

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

THE SILVER ASSASSIN

By WILLIAM J. MAKIN

(Continued)

His fingers faltered. The music slipped into dissonance. A shrill scream was sounding into the darkness. It was repeated. And again.

He stumbled away from the piano. His hand clutched the switch on the wall. A click, and the moonlight fled, leaving a bare floor and walls to the yellow light of civilization. And on the floor in the corner, the telephone continued to shrill its summons.

"Cring! Cring! Cring!"

With a curse, Peter bent down and picked it up. He was about to dash it to the floor when out of the receiver squaked a distant voice.

"Peter... Peter!"

"Hello?"

An infernal buzzing and crackling. He hated telephones. They gave forth bad music. Sound and fury, signifying nothing.

"Is that you, Peter?"

"Yes. What is it?" he gasped.

"There was obvious agitation in her voice.

"Thank God I've found you," she said. "I've telephoned a dozen places to get you. Eventually, it was Scotland Yard who gave me your number."

"You can always depend upon Scotland Yard keeping an eye on my movements," replied Peter, sardonically. Where are you speaking from?"

"From the flat in Oxford. I want more buzzings and distortions. Hold on a moment, shouted Peter. He dragged the telephone to the piano. He'll play some music into the damned thing. It might tune it up."

"Peter! Do be serious. I want you to come here, at once!"

"To Oxford?"

"Yes! I'm alone. John has been away for some days in Wales. What's he doing in Wales? He's been working like a madman on his moon studies. I only discovered the other day that he had been observing the moon from the slope of Snowdon. He says he can get clearer observations there. And he's put up at an inn in the neighbourhood of the mountain."

Peter's face went grim. Once again he recalled that warning of Detective-Inspector Graves. Tomorrow night the moon will be at the full."

"Well?"

"Peter, I'm frightened. I feel something terrible is going to happen. Oh, if you love me, my dear, come at once!"

His heart leaped.

"Say that again!" he shouted, into the black, cold mechanism.

Distant and weak came the voice. Peter, I love you.

And I worship you, my dear, he shouted back, in triumph. I'm on my way, Jill!

Bless you!

He slammed back the receiver. Somewhere among the mass of manuscripts littering the table was a watch. He swept the papers aside in ruthless search. There it was. It showed one o'clock. Im-

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It S-p-r-e-a-d-s its scientific medication swiftly through nose and upper throat — where 3 out of 4 colds start

Mother relies on Va-tro-nol for help in preventing her own colds, too. She can feel the tingle as this scientific medication spreads through the trouble zone in her nose and upper throat.

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...once the tank had been filled up with petrol and London left behind. Peter directed the driver to the side street, jumped out, and ran up the stairs to the flat shared by Jill and her brother.

She was waiting for him. Neither spoke. Yet everything was said. Her dark eyes looked into his, and he tried to see nothing but him. He put his arms around her. She yielded, instinctively, to him. Their lips met. Her eyes closed; Peter had all the savage joy of possession and yet he could only whisper:

"My dear... my dear."

His voice recalled her to herself. Gently, the white hands that had clutched him a moment ago, now gently urged them apart.

It was sweet of you to come to me, Peter, when I needed you so badly. My darling, you're never going to get rid of me again, he replied. I never want to.

They both smiled, rather self-consciously. He saw that her face was paler than usual, and had a tired, worried expression. The dark dressing-gown she wore emphasized the pallor.

"What's the matter, Jill?" he asked, gently.

She shook her head.

"Maybe a woman's silly fancies, Peter. But I'm worried about John. He's been half crazy ever since he began these moon studies. He knew I hated this astronomical bug that seemed to have possessed him. Just as I hated the ever watchful, sceptical, sneering Professor Edward Carr. They were always together. Whispering. Drifting away from me. John even refused to discuss his work with me, she sobbed.

"My dear, he said, something, taking her in his arms, you're taking this badly. You mustn't let yourself get into this state.

She dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief.

"It's silly of me, I know, she said, trying to recover herself. When John announced that he was going into Wales, to Snowdon, to complete his observations, I was really glad. I felt that once away from Oxford and the compelling personality of

Mother's Attitude Toward Daughter Dorothy Dix

Wisdom, Patience, Firmness and a Sense of Humor Are Required in Every Mother During Adolescence of Her Young Daughters

A woman asks what should be the attitude of a mother toward a daughter between the ages of 14 and 20. Every mother who has to deal with an adolescent daughter needs the wisdom of Solomon, the prophetic vision of a seer, the patience of Job and the firmness of a drill sergeant, plus a sense of humor that never fails. And, at that, she will still lack a few requirements.



