daintily furnished.

Delicate Colors Princess Ingrid likes to wear delicate blues, pinks, greens. She sits rather erectly. Intent on needlework. Or studying her beloved subject—history. Or in spare time with a book by her favorite author, Selma Lagerlof. She has been trained in self-discipline. Strictly brought up. Considerate to employes. Her father dislikes much publicity for her.

The Swedes are democratic in spirit—but court etiquette is strict. "It makes me feel shy," the Princess has said, "if people are nervous or stiff in my presence. For she is not "stiff." Possessing a good clear voice, she sings well. And she plays the piano for her friends. Perhaps her principal duty is mothering her brothers. She has always tried to. Although Prince Gustavus Adolphus, in a creek Swedish regiment is four years older. And Prince Sigvard Oscar is three years older. But the other two are younger. Prince Charles, her special care, is only fifteen.

Happy Hours Always she has had happy hours with her brothers. Once she was a tomboy, joining all their pranks and escapades. And the four brothers have repaid. They have made her an excellent sportswoman. Princess Ingrid skied when so small that she could hardly balance. On expert on skis now. She skates like a professional. When in England she skates if possible.

Once she taught our prince the intricacies of figure skating. Her skill surprised everyone at the Grosvenor House rink in London. In Stockholm she rides every morning with the master of ceremonies. In the park, wearing trim riding kit. When in England she hunted. And visited the Rambleigh polo ground.

Summer Days Happy summer days are spent at Solfero, South Sweden. There a princess can live in the open air more freely. Princess Ingrid is also capable in the kitchen. In the home altogether. She can cook. She can do housework. She can nurse. In contrast was her "coming out" at the opening of Sweden's parliament in 1928. Conventional court dress. Heavy black velvet frock. White puffed sleeves like an old Dutch painting. Three-yard train borne with youthful dignity.

The good housewife is also a dancer. She studied plastic dancing. Light and graceful in the ballroom she can perform Swedish country dances. Yet in many ways she is very English. She likes English food. In London she likes to give intimate parties to her old friends. And she strolls about incognito. Mostly in the old squares. Two women once inspected Westminster Abbey with unusual care. They asked innumerable questions. Not till long afterwards did the guide realize. The younger, who knew nearly as much as he did, was Princess Ingrid.

LATEST IN MOTOR POWER DUART, Oct. 11—(By The Canadian Press)—An instructive and interesting study in canine training was displayed here recently, when a woman passed through with a dog hitched to a small express wagon. A pair of shafts had been added to the vehicle and ropes constituted the harness. In the wagon was enthroned a baby, and the mother walked behind, guiding the dog by word of mouth. The animal obeyed instructions explicitly, often glancing behind apparently to make sure that the infant was still in its chariot.

Advertisement for Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes, featuring an illustration of a man in a hat and a box of the product. Text includes "A good bite you say" and "Enjoy PEP for any meal. Your grocer has Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes. Guaranteed good!"

Advertisement for Red Rose Tea. Text: "Red Rose Tea The New 20 1/2 lb. BROWN LABEL, 40 lb. 'It is good tea or it would not be in a Red Rose package'"

Advertisement for Rock of Ages Cherished As One Of Favorite Hymns. Text: "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Wash me, saviour, or I die. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I soar through tracts unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen."

Advertisement for Fish Culture Makes Trout Stocks Bigger. Text: "STOCKING OF P. E. L. WATER WITH RAINBOW FOLLOWED BY EXCELLENT RESULTS. Rainbow trout are not indigenous to Prince Edward Island but they're thriving now in Jimmy Jim's Pond, Glenfinnan—and in one or two other waters, for that matter—as a result of fish cultural efforts undertaken by the Dominion Department of Fisheries. Several years ago Rainbow fingerlings were introduced into Jimmy Jim's Pond by the Fish Culture Branch of the department. Now, so quote from a report made this summer by a Maritime Province officer in the fisheries service, the pond is "carrying a large quantity of heavy Rainbow of excellent quality." Observation showed the officer that there were plenty of trout in the pond, and experience showed him that they are of good size for he tried his luck with rod and fly and in a short time he had landed "three excellent specimens, from one and a half to two and a half pounds in weight." He was trying the fishing for departmental reasons, but numbers of Prince Edward Island anglers who have tried it simply in search of sport have also found that the fish are plentiful and gamey. As a matter of fact, there is some indication that the Rainbow in Jimmy Jim's take the fly more readily than other trout of the same variety in other localities. The first distribution of Rainbow fingerlings which the Fish Culture Branch made in this lake was in 1928. Another was made in 1930 and a third, the largest or 23,900 fingerlings, in 1931. In distributing fish eggs, fry, fingerlings, etc., in different parts of Canada where the fisheries are under its administration the Dominion department concerns itself with both game fish and commercial fish. Chief attention is given to the commercial varieties, since they are the raw material of one of Canada's most important industries, but everything which can properly be done toward building up the angling resources of the country is also done, and what has been undertaken in connection with the introduction of Rainbow trout into suitable Maritime Province waters is a case in point."

Advertisement for The Only Medicine My Children Have Ever Had. Text: "From the day I purchased the first box for my first baby until the present day, BABY'S OWN TABLETS have been the only medicine my four children have ever had," writes Mrs. Harry Finer, Cumberland Bay, N.B. "This proves beyond doubt that BABY'S OWN TABLETS, by correcting slight disorders very efficiently at the beginning, prevent more serious ailments developing." Mrs. Norman Langille, New Germany, N.S., says: "I have used BABY'S OWN TABLETS exclusively in rearing my three babies. My little girl, who was troubled for a long time with stubborn constiveness, derived the greatest benefit." Give YOUR child BABY'S OWN TABLETS for teething troubles, upset stomach, colic pains, simple fevers, colds, constipation, sleeplessness, or whenever he is cross, restless and fretful. Children take these sweet little tablets as readily as candy—and they're absolutely SAFE (See analyst's certificate in each 25-cent package.) Over 1,250,000 packages sold in 1931.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Baby's Own Tablets. Text: "The Only Medicine My Children Have Ever Had" and "DR. WILLIAMS' BABY'S OWN TABLETS Make and Keep Children Well—As Mothers Know"