

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

FOR A NEW YEAR.

He came to my desk with trembling lips. The lesson was done. Have you a new leaf for me, Teacher? I have soiled this one! I took the leaf, all soiled and blotted. And gave him a new one, all unspotted. Then into his tired heart I smiled: Do better now, my child.

I went to the Throne with trembling heart. The year was done. Have you a New Year for me, Master? I have soiled this one! I took my year, all soiled and blotted. And gave me a new one, all unspotted. Then into my heart He smiled: Do better now, my child.

MISSED THE POINT. "My husband was so irritable the doctor told him he had better take a vacation, and when he said he couldn't, Doc said, then I had better take one. Ain't doctors funny?"

A HOME LIKE TOUCH We cannot afford cut flowers for decoration at all times, but we can have just one potted plant in our living room or sun porch at least to give the room a homey appearance.

BAD BUSINESS Never iron directly on a fabric moistened with peroxide. Wait until the peroxide is washed out and the stain dried before you iron. Otherwise you are very apt to leave a rust stain where the peroxide was.

A Morning Smile Traffic Cop: "Lady, don't you know this is a safety zone?" Woman Driver: "Of course I know, that's why I drove in here."

MAL DE MER It was very late at night. Not a soul seemed to be about, and the poor woman was very sea-sick. She thought if she could only get up to the deck for a few minutes, the fresh air would do her good. So in her night attire she was crawling up the stairs when she met an equally sick man coming down. She gave a very feeble scream. "Don't worry, madam," the man growled. "I'll never live to speak of it."

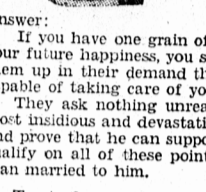
CHEST COLDS Dressing symptoms relieved by rubbing on VICKS VAPORUB Now WHITE-STAINLESS

Applye Bathroom Set by Mayfair Design No. 239. Colorful and practical easily tubbed and smartly designed. . . and so simple to make! A half yard of table-padding is all that is required. The edges are bound and the water lilies are first embroidered on bright cotton then applied to the padding. Select colors to harmonize with your bathroom curtains and walls and the effect will be charming. The pattern contains detail chart with applique cutting patterns, color suggestions and complete instructions for working and making mat and seat cover. Send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Needlework Department, To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. DESIGN NO. 239 City Province Street Address Name

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Marriage is Never a Cure-All for the Vices That Man Has, so a Girl Would be Wise if She Takes These Into Consideration Before She Goes to the Altar

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a girl 22 years old, very much in love with a young man of the same age. He is all I could wish for in a husband; he is good-looking and very nice to me, but he gambles to such an extent that he is always broke. My parents are against him on this account as he has borrowed from them at different times and has never paid them back. They do not worry about the money. They think only of my future. They also insist that he find a job and keep it and stop all gambling at once. Of course, I know that I shall be able to stop his gambling once we are married. Don't you think he will really stop if he loves me enough? And don't you think my parents should try to understand him, and that the reason he is idle is because he won't take just any job that comes along? He wants to find something really good before he accepts anything. What should I do? WITS END.



Answer: If you have one grain of sense in your head or any care whatever for your future happiness, you should listen to your parents' advice and back them up in their demand that this lad prove himself worthy of you and capable of taking care of you before you marry him. They ask nothing unreasonable, merely that he give up one of the most insidious and devastating vices in the world and that he go to work and prove that he can support a wife. Any man who is fit to marry can qualify on all of these points. If he can't a girl would be better dead than married to him.

Try to forget that this lad is good-looking and has a way with him that captured your fancy. Analyze his character and see what you get and what your prospects for the future would be if you married him. He gambles away every cent he gets so he is always broke. That means that you would always live on the ragged edge of want. You would never know from where the next meal was coming. You would always have to work if you wanted to eat and even then he would take your hard-earned money to wager on some game of chance. He is not even a good gambler because he doesn't win. He borrows money that he never pays back. It wouldn't be long before you would have the same contempt for him that other people have for the chronic borrower whose borrowing is just a hold-up. You say the reason this boy doesn't work is because he won't take any job that comes along. He wants something that suits his temperament. Something with a high salary and no labor. That's the excuse for all the Weary Willies in the world. That's the excuse for all the failures. They never found just the right thing. They never got the breaks. The man who is a go-getter and who is going to make something of himself will take any job rather than be idle and he will make the poorest job a stepping-stone to something better. You say that you know you will be able to stop his gambling as soon as you are married, that he will stop because he loves you. Millions of women have married men to reform them, but not one in a hundred thousand has ever succeeded in doing so. If a man won't go straight and do what is right for the sake of his own manhood, he won't do it for any woman. Marriage isn't a Keely Cure to stop a drunkard from drink. It isn't a magic that will cure the mania for gambling. It isn't an elixir that put strength into a weakling. It doesn't change a man from what he was before marriage. It just makes him a little more so. And no matter how much a man loves a woman he loves his vices more than he does her and he sacrifices her to them instead of giving them up for her. Believe this, my child, and be warned by the multitude of women who have married men to make them over, but who have been broken themselves on the wheel of their husbands' weaknesses. Dear Dorothy Dix—I notice that the problem of who shall do the housework when both the husband and wife are employed outside of the home seems to be a burning one and one that raises ructions that threaten to wreck the efficiency apartment. Why do not such a couple settle the question, and throw the bone of discord into the garbage can, so to speak, by employing some woman to come in for an hour or so a day and tidy up the place and get dinner? There are plenty of women who would be only too glad to make a little extra money this way. Maybe the woman across the hall or the one on the fourth-floor back would jump at the job, and it would cost the quarreling husband and wife less than they would spend in one night at a club or on a cocktail party. MRS. I. H.

Right you are, Mrs. I. H., and I hope to goodness some couple who have a nightly spat over the dishes will read this and take your tip in time to save a divorce. No woman who works outside of the home should have to work in it because no woman has the strength and energy to hold down two jobs. Any woman who has stood behind a counter all day, or pounded a typewriter or run a machine or done any other strenuous labor, and all work is strenuous and nerve wearing should not have to come home at night and clean up the house and get the dinner. She should be able to sit down and rest her feet and eat a good meal that some one else has cooked. And the same thing applies equally to the Tired Business Man. Furthermore, nothing would make more for the peace and happiness of a marriage. For nothing precipitates more domestic quarrels than fatigue. Let a husband and wife come home both exhausted to the breaking point and with frazzled nerves and they will be so irritable that neither one can say anything without starting a fight. Those who, contented by meal to get and the bathroom to mop up, are at each other tooth and nail, would be cooling doves if Mrs. Smith had the place spick-and-span and a savory dinner on the stove. And Mrs. Smith would bless her stars that the two or three hours of work a day she could give brought her in enough to enable her to have a pot roast instead of just bread and butter for her children. Dear Miss Dix—I married a widower who has a little girl 2 years old whose mother died at her birth. The child has been with her grandmother ever since. I adore this baby and am crazy to have her. So is her father. But the grandmother doesn't want to give her up. I feel that I can do much more for her than the grandmother can. Who do you think should have the child? B. T.

I think it would be much better for the child to be reared in her father's house, where she would have his love and influence and the care of a good young stepmother, than for her to be brought up away from her father by her grandmother. Grandmothers are nearly always too strict or too indulgent to children. DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER DANISH STUFFED CABBAGE 1 lb. minced steak. 1 lb. fresh minced pork. 2 tablespoons flour. 1 onion, grated. 1 egg, beaten. 1 cup milk. 1-4 teaspoon allspice. Salt, pepper. 1 large, round cabbage. Method: Cut a thin slice from the stem end of the cabbage. Remove the inside, leaving a shell about 1-2 inches thick. Mix the meat, flour, onion, egg, milk and seasonings and fill the cabbage. SAUCE 3 tablespoons butter. 2 tablespoons flour. Salt, pepper. 1 teaspoon sugar. 1 teaspoon vinegar. Water in which cabbage was cooked. Method: Melt the butter and blend in the flour. Add the water in which the cabbage was cooked to make a medium thick sauce. Season with salt, pepper, sugar and vinegar, and serve hot with the cabbage.

Dr. Wood's NORWAY PINE SYRUP Feel Chilly - Start to Sneeze Nose Starts to Run Then comes the cold which, if not attended to immediately, shortly works down into the bronchial tubes, and the cough starts. On the first sign of a cold or cough go to your druggist's and get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. You will find it to be a prompt, pleasant, reliable and effectual remedy for your trouble. It has been on the market for the past 44 years. Don't experiment with a substitute and be disappointed. Get "Dr. Wood's".

An Affair Of Honour

By SIR WILLIAM THOMAS

(Continued) "And he is married—to Mademoiselle Deleuse?" "Not yet," I told him. "But they are affianced!" He gave a sigh of relief. "That is good! But why the devil aren't they married? However, tomorrow you must send for him, and he will doubtless explain. And now, Duroy, I will give you my confidence. I have been very badly hurt—so badly, that I fear I am no longer much use in the world. However, I must make the best of it. Now, I wonder if you have noticed anything wrong with me. Please tell me frankly?" I replied, truthfully, that beyond a little strangeness of manner, I had noticed nothing. At which he was almost childishly pleased. "That is good!" he exclaimed, rubbing his thin hands together with delight. "Now, I will explain to you."

He did and I was shocked to the very depths of my being—not only by what had happened to him, but by the way he was taking it. It seemed unnatural—what you call "uncanny"—somehow. "Now you see, Duroy," he went on, after I had recovered somewhat from the shock. "There is just one thing I cannot—and will not—stand. And that is sympathy—pity! I have spent a long time perfecting myself in the mechanics of the part I have to play, and I have succeeded, I think, in mastering them. Now, as you will realize, it becomes necessary that I should live in some place where I am so to speak, at home—a place with which I am thoroughly familiar. This is such a place, and so I propose to spend the rest of my days here. In addition to your self I propose to admit to my confidence Raoul, the doctor, and the cure—but no one else! No one else, do you understand?"

I said that I did, and rather timidly suggested that Mademoiselle Deleuse should be included in his list. "Good heavens, man—no!" he cried, almost furiously. "Her above all people I do not wish to know! She knew me when I was different! Let her remember me as I, was then—or let her marry Raoul and forget me altogether. But she must never know the truth, and she must never see me! Remember that, old man, or our friendship is at an end!"

Raoul and his servant (who, of course, shared the terrible secret) slept at my house that night. The following day, in response to a telephone call, Raoul arrived—and was as shocked as I was at the news. He persuaded Raoul, however, to take up his abode at the Chateau, where he had his own private apartments, in which he would seclude himself on those few occasions when Raoul had visitors there. Raoul settled down to life among us—the life of a semi-recluse. At first he took his walks about the village late at night, sometimes with his servant, Smith, but more usually with me. Later he was to be seen walking about the village in daylight and sometimes would even call at the inn and drink with his old friends, the fishermen. Much of his spare time was spent in writing stories and essays on a little typewriter he had. He wrote well, and not only was a great deal of his work published, but he seemed likely to acquire quite a reputation as a writer. Raoul spent most of his time in Paris, and still he and Louise did not get married. From time to time I heard rather alarming rumours of the wildness of his life there—stories mostly connected with his gambling and his amorous exploits. I managed to keep these rumours from Raoul, for I knew that if he heard of them his vow, which he was no longer in a position to keep, would worry him. And then came worse news. A bullying, ruffing young Army officer named La Chance, had, in a drunken moment, made some coarse joke about Raoul's long engagement—with a slighting reference to Louise—and Raoul had, very rightly, slapped his face. Now a meeting was inevitable. When I heard that the meeting was fixed to take place on our own famous sands on the following Sunday morning, I realised that it would be impossible to keep the matter from Raoul. So I told him about it. He smiled grimly when he heard the news. "Good!" he said. "I hope Raoul will teach him a lesson!" "Unfortunately," I responded, "the fellow is reputed to be a dead shot! That is, in fact, about the best part of his reputation!" I saw a flash of anxiety cross Raoul's expressive face. "That is bad!" he said, gravely. "However there is no way out—honour must be satisfied! You see, Raoul had spent so much time in France that he was quite able to understand the French point of view in such matters. Nevertheless, Raoul was terribly anxious about his friend, I could see that. And then, on the Saturday afternoon—the day preceding that of meeting—a bombshell dropped upon us from out of the blue, as you English say. For Lieutenant Amand Chermana, who was acting for Raoul, arrived in a big car, pale and haggard, to say that Raoul had completely vanished! For thirty-six hours he had combed Paris for him, in vain. "Goodness!" exclaimed Raoul. "What does it mean? Can it be foul play? Have you any clue?" "Yes to both your last questions!" replied Amand, gloomily. "I have a clue—and in a sense, his foul play! Raoul was last seen with a woman a pretty little coquette named Eunice, and this girl is a great friend of Lieutenant La Chance's. "Good heavens!" cried Raoul, again. "You mean, . . . ?" "Raoul is a fool where women are concerned. He is like so much dough in their hands! Somehow this one is keeping him hidden—probably she has had him drugged—and will do so until after tomorrow, when he will be utterly disgraced in the eyes of all decent-thinking men!" "And you think La Chance is responsible for this?" "I am certain of it! He is that kind of fellow!" "And what are you doing down here, Chermana?" "What would you I am here in case, at the last moment, Raoul turns up. I have done my best—private detectives are searching Paris for him. They can do more than I can, and if they find him they will send or bring him straight here!" "Good!" said Raoul, with a new note in his voice that startled me. But—we must take no chances! Duroy, you must get a barber not a local one) and a make-up expert down here before midnight! No need to impress upon both of you the need of absolute secrecy, I suppose?" "Raoul, what do you intend to do?" I asked him. (To be Continued)

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

Here's a simple wearable black crepe dress for afternoons with flattering swinging lines. The shirred bodice adds old-fashioned charm and minimizes breadth. The squared shoulders are also softened by shirring. You'll find your sleeve difficultly solved when you sew it. You've no bothersome sleeves to set into arm-holes. They cut in one with the shoulders. The satisfaction of real saving in cost will make you want to make another dress with this same pattern. Lustrous satin crepe to give gaiety to your dark winter wardrobe. When spring arrives, you'll wear it again. Wool or silk crepes in wine, green, aqua, peacock, beige, etc., are grand for everyday occasions. Style No. 1915 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 5/8 yards of 39-inch material. Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 1915 Size.

PIMPLES Itching and burning of pimples, rashes, eczema relieved by CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT Name Street Address City State

New \$7.50 Nemo Wonderlift Corsette 44th Anniversary SALE \$5.00

The maker of this famous corset give us the privilege of offering you a saving of ONE THIRD during this sale. The NEMO "Wonderlift" as illustrated here, has everything, style . . . tailoring . . . smartness . . . beauty. The hidden inner belt completely eliminates roundness, smooths out the diaphragm and whisks away unsightly pounds from your waistline. It is exceptional in fit and value, so be sure to stock up NOW! Made of a firm, attractive material. Divided bust sections of lustre knit are high and rounded. \$5.00 Regular \$7.50



Front laced NEMO CORSET \$3.50 Regular \$5.00 value

Another special purchase for our 44th anniversary sale. Fine coutil, a model that is ideal for wearers who need an extra support. FIVE DOLLAR REGULAR for \$3.50. Sensation Lastex Stepin GIRDLE \$5.00 for \$3.50

Style No. 504—Sensation step-in girdle. Repeated by popular demand. Two-way stretch material; double-knit back. Gives special attention to the nipped waist and upper hip. All sizes 24 to 32. Regularly \$5.00 value, now \$3.50.

Longset "Longset"—Two-way stretch Sensation combination. You'll be shapey in this smart Special. Bust sections of lace. All sizes 32 to 38. Regular \$7.50 for \$5.00. Regular 7.50 for \$5. Kleenex 19c Kotex 21c 2 for 39

Discontinued Lines HALF PRICE Discontinued lines of Corsettes and girdles. Discontinued lines of Lingerie. You're practically sure to find something you want in these clearing lots at HALF PRICE

3 Birthday Cakes—Special prizes in all departments Moore & McLeod Limited

FREETOWN INSTITUTE and seconded that a treat be given to School children. New committees were then appointed: School Com., Mrs. Alfred Curley and Mrs. William Frances, Program Com., Mrs. George Jardine, Mrs. Jack Jardine, Mrs. Colby Lewis, Lunch Com., Mrs. Clifford Matheson, Mrs. Trueman Paynter, Mrs. Edga Reeves. Next meeting at the home of Mrs. Brewer Auld. The program committee then put on two good contests. Meeting closed by singing God Save the King. Lunch was then served and much enjoyed by all. The monthly meeting of Birch Grove Women's Institute met at the home of Miss Rene Arbing Wednesday evening, Dec. 9th. The President presided, and meeting opened by singing "It's a good time to get acquainted", followed by the Club Women's Creed. Roll call was responded to by thirteen members and three visitors. Minutes of last previous meeting were read, approved and signed. Collection amounted to \$65.00. Reports were then given by the School and sick committees. It was moved