She is tackling the most complicated and difficult job on earth; the one that requires the most finesse in handling. She has to guide, form, restrain, protect the most headstrong, determined, unreasonable, opinionated egotist alive; one who is resolved not to be changed, or balked, or interfered with in any way whatsoever. Particularly by her mother. That is some task, believe me. No wonder so many mothers fail in it.

However, hard as it is, God himself has laid the chore of piloting the between-age girl through the dangerous waters of adolescence in her mother's lap, and on how well she does it depends her happiness in this world and in the world to come. For if anything untoward happens to Mary, Mother is largely responsible for the disaster.

The first suggestion that I would make to the mother who has a hobbled daughter to deal with is to take her seriously, but not too seriously. Regard everything she does as important, because she is unconsciously starting on the path she is to follow through life, but don't make tragedies out of trifles. Don't look upon her as a moron because she does silly little things and has foolish aspirations.

Don't make an issue of rouge and blood-red nails. Don't refuse her a long, black velvet party dress if all the other girls are having them. She will get over her yearning for these things in a little while, and by your sympathy and understanding you will have established a bond of confidence that will stand you in good stead when you need to put the pressure on her later. She won't say "Mother always objects." She will remember that Mother always wanted her to do what she wanted to do unless it was wrong.

Remember that from 14 to 20 a girl passes through a series of phases that are just as contagious as the measles that she catches from the other girls, but from which she will recover with no bad effects if she is carefully nursed through them.

The first of these attacks is the beauty craze. She spends long hours doing her hair up in the fantastic whirls affected by her favorite movie star. She goes clothes mad. Her brain is cut on the bias and frilled in the middle and she is ready to die if she can't have loud sport tops like the other girls wear. Her greatest desire is to look like a woman of 40 and she considers her mother an inhuman monster if she doesn't let her paint herself up like a Jezebel.

String along with her through all of these vagaries. Don't scold her about being vain. Take an interest in her make-up and her clothes and show her how to make the most of herself. Give her a little of the flattery she craves. Many a mother loses her hold on her daughter by her continual criticism and fault-finding.

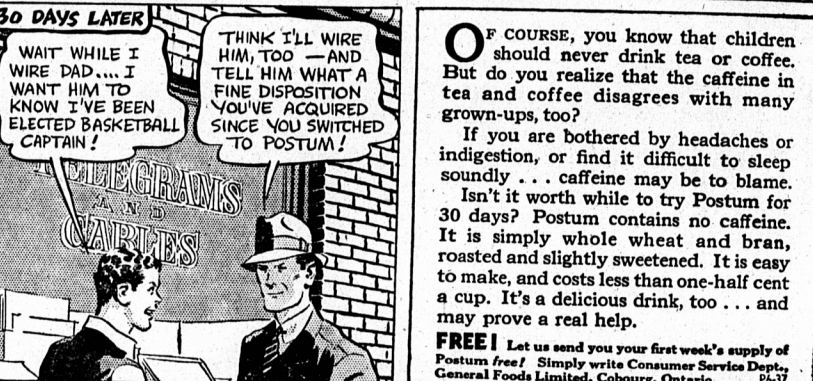
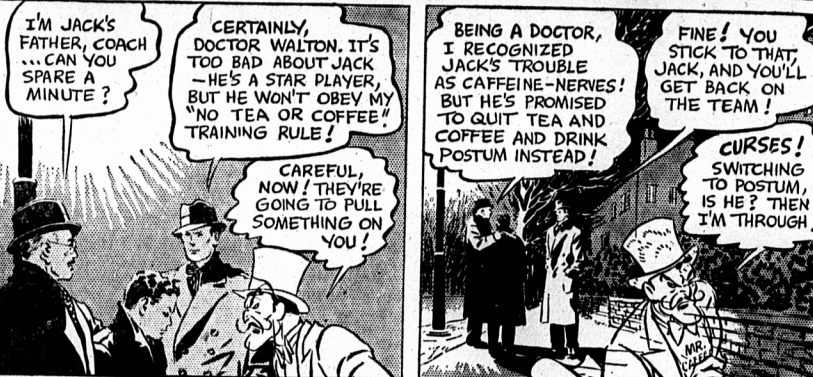
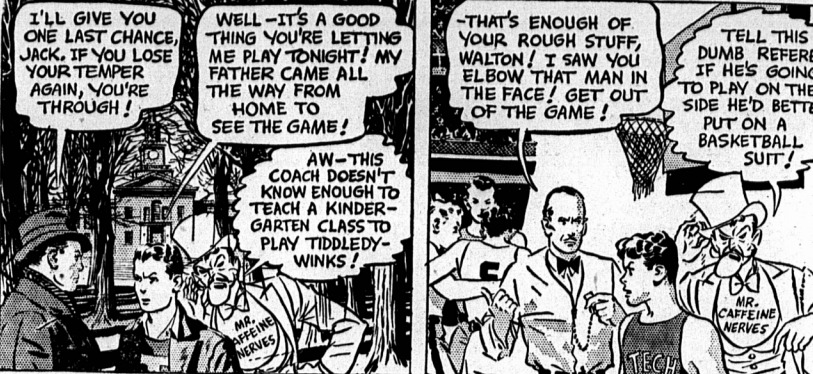
Next, your daughter will go boy-crazy. She will think of nothing but boys and dates. She will monopolize the telephone and spend her time writing letters. Your house will simply swarm with adolescent youths.

