Women's Realm/Social and Personal/Fashions/Literature

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, who have been evacuees in Scotland since the outbreak of the war, returned to London on Wednesday to spend the Christmas holidays with their parents. The Royal family will celebrate Christmas "somewhere in the country." The Princesses have not seen the King since two weeks before the start of the war. Queen Elizabeth however, visited them two months ago in Scotland.

• • •

His Excellency the Governor-General will hold a levee on New Year's Day at a quarter past twelve in the Hall of Fame, at the Parliament Buildings.

• • •

The Princess Royal has adopted the uniform of the British Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service for everyday wear, and very attractive she looks in khaki. The little cap suits her admirably, although she allows only the merest suggestion of a curl to show beneath it at each side, and the short uniform skirt is just right for her. Her Royal Highness is having busy days now, for practically every service organization in Yorkshire, and especially in the West Riding, has claimed her as its head, and her enthusiasm is such that she welcomes all calls and tries her best to fit in engagements that double, so that she need never refuse her help. In her spare time she is making preliminary arrangements in case the military authorities need Harewood House for a hospital.

• • •

Mr. E.W. MacKinnon, superintendent of the C.N.R., was receiving the congratulations of hosts of friends Thursday on the occasion of his 56th birthday.

• • •

Mrs. Fred Gates returned this week from Calgary called there by the death of her father, Mr. Harold Jenkins, so kindly remembered throughout this Province. Mrs. Gates was accompanied to Ottawa by her mother who will visit her daughter Evelyn and son Lloyd until spring.

• • •

Mrs. J.H. Lord and Miss Mary Allison Doull left Monday to spend the Christmas holidays with their brother Mr. J. Wesley Doull and Mrs. Doull in Sackville.

• • •

Suzzane Silvercruy's portrait bust of His Excellency Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor General of Canada has been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art through the courtesy of Mrs. Laurent Oppenheim, art patron of New York City.

• • •

Mr. Ian Malcolm, who has been on the staff of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Amherst for several months has left for Tatamagouche to which branch he has been transferred. Mr. J.H. Malcolm, his father, was for many years manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia in this city.

• • •

Mrs. C.C. Thompson and two sons have gone over to Halifax to spend Christmas with Lt. Col. Thompson.

• • •

Miss Audrey DeBlois is home from Netherwood School, Rothesay, N.B., to spend the holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. N.H. DeBlois.

• • •

After many happy reunions with relatives and old friends Mrs. Jane Ball and her young daughter, Miss Barbara Ball, left Thursday on return to their home in Shanghai, China. They will be followed by hosts of good wishes for their safe arrival. Mrs. Ball, who is a daughter of Mrs. B. Frank Gates, has been absent from home for many years and was forced to curtail her visit here owing to world war conditions

• • •

Mrs. Hanford L. White and sons Norman and John of Gladstone, Michigan, are spending the Christmas holidays with Mrs. White's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Andrew, East Royalty.

• • •

Miss Reta McLean, R.N., who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLean, Montague, left yesterday on return to Quebec.

• • •

Miss Minnie McKay of the West Kent Teaching Staff is spending the Christmas season in Summerside and Ellerslie.

• • •

Regretful farewells are being said to Miss Helen Oulton who is leaving next Tuesday to take up her future residence in Toronto.

• • •

Miss Isabella Jamieson left Tuesday to spend the holiday season with her sister, Mrs. Fred Johnson, wife of the American Consul at Fredericton, N.B.

• • •

In the fourth month of the "war of nerves," Londoners have recovered from the first chilling fear that gripped them with the declaration of war. So under the nightly blackouts, and behind the tightly drawn shades, there are laughter and gaiety. "Postaage stamp" dance floors, which have mushroomed in scores of sedate hotels that hitherto considered themselves antiseptic to such frills, are symptomatic of the Londoner's reaction to the war-time strain

• • •

Among the older citizens of Moncton, N.B., who are enjoying the Christmas festivities to the fullest are two former Charlottetown citizens, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Knight aged 86 and 83 respectively. Mr. Knight, who has been an active member of St. David's Church Choir in Moncton for over fifty years will be remembered here as organist and choirmaster in Zion Church and with their relatives will join in wishing this venerable couple the joys of the happy holiday season.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. D.R.H. Shaw and Miss Marion Shaw are leaving this morning to spend the holidays with their son Dr. Harold Shaw and Mrs. Shaw and their daughter, Miss Nan Shaw, in Toronto.

