

Living & Leisure

THE WOMAN'S REALM

MY CHRISTMAS TREE

Just as tired as I can be, I think I'll go to bed. I've been trimming up the Christmas tree with silver, gold and red.

Way up on top I put a star, the brightest one of seven. You can see it sparkle from afar like the real ones up in Heaven.

Below the star, and to the right, I put a bright red bird. It makes a very pretty sight, but its song I've never heard.

And upon the other side, I put to even it up you know, I placed a tiny fairy bride with a dress as white as snow.

And then I put on a lot of bells and snowflakes by the pound and many dolls and icicles and tinsel all around.

It used to be like thoughtful things, but now to my Mother, I'd like to see her just as I do, to give her just that better.

When I speak politely, I'm scolded at the table. And I answer very brightly to do a chore I'm able.

"It certainly is wonderful," I heard my Mother say. "My little boy's so dutiful and sweet in every way."

I think it is most very queer, he doesn't know the cause. I've been trying for a year to please dear Santa Claus.

—D. S.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS IS IN DANGER

"I almost dread to see Christmas come," the woman said with a sigh. "Every year I'm simply exhausted when it's over. And this year I haven't done any shopping at all — and Christmas only a month away! Prices are so high, and nothing you buy looks like the money you put into it!"

Any woman who is beginning to think and talk like that is a little out of her mind. She needs to have a little conference with herself, and she needs to remember that the spirit of Christmas is in danger.

Why is she making Christmas so dreary? The answer is simple. She is buying too much and she is buying the wrong things.

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such a burden to herself? Is she giving gifts to please and as a small token of the Christmas spirit, or to make an impression?

Is she crowding too much social life into a week or two, accepting invitations she doesn't care about simply because everybody else seems to rush around during the holidays?

This business of spending two months to get ready for Christmas as a month to get over it physically and several months to get over it financially — isn't anything a family has to do.

No matter what kind of a social spectacle a lot of people make out of Christmas, any family that wants to, can keep its own Christmas that it has some meaning.

Christmas celebration simple enough so no one is forced to turn a celebration that should be a joy, into a dreaded job.

RHYTHMIC WALK ASSET OF GRACE

A dynamic way of walking will do more than all of the other combined arts and tricks a woman can use to create the illusion of youthfulness.

To walk with shoulders squared, back straight and head up is not enough. You need to put ginger in your steps.

Measuring your strides to the length of your legs is important in achieving a walk that expresses grace, power and youthful vigor. Swinging your body from your hips — not from your knees — also has youthful implications. So does a walk which has a rhythmic pattern.

You can put a measured rhythm into your walk by timing your steps to a tune hummed under your breath. The best tune to use as an accompaniment is one that gives you a one-two-three count. The trick of walking to that is to keep the beat on the ball of your front foot.

Try this. See how quickly you can develop a rhythmic walk, and how much more pictorial you look walking that way than you do merely ambling along.

IMITATE BABY

One way to keep your figure lithe and agile is to play the old game of "follow the leader," but let your youngest offspring be the leader. Baby's daily antics yield more twists than a pretzel, more stretch than a glob of taffy. Every one of these twists, turns and stretches is a muscle-builder and waistline-trimmer for Mamma. If she will make a game of figure-improvement out of them.

BELTS HOME-MADE

NEW YORK — Belts can be fashioned at home and slipper buckles of grosgrain ribbon are jeweled by a fancy button or, as one girl discovered, by adding a pair of inexpensive but effective earrings to the tailored bows. These fasten on by a tiny safety pin attached beneath to attach to any slipper.

EARLY CANADIAN WHEAT

Wheat growing in Canada can be traced back nearly 350 years.

MacKay-Ross Wedding



A quiet wedding was solemnized at Trinity United Church on Nov. 10 when Rev. T. E. MacLennan united in marriage Christina Jean, daughter of Mrs. Garfield Ross and the late Mr. Ross to John Gordon Stewart Mackay, son of Mrs. W. R. Dorn's and the late Gordon Mackay. The bride given in marriage by her eldest brother looked lovely in a wedding gown of white satin made with long pointed sleeves and sweetheart neckline, embroidered with seeded pearls, and full skirt. Her veil was fingertip with coronet of seeded pearls. She carried a bouquet of tallisman roses. Her only ornament was three strands of pearls. Miss Mary Riley, R.N., classmate of the bride, was bridesmaid; her gown was of pink nylon, over taffeta, with a matching picture hat of nylon. She carried a mixed bouquet of baby mums and carnations. The best man was Reginald MacLean, Prof. Kendall, organist of the church played the wedding marches. Mrs. Jack MacLean sang "Through the Years," during the signing of the register. The ushers were Albert and Lincoln Ross, brothers of the bride. The groom's mother wore an ensemble of navy crepe and silver, fox cape and corsage of pink rosebuds. The groom's mother wore a grey tailored suit with grey squirrel neckpiece and a corsage of red rosebuds. Following the ceremony luncheon was served at the Charlottetown Hotel. A toast to the bride was proposed by the Rev. T. E. MacLennan and fittingly responded to by the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Mackay left on a honeymoon trip to U. S. A. and Eastern Canada. The bride's going away suit was of tan colored wool gabardine with a brown off-the-face hat trimmed with pink ostrich plumes, and matching accessories. She wore a dark brown muskrat coat. The bride was a former graduate of the Prince Edward Island School of Nursing. The bride and groom are residing in Central Royal.

Farmers Still Unsure Of Federal Policies

Mr. W.R. Shaw, Deputy Minister of Agriculture who returned recently from an agricultural and labour conference at Ottawa reports that the conference was well attended by representatives of Departments of Agriculture and farm groups across Canada.

