

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

"I adore pretty undies—wish I could get as many new ones as you do, Faith"

"Heavens, these aren't new, it's just the way I take care of them. Here's my secret *—"

*"Of course, I wash them after every wearing, because perspiration left in silk will fade it and actually rot the threads. And I always use Lux. You know it just floats out perspiration acids and odours and leaves the colour and silk lovely looking. Just a swish through the Lux suds, a rinse, and my undies come out fresh, sweet and pretty as new!"

Lux for Underthings
keeps them like new in spite of frequent washing

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Household Hints

When mending large holes in woolen sweaters, baste a piece of material on the wrong side, matching it as well as possible, then darn through the patch. This will keep the shape of the garment and make the darn stronger and able to stand wear.

It is always amusing to hear a woman say, "I wonder where the duster is?" A supply of dusters is a necessity for good housekeeping. If a duster is kept on each floor of the house one is not so apt to neglect a daily duty.

When washing heavy blouses, shirts, etc., hang each one separately on a wooden clothes hanger and then hang on the line. They will dry more quickly and in better shape than when pinned directly on the line.

You will find silk underwear, dresses, etc., will iron beautifully if folded when dry and wrapped in the centre of the bundle of sprinkled clothes. They seem to absorb just enough dampness to iron perfectly.

Here's a handy one for the housewife—another use for the family clothes wringer. In shelling peas for canning, put the peas, pods and all, in scalding water, immerse in cold water and feed through the loosened wringer. The peas drop from the pods and the pods are rejected.

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For The Cook

DUTCH APPLE CAKE

One cup flour, speck salt, two teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoon butter, one well-beaten egg, one-third cup milk, one sour apple, two tablespoons sugar, one-half teaspoon cinnamon. Mix flour, salt and baking powder. Cut in butter, and add milk and egg. Mix well, spread one-half inch in thickness in shallow pan. Pare and cut apple lengthwise, and lay in rows across cake, with sharp edges pressed lightly into the dough. Mix sugar and cinnamon and spread on top. Bake one-half hour in moderate oven, serve hot with lemon sauce made as follows: One-half cup sugar, speck salt, one teaspoon flour, one cup water, one teaspoon butter, two tablespoons lemon juice. Mix sugar, salt and flour, and add water slowly. Cook seven minutes, then add butter and lemon juice.

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Misunderstood Husbands Losing Propositions For Young Women — Independent Girl Should not be a Parasite — Parents Should Stand Together Against Doting Grandparents

Dear Miss Dix—I am a divorcee, age 22, in love with a married man. He lives with his wife and three children. My parents just learning of it are trying to prevent a scandal. I am giving up my family to go

with the married man. That's the situation. Here are the questions:
Would it be better for me to marry a despised rich man? Would any one benefit by my committing suicide? Is there any way to make the wife release the husband? Would I make the married man miserable by making him choose between the children and myself? If things are to be, are they always accomplished?
PERPLEXED DIVORCEE.

Answer:
Don't you think that the answer to all of these questions is just for you to fade out of the picture and leave the married man to fulfill his obligations toward his wife and children?

Perhaps this may require some self-sacrifice on your part and you may suffer for a time with a few heartaches, but in the end I think you will find a greater happiness than you will in breaking up a home and orphaning and in bringing shame upon your mother and father.

Support the facts squarely and try to see things as they are instead of kidding yourself into believing that things are the way you want them to be. In the first place, the man does not love you well enough to give up everything for you. You are ready to throw your cap over the windmill for him, but he is holding on to his home and his family and respectability.

Lots of married men like to philander with pretty young girls. It flatters their vanity to be able to win a young girl away from the boys and make her fall in love with them. They like to take young girls out and have a good time with them, and it is part of their technique to tell the girls how unhappy married they are and that their wives don't understand them or appreciate them and that there has long ceased to be any love between them and their wives. This line naturally makes the girls feel that these poor, misunderstood husbands, tied down to middle-aged wives, would simply jump at the chance to break their matrimonial bonds and marry them.

But when it comes to throwing the wives overboard, these ardent love-makers are strangely loath to do it. They make special excuses which don't bear much investigation in a day when divorcees are granted for incompatibility of temper and mental cruelty which, goodness knows, anybody may suffer from without even knowing they've got it, and when Reno and Arkansas and Mexico and a dozen other shops for quickly and painlessly severing the marriage bond and in easy reach of anybody who really and honestly wants a divorce.

The fact is, my dear, that making love to a girl and getting a divorce and marrying her are two entirely different propositions, and when a man goes on living with his wife it is proof positive that he wants to, no matter what he tells you. You see, the queer thing about a man is that he can be unfaithful to his wife and still love her and still admire and respect her above all other women and rate her a thousand per cent above the girl who accepts his love-making, knowing he is married.

Also, many a philandering man is devoted to his children and does not want to be parted from them. And still another reason why many a man who carries on clandestine affairs with girls doesn't want a divorce is because it hurts his business standing. Very often the wife has a powerful family backing or she is a woman who is popular and admired, and the public invariably sides with the forsaken wife and turns thumbs down on the husband and woman who broke up the home.

A married man has to be very much in love indeed with a girl to be willing to divorce his wife and marry her, but unless he is willing to do it she may be very sure that he cares nothing for her and that he was just amusing himself with her and in the end he will be unfaithful to her as he was to his wife. That is why in affairs between married men and girls the girl loses out.

But don't talk foolishness about committing suicide nor about marrying a despised rich man. That is old melodrama stuff that is out-moded. The thing for you to do is to forget the married man and ab-

A Morning Smile

A farmer and his wife came to see the Melbourne Cup-race, said Sir Granville Ryrie, High Commissioner for Australia in London, speaking at the Empire Club luncheon recently. The day was very hot and the farmer became uncomfortable. He took off his coat and was severely lectured by his wife for doing so. A little later he removed his waistcoat and was still more severely upbraided by his wife for his rudeness. "What will you be taking off next?" she asked, just as the race started and the crowd yelled, "They're off." Hearing the yell, the old lady fainted.

Whether our destinies are foreordained for us or not, I do not know, but I believe that "we are the masters of our fate, the captains of our souls."
DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl 21 years old. My mother is dead and my father married again. I have always been petted and spoiled and done just as I please, so I can't get along with my stepmother, although she would be good to me if I would let her. She is as good to my father as she can be. I left home and I don't want to go back and I don't want to work and I want my father to provide me with plenty of money. What must I do?
IN TROUBLE.

Answer:
I should think you are in trouble, terrible trouble, and you will always be in trouble as long as you live, as long as you act like a silly spoiled baby instead of a sensible young woman.

You see, you are being perfectly selfish, considering no one but yourself, and no self-centered, selfish person can possibly be happy. Because they never can get all they want. They never can always have the center of the stage and they never can make anybody else kowtow to them.

According to your own story you have left home without reason. Your stepmother is good and kind to you and would be a real mother to you if you would permit it, and I think your father has done exactly right and the only thing that will bring you to your senses by refusing to support you while you nurse your grudge against him for marrying again.

The thing for you to do is either to go back home and apologize to your father and your stepmother and make yourself pleasant and agreeable to live with or else get a job. Of the two courses that would be the better one because it would give you something to think about besides yourself and make you of some use in the world. A healthy, intelligent girl of 21 should be ashamed to be a parasite and expect somebody else to provide for her. There is no more reason for her being a loafer than there is for a man of the same age.

Dear Miss Dix—I have a 10-year-old child who runs to her grandparents when mother says "no," and they give her just what she wants. Instead of helping me obtain obedience from her they encourage her in disobedience, and when I try to reason with them I am told that I am unappreciative and narrow and stubborn and asked who I would lay things on if it wasn't for grandma or grandpa. I fully appreciate all my parents have done for us, but I feel they are ruining my daughter. What must I do?
MOTHER.

Answer:
Move away from the sphere of grandmother's influence if you can, but it is a queer thing that your mother hasn't intelligence enough to see what harm she is doing the child.

In these days when heaven knows it is hard enough to establish any sort of authority over children anyway, all of the grown-ups should stand together and back each other up. Children are quick enough to learn when they can appeal from one decision to another and slip out of doing anything that they want to.

Grandparents regard their grandchildren just as toys to be played with and seem utterly oblivious to the fact that their injudicious spoiling may be forming habits in the children that will wreck their whole lives.

It is a great pity, but nothing can be done about it because they are impervious to argument.
DOROTHY DIX.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

A French blue linen made the original. The blouse was white dimity with blue dots.

Don't you adore the way the bodice of the dress fastens at the sides? The buttons were in matching shade. Inverted plaits provide the necessary width to the skirt.

Besides linen, firmly woven cottons can also be used for the overdress as pique and tweed effects. It's so simple to make it. It is so decidedly individual. And it will cost you next to nothing.

Style No. 440 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch print with 2 1/2 yards of 30-inch plain material.

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440

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Anne, aged seven—Mummy, daddy is not so rich as we are, is he? Mother—Why do you say that? Anne—He doesn't wear such nice clothes and has to work when we go motoring.

Many a young man who thinks he can't live without a certain girl discovers later that he can't live with her.

A young married woman, full of idealism, met an older woman, also married. "How's your husband?" asked the young woman. "Pretty well, I think. He works so hard, I see him about one hour a day. "Oh, you poor thing. I sympathize." "Oh, no, dear. It's all right. The hour soon goes."

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THE HANDSOME MAN

by MARGARET TURNBULL

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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"Oh, hurry!" screamed Roberta. The fire was running along the roof.

The exit toward which they were making was screened with smoke, with here and there a little darting, flickering tongue of flame.

"To the left!" Sir George shouted in Jack's ear. "There's less fire there, and sound your horn, you fool! Make those idiots hear."

The horn sounded again and again. Through the smoke they could see people running hastily. Roberta could hear them call. "There's a car! Look out! There's a car coming through!"

But the village fire engine was at the entrance filling more than half of it and Jack was wildly swaying from side to side.

"To the left!" roared Sir George and then he relinquished his hold on Jack and, gathering all his strength, leaned over and half lifted, half pulled Roberta across behind the driver. They rolled together off the car as Jack tumbled, and the car smashed into the fire engine.

CHAPTER XIII
Sir George opened his eyes to a

Dantesque world on fire, or so it seemed to him. It was full of shouting, too. After a moment he saw that the bridge was flaming and burning to the skies and the noise was the shouting of the crowd at the collapse of the main part of the bridge. It was a tremendously spectacular picture, quite terrible in its beauty.

He was about to give himself up to contemplating it, when his only half-awakened mind began to speculate where he was. Then as he moved slightly his whole mind was suddenly alert. He was in frightful pain, but that fact somehow did not puzzle him as much as the question. Where was Roberta?

He must have said it aloud for from somewhere above him he heard a voice say very gently: "I'm here, Sir George."

He saw then that his head was on a woman's knee. It was Roberta's knee, and above him Roberta was bending solicitously with a very grimy face.

"You quite all right?"

"Oh, Sir George! I thought—I thought—"she shuddered.

"Don't." He put out his hand to touch her but he winced as he did it. "I say, Roberta, you are shaking me quite awfully," he said after an attempt to sit up.

"I'm sorry. Lie still, until I finish with your face. They have sent for a doctor."

"Oh, I scarcely need a doctor," he assured her. "It's only that I need a little rest, I think. He closed his eyes but he opened them immediately, however, to say, "Where's Jack? Is it Jack you need a doctor

"No," Roberta answered shortly, "Jack's all right."

"Where is he?" Sir George asked, trying to rise.

"Oh do lie still. Don't try to get up," Roberta begged. "It was the car that smashed, not Jack."

"Too bad," he murmured and then looked anxiously at the girl and tried to sit up again. "You won't go away with him, will you, Roberta, and leave me?"

He was surprised himself at the childishness of his plea and ashamed of the woebegone voice in which he had made it.

But Roberta seemed to find nothing wrong with it. "Of course, I won't leave you. Close your eyes while I put this stuff over your poor burned face and hands."

She was gently spreading cold cream from a tube which she had taken from her vanity case over his face.

"Oh, that was what it was that hurt me." Then he opened his eyes and said again in an anxious voice: "Roberta, don't leave if I slip off again, will you?"

"I promise I won't leave you."

"That's quite all right," he heard himself saying, and then he slipped off into something that seemed like a heavy black curtain of mist.

He was aroused after a while by a sharp pain that cut through all the curtains and clouds that hung about him, and brought him suddenly back to life again and conscious that competent fingers were busy about him. "I say, what do you think you're doing?" Sir George asked. "And who are you, anyway?"

"The doctor," a pleasant voiced middle-aged man said, "and you

ankle isn't broken, only sprained."

"Thanks awfully. Glad it's no worse."

"As de from a sprained ankle and a bad cut on your thigh, both arms burned, your eyebrows and some of your hair gone and your face burned and scratched, I can give you a clean bill of health."

"Charmed, I'm sure," murmured Sir George. "Do I get up now and walk?"

The doctor looked at him a little dubiously. "You don't walk to amount to anything for several weeks, but if you lie quiet and behave yourself you might be moved tomorrow."

"I must go home, tonight," he insisted. "Aggy will be anxious."

"We can telephone your wife."

"Aggy is my stepmother. I want to go home to Aggy. I say, if we can telephone—Where's Roberta?"

"Here I am," and Roberta came from behind the head of the bed on which Sir George now perceived he was lying. Her hands were bandaged and she looked pale, but otherwise, as far as Sir George could see, she was herself.

"Doctor, is this young lady quite all right?"

The doctor looked up and smiled. "She's all right, had a bad fright and got her hands burned a little, but nothing serious. You broke her fall."

"Splendid. Where am I?"

"At the Bridge hotel, Judge Arlett owns and runs it."

"Thanks, Doctor, the young lady will make all arrangements for me. I'd like to speak to her alone when you're through."

The doctor nodded and completed

his bandaging, then spoke a few words to Roberta, giving directions and medicine. "I will be in the hotel for a while if you should want me."

He crossed to the window and looked out. "The bridge is still burning. Lucky you people got over when you did."

He nodded to his patient. Roberta went with him to the doorway. Opening the door made them all instantly aware that the hall downstairs was filled with noise and clamor, quite distinct from the sounds that came from the burning bridge, the fire engines and the crowd.

Roberta turned and looked toward the bed. "Jack," she exclaimed. "That was Jack's voice."

It was unmistakably Jack's voice, raised in exasperation, hoarse and angry.

Sir George pulled himself up on his pillow. "Get me some clothes, Doctor. I have to see that—follow. He must not get away until I have seen him."

"Be quiet," the doctor told him peremptorily. He called downstairs in a clear incisive voice. "Bring that man up here."

Jack appeared, disheveled and beligerent, escorted by two village constables and the landlord.

"Feller says he's a friend of yours," the elder constable said to Roberta. "Caught him makin' off in a car 'at didn't belong to him."

"Sure thing," said the younger constable, who conversed without disturbing a wad of tobacco that unduly distended his long jaw.

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(To Be Continued)