

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

FOR THE WOMAN READER

HAND-SHAKING

And here's a hand, my trusty friend!—Burns. Someone has said that character cannot be read at a glance, but he did not say that friendship cannot be read in a hand shake. It is well known that the quality of friendship is expressed in this old custom.

HOW TO ADMINISTER THE DOSE

Many mothers dread the necessity of having to give their babies medicine, because of the "scenes" which so often accompany this very unpleasant procedure.

HEADACHE SUFFERERS

How Many of the Ordinary Tablets do You Take to Relieve a Headache or a Pain?

Some take as many as six tablets at a time; there are cases where as many as a dozen tablets are taken to relieve a headache or a pain. It is not necessary to take that many if you take the better tablets. Why not use ASCO tablets?

ASCO tablets are only double in size but are many times more effective than the ordinary five grain tablets. All you need is one or two ASCO tablets to relieve the most violent headache, racking Neuralgia, Rheumatic and other pains, including periodic pains; just one or two ASCO's—that's all you need. You will find ASCO tablets amazingly better—quicker and safer—than harmful or habit forming drugs that do not produce gas on stomach as the others do.

white teeth.. sparkling in firm gums



It certainly is pleasant to show the friends and neighbors a display of white teeth—when you talk and smile and laugh. But—if you want to keep your teeth, watch out for your gums.

trouble caused over giving children medicine arises through their being afraid. If you can get them interested in the matter so much the better.

Never hold a child's nose while administering medicine. This often has the effect of giving them an acute feeling of nausea.

Medicines should always be carefully measured and shaken. No matter what the medicine is it must always be shaken, owing to the fact that some drugs are lighter than others in weight and therefore there will rise to the top of the bottle, making it very necessary to mix them well.

CHRISTMAS HINTS FOR THE BAIRNS

Many a mother will be glad to see her bairns seated happily on a wet afternoon making novel decorations for Christmas. Now is the time to get them interested in the idea.

Cones can be made most decorative in all kinds of ways, and even if you can spare the time to do them now, it is a good plan to collect them and have them ready in hand when time is not so precious.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS

Sufferers from chilblains should bathe the feet in very hot water, to which is added a good quantity of mustard. Soak the chilblains for twenty minutes, replenishing the basin with hot water from time to time. Dry the feet thoroughly, and dust with boracic acid powder. Repeat each night before retiring.

THE COOK'S CORNER

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING WITH RAISINS AND NUTS

1/2 cup chopped nuts
4 to 6 slices stale buttered bread
1/4 cup raisins
2 eggs
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
3 cups milk
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Cut bread in slices about 1-3 inch thick. Spread with butter, and cut in strips. Arrange one layer in buttered baking dish and sprinkle with raisins. Repeat until dish is about full.

PRUNE WHIP FOR DESSERT PLEASES ALL

1 level tablespoon granulated gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 cup prune juice
1 cup prune pulp
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/2 cup sugar
Few grains salt
2 egg yolks
1 dozen nuts, chopped

A Morning Smile

"The vicar preached a pretty strong sermon on extravagance this morning."

Headache often relieved without "dosing" VICKS VAPORUB

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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Does Girl Who Swaps Good Job for Wedding Ring Make Poor Bargain?—Shall Bachelor of 46 Marry Girl of 26?—Boy Who Fails to Make Hit With Girls Wants to Try Cave-Man Tactics

Dear Miss Dix: I am a 24-year-old business woman and earn a good salary doing the sort of work that I like. A fine young man wants to marry me. I love him, but he earns very little more than I do, not enough for me to have the luxuries and the good clothes that I now have.

When I look around I see that the girls of my crowd who have married are tied down with babies, that they have to drudge in kitchens, that they are shabby and look ten years older than I do, and I wonder if the girl who swaps a good job for a wedding ring doesn't make a poor bargain. What do you think? CLARA.



Answer: It depends upon the man, and, most of all, upon the woman's point of view.

There are husbands who wouldn't be worth the price if they were selling at 10 cents a bunch, but there are likewise husbands who are priceless and for whom women might give everything that the world holds of ease and luxury and still feel that they had got a bargain.

Also there are domestic women who find their only happiness in pots and pans, and who are better off married to any sort of husbands than they would be not to be married at all. And there are other women who love their freedom better than they ever will any man and who will always, in their secret souls, prefer a key ring to a wedding ring.

Your problem is one that many other competent business women are contemplating now, for it is no longer true that every girl is dying to get married and ready to say "yes" to the first man who pops the question to her.

If she is head-over-heels in love, the girl lets sentiment overrule prudence, and she marries the man only, alas, frequently to regret it. For when romance pales and the hard sledding of matrimony sets in, the woman who has been used to having her own money and to dressing well, and to going to places of amusement and to working in a crowd instead of within the shut walls of her home only too often rebels against the restrictions of matrimony.

As is witnessed by the testimony of the manager of a large department store who recently said that out of every five girls in his employ who got married, three came back asking for their old jobs within two years.

So you do well, Clara, to consider long and earnestly before you exchange your job for a husband. For one thing is certain: You cannot have your cake and eat it, too.

If you marry, you must pay the price of matrimony, and unless you are willing to do housework and make a comfortable and happy home, unless you love him enough to sacrifice uncomplainingly your longing for good times and pretty clothes, you have no right to get married. It is a dishonest thing for a girl to marry a poor man and not to accept cheerfully the conditions of life which his income places upon her.

So don't marry your man unless you are a good enough sport to play the game. Don't marry him unless you feel that you can put as much effort and ambition into learning to be a good cook as you did into being an invaluable office woman. Don't marry unless you feel that his love is worth more than that all the money in the world. Don't marry him unless you feel that you would rather have baby arms around your neck than a string of matched pearls.

For the wife and mother is never paid in dollars and cents. Love is the only coin that is current with her, and if she doesn't get that she isn't paid at all. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a man 46 years old, cultured, widely traveled and in a comfortable position in life. I have never wished to marry until now, but lately I have met a young woman who comes up to the ideal of the wife of whom I have always dreamed. But she is only 26. From your experience in life, do you think it wise for me to marry her, provided she is willing, or is the difference in our age an insuperable barrier to happiness? LATE LOVER.

Answer: You cannot count age in terms of years. It is a matter of character, of disposition, of health and spirit. Also of sex, because a woman, physically and emotionally, is nearly always much older than a man of the



"B.O." GONE—romance returns! BABS WAS A PRETTY BRIDE TODAY BUT THE REAL HIT OF THE WEDDING WAS—MY WIFE!



What's the sensible thing to do about "B.O."?

TAKE CHANCES? Trust to luck you won't offend! NO! "B.O." (body odour) is too serious to trifle with. It's too easy to be guilty and not know it—any time of the year. Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It's different from ordinary toilet soaps in every way—colour, scent, quality of lather. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection. Its rich, searching lather purifies and deodorizes pores—stops "B.O." Removes germs from hands—helps guard health.



same age. Therefore, I see no incongruity in a man of 46 marrying a woman of 26.

At 46 a man who has not spent himself in dissipation is still young. He is still a boy at heart and he belongs in the same age class as the woman of 26, for at 26 a woman has come to herself. She is mature, fully grown, with her tastes and ideals formed. She is ready to settle down and begin the business of life.

The question for you to ask yourself, Mr. Bachelor, is not how many birthdays you have had, but what the years have done to you. Have you formed little fussy, peculiar habits? Have you accumulated "ways"? Does it upset you to have any one move your brushes from one end of the chiffonier to the other? Are you finicky about your eatings?

If you have, then don't ask any woman of any age to marry you. Stick to your club, where you can have all your little peculiarities catered to, and don't make any woman miserable by having to adjust herself to your whims.

But if you can read your paper in any chair that happens to be handy and can eat what is set before you without asking any questions, pop the question. And Heaven bless you. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a boy of 16 and not bad-looking, but for some reason I do not make a hit with the girls. There are other boys who are not as handsome as I am, but the girls run after them. Should I try some caveman stuff, or what? JOHN.

Answer: A boy's looks, provided he is clean and well pressed, have nothing to do with his popularity with girls. It is only on the screen or on the stage that the he-beauties make a hit with women. In real life they prefer men who are just manly looking and who do not poach on their preserves of beauty.

Girls like to monopolize the good looks, and they do not yearn to go out with boys who institute an invidious comparison and who cause the onlookers to exclaim: "For goodness sake, look at that sheik with that dowdy little Sheba! What do you suppose he sees in her that made him pick her?"

So, son, don't depend on your looks to get you anywhere with girls. Cultivate an agreeable personality. Read and study, so that you will have something interesting to talk to them about. Learn how to dance well. Cultivate a nice line of jolly. Be good-natured and reasonable and don't try to high-hat girls and look as if you were paying one a great honor when you took her out. Above all, don't try the caveman stuff. No boy of 16 has the technique to get away with that. DOROTHY DIX.

AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER DEAD

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—(A.P.)—Richard Rogers Bowker, author, editor, publisher and industrial director, died at his home in Glendana, Mass. yesterday. Announcement of his death made here, said he had been confined to his bed since his 85th birthday, Sept. 4.

Great Relief From Pinkham Medicines

Three Times This Ontario Woman Has Been Benefited by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



"I was always tired and I had severe pain at my periods. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me. I took it before my two children were born and I am taking it now at the Change. I have also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and found it a great relief for inflammation and for a discharge which bothered me." MRS. CAROLINE DOREY 196 Head St., Simcoe, Ontario



CHAPTER 10 AN UNEXPECTED CALLER

"Will I delay you for a dinner engagement, if I stay for a moment?" asked Adele Parkinson, as the door closed upon the last departing guest.

"Not in the least," Jeanne assured her. "I'm not dining until eight and an hour is more than enough time to dress."

"Lucky girl!" Mrs. Parkinson selected a bon bon from the tray at her elbow. "That's the joy of being young!"

Jeanne raised enquiring brows, as she flung herself full length in the cushions of the chaise longue, and drew a long weary sigh.

The widow nodded. "Oh, I'm no chicken! I don't pretend to be. All my set know just how many years Adele Parkinson has been on the carpet and none of the women fail to inform each new addition to our circle, particularly if it happens to be male."

She chuckled softly. "I hate women—all except a select few who play the game as I play it—right over the board as men do. I have utter contempt for women's weapons; innuendo; gossip; a knife in the back, and cooing sweetness

went on easily. "Don't trust me! You don't know what sort of a game I may be playing. Don't trust anyone in this rotten town! I mean that from my heart when I say it. And above all, don't be deceived by the purpose of my friendliness. It's true that I like you, but it's equally true that I fear you. As an adversary you would be powerful. The part of discretion, therefore, is to come over to the camp of the enemy."

She gave Jeanne a dazzling smile and reached out for another bon which she tossed to the Peke.

Jeanne was fairly gasping. Mrs. Parkinson's frankness was disarming. She was torn between a desire to confess the full extent of her ambition, and a feeling that she ought to make a comprehensive and sweeping denial.

In the end, she compromised by extending her hand with a charming smile.

"Whatever the odds and whatever the game, let's be good friends!" she suggested.

"But her eyes were inscrutable. They wore the same expression with which she had been wont to greet the incessant questionings of Aunt Emily and her friend, Mrs. Jones. They were polite, interested, but they told nothing.

Jeanne was not yet ready to trust Adele Parkinson. But she wanted her as a friend. In that capacity, the young widow would be invaluable. Hitherto, Jeanne had had to depend largely on magazines, the advice of saleswomen, personal observation, for the selection of her gowns, her entertainments, the consciousness of doing the right thing. Association with Mrs. Parkinson would relieve her of the necessity of such subter-

fuges. It would also open to her the doors of new acquaintanceships whose latchstrings were not controlled by Canby.

"I must go now," Adele gathered up her dog. "I'm dining with the Forbes tonight—you're coming to their house warming Friday, aren't you—and I'm not so fortunate as you; have to spend hours at my dressing table before I'll do. See you there Friday if we don't run across each other before that. Au revoir!"

Jeanne closed the door after her last guest and went into her bedroom. She was a trifle tired, and the thought of the long evening that stretched before her was not consoling. There would be no eligible men at the party to which she was going. And even if there were, had she not already picked Victor Barstow as her victim? Still, it might be well to have more than one string to her bow.

Presently the maid came to do her hair for the evening and put her into her dinner gown.

"A massage first, I think tonight," directed Jeanne. "It will be restful perhaps."

"Madame entertained this afternoon, nest-ce pas? Ze great Signor Bonnicelli play."

(To Be Continued.)

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Very smart is today's model. It's exceedingly well-balanced and slim-minded for the heavier figure. It is easy to slip in and adjust too.

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