Women's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

PRISONER IN MAJORCA

By BENTLEY RIDGE

Copyright

"It might be another plaque——" "I've never seen another one like it. Have you?"

"No," said Geoffrey. "Smallbridge bought it in Canton. It was supposed to have come from the Winter Palace in Pekin."

"I think that brute is deeply involved in the affair of the 'Kate.' It couldn't be coincidence!" Roger said. "Why all this harping on our innocence? Why so much trouble to impress us with the horrors of what would happen if we were found to have been working for the other side? The object is to frighten us into leaving. He knows that we don't want to stay while those crooks are caught, if it means a revelation of why we came here."

"Mr. Kent!" said Cullen, somewhat gloomily in the silence which followed. "It may be none of my business; that's how I regarded it in the first place. But it's a bit different now that Charlie and me are just as liable to be stood in front of a machine gun as you are. Why did you come here?"

Roger told him.

Cullen showed no surprise.

"The flamin' pirates!" he said. He sat there with his boots off, and his red bewildered face a study in indignation. "I'll be——if that——Nome can have the 'Kate'!" he said. "Something's got to be done!"

"Exactly!" said Roger.

He went to the window and put his head out into the dusk. The window overlooked the front courtyard. Below was a sheer drop to the ground. Above was five feet of unbroken wall to the gutter. To the right ten feet away was another window with a balustraded balcony round it; above this window was an overhanging cornice.

Across the courtyard two sentries with rifles barred the gateway to the street; the cigarettes of the soldiers lounging in the courtyard glowed in the dusk; the lights of a cafe across the street glowed in the gateway.

Roger drew his head in quickly.

"There's a balcony on the right. If one could get across to it, it would be possible to climb on to the cornice over the window, and from that on to the roof."

"Good Lord!" protested Geoffrey feebly.

"No, don't look," said Roger as Cullen went to the window. "The men in the courtyard may see you. I would have to leave it until later when the place is quiet."

"But what good——?" began Geoffrey.

"I'm not leaving Majorca," Roger said. "I'm not going away tamely on this steamer to-morrow, until I've done something about the 'Kate' at this end."

"But can we——?"

"Not you," said Roger. "I can speak the language, I stand a chance of lying low and finding something out, but you chaps have got to stay. There's Miss Smallbridge to look after."

"If you escape will Nome let the rest of us go on the 'Marian' to-morrow?" said Geoffrey.

"We've got to chance that!" said Cullen.

"That balcony's ten feet away if it's an inch!" doubted Charlie.

PLAN OF ESCAPE

They hammered on the door and asked the guard to bring them some food; after much bargaining through the door he agreed to do so, and hollaed down the stairs to his mates. After a time the door was opened, and the food was brought in by one soldier while another stood by with his rifle.

"Take some to the lady," said Roger, giving them an extra five pesetas.

"Si, senor!" They gazed interestedly at his roll of notes, but shut the door hurriedly as they went out, like persons sidling out of a henhouse lest the hens escape. Evidently they had orders to be careful.

After they had eaten, the prisoners put out the light and lay down on the beds. Cullen kept saying: "I can't forget it! I can't forget what happened up at that village."

"It ain't British!" said Charlie.

They were all stiff with weariness and lack of sleep; Roger not least of them.

The guard shuffled to and fro outside the door. Under the cover of one blanket Roger worked busily in the darkness, tearing a blanket into strips.

At a quarter to eleven he rose quietly; and knotted the strips of blanket firmly end to end; the others sat upon their beds in the gloom.

Noiselessly, Roger opened the casement.

The night was moonless. The courtyard below was empty, but from beyond its outer wall came the noise of the crowd parading in the street.

At the gateway on to it the two soldiers with rifles stood with their backs to the barracks. They were leaning against the gate posts in relaxed attitudes, conversing with someone on the sidewalk.

Roger glanced round the windows in the wings of the building which overlooked him. They were so many shuttered blanks; in two of them lights gleamed through chinks here and there.

Roger coiled his blanket rope carefully, and leaning noiselessly through the left casement while the other remained closed, tossed his noose to the right towards the nearest knob on the corner rail of the adjoining balcony.

It fell short. The noose hung dangling from his window, and swung in front of the window below. Chinks of light showing faintly through the shutters told him that the room below was occupied.

