Woman's Realm — Social and Personal — Fashions — Literature

Home Service

Wrong Training Ruins Dogs as Companions

"I'm so disappointed in Jiggs," his mistress complains. "He's not a bit friendly—and why won't he obey?"

Here's why. She started training him too soon—long before the ideal age, ten months. He still was bewildered over what "Come!" meant when she switched to "Sit!" and "Carry!" No rewarding praise if he got the idea! When he tired of the long lesson, she stamped her foot in exasperation, finally struck him with his leash. So the leash, which ought to mean only pleasure, terrifies him. And he doesn't trust his mistress. Jiggs doesn't try to learn now. It's no fun!

It's easy—great fun, too—to train your pet to be a credit to you. Our 32-page booklet gives the simple rules. Tips on feeding, grooming, house-breaking, treatment for distemper and other ailments.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Wrong Training Ruins Dog as Companion to The Guardian Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

A Morning Smile

"Little boy it makes me sick at heart to see you smoking."

"Well, missis, it seems to catch me more in de tummick."

INLIGHTER VEIN

Visitor: "These biscuits are lovely, Mrs. Smith. I don't know how many I've had."

Little Tommy: "You've had seven."

DAUGHTER OF EXILE

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

"This is Heinrich. Heinrich, this is Mr. Shane, Captain Macpherson's new guest."

Astonishingly the giant smiled at Shane. He spoke in a deep guttural voice. "Ah, yes," he said. "The good captain."

"Mr. Shane is an artist," said the girl. She smiled at Shane. "He is going to paint my picture."

For a fraction of a second the leather masks was animated. Shane read in it awakened suspicion. The giant looked from Shane to the girl, then looked at the case in Shane's hand. He raised his hand and pointed.

"You cannot miss the house. It is only a little way to go, on the right hand side of the road. The captain will be expecting you."

He lifted his eyes to Shane's face, and there was no mistaking his meaning. Shane had been dismissed.

"Er—thanks very much," said Shane. He felt oddly out of his depth. He turned to the girl. "Goodbye for the present, Miss Pelmann. I hope we shall meet again soon."

"And you will paint my picture?" Her tone was mischievous. It was plain that she had not missed that rapid exchange of glances which had told Shane his presence was no longer required.

Shane began: "I'll be delight—"

"Mr. Shane is here on holiday," said the giant smoothly. He wants to forget there are such things as brushes and canvases in the world. It is not so?"

He was addressing himself directly to Shane. Then minutes ago, Shane would have agreed with what he said. He had had no intention of painting anybody's portrait, even that of a pretty girl with a fascinating accent. But now he had changed his mind; and the giant had himself to blame for it. He had aroused Shane's curiosity and waved a "Trespassers will be prosecuted" sign under his nose—two very dangerous things to do.

So Shane said, his voice every bit as smooth: "Nonsense; I'd be honoured to paint Miss Pelmann, if she'll let me." He flourished his hand and smiled on the girl. "Goodbye, then for the present." He nodded briefly to the giant. Then he turned on his heel and went down the road.

THE HOUSE OF THE BIRDS

The house which the girl had said was called the House of the Birds, and which Shane's imagination had likened to a fortress, lay below the level of the road. Shane looked down curiously at it as he passed. Some parts of the masonry seemed to be very old, and the stones had been blackened at some time by fire. Other parts of it were much newer, not more, Shane guessed, than fifty or sixty years old. But all of it was massive.

Apart from a single smoking chimney, there was no sign of life about it. A roughly-made road which led to the house intersected the main road a few yards farther back from where he was. A large, old-fashioned car stood at the back of the house under a sort of arch, its nose pointed to the road.

The cliffs were white white sea birds, and their continuous melancholy screaming filled the air.

Shane passed on. The road circled round the house to the rim of the cliffs, and Shane climbed steeply upwards on a path which had a sheer drop to the sea for its right-hand side. He came breathlessly to the top of a rise, and saw that the ugly giant had guided him aright.

A little farther on a small building which at one time had evidently been a lighthouse was perched precariously on the edge of the cliffs. A circular, two-storey edifice, it has been painted white, and gleamed snowly against the sombre rock on which it rested a vivid contrast to the house Shane had just passed.

The path towards it skirted the edge of a deep fissure in the top of the cliff, and an iron railing fenced in the path. Shane glanced over. Far below the surf boiled in a tiny cove. The walls of the fissure were steep and smooth. Shane reflected that the iron railing was a wise safeguard. It would be a nasty place to stumble into on a dark night.

The lighthouse had been converted into a dwelling house. Neat curtains covered the windows. A large black sheep dog which lay at the door, its fine head resting on its paws, leaped up and ran barking towards Shane.

