

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

FOR THE WOMAN READER

ARABIAN NIGHTS
Hurrah, let us rake up the leaves that are dead,
And build a big bonfire all yellow and red,

UNEARTHLY PALLOE
It is extremely unpeppering to contemplate, the unearthly pallor which those who know cosmetic secrets are promising for the winter.

FASHIONS NEW FANCIES
Hand-painted washable lingerie provides a novelty, fashioned in satin, georgette and crepe-de-chine.

THE NEW HANDBAGS
Handbags, the fashion experts tell us, are to be very decorative this winter. The favorite material for handbags is antelope, though velvet and rich ottoman silks will also be much seen.

WOMAN RUG-MAKER PAYS OFF MORTGAGE
Here is the story of a woman who met adversity with a smile and turned it into good fortune by courage and industry.

Colds Checked
By modern vaporizing ointment—Just rub on VICKS VAPORUB

Annual Meeting
Annual meeting of the United Black and Silver Fox Company will be held in the Tryon Baptist Hall Wednesday, Nov. 8th, at 1:30 p.m.

Annual Meeting
Annual Meeting of the Maritime Black and Silver Fox Company will be held in the Tryon Baptist Hall Wednesday, Nov. 8th, at 2:30 p.m.

could not more be sold? People needed mats. She finally decided to take up rug-making as a business. She disposed of few at first, but gradually her sales increased as knowledge of her skill widened.

WELL-SHAPED NAILS FOR BEAUTIFUL HANDS
Smooth, well-shaped nails are the first requisites of beautiful hands. In the first place, don't bite them.

Nails that break and crack easily should be treated to a warm olive oil bath. Massage a bit of the oil into the cuticle and leave it on all night if you can.

Keep the cuticle pushed back. This can be done with the very towel on which you dry your hands. Always push it back while your hands are wet and the cuticle is soft.

TOAD-IN-THE-RING
Put 1-2 lb. pork sausage meat into a saucepan with sufficient water to cover the bottom of the pan, simmer it for ten minutes, then strain away the water.



CHAPTER I THE BIRD OF PARADISE
The maid thrust a hairpin into Jeanne Dare's completed coiffure, gave it a final fluff with deft fingers and stepped back to view her handiwork.

Hooking Jeanne's frock consisted of adjusting a single snap that held the jet girdle of her black dinner gown. The rest of the gown depended for its allowance to Jeanne's slim figure upon a frail strand of jet across one white shoulder.

Catch Words That Week Homes Dorothy Dix Finds Fine Phrases Misused

Love, Duty, Sacrifice — Fine Words to Denote Fine Attributes, But Which Women Use as Whips to Drive all Joy and Happiness From the Family Circle

"There are three words that are taboo in my house," said a woman the other day. "They are 'love,' 'duty,' 'sacrifice.' All splendid words connoting fine and beautiful things, but they have all been so misused and manhandled and generally abused in domestic life that they have unconsciously set us against all for which they stand.



"Imagine a woman stopping a man hurrying to a train to ask him if he loves her. Yet I have seen them do it. Think of a woman bursting into floods of tears and wailing out that her husband no longer loves her because he doesn't swear by yonder moon that she is the light of his world when he comes home tired and hungry, and the only thing in the world he desires with all his soul at the minute is a hot bath and a good dinner.

"And look at the mothers that we all know who simply badger their children about loving them. A hundred times a day they will say: 'Does Johnny love his darling mother? Who does Susie love best in all the world? Come here, Frankie, and tell mother how much you love her.'

"Why haven't we women got sense enough to see that love is something to be felt and not to be talked about, and that its only value is when it expresses itself spontaneously and is the overflow of some long pent-up emotion that fills the heart? One single expression of affection voluntarily given is worth all the high-jacked protestations of devotion in the world.

"Then there is 'duty,' another word that I loathe and that has done much as any other one thing to take all the glitz off the gingerbread of the family relationship. We are always talking about its being the duty of a man to be faithful to his wife, and of its being a woman's duty to make a happy home, and of its being children's duty to honor their parents, and so on.

"And that is why so many joyous never get any fun out of having a husband or wife or children. They don't see them as an annex to their happiness, but as a hateful chore that interferes with their pleasure and freedom, and human nature being what it is, that gives them a distaste for domesticity that ruins the show for them.

"Now I don't consider it my husband's duty to love me just because he is married to me. I want him to love me because he can't help it. I don't want him to be faithful to me because it is his duty to be. I want him to feel that I am the only woman in the world as far as he is concerned, and all the balance may go roll their hoops. I don't want him to spend his evenings at home because it is his duty to do. I want him to sit by his own fireside because it is the most comfortable and interesting and amusing place he knows.

"And it is the same way with my children. I never mention their duty to me to them because, in the first place, I don't want them to feel that I am an Old Woman of the Sea always on their backs and that they can't shake off and in the second place, because I know that if they have got any duty to me, which I sometimes doubt they will repay it without knowing it is a duty because we are such good friends and good pals and there is such good feeling between us that they will never let me down. They will have too many memories of tenderness and affection not to make them tender and affectionate to me.

"And finally there is the word 'sacrifice' which is on the lips of so many women, and which they use like a club over their families. You have listened to them groan a thousand times about the sacrifices a woman makes when she gets married, and how she sacrifices herself for her husband and the children. To hear them talk, you would think that they were the nanny-goats that were always being offered up on the domestic altar.

bare and even in the front of her scant bodice, Modesty yielded to Fashion. "You may go," Jeanne surveyed her reflection critically in the mirror. "I shall want you again at this time tomorrow, and each day thereafter until my own maid can leave her sick family."

It was a crude little precaution—this fiction of the absent maid—but the hotel maids of Manhattan are not paid by the management to call a bluff, whatever inward smiling they may do. "Madame is ravishing!" murmured the girl and there was no irony in her compliment. It was easy to speak the truth in admiration of Jeanne Dare.

of its early precepts was: "Always discourage familiarity or gossip in servants. It is the invariable sign of a woman of culture." There were other books of similar ilk there. One told how to modulate and use the voice. Another was devoted to graceful carriage. How to write social notes; the proper procedure for hostess and for guest; how to dress on all occasions, filled another volume. Besides this, there were copies of Vanity Fair, Town and Country, Town Topics and other society periodicals showing signs of careful and frequent perusal.

"Voilà!" The maid stepped back once more from the completed coiffure, her eyes seeking Jeanne's in the mirror. The coiffure was a work of art. Jeanne was secretly delighted with her reflection. She was almost startled at her own beauty.

But she only said languidly: "That will do, I think. Now I want you to hook my frock before you go."

PLAYING A GAME Hooking Jeanne's frock consisted of adjusting a single snap that held the jet girdle of her black dinner gown. The rest of the gown depended for its allowance to Jeanne's slim figure upon a frail strand of jet across one white shoulder. The whole of her perfect shoulders was



We Despaired of Her Life!

MRS. A. HAGAN, 5 Moss Park Place, Toronto, Ont., writes: "We despaired of her life. She was losing weight, cried continually and slept very poorly. At the advice of a friend I tried Eagle Brand and right from the first she started to gain weight, slept well and improved generally. Now at the age of fifteen months she is the happiest and healthiest baby that one could expect to see. She won first prize at the baby show in Montreal, at the age of six months."

If you are unable to nurse your own baby, follow the advice of hundreds of thousands of mothers and try Eagle Brand. The coupon below will bring you full information literature.



The Borden Co. Limited 118 Turo, N.S. Please send me the new edition of "Baby's Welfare."

A Morning Smile

Wake Up, Bill The plumber was a mild sort of man, but he could not get away from the fact that his assistant was constitutionally lazy. For a long time he said nothing but at last he could contain his exasperation no longer.

"Lummie, Bill," he complained, "you bother me, standin' there with both 'ands in your pockets! For goodness' sake take one of them out!"

Include All Street Orator—We must get rid of Radicalism, Socialism, Bolshevism, Communism, and Anarchism. Voice—And while we're about it, gunpowder, why not throw in rheumatism?

"What a lot of bunk! When a girl gets married she does it because she is crazy to and because she thinks she is bettering her condition, and she certainly pays her husband a poor compliment when she adopts the martyr pose and talks about what a sacrifice she made in marrying him. A man wants his wife to think that she drew the capital prize in the matrimonial lottery when she got him and to be happy and joyous about it. Same way with children. They didn't ask to be born and it certainly is depressing to them to have mother regard them as so many afflictions and to begrudge everything she does for them and prate continually to them about the sacrifices she makes for them.

"Stevenson once said that the world was ruled by catch words. I believe that is true, and that a lot of these old feminine stock phrases are largely responsible for the prevalent idea that domesticity is a bore, and that is why I have cut out all of the old slogans about love and duty and sacrifice. And it works fine with us."

Tall, slim as a willow, blonde, and graceful, she was Fashion's idol for the moment. She had more than beauty of face and figure. There was about her that indefinable charm known as personality. Moreover there was a touch of aristocracy, the arrogance that comes of race, in her bearing.

She might have been a young princess, masquerading as a simple American girl. She WAS a simple American girl masquerading as a princess.

When the maid had gone, Jeanne went into her tiny sitting room on the fifteenth floor of the great hotel overlooking Central Park. It was twilight there and before she pressed the button of the wall switch she went to the windows and stood looking down into the fairyland of lights.

Over in the West, the sun had set in a blaze of crimson and saffron and traces of the afterglow still lingered in the chill winter sky. The bare branches of the park trees were starkly outlined in the fading light. Millions of arc lights like tiny brilliant jewels marked the confines of the Park and these were mingling with myriad other lights in amber, and green and orange that bespoke hordes of home-going motors.

Large numbers of these flashed from the headlights of limousines, Jeanne knew. She had been in New York long enough to picture their occupants. Well-fed, sleek men in fur-collared great coats, heavy of jaw and fishy of eye! Women as obvious as mechanical dolls, swathed in lustrous furs with diaphanous or heavy eyes, and fine purple veils in their well-massaged cheeks. But he wore a fur coat that brought a thrill to the heart of Jeanne when she thought of the dollars it represented.

And he gave wonderful parties—

THE COOK'S CORNER

Date Oak Cookies

- 1 1/2 cups flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup rolled oats
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons milk

Sift the flour, salt and baking powder together. Add the oats. Cream the shortening and sugar and gradually add the dry mixture and the milk. Mix well and chill while preparing this filling:

- 1 cup chopped dates
1/2 cup water
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Cook the dates and water together in saucepan, stirring, until a paste is formed. Add the lemon juice. Roll the chilled dough on a floured board to one-fourth inch thickness. Cut in round or other cookie shapes, place a teaspoonful of the date filling on one round, cover with another and press the edges together. Bake ten to twelve minutes in a hot (400 degrees) oven. Use a cookie sheet or inverted pan, rubbed with shortening. Makes about three dozen cookies.

Chocolate Fruit Cookies

- 2 1/2 cups flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup chopped dates
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg

2 squares or ounces of chocolate, melted over hot water
1/2 cup milk

Sift the flour, salt, baking powder and cinnamon together, then work in the dates. Cream the shortening, add the sugar and blend well, then add the beaten egg and melted chocolate. Mix well and gradually add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Drop the mixture from a teaspoon, on a baking sheet rubbed with shortening. Have the cookies about two inches apart, for they spread out in baking. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) from ten to fifteen minutes. Bakes about 50 cookies.

During the past year mosquito control according to the directions of the Dominion Entomological Branch, was conducted in various localities, including Vancouver, Agassiz, Vernon, Jasper, Lethbridge, Winnipeg, Orillia, Toronto, Algonquin Park, Fredericton, etc.

such parties! His acquaintance among the socially-elect seemed boundless. At his dinners, always perfectly appointed, Jeanne met the people whose names and faces were familiar to the pages of the society periodicals. The dinner favors were exquisite and costly. Jewelled flower pins, vanity bags, gold cigarette cases. . . .

From one of these latter, acquired at the last dinner, Jeanne extracted a gold-tipped, scented, cigarette and lighted it. She did it adroitly without singeing her eyebrows, extinguishing the match with a single graceful gesture. That little trick had cost her three days of concentrated effort.