Hastily he drew in the noose. The guards in the dark gateway were still talking with their backs turned. He coiled the noose and tried again.

No good. He listened to the footsteps of the guard outside the door. He threw a third time, with no success. Sweat broke out on his brow.

At the fourth try someone came out of the door of the barracks below. Roger drew back from the window, hastily flattened himself out of sight against the wall. The noose was dangling out of the window, and there was no time to pull it up.

Footsteps crossed the courtyard, there was a clang and a murmur of voices at the gate.

He ventured to look out again; whoever it was had gone, the soldiers were now making an effort to stand upright in the gateway, but they still had their backs turned.

Hastily Roger drew up his noose, made a last desperate effort, and won. The noose fell over the knob and the blanket rope hung festooned from his window sill to the balcony.

Rapidly, he drew the rope taut over the knob and took the near end in through the window. The next thing was to brace the iron bedstead against the window sill so that the rope could be knotted to the bed head.

Cullen helped him and they lifted the bed bodily between them and set it down in place.

They stopped and listened to make certain that the guard gave no sign of having heard.

(To be Continued)

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

(By FRANCES DRAKE)

(Copyright, 1939, King Features Syndicate Inc.)

Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

For Friday, January 12th

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries) A big improvement in beneficent rays over yesterday. Gains to be made in industrial, mechanical, manufacturing matters. Shopping, dealing in items for personal use, entertainment, social, club and sports interests among the favored. Also romance.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus) —Less restricting for you than yesterday although care is still suggested in expenditures and in deviating far from familiar methods, plans and devices. Take advantage of generous offers to cooperate for your benefit. Be alert resourceful.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini) —Think more about making money today and less of spending it — especially for useless items. A responsive period for headway in your line of trade. Don't be too visionary; pay attention to facts.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)— Stars advise against risky speculation, gambling and wasting valuable time that could be more advantageously spent improving your position and general interests. Evening favors recreation

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo) —Day may not be as stimulating as you'd like but with a little more forethought than usual, you can get new things started rightly, also complete unfinished activities. Don't be too aggressive!

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — Some very beneficent vibrations emanating which you should be able to convert to your good. You born before Sept. 7 are especially favored. Don't be too conservative or slow to try ideas and methods successfully employed by others. Step ahead!

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — Most friendly rays for work, philanthropies and activities that require patient and persistent effort and calm reasoning. Be content with steady achievement. Do your best

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — Some important changes indicated, secretive matters attract special attention. Promote your personal affairs but don't be disappointed if money returns aren't quick or as generous as you anticipated. Avoid expenditures that might breed insecurity.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — Elaborate plans may move a bit slowly but you should work hopefully and cheerfully. Constructive matters, working with those whose interests are your and romance favored.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — Stars are very generous to you and we hope you will realize to your advantage on their beneficent influences. Try the unusual; create; seek favors; don't entertain doubt or worry.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) — Put aside frivolous issues for the present. Gains to be had through your mechanical and artistic ability. Don't be too long over unessential arrangements or petty details.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — You'll have to depend greatly upon YOU today. And if you follow the keen intuition and fine ability that is innately yours, you can do a swell job, no matter how difficult

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY will be the dependable, soundly sensible and generally capable, somebody in whom an employer can put trust or from whom employees can rightly hope for a square deal. This, of course, if this person lives true to its finer characteristics and eradicates a tendency to jealousy and selfishness. Should cultivate love for flowers.

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

Cranky? Restless? Can't sleep? Tire easily? Worried due to female functional disorders? Then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, well known for over 60 years in helping such weak, rundown, nervous women. *Start today!*

DECEMBER AND JANUARY MEETINGS OF RICE POINT W.I.

On Dec. 14, the Rice Point W.I. met at the home of Miss Selena Currie, president, who presided at the meeting, which opened by singing "The Institute Ode." Roll call was answered by ten members paying ten cents, which was to be used to help in defraying concert expenses. Minutes of previous meeting were adopted as read by the Secretary, Miss Burdena McLaine. Plans in Afton Hall. Each member was were made for a concert to be held asked to donate candy to sell at same. A generous donation was given the teacher to buy gifts and help in other expenses.

Three pneumonia jackets, three pair of socks, two pair being from a non-member, were handed in to be sent to the Red Cross office at Charlottetown, from where five and a half more pounds of yarn and eight more pneumonia jackets were to be ordered and distributed at next meeting.