Don't make the mistake of forbidding her to see them or think about them. If you do, you will simply send her out on the street to make acquaintances with boys you know nothing of. She will lie to you about going to places you never heard of. Let her have her dates at home, where you can keep an eye on her and know what she is doing and with what sort of lads she is associating.

Between 14 and 20 she will think she is in love a dozen times and you will have to cure each case by diverting her attention to another boy. She will have the career craze and want to be a movie actress, or start a tea shop, or be an air stewardess, or what not. But finally she will settle down into being a nice sensible girl and go through with her daughter what you have gone through with her.

DOROTHY DIX.

DAD GIVES A GOOD TIP



OF COURSE, you know that children should never drink tea or coffee. But do you realize that the caffeine in tea and coffee disagrees with many grown-ups, too?

If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion, or find it difficult to sleep soundly... caffeine may be to blame.

Isn't it worth while to try Postum for 30 days? Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It is easy to make, and costs less than one-half cent a cup. It's a delicious drink, too... and may prove a real help.

FREE! Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply write Consumer Service Dept., General Foods Limited, Cobourg, Ontario. P6-37

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

SPRING IS NOT YET

Fair Spring is sitting in her earthly bed. Not yet awake, but dreams float through her head. Of sunny days and misty green-oozings. Offered on elm-tops, bluer tint on pines. O listen to the whispering wind which tells There will be nodding little snow-drop bells to sour thickens. Beneath the undergrowth, and brightest eyes Of yellow celandines again surprise. Here shines a clearness in the atmosphere. A nameless light that brings the woods more near. And sheds a golden sheen instead of grey; O may those dreams so vivid be that they May waken her to fling her case-mens wide. And show herself once more a flower decked bride! —AMBER LLOYD—To Swallows (London).

SOFT COLLARS

Iron men's collars on a Turkish owl doubled to sour thickens. The collars will iron much more easily, be smoother, and shine like new when finished.

LOVELY HANDS

If you are the impatient sort and will not take time to rub a lotion well into your hands after dish washing, laundry work, etc., at least keep a jar of vanishing cream in the kitchen and apply some of this after drying hands. To many it is just as effective as a liquid softener and is ten times more quickly applied.

HOME HELPS

Always choose a comb with blunt teeth so it does not tear or break the hair.

A comb should be washed at least two or three times a week and dried in the sun when possible.

If you will hold a piece of ice in your mouth for a short time be-

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

Here's a smart peasant cotton print home frock that will make you feel like a little bride.

Yes! It has the new princess lines that make you appear so grand and tall. This coat-like dress is easy to slip in and out of. Easy to iron, too, for it opens out almost flat.

You'll especially like the puffed-at-the-shoulder sleeves and the comfortable lower V-neckline. The pattern provides for a shawl or a notched collar as seen in the small view. The attractive pockets are useful as well.

When warmer days arrive, this flattering home frock will be just the thing for the porch, working in the garden or for local shopping.

Cotton challis print, polka-dot percale or plain bright cotton in basket weave are other delightful suggestions.

It's a joy to make for it cuts in one-piece from shoulder to hem. Included in the pattern is a Detailed Picture Sewing Chart.

Style No. 2828 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inches bust. Size 36 requires 5 3/8 yards of 35-inch material with 2 1/2 yards of binding.

Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 2828 Size.....

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Today's Short Wave Radio Program

- (All times in Eastern Standard)
- MONDAY, MARCH 8**
- ROME**
6 p.m.—News in English. Opera Review of Music. 2RO's Mail Bag. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.
- BERLIN**
6:55 p.m.—Love-song waltzer by Joh. Brahms. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.
- MOSCOW**
7 p.m.—International Women's Day. RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg.
- PARIS**
7:15 p.m.—Theatrical Program. TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.
- BOSTON**
7:30 p.m.—Course in Modern Radio. WIXAL, 49.6 m., 6.04 meg.
- SCHENECTADY**
8 p.m.—Spanish Program. W-XAF, 31.4 m., 9.55 meg.
- BERLIN**
8:45 p.m.—Talks of Prehistoric Germany. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.
- LONDON**
10:10 p.m.—"Pig Yourself!" Famous Instances of "Tu Quoque." GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.
- WINNIPEG**
12 midnight—Rhythm Rebels—the Hillbilly Gang. CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.5 m., 11.72 meg.

THE COOK'S CORNER

- LEMON SPONGE.**
Soak one tablespoon gelatine in 1-4 cup water for five minutes. Cook together for one minute 1-2 cup sugar and 1-4 cups water, then pour this over the soaked gelatine, and stir until dissolved. Add 5 dessertspoons lemon juice and 1-2 teaspoon lemon rind. When chilled, and partly set, beat well, then fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of 2 eggs. Pour into individual moulds and serve with a custard sauce, made by cooking over gentle heat, 2 egg yolks, few grains salt, 1 cup hot milk and 1 teaspoon sugar. When cool add vanilla.
- ORANGE CAKE.**
One cup white sugar, 1 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1-2 teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg, 1 or 2 oranges (rind and all), 1 cup raisins, 1 cup sour milk, 2-1/2 cups flour, 1 small teaspoon oil dissolved in hot water, 2 teaspoons baking powder. A large cake.
- MOCK CREAM.**
One cup sugar, 1-2 cup flour, pinch salt. Mix thoroughly. Add 2 eggs. Mix again. Add 2 cups milk. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Cook about 15 minutes in double boiler, stirring constantly till thickened. Cool slightly, add flavoring. Don't use until perfectly cold.
- MARSHFIELD SCHOOL**
Honor Roll for February.
Grade IX 1. Dorothy Gibson, 2. Eleanor Mill, 3. Helen Dennis.
Grade VII 1. Fernie Mill 2. Beth Gibson.
Grade V 1. Allison Scott and Athol McBeath (equal).
Grade IV (a) 1. Andrew Black, 2. Gladys Thompson.
Grade IV (b) 1. Alva Muttart, 2. Lois Scott and Olga Scott (equal).
Grade III 1. Bessie Thompson.
Grade II 1. Isabel Gibson, 2. Peter Black.
Grade I 1. Jackie Carr, 2. Ward Thompson.
Perfect Attendance, Dorothy Gibson, Fernie Mill, Beth Gibson, Allison Scott, Alva Muttart, Isabel Gibson, and Peter Black.
Marguerite Tenyell, Teacher.

"Nerves Went to Pieces"

WOMEN who suffer periodically, who may have headache or headache, and those about to become mothers, will find Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a dependable tonic. Read what "Following motherhood I was too weak to be up, my nerves went to pieces, but I began to pick up almost from the first so I continued its use and from the first I was calm, I could eat more, my nerves excellent health." —Dr. J. C. Druggist.

Buy now. New size, tablets 50 cts. liquid \$1.00. Large size, tabs, or liquid, \$1.35.

Roll Your Own Hat & Matching Gloves by Mayfair



Mayfair Needle-art

A small, crocheted cap worn well back on the head is a fashion first for Spring. If it is one with a Roll which you can adjust to your own head size, so much the better. This one answers all the requirements, as well as being undeniably chic and appealing and decidedly springlike with its rows of openwork crochet alternated with plain crochet. The gloves which match are crocheted exactly like the cap, the cuffs matching the "roll" and opening at the wrist for extra style. The gloves are available in sizes 6-7, 7-7 1/2, 7 1/2-8. The pattern includes complete instructions for crocheting hat and gloves, detail of stitches used, and sample of crocheted cotton used to make the original model.

For complete patterns and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

Use this coupon Print your name and address plainly

To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept.

DESIGN NO. 273

Name _____

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A Morning Smile

REBUKED

An irascible old soldier was kept waiting on a golf course while a woman with a baby in her arms sauntered across a path that happened to be a right of way.

"Hurry up there with that baby," shouted the soldier.

"Baby yourself!" retorted the woman, "playing with that little bill, and in those silly short trousers. Go home to your mother, you naughty little chap."

TOO WELL CURED.

"Life is nothin' but disappointment," groaned Brindiehook. "Cheer up!" urged his friend. "Didn't you git ten pounds for puttin' yer picture in the paper as bin' cured of all ills by Pinderton's pills?"

"Yes, I did. An now all my relatives are asking me why I don't go to work now that I'm cured."