The conference met in an atmosphere of uncertainty and confusion as a result of the removal of ceilings and subsidies on coarse grains without any apparent compensating provisions for livestock products. Farmers under these conditions have been greatly disturbed regarding the future programme of production.

Representatives of farm, groups across Canada in each province expressed very frankly the unfortunate position in which the farmer had been placed as the result of government action and asked that the position be clarified and the relationship between costs of products and market values that had existed during the war years be promptly restored.

Hon. Mr. Gardiner, Federal Minister of Agriculture, at the session of the conference had acknowledged that he could tell the conference very little at the time regarding the marketing situation for Canadian products during the next year.

On the second day however, he made the following statement to the meeting:

"I am authorized to state that some action will be taken which will result in prices rising on products fed from grain which will take care in future of the increase brought about in feed costs through the removal of ceilings and withdrawal of drawbacks or subsidies."

In The Dark

How this was to be accomplished was not indicated and as a result producers are more or less in the dark as to the plans that will be provided to bring about the relationship indicated. Neither are producers in a position to tell when such changes may take place.

In the meantime however, the removal of subsidies and drawbacks, Mr. Shaw stated, will have caused a great deal of harm as their breeding sows and to some extent little pigs and according to reports breeding of hogs has been definitely retarded. There will therefore be a definite blank in hog production until such time as costs of feeds and prices of farm products are again brought into reasonable relationship.

Mr. Shaw referred to the increased prices of fertilizers and expressed considerable concern over the fertilizer situation. Present indications are that fertilizer will be from 10 per cent. to 12 per cent higher this year. He referred in one particular case to the cost of ammonium nitrate which had risen during the past few months to the extent of 50 per cent and there was no assurance at the present time that it would not go up higher.

Mr. Shaw made a definite demand at the conference that a full investigation be made of the fertilizer situation with reference to prices in order that farm producers may have reasonable protection in their production processes. He stated that the conference just ended was a fine demonstration across Canada of agricultural solidarity and unanimity of opinion in regard to basic conditions governing the whole cultural programme across Canada.

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Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When eating in a public place and a mistake is made in your order, should one call the head waiter and complain?

A. This is not necessary. Merely call the waiter's attention to it pleasantly. It is only when the waiter becomes rude or abusive about it that one should call the head waiter.

Q. When ice cream is served on pie, should the ice cream be eaten with a spoon?

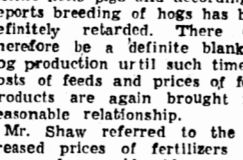
A. The fork should be used.

Q. When a woman attends church with a man, isn't it all right for her to allow him to make her contribution?

A. No, she should make her own contribution.

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Smart Girl

By George F. Worris

"Sally, I want you to get dressed at once. Dress just as you did at dinner. I've a very important job for you to do."

Eric Larsen's manservant opened the apartment door to him and followed the young man into the living room.

"Where were three telephone calls sir. One from a man Alex Polgreen, who wanted to know if you'd read his play. One from the senator's secretary in Washington, saying that the record of Zorane's daily activities covering the past three months which you requested in your wire would leave Washington by special messenger on the seven o'clock plane tomorrow morning. And there was a report from Harry Selfert, saying that Mr. Van Arden had just gone up to Miss Porter's apartment."

"What was this?"

"Not more than five minutes ago, sir."

Eric put his hat on again. "You might put a bottle of beer in the ice box," he said, "and leave me a chicken sandwich wrapped in a damp towel. I had nothing for dinner but spinach and parsnips."

Sally took a cab to the Savoy-Carlton. It was one-thirty, but the lobby was packed with people and an orchestra was playing in the fountain room. She was dressed just as she had been at dinner but she now carried over one arm a white woolen coat, and took an elevator to the ninth floor, found Room 911 and let herself in with a key.

She closed the door behind her and stopped just inside the room, listening and letting her eyes grow accustomed to the dimness. The only light in the room was the glow from windows across the court.

Objects presently became visible: a portable typewriter on a table, a cowhide attache case and a black briefcase. She pressed the button on the door, the light in her hand and sent the small white beam about the room. The alligator briefcase was not in the room.

She played the beam on the closed door which connected with the bedroom. She turned the beam off and sank down on the arm of a chair. Her heart was beating fast and her mouth and throat were dry. She did not have the courage to open that door.

She listened to the sounds of the city through the partly opened window. The window began to move slowly to the left. She took a deep breath and fought off dizziness and faintness. She got up and moved to the door. Resolutely, she dropped her hand to the knob and turned it. She opened the door a few inches and listened. The sound of heavy snoring reassured her.

She opened the door and tiptoed into the room. She could dimly make out the bed and the mound formed by the sleeping senator under the sheet. She flicked on the small white beam of her hand and saw the alligator briefcase on a chair beside the bed. It was thick and it had straps and small brass locks.

Senator Larsen groaned in his sleep and fumbled over on his side. Sally's heart stopped beating. Then he renewed its pumping at the tempo of panic. She tiptoed to the chair, picked up the alligator briefcase, and tiptoed back to the door. She went out and closed the door.

She put her back against it, and took deep breaths. The lights went on. Eric Larsen was standing near the hall door, and his expression was more than faintly that of a satyr.

"I was awfully thoughtful of you," he said. "It's the same idea myself. It's much too valuable a thing to be left lying around. It should be in the hotel safe."

All the strength was running out of Sally. She heard sounds in the senator's bedroom. Eric crossed the room in long strides, took the alligator briefcase out of her hand and pushed her into a chair.

The door opened and the senator, in blue satin pajamas, came out. He screwed up his eyes against the light and glared at his son. Then at Sally. He saw the briefcase in Eric's hand, and he looked sleepily relieved.

Eric said jauntily. "We came up to tell you the great news, Dad. 'Never mind the news