• • •

Mrs. Lionel Lindsay of Montreal will be hostess at a small house dance on Tuesday evening, December 26, for her sons, Messrs. Robin and Jeffrey Lindsay.

• • •

An interesting reception was held Monday evening by Rev. J.B.M. Armour and Mrs. Armour, St. Leonard's Avenue, Lawrence Park, Toronto, who have a host of friends in this Province, in honor of Prof. H. F. Armstrong and Miss Armstrong of Montreal. Mrs. Armour welcomed her guests wearing a graceful navy blue gown trimmed with silver. Bronze and gold chrysanthemums were effective in the attractive rooms, and in the dining-room were Christmas decorations. Mrs. F. H. Barlow, Mrs. W. A. Cameron, Mrs. R. H. A. Haslam and Mrs. J. Lovell Murray presided at the supper table, and the assistants inclu Mrs. Ian MacDonald, Miss Mary Harrington, Miss Leonora McCracken, Miss Elizabeth Morton and Miss Anna Stuart.

• • •

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent celebrated his 37th birthday on Wednesday.

• • •

Mrs. John Legate who has been the guest of Rev. Dr. R. M. Legate and Mrs. Legate left this week on return to her home in Hudson, Quebec.

• • •

Mrs. Richard Hinton was one of the hostess to entertain at Bridge this week.

• • •

Miss Evelyn Vail who has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. S.A. Hill has returned to her home in McAdam, N.B.

• • •

The sympathy of a wide circle of friends will go out to Mrs. H.S. Henderson on the sudden death of her mother, Mrs. Dockendorff, which occurred Thursday, while on a Christmas visit to her niece Mrs. Munroe Bruce, in Valleyfield.

• • •

The Misses Carrie and Gladys Holman left this week to spend the holiday season in Montreal.

• • •

Mrs. Edward Crease of Halifax, N. S., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. LeRoy Holman.

• • •

Miss Sue Meadows of Summerside, left yesterday morning to spend the holiday season at her home in Stewiacke, N.S.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Spindle, Summerside, left yesterday to spend Christmas in Cherry Valley.

• • •

Mr. Peter McCreath of Halifax, is spending the Christmas holiday with Mr. and Mrs. W.E. Darby.

• • •

The Duke of Connaught, one of Canada's best-loved Governors-General, went to Aldershot Wednesday to see the Canadian Active Service Force and to express approval of its bearing and discipline. In a black limousine the great-uncle of the King went quietly to C.A.S.F. headquarters with an equerry, Major Hubert Fyers, after a drive around the various barracks and parade grounds where the Canadians are billeted and training. The Duke, who is 89, did not leave his car and no one realized who he was until he was received by Major General A.G.L. McNaughton, commanding the Canadian Forces, who visited here last month.

Merry Christmas

Morning Smile

"ADVANCED EDUCATION"

Mother: "Alfie tells me that they told him in school today as how Columbus travelled 3,000 miles on a gallon."

Faher: "Go on, the boy didn't ought to believe all these motor salesmen's yarns."

Tap Dance Your Way to Good Times

Learn Routines at Home

Fun to dress up in little-girl gingham, tap merrily away to "School Days" as your crowd applauds! How would you like to do such a stunt — solo or with a friend — at your next school or club show?

Quickly you can teach yourself to tap from simple diagrams and instructions. The waltz routine to "School Days" — like all other tap dances — is based on a few easy basic steps like the Brush Forward in our diagram.

To do the Brush Forward, just lift foot back off floor and swing it forward, striking the floor with ball of foot to make a clear tap sound.

Learning all the basic steps is the work of only an hour or two —then fun to start to combine them, work up speed. Keep ankle and knee relaxed, strive for clear tap sounds. And quite fair if at the beginning you hold on to a chair! You'll find you soon are speedy enough for full-length tap dances.