The door of the house at once opened, and a man hurried out. "Down, lad!" he called to the dog, and came smiling to meet Shane.

He was short and square, and was dressed in a close fitting reefer jacket and nautical looking blue trousers. His ruddy complexion was emphasized by the dark spectacles which he wore. His square chin was glosy and freshly shaven, and broad grey bars of eyebrows matched his bristling grey moustache.

He walked so alertly and gripped Shane's hand so confidently that it was some time before Shane realized that Captain Macpherson was nearly blind.

"Mr. Shane, isn't it ?" His voice had a pleasant, hearty ring. "I'm very pleased to see you. Was the bus late? I've been expecting you these last two hours."

"I'm sorry," apologized Shane, as they walked towards the house. "You see, I walked."

"Walked!" exclaimed the captain. "You mean, from Stornoway?"

"Yes," admitted Shane "it was a fine day, and I spent all day yesterday in trains and on boats. I came straight up from England. So I thought I'd stretch my legs a bit today."

They had entered the house, and Shane looked about him curiously. In the room which had been converted into a living room everything was spick and span. A cheerful peat fire burned in the large grate. On the mantelshelf was a large wooden model of a sailing ship.

"You must be famished, said the captain ;and when Shane admitted that he hadn't eaten since lunching at the hotel, his host bustled about. As he worked he talked.

"You'll find things pretty rough and ready, but the food's good, and there's plenty of it, and you'll get all the peace and quiet and fresh air you want. Would you hand me the large plate beside you? Thanks. You're a fisherman? That's good. There are some fine trout in the lochs—I can lend you a rod if you haven't one—and the bay's full of haddies."

He laid the table with flying fingers.

There's a woman comes in from the village to tidy up," explained the captain, "but otherwise we just do for ourselves." He paused shyly, then launched on to more personal matters. "My idea of having a room or two let each summer is more for company than anything else, you'll understand. I've been living here alone since my accident took me off the sea"—he touched the frame of his dark spectacles—"and it's a bit lonesome at times. But I have no kith or kin, and I was born and reared in this place, so it's natural I should live in it. I wouldn't feel at home anywhere else on dry land."

He stood back from the table to admire his handiwork. "There. Now wait you!"

He vanished and returned with a loaded tray. Shane sat down to a gargantuan meal of salted herring, potatoes and solan goose. The latter was very strong in taste, but Shane tackled it with a will. He washed the whole down with several enormous cups of tea, and at length sat back satisfied.

While he ate the captain had sat down in an old wooden rocking chair by the fire, and had produced a battered pipe, which he smoked in silence, gazing into the flames.

Now he rose, and began to clear the table. He had watched Shane's disposal of the solan goose with a sly eye.

"I'm glad you liked it," he said with a grin. 'Some don't take to it at first, but when you get used to it it becomes the finest dish in the world."

He protested when Shane proceeded to help him clear up, but ultimately consented to let Shane dry the dishes.

When the remnants of the meal had been cleared away, they sat down by the fire. Shane filled his pipe.

"What about my fellow lodger?" he inquired casually.

The captain grunted. His honest forehead was wrinkled as he slowly removed the battered pipe from between his teeth. "He's out, and been gone all day. He tramps the moors, but he refuses to try his hand at the fishing." He shook his head. "Between ourselves, he's a queer——"

He broke off. The dog, which had followed them indoors and licked Shane's hand in a friendly manner before curling up at the fire, had risen with ears cocked. It turned its head towards the door and growled softly.

The captain rose hastily.

"That'll be him now," he said.

There was a footstep outside. Shane rose to meet the other guest.

(To Be Continued)

Pure Tea IS GOOD FOR YOU!

BECAUSE—When fatigued and chilled a hot cup of tea will save you from a cold.

Remember King Cole

There Are Happy Marriages. | Dorothy Dix | They Don't Get Publicity

The World is Wrong When it Declares There Are No Happily Married Couples — You Don't Hear of Them Because They Never Become Embroiled in Scandal

Just as the murders, the scandals and the divorces are headlined on the front pages of the newspapers, while the activities of the righteous rate only a line or two in small type on Page 17, so it is only the unhappy marriages of which we hear.

In particular is this true of this column to which every day come scores of letters from disgruntled husbands and wives who weep upon my shoulder and tell me their tales of woe until sometimes I am tempted to believe that marriage is a failure, and that there are no husbands and wives who do not hate each other and who do not fight like cats and dogs. Hence it is like cool water in a thirsty land to now and then hear from some man or woman who has found in marriage all that he or she hoped for—love and congeniality, sympathy and companionship, loyalty and helpfulness and the peace of soul that passes all understanding.

