

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

SECOND CHANCE

By HOLLOWAY HORN

"Here they are," said Sternberg. "Wilson's my stage name."

"Yes. That seems in order," the Inspector said after he had examined the papers.

"Course it's in order. Why shouldn't it be? Think I'm a spy or what?"

"I understand that you called on a certain gentleman at his place of work to-day—or was it yesterday?"

"What of it? He's an old friend of mine. Did he tell you?"

"He didn't. But that's my business, anyway. And furthermore, understand you have made certain threats to him?"

"I do. Do you deny it?"

"Course I deny it. Teddy Wilson was not speaking with quite the same confidence as when the Inspector came in first."

"The gentleman in question is entitled to the protection of the police as well as their supervision. And I'm going to see that he gets it," the police official said slowly and firmly.

"You got nothing on me, Inspector."

"No. But I will have if you throw your weight about. Get me?"

"What do you mean? Who's using threats now?"

"I am. And I shall carry them out. I shall take immediate steps in any case to get your record from the Yard. You know whether they have a record of you at all."

"It was a shot in the dark, but the Inspector saw that it had touched the mark. "They might be very interested to hear of the latest development in your activities," he went on. "What is it you want out of the gentleman we're discussing?"

"I'm not saying anything else," the actor said sullenly.

"I think you may be wise not to. You will be wiser still if you leave Ferguson alone."

"I don't want any trouble," Wilson began.

"No. I imagined you didn't," the Inspector said, meaningly.

"We leave Mossford on Sunday. If I give you my word to keep away from him—will that do?"

"Yes. At the moment that's all I want."

As he spoke the door opened and Lucia Desmond, in the dress and make-up she had worn on the

stage, came in. She pulled up short when she saw the Inspector.

"Er... this is my wife," said Wilson.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked.

"No. Your husband and I have had a friendly little chat and I'm just going," Garrod said.

"There's nothing wrong?" she asked again.

"There was a little misunderstanding, but we've cleared it up. And turning on his heel, Inspector Garrod left the husband and wife together.

"What did he want?" she demanded as the door closed.

"About your boy friend..."

"What's he call himself, Ferguson?"

"D.D. he calls himself."

"I don't know. I don't think he did. But someone did. He threatened to get into touch with the..."

"About you?"

"Yes."

"Serve you right if he does. You coming on next house? That fellow C. is just a stick. They're as flat as dishwater in front."

He nodded.

"I've promised not to see Ferguson again while we're here."

"What's the good, anyway?"

"The good? He's got those emeralds. He must have. I pined the whole thing together in front of him. Either they disappeared into thin air or he pinched them."

"He had plenty of time to sell them before he ran into that other spect of bother."

"But he didn't. Or he wouldn't be in a hole like this."

"He no more stole that necklace than he was guilty in that other business," she said quietly.

"Old Murray thought he'd got them. Good as said so in court. He's got them right enough, or he knows where they are. Besides, could he sell them? He dares't. Only a fence would touch them."

"You mean he's still got them?"

"Yes. And they are worth fifteen thousand pounds. We'll be on Easy Street if we could get hold of them. He lives at Five, Minor Street."

"What are you getting at?"

"It's up to you, Lucia."

"I should worry!"

"If anybody could get the truth out of him you could. He was head over heels in love with you."

"I see. You really are a low-down scoundrel," she said, contemptuously.

Her husband grinned as if she had paid him a compliment.

"If we got hold of them I can sell them. And I can get seventy-five per cent. of the value."

"There was a knock at the door: "Miss Desmond!" the call boy said.

"Coming, I'll think it over," she said to her husband and turned to the door.

IF BABY IS CROSS FIND OUT WHY

HEALTHY BABIES are not cross. Your baby should not be cross. If he is, then something in his little system is "out of order". Probably Baby's Own Tablets can promptly "put it right!"

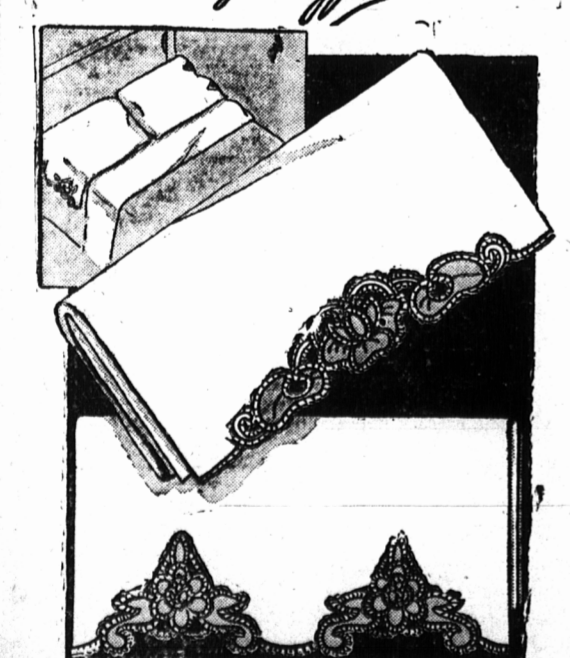
Mrs. B. Barnett, of Toronto, had this experience: "My baby was terribly cross. I tried different remedies but nothing seemed to help. A neighbour suggested trying Baby's Own Tablets. I did and the baby slept nights and we got our sleep. He was good in the daytime. I cannot recommend Baby's Own Tablets too highly."

Harmless, sweet-tasting and easy to take. Promptly effective in clearing up simple fevers, diarrhoea, colds, constipation, simple croup, colic, teething troubles and other minor ills of babyhood. Free from opiates and stupefying drugs. Analyst's certificate in every package.

Never be without Baby's Own Tablets. Sickness so often strikes in the night. If not satisfied, your druggist will give you money back. 25 cents.

APPLIQUE & CUTWORK PILLOW CASES

By Mayfair



MAYFAIR NO. 484. Applique and cutwork is used for this lovely design. The water-lilies are pink, the leaves green. The applique pieces are first tacked in place. The buttonhole work is done through both the applique and the pillow cotton. When the work is completed the background is cut away leaving a most artistic and colorful effect.

The pattern includes: transfer for applique and cutwork for designs shown, stitch and color keys and diagrams.

For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs, sent 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

Use this coupon. Print your name and address plainly. To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. DESIGN NO. 484. Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ Province _____

SILVER SEAL FOOD PRODUCTS of Quality

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certain that there ever was one. She added with a smile.

"Do you know what year?" the girl asked doubtfully.

"No. I don't even know that."

"It's rather like looking for a very small needle in a very big haystack," the librarian said.

"If I had got the year it would be possible," Mary said, almost to herself.

"It wouldn't take long to look through the files for one year, of course," the librarian said.

"Thank you. I may come back," said Mary. She had decided that without more data to go on the job she had in mind was hopeless.

"You look tired, dear," her mother said when she reached home.

"Yes. And I'm hungry."

"All right at the office?"

"Yes."

"Well, I hope you're staying in tonight, dear. You look very tired."

"I don't believe in these late nights."

"Yes. I'm going to put my slippers on and settle down for a rest."

"Bother!" her mother said an hour later as the phone went. "I wish we'd never had that thing in the house."

Mary smiled as she rose from her chair.

"It was Garrod."

"I've had a chat with your friend Mr. Teddy Wilson," he said.

"Oh?" she said in surprise.

"I don't think he'll interfere any more with Ferguson."

"You look tired, dear," she said.

"And I'm grateful."

"I don't pretend to love him," he said. "But he's a friend of yours."

"That's early in the year. I think I wanted to read about a certain law case—about a man being sent to prison, say—what would be the best place to look for?"

"I don't quite see what you mean."

"I know that your regulations prevent your telling me certain things and I respect you for not telling. But I do want to find out the truth. There's a file on the 'Courier' at the library, but it's an immense job going through year after year. What year was it? Surely it can't hurt you telling me that?"

There was silence on the phone for a moment or so then a muttered figure.

"Quite early in the year. I think, speaking from memory," he added.

(Continued on page 10, Col 6)

Home Service

Gay Tea-Leaf Fortunes Reveal a Rosy Future

LUCK RIVAL GIFT BEAU

Fun on a Date for Two. Are you lucky? Will your wish come true? Is romance round the corner?

The tea leaves tell. And who doesn't want to know? No wall-flower evenings for the clever girl who reads tea-leaf fortunes.

You'll learn the trick in no time by practising on yourself. Drink a cup of tea dry, turn it around three times, rim down, and make a wish. Now let's take a peek.

See that ring? A new beau for you! And the wish, too.

Your admirer must be a generous lad. But watch your step. Here's a sinister tea-leaf snake—a rival who'll make life exciting. No doubt about the happy ending. Those bouquets of flowers promise loads of luck and happiness.

There's tea leaves in a straight line? You get your wish, too.

Our 32-page booklet explains 73 tea-leaf symbols. All kinds of intriguing card fortunes. Horoscopes. Fortune-telling games. Fortunes in

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Fun With Fortunetelling to the 'Courier', Home Service, Address. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ Province _____

Dorothy Dix

Question of Which is the Better Half of a Marital Couple May be Answered by Giving a Slight Edge to the Male

A correspondent asks: Are men, as a rule, better husbands than women are wives or is it the other way about? Well, if we are to judge by statistics, we must conclude that there are more female domestic divorcees than male, since far more women than men are in the latter class. However, this is not a fair test, because no matter which one was to blame in wrecking a marriage, the husband usually qualifies for the role of villain and lets the wife appear as a suffering martyr.

Of course, before we could say which sex gave the best account of itself in marriage we would have to decide what are the chief virtues in the marital relationship, and that is a riddle that nobody can solve. There are many qualities that would enclose one man and woman to each other would be anathema to another, which is amply proved by the fact that so many second marriages are happier than the first.

Hence it is hard to tell what really does make a good husband or a good wife, since it is mainly a matter of personal characteristics and which more or less decide the success of a marriage.

Taking them by and large, for instance, men are less faithful to their marriage vows than women are. Where there is one philandering wife there are a hundred philandering husbands. Maybe this is because Mrs. Grundy deals with the sidestepping wives more graciously than she does with the husbands with a wandering foot. Maybe it is because the middle-aged wife and mother is virtually immune from temptation, while the middle-aged successful man is continually exposed to it. But, anyway, it is a fact that wives are much truer to their husbands than husbands are to their wives. Also, women forgive their erring spouses much oftener than men do.

When it comes to accepting the responsibilities of marriage and doing their duty in that sphere of life that they have wished on themselves, men make a better showing than women. There are comparatively few men who do not roll up their sleeves as soon as they are married and go to work to support their families the best way they can. There are hundreds of women who go on a sit-down strike and never make the slightest effort to learn how to budget their incomes, how to cook or to make a comfortable home for their husbands. There are far more lazy, loafing, no-account wives than there are husbands.

The curse of domesticity is petty tyranny and nagging. There are, naturally, men who enslave their wives and make of them nothing but hard, driven, unpaid servants. There are men who make their wives ask permission to go to see their mothers, or buy a new dress, or to join a club, and deny them the slightest degree of personal freedom. There are men who never give their wives even the care of their very own; who audit the bills, snoop in the garbage can and who are never done with reminding their wives of any mistake they have made.

But there are far more men who stand in terror of their wives than there are women who are afraid of their husbands. No man can be the absolute autocrat; nor the incessant nagger that a woman can, because he has his business to attend to and other things to think of besides dwelling on his wife's faults and telling her of them, while she can do her housework with one lobe of her brain and use the balance of it in devising ways to boss him and circumvent him.

Men show more loyalty, outwardly at least, to their wives than their wives do to them. It is very seldom that you hear a man criticizing his wife. And, if he does, he is naturally much more disappointed in her, or what a poor makeshift of a creature she is, he rarely complains of her or discusses her failings with even his best friend. But disgruntled wives hardly ever show such consideration to their husbands. They broadcast their wrongs and call upon all and sundry to see what drunks, what drunkards, what miserable ne'er-do-wells they are married to. In unhappy marriages it is nearly always the wife who breaks up the home. The husband has the courage to carry on and make the best of his bargain. She hasn't. She is the quitter.

But, on the other hand, a wife nearly always loves her husband better than he does her. Her affection for him stands greater distances than his for her. She tries harder to make him happy than he does her. And she forgives him the things he doesn't forgive her. And so perhaps, by and large, they break even.

Modern Etiquette (By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. Is it proper for one to write the bride's name on the envelope containing one's card, which is attached to the wedding gift?

A. It is all right to do so, but it is not necessary.

Q. Should one speak of the former meeting when being introduced to a person for the second time?

A. If the first occasion happened long ago and was without interest, there is no reason why one should speak of it.

Q. When taking lump sugar, should the fingers be used?

A. The hostess should always provide tongs for taking lump sugar.

"THE NEW IMPROVED PALMOLIVE IS MY SOAP FROM NOW ON,"

SAYS Dorothy Cunningham

lovely Monnae model

"Its extra mildness keeps my skin softer, smoother. And I love Palmolive's new fragrant perfume."

As smart as she's lovely, it hasn't taken Dorothy Cunningham long to learn about the new improved Palmolive. "I'll admit it," she says, "I've never been a regular Palmolive user, but I can't say that more. From now on, it's my only toilet soap. I really don't know how a soap can be so mild and gentle, yet cleanse my skin so well. The new perfume is delightful, too... and now that Palmolive is harder it goes so much further."

Why not give your skin daily beauty treatments with this new improved Palmolive? See how its new delicate blending of soothing Olive and Palm Oils brings new freshness, new smoothness to your skin.

Enjoy its new mildness, its new, lovely perfume. See how its longer-lasting quality saves you money.

THE COOK'S CORNER

BANANA FLUFF. Have two-thirds cup of mashed banana. Three tablespoons orange juice, strained. Three tablespoons honey. One-eighth teaspoon almond essence. Two cups milk. Whipped cream. Mix all ingredients with an egg beater. Decorate with whipped cream. Sprinkle lightly with powdered nutmeg.

NEW SANDWICH. One teaspoon curry powder to two salad onion greens, two teaspoons lemon or tomato juice, few sprigs watercress or parsley, make a delicious toast spread or sandwich-filling. Cream the butter well with a little salt, chop the greens finely, then work in all other items (using a wooden spoon).

GROUND BEEF CAKES. Two pounds finely ground beef, small onion (finely diced), salt and pepper, lard for browning. Have beef ground very fine. If it is very lean have a little suet ground in it. Place in a wooden mixing bowl, add finely diced onion, grated onion, season with salt and pepper and work energetically with ice water until the meat is a smooth paste. Drop by the spoonful into hot lard and let cook on both sides until done.

Cut Flowers. When changing the water for cut flowers, remove a bit of the stalk with a sharp knife and wipe the stalks free from the slight trace of slime found on them. This will avoid that unpleasant odor the water tends to acquire if the flowers last a long time.

Soaking Clothes. Never soak clothes so long that the dirt is distributed through the

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Save the coupon on every pound of ACADIA, and collect a full set of definitely Caprice pattern Wm. A. Rogers Silverware.

A Morning Smile

TIME ENOUGH

"Hands up!" said the teacher, "those who would like to go to Heaven." Every child put up a hand but one, and he, a poor Scots lad, sat glum and still.

"Haud up yer hand!" whispered his brother, nudging him sharply, "you're no gaun the noo!"

When calling on a person who is ill, refrain from any discussion of the disease from which she is suffering and if pinned down to it by the person herself, tell her of someone who had the same symptoms and recovered, never about anyone who still suffers from the malady. Remember, you came to cheer the person a bit, even if it takes a few "white lies" to do it.

Remove the wrist watch when washing the hands to avoid water getting inside.

Have the watch overhauled at least once a year to remove dried oil and dirt.

Be sure to wind the watch up fully at the same time each day, preferably upon arising.

Don't wear the watch when doing laborious work, as a severe jar or dropping the watch will bend the axle, causing the watch to run irregularly.

STRAPESS BODICES. Chanel is showing wide-skirted dance dresses in sheer materials with tulle, lace, and boned corsets.

To make croutons cut half-inch slices of bread into cubes, arrange the cubes in a shallow pan and brown them well stirring several times with a fork. Then add a tablespoon of butter and an eighth of a teaspoon each of salt, paprika and celery salt for each cupful of croutons and heat five minutes in a slow oven.

Instead of whipped cream, try filling your sponge cake with jam and chopped walnuts for a change. Chop the walnuts up finely and mix them into the jam thoroughly, then spread on the cake.

Quite apart from saving your eyesight, your electric light bowl is going to look much nicer if it is properly cleaned. If you have one of those alabaster bowls, clean it with a kerosene-soaked rag and polish with furniture cream. Don't forget to wash your electric light-bulbs now and again—they can't give the full amount of light if they are dirty.

CROONERS' LAMENTS KEEP WOMEN FACTORY EMPLOYEES HAPPY

Old dance tunes mean more to women than to men, especially during working hours.

Waits music and crooners' laments mean more to factory employees happier and more efficient, employers say. Men find them irksome.

The Housewife And Her Activities

Never a ripple upon the river As it lies like a mirror beneath the moon. Only the shadows tremble and quiver. 'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.

Never a sound but the waves soft splashing. And the drifts idly the shore along. And daring fireflies silently flashing. Gleam-living diamonds—the woods among.

—A. M. MACHAR.

When sending stamps through the mail, dust the gummy side with talcum powder so they will be of some use to the person to whom they are sent and not all stuck together.

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Paris dressmakers offer a variety of accessories to brighten up the wardrobe.

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Style No. 3340 is designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48-inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 1-3 yards of 39-inch material.

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WHAT DID HE MEAN? Mrs. Bamber strode into the village grocer's. "You sold me a bad egg yesterday, Mr. Jones," she declared. "I'd brought it back, but this was impossible." "Don't let that trouble you Mrs. Bamber," answered the grocer. "Your word's as good as the egg's."