A treat was to be sent to two sick non-members. Committees for next month: Sick, Miss S. Currie and Miss B. McLaine. Program, Mrs. F. McEachern and Mrs. John McDonald.

An enjoyable contest was put on by Miss Sadie McDougall. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. John McDonald, where roll call is to be answered by "How to Improve the Institute." On motion meeting then adjourned by singing the National Anthem. Lunch was served by the hostess, to whom a vote of thanks was extended for entertaining the members.

The January meeting was held at the home of Mrs. John B. McDonald, there being seven members and one visitor present. With the president in charge, meeting opened by repeating the Creed in unison. Roll call was responded to by "How to Improve The Institute. Minutes of previous meeting were adopted without corrections. The net proceeds of the concert which amounted to eighteen dollars and twenty cents, were to be used for school purposes. A committee consisting of Miss Lillian McDougall, teacher, Mrs. Charles McEachern and Miss Selena Currie was appointed to decide what equipment was immediately necessary.

Yarn and pneumonia jackets were distributed among the members.

Mrs. John B. McDonald and Miss Lillian McDougall were appointed on the Sick Committee for January. Program for February to be prepared by Miss S. Currie and Miss B. MacLaine.

A vote of tanks was tendered Mrs. MacDonald for entertaining the members who are to meet next month at the home of Miss Burdena McLaine. Roll call to be answered by "My Favorite Song". On motion meeting adjourned by singing "God Save The King." A dainty repast was served by the hostess.

Don't Glorify Children Too Much — Dorothy Dix — Gives Them False Ideas

Most of us are Created to be Dray Horses, Not Derby Winners, so Children Should Not be Given to Highly Exalted Ideals

It is without doubt a benevolent provision of nature that makes every old hen think she has hatched out a swan. Otherwise there would be a marked decline in the population. For most of us would be drowned at birth if our mothers got a clear, unbiased view of us. They would not think us worth the trouble of raising.

Nevertheless, this ability of every mother to see a future President of the United States or the wife of a millionaire in her commonplace little babies has its tragic as well as its comic and sentimental aspects. For it raises great expectations that can never be realized. It fills the world with embittered men and women who have failed to achieve either happiness or success because they were always reaching for the stars, while a street lamp was their limit.

All of us know parents whose sole topic of conversation is the wonderful brilliance of their children. John is a mathematical shark who some day will be a great engineer. Mary has a Metropolitan voice. Tom is a born orator who will be a spellbinder when he goes into politics. Sally is such a beauty that people turn to look at her on the street. And we marvel that even fatuous fathers and mothers can see these shining qualities in their dull and homely offspring. If the matter ended in parents getting a kick out of believing that they had begotten statesmen and trust magnates and Miss Americas we might smile at their delusion and think it a compensation for all the work and trouble of rearing a family. But that isn't the end. It ends in the pitiful sacrifice of both parents and children to an illusion of grandeur.

Perhaps the chief harm that this glorification of a child does is to inflate its ego and make it esteem itself superior to every one else. Home flattery is the most potent brew that ever was concocted, and the boy and girl who have been drugged on that from their infancy up never wake up enough to see themselves as they really are and to estimate their real abilities.

Thus we have always with us the "also rans," who never get anywhere because they are never willing to go the pace for which they are gaited by nature. They think they are Derby winners when they are only dray horses. They are always out of work because they expect to start out as bank presidents. They are old maids because they expected to make brilliant marriages and no Fairy Prince came down their alley. Or they are peevish, fretful, discontented wives who look down on their husbands and think they condescended to marry the poor dubs who support them. The unappreciated geniuses, the failures who have never found any job to fit their talents, the women who are always wailing about not being understood, are virtually all the result of having been taught to think more highly of themselves than they should when they were children.

One of the common sights that is enough to wring tears from a heart of stone is the spectacle of parents who are literally killing themselves to send children to college who are not college material, who have no thirst for knowledge, who don't even like to read and whose sole object in going to college is to have a good time.

It would seem that any father and mother would know that if Johnny and Mary wouldn't study in grammar and high school they won't study in college, but they don't. They are so obsessed by the idea that their children are literally geniuses that they cut down on the food bill at home and wear their old clothes and do without the medical attention they need to spend thousands of dollars on a boy and girl who come back home with nothing but a college yell and a supercilious attitude toward their parents.

What a pity that instead of overvaluing their children and bringing them up to have an exaggerated idea of their abilities parents do not try to see their children just as they are and so try to fit them for work they can do instead of making them aspire to some job that is beyond their powers to accomplish! There is nothing sadder than a wrecked ambition.

* * * * * * *

Problem of An 18-Year-Old Wife

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am just 18 years old and have been married two months and a half. After I married I kept on with my job and my husband made a small salary, so together I thought we would get along nicely. We have a car, not paid for, so when the note was due I gave my husband money to pay it, but he didn't pay it, he gambled it away. I had a little savings and he took that money also and gambled that away. He has never given me any money since we were married. And he has lied to me about everything. Now he has lost his job and gone on the road and he wants me to go with him. I have a dear old mother whom I hate to leave, so I don't know whether I should leave my job and go with him or stay with Mother. What shall I do? M. C. G.

Answer:

If you desire to keep on eating you had better stay with your mother and hang on to your job, for you will have nothing to look forward to but starvation if you go with your husband.

Surely, even if you are only 18 years old, you must have enough sense to know that a man who would steal from his own wife is not to be trusted and that a bridegroom who does nothing to support his wife but expects her to support him is a poor dependence for a husband.

DOROTHY DIX.

RIVERDALE COMMUNITY CONCERT

On the night of December 20th a large crowd assembled to witness a seasonal festivity of the Riverdale-Churchill vicinity, when an hour and a half of entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The following was the programme:

Opening chorus, Jingle Bells. Recitation, Yuletide Wishes, by Catherine McFadyen. Drill by 3 junior boys, The Favorite Tree. Song, The Preacher and the Cowboy, Earl Docherty. Recitation, Christmas Eve, Shirley MacFadyen. Dialogue 2 junior girls, What Christmas Means. Monologue, Uncle Skinflint's Christmas Presents, Garfield MacFadyen. Duet: Misses Gertrude and Annie Costello. Recitation The Week Before Christmas Lloyd MacKinnon. Drill by 10 junior pupils, A Christmas Tree. Recitation, A Child's Song of Christmas, Hazel MacDonald. Dialogue, The Home Spun Lady. Guitar and Mouth Organ Selection by Gertrude Costello and Waldron MacKinnon. Recitation, A Request to All Boys and Girls, Chester MacFadyen. Drill by 4 senior girls, Christmas Doings. Reading, The Parson's Son by Ruth Bain. Tap Dancing by Janie MacKinnon. Intermission. Instruemental Music, Sale of Candy. Recitation, A Christmas Telephone by Kelsie Buchanan. Dialogue, by 8 school pupils, Trouble in Santa Claus Land. Gaelic Reading, The Mourn for The Highlanders by Dorothy MacDonald. Recitation, A Stitch in Time Saves Nine by Wanda Buchanan. Drill, by nine pupils, Christmas. Recitation, How Santa Claus Looks, Ralph McQuaid. Monologue, Christmas Again, Miss Christine Currie. Recitation, The Neighbor's Dog, Velda MacKinnon. Dialogue, Samuel's Proposal. Recitation, A Christmas Wish, by David Lamont. Closing remarks.

Immediately at the close of the chorus, Santa Claus came directly from his station "The North Pole" and presented young and old alike with an abundance of presents.

The chairman, Mr. Allan Stewart, M.L.A., Strathgartney, congratulated the teacher, Erma A. Bain, by saying that it was one of the best concerts he had attended. The teacher was given a beautiful blue pullover sweater, a pair of gloves, and a pen and pencil.

The concert closed with the singing of "The King."

MADISON, Me., — (AP) — Eric Walters, 23, paper mill worker, was killed Saturday night when struck by fragments of a bursting pulley.

Central Bureau for Prisoners operating under the Red Cross—The International Red Cross has set up a bureau in Geneva, Switz., to take care of exchanges of mail between prisoners and their homes, the inspection of prison camps, and the exchange of critically wounded prisoners. Manned by volunteer workers, it handles thousands of letters a day.

THE COOK'S CORNER

ORANGE FOOL

A delicious orange "fool" is made with the juice of five large oranges, one tablespoon sugar and the yolks of two eggs.

Mix altogether and stir over gentle heat until the mixture thickens; do not let it boil. Serve in custard glasses.

Ham and Potato Casserole

1 centre slice ham
3 medium onions
6 medium potatoes
1 teaspoon mustard
1-2 cup brown sugar
Milk

Mehtod: Wipe the ham and cut it into 5 pieces of serving size. Sprinkle each piece with the mustard and arrange in the bottom of a good sized casserole. Press the brown sugar over the meat, then add the potatoes and onions alternately in layers. These should be sliced as thin as possible and if you soak the potatoes first in cold water for an hour, then drain, they are not so apt to curdle in the milk.

Add enough milk to barely cover the potatoes and onions. Dot with butter and cover the baking dish. Bake in a moderate, 350 deg. F. oven for about 1 1-4 hours, until the potatoes are creamy and tender Remove the cover during the last half hour to brown the potatoes, and when done, turn out onto a large platter so that the ham slices are on the top.

Be sure to use a good sized casserole for this so the milk won't boil over. That makes such a bad oven to wash up, but if you keep the heat to 350 deg. F. there isn't much danger unless you are using too small a baking dish.

Brush Up on Etiquette

Will this young man be a popular dinner guest? Not when he shows such poor manners as stacking his dishes. Next he'll shove them aside, use them for an ash tray!

It's so simple to learn the fine points of etiquette there's really no excuse for such blunders.

On finishing a course or meal it's always correct to leave dishes as they are. Hostess or maid will remove them—one at a time.

And, when you have finished with knife and fork, put them side by side on your plate—not crossed like swords.

Even little accidents don't disturb your poise when you are up on etiquette.

What to do if you get a fishbone in your mouth? Remove it inconspicuously with your fingers. If you drop a spoon, let the waiter pick it up. If you find you have used the wrong silver, haven't the right piece for the dish before you, permissible to use what you have.

Make a good impression wherever you dine! Our 32-page booklet gives correct usage for formal and informal dinners, for restaurants, clubs. Tells how to eat unusual foods, explains etiquette for teas, buffet suppers.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Good Table Manners to the Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

Crude Table Manners Alienate Friends

The Housewife And Her Activities

A CHILD'S RELIGION

That "God sees everything"— a mother said
Unto her child, as they in peace were seated;
The little girl in wonder raised her head,
The mother quietly the words repeated:
"Yes, God sees all." The little one was awed,
Her heart was touched, and then she sighed:
"Poor God!"

That night when bed-time came sweet mu't the sight
Have been to angels as she lisped her prayer,
It ended thus: "Dear God, I'll say goodnight,
Be sure that of yourself you take good care,
We need you so! The world to-day is such
That everywhere we need you, oh, so much."

—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Egg stains on washable materials should be soaked in cold water before washing in hot suds. Heat sets an egg stain and makes it difficult to remove.

Pneumonia is a common cause of death among wild animals.

Cormorants dive more than 100 feet below the surface of the water in their search for fish.

Try rubbing handfuls of dry salt into soiled chenille drapes, then brush out again.

Paint the soles of your shoes with a good varnish, taking care not to touch the uppers. This will prevent water from rotting the stitches. Also, after addressing labels for luggage, rub a warm candle over them, it will make them rainproof.

Don't discard your leaking enamel washing-up bowl, because an excellent strong repair can be made with adhesive tape. Choose broad tape and place it in the form of a cross over the leak on the outside of the bowl. The part where two thicknesses of tape cross each other should be right over the hole This repair has the advantage of not turning rusty or catching in your finger nails like the old idea of using a snap fastener clipped through the hole.

No last minute risk of spoiling the appearance of your cakes if you cover the cooling rack with a sheet of waxed paper before turning them out on it. So much more hygienic, too. It's impossible to keep that wire entanglement really clean.

When using your sewing machine for very fine materials such as ninon, net, chiffon or georgette, try placing a strip of paper under your seams You will find the material will neither pucker nor stretch, and the paper will easily tear away afterwards.

Very thin slices of cork glued along the edge of a door will not stop it from closing, but will deaden noise if it is slammed.

As soon as his mate starts nesting, the rhinoceros hornbill seals her into a hollow tree. He leaves a small opening for her bill to stick out and brings her food until the brood is hatched.

Milk, cheese, leafy vegetables, molasses, sorghum and sugar cane syrups are the best sources of calcium in human diets according to a survey prepared for the University of Maryland.

DOGS HAVE FALSE TEETH

Here are some of the wonders of surgery which have been achieved at the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons in London, Eng.

Cows with artificial legs.

Dogs with false teeth and glass eyes.

A parrot equipped with a brand new stomach; and a horse fitted with new breathing tubes.

Only a few months ago a brilliant London surgeon described how he tried out the most daring heart operation known on greyhounds — which won races afterwards. There is, in fact, a dog which is said never to have won a race until it broke a leg.

Not long ago a horse running at a well-known racecourse fell and broke its neck. The "vets" not only saved its life, but put it on the course again.

All these marvels have been performed for suffering animals when a few years ago the only answer to their mute appeal was the humane killer.

Today animals even wear boots, and there is a shop window in a busy London street where down-at-heel passers-by may perhaps envy the display of a set of footwear which an enterprising agriculturist has devised to protect sheep from "foot rot" in swampy pastures.

A Morning Smile

PROBABLY

"My husband is an efficiency expert in a large office."

"What does an efficiency expert do?"

"Well, if we women did it, they'd call it nagging!"

EE SPECIFIC

Perplexed male shopper—I want to buy a camisole or a casserole. I'm not sure which is the correct name.

Clerk—It all depends, sir, on what kind of a chicken you want to put in it.

CHURCHILL INCOGNITO

LONDON —(CP) —"A certain Mr. Johnson" travelled to industrial works recently in the northeast of England. But many people in the area recognized "Mr. Johnson" as Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty.

KISS YOUR TIRED FEELING GOODBYE!

Pepless Many Suffer Low Blood Count—And Don't Know It.

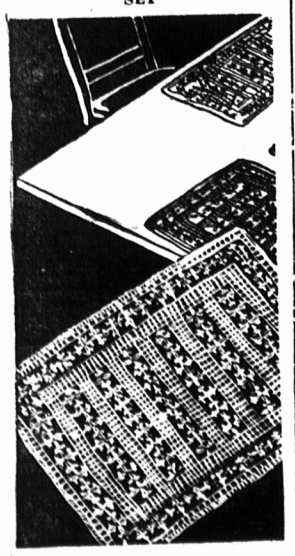
The baffling thing about low blood count is that you can weigh about as much as you ever did — even look healthy and strong, yet — you can feel as if you had lead in your legs, dopey, tired and pepless.

Low blood count means you haven't got enough red blood corpuscles. It is their vital job to carry life-giving oxygen from your lungs throughout your body. And just as it takes oxygen to explode gasoline in your car and make the power to turn the wheels, so you must have plenty of oxygen to explode the energy in your body and give you going power.

Get Dr. Williams Pink Pills today. They are world-famous for the help they give in increasing the number and strength of red corpuscles. Then with your blood count up, you'll feel like bounding up the stairs as if you were floating on air. Ask your druggist for Dr. Williams Pink Pills today.

Smartest Fashions And Winter Styles

SWEDISH CLOVER LUNCHEON SET



DESIGN NO. X 393

A bit of Sweden transplanted this beautiful crocheted design for a luncheon set is created in the fine mercerized cotton sold in hanks. Pattern No. X 393 contains list of materials needed and complete instructions.

To order this pattern, send 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Bureau, Charlottetown Guardian.

To Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Department

Design No. X 393

Name — — — — — — — — — —
Address — — — — — — — — —
City — — — — Province — — — —

Now is the time to make some cute frocks for the younger member of the family. Little girls like a new dress, too, and this one is especially appealing because of the "scottie" pockets. Crisp cotton, perhaps striped makes this button front dress that is easy to put on and comfortable as well as pretty for the child to wear. Matching panties complete the dress that you will like most to see her wear. The front opening also makes it very easy to launder.

Style No. 3207 is designed for sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 1-2 yards of 35-inch material for dress and panties; 1-4 yard of contrasting.

Send fifteen (15c) (coin is preferred) for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number Be sure to state the size you wish

Style No. 3207 Size ....

Name

Street Address

City Province

LL. G.'s ENLIST

FOLKESTONE, England — (CP) —The Lloyd George twins have enlisted, Lloyd George Newman and George Lloyd Newman, 21, and named for the statesman of the First Great War are lance-corporals in the B. E. F.