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

ALL IS BRIGHT

By ELEANOR BROWNE

Author of "This Time Forever", "Diane Looks at Life," "Highway To Romance." — A Christmas Cruise With Romance In The Wind ... Ghosts of Pirates! ... Everybody Adventure Bent — And One Girl Finds The Golden Treasure — LOVE.

CHAPTER XXI

Star lay in bed staring at the ceiling. Outside the Sunday calm was unbroken, both on the ship and on land. It was good to be quiet after all the excitement last night. She felt bone tired; there was a big black and blue mark on her arm where someone had struck against her in the milling crowd. She could hear a woman's shriek still echoing in her ears.

She wondered who had had the presence of mind to turn on the flood light. It had calmed the crowd, and she and Kent had pushed toward a side door. There was no sign of Barton and Gloria, but Kent was sure they had made their escape.

Star yawned and climbed slowly from her bunk. That short drive home had been puzzling. When she had tried to thank Kent he had turned on her almost brusquely. "Why did you go to a place like that?"

"Why?" repeated Star. "Because everyone goes. You and Gloria were there," she pointed out.

"That's different," Kent said stubbornly.

His manner angered her. She had tried to preserve a dignified silence, but she could not help asking, "Why was it different?"

"Because Underwood doesn't know anything about these cabarets," said Kent in the same annoyed tone. "He practically started a riot when he came in, asking the head waiter to keep that table for him. He must have thought he was at the Ritz."

"I suppose we were to blame for the whole mess," Star said sarcastically.

"No. But it all helped. Everyone saw the little byplay and naturally they resented it. It put them in a bad humor."

Star had refused to argue further, but she felt that he was unfair. It did not occur to her that Kent was jealous of her interest in another man. She felt that she ought to defend Barton, so she said quietly: "I don't like to hear you say things like that, Kent. Mr. Underwood has asked me to marry him."

He had been silent after that. Star felt a little guilty that she had not told Kent she had refused Barton. But she felt he deserved to be under a misapprehension for a while.

She wondered if she was too late for breakfast. She remembered vaguely that Gloria seemingly fresh as a daisy, had bounded out of bed early and started to dress. To Star's murmured question she had answered briefly, "Barton and I are flying over to Panama."

They must be there by this time. Soon they would be returning. The ship was due to leave Cristobal that afternoon. The thought made Star complete her dressing hurriedly. She wanted to shop, and the quaint little places were so numerous and intriguing she knew she would probably visit them all before she bought even a pair of mules.

The dining room steward brought her a cup of coffee when she looked into the deserted dining room on her way ashore. She drank it standing in the passageway outside and then ran down the ladder. A decrepit horse and carriage waited dejectedly in the road, its driver crowned with a battered straw hat.

Star thought the carriage must be the type once called a "Victoria." It was open, with a tan parasol set askew over it like a rusty bonnet. The leather upholstery was torn and worn through in many spots and the hair stuffing stuck out untidily. Star felt sorrry for the poor old horse standing so patiently and forlornly between the shafts. Perhaps if she hired the rig he would have a good meal of oats. She signaled the driver whose black face broke into a delightful smile.

"Star!"

She paused, her foot on the step. Kent was running down the ladder, careless that his haste made it shake dangerously.

"Want another passenger?" he called.

"If you like."

As they drove away she wondered at his change of attitude. He seemed penitent, more like a small boy who has been reprimanded, than like his usual stern self. As they drove the short distance to the shops he talked about Christobel and Panama and the odd shifting population that made them a constant link between the West and East. When they paused in front of a store where the windows were crowded with bits of ivory and wood and silver and backed by silken pyjamas and embroidered Chinese coats, he turned to her.

"Please don't shop yet. We have time to drive out to the Canal if this carriage doesn't splinter beneath us," he added cautiously. "Then we can have lunch, and if you tell me what you want we can do the shops quickly.

He was pleading with her. It would seem silly to refuse and, after all, Gloria was with Barton. Surely she wouldn't object to this last day alone with Kent.

"Another truce?" Star inquired.

"A permanent one, I hope."

Star wondered what he wanted to say—it was evident from his manner that there was something important in the back of his mind. But he did not continue the subject. He gave the driver directions and they rolled slowly along the palm-lined avenue, smiling at each other every time the carriage lurched safely over an unevened spot in the pavement.