Our 32-page booklet has diagrams and instructions for all the basic steps, shows how to mix them in snappy practice routines. Gives directions for full-length waltz, military and buck routines for shows, parties.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Tap Dancing Simplified to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

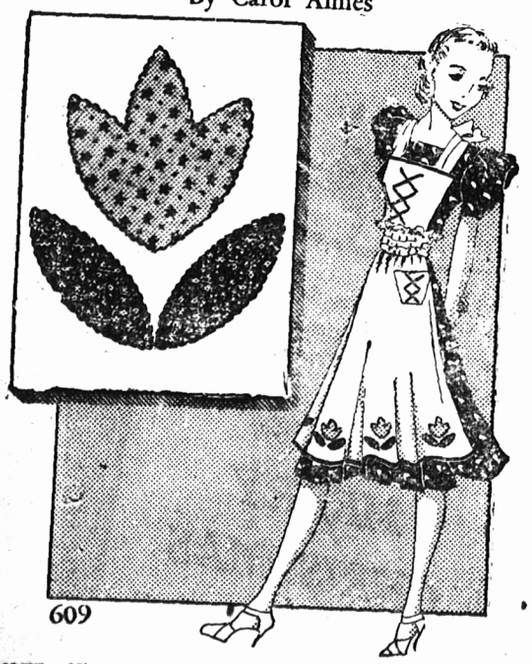
Name

Street Address

City Province

To-Day's Popular Design

By Carol Aimes



NOTE:—Miss Aimes receives at least 200 votes for each design, before it is accepted for this column. Send us your votes. We print all the popular designs.

SUZY-Q HOSTESS APRON
DESIGN NO. 609

Dear Readers: You have repeatedly asked us for a Youthful apron. We think our Suzy-Q answers your desires. Note the pert neck bow and ties, the decorative lacings and the simple but most effective applique trim. Even the men folk will admire this one on you.

The pattern includes all directions for cutting and making the apron just as it is pictured, transfers for the applique flowers and the lacings (which are strips of bias tape or ribbon) and color suggestions. Sizes small, medium and large.

Send 15c, coins preferred.

Pattern Order Form—to be used when ordering patterns and voting for POPULAR DESIGNS.
To Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Dept.
Design No. 609

NAME — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

STREET — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

CITY — — — — — — — — STATE — — — — — — —

I suggest the following as a POPULAR DESIGN — — — — — — —

All reproduction rights to this design reserved.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

A Mother Should Carefully Consider Her Children's Future Welfare Before She Marries a Man Who May Prove to be a Poor Stepfather

Dear Dorothy Dix—For two years I have been engaged to a man who is a fine character in every way and with whom I am very much in love. But here is the problem: He is a widower with children and I am a divorcee with children who are quite a bit younger than his. My children are all fond of him, with the exception of the eldest, and he and my fiance do not seem to even try to get along together. When he starts bickering with my child I get so very provoked. It seems to me that if he loves me, as he says he does, and as he is is much older than my child, he would use a little tact to prevent these disturbances when he knows it upsets me so. Now I love my children and I love my fiance, but would it be wise to marry him under the circumstances? He says that our children should not come between us.

WHAT TO DO.

Answer:

I think it is easy to know what to do in your case. It is to break off your engagement to this man who shows even before marriage that he cannot get along with your children and will make them a bad stepfather.

There are various sorts of hell that we make for ourselves in this world, but no woman prepares for herself such a place of torment as does the widow with children who marries a man who resents her youngsters and who embitters their young lives by his harshness and petty tyrannies. The mother treads her Gehenna who sees her children having all of the gayety and laughter and high spirits of youth crushed out of them by a stepfather who never speaks to them except to correct them; who makes them feel that they are eating the bitter bread of dependence and who, under pretense of disciplining them, vents his vemon against them by beating them.

Yet many a mother has to go through this. She has to see her children have their spirits broken and go about, cowering, pathetic little creatures, knowing they are not wanted. Often she is afraid to show them any love and tenderness herself because it will still further inflame the jealousy of their stepfather and make him treat them worse. And her lot is all the more pitiable if she is fond of her husband and has to act as a buffer between those she loves.

