

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

FATIGUED? TRY LIFE SAVERS



Eyelashes to Match Milady's Every Dress

NEW YORK, Oct. 21—Men flocked to New York's Grand Central Palace to gaze in wonder at the transformations effected by finger wavers, eyelash pasters, manicures, hairdressers, hair dyers, wig makers, and other beauty practitioners at the opening of the beauty and styles exposition.

Two blondes, seated under a strong light awaiting a set of new lashes, drew a crowd of visitors, whose eyes bulged as they saw the woman in charge of the booth glue luxuriant fringes to the customers' eyelids.

"Will they stay on in the rain?" asked one of the women as she tried her new eye-curtains on a man in the back row, with deadly effect. "Oh, of course," she was assured. "If you take proper care of them they'll last a long time—months."

"And if I want to put on a dark-

For The Cook

IRISH POTATO CAKE

2 cups flour, 1/2 cup mashed potatoes, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, Enough milk to make a soft dough.

Method—Lift into a mixing bowl the flour, baking powder and salt. Rub into this with the fingers the butter, then add the mashed potatoes and mix well. Add enough milk to make a soft dough. Press into a well-greased square cake tin. Mark into squares with a knife and then brush over with melted butter. Bake in a quick oven. When done, split open while hot and spread with plenty of butter and cut in squares. Serve hot for afternoon tea.

POPCORN BALLS

1 cup granulated sugar, 1/4 cup corn syrup, 1/4 cup water, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/2 teaspoon vinegar, 5 pints popped corn.

Put the sugar, corn syrup and water into a saucepan and boil until a little dropped into cold water forms a hard ball. Add the vanilla and vinegar and cook until a little will become brittle when tried in cold water. Pour slowly over the popped corn which has been carefully picked over and all hard or unpopped corn removed. When the syrup and corn have been well mixed, form into balls and when cold wrap in waxed paper.

er pair to match an evening gown, can I do that, too?" "Of course."

So the two customers went away happy, patting their new optical drapery with conscious aim.

In other booths women had their hair done in the newest way, with grim-looking machines glittering with chromium. In others they submitted dainty fingers for enamelling. One of the booths advertised hair dyes for grey hair; another advertised a product for removing dye, in keeping with the woman's privilege of changing her mind.

Says: Dorothy Dix What We Owe Our Children

Gone are the Happy, Irresponsible Days When We Could Dump Our Babies in the Lap of Providence—Now We Recognize Motherhood as one of the Learned Professions, and Ourselves as Parents as the Chief Factor in Our Children's Success

There is no disputing the fact that being a parent is a much more strenuous and complicated job now than it used to be. In the good old times the opinion prevailed that the knowledge of how to be a father

and mother came by nature, as Dogberry thought that a knowledge of reading and writing did.

Then, no doubt of their ability to cope with their children crossed the mind of any man and woman, and if their offspring turned out successfully they assumed all the credit of it themselves, but if they turned out badly the father laid it on that wild Smith blood they got from their mother, and the mother was sure they took after their father's trifling Uncle Henry, and that ended the matter. They never blamed themselves when things went wrong or suspected that they could have blundered in their method of bringing up a family.

But gone are all those happy, irresponsible days of parenthood when we could dump our babies in the lap of Providence and let 'em ride, so to speak. Now we realize that our children are pretty much what we make them and that bringing up a bunch of boys and girls is no light occupation that you can perform with your left hand and one lobe of your brain, while your right hand and your really serious attention is concentrated on business and golf and society and bridge.

In a word, we have taken parenthood out of the amateur class and put it at the head of the learned professions, and before even the common or garden variety of woman is entitled to receive her M. A. degree in the great University of Motherhood she has had to qualify as a baby specialist and be able to call vitamins by their Christian names and be a psychologist and a diplomat whose finesse would entitle her to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's.

For the modern child is a problem. He is no more like the old-fashioned child than a roaring lion, seeking whom and what he may devour, is like Mary's little lamb. Perhaps the children in the past were born the same little bunches of original sin that the children of the present are, but the children in the past had their style cramped by being suppressed and repressed from the day of their birth. They were brought up in the stern school of obedience and humility when children were kept strictly in the background and expected to be seen and not heard.

A Morning Smile

Bobby, who had just started school, was proudly telling his aunt about his school work. She asked him a few questions which he could not answer correctly. "Well," Bobby's aunt said, "You'll simply have to learn to concentrate."

"Oh! Aunt Mary, we haven't taken that up yet; we're only reviewing."

Far otherwise is it with the present-day generation of youngsters who are strong for self-expression and who, to the consternation of their elders, have somehow thrown off the parental yoke and emancipated themselves from parental control.

How this revolution has taken place, no one knows, but it is an accomplished fact, and it is as foolish for parents to try to bring up their children by the time-honored recipe their forefathers followed as it would be to present Johnny and Sadie with a cart and pony on their 16th birthday instead of a high-powered sports car.

Other times, other manners. Other customs, other policies. The heavy-truth stuff has gone never to return. No use to preach duty to youngsters who are imbued with the theory that their only duty is to themselves and to lead their own lives. No use in posing before them as oracles when they do not disguise the fact that they consider that all elderly people are fossils whose views are obsolete and only interesting as antiques. No good in threatening them with dire penalties for disobedience. You can't blanch the faces and strike terror to the hearts of boys and girls who are self-supporting and would be only too glad of a good excuse to leave home and go and live in a frat house or set up a little apartment with another girl or boy.

No. If sons and daughters love their parents now, it is from no sense of duty, but because father and mother have taken the trouble to win their affection and make themselves persons grata with them. If they obey their parents, it is because father and mother have shown themselves wise and sophisticated and so nearly always right that the children, who secretly feel their need of a guide, have learned that it is always safe to follow the Mater and Pater's advice.

And if the modern children adopt their parents' ideals, it is not because they have been preached or nagged into doing so, but because their father and mother have made virtue seem more attractive than vice. After all, if you have been brought up to be clean you have no hankering after filth.

It is by these subtle methods that the fathers and mothers of today must work to control their children. They must use diplomacy instead of force. They must use suggestion instead of command. They must

SORE THROAT ... Here's comforting relief without "dosing." Just rub on VICKS VAPORUS

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Any little miss would adore this jumper dress. It delights in the fact that it is an exact copy of the grown-up mode. Even to the fabric which is a thin woolen in a small check pattern in vivid red tones.



Style No. 187 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1 1/2 yards of binding for dress and hat; with 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for blouse.

Form for Style No. 187 with fields for Name, Street Address, City, State.

drive with such a light rain that the mettlesome young colts will not even suspect that they are being held in check and guided along the right road. Above all, they must "sell" themselves to their children so that their sons and daughters will admire them enough to respect their authority.

And the tragedy of it is that so many parents do not recognize this and go blundering along trying to enforce on their youngsters the rules their grandfathers followed in bringing up their children.

Mary must not have dates with boys. Sally must not go to parties. Lucy must stay at home and help mother instead of getting a job. Bob must not drive the family car. Everybody must be at home and tucked in bed by 11 o'clock. Hence the rebellion of the younger generation.

But any way you look at it, bringing up the modern child is an arduous job, calling for almost superhuman powers of acumen and finesse and strategy. No wonder so many men and women lack the nerve to tackle DOROTHY DIX.

BULBS BULBS Just received and opened our Annual Fall shipment of DUTCH BULBS Direct from the growers LISSE, HOLLAND. TULIPS (Single and Double) DARWIN Tulips (long stem). HYACINTHS (Double and Single). DAFFODILS CROCUS, FREESIAS, NARCISSUS, etc. all large size BULBS. Prices much lower. Come in and make your selection early. Carter & Co. LIMITED

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ZORA The Invisible By J. R. WILMOT CHAPTER XI

BLAYNE DECIDES TO STAY

As soon as the train had slowed down after Blayne had pulled the communication cord, he swung open the door of the compartment preparatory to dropping down on to the permanent way.

Glancing along he saw the driver dismounting from the cab of the engine, while from the other end, the guard was already running towards him.

Blayne made up his mind quickly and dashed along in the direction of Chessington station.

"Here's my card," said Blayne, almost breathlessly to the astonished official. "I pulled the cord, and if you want to know why get the company to communicate with Scotland Yard. Everything will be all right," and before the guard could utter a word, the young man was sprinting along towards the platform which he could see quite clearly a matter of six hundred yards distant.

Reaching the booking hall he found a clerk standing beside the door leading to the booking office. "A lady passed through here a few minutes ago," said Blayne. "A young lady wearing a scarlet hat and a black silk coat. Which way did she go? She must have handed out her ticket, and I should say she was about the only passenger."

"That's right," agreed the clerk. "I remember her. A regular stunner, wasn't she? Watched her right out of the station. There was a car waiting for her."

A sense of acute disappointment assailed Blayne. Of course he had known it would not be easy, but somehow he had never counted on her having things arranged so well as this, even if she had allowed for his stopping the train and coming back.

"Which way did the car go?" asked Blayne. "Towards Oaktree?" The clerk nodded.

"Yes. Jolly fine car it was, too. Looked like a high-powered Rolls." "Thanks" murmured Blayne as he strolled out of the station.

He had made a fool of himself this time, but fortunately the elegant dressed young woman would

probably be unaware of it, unless Blayne had really no idea as to what extent the ramifications of the organisations he was up against extended.