Kent was amusing as he explained the different parts of town. And when they reached the Canal he became deeply interested in telling Star how many nations had tried to complete it, and how the doctors had finally made it possible for the work to be finished.

Star glimpsed at Kent as she had never known before. Although he said little about himself she realized how important his work was to him. Casually, he mentioned some of the experiments he was making and his study of various diseases peculiar to this part of the world.

It made her thoughtful. This was a new Kent, not the stern unreasonable person she had known. Not even the gay companion who had taken her ashore at Kingston. But a scientist—a man deeply interested in his work, and more conscious of the problems of a nation than she had realized.

She did not know whether she loved him more this way, or when he laughed with her over the strangeness of these old ports. She began to regret having come with him on this trip. It had been simple to assume that she could stand by and watch him make up with Gloria. She had thought it would be easy to say nothing and let him slip out of her life. But she would betray herself if she had many more moments like this with him—watching his eager interest in everything seeing his glance turn toward her face, hearing his voice deepen when he spoke of something close to his heart.

Star was glad when at last the horse turned back toward the town. The weary animal seemed delighted too; he traveled along so much more rapidly that Kent declared they were fairly skimming the ground.

"If it weren't for the bumps," Star said, the words jolting out of her, "we wouldn't have to go so far. As it is, we've gone up and down almost as far as we've rolled forward."

"Perhaps I'd just better made sure you haven't broken anything when we get back to the ship," Kent began.

At that moment, with an ominous crack the wagon stopped altogether. The horse looked around with the expression of one who knew all along that this would happen.

The driver explained, in English so heavily accented Star could only get one word out of seven, that this was not an unknown catastrophe. In fact he, like the horse seemed to find it merely a part of the day's work. Kent climbed out and explained to Star that it was just a broken driving shaft.

"But how will we get back?"

"It isn't as serious as it sounds," Kent grinned boyishly. "This thing's been broken for years, I suspect. The mending gear gave way again, that's all. I should say one fairly solid piece of rope would fix it perfectly. As it is, we'll just tie another knot in the old one."

It took a little longer than he had predicted, but Star enjoyed the quiet sunshine and the oddity of seeing Kent without his uniform blouse, holding the shaft while the driver tinkered with the rope. As they started off again she said that she was going to skip lunch; there wasn't much time left for shopping.

Kent tried to persuade her to go to the hotel restaurant with him. Why he felt it was so important she could not imagine—and when she questioned him directly, he just looked hurt. Finally Star said impatiently: "For goodness' sake, you act as if I'd ruined your whole life! You're almost as spoiled as Stuart."

"If that's the way you feel about it—"he said angrily.

"I don't feel any way about it," she interrupted. "I only know I have just a little time to shop and I have some things I must buy for the Christmas party. Tell me, what shall I get Gloria?"

"Anything—" he said indifferently. "They have long cigarette holders of carved ivory. Perhaps she'd like one. But we'll have time to shop after lunch."

"Please go on," Star said, exasperated. "But let me go shopping. It's the only time in my life I'll ever be in this part of the world, and I want to see it and enjoy it."

(To be Continued)

Morning Smile

Officer: "Can you describe your assailant?"

Victim: "Of course I can; that's what he hit me for—describing him."

A recruit wearing size 14 shoes enlisted in the army. One day the officer missed him.

Officer: "Has anyone seen that recruit?"

Voice from rear: "Yes, sir, he has gone to the cross-roads to turn around."

The Crow of Croup Worries the Mother

When the child wakes up in the night with a croupy cough, spasmodic croup, it strikes terror to the mother's heart.

The child can scarcely speak, can hardly breathe, and seems to be choking.

There is no time for delay; apply hot poultices to the throat and upper part of the chest, and give Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. We know of nothing better to give prompt relief. It is absolutely safe, does not contain any habit forming drugs, and will help to soothe the infected membranes, stop the irritation and subdue the inflammation.

The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

TRY A TURBAN

The peasant idea of tying a handkerchief round our heads has been a tremendous blessing, during the last few summers. Now, some bright young person has thought up a turban idea htat will do equally well for town or country, and so is even more useful.

Buy a yard of any attractive material that pleases you (it can be the same fabric as your outfit, in matching or contrast colors), and from it cut strips on the cross, each six inches wide. Join them together so that you have one piece a yard and a half in length.

The next thing to do is to wind the strip round your head like a turban. Take one end, and hold it in the centre of your forehead (well back on the hair line if it suits you better that way), wind it round your head twice, then twist it through the front bands, carry it across the top of your head to the back bands, tuck it in, and fix neatly with a pin.

While you manoeuvre the turban, you should be creasing it down in width slightly all the time.

Bright Paisley-patterned silk is gay and will go well with all your clothes. For town, a turban in pale blue or salmon pink crepe, worn with a dark suit or dress, is really "chic." Watch the "remnant" sales —you may be able to snap up some real bargains.

ALL TOO WAR-BUSY FOR SWORD-MAKING

DUBLIN, Dec. 2—(CP)—The war worked hardships on formal ceremonies during commissioning of 55 Irish Army officers at the Curragh. They were invested without the customary swords because supplies of decorative swords cannot be obtained from Germany and British makers are too busy to take the order. Efforts are being made to supply the deficiency.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Every Girl in Her Teens is a Chameleon—She is Changeable and Hard to Understand, Doesn't Know Her Own Mind and "Won't Stay Put"

Dear Miss Dix—I am a boy of 18, just beginning to step out with the girls. My idea is to keep going with different types of girls until I can be a fair judge of the fairer sex. Although at my age I can't see what good understanding girls will do me, I am quite sure that in time I will find it of value, and when I get old enough to marry and decide to say "I do" I will know what I am letting myself in for. Can you give me a key to the girl riddle?

A KID.

Answer:

Well, son, you are a wise child to undertake the study of girls while you can still do it in a scientific spirit, and I can only congratulate you upon your far-sightedness. For if you wait until some little cutie has you going around in circles it will be forever too late.

Now no one really understands a girl. She doesn't understand herself. So there is no use in trying to figure out why she does what she does or what she is going to do next. The best you can do is to try to protect yourself from what she is going to do to you.

The first thing, then, to realize is that every girl in her teens is a chameleon. She can change her color, her height, her weight, her general appearance apparently at will, so that one day she is a fat little sugar plum and the next day she is a lanky weeping willow. One day she will be a gay cut-up and the next day she will be a pensive Mona Lisa. Also, one day she will make you think you are the One and Only and the next day she won't remember your name.

So harden yourself to these changes in girls and prepare yourself for them. Carry along a fan and your ear muffs when you go out on a date and be neither unduly puffed up or cast down by the way little Sweetums treats you. As long as you live you will have to deal with the feminine temperament, so you can't get used to it too soon.

Remember that every girl you meet is out to get you. That doesn't mean that she wants to marry you, because most girls in their teens want to play around a while before they settle down to domesticity and babies. But all girls are savages who want to capture as many men as possible and hang their scalps at their belts where they can show 'em off to other girls and make them green with envy. So walk warily and don't let the head-hunters get you.

A cynic has said: "Don't believe half you see and nothing that you hear." This is worth bearing in mind when you go up against the girl proposition, because, for some reason that nobody can explain, young girls have a mania for pretending to be what they are not and the truth is not in most of them. They will tell you that you are the only boy who has ever kissed them. Wow! And that they never date any other boy, when you will know that they were out with your best friend. They will pretend to have read books they have never heard of and to have visited places they have never seen, and that the dresses their Mammas made for them came from Paris, and that they are hardened sophisticates, when they are as innocent as babes in the cradle.

So discount most of the things that girls tell you about themselves. Few of them are as red as they paint themselves. And, finally, son, when you do fall in love, as you are sure to do, take it lightly. Don't let it get you down. Realize that it is just a slight passing attack of heart disease from which you will recover in the course of a month or two. Don't think of love seriously until you are adult and ready to marry. And don't let any girl weep, plead and shanghai you into marriage until you are able to support a family.

* * * * * *

Popularity And Two Sisters

Dear Dorothy Dix—Here is a question I would like you to answer if you can: I have two sisters. Both in their late thirties. One is a blonde; won a beauty prize when she was young; married a poor man and they have had a hard struggle to get along, btu she loved him and they have always been very happy. The brunette sister has always had things easy. She henpecks her husband, corrects him in front of guests, nagged her two children until they hate her and have left home, yet this sister has always been the center of a crowd at her home, drinking and dancing. She never bothers with people when they are sick or in trouble. Now my question is: Why is my brunette sister in on all the fun and parties? Why is my sister who is a second angell just popular when people need help?

PERPLEXED.

Answer:

I think you are mistaking excitement for happiness. You think that your sister who has a crowd of people around her all the time drinking and carousing is popular, but that is an error. She is surrounded by a lot of social deadbeats, good-time Charlies and Charlottes who will go anywhere where there is free food and drink and plenty of noise and laughter. But if tomorrow your sister should lose her mother and be unable to entertain there is not a one ofthem who would come near her.

When a woman of middle age always has to be in a crowd, always has to be rushing from place to place, it is an infallible sign that she is restless and discontented. She has no inner peace nor comfort and she is seeking abroad what she lacks at home. Your sister treats her husband badly, she has been brutal to her children and driven them from home, and she is trying to fill their places with dissipation. You might better pity her than envy her.

The angel sister does not need your sympathy. Her fun is in doing good, not in wild parties. Her friends are the people she has helped. Her home is a place of peace and rest, not a rough-house party. She has the love of her husband, and that makes her rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Don't pity her, envy her.

* * * * * *

See Marriage License Bureau

Dear Miss Dix—I am very much in love with a woman whose husband deserted her a great many years ago. She does not know where he is and has not heard from him for many years. We want to be married. What shall we do??

JOHN AND NELL.

Answer:

I think there is some little formality that you will have to go through in order to make your marriage legal, but it is a mere technicality. I should think that they could tell you at the Marriage License Bureau what to do.

DOROTHY DIX.

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

By FRANCES DRAKE

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

For Tuesday, December 5th

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries) —Public interests government issues and dealings with superiors are paramount. General business matters should run smoothly but stars advise you do even more than your share to further your prospects for gain.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus) —Personal contacts with prospective clients, patients, subscribers and superiors should be handled discreetly yet with sincerity and honesty. Misrepresentation will defeat your purpose. Evening especially favors writings, study, research, astronomy, astrology.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)—Money matters and business expansion less favored than artistic and private affairs, you born after June 4. And it's just the other way round for you born before June 5. Good Luck!

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)—Very good rays before 5 A.M. and between 9:45 P.M. and 11 P.M. for all you who are interested in and apply yourselves to worthy, progressive matters. You born after July 7: Avoid indolence.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo) —No IFS or BUTS in your planetary outlook today! Especially sponsored: Sound business propositions; promotional and advertising interests; work with and for periodicals, newspapers; cooperation with employer, employee, fellow workers; private aims.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — Born before Sept. 7? Have a care handling finances, making agreements, assuming debts. You born after Sept. 6: Realization of purely personal matters may not materialize today but offer this up as a sacrifice and apply yourself to business.

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — Anxiety and needless worry will not help you in any way but hope and faith in God's goodness and your own sterling ability will tide you over the rough spots and carry you to success eventually. We need the dull days as well as the lively ones!

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — It's gonna' take ingenuity to plan your procedure and zest and stability to carry it through, and you are equal to all three when true to your innate versatility and cleverness. Help yourself and help others, kind Scorpio friend.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — Just so-so for new undertakings or making fast strides but all right for ordinary and minor matters, attending to familiar work and making sound improvements. Jog along.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — Handicaps? Probably a few.... accentuated if you carry a chip on your shoulder or grumble at having to hustle a little harder than usual. Sidestep inconsistency and unpleasant arguments and you'll come smilin' through.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) — You may find restrictions keeping you from expanding as you'd like but you can safely make plans and preparations for greater activity at a more opportune time. Keep busy.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — Not auspicious for straying too far from the conservative, or for risky ventures involving money investments. Attend to essential matters, study; make necessary improvements.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY will be intuitive, almost inspirational in ideas, and while it will be industrious it will not and should not be a plodder. If given a fair chance and if blessed with good health, the world will hear from this clever individual through a constructive, noteworthy career. Should do well in a scientific field.

WHEN YOU NEGLECT COLDS YOU RISK SERIOUS ILLNESS

Fight Them From Within With Father John's Medicine

If you are subject to one cold after another, don't get discouraged, but keep on treating it, because a neglected cold can lead to more serious conditions.

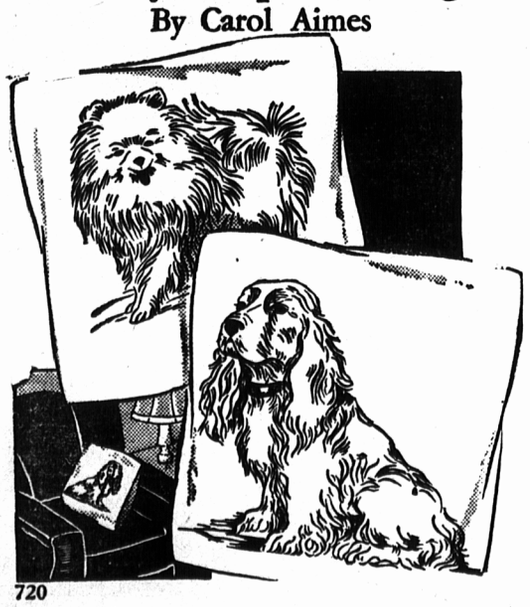
Do as millions have done for over 80 years—take Father John's Medicine. It fights the cold from within, and helps build your strength at the same time.

Sucessfully used over 80 years in the treatment of colds.

Father John's Medicine

To-Day's Popular Design

By Carol Aimes



720

DOG DESIGNS
DESIGN NO. 720

Here are two fine designs that I know will find immediate favor in any household. There is a friendly "realness" about them that is going to appeal particularly to the masculine taste, so if you are looking for a couple of cushions for the den or recreation room, here is just the thing. Personally, I would like to have them in every room in the house. Besides the two large designs shown, the pattern also includes eight small dogs that would be ideal for matching scarf ends to your cushions.

The pattern includes transfer sheet of designs, together with material requirements, stitch details, color suggestions, and instructions for embroidering.

To order this design, write your name and address on a piece of paper and send with 15 cents in coin or stamps to Needlework Department, Charlottetown Guardian.

To Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Department.

Design No. 720

Name _____

Address _____

THE COOK'S CORNER

Rice Custard Pudding

1 1-2 cups cooked rice
1-2 cup raisins
1-3 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups milk
1-2 teaspoon cinnamon
Nutmeg

Method: Mix the raisins with the rice, or you can use chopped dates if you'd rather. Beat the eggs with the sugar and add the milk. If the rice was not salted in cooking, then add a little salt at this time. Mix the liquid with the rice and raisins and add the cinnamon. Turn into a buttered baking dish and dust over with nutmeg.

Bake in a slow, 325 deg. F. oven until the pudding is firm, about 45 minutes. Serve warm or cold with cream or lemon sauce.

The second one is made from uncooked rice. You can add raisins to this if you like, but I think it is better without them.

Creamy Rice Pudding

1-2 cup rice
4 cups milk
1-2 teaspoon cinnamon
1-2 cup sugar
1-2 teaspoon salt

Method: Wash the rice very thoroughly in several changes of water. Turn into a buttered baking dish and add the sugar, cinnamon and salt. Either white or brown sugar may be used. Add the milk and place in a slow, 300 deg. F. oven. Stir occassionally for the first hour or so and bake until the milk has all been absorbed, about 3 hours.

Anytime Is the Time to Sing a Cowboy Song

Stir Up Fun on Dates, Parties

What fun you can have with your friends — warbling together a favorite cowboy song:

"Sweet Prairie Rose,
You're the sweetest flow'r
that grows,
Life without you
Would be empty and blue—"

On parties, dates, the ice breaks quickly when you have a songbook of western ditties handy. Like sure-enough radio stars you croon "The Land of the Beautiful West," dwell on its tender refrain:

"I'll guard you, I'll tend you,
I'll love you the best,
And you'll say there's no land
Like the Beautiful West."

Or pretend you are "Ridin' Down that Old Texas Trail." The chorus goes:

"Pretty gals that are so sweet,
Sweep a man off his feet,
If he's ridin' down that old
Texas trail."

Here is fun for all your crowd—our songbook of 19 favorite western ditties. Has funny songs, love songs, ballads of the plains—complete with words, music, piano accompaniments. Enjoy "The Girl I Loved in Texas," "Home on the Range," other hits.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Popular Cowboy Songs to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

THE HOUSEWIFE AND HER ACTIVITIES

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Engines and engine parts, live fish and poultry and similar articles are carried by air freight in the Netherlands Indies.

Denmark has ruled that netted fish which will not bring a certain minimum price must be thrown back into the sea.

One-fourth the products shipped from China this year were destined for the United States.

Despite the hundred-legged implication of the name, centipedes have only about twenty legs.

Kissing in Eskimoland is not done by "rubbing noses." It is really a saute — a sniffing or smelling.

The dial telephone was invented in 1889 by A. B Stowger. It was put into general use in La Porte, Indiana, in 891.

STRANGE ANCIENT CUSTOM

Taking dogs to church was a common practice in former days, and ancient church records and accounts contain some amusing entries regarding them. Some churches, for instance, had dog dors cut in the main doors so that dogs could pass out and in when the door proper was closed during service.

Dog tongs were in frequent use, apparently used to eject troublesome dogs, and it was one of the duties of the verger in some parishes to keep dogs out of church. In the West Riding villages, in Yorkshire, England, between sixty and seventy years ago, the verger was often known as the "dog knopper," while in several old church account books the payment of money for keeping dogs out of church is recorded.

There is even a furteenth century church where the rails separating the chancel from the nave are set so close together as to leave little space between, and th's is said to have been a device of Archbishop Laud to prevent the canine part of the congregation from penetrating into the sanctuary during the sacrament.

Even today, in Scotland and the Border counties, the custom has not yet died out. There are many anecdotes told of the Highland sheep dogs which form a regular part of the congregation in the village kirks. They are the constant companions of their masters the shepherds, and accompany them even into the pews. The Cheviot shepherds order their collies to "clap down," and the dogs go to sleep.

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," wrote of the same custom among other shepherds. There were, he said, as many dogs as persons in the churches, and they sat out the service with commendable patience until the last psalm. Then they began to stretch and prepare to depart. One congregation, he added, found a way to hoodwink the sagacious dogs. They sat during the blessing, and so obtained quiet and order until the end.

Of course, the character of the sheep dog makes him a more suitable churchgoer than most others would be. He is obedient, not quarrelsome, quiet and content to rest during this interlude in his hard-working week. He does not abuse his privilege, and is so integral a part of the population of the sheep country villages of the North and so inseparable from his master, that his presence in church at the feet of the shepherd seems to be entirely normal.

But, considering the many far less obedient kinds of dogs, the ancient custom must at times have given congregations a lively time.

NEW USES FOR SULTANAS

A supply of sultanas will be found useful for many purposes. Try adding them to the morning cereal in place of sugar. A handful of raisins will be found adequate as a mid-morning snack or to eat before going to bed after an early supper. Added to a batter pudding they make a delicious dessert which can be served with boiled custard, while to some palates the sultanas-batter is acceptable with roast beef. Plums and other fruits which need a good deal of sweetening when cooking are improved by the addition of raisins and will need less sugar than usual. Sultanas also make a pleasing addition to raw fruit salad.

There is a wonderful lot of truth in the old saying that "a still tongue makes a wise head."

HOCKEY VETERAN DIES

NEW YORK, Dec. 3—(AP)—Dr. Henry O. Clauss, 70, physician to New York Rangers of the National Hockey League since the team was formed in 1926, died in hospital Saturday of a heart attack. He was a native of New York.

As Easy as Falling off a Log

That's how easy it is to check a chest cold with Pasmore's. One dose does the trick; clears the bronchial tubes; brings relief in TWO MINUTES. Never be without this dependable aid.

Pasmore's BRONCHIAL MIXTURE

New Fall Fashions And Winter Styles

The wise wardrobe planner always has at least one basic dress like this, on hand....the kind that can go every where in style. Make it of sheer wool in a vivid autumn shade, or, if you plan to wear it often in the city, choose taupe, the up-to-the-minute shade that's practical as well. Both long and short sleeves are included in the pattern. Little high pockets are also a smart addition.

Style No. 2931 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3 1-2 yards of 39-inch material.

Hat No. 2891, one size, adaptable to any headsize, must be ordered separately.

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

Style No. 2931 Size ....

Name

Street Address

City Province

COMPTROLLER DIES

LONDON, Dec. 3—Lord Richard Nevill, comptroller of the household of the Duke of Connaught and of the Duke of Devonshire while they were Governors-General of Canada died today aged 77.

He was the fifth son of the first Marquess of Abergavenny, and was a descendant of Gilbert de Nevil, who served under William the Conqueror.