Such a letter came to me today. It is from a poor young woman. She and her husband married on a shoestring and haven't much more than that now, but they have each other, and that is enough. He works hard all day and studies at night. She does all of the cooking and scrubbing and baby-tending. She pinches the pennies and knows every bargain store within miles of them. A new dress or suit for either of them means weeks of scrimping and saving, and to go out to the movies is a big time.

Yet she sings peans of thankfulness over her happiness. The hard work they do to keep their home together has no weariness in it because it builds their house of bliss. The sacrifices they have to make are robbed of all bitterness because they are made for each other. They need no outside diversion because contentment sits on their heartstone. They have youth and health, love and hope and the thrill of fighting the battle of life shoulder to shoulder. Marriage to them is a gay adventure instead of being the dull, soggy mess that so many make of it.

I like to think that there are millions of other young couples of whom we never hear who are taking this same brave attitude toward marriage, and who have the nerve, the grit and the courage to bear its burdens instead of throwing up their hands and quitting when the sledding gets hard. I like to think that there are girls who can love a man better than they do their own ease and comfort and pretty clothes; girls who are not dissolved in self-pity because they have to go into a kitchen instead of into a night club; girls who do not think of Reno every time they have to do without a new hair wabe that they cannot afford, or a party dress they cannot buy.

I like to think that there are plenty of girls who consider it a privilege to work and stint to help their husbands get a start in the world. I like to think that there are many wives who regard marriage as the finest career that any woman can follow and who put their hearts and their backs into keeping their husbands glad they married them.

I like to think that there are many who love one woman and cleave unto her and who never see that their wives get old or fat or lose their looks, but to whom Mary or Jane or Susan gets dearer and more beautiful as the years go by. I like to think that there are men who do not begrudge the price of marriage in money, or labor, or self-denial, or loss of freedom, but to whom home and wife and children are always worth what they cost. I like to think that there are men who turn their faces toward home of an evening with the thanksgiving that a mariner has in his heart when he comes to anchor in a quiet harbor after a stormy day at sea.

That there are many such, I doubt not. These happy couples, who are making a success of marriage, do not create scandals, or get divorces, or keep the neighbors awake with their quarrels, so we do not hear of them. But we glimpse them when we see a young father wheeling a perambulator instead of burning up the road with an automobile he hasn't paid for, and when we meet a fat, comfortable, middle-aged couple who call each other Ma and Pa and who are so much one that they have practically no need of conversation between them.

And often we behold it when we see an old woman blazing with the incongruous jewels that her husband couldn't give her when she was young, but that he lavishes on her now as a token of his appreciation and gratitude. Yes, there are many happy marriages. Thank God for them.

DOROTHY DIX.

"Did you say Paradol?"

"Oh, yes, I always use Paradol and you know that I do not miss many engagements."

Relief comes quickly and lasts longer when you use Paradol and you feel fine. No disagreeable after effects, no interference with digestion. Paradol is new, up-to-date—different. Try for any kind of pain and you will appreciate

DR. CHASE'S PARADOL

PEAKE'S ROAD SCHOOL

Report for March:

Grade IX.—1, Mabel McInnis.

Grade VIII.—1, Reta McInnis; 2, Lucille Grant.

Grade VI.—1, Mae Crane; 2, Milly McInnis.

Grade V.—1, Minnie Clarkin; 2, Herbert Crane.

Grade IV.—1, Robert Crane; 2, Augustine Clarkin.

Grade III.—1, Bernard Hughes; 2, Rita Crane; 3, Preston McDonald.

Grade II.—1, Evelyn Clarkin; 2, Edward Ranaghan.

Grade I.—1, Marcella Clarkin; 2, Reggie Hughes; 3, Earl Fisher.

Marion McCarthy—Teacher.

THE COOK'S CORNER

CREAM PUDDING.

Two eggs, 1-2 cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, vanilla, salt, 2 rounded tablespoons butter, 1 pint of milk.

Stir while this boils. Serve with fruit juice and cream. Or cut bananas and oranges and pour pudding over it. If one desires, 2 tablespoons cocoa or burnt sugar may be added. Burn a little brown sugar and add water to it, then it is ready to add at any time, if one wants a caramel pudding.

MINCEMEAT ICE CREAM

Eight ounces mincemeat, 1 cup granulated sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 beaten eggs, 3 cups milk, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup thick cream whipped.

Cook the milk, eggs flour and sugar in double-boiler till thickened; add the mincemeat and cool. Whip the cream, add vanilla, then the cooled custard mixture. Freeze.

BRAN COOKIES.