"It would be useless, he told himself, to go back to Oaktree. There was probably not a car in Chessington capable of catching the fugitive. What a pity it was, too, that he was not in possession of the car's outside, however, he came up with a taxi-driver just about to start up his engine, and Blayne decided to ask him if he had noticed the car.

The taxi-driver had, but unfortunately he had not noticed the number, although the registration letter of London he remembered quite well.

"I suppose you didn't notice anything peculiar about the driver?" Blayne persisted. "That I did, sir," the man answered. "Foreign-looking, he was, sir. Not exactly black, but as near it as makes no matter."

"Thanks," said Blayne, slipping him a coin. "If you should notice that car again, perhaps you wouldn't mind leaving the number with the sergeant of police at Oaktree. He'll understand, and it may be to your advantage, also."

"Certainly, sir! I'll keep a sharp look-out, though I can't say as I remember seeing it afore."

Blayne, with all thoughts of trains out of his head, set off for the post-office at Chessington and got in touch with Webster at Scotland Yard. Briefly he related what had occurred, and suggested that someone should be sent down to investigate the mystery house at Oaktree.

"I'll hop down myself," came Webster's voice over the wire, "though I don't quite see what we can do. Can you fix up somewhere where I can meet you?"

"I've a mind to stay overnight at 'The Golden Goose,'" said Blayne. "What time shall I expect you?" "I'm coming down straight away" in the car," responded the detective. "We'll probably do it in less than an hour."

Blayne knew how those demon drivers of Scotland Yard could put the miles behind them when occasion demanded. There were no speed limits when a man like Inspector Webster was in a hurry, and Blayne could tell by his tone that what he had told him had aroused his interest.

So it was with a feeling of considerable satisfaction that Blayne went along to "The Golden Goose" and booked a room. Then he wand-

ered into the bar, and remembered that he had had nothing to eat since an early lunch before he left London.

The landlord was a genial soul, and when Blayne made known his wants ushered him into a tiny sitting-room at the back of the house and promised him that tea would be forthcoming in a few minutes.

Left to himself, Blayne once again marshalled his facts.

Leaving out of account his interview with Sonia Gaynor, the main case centred for the moment around the mystery house among the trees. That was the beginning. Then there was the Oaktree sergeant's information that the house was tenanted by a woman and her daughter, and that "niggers" had been seen wandering around the grounds.

What the connection was between these two statements he could not conjecture. Then there was the mysterious woman in the railway carriage and the note she had obviously left behind. From there he came to the episode of her neat escape at Chessington station in the Rolls car, driven by a man of foreign appearance.

Those were the facts up-to-date. So far as he could see there was absolutely no link between them and Sonia Gaynor, who, earlier in the afternoon, had given him the impression that she was shielding someone and that she knew more about her father's death than she cared to tell. If that were so, if there were two lines of theory running with each other in this case, then there must be some point at which they must meet—even though that point was a purely mythical one in mental perspective.

Then there was Zora. Here Blayne had to admit that he was frankly puzzled. Obviously Zora was the outstanding figure in the drama. It was Zora who had committed the crime—for crime he was convinced it was—Zora again who had repeatedly issued these peculiar and somewhat daring warnings; Zora probably who had blown that evil little dart at him from among the trees just to show him how utterly at her mercy the medical detective really was. Yet why, with the opportunities this nebulous individual had already had, he did not render Blayne impotent once and for all, was something that escaped comprehension.

The landlord of "The Golden Goose" arrived with Blayne's meal, and the introspective meanderings were temporarily interrupted.

Blayne had finished his excellent meal and was sitting by the fire when

Pays Tribute To Junior Red Cross Of P. E. I.

Miss Jean MacNanara, M. D., of Melbourne, Australia, who is visiting America to get new ideas on the treatment of infantile paralysis came from Boston on Thursday for the special purpose of seeing Dr. T. B. Acker of Halifax, N. S., at work at his clinic for crippled children at Summerside.

Dr. MacNanara was amazed at the interest taken in the work by the Junior Red Cross.

She said, in no part of Australia have they accomplished such good work among the crippled children.

In her opinion the Junior Red Cross on Prince Edward Island are unique in their efforts to care for afflicted children. In Ontario, where she spent some time the work has not advanced to such an extent as here.

What the children are doing with their small donations is simply wonderful. They are taking care of all new cases and are the means of bringing in older children, who were hitherto neglected. The cripples themselves are mostly members of the Junior Red Cross and are therefore keenly interested.

Dr. MacNanara thinks that the Island children are very fortunate to have this wonderful organization to look after them; and also to have such consideration shown to them by independent people who on the day of the clinic bring the children many miles by auto into Summerside that they might receive treatment. One lady she said, brought eight children from various points in her auto.

Dr. MacNanara's opinion is that if every crippled child on Prince Edward Island does not receive some treatment, it would be their own fault as they receive every attention and all that is left for them to do is to obtain the consent of

he remembered he had not told his man Hooker about his change of plans. Finding the telephone, he put through a trunk to London, and soon heard Hooker's low, almost dreamy voice answering at the other end.

Briefly Blayne told him that certain circumstances had arisen which necessitated his staying out of London until the morrow, but that if any special message came for him from any of the hospitals, would he please ring up Chessington 347.

(To Be Continued)

their parents to be examined; and all this is brought about by the small amounts paid by the members and the little entertainments they put on. There is nothing that should receive the hearty support of the public as this work among the children, because as time goes on it means that most of these ailments will be stamped out.

Splendid work is being done in advanced stages, but the work among the children who show only the faintest signs of trouble is after all the most important, as any disease is more easily cured in the early stages.

Dr. MacNanara said, that in Australia nothing like what is being done here, has been attempted by either the Senior or Junior Red Cross. Perhaps some of the Junior branches in the country districts would adopt an individual child or the Seniors would have five on their lists but that was about all.

There was a good deal of infantile paralysis in Australia and Tasmania and it was for this reason that Doctor MacNanara was over here. She had been studying the disease at McGill. The doctor had also been over to London and even there did not find such interest in the Red Cross work as she found here.

She was keenly interested in the clinic, which was one of the largest ever held and kept Dr. Acker, Miss Wilson and Miss McKenna busy from early morning until after eight p. m.

There were several new cases, some improved cases and one discharged as cured. This case was particularly interesting. The little girl had suffered from a dislocated hip and had been undergoing treatment for the past year. It was with difficulty that the Red Cross nurse had persuaded the child's grandmother to have her treated but now she was delighted as the child is now quite well.

Dr. Acker remained over night at Summerside and performed an operation at the Prince County Hospital. It is very unusual for him to be so busy that he cannot complete his work in one day.

Dr. MacNanara was delighted with the up-to-date hospital and her general impressions were that the Island people are very fortunate in every way and especially in the medical care and attention at their disposal.

This interesting visitor is remaining on the Island for a few days and will attend the clinic in Charlottetown.—8

NOTICE! PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND HOSPITAL 1932 CAMPAIGN FUND

All subscribers in arrears are hereby notified that the Campaign Fund of 1932 is being closed, October 31, 1932. Payments will be received at the Canadian Bank of Commerce or at the Secretary's Office at Prince Edward Island Hospital, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

(Sgd.) FRANK R. HEARTZ, Chairman Campaign Fund 1932. 8759-10-12-171.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to Statute that the herein-after particularly described lands will be sold by public auction on the premises on Thursday the third day of November A. D. 1932 commencing at 2 o'clock P. M. The said sale is made pursuant to a license to sell real estate issued herein by the Honorable Harold L. Palmer, Surrogate and Judge of Probate for the said Province and which said license was granted by the 28th day of September, A. D. 1932.

The following lands will be set up and sold; that is to say ALL that tract, place and parcel of land situate lying and being in the Common of Charlottetown in Queen's County, bounded and described as follows: Commencing on the southwest side of Park Street at a point one hundred and twelve (112) feet southeastwardly from its junction with Kensington Road; thence southwest parallel with said Kensington Road one hundred and twelve (112) feet, six (6) inches; thence at right angles southeast parallel with Park Street a distance of forty-five (45) feet; thence at right angles northeast parallel with said Kensington Road a distance of one hundred and twelve (112) feet, six (6) inches to the southwest side of Park Street; thence northwestwardly along the southwest side of Park Street a distance of forty-five (45) feet to the place of commencement.

The said land will be sold free from encumbrances and whoever will give the most shall have preference on such sale.

Dated this 30th day of September, A. D. 1932. JENNIE CARMODY ADMINISTRATOR of the Estate and Effect of Josiah Carmody. Elmer & Farmer, CHARLOTTETOWN, SOLICITORS. 8878-10-3-mon-41

FOR SALE Four pair Wild Geese broken to tether. Shot over Four Years, price \$10.00 per pair. Post Office Box 669, Fredericton, N. B. 10-15-91.

Periodic—Eye Examinations Don't wear your glasses for five or ten years, as some do, without re-examination, for in that time serious changes are vitally important, whether one's eyes are good or otherwise. may take place, which if not discovered, may work permanent injury to the most precious sense you possess. Guard your eyes. G. F. HUTCHESON OPTOMETRIST

FARM PROPERTY FOR SALE At North Wiltshire, by Auction, Thursday, Nov. 3 (next day if rainy,) highly improved farm of 78 acres, together with stock, crop, household furniture and farm implements including gasoline engine, grain cracker, seed grain grader, and high quality cream separator. L. L. Jenkins ALEX MacRAE, Auctioneer 5605-10-24-mw1-9