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

Commodore Norah

By ANGUS MacVICAR

CHAPTER V

A CALL TO DAVID

The tired little voice of Archie Grant was raised, eager and pleading. "I want Mr. McGregor. I want him to tell me a story. Where is he?"

Mary Mathieson tried to soothe him. She sang soft Highland songs and smoothed back his tumbled hair, but he would not lie still. He wanted Mr. McGregor. . .

At last Dr. McNeill took the boy's wrist between his fingers and measured his pulse.

"Miss Mathieson," he said gravely, when he had finished, "if McGregor could quieten him and get him to sleep for a little, it might make all the difference. It's pretty obvious that you and I can't quieten him, and he needs rest—imperatively."

"Isn't it strange that it should be David McGregor he wants," replied Miss Mathieson, "a man who has never before entered this house on a friendly visit."

"I'm afraid we can't pick and choose now," snapped Dr. McNeill with irritation.

"I—I'll send a message," said the housekeeper. "But . . . diphtheria," she added slowly. "Do you think McGregor will risk coming?"

"McGregor's not a coward," returned the doctor sharply. "I know I'm doing wrong to consider this solution of the problem, but the circumstances are critical. Don't say I suggested his coming here for his decision must be absolutely voluntary. If he doesn't put in an appearance—well, we'll just have to do the best by ourselves."

David was reading a newspaper by the fire, when Miss McGregor took the note from the Grant's maid at the door and brought it to her nephew.

He read it through quickly. He looked at his aunt, and his face was slightly strained.

"It's from Mary Mathieson, the Grants' housekeeper. Wee Archie has taken a turn for the worse. You remember we heard to-day he was ill with diphtheria. . ."

He paused. Miss McGregor stood still, her face showing no emotion.

"Well?" she said shortly.

"Mary Mathieson says Archie is calling for me. She says that nothing will soothe him. And he's getting worse every hour."

Miss McGregor's tense attitude slowly relaxed. Through her mind there flashed a picture of the consequences if David went to fulfil the desire of Norah Grant's little brother. He might be ill for weeks. His inactivity might be the last straw in the fight for business. By helping a Grant he might bring about the triumph of a Grant over himself.

The irony of the situation was not lost on Miss McGregor, but in no way did she try to influence David's decision. It must be for him alone to make his choice.

For David there was no question of making a choice. He must go.

Suddenly he rose to his feet.

"We've got to try to help the lad," he said grimly. "His sister is in Glasgow," he added with apparent inconsequence.

"Yes," said Miss McGregor. "I suppose you'd better go at once. The doctor will be there," she went on, almost casually. "Get him to disinfect your clothes — thoroughly — before you go into the bedroom."

With a smile, he was gone.

He saw Miss Mathieson and Dr. McNeill in the drawing-room of the Grant home. As the doctor sprayed an antiseptic solution about him David said:

"I'm doing this on one condition only. I want you both to promise not to tell Miss Grant about my visit."

"But why—" began Dr. McNeill.

"You know why," returned David grimly. "She and I have as much love for each other as a mongoose and a rattlesnake. If she knew I'd come here to-night she'd imagine I'd done it because of weakness, because I wanted to put her under an obligation. She might even suggest paying me another cheque. . . ."

"You do Miss Norah an injustice," said Mary Mathieson hotly. "I—"

"You will please promise to do as I ask," interrupted David. "Give me your word of honour — both of you—that you won't tell Miss Grant or anyone else, and see that the maid says nothing."

"All right," said the doctor. "I think you're a young ass—but we can't stand here arguing all night."

"I promise," agreed Miss Mathieson between set lips.

"Thank you," returned David.

Guided by the doctor, he went upstairs and tiptoed into Archie's room. The boy was moaning, and he twisted restlessly. David sat down by the bedside. He caught the boy's hand and patted it.

"Hullo, old man. Here's your pal, David McGregor. You were wanting me to tell you a story, weren't you?"

For a moment or two it seemed as if Archie were too ill to hear. Then, suddenly, his eyes opened. They were very bright — unnaturally bright—and his cheeks were flaming, as if burned by a fire. His fingers tightened about David's.

"Mr. McGregor," he said.

David was concentrating his whole attention—his whole strength—on soothing the uneasy, troubled boy.

"Yes, what is it, Archie?" he asked quietly. "I'm here. I'll stay here with you all night, if you want."

Watching from the foot of the bed, Dr. McNeill saw the boy's body relax and grow still beneath the bedclothes.

"I'm wanting you to tell me a story," whispered Archie. "I'm awful hot, and I'm dreaming about funny things. If you would tell me you story about the time you went to Iceland to fish, and got among the icebergs. I think I'd feel better. I'm awful sorry I didn't see you again last night, but I got sick."

David swallowed a lump in his throat.

"You just lie quiet now, old man," he ordered. "I'll tell you that story about the icebergs. It's fairly long, and if you feel sleepy in the middle of it just pop off. I'll be here when you waken to go on with the yarn."

Archie nodded, with a fleeting smile. David started to tell the story, making his voice sound as monotonously quiet as possible, and expanding the description of each detail to a prodigious length. As he went on, and Archie lay quiet, listening intently, Dr. McNeill slipped from the room.

At length the grip of the hot fingers became lighter on David's hand, until presently the story-teller perceived that Archie was sleeping, his breathing regular, his cheeks less flushed. For six hours he sat there, scarcely moving a muscle, until the light of dawn came creeping in at the window, and the seagulls began to scream above the harbour. When Dr. McNeill and Miss Mathieson came in about six o'clock, he rose and carefully slipped his numbed hand from the small fingers. Archie still slept.

Stiffly David went downstairs, accompanied by the doctor, who again insisted on spraying his clothes—and also, on this occasion, his throat.

"You've done a fine job," said McNeill before they parted. "The crisis has passed successfully — thanks largely to you."

"I'd do anything in the world for the boy," returned David. "But — you and Miss Mathieson wont' forget your promise to tell Miss Grant nothing of this?"

"No, we shan't forget," replied the doctor, and turned away, as if suddenly angry beyond measure.

(To be Continued)

Helpful Hints For The Women Folk

LAUGHTER

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peaks of life with light
And drives the clouds away.
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong;
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart,
And happy thoughts come crowding,
Its joyful notes to greet,
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

TO CLEAN UPHOLSTERY

Suds made with mild soap and whipped to a dry froth may be used for shampooing soiled upholstery. Be very careful to go over the surface with a cloth or sponge wrung as dry as possible from clear water, removing the soap quickly so as not to let it soak into the material. If any greasy spots remain after this shampooing use a good noninflammable dry cleaner. Apply the cleaner beyond the spot, making the strokes very light toward the edges to avoid forming a ring. Fabric covered furniture should be brushed or vacuumed often, once or twice a month.

Even the most expensive curtains look dull and drab if not kept spotless. Also, frequent washings actually prolong the life of window curtains, for often the dust that collects in these sheer fabrics contains elements that rot the fibres. Always shake loose dust from curtains before washing or putting to soak. For white cottons or linens, use hot water and plenty of good soap. For other more delicate materials, and washable colored fabrics, use lukewarm water.

A cheese souffle can be the basis of a non-cooking meal. Just bake these along with it: Sweet potatoes, glazed sliced pineapple, biscuits and date pudding. Top it off with cabbage salad and a hot beverage.

RIBBONS ARE REVIVED AS FROCK RIMMING

New York. — Who remembers when beading and baby ribbon occupied a great deal of a woman's time? She threaded ribbon through the beading on her nightie and underwear and she sometimes used ribbon-threaded beading as a dress or blouse trimming.

Norman Hartnell, dressmaker to Queen Elizabeth, revives this quaint old custom. When his spring collection was shown here it included a charming dress of white tulle banded with Swiss embroidery through which violet velvet ribbon was run. The bands and the ribbon, narrow for bodice and upper part of the very full skirt, widened toward the hem, while a row of bowknots continued down the skirt, following the line of the surplice bodice. Top such a dress with a wide-brimmed hat trimmed with velvet ribbon and violets and there stands a bridesmaid's dress that's hard to beat, although with the usual bow to English custom, it is called a garden party dress.

Hartnell introduces the loveliest of greens, so delicate that it is hardly green at all—cool, gray and soft as a pussy willow. It is used throughout his collection alone and in such delicately lovely combinations as hydrangea blue, the palest of yellows and mauve. He calls it Hartnell green.

The pannier and peg-top dresses included in this collection are attractive on mannequins but are such a departure from the currently accepted styles that they rate as display and conversion pieces more than anything else. A white slipper satin with tucker of bright blue and turquoise and pearl embroidery has the long torso line, the full skirt joined at the hip with cartridge pleats.

As to silhouette, one has the choice of the straight, slinky type of dinner dress and the graceful bouffant variety. Suits are short and straight. Hartnell also uses non-crushable linen in navy and white and a horizontally striped fabric which alternates dull and shiny surface.

TO WASH LACE CURTAINS

Lace curtains should be well shaken to loosen the dust before putting into water. The dirt should be squeezed rather than rubbed out of them. Soap should never be rubbed on directly. It is often well to soak lace in scapy water to which either ammonia or borax has been added—one tablespoonful of either to one quart of water. This soaking loosens the dirt so that less handling of the lace is required. Sometimes, in order to whiten it, boiling is necessary. Lace should always be put in a bag for boiling. Often it needs bleaching.

The curtains should be thoroughly rinsed. To give more body two tablespoons of borax or two tablespoons of alcohol or one teaspoonful of sugar to one cup of water may be used. Or a very thin starch. If too thick, starch is apt to make the lace look thick.

Lace curtains should be put on curtain stretchers and not ironed. Be very carful that they are pinned straight. If a stretcher is not available, a sheet can be pinned out firmly on a carpet and the curtain pinned on that.

Instead of ironing, it is always better to stretch lace while wet to its original shape and pin out each point. Remember that steel pins may cause rust spots. Brass or black pins are safe.

INVALID'S BED TRAY

Have you got one of those folding ironing tables? If so, set it up at the side of the bed so that the table part stretches over the invalid. If not, get a wooden box about three feet long and a foot or so deep. Knock out both the long sides, leaving the short sides and the bottom intact. Sandpaper it and paint it with enamel and there's your table! You may have to strengthen the ends by screwing an "elbow" joint (obtainable at any hardware store for very little) to the ends and the bottom—inside box, of course.

SMART ISN'T IT ?

DESIGN NO. X 438

A new version of the French sailor's hat to crochet for Spring wear. Pattern No. X 438 contains list of materials needed, illustration of stitches and complete instructions.

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
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NAME -

STREET -

PROVINCE -

WHEATLEY RIVER W. I.

The April meeting of the Wheatley River Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. James H. Wares with thirteen members and five visitors in attendance. With the president Mrs. Wares presiding the meeting opened with singing the Institute Ode and repeating the Women's Creed in unison.

Minutes of last meeting were read and adopted. Report was given of the concert which was put on at Wheatley River, also at Hunter River. One half of the proceeds at Hunter River was handed to the Library Company. A motion was carried that we give $10.00 to the Red Cross Society, another motion that $5.00 be given to the Y. M. C. A. The visiting committee reported having sent boxes of fruit and candy as an Easter remembrance to five shut-ins. Letters of thanks were read from the recipients. The new visiting committee consists of Misses Ausline Smith and Irene Rackham. The school committee reported [illegible] of soap. Some bills were ordered to be paid. The question [illegible] Economics was discussed, the same to be filled in and sent away by Mrs. James Wares. A program of music was put on. A delicious lunch of ice cream and cake was served by the hostess. The next meeting to be held in the school house. Meeting closed with the National Anthem.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

MELLOWING YEARS TEACH US THAT LIFE IS ALWAYS BALANCED

Youth Has Yet to Learn That for Every Disappointment There is Always a Rainbow

Even childhood is being debunked in these hard-boiled days, and the myth that it is the happiest time of life has gone into the discard along with George Washington's little hatchet and the boy who saved the dikes in Holland by thrusting his arm into the leak. Scientists, who are trying to establish what is the happiest time of life, have recently questioned four thousand people about it and not one of them had ever experienced the joyous, carefree childhood of which we have heard so much and personally known so little. On the contrary, every one of them remembered it as a time when they suffered from nameless fears and apprehensions, when life was full of frustrations, when their egos were always raw and bleeding and when every trivial disappointment seemed a major catastrophe. In a word, childhood lives in a world with which it is unable to cope, and that I think, is the experience of even fortunate children. Looking back, most of us recall how we felt that we might just as well die and be done with it, since there was nothing else in life worth living for. We relieve again the fury of baffled ambition that tore our souls when we failed to get the school prize, and how we beglewed our pillows with tears when Johnny Jones walked home from the party with Sally Smith instead of us.

Nothing could move us that way now. Not the loss of a fortune. Not to be defeated for Governor. Not to be compelled to be turned back from the gangplank as we were starting on a joyride around the world. Not to have our book rejected, or our play prove a failure, or for the Government to veto our bank merger.

We have learned that if it storms today, tomorrow will be glad weather and that picnics are messy affairs, anyway. If we didn't carry off the first prize, we got the consolation one. And we have lived to see the day when we thanked our heavenly stars that we missed getting Johnny Jones and got Tommy Smith instead.

So nothing fills us with despair any more, because we know that nothing is final. There is always tomorrow. There is always another chance. Also, age, which takes the keenest edge off of enjoyment, likewise lulls the capacity for suffering. It dries up figuratively, as well as literally, the springs of our tears.

It is the old, not the young, who are optimists. For the lesson that the years teach us is not despair, but confidence in life and the sure faith that there is just as much sunshine as rain; just as much feasting as fasting. It is only the old who can smile in the face of disappointment, because they have learned that laughter and weeping both endure only for the night, and that if we did not get the thing we wanted there is something else just as desirable and something that we will want just as much ahead of us that we will get.

Youth has not had time to learn that the law of averages always prevails, so it alternates between extremes. It is either in the seventh heaven of joy, or the deepest hell of despair. It plunges from the pinnacle of delight to the blackest abyss of woe, and to do it everything seems final. Every catastrophe is irrevocable. Every disaster is irremediable. Every casual misadventure a blighting sorrow.

It is the young who die of broken hearts when some love affair goes awry. It is the young who kill themselves when some plan fails. No rainbow of hope spans their tears. No philosophy gives them the courage to face misfortune. Poor youth, well may we older people pity it.

Youth is likewise the time of pessimism as regards the world. Every young man thinks that the country will go to the dogs if his political candidate is not elected and that anarchy will ensue if the theories he advocates are not enforced. He believes that every one who does not agree with him is a hypocrite, a thief, a liar and an assassin, and he is filled with gloomy forebodings when he contemplates the future.

It is the old man who never loses hope, because he has seen so many dark prophecies unfulfilled and the world go on its accustomed way after so many predictions that the end was about to occur. He has seen the deluge peter out so often into a mild and beneficent shower.

It is youth that despairs and ends a life found intolerable, because it cannot believe that a dawn will rise on its black hour. Old age knows better. It knows that the sunrise has never failed us yet and that after sorrow comes rejoicing.

So age is a time of calm philosophy, of hope, of confidence that whatever is, is best. It is when the clock strikes 12 that we know most surely that "God reigns in His heaven and all is well with the world."

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 Monday, April 22.

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries) — Today asks care in money matters and business transactions. A tricky period which demands that you use all your ingenuity and capability to turn it to good advantage. Keep smiling!

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus)—Aries' advice obtains for you, too. Control the emotional department. A time to lay out the week's schedule and punctuate it with a worthy beginning. Be not disappointed at slow (but SURE) progress. It is on such firm foundations that lasting edifices are built.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)—Be cautious in financial dealings. A middle course of action overrides many obstacles. Employ concentration and stick-to-it-iveness to successfully conclude today's activities.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer) — Note advice to Gemini natives. Modify your natural restlessness Exercise moderation. Display a more conservative disposition. Develop the worthy; abandon the purposeless.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)—Rather inactive day? It is up to you to add life and an objective. Keep in the swim of things, those who always ride the border are either lost or stranded in this sea of everlasting struggle for achievement.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — Discretion and tact asked, particularly with the opposite sex. A day for stern application to essentials and duties. Finish paramount issues pronto. In p.m., relax.

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — Don't go off the deep end in financial affairs. Over-expansion and a desire to undertake more than you can handle should be nipped early. A happy day for those who attack it with a light heart, a cheery smile and a willing hand.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — Diligently apply yourself and reap the reward of earnest effort. Guard the budget. Spend wisely. A day worth living is well worth expending one's best effort on.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — Give sufficient thought to where and how your money is being spent. The proper allocation of effort is important "Make hay while the sun shines." Tact advisable.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — Restricting tendencies, particularly in financial and heart interests. It's up to you to pull today out of the doldrums. You work well under pressure, let not today be an exception.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) — A cherry day, beneficial to all. You most not permit others to abuse your kindly and friendly disposition. Most favored: sports, travel, domestic issues, research, engineering, building, artistic and professional affairs, clerks.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — Active tendencies, favoring general matters, study, correspondence, trading completing unfinished tasks of the previous week, absorbing knowledge from a review of past experiences.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY possesses a mental keenness and fearless nature that will carry it far along the highway to success Correct a fiery disposition and over-attention to small details. Leadership ability and bravery are important characteristics, develop them to the utmost. Ambitious and courageous, you must strife a tendency in it to be rash and headstrong.

BEMA BRAND BARBADOS MOLASSES

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THE COOK'S CORNER

BAKED HAM SLICED WITH RHUBARB

One slice ham 1 to 1 1-2 inches thick (about 2 lbs.) 1-2 lb. rhubarb cut in 1-inch pieces, 1-4 cup water, 1-2 cup sugar, 1-2 orange sliced thin, 4 whole cloves.

Wipe ham with damp cloth and place in baking dish. Simmer rhubarb and water together for 3 minutes, add sugar and pour mixture over ham. Top with orange slices and cloves and bake, covered in a hot oven for 1 hour, removing cover for the last 15 minutes.

RHUBARB PIE WITH HOT LEMON SAUCE

Plain pastry, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs well beaten, 3 cups rhubarb cut in 1-2 inch pieces.

Line 9-inch pie plate with pastry. Combine remaining ingredients and pour into pastry shell. Cover with upper crust and bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes and then reduce heat to moderate and bake 25 to 30 minutes longer. Serve with hot lemon sauce.

A Morning Smile

FOR GOOD REASONS

"So you don't want the green dress?" asked the clerk.

"No, ma'am," replied the large woman of dark complexion. "An suttinly don't, Honey, Ah'd look too much like a ton of coal in a lettuce patch."

IN THE SAME BOAT

Ex-Millionaire—Why, many of us had Stock Exchange seats five years ago, and look at us now.

Farmer—Yeah, and many of us had seats in our pants five years ago, but please don't look at us now.

Enchanting Lily Pools Thrive With Little Care

Use Any Watertight Container

Would you like a little variety, the shimmer of water in your garden this year? Make a lovely lily pool.

Once planted, it will need no care until fall, except for an occasional pail of water.

Your pool can be made in anything watertight — a tub, barrel, tank or a big hole in the ground puddled with clay. Just fill with soil to within six inches of the top and add water.

For small pools, pigmy lilies are best and one plant will give a hundred lovely blooms, in white, red or yellow. And charming to edge your pool with flagstones, grow creeping buttercup and marshmarigold between them. For taller plants to be reflected in the pool, choose iris, arrowhead, fountain grasses.

It's time, too, to think of rock gardens! They can give pleasure all year and you can quickly make one. In a shady spot, ferns and shy primroses do beautifully. Where there's sun, grow creeping phlox and golden moss. In very sunny, dry spots, have a cactus garden.

Our 32-page booklet gives step-by-step directions for both rock gardens and lily pools. It tells how and where to make them; what to plant and when; how to keep them lovely with a minimum of care.

Send 29c in coins for your copy of How To Make Rock Gardens And Lily Pools to The Guardian Home Service Bure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

The ROBIN HOOD Barrel IS A FAMILY TRADITION

MISS LOUISE McAULEY

MISS Louise McAuley, of Moncton, N.B., has a traditional fondness for the Robin Hood Flour barrel. Her mother, who had used Robin Hood Flour for twenty-five years, wouldn't have any container in her pantry but a stout wooden Robin Hood barrel. Miss McAuley still keeps that barrel in her pantry, and, though she buys her Robin Hood Flour in the 98 lb. bags now—she still empties the bags into the barrel.

"I have done all my own baking for sixteen years," Miss McAuley said, "and it's easy to bake anything with Robin Hood Flour. You simply cannot beat it for cakes and biscuits as well as for bread. When friends ask me what makes my bread so good, I just tell them that Robin Hood accounts for the delicious flavour and fine appearance."

Miss McAuley is right. The days of the family flour barrel have changed, but the high quality of Robin Hood Flour remains the same. Each bag contains a guarantee certificate offering you your money back plus 10% if you are not satisfied as to its outstanding quality. Order Robin Hood today, the all-purpose flour milled from washed wheat. Use it for baking rolls, bread, cakes or pastry, and you will soon realize by the snowy whiteness and improved texture of your baking that you have found a flour that will become a tradition in *your* home as it has with Miss McAuley.

Evangeline

HOME BAKING SERVICE
ROBIN HOOD FLOUR MILLS LIMITED

Robin Hood Flour

Milled from Washed Wheat

Fashion Conceals Practicability Beneath Bewitching Details

Alluring, lovely, elegant and typically feminine are the favored adjectives used to describe the spring fashion picture this spring. But—if we are not letting the cat out of the bag—the right word is clever. Essentially practical and serviceable are these new spring styles and with true feminine dissembling Fashion veils these prosaic qualities in a flood of gay little trappings.

The whimsy colors, which date costumes within a few weeks are limited to odd touches, to accessories, or to those little extra garments that can be discarded at will.

Beneath the fripperies are graceful becoming and adaptable lines, woolen fabrics that will serve in varying weather, and most desirable of all are interchangeable garments that will combine in any number of costumes.

The ancient art of juggling clothes, practiced privately by many a smart maid and matron has the full approval of the fashion world this year. In fact almost any store will lend a helping hand to the woman who puts her cards on the table and asks for a maximum service wardrobe. She will be offered a softly tailored suit, in blue, first, or after that in some neutral color. She will have it suggested, if she is young, that a checked or striped wool skirt will complement this for a change of costume, that a little sports jacket may be worn with the suit skirt, chosen to top the odd skirt as well so that four costume changes may be worked with only two suits.

Or there are the ever popular redingote fashions, with printed silks — such delicious colors and designs this season—and these coats serve for all purpose toppers too.

Blouses — such a season for blouses—go round the clock — and you afford the lady of limited budget all the variety and daintiness that she could desire.

Hats are a story in themselves, but such is their unpredictability that you'll find beflowered bits of fluff quite fittingly accompanying morning clothes and very plain broad sailors masquerading as dress hats.

Necklines are in many different forms. For a long while women with short necks have been compelled to wear the popular high neck-line because it has been fashionable. Now it simply does not matter whether it is high or low, for the not-so-slim there is the petal-turned collar which begins to button two inches below the hollow in the throat and continues in a straight and slenderizing line to the waist.

The only item over which all designers seem to agree is the fuller skirt, rarely reaching less than 17 inches off the ground, but no style, however feminine, is the fluffy type introduced last spring.

Evening dresses are varied but the Queen's latest portraits will set the seal on the fashions to be adopted by high society. Her Majesty favors stately styles and is very fond of embroidery in heavy silk, sequins or diamente.

FIRST MESSAGE FROM GOV.-GENERAL

TORONTO, April 12 —(CP) — The first message to a group of Canadian citizens from the new Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, was received here tonight by the Y. M. C. A. war services drive at its opening meeting.

The message said: "As president of the Y. M. C. A. emergency committee in England, I wish you all success in your appeal."

Spring Fashions

Be well prepared for this Spring with a well chosen blouse wardrobe. Here are two styles that you will enjoy making and wearing. Rayon sheer is soft and just right for the long sleeved shirt blouse that is so smart this season, or, if you prefer, make it with short, puffed sleeves. For more tailored moments, wear the fitted blouse with its interesting pockets and long waisted effect. Amaze your friends by your cleverness with colors and your versatility. New blouses give bold Spring airs to your suit whether it is brand new or from last season.

Style No. 3234 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 36 requires 2 1-2 yards of 39-inch material for long sleeved blouse; 1 3-8 yards for fitted blouse.

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

Style No. 3234 Size .....

Name

Street Address

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3234
SIZES
12-42

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