One and one-third cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk, 1-2 cup peanut butter, 2 cups bran flakes.

Blend sweetened condensed milk, peanut butter and bran flakes. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) 15 minutes, or until brown. Remove from pan at once. Make about 30.

How Can I ??

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I fasten casters into furniture so that they will not fall out?

A. Remove the casters and then pour plastic wool into the opening. When the plastic wool begins to set force the castor into place and allow it to harden before placing the furniture on its feet.

Q. How can I prevent butter from sticking to the mold

A If the mold is scalded, then rubbed thoroughly with salt and allowed to cool in cold water, the butter will not stick to it.

Q. What is a good moth preventive besides moth balls?

A. Whole cloves are just as effective as moth balls when sprinkled through the clothes that are to be stored away; and the odor is not unpleasant.

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Walnut Stain

Anyone can make a good walnut stain by mixing one quart of boiled linseed oil, one quart of turpentine, one pint of whiting, one tablespoon of burnt umber, one-half teaspoon of Venetian red, and one-half teaspoon of yellow ocher.

Cracks in China

The small cracks in china dishes will be made almost unnoticeable if each dish is boiled in enough sweet milk to cover it for about three quarters of an hour.

Soiled Books

To remove the soil from the edges and bindings of books, rub them with bread dough. Rub the dusty parts with a ball of the dough until the dirt is removed.

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. Would it be all right for a woman who has just moved into a new neighborhood to extend the first invitation to some established neighbor.

A. It is the duty and privilege of the established neighbor to make the first move.

Q. What is the proper way to eat a banana at the table?

A. The banana should be peeled into a plate, then eaten with a fork.

Q. What is the difference, if any, between a wedding invitation and a wedding announcement?

A. The invitation conveys the message that your presence at the wedding is desired. An announcement is merely what the word implies and is not an invitation for you to attend the wedding.

The Housewife And Her Activities

I WONDER

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun,
And crocus fires are kindling one by one.

—Christina G. Rosetti

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Other people can see your heels — you can't. Worn-over heels ruin your appearance.

Trees put into your shoes directly you take them off keep away creases.

Polish used on leather is more effective if the leather is slightly warm.

When washing choice china or glassware put only one piece at a time in the dishpan to prevent nicking or breaking. Do not have the water too hot and, if there is gold in the design, use a bland soap. If you use a dish drainer, one of the new rubber-covered racks are safer.

To keep your garbage receptacle clean and dry wrap everything put in the can in paper.

Keep a jar handy near the stove. Put used matches in it. You will find that this will help you use less wood when making up the fire.

If you are sewing dark material wear a white apron. The strain on the eyes will be considerably lessened.

When making fruit pies, place a layer of fruit over and under the sugar. This prevents the juice boiling over.

STAR-SPANGLED MANNER WITH EVENING GOWNS

A Star-Spangled manner with evening gowns will turn women into pantomime princesses this summer. Glittering sequins and stars are strew lavishly on ethereal lace and chiffon gowns. They trim shoes, purses and gloves and are stitched in gleaming flower designs on blouses and bodices.

Spangled mantillas in pastel shades flow from regal headdresses. Christmas tree decoration effects outline scarlet gowns and gold thread covers full-skirted frocks with designs of fruit and flowers.

Evening headdresses vary from the Russian diadem made of lace or tulle sewn with bright jewels and sequins, to flat posies or bunches of gold tinsel ribbon perched on the head.

"Detachable parts" are essential with the new frocks, both by day and evening.

Silver Quaker collars in starched linen and white picque waistcoats lighten several tailored walking frocks.

Lace ruffs tied round the throat with velvet ribbons alternate with flower necklaces.

Backless gowns have transparent boleros of cobweb lace or tulle. Broderie anglaise gauntlets, with no glove attached, break the bareness of sleeveless arms.

Lace has swept triumphantly in to the foreground of fashion, broderie anglaise is used not only for entire girlish frocks, but also as the sophisticated bodice of heavy black maoroacain evening gowns.

There is a return to the Spanish ruffle skirt and hundreds of yards of narrow lace are gathered on to the skirt and sleeves of white summer frocks.

TASTE WILL RULE IN COLOR ACCENTS

With all the fashionable world "suited" for Spring Fashion turns her attention to the important accessories that "make or break" the costume. And while color accents are definitely the rule, simplicity and good taste dictate their choice. Blending hues of the same color, in either darker or lighter tones, will be a smart fashion for spring. Pastel accessories, in soft flattering hues, will be the correct highlight for other suits. Darker colors will accent light suits and coats.

Trim gloves with dressmaker stitchings and dainty embroidery trims, lacy or neat girlish blouses and gilets, unique yet dressy handbags in new shapes, and many a gay boutonniere— these make up the spring accessory list.

Pale pinks, pale blues, misty yellows, soft beige tones, and off-whites will be seen in smart blouses gloves and neckwear. Violet and lovely soft greys will also be worn, in harmony with colors of costumes.

Where white accessories are worn color is often added for a note of trimming. This is especially true on new gloves, blouses and hats. Color on soft beige gloves, or used with other pale tones such as grey or mist blue, is noted occasionally also. And for added color, a bright flower or pin is worn on blouse collars.

Striking white accessories will be seen with black or navy costumes, especially as warmer weather approaches. But for Easter, the pale pastels are considered more formal and more flattering.

When possible, dark and light accessories are combined with spring costumes. A lovely harmony of colors is thus achieved, by matching shoes, bag and costume, with harmonizing gloves, neckwear and hat.

Scarfs and small gilets or vestees are liked in colors harmonizing with the suit. Printed scarfs to match print trims on new hats, or ensebbled with handbags, is another new "scarf blouses" are well liked, too.

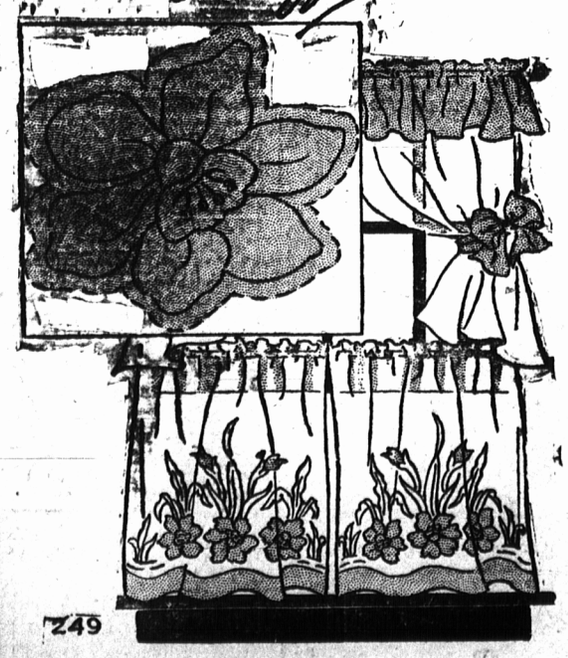
VETERAN MARKS BIRTHDAY

(By The Canadian Press)

OAKVILLE, Man.—Believed the sole survivor of the 1870 Wolseley expedition to halt the Riel rebellion, George McIntyre recently celebrated his 88th birthday here, 40 miles west of Winnipeg.

DAFFODILS TO APPLIQUE ON CURTAINS OR LINENS

by Mayfair



249

MAYFAIR NO. 249

Yellow daffodils with green leaves appliqued on sheer scrim, net, voile or muslin curtains brings an air of spring and fresh sunlight into the kitchen. No home "workshop" is quite complete, nowadays, without curtains that have been delightfully decked with hand embroidery. This design is also lovely for aprons, bedroom or bathroom curtains, runners, cushions, towels laundry bags,cushions, towels, laundry bags, etc., etc. The pattern corntains detail chart, cutting pattern for applique motifs, and assembling instructions.

For complete pattern 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. 249

Name

Street Address

City Province

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

2045

You'll look young as a schoolgirl in this one-piece shirtwaist dress. Made of cotton print with ric rac trim, it would be smart as well as practical. It's a very accommodating style..... wear it now for morning tasks and later on for sports and vacation. Buttons down the front get you in and out of it in a jiffy.....and won't muss your hair, either. Easy to launder, for it opens out quite flat. Its slim fitted princess lines with swirling hem, suggests such charm of figure. Cut it out.....and one, two, three, it's finished.....entirely one-piece shaped gores to join. It may also zip up the front and have a convertible "up or down" collar. See small view!

Style No. 2048 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inches bust. Size 3 requires 4 5-8 yards of 39-inch material with 2 yards of braid.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving:—
Style No. 2048 Size.....

Name

Street Address

City Province

EAST LANSING, Mich.—(CP)—Athletic trainor at Michigan State College 25 years. Jack Hepinstall says today's athletes aren't any softer than old-timers and they are smarter.

JOYS AND GLOOMS

MANY PEOPLE can safely drink tea and coffee. Many others—and all children—should never drink them. If you are one of these, try Postum's 30-day test. Buy Postum and drink it instead of tea and coffee for one month. Then, if you do not feel better, return the Postum container top to General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario, and we'll refund full purchase price, plus postage. Postum is delicious, economical, easy to prepare, and contains no caffeine.