

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

What the Fashionable Are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Anabelle Worthington



2876

Look slender! It is very easily accomplished by choosing the correct models that are designed especially to add length to figure, as Style No. 2876 sketched.

The surplus closing bodice terminating at left side waistline combines with jabot drape of skirt to

detract from width. The two-piece skirt is attached to hip yoke, with the jabot drape stitched to skirt along perforated lines down left side. The bodice is completed with collar of seru lace and inset vestee of plain silk crepe. The set-in sleeves are gathered into narrow cuff bands.

This charming dress can be copied exactly. It comes in sizes 16, 18, years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. In the medium size, it takes but 3 yards, of 40-inch material, 1/4 yard of 12 inch contrast and 1 1/4 yards of 3/4 inch lace.

Georgette crepe in purple aster shade is flattering. Dull black silk crepe with collar and vestee of egg-shell silk crepe is dignified for mature figure. Printed chiffon voile in capucine tones, suntan-beige crepe silk and peach shade in rajah silk are chic.

Later for Fall, make it of black crepe satin using two surfaces for smart contrast.

Pattern price 15 cents. Be sure to fill in size of pattern. Address Pattern Department. Address Fashion Magazine is 15 cents, but only 10 cents when ordered with a pattern.

Form for ordering pattern: No. 2876. Size Name Street Address City State

PRESENTATION

On the evening of June 12th, quite a number of patrons of New Glasgow Creamery, and others met at the home of Mr. A.B. Dickieson, where they were kindly received and hospitably entertained on the occasion to honor our worthy cheese and butter maker, Mr. Johnstone Mann, and to congratulate each other on having obtained the services of one who has distinguished himself as a first class butter maker, one so capable and proficient having a thorough knowledge of the scientific method of butter making, made one hundred and twenty-two pounds of butter from every hundred pounds of butterfat, an extra five pounds of butter on every hundred fat—more than we formerly received which makes one thousand dollars increase in the seasons' output.

Mr. Donald Andrews was called to the chair, and opened the meeting with a short speech in which he stated the object of the gathering. Speeches were also delivered by Messrs. O. J. Lepage, Peter Goodman, A. B. Dickieson, D.G. Nisbet, J.L. LePage, Watson Semple, Adam Brow, John D. Trainor and others. A splendid programme of vocal and instrumental music was much enjoyed by all. Special mention must be made of the orchestra in which the following took part and rendered excellent music throughout the evening, Mr. Ernest Dunning and Miss Anna Cousins being the pianists, with Miss Vera McLeod and the Messrs. Eric Found, Eric Cousins and Ivan Darrach, accompanying with the different instruments. Mr. Adam Brown read the following address and Mr. Watson Semple made the presentation to Mr. Mann, who made a grateful and kind acknowledgment.

hearty vote of thanks was tendered the host and hostess, for the use of their home, to which they fittingly replied.

The singing of the National Anthem brought a very pleasant evening to a close.

Mr. Johnstone Mann, Dear Sir: We, your friends of New Glasgow and adjoining districts have met here this evening to spend a social hour and also to express to you our appreciation of your splendid service as butter maker. Since assuming your duties you have proved to be a most capable and efficient workman.

Your astuteness in the management of the business under the most trying conditions has won for you the admiration of those you served so faithfully and well. Your manly conduct has been an object lesson and an example to those who have associated with that shall not soon be forgotten. We very much regret that your stay with us has been so short; however it has been long enough for us to admire in you those fine qualities of mind and heart that in every sense constitute a true and upright citizen. We ask you to accept this gift as an expression of our goodwill, and as an evidence of our appreciation of a service that has never been equalled by any butter-maker in our factory.

In bidding you farewell we sincerely assure you of having our kindest regards and best wishes for your future success.

Patriot please copy

Bridesmaids who attempt to enter Buwell Parish Church, Nottingham, England, with heads uncovered, will be refused admission, according to a recent warning given by Rev. S. M. Wheeler, the rector.

Milady Beautiful

By Lok Leeds



CORRECT BREATHING FOR BEAUTY

Breathing is carried on partly by the muscles of the chest and partly by a great muscular sheet, the diaphragm, which separates the chest from the abdomen.

Few people except those who are singers use their diaphragms much in breathing. They depend too much on their chest muscles, with the result that the diaphragm does not become fully developed.

It is a good idea to practice deep breathing, making a conscious effort to use chiefly the diaphragm and lower muscles of the chest. When this is done the waist expands, as the diaphragm pushes down the abdominal organs instead of contracting, as when only the upper muscles are used.

The second factor essential to correct breathing is a clear state of the upper respiratory passage. If the nose is obstructed, as by adenoids, mouth-breathing takes place, a habit which if not corrected has a most harmful effect on the general nutrition and on the facial expression.

Those who have learned the secrets of relaxation and deep breathing will always have poise and serenity. It is the habitual nervous tensions and shallow breathing that rob one of youth and beauty, etching deep lines in the face and making the body old before its time.

Here is an exercise that will help you to develop gracefulness while you are learning to breathe deeply and relax for beauty. It will help you to grow in poise and serenity also.

Stand erect, hands clasped in front. Step forward on the left foot. Swing the arms upward, elbows straight, rising on the toes as do so. Inhale deeply from the very depths of your lungs on the upward movement, throwing the chest out and the head back; hold the breath for a second or two. Unclasp the hands and throw the arms backward and downward, exhaling and lowering the heels as you do so. Return to starting position and repeat ten to twenty times both night and morning. Step forward on the right and left foot alternately and take the exercise before an open window or out-of-doors in the fresh air.

Swimming, tennis, hiking, golf, dancing and all outdoor sports and games are excellent breathing exercises. Plenty of fresh air is taken into the lungs to keep the body in good condition. Exercises that bring into play the large muscles and stimulate deep breathing are necessary for keeping fit. Physical fitness is not merely a fad, it brings health and beauty to face and figure.

Here is another good breathing exercise that you may practice at home or in the office several times a day before an open window. Stand erect, hands on the hips. Take a deep breath and rise on your toes as you do so. Hold this position for ten or twenty counts and then exhale slowly, with an even whistling sound. Exhale as much air as possible so that the next breath will be deep, but do not strain. Repeat three or four times during the day.

Etiquette

By Roberts Lee

Q. If a woman is wearing an expensive coat, may she retain it when entering a restaurant with a man, instead of checking it?

A. She may retain it, and when seated, slip it over the back of her chair, or place it on another chair at the table.

Q. When a woman has been stopping at a hotel, must she notify the clerk when leaving?

A. Yes. She should notify the desk and request that her bill be sent to her room.

Q. May an invitation sent to a husband and a wife be acknowledged in the names of both?

A. Yes. Separate acknowledgments are unnecessary.

Household Hints

By Roberts Lee

Sewing Hooks and Eyes

A piece of chalk serves a good purpose when sewing on hooks and eyes. After the hooks are sewed on one side, the garment should be chalked where the hook is to meet the eye. This saves much time and measuring.

Tuplils

If tuplils are used for a table decoration, drop a tiny bit of wax in the calyx of each flower. They will have a much longer life than otherwise.

Pudding

Add baking powder to a recipe for bread or rice pudding and it will eliminate all danger of having a hoary, soggy pudding.

CABLE HEAD WEST INSTITUTE

The July meeting was held at the home of Mrs. William D. McLaren with nine members and two visitors present. Meeting opened by singing "My Old Kentucky Home" and response to Roll Call was "Uses of Baking Soda." Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. A new secretary was appointed i. e., Miss Laura Simons. After the business was over, an address was read, and a lovely fountain pen and pencil was presented to the retiring secretary, Miss Minnie Chaisson, by Miss Simons. Readings by Mrs. William A. McLaren and Mrs. Robert McKenzie. Instrumental selections by M. Chaisson and a song by Mrs. Frank McLaren, L. Simons, and M. Chaisson comprised the program of the evening. Ladies were then treated to ice cream and cake and the singing of the national anthem brought this most enjoyable meeting to a close. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Howard Anderson, when Roll Call will be responded to by a collection of five cents.

Following was the address: Dear Miss Chaisson, We, the members of Cable Head West Women's Institute, having learned with regret that you are about to sever your connection with our institute which you were instrumental in organizing, wishing you to know how much we appreciate what you have done for us. As our efficient secretary-treasurer, you always gave of your time and talents cheerfully. Your musical ability helped greatly to make our meetings interesting. We want you to accept this small gift, not for its intrinsic value, but as a slight token of our appreciation and as a remembrance of the many pleasant evenings we spent together.

Signed on behalf of the members of Cable Head West Women's Institute, Mrs. Jasper MacLaren, President, Mrs. William A. McLaren, Vice-President. Miss Chaisson, though taken entirely by surprise, in a few well chosen words thanked the ladies for their remembrance and particularly emphasized the fact that they had heartily co-operated with her during her stay among them.

For The Cook

PEANUT BUTTER OMELETTE

Three dessertspoons butter, 2 table-spoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1/2 cupful peanut butter, 4 eggs, salt, pepper. Make a sauce of milk, flour and butter, and then add peanut butter, well beaten egg-yolks, and seasoning. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. When omelette is cooked well on bottom, place in hot oven to dry slightly on top. Fold, and serve immediately. Children enjoy this.

Prof.: "Can you give me an example of a paradox?" Plebs: "A man walking a mile but only moving two feet."

Jenny (in department store): Oh, look at the pretty bathing suit. Evelyn: Where? I don't see it. Jenny: Oh, right over there behind that price tag.

The New Order of WOMAN

Dorothy Dix

Acclaims Our Improved Morale

"The World is a More Cheerful Place to Live in Since Women Have Quit Using the Tear Jug and Nailed on the Smile That Won't Come Off," Rejoices Dorothy Dix

There is much argument, pro and con, concerning whether the world is growing worse or better, but be this as it may, there is no disputing that it is getting to be a more cheerful place to live in and people are happier now than they used to be.

Of course, every one including those who lament for the good old days, that they wouldn't have back on a bet if they could, concedes that modern inventions have made physical living easier and pleasanter than it ever was before. The laborer, earning even a modest wage, with his electric lights and his bathtub, with his hot and cold running water, with steam heat for cold weather and an electric fan for the hot, with his homestead radio with which he can tune in on grand opera and prizefights, with his flapper tethered at the back door and a movie theatre around the corner, enjoys luxuries of which the millioinaire of a couple of generations ago never even dreamed.

To wander through the historic palaces of Europe with their cold stone floors and walls and drafty windows and doors, with their utter lack of every heating and lighting facility and absence of every comfort, is to be filled with pity for the poor Kings and Queens who had to live in them and who didn't have even a bed to sleep in that wasn't as hard as a rock nor a chair to sit in that wasn't a back-breaker. Why, we positively couldn't stand to endure such hardships!

And modern machinery has taken the curse off work. We milk bossy by turning on an electric switch and the only difference between plowing corn and taking a joyride is that one is profitable and the other isn't. Mother turns on the gas when she starts to get breakfast. Instead of having to go out in the cold to split kindling to light a fire. She punches a button and the vacuum cleaner and the electric washes save her having to bend over the broom and the wash board. Factories, instead of tired women, sing the song of the shirt and the overall and the babies' rompers, and the delicatessen store has taken the place of the cellar with its dozens of jars of jam and preserves.

Women nowadays don't know anything about labor compared with their grandmothers, who had to do all of their own housework and make all of the family clothes, before there were any gas ranges or sewing machines or labor-saving devices. No wonder the old cemeteries are full of monuments to devoted wives and mothers who perished of exhaustion in their early 30s. But it is not so much of the increase in the comfort of living that I wish to speak as of our improved morale. Unfortunately, there is just as much tragedy in the world as there ever was. No human ingenuity can do away with that. Death still desolates every household. Sickness lays its blighting hand upon us. All of us know disappointment and disillusion and anxiety and the frustration of our heart's desires. But, somehow, we have got a saner viewpoint on our misfortune, more courage to endure our sorrows, more philosophy with which to meet the ups and downs of life.

In my childhood I well remember a group of spectral figures, draped in crepe from head to foot and with pallid faces, who would come periodically to visit my mother and hold a lodge of sorrow over misfortunes that had happened forty years before. They never smiled. They never uttered a cheerful word. They were literally skeletons at every feast they attended. They took a morbid pride in never having "got over" whatever grief befell them in their youth and they were accorded a sort of respect in the community for maintaining this attitude of perpetual woe. People seemed to think it showed extraordinary devotion or faithfulness or strength of character or something.

This weeping sisterhood is as extinct now as the fabled Niobe. Women who lose the husbands they adored and the children they worshipped still have their hearts broken. God pity them, but they don't make a cult of their grief and they don't go around sitting the world down in the brine of their tears. They bury their sorrows in their own hearts and they deliberately set about salvaging all the happiness they possibly can out of their wrecked lives.

Many women are leaving off wearing mourning, which keeps their own sorrow ever before them and make memories of their own loss stab every passerby, and in this we see no disrespect to the dead, only a brave acceptance of the inevitable and an effort not to darken any one's sunshine with their own shadows.

It was an older generation that wrote that "men must work and women must weep, so runs the world away." Women have wiped their eyes. They are no longer cry-babies and the few lachrymose sisters that are left don't get much sympathy, nor have many shoulders offered for them to weep upon. Instead we call them whiners and quitters and give them a wide berth.

Another figure of grief who used to be common, but that we seldom meet nowadays is the old maid who had been jilted in her youth and who had spent her lifetime pining for her faithless lover. Romantic, she used to be considered. Plain fool, we would call her now. And there was her sister, the deserted wife, whose husband had left her for some younger and fairer woman, or for no reason except that he had just lost his taste for her. And she also spent the remainder of her life, weeping and waiting for her recreant spouse to return, while we all dissolved in sympathy whenever we thought of her sad plight.

But there are mighty few modern women who wear the willow for thirty or forty years for worthless men who have played them false. They realize that when they gave their hearts to men who were not worthy of them, they made a bad investment and they simply charge the affair off to profit and loss and get busy with something else instead of going into total bankruptcy. All of us know plenty of women who have had to divorce their husbands, who have simply put their old lives behind them and built new structures of happiness on the ruins of the old.

Women used to make a profession of invalidism and their conversation was an exchange of symptoms and a resume of operations, but now they are ashamed of being sickly and only the old-fashioned and the morose mention their ailments. Many women used to be bitter company because they were envious and covetous of the finer rich women had. Now they hustle out and get what they want for themselves and best of their possessions.

Women make most of the happiness of the world and that is why I say it is a more cheerful place to live in because they have quit using the tear jug and nailed on the smile that won't come off. DOROTHY DIX.

HAVE A GOOD TIME

The two were vacationing at a Channel resort. As they left the lodging house they said: "Were just going out for our first dip, Mrs. Burge." "Well," was the reply, "I don't say

as low it ain't safe, and I don't say as 'twere no good swimmers, but I do say if you're keen on bathing 'ere I'll 'ave to 'ave my money in 'surance.'"—Humorist.

Germany has compulsory sickness insurance for employed women.

YOUNG MOTHERS RECOMMEND IT



MRS. T. BARRITT, Box 114, Arbroath Mines, Quebec

"After the birth of my second child I was always feeling tired, nervous and weak, and had headaches, backaches and terrible pains every month. I suffered two years before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I started to take it. You should have seen the change in me. I am now well and strong and in good spirits. I also take the Liver Pills and I find them a wonderful help for constipation."—Mrs. James E. Robson.

MRS. JAMES ROBSON, Box 693, Fernie, British Columbia

"After my baby was born I was very weak and run-down. I was not able to do any heavy work for about two months. My mother advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I started to take it. You should have seen the change in me. I am now well and strong and in good spirits. I also take the Liver Pills and I find them a wonderful help for constipation."—Mrs. James E. Robson.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., U.S.A. and Colbourn, Ontario, Canada.

HYMN OF HATE
On Board an Excursion Train BY A WOMAN
I hate travelling with women. They irritate me. They eat too much and drink too little. Far, far to little—Even in Quebec. They like to linger in the dining-car. Toying with menu-cards While others wait. They talk incessantly in high-pitched voices. The young ones screech. The old ones whine. They ask questions—God, what questions! Of porters, conductors, Or waiters in the dining car, Of other men—if there are any. But the men avoid us. They prefer women singly or in pairs. In pairs for safety—Safety for the men.

The great big boys with their smooth pink heads And their glasses Principally mayors. She calls them Tom or Danny or And they love it, she says—Lord, how the ylove it!

I hate the cheery soul. Who loses her luggage with a smile She pretends to like rain And early rising— She loves to make a little pun, and laughs At six A. M. she laughs! I hate the pretty one She is always saying how dreadful she looks. Pattering her permanent And watching her pale little nose She washes her step-ins each night And her beige chiffon stockings.

I hate ugly women with their prominent teeth. And their hair that are yellow or curled. And their golden crowns I hate their white hair And watching her shoulders Their sagging breasts and their fallen arches And their little, wrinkled, peering eyes.

I hate all women as I travel with them As I look into the swaying, soap-splashed mirror Wiping the cinders from my eyes For I hate the woman I see there— I hate her most of all!

I hate the fretful one Who never sleeps! She tosses, tosses all night long, Though she may wake us, snoring loudly. She finds slugs in her water Lumps in her birth And the journey long, intolerably long! The speeches bore her The sights annoy her She cannot eat a single thing— Except at free banquets.

I hate the bossy woman. She lodges at cheap hotels. She organizes stunts She makes us sing songs. Songs without any words, Sung without music. For the big boys, who love them, she says,

"Do you think it's healthy to have those hogs in your house?" he said to the owner. "Well—I've had hogs in this year house for 40-odd years and I ain't had one die on me yet!" The Irish Free State will spend \$8,750,000 on housing schemes.

A Morning Smile

"A social misadventure" was the title of the home of a poor resident of a southern state. "Do you think it's healthy to have those hogs in your house?" he said to the owner. "Well—I've had hogs in this year house for 40-odd years and I ain't had one die on me yet!" The Irish Free State will spend \$8,750,000 on housing schemes.

MEALS

are not a problem when you travel with the kiddies—you can always get wholesome milk and Kellogg's Corn Flakes... the treat that's so good for them at home.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. At grocers, hotels, restaurants, on diners.



Advertisement for Nestlé's Milk. "CANADA'S KOW" NESTLÉ'S MILK Adds flavour to your breakfast cereal. Nestlé's Food Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

Advertisement for Borden's Beans. Borden's Beans. "I'm a bean."