Sometimes a woman blunders ignorantly into marriage with a man who makes a bad stepfather to her children, but you are forewarned as to what will happen to you if you put your fiance over your children. Furthermore, there are his children, who will still further complicate the situation. So if you are not a candidate for martyrdom, stay as you are Women with children take the most desperate of all matrimonial gambles when they marry, because it takes virtually a he-angel to pinch-hit as a father to another man's children. For children are not the little cherubs in real life that they are in fiction. They are dirty and noisy and quarrelsome and mischievous, and while these traits seem cute and interesting in our own darlings, they are nerve-rasping in other people's children. Also, not many men enjoy toiling to support their stepchildren, and they are nearly always consumed with jealousy of them.

Such being the case, the widow with children should be very sure that she is the favorite daughter of Lady Luck before she marries again.

• • •

Don't Let Self-Pity Overcome You

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a happily married man, near 40, with a fine wife, three lovely children and a nice home. My widowed mother, who is financially independent, lives alone, her other two married children residing out of the city. Now my mother has absolutely no outside interests, doesn't care for friends, radio, movies, reading, traveling, parties, anything just sits home and mopes. She makes demands on me and my time continually. She depends on me for entertainment and, as I am a busy man, I cannot spend my time amusing her. I hate to see my mother unhappy, and, as she complains more and more lately, saying she is all alone and not long for this world, well, I am at my wits' end to know what to do. As I contact her at least once a day, either by phone or in person, I feel that I am doing the best I can, but she isn't satisfied. So what?

WORRIED SON.

Answer:

The only thing that you can do is to just quit worrying over your mother's unreasonable demands and firmly refuse to yield to them. Also, try to realize that when she weeps and tells you how lonely and forlorn she is she isn't suffering a particle. She is having the time of her life just wallowing in self-pity.

Otherwise she wouldn't do it. If she wanted companionship she would have it. If she wanted to be amused she would go about it. If she wanted entertainment she would find it. So don't be cruel enough to deprive your mother of her chief joy, which consists in posing as a martyr. When old people get selfish and unreasonable and childish they should be treated like children—kindly and tenderly, but their whims should no more be catered to than those of a spoiled brat.

Go to see your mother as often as you can conveniently, but don't let her make a victim of you.

Preparing for Marriage

Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl of 16 and I am trying to prepare myself to make some man a good wife some day. I have learned to sew and cook, and now I want to study home economy, budgeting and the financial problems of housekeeping. Where can I get some books on this subject?

ALICE.

Answer:

Your bank will show you how to run a budget; and your librarian will advise you about the best books on home economics.

But what a wife you will make, and how lucky will be the man who will get you! Fancy a bride who will have prepared herself for the matrimonial career beforehand, and who will not have to learn how to cook at the expense of her poor husband's stomach nor throw half of his salary into the garbage can! I should think you would have a line of suitors that would stretch around the block.

DOROTHY DIX.

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

(By FRANCES DRAKE)
(Copyright, 1939, King Features Syndicate Inc.)
Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

For Saturday, December 23rd

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries) —On favored list, especially for you born after Apr. 3; cheering a downhearted friend, saying an unnecessary and extra kind word and practicing silence at criticism. With this recipe plus today's friendly stars, you'll "wow 'em!" And you other Ariens: More steady pers.stence and determination, please!

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus) —Plenty to be said in favor of this fine day. But let us not talk, let us DO! And do quietly, consively, efficiently. Work hard but honestly to convert others to your viewpoint.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)—You'll probably prefer the intellectual — you can profit on this, too. Conviviality (a natural with the better YOU) is precisely what today needs. Action!

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)—Start early — and start RIGHT. There should be no time lost having to retrace steps because of thoughtleessness or carelessness. Favorable aspects ask you to be up and doing. Look for unexpected, though perhaps, small gains.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)—From several angles you are advised to watch personal matters closely, check on budget items and lay up for yourself spiritual treasures. Reverie and meditation will refresh your mind, brighten your outlook. Rays favorable on whole.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — Have a hearty laugh, take time to chat a while with a good friend—and read, or listen to an elecating bit of literature. It's a star-friendly day, and it asks cooperation!

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — If you can give, then be able to take—be it criticism, favors or whatever....And go more than halfway to meet a worthy proposition or cause this splendid day. Study, plan.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — Don't waste time with unnecessary details and matters others can and should be attending to while you should be accomplishing bigger things. And don't neglect occasional healthy exercise (for your mind as well as body.) Watch diet.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — You ought to be able to do extra work today—get ahead for tomorrow. Monetary gains is favored, especially for you born after Dec. 6. News of interest. Be conscientious.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — If you are on the up and up with yourself, you'll recognize quickly habit drawbacks, correct them pronto, and try in every way to present only a very capable, genial successful YOU. Don't keep changing well made plans. Eliminate non-essentials.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) — Born before Feb. 7? Particularly protect finances, business interests, work matters. You born after Feb. 6: Be industrious about keeping your personal affairs in order. Don't let the gloomy moods of others affect you.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — Excellent star aspects today. The passions should be well controlled. Be a willing student. You are superior to many of your associates — keep developing your mental faculties.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY should look forward to a most useful, interesting life. It has a deep nature. May be so quiet and thoughtful its profound mentality will not be thoroughly appreciated. May often be disappointed, but will seldom give up trying. Should associate with bright, quick-thinking people. Plenty of fresh air a tonic.

A young widow commissioned a monument mason to inscribe on her husband's tombstone, "My sorrow is more than I can bear." Before the work was finished the widow married again, and the mason asked her if she still wanted the inscription. "Yes," she replied, "but just add the word 'alone' at the end".

Seasons Greetings

PRISONER IN MAJORCA

By BENTLEY RIDGE

Copyright

"Oh, I say, did I hurt you? I'm awfully sorry!" He stepped forward involuntarily, to see for himself.

"It's nothing at all!" She put her hands behind her, and he found himself with nowhere to look but into her eyes—and what eyes they were! Capable of all things, it seemed; of wrath, of passionate determination, scorn; and now a brilliant friendly humility much more unnerving than anything else.

"But I am very sorry!" he managed to say, in spite of various startling sensations. "I'm afraid I behaved very badly.'

"And I—good heavens, I pushed you overboard!"

"Oh well," he laughed. "You have guts!" he told her, crudely.

"I'm terrible!" She shook her head, and asked: "Where are we bound for now?"

"St. Raphael," said Roger, rather fearing that the fact might be too much for her new amiability.

But she only shrugged her shoulders as she turned to the door, asking meekly enough: "Is Geoffrey on deck?"

"Yes."

"Thanks!"

She walked along the swaying passage. He followed her at a few yards' distance with a glow in his veins. He did not want her to feel that he still had her under surveillance.

As they came up on the deck, Geoffrey saw her, and rose immediately, and came towards her, frowning eagerly. He shot an unamiable glance at Roger. Roger walked past forward, and left them to talk. He heard Geoffrey say something about "gun" and "lunatic," and gathered he was under discussion. Roger looked forward over the bows, steadying himself on a stanchion. He wished now that he had left Geoffrey behind on the wharf at Marseilles. The wind whipped his face and made his eyes smart. When he turned to see how far they had made from the shore, Kitty and Geoffrey were sitting on the cabin top, heads bent, still talking.

But when Charlie rang a bell below, and Kitty and Geoffrey rose, Roger saw Kitty look towards him. She gestured him to come. . . .

Since she beckoned there was nothing to do but to go.

He followed them down the companion and into the saloon.

Charlie — transformed by a white coat—served tea and sandwiches.

Kitty's mood seemed to have become more complex again. Geoffrey preserved a cold silence which he broke only to speak to her in an undertone deliberately calculated for Roger's exclusion. Kitty seemed dejected, and gradually her eyes began to burn when she looked at Roger, if not with dislike, with a passionate emotion which was almost as disquieting.

A FEAST OF HATE

He guessed that the steady progress of the "Glorious Kate" in the direction of St. Raphael was getting on her nerves.

She spent the rest of the afternoon stretched out on an air-bed spread on the cabin roof. Wrapped in a furry brown coat, she lay motionless with her face buried in her arms, in a manner that did not invite company. Geoffrey sat in the saloon with his feet on the table reading a book and drinking lager.

Roger heard Captain Cullen's praises of the engine and the particular merits of the "Glorious Kate." He took the wheel for a while.

The elation of accomplishing his mission had worn off.

He felt like a gaoler. He had not chosen the part of a champion of cautious age against romantic youth. Life had chosen him for it.

To-morrow this brief interlude out in the wind on the open sea would be over. He would be back on the job of distributing hardware all over the six continents—on paper. Making money for E. C. Smallbridge, while Europe struggled . . .

He had to stick to it because that was his job. He wasn't free.

"Confound them!" he thought of Geoffrey and Kitty. "My sacrifice is as great as theirs. They can risk their skins if they want to. I have had to accept premature old age!"

Soon after six o'clock a smoke stack appeared on the southern horizon.

"Italian destroyers," said Captain Cullen, handing the glasses to Roger.

Roger focussed the warships, grey, beetle-like things, under their pennants of smoke. He watched them until thye were out of sight in the west. They were his first glimpse of the reality of the war.

At seven o'clock Captain Cullen took the wheel. Charlie rang a bell below for dinner. There was nothing for Roger to do but to set his teeth, and go down and have it. There were wild clouds in the west, with the evening star floating clear among them, like a reflection in water . . .

His ears glowed, coming out of the wind into the warmth below.

The other two were already at the table.

Roger wore a grey jersey of Cullen's over the dungarees. He was glad to see that neither Geoffrey nor Kitty had changed. She was still wearing th efurry brown coat she had worn on deck. She sat huddled at the table and had a frozen look. When he sat down, he met her eyes, brilliant and yet sombre in her pale face.

The last sight he had had of the evening sky with the star in it came into his head again.

The air was tense; and the storm was obviously about to burst. Charlie served fried soles, a gateau St. Honore, cheese and fruit.

Kitty refused to eat anything.

"My dear girl, what is the good of starving yourself?" said Geoffrey.

Kitty, with her elbows on the able, cast a hateful glance at Riger, then put her head down in her hands, her slender white fingers clutching desperately among the dark curls, and said ragingly:

"Why don't you throw that man overboard?"

"Now don't be foolish, Kitty!" said Geoffrey, covering his discomfort at the suggestion with a certain hauteur.

Roger stinging under the affront, returned with a cool smile: "You seem to manage that pretty well your.elf."

She looked at him with sombre respair and said bitterly:

"Yes; it's funny, isn't it, Mr. Kent? In your nice, safe, soft job with father you can afford to laugh. It's just a joke to you that men are struggling and dying for freedom in Spain!"

Roger had expected her to say something of the sort. To impress her with his calm, but not quite aware how maddening that calm must be to her, he helped himself to fruit.

"Heavens above!" she burst out. How like sheep some people are. Just about as wooden-headed and unimaginative! Father comes to St. Raphael just the same to enjoy the sun. He wouldn't give ten minutes of the precious time he gives to making money to thinking about human freedom or anything else. People like father are supported by other people who think they can make money out of father—and so it goes!"

Roger made no reply, but he felt very bitter. "People who think they can make money out of father——" Easy for her to despise the need to make a living, when her father had made her so deuced comfortable—!

"As for the Englishmen who have gone to Spain to fight for what they believe to be right," she went on, "they're just fools, according to father. They deserve anything they get! That's my father's attitude in the matter, Mr. Kent. I suppose you would agree with him?"

"I wouldn't say that they have any right to expect other Englishmen—or Englishwomen—to run risks to get them out of a mess if they're in one," replied Roger, meeting her eye with steady defence, though he didn't feel any great inner conviction.

"Oh, yes," said Kitty. "By all means. Let us all pass by on the other side! It's been done often enough before!"

Her tone was withering.

(To be Continued)

The Housewife And Her Activities

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE!

One Christmas Eve old Santa's sleigh
Got stuck right in the snow,
And what to do with his big pack
The good saint didn't know;
The reindeer pulled with all their might
And, suddenly, the sleigh
Began to move and, filled with joy,
The good man rode away.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

One of the greatest joys of Christmas festival is the spirit of giving. Look around you after the holiday and you will find, almost invariably, that those who have enjoyed it most are the ones who laid themselves out to give someone else a good time.

There are of course, men and women, restless and unsatisfied at heart, vaguely aware that they are not getting the best out of life, who try to deceive themselves that they are enjoying the festival by carrying its grosser pleasures to excess.

Too much eating, too much drinking,
Too much everything, but thinking!

as Leigh Hunt wrote. But these can continue in that way only for a time. With a certainty that they cannot avert, the day comes when the body rebels against such abuse, when health will no longer endure it. Then, they realize that they have lived through the greater part of life without discovering any real joy in Christmas.

So they blame Christmas. Never do they censure themselves. Accustomed by life-long error to seek happiness among their surroundings, or to buy it with money, they feel that the world is cheating them of something, or that the whole convention of Christmas is an imposture.

The message of the Christmas bells would set them right if such people would sit and listen....and reflect. Christmas is a creation of the spirit. Its heart, its centre is in sacred places. If many men and women who capture its joy are not notably religious, they are persons who by accident perhaps, or guided by religious instincts long neglected but never dead, have stumbled upon the truth which religion teaches.

And that truth is that at all times happiness is found only in service to others. Such is the teaching of Christ, and there can be no truly joyous celebration of the birth of Him whose life was consecrated to the service of humanity, than in following His example.

Easy at all times, opportunities for such service were never more easily rendered than today. A world in which material progress has failed to bring what mankind is seeking, is hungering and thirsting for proof that mankind is something more than a "pitcher of vipers each trying to get its head above the rest." There is a yearning for evidence that there survives still in human hearts those virtues of selfishness and devotion to unworldly things that are associated with those old grey steeples and ivy-mantled towers from which the bells will soon send forth their message of goodwill to men.

Isolated, impulsive acts of charity are not enough. They are as matches which illuminate dark places for a moment, and then flicker out, leaving the darkness more oppressive than before they were struck.

What the bells call for is the initiation of a new order—not in legislatures or in the fastness of dictators, but in each human heart, an order in which life shall be based, no longer upon self, but upon the Christian foundation of service to others.

An old and generally successful remedy to exterminate crickets is a cup of dry plaster of paris, two cups fine oatmeal and two teaspoons castor sugar, well mixed and lightly strewed in the places infested. This is also one of the best remedies for rats and mice, blackbeetles and cockroaches.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Chiffon Pumpkin Pie

1 tablespoon gelatin
4 tablespoons cold water
1 1-4 cups cooked pumpkin
1 cup brown sugar
1-2 cup rich milk
3-4 teaspoons salt
1-2 teaspoon cinnamon
1-2 teaspoon nutmeg
3-4 teaspoon ginger
3 eggs

(Method: Soak the gelatin in the cold water for 5 minutes. Mix the pumpkin, sugar and milk and add the spices. Heat these in a double boiler and then pour over the well-beaten egg yolks. Return to the fire nad cook until the filling thickens, stirring constantly. Remove and add the gelatin, stirring until it dissolves and the filling is smooth. Cool until it begins to congeal, then fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites.

Add a half cup of chopped nuts if you like that combination, and turn into a well-baked pie shell. Chill until perfectly firm, then serve plain or with a topping of whipped cream sweetened and flavored with brown sugar and ginger.

New Fall Fashions And Winter Styles

A mere whisp of a tea apron for a bride; a daintily trimmed, wide shouldered one for the fashion wise housewife; and a more practical but equally pretty printed one for the woman who likes to go into the kitchen. Even if you are a novice with the needle you will love making these simple, dainty bits of useful household apparel for yourself or as Santa Claus' helper.

Style No. 2810 is designed for sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires 2-3 yard of 35 inch material. Including two styles.

Style No. 2839 is designed for sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires 1 5-8 yard of 39-inch material. Includes two styles.

Style No. 3488 is designed for sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires 2 1-4 yards of 39-inch material.

Send fifteen (15c) (coin is prefered) for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number Be sure to state the size you wish.

Style No. 2810 2839 and 3488 Size...

Name

Street Address

City Province