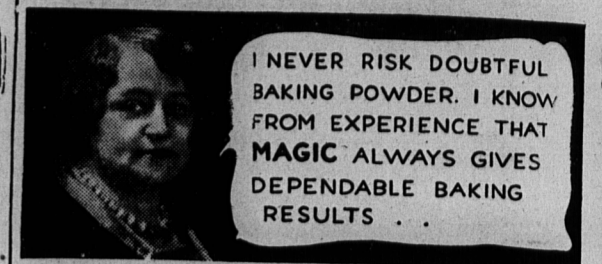
She lay back on the cushion, inhaling the scented smoke delicately. Her eyes, half veiled in reverie, wandered about the tiny but perfectly-appointed apartment. It was a setting for a woman of fashion, even to the Dresden perfume burner on the taborer by the window. Her evening wrap of velvet and fur lay across the foot of the couch and beside it were her long-white gloves, a feather fan, and a vanity bag—one of Canby's trophies.

Presently Canby would come and assist her into that wrap with thick fingers which would grace her throat as if by accident. Together they would descend to his limousine where a uniformed servant would be standing beside the open door, a fur rug over his arm, while another sat rigid behind the wheel. The footman would tuck the rug about them when they were seated and move the electric heater closer to Jeanne's satin-shod feet. The scent of lilies of the valley in the out-glass flower holder would be stifling in the artificial heat.

Jeanne leaned her head luxuriously back against the cushion of her chaise longue. Through the smoke of her cigarette, curling before her half-closed eyes, she looked into the Past with something akin to triumph in the little smile that curved her lips.

Like a flashback in a film, the lights of the Park, visible through the partially curtained windows, vanished. In their places were the flickering gaslights of an unpaved street in a small Iowa town. . . . She was walking quickly through the twilight, her jacket buttoned closely against the cold, her skirts flapping in the wind against her thick muddy boots. . . . She turned in at a frame house. . . .

(To be Continued.)



I NEVER RISK DOUBTFUL BAKING POWDER. I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT MAGIC ALWAYS GIVES DEPENDABLE BAKING RESULTS

SAYS MADAME R. LACROIX, Assistant Director of the Provincial School of Domestic Science, Montreal
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
—costs not quite 1/4 of a cent more per baking than the cheapest inferior baking powders. Why not use this fine-quality baking powder and be sure of satisfactory results?

"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient. Made in Canada

Daintiness With Chic Styles

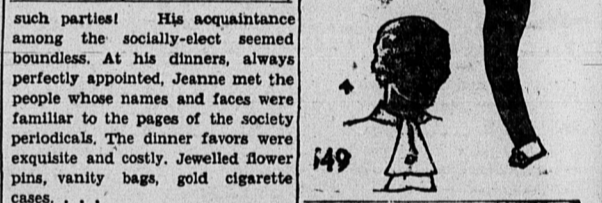
ILLUSTRATED DRESSMAKING LESSON FURNISHED WITH EVERY PATTERN BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Today's pattern offers many new ideas to change your last year's frock. It includes four different type collars and four sleeve models. As you already know, white bengaline and white satin collars are ultra-smart this season. Sporty woollens in checks or stripes are exceedingly voguish too in scarf collars as in style 2.

Your sleeve decidedly dates the newness of the frock. And why not be up-to-the-minute? Style No. 540 will help you look 1933. It comes in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches.

Price of PATTERNS 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 540. Size Name Street Address City State



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(To be Continued.)



Oral Health demands this 5-Way protection

Give your teeth and gums the all-round care of a pleasant, refreshing toothpaste which promotes and protects oral health in these 5 effective ways. 1. Squibb's cleans effectively and safely. 2. Squibb's polishes well and safely. 3. Squibb's prevents bleeding of the gums the safe way—by keeping them healthy. 4. Squibb's use is true economy because it gives greatest protection to teeth and gums. 5. Squibb's combats germ acids that cause tooth decay.

You can trust Squibb Dental Cream. Like all Squibb products it is pure, effective and safe. For scientific tooth protection at home, always use Squibb's. As all good druggists in 25c and 40c tubes. SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM