

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

What the Fashionable are Wearing
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished
With Every Pattern
By Annabelle Worthington



SMART SCHOOL FROCK

Here's an exceptionally smart frock for the school girl and college miss. It is a printed crepe woolen in rich rust brown tones. The lingerie collar and cuffs of plaited organdie are vequish in blending rust shade.

This captivating model isn't half as intricate as it appears. It is merely one-piece from shoulders to the circular flounce that adds smart flared-fulness to the hem. The belt is adjustable and may be worn at the normal or slightly raised waistline.

Style No. 2548 is designed for the miss of 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It is made with 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1 1/4 yards of 5-inch plaiting for the miss of 16 years.

It's an opportunity to have a Paris dress at just the cost of the fabric and very little of your time, for it is simplicity itself to make.

Navy blue wool crepe is conservatively smart with white dotted dimity collar and cuffs and worn with a vivid red leather belt.

Tweed printed crepe silk with plain crepe in harmonizing shade is splendid choice.

Bottle green cotton crepe, mahogany brown flat crepe silk, patterned wool jersey in Bordeaux red colouring and sheer tweed mixture in rather vivid blue shade are combinations well liked for early-autumn wear.

The heavier weight cottons and linen are also smartly appropriate for this jaunty model.

You can save on every dress and save on the children's clothes too. That means more and better frocks for you and yours.

How? By ordering a copy of our new Fall and Winter Fashions. It gives the answer to the often asked question, "How does she do it?" For it shows how to dress up to the minute at little expense.

It is 5 cents a copy, but may be obtained for 10 cents if ordered some time as pattern.

True dyes are easiest to use!

Etiquette By Roberta Lee

Dresses, drapes or lingerie look new when they're re-dyed with Diamond Dyes. No spotting or streaking; never a trace of that re-dyed look. Just rich, even, bright colors that hold amazingly through wear and washing.

Diamond Dyes are the highest quality dyes you can buy because they're so rich in pure aniline. That's what makes them so easy to use. That's what they've been famous for 50 years. 15 cent packages—all drug stores.

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AUCTION SALE OF FURNITURE

At 206 Hillsborough Street, on Tuesday, September 23rd, at 1:30 o'clock sharp, of all Household Furniture, consisting of Parlor, Dining Room, Bed Room, Kitchen, 1 Belle Upright Piano, 1 Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph, 42 Records, several nice Steel Engravings, 1 beautiful old Sideboard, 1 Book Case, (Walnut), 1 Stove, Dishes, Oil Cloths, Carpets, etc. Nothing reserved. 1 Walnut Bed Room Suite. Terms cash.

MRS. W. C. TURNER, 206 Hillsborough Street. 7096-9-30-31.

Deplores Retirement of Active Women Dorothy Dix What To Do With Grandmother

No Wonder the Elderly Woman Who is Found in Nearly Every Household Makes Herself and Every One Else Miserable—She Has Knocked Off Work Twenty Years Too Soon

The most insoluble problem in the world is what to do with grandmother. In three-fourths of the families you know there is a middle-aged or elderly woman who is miserable herself, and who is making everybody about her miserable. She is the living embodiment of most of the major and minor virtues and yet she works more evil than malice itself could invent.

When a woman's husband dies it is the spontaneous and affectionate thing for her children to say to her: "Mother, you must break up your home and come to live with us. You would be so lonely in this big house without father. Besides, you have worked long enough. Now you must let us take care of you and repay you for all that you have done for us. The balance of your life you must just take it easy and sit with folded hands and rest and enjoy yourself."

These are beautiful, filial sentiments that do honor to the children, and the plan would happily settle mother's future if only mother was a story-book mother, who was 90, and doddering and senile and content to sit in the chimney corner and emit Polyannaish platitudes.

But in real life that type of mother is met with nowadays about as often as the dodo. Very often mother is only in her 40s and looks and feels like a girl. If she is in her 60s, she is yet in the prime of life, with better health and more pep than she ever had before, and even in her 70s she is still full of vim and going strong.

Now for twenty or thirty or forty years mother has been at the head of her own establishment. She has been the She Who Must Be Obeyed in her own bailiwick. Her word has been law to her husband and children and servants, and without knowing it she has become an autocrat. More than that, she has acquired that curious vanity that makes every woman think that her way of doing things is the only proper way, and that she possesses some inspired ability to rear children, cook and run a house.

It would seem that any one above the grade of a moron would have intelligence enough to perceive that to take away all of her activities from a woman who is overflowing with energy is like trying to clamp a lid down on a gas well. It is bound to blow up and find some vent. And that to put such a woman to playing second fiddle in another woman's house is to de-throne a queen.

Yet you see this done every day in all blundering, loving kindness by children who sell the old home over mother's head when father passes away and take her back home to live with them and who can't understand why she isn't happy when they have given her the guest room and bath to live in and when she has nothing on earth to do.

And they don't understand that what's the trouble with mother is that she has lost her identity. She is no longer a somebody to be reckoned with. She is nobody but John Brown's mother, or little Mrs. Smith's mother, and when she is invited out it is not because anybody wants her, but a courtesy to her children. And that hurts her egotism, and the older we get the vainer we get.

But what ails mother most of all is idleness. The hands that have been full all her life are empty. She who has been rushed from morning till night has nothing to do but to kill time. She has nothing constructive to do, nothing to fill her thoughts, nothing on which to expend her energy and that is why she gets naggy and peevish and critical and fault-finding and interferes with the way her daughter or her daughter-in-law keeps house and rears her children and manages her husband.

It is because mother has no pie of her own to make, and pie-making is her specialty, that she puts her finger into everybody's pies. The consequences whereof is untold family squabbles and innumerable divorces. For there is no use in blinking the fact that when mother comes in at the door of her children's home the dove of peace nearly always spreads its wings and flies out of the window.

Now the remedy for this situation is as plain as the nose on your face. It is for mother kindly but firmly to refuse to go to live with her children. Let her keep her own place among her old friends in her old environment. She will be happier in one room of which she is absolute mistress and where she can have her old sticks of furniture and cook things the way she likes them than she will be in a son's or daughter's palace. She can visit her children all she likes, but let her keep some place of her own to go back to. And, oh, how much better her children will love her, if mother is an occasional guest instead of a permanent fixture!

And if mother is able-bodied she should go to work, because only in useful work is contentment to be found. It may not sound so romantic and high-faluting for a devoted sonto say: "Mother, I'll get you a job," as it does for him to say: "Mother, I'll support you," but it would go a lot farther to

Dorothy Dix writes to CHARLOTTETOWN WIVES



"Let your surroundings reflect YOU"

HIS wife—his home! How closely bound together, in YOUR HUSBAND'S mind.

Busy... making money for his family, his loved ones... that man of yours always carries in his mind's eye... a PICTURE.

You are the centre of the picture—its frame is YOUR HOME.

Does your home express the charm of your own dainty femininity—does it reflect YOU—to your husband? IT CAN! There is one charm which every home, no matter how simple, can have.

The charm of fresh, vibrant colour!

Men Love Colour

Men LOVE cheerful colour, my dears. Just as you yourself attract when your little house frocks, your dainty blouses, your printed silks, are adorably COLOURFUL, so your home charms when curtains, cushions, slip covers, table linens, spreads, all are lovely and fresh in colour.

But, women ask me, "How can we keep these pretty fabrics lovely looking in spite of frequent washing? So often they fade all too quickly."

It is true that just ordinary "good" soaps do take out some of the colour along with the dirt. But this will never be the case if you wash them always in Lux.

Lux is made especially to keep colours vibrantly alive, to preserve the soft, dainty texture of sheer fabrics.

And not only for coloured things, but also for the many white linens and sash curtains about your house, is Lux invaluable.

The extra daintiness and freshness that comes from the use of Lux, the loveliness of texture and the saving of white things from unsightly yellowing, are truly remarkable. DOROTHY DIX

"Men love cheerful colour: Your home charms when curtains, cushions, slip covers, lampshades, table linens, all are as lovely and fresh in colour as new."

Sample washed 12 times in Lux, fresh, vital—the colour has all the thrill of new.



Sample washed 12 times with ordinary "good" soap—undeniably faded, lacking colour charm.

If it's Safe in Water, it's just as Safe in LUX!

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ward securing mother's happiness. For what she needs in some vital interest of her own, instead of the vicarious ones she finds in her children.

Most women knock off work twenty years too soon. Also, they think they are going to enjoy being parasites on their children, but they are wretched and bored with nothing to do, and humiliated and resentful of dependence, and that is why we have the discontented old mothers who are troublemakers in their children's homes. The children can't solve the problem of what to do with mother because every impulse of love and duty forces them to ask mother to share their homes, but the mothers themselves can secure their own and their children's well-being by keeping busy with their own work and having their own homes.

For The Cook

Tomato Trifle

Skin and slice 1 pound tomatoes and place in a well-buttered dish, season with salt and pepper; put 2 or 3 slices of bacon through the meat chopper and sprinkle over the tomatoes. Bake for about 10 minutes, then break 4 eggs on top and replace in oven until lightly set.

Chutney

2 lbs. apples, 1 lb. onions,

1 lb. sugar, 1 pint vinegar, 2 oz. salt, 1/4 lb. raisins, 1 oz. ground ginger, 1/2 teaspoonful cayenne pepper. Dissolve sugar in vinegar; chop apples, onions and raisins very fine; add rest of ingredients. Mix well and boil for an hour or longer if necessary.

STORK HOVERS OVER PALACE

TOKYO, Sept. 15.—An heir to what little glory and prestige the Japanese have left to the one-time imperial house of Korea may make his appearance here about the end of September. It is officially announced that the stork is hovering over the

river but with few glimpses of white women except as I saw them in Canada or on the gulf. And many of these especially those on the gulf, were without sex in my eyes, so desperate had been Beau Law's company to secure colonists. Before me sat mademoiselle, cross-legged like an Indian squaw, yet ravishingly enticing in her appeal. Her demure youth held the threats of coquetry, once spontaneous fires were kindled in her heart. Notwithstanding all this, what I proposed saying was in no way meant to take any advantage of her position.

She came back with a new expression illuminating her face, something of fresh hope, of faith in the morrow; the result of getting away from the river, perhaps. When I stole a glance at her piquant face I could only think of the jessamine and the opening magnolia buds back home.

"Labrador," I said, "suppose you scout about us and see if you find any Choctaws signs. We will wait here. Six Fingers, go to the brook and look for a gourd left there by the Indians and bring me some water."

Six Fingers went willingly enough, his belief in gold to be found in running streams making the errand most welcome. Labrador was loath to depart, but mademoiselle gave him a smile to carry with him, and he plunged into the thicket. Now we two were alone she grew restrained in her manner, almost as if wishing at least Labrador was back with us.

For three years I had followed the

English style mansion recently completed in Tokyo for Prince Yi Gin and his Japanese wife, and if the new arrival is a son, the baby will become "Imperial Highness," and heir to the house of Yi. A son was born to the couple in August, 1921, but died the following May.

When Japan annexed Korea in 1910 she sought to prevent the dispossessed ruling family from becoming the rallying point for possible Korean revolts. The Korean royal family, decadent and impoverished, lent itself without protest—so far as the world ever knew—to the plans for their absorption into the ruling family of Japan, just as their domains were being absorbed into the Japanese empire.

The Korean emperor was given the status of a prince of the Blood-Imperial of Japan. He was also given a yearly allowance of \$750,000, later increased to \$900,000, and permitted to consider himself a descendant of the sun goddess, Amaterasu.

The feeble first Prince Yi died in 1919 and was succeeded by an equally feeble nephew who joined his ancestors in 1926. The brother of this second Prince Yi is the present head of the house. Now 33 years old, he

was prompted by an impulse to shield her after she reached Virginia. Without a preamble I said: "Mademoiselle, when you reach the English settlements questions will be

A Morning Smile

RECORDS EXTRA

There had been a motor wreck. One of the drivers climbed out of a fit of temper and strode up to a man standing on the sidewalk, thinking him to be the other driver. "Say, where the devil's your tail light?" he roared. The innocent bystander looked up at him. "Wot do you think I am—a blooming lightning bug?"

has become more Japanized than his predecessors and, in the process, has acquired an energy unknown to his immediate forbears.

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asked you cannot avoid them. You can scarcely escape answering them. Your position will be unpleasant. Do

Continued on Page 5

Contractors Clearance Auction Sale

Thursday, Sept. 25th at 1.30 Sharp

At Camp No. 3, Watervale on Branch line from Pisquit to Lake Verde, consisting of 22 extras good draft horses, from five to nine years old, from 1400 to 1600 pounds each. Extra good workers, single and double, 1 beautiful pony, perfectly broken to saddle or jumping, 12 complete sets of heavy team harness only used three months, 9 cart saddles and britchings, new 36 camp blankets, 20 horse rugs, 9 contractors dump carts 2 heavy duty contractor's ploughs, 1 single plough, 2 Fordson Tractors (1 caterpillar tread) 11 wheel scrapers and many other articles, used on contract. 2 rotary water pumps, 1-35 H. P. Boiler, vertical. Terms at sale.

HAROLD N. PRICE—Contractor Camp No. 3, Watervale J. A. MacDONALD—Auctioneer. 099-9-22-31.

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"Gas on my stomach was so bad I couldn't sleep. Since taking Aderika I sleep fine and never felt better."—Mrs. Jas. Filler. Unlike most remedies, Aderika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes old poisons you never thought were there and which caused gas bloating and restless sleep. The quick action is surprising. Hughes Drug Co., Ltd. FREE Send name and address with 2¢ stamp for free sample. Aderika, Dept. B, St. Paul, Minn.