Woman's Realm — Social and Personal — Fashions — Literature

SECOND CHANCE

By HOLLOWAY HORN

WITHIN THE GATES

The man who had so perturbed Mr. Mumford was at that moment giving up his ticket at the exit of platform three in Mossford station. He had caught the eight-fifty from London and reached Mossford—a town he had never previously visited—just after eleven. He was a man of possibly thiry-five, but his hair was already touched with grey at the temples and his sharp cut features were deeply lined. His clothes were good, but an expert would have noticed that although they bore the unmistakeable stamp of Saville Row—or one of the half dozen streets in the immediate neighborhood thereof— they were not quite in the current style. Few people would have noticed the fact, for men's clothes change in few and unimportant details; but they do change and the expert would have seen that John Ferguson's clothes were at least three years old. He had two suit-cases with him, and after a certain hesitation deposited the larger in a cloak room and went down the broad steps of the station into London Road.

His first view of the main thoroughfare of Mossford was not unpleasing. Compared with London—the traffic of which for several days past had been almost too much for him—there was a leisurely air about it. The people did not seem in such a hurry, nor was life, apparently, keyed to the same high pitch. The shops were smaller and not so impersonal as they had seemed in London; most of them gave one the impression that they were run by the man who owned them and that he was waitinn inside to serve one. Curiously enough, John Fingal Ferguson felt very much less of a stranger in the town he had never seen before than he had done in London—the town in which the greater part of his life was spent.

He bought a copy of the "Mossford Gazette" and turned into a modest restaurant to obtain a meal. Steak, chip-potatoes, and apple pie, together with a cup of excellent coffee cost one and eightpence, and when the meal was over Ferguson opened the paper. The column he sought—"Rooms to let: Furnished"—proved to contain a reasonably varied selection.

"I wonder," he asked the bright-faced waitress, "if you have a map of Mossford?"

"Certainly," she said, and produced one apparently published by one of the local house-agents.

He found Bridge Street—a turning off the London Road—and several of the streets in which furnished rooms were advertised to be let. Number five, Manor Street seemed to be the most hopeful. It was less than a quarter of a mile away from the office of Trevowes Ltd. in Bridge Street, and he could, apparently, get back to it for his mid-day meal.

It proved, however, to be one of those slightly depressing streets which can be found in every town and suburb—the streets of which have come down in the world. Largish houses which had, years before, been family residences of the better class, but which now contained a big proportion of boarding or lodging houses.

Number five was one of the more attractive. From the street it appeared to be clean and neat and it exhibited no sign that it contained rooms to be let.

Ferguson's knock was answered by a middle-aged woman who was in keeping with the neat appearance of the house.

"Good-afternoon," Ferguson said. "I noticed your advertisement in the 'Gazette.'"

"About the room? Come inside, please," she said, after looking him up and down.

"Thank you."

He followed her into the hall where a big grandfather clock was ticking somnolently.

"This," she said, opening a door at the back, "would be the sitting room. Its very small, of course, but its cosy and it looks out on to the garden."

"I don't want a big one," said Ferguson. It certainly looks cosy—as you say."

He looked round the room. Actually it was the first time in his life that he had ever sought accomodation, and it struck him as very much more attractive than he had imagined it would be. It was small, but it was comfortably furnished, clean and appeared to be quiet.

"I think this might do," he said. "What of the bedroom?"

"I'll show you."

That, too, was small, but it would do.

"And your terms?"

"For full board? Thirty-two shillings. You are not a Mossford man?"

"No. I'm a London man," he said with a smile. "I've just got a new job in the office of Trevowe's, the boot manufacturers. My name is Ferguson."

"And when do you wish to come?" "I've just got here from London. I start on Monday morning at Trevowe's. If its convenient I could get the rest of my luggage from the station and settle in at once."

"Very good, Mr. Ferguson. My husband used to work at Trevowe's. I'm a widow."

"Indeed?"

"My niece is there now. She's the secretary of Mr. Mumford."

"He's the gentleman I have an appointment with. Well I'm glad that's all settled, then."

"My name is Mrs. Gaddesden," she told him

"Then I'll be back for tea, Mrs. Gaddesden. I'll leave this bag now, if I may."

Manor street seemed to have shed its depressing air when he got out, but the change was in Ferguson himself. Mrs. Gaddesden was a comfortable, homely person and gave him the impression of a woman who would not be unduly curious, a woman who would mind her own business. The house itself— and certainly by his two rooms—were cheerful, and as he walked through the strange town he felt that he had at least made a good start in this new life.

"THIS IS MY NIECE."

He was in no hurry and made his way to Bridge Street to find the office where his new job would begin on Monday. He had not anticipated anything so modern, and discovered that the offices and warehouse ocupied the whole of an inland site. It was apparently deserted.

But all the buses in the London Road were crowded, for Mossford Rangers were playing at home.

A different world, he decided. And he was grateful that he was in it. A new world, with new ideals and new interests—and new hopes.

He recovered his suit-case from the cloak room and since it was heavy he took a taxi back to Manor Street. He had been away for less than an hour but he found that Mrs. Gaddesden had lit a fire in the little sitting room.

"The place gets to feel a little damp if its not used," she explained.

"Its very kind of you, Mrs. Gaddesden."

"What time would you like your tea?"

"Any time you like. Five o'clock?"

"We usualy only have supper afterwards," she explained. "Most of the gentlemen I have here prefer that. We usually have a bit of haddock or something to the tea, of course."

"I shall leave it to you Mrs. Gaddesden," he said with a smile.

It was an excellent tea, far more of a meal than the teas which are served in London, and it certainly precluded the idea of a further heavy meal. He had some books with him and decided that, in spite of everything, he was lucky.

There are times in most men's lives when they feel that luck is dead against them, that any effort on their part is bound to be futile. And usually it is some trivial act which shows them that they are wrong. Ferguson's purchase of the "Mossford Gazette" had been done on an impulse and he felt that it marked a turning point. It had been the first thing he had done in this new, strange town and it had led him to Number Five.

But melancholy thoughts crept back to him.

Saturday night in Mossford in a town where he did not know a soul. And the next day would be Sunday. But he pushed them on one side. He would stroll round the town, walk out into the country. Read. There were a hundred things he could do. He turned from the window round to the fire and switched on the light.

Presently Mrs. Gaddesden came in to clear away the meal.

"My niece has had tea with me, Mr. Ferguson," she said. "I wondered if you would like a word with her. She's at Trevowe's as I told you."

"I should, very much," he said. "It is kind of you to suggest it."

"Then come into my room. She may be able to help you. Its always a bit of an ordeal going to a new place."

"It is, indeed."

She led the way to a very comfortable room in what is technically known as the half-basement: "Mr. Ferguson, this is my niece, Miss Donovan."

"How do you do?" Mary Donovan asked. "What a strange thing that you should have come to Auntie's."

"I think its a very lucky thing," he said.

"We were talking about you this morning at the office," she went on.

"Indeed."

"Yes. Mr. Trevowe told us you were coming. I'm Mr. Mumford's secretary."

"I'm afraid it will be all very new to me," he said.

"You've been in an office before?"

"Oh, yes. I had a look at Trevowe's this afternoon," he said with a smile.

(To be continued)

STYLE CONTRASTS

The first of several group rehearsals for the great Fashion Contracts Dress Display to be held at the Dorchester, London, on April 4, has just taken place. The various groups which include "Some of Our Grandmothers' and "Girl of the Period" sections are rehearsing almost every day now.

The Fashion Contrasts Dress Display will take the form of a gala luncheon which the Duchess of Gloucester, who is wearing particarly smart and becoming clothes this season, has promised to attend.

Do you know how refreshing Kellogg's Corn Flakes and milk taste at bedtime? Not only delicious, but a real aid to restful sleep — so easy to digest.

Enjoy oven-fresh Kellogg's any time you're hungry. Always ready to serve. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ont.

Kellogg's FOR AN EVENING SNACK

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The World Owes Homage to the Old Maids Who Go Through Life Doing Good Deeds for Others But Get Little Credit, Even From Those Who Benefit From Their Beneficence

Dear Miss Dix—We have a Mothers Day and a Fathers Day and a Be Kind to Animals Day, and in Texas they have even a Mother-in-Laws Day. Why not an Old Maids Day? Why don't we set apart one day during the year to pay a tribute to the many old maids whose lives have been sacrificed for others?

MARIE S.

Answer:

I don't know. Maybe it is because most elderly unmarried women resent being called old maids and would take it as an insult instead of a compliment to have public attention focused upon their being unappropriated blessings. You can't very well cheer for dear old Miss Susan who isn't proud of being a Miss instead of a Missus.

But, anyhow and anyway, I am strong for the old maids whether they chose the single estate, or it was wished upon them. And I am ready to throw confetti, or march in a procession, or wear a flower in my buttonhole, or attend a banquet, or do any other old thing in their honor.

And I think it will be a fine thing for all of us to be forced to remember for one day in a year what we forget the remainder of the time: that is what we owe to the women who are the cornerstones of the churches, the philanthropies, the cultures and the civic movements in every community and who, having no families of their own, pinch-hit for all the mothers, sisters and aunts who can't or won't, make the grade. They offer up their lives as sacrifices on the altars of strangers without even expecting a reward of love and gratitude. Theirs the cross without the crown of glory.

There is the name of many an old maid written large on the scroll of fame—Florence Nightingale, the saint of modern nursing; Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross; Jane Addams, social worker and founder of Hull House; Frances Willard, founder of the Women's Christian Temperance Union; Christabel Pankhurst, organizer of the women's suffrage movement in England; Susan B. Anthony, who did more than any one else to give American women the right to vote; Mary Lyon, pioneer of education in the United States, founder of Mount Holyoke oCllege, and an endless list of other spinsters whose work is art, in literature, in science, in commerce have won the respect and admiration of the world.

But the old maids whom we should honor most are the unhonored and the unsung Aunt Carries, Aunt Sallies and Sister Sues of whom the world never hears. They are the saints and martyrs who have denied themselevs love and marriage to stay at home and take care of querulous old people, or to support younger brothers and sisters and give them their chance. They are the pennyless old women, whose life earnings have gone to educate nieces and nepnews who do not even remember to be grateful and who need an Old Maids Day to remind them of what they owe to Aunt Hattie.

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Dear Dorothy Dix—We are two young men still in our teens and we are both in love with the same girl. She does not seem able to make a choice and leaves us swinging in the balance of uncertainty. Because of old-fashioned social laws, we feel an obligation to our parents not to marry just yet. Can you solve our problem?

JAMES AND OLIVER.

Answer:

Easily. Don't take puppy love too seriously, and that will enable both of you to love the same girl without any complications or hard feelings. Just try to realize that the mere fact that you have both chosen the same object for your affections proves that you are in the embryotic state in which you have no individuality of taste or judgment.

You have to conform to the general pattern. You have to wear the same kind of clothes that the other boys wear, play the same games, eat the same food, go to the same places and rush the same girls. That is why you and your friend have fallen for the same sweetie and probably the reason she can't choose between you is that you are so much alike that she can't tell one from the other.

But I am glad to hear that you feel that you have an obligation to your parents that makes you hesitate to marry while still in your teens and while you have no way of supporting a wife. There is nothing more dastardly and contemptible that young people can do than to get married before they are able to even make a living for themselves and dump their husbands or wives and babies on their poor old parents. The "old-fashioned social law," as you call it, that demands that a man shall be able to meet his own responsibilities before he marries is one that I trust will not be scrapped.

* * * * * * *

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have a couple of married friends who make everybody very uncomfortable and embarrassed by doing their petting in public. Even at a party they can't get through an hour without rushing into each other's arms and kissing which is, of course, nauseating to all beholders. They justify it by saying that they are married and they love each other. I am so fed up with it that I don't think I can stand it much longer. What do you think?

DISGUSTED.

Answer:

Methinks they do profess too much, and I would like to bet dollars to doughnuts that instead of billing and cooing at home they bite each other.

Husbands and wives who really love each other don't feel called upon to give public exhibitions of their affection and advertise their devotion. They prove it by unobstrusive little acts of consideration. Most of the husbands and wives who "darling" and "sweetums" and "precious one" each other in company fight like cats and dogs when in the bosom of the family, and hurl insulting epithets at each other.

Anyway, a public display of affection is always in bad taste and shows a lack of refinement and an utter disregard of the feelings of others. Petting parties should be strictly private affairs.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

MOULDED SALMON AND CUCUMBER SALAD

This is an epicure's dish and truly one of the nicest summer luncheon dishes I know.

One pound can of red salmon (or flaked cold boiled salmon) 1-2 tablespoon salt, 1 1-2 tablespoons sugar, 1-2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon mustard, few grains cayenne, yolks 2 eggs, 1 1-2 tablespoons melted butter, ¾ cup milk, ¼ cup vinegar ¾ tablespoons granulated gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, diced cucumber. Remove salmon from can, drain and flake it. Mix dry ingredients add egg yolks, butter, milk and vinegar. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add gelatine soaked in cold water. Strain and add to salmon and let cool, then add 1 cup diced fresh cucumber and pour into individual damp moulds and chill. Serve turned out on watercress, and garnish with sticks of cucumber and pass mayonnaise.

In the above recipe shrimps or tuna may be used in place of salmon, and celery in place of the cucumber.

We were taught to make Perfection Salad as our introduction to Moulded Salads in school and the shredded cabbage and olive combination have always been a favorite with me.

RHUBARB CONSERVE

Three cups chopped rhubarb, 1 orange, ¼ lb. blanched almonds, 1 large pineapple, 1 lemon, 5 cups sugar. To the chopped rhubarb add the pineapple also chopped, the juice and rind of the lemon and orange, the sugar and the almonds. Place in a kettle and simmer gently for 1 hour, then pour into clean, hot, sterlized glasses and seal. Of course the almonds may be omitted but they give this its fine touch.

The following recipe for Rhubarb Relish is practical for those housewives who have Rhubarb on hand in their gardens or whose pickle shelf is empty and needs refilling without too much cost.

TOMATO JELLY

To one 2 1-2 can of tomatoes, add 1 teaspoon each salt and powdered sugar, 1 slice onion, 4 cloves, ¼ leaf of bay, and let simmer for 10 minutes. In the meantime soak 1 1-2 tablespoons gelatine in 3 tablespoons cold water, and when done strain hot tomatoes over gelatine and stir until gelatine is dissolved.

It is now ready to mound. Another suggestion you might like is to place whole sardines in the centre of the tomato jelly this is very pretty when done in a ring mould.

A New Solvent Found That Makes Corns Go

One or two drops of this solvent makes a corn shrivel up very quickly. After a few applications of the solvent the kernel of the corn drops right off. The public can get this excellent corn solvent in any drug store by asking for **Putnam's Corn Extractor**, No soar no pain, no pinching from tight shoes. You can dance or walk in comfort. Be sure you use only **Putnam's Corn Extractor**. Satisfaction guaranteed. 35c per bottle.

Home Service

Look for Lucky Stars in Your Palm

Each Star a Special Gift

Do you seek love, money, power? Read your palm and know your luck.

A star on any finger tip means luck's yours in everything. Sex appeal's your gift if your star's on the Mount of Venus; be confident in love. Wealth, says a star on the Mount of Apollo; power, on Jupiter.

If you're starless, find your fate in the lines, the shape of your hand. Is the third finger long, the base prominent? You're a "lucky Apollonian"; easy for you to make money, win friends.

Some signs say: "Take care!" Are your hands soft, boneless? You're too yielding. Does your Heart Line begin below the second finger? A Saturnian man's your fate. He's not impressionable, so be clever.

Learn the whole of your story of your palm. Our 32-page diagramed booklet tells you how to read palms with ease, amuse yourself, interest friends.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of "Secrets of Palmistry" Address. Be sure to write plantly your Name, Adress, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

The Housewife And Her Activities

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament.
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran —
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

VIOLINE REDS

The violine influence on reds is maintained, but blues highlight navy in dark or light, sapphire, and light soft shades like flax, pale horizon, or brighter sky.

Turning from gold to self color, Molyneux embroiders collar and pockets of a black wool dress with shiny black sequins, and accompanies it by a tall hat similarly embroidered.

There are three things that ought to be considered before some things are spoken —the manner, the place, and the time.

For wear with separate boleros and skirts are frilled blouses in pastel rayon with stand-up frill around the neck which extends down the front to the point where the bolero separates at front. Blouses in bright stripes or florals are also worn with boleros. Some have scarf sashes to tie about the waist.

* * *

Persian lamb again will be the fur choice for next year's winter coats.

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For daytime and evening wear, boleros of suede, silk lined, in dusty pink and light blue are being shown. And for practical wear with slacks there is the short-sleeved bolero of sharkskin.

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Not only are scarfs and sweaters in gay colored knits for spring, but street and formal dresses in the same medium have been chosen by Paris dressmakers for smart wear. Customers are advised to choose this type of wear and "be gay, young and confident."

* * *

One of the new spring models is a bolero dress of navy thin woolen, with the bolero faced with white pique and the waistline girdled in navy taffeta.

A new anti-speed gadget for automobiles plays a funeral hymn when the speedometer reaches 60 miles an hour.

TWO-STOREY FROCKS

One-piece dresses which have a shirtwaist and skirt effect are a refreshing change from dark winter dresses and an excellent addition to a spring wardrobe. These new, two-story frocks show a full silhouette; the blouses have dressmaker details, are of chiffon or fine crepe, with full sleeves either wrist or elbow length and are seen in soft, pastel shades, or in a gay small figured print on a dark ground; the skirts are dark, knife-pleated and belted at the waist.

Try a little powdered whiting in the water for washing white paint; it is wonderful what a diffference it will make.

* * *

Use dough or stale bread to clean wall-paper, rubbing the smooth way of the paper, which is generally from the top downwards.

* * *

When patching wallpaper, remember to tear the edges of the patch and it will hardly be noticed.

* * *

To clean distemper, sponge lightly with warm soapy water, then follow up with cold water. Work from below upwards in even strips.

* * *

When calculating the amount of distemper for a wall, a 7lb. tin will cover 20 square yards.

* * *

To clean a ceiling which has been blackened with smoke, mix some starch into a paste with cold water and apply a layer to the discolored part with a piece of flannel When dry, brush off and the discoloration will have disappeared.

CENTURIES OF CHILDHOOD REPRESENTED IN EXHIBIT

More than 800 years of childhood will be represented by toys and clothes and pictures in the exhibition which Queen Mary hopes to attend. This will be staged at Dame Alice Godman's house in Pont street, London, where the Royal Ameteur Art Society are holding their annual exhibition.

Queen Mary will see again the antique rattle given to the Queen for here elder daughter, Princess Elizabeth, and used in the Royal nurseries as almost the first toy, and a doll, 150 years old, that has been sent from Kensington Palace by Princess Alice Countess of Athlone.

A Morning Smile

"What comes down faster than wood?"

"Stone."

"Faster than stone?"

"Iron."

"Faster than iron?"

"Stock."

A youngster in Boy Scout uniform found an envelope containing tickets. The envelope bore a name and address, and the boy accompanied by his young brother went there at once.

On accepting the tickets, the owner thanked the boy and offered him a quarter.

"Sorry, I'm a Scout", said the boy. "It's my good deed for the day."

The man was on the point of returning the quarter to his pocket, when the Scout went on: "But my brother isn't a Scout."

A THOROUGH EXAMINATION

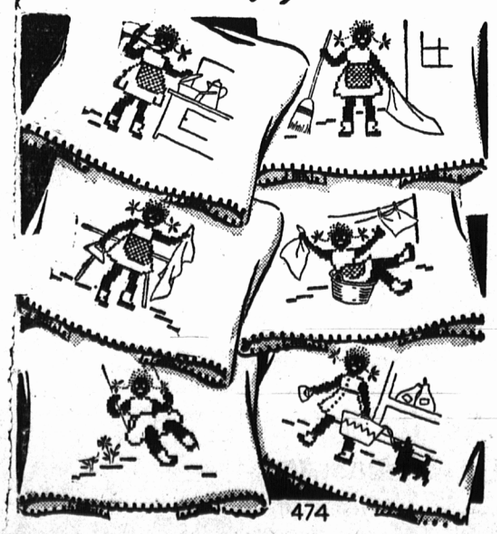
with latest scientific instruments will give the prescription which allows you to use your eyes without strain.

Avoid the headaches and irritations of even slight eyestrain.

Know your eyes, consult

G. F. Hutcheson

Pickaninny Tea Towels by Mayfair



MAYFAIR NO. 474

A piccanninny is probably the most appealing little individual in the world. Our designer has drawn this one in amusing attitudes to decorate a set of six tea towels. She is worked entirely in cross stitch with French knots for hair.

The pattern includes transfer for the designs, color combinations and working instructions for the towels.

For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs, send 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. 474

Name

Street Address

City Province

HELPS Sickly Women Who are Depressed

To Get "PEP," AMBITION, Test DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS

The following letter tells how a very sick lady recovered health and strength.

"Last winter I was sick with grippe, and when spring came I was weak, bilious, and rheumatic, my head ached every morning. I didn't get any help till I tried Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They took the yellow color out of my face, put new tone in my stomach, and increased my appetite. The bilious attacks and rheumatic pains gradually departed. Dr Hamilton's Pills made a new woman of me."

This was the experience of Miss Nanette Cadieux. What Dr. Hamilton's Pills did for her they may do also for you. Commence treatment without delay.

DR HAMILTON'S PILLS TONE the SYSTEM

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Rose Bushes

When watering a rose bush, the best method to follow is to allow the hose to run on the ground around the bush so that the water will seep into the ground. The roots require an abundance of water, but not the foliage.

Clean All Fruit

It is a wise practice to wipe off all fruit with a damp cloth when it comes from the market, not only to clean it from dust, but also to check any rot from infected fruit with which it may have come in contact.

Setting Colors

To set colors in cotton goods before washing the first tme, soak for twenty minutes in cold water, to which a handful of salt has been added.

How Can I ? ?

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q.How can I keep long-stemmed flowers fresh for many days?

A. By splitting the stems with a sharp knife every day. Many people prefer this method to the cutting off of the stems, as the long stems can thus be retained for the life of the flowers

Q. How can I strengthen new glassware?

A. By placing it in a vessel of slightly salted water, letting it come to a boil slowly, then boil throughoy, followed by cooling slowly. The slower this treatment is done, the more effective will be the result.

Q. How can I remove perfume stains from linen?

A. Peroxide of hydrogen will usually remove perfume stains from linen.

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. Are introduction of a new employee in a business office?

A. This depends entirely upon the size and character of the staff. If the staff is small, the new employee may be introduced, but it is not necessary when there are a great number of employees

Q. Where should the date be placed on a brief social note?

A. It is usually placed below and to the left of the signature.

Q. When giving a tea at a club for a large number of guests, would it be all right to omit napkins?

A. Yes.

Try to place furniture in the average sized living-room in two groups. Few rooms can stand more or are practical with less. You will find with two such groups that conversation can be carried on without leaning forward or undue straining to hear.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

A smart apron . . . A joy to Sew. A really smart and flattering one-piece apron that makes one look and feel like sweet sixteen. Note the slim bodice is fitted in your favored princess styling with youthful buttoned-down the-back closing. The flared hemline makes your waistline appear slim by contrast. Some may like the tied sash . . . . . some may prefer it beltless. Another slimming detail is the triangle pockets . . . with bow trim or decorative embroidery . . . as you please. You'll instantly love it . . . and will want to make several at a big saving to your budget. Select dainty crisp cottons as well as sturdy percale, gingham, etc.

Styles No. 2033 is designed for sizes Small, Medium and Large. The medium size requires 2 yards of 39 inch material with 5-8 yd. of 35 inch contrasting material.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving:—

Style No. 2033 Size

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Quick-grown, young vegetables are the best, and only the home gardens, where they may be harvested as needed, can provide them.

Biliousness vanishes after a sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt"