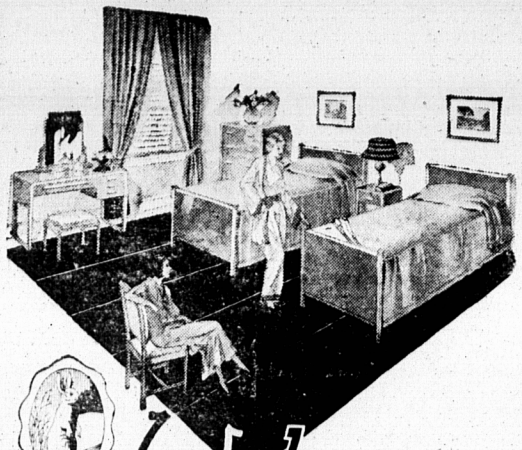


Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature



Wabasso
Display & Lecture
featuring
**BED COVERINGS,
HOUSE DECORATIONS**
and
STYLE SHOW
THURSDAY & FRIDAY
Nov. 5th and 6th
3 P. M.
With living models
ODDFELLOWS HALL

You are cordially invited to see and hear... Miss Sparling of Wabasso Cotton Co. will be in charge.

There is no admission charge... Get a ticket as you enter... the holder of the fortunate ticket wins a beautiful prize.

Tune in to CFCY at 12 o'clock today and hear Miss Sparling.

Moore & McLeod Limited

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

HOME FROM SCHOOL

The front door slams; the whole house suddenly awakes with children's feet upon the stair. And laughter and young voices clear and free. And then a shout "Hello? Is Mummy there?" I listen for the question day by day. Known that it will come, yet known, too, that there will be a time when, far away,

I shall not hear and smile as now I do. But even there where I must go before, I shall lean down and listen without fear. Or sadness for the slamming of a door. And one voice crying out, "Is Mummy here?" How many mothers in that distant place. Can find—till then—no solace in God's face? Mary Dixon Thayer in the Saturday Evening Post.

TIRED, WORN OUT, NO AMBITION

ARE you nervous and rundown? Does your work seem a burden? Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It quiets quivering nerves—helps you to eat better—sleep better—feel better. Life will seem worth living again. Get a bottle, from your druggist today.

"It Improved My Health"

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a life saver for rundown condition. My mother recommended it and it improved my health a lot. I have a good appetite, sleep well, and do my work every day. I am sure your medicine will help other women if they give it a trial."—Mrs. Roscoe Anderson Blair St., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia

RARE TORTOISE-SHELLS

(Vancouver Province)

There are now seven tortoise-shell tomcats in all England. The latest in one of a family of four which arrived at Balham Hill. The mother is a prize tortoise-shell, and the father a black Persian.

During the last 36 years only 21 tortoise-shell tom kittens have been born in Britain, and of these 11 were the property of Sir Claud Alexander, the cat breeder, of Horsham, Sussex who has made a special study of them.

Plenty of tortoise-shell female kittens are born, but, for some strange reason, the male variety is particularly rare. Nobody can tell why.

"DON'T LET CHEAP PAINT MAKE A MONKEY OF YOU"

A Fort Wayne (Indiana) store-keeper's pet monkey got into a window containing a display of paint and varnish. The animal destroyed an electric sign, then emptied tins of paint all over the window. One thing alone escaped damage—a notice reading, "Don't let cheap paint make a monkey of you."

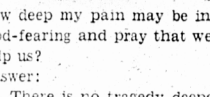
LITERARY SHRINE POPULAR.

"The Old Manse" of Concord, Mass., which was the home of both

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Even if Marriage is a Failure, it is Better for a Man and the "Other Girl" Whom He Loves, To Break Their Relations and Not See Each Other

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am an executive 38 years old and have an associate of 21 who has become very dear to me. We have found love, peace, understanding, happiness and contentment together such as I, at least, did not know existed, for my marriage has been a failure from the first and has brought me nothing but misery. But I have children and my duty to them is obvious. I would not imperil their happiness to gain my own, nor am I willing to sacrifice this girl's happiness for my own, so the question is what to do? Should she seek other employment? We have found separation a source of great suffering to us. Should I sternly make a clean break of our association? I do not consider myself, for I believe my children should come first and I want nothing but the best in life for this girl I love, regardless of how deep my pain may be in losing her. We are both clean-living and God-fearing and pray that we may settle this problem wisely. Won't you help us?



Answer: There is no tragedy deeper and darker than that of a fine and noble man married to a woman who has brought him only misery, who finds the love he craves and the happiness he may not take in another woman. For there is no way out of it that is not filled with tears and suffering. And the case of the unhappily married man is particularly hard and hopeless when there are children whom he not only adores, but for whom he feels responsible. He would gladly break the tie that binds him to the woman who has failed him as a wife and to whom he is nothing but a meal ticket and who would willingly exchange him for enough alimony to live comfortably on, but he has seen only too often the disaster that divorce brings upon the hapless children, who are the victims of it. He has seen too many fatherless children being ruined by weak or silly or vicious mothers who lacked the strength and principle to rear them into being decent men and women. For the man who loves his children and who has a strong sense of obligation to them there is no alternative but for him to stick to a marriage, no matter how unworthy his wife is nor how miserable she makes him, because if he gets a divorce he loses his children and loses all chance to influence them and form their characters. He turns them over to a mother who will fashion them according to her own pattern and inculcate in them her own ideas, and who will poison their minds against him, because only by doing that can she justify herself. There are men who have no more paternal instinct than an alley cat. These can throw their children to the wolves without a quiver of remorse, but I do not believe that the love of any woman would repay a man with your sense of duty to your children for forsaking them. So my advice to you would be to stand by them until they are grown. This is a bitter saying, but there is no easy way out of your dilemma.

Nor is there any happy solution of your problem with the girl. Hers, too, is tragedy, for it means either stolen love or the frustration of love, both of which bring misery. If a woman flouts conventions and builds a love nest with a married man, she finds little happiness in it because it is part of a woman's joy in love that she boasts of it and flaunts it in the faces of her friends. Her happiness is in showing off her husband, her new house and in taking her place among the respectable married women. If this is denied her all the remainder is cinders, ashes and dust.

If a woman is too fine and true to do this and if she chooses honor instead of illicit love, she lives a barren life that has in it only snatches of happiness. She knows what it is to have only the crusts that fall from another woman's table, to have only brief and stolen interviews with the man she loves. She knows the ironic bitterness of seeing a woman who is a wife in name only have the honors and the position and the money that a man would gladly bestow on her.

Far better, it seems to me, a clean break between a married man and a girl whom he cannot marry rather than subjecting her to years of torture and the weary waiting and the hope deferred that maketh the heart sink.

Dear Miss Dix—I am the wife of the principal of a rural high school. It is his one ambition to get a city school, but his one big drawback is his personal appearance, which is extremely slovenly. He thinks that it is just foolishness about having on a clean shirt, or his clothes pressed, or his hair cut, or his shoes shined, or to have good manners. He doesn't consider that these things count and when I try to make him neat, he calls it nagging and it makes him angry. I don't mean to nag, neither do I want to make him angry, so what must I do? Just let him go? Or keep on trying to fix him up? WORRIED WIFE.

Answer: I doubt if a sloven, either male or female, was ever cured of slovenliness. But one thing is sure. Unless your husband cures himself of the habit of looking like something the cat brought in he will never in the world get a job as principal of a city school. For neatness is one of the things that they try to impress on children, and how can they do that if Teacher is one of the great unwashed? No man can make a greater mistake than to undervalue the way he is dressed. That is the first thing we notice about any stranger and it is what we make our snap judgment on him upon. If he is neat; if his clothes are spotless and well pressed; if his linen is clean; if his shoes are shined; if he is well shaven and shorn, we set him down as a man who has ambition and energy, who is willing to take trouble to achieve results, who is up on his tiptoes and making the best of himself. But if he is unkempt, slouchy and down-at-the-heel, we pass him up as a lazy loafer who hasn't spunk enough even to keep himself clean.

There used to be an old proverb that said don't judge a man by his coat, but there is no better way in the world to judge him. Nine times out of ten a coat is a sure indication of the kind of a man who is in it.

Dear Miss Dix—We have decided to ask you to help us with our problem. My side of it is that I am in love with a young man who is studying to be a veterinarian. He has a nice voice, which he should cultivate. I am socially ambitious and I simply couldn't stand his being a veterinarian. Don't you think that if he loved me he would take up music as his career? JEAN.

I am the man, and my side of it is that while I love Jean, I don't think it is fair to her to ask me to give up my profession. I have studied hard and I like it and can make a good living at it, while I never could be a professional singer. Which of us is right? WILLARD.

Answer: You are, Willard. Jean is a silly goose. You would probably starve as a singer, while you will succeed as a veterinarian, and if she only had sense enough to know it veterinarians nowadays hold a high and respectable place in the social scale. DOROTHY DIX.

Emerson and Hawthorn has been visited by 12,000 people in three years. It was built in 1769.

LIGHT ON DARK

White, thin cords or soutaches frequently appear on dark-colored dresses forming lace-like embroideries which decorate pockets and collars.



MATHIEU'S SYRUP
COLD
CILLS
BRONCHITIS
GRIPPE
STOPS COUGHS

MYSTERY HOUSE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Page curled her arm about a jutting bit of mossy rock, put her face down upon it. Her shoulders ached with the first approaching of the night cold. This was going to be a bitter night. But as Barnes reminded her after awhile, that meant a clear day tomorrow. Somewhere in the endless black hours she saw his silhouette against the mouth of the cave. He was looking out.

"Stars!" he said triumphantly. And the morning, sure enough, was brightly sunny, with a quieter sea. They must make a try for the shore today, Barnes said. If anyone at Mystery House saw them approaching on their propelled logs they might get help.

"They don't want us to land, Barnes," Page said, dragging herself about weakly in the first revivifying rays of the sun. "I think they're all gone. I think the Japs or perhaps some one of the Chinese might be there."

While they talked they had been standing on the western face of the Rock, on the little promontory they called Beacon Hill, where they kept their signal fire burning day and night. Now just as they turned to return to the cave, Barnes in a strange hushed tone said the single syllable of Page's name.

Her back was to the sea. She turned and stood beside him, and for a long moment neither spoke. Page wavered a little against the man's shoulder, and he put his arm about her.

"Yes, sir; that's it! Barnes presently said, clearing his throat. "We thought so before," Page reminded him, in a low voice that trembled. Neither moved his eyes from the blue sea that was flooded with morning sunshine.

Steady, Barnes said, his own tone not steady. Page laughed a quick shaken laugh that had tears in it.

Two miles away toward the west a big steamer had stopped in her course; she was moving again now, but straight for the shore. Her disturbed wake lay like an arc of lace on the ocean.

"Another week! When I shut my eyes I can feel it all and see it all again—the fog and the rocks we sat on; I can hear the sea and the gulls and feel that weak—that hungry, tired feeling! Barnes, what did they say of Lynn?"

With the last sudden question she had laid her fingers on his hand; he felt them press his own. "They don't know," he said, started to add something to it, checked himself and was still.

"They think he is very ill."

"Oh, but we know that, Page!"

"Yes, we know that. It'll be a fight now between the fever and his strength. Are they going to operate, Barnes?"

"They're afraid—not." He had phrased it wrongly, and he saw color fluctuate.

"He's too weak?"

"I imagine they think so. I don't think they've decided."

"They wouldn't let me see him?"

"I don't think so. They've three nurses on the case. Mrs. Hibbs, his cousin, was here."

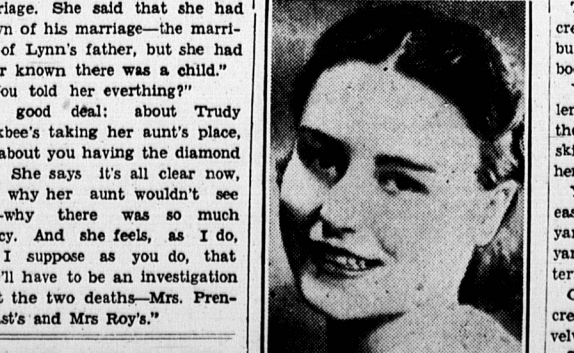
"Oh, that's so—she's his cousin! Did she see him?"

"She stood at the door and looked at him. She told me he was exactly like the picture of Edward Lynn, her aunt's son by the first marriage. She said that she had known of his marriage—the marriage of Lynn's father, but she had never known there was a child."

"You told her everything?"

"A good deal: about Trudy Mookbee's taking her aunt's place, and about you having the diamond safe. She says it's all clear now, clear why her aunt wouldn't see her—why there was so much secrecy. And she feels, as I do, and I suppose as you do, that there'll have to be an investigation about the two deaths—Mrs. Prendergast's and Mrs. Roy's."

Honors Shower On Writer Of Liberty Essay



A trip to New York for President Roosevelt's rededication of the Statue of Liberty, a gold medal, and a visit to France as a guest of French World War veterans were awarded Edna Falk, above, 17, of Pueblo, Colo., for her essay on "What the Statue of Liberty Means to the American People." Edna's essay was called the best of 135,000 in a contest sponsored by the Federal Park Service.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea" — and is its own best recommendation

THE COOK'S CORNER

CRANBERRY HARD SAUCE IS SOFT FOR THE PUDDING

Here is a rather seasonable version of the hard sauce which makes its appearance on the scene when all the hot puddings come into their own. The cranberries impart a delightfully zestful flavor. This sauce goes very well indeed on a cottage pudding or on hot gingerbread.

6 tablespoons butter
1 1-2 cups fruit sugar
1-2 cup stewed cranberries (well drained)

Press cranberries (they should be unswetened, if possible) through a sieve, or cut very fine.

Cream the butter well, and beat into it, very gradually, the fruit sugar. When butter and half the sugar are well blended, add fruit, then more sugar—alternating fruit and sugar until fruit is all used. Add sugar, if necessary to stiffen the sauce. Chill thoroughly before serving.

If desired, add a dash of almond flavoring.

BACON ROLY-POLY

A tasty and inexpensive change. Make a culet crush with 1-2 lb. flour, a pinch of salt and 3 oz. shredded suet. Mix to a stiff dough with a little cold water.

Roll out on a floured board, place on some slices of bacon, cooked or uncooked, sprinkle with chopped parsley and onion. Moisten the edges, roll up and pinch the ends together.


Roll in greased paper, tie in a flour cloth, and boil for 2 hours. Turn out; serve with cabbage, potatoes and gravy.

"I'll never forget your saying over and over again, 'We'll get out of this. We'll laugh at this!' Well, Page said, in a voice that had no laughter in it, "here we are. But not—exactly laughing."

(To be Continued)

for Baby's Cold

Proved best by two generations of mothers.



VICKS VAPORUB

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

A soft girle attracts attention to the snug waistline of the basque-like bodice of this black broadcloth dress. As you already know, black broadcloth is one of the smartest fabrics of the season.

The girle is lustrous black satin crepe. The black broadcloth buttons down the back of the bodice have rims of the satin crepe.

You'll like the below-the-elbow length full shoulder sleeves and the high draped neck. The slender skirt has a young flared swing hem.

You couldn't ask for anything easier to sew. It requires but 3 1-2 yards of 39-inch material with 1-4 yard of 39-inch contrasting material for belt for the 16 year size.

Other nice suggestions are nubby crepe silks, plain or plaid woolen, velvet, etc.

Style No. 1894 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years.

No. 1894 Size

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for You and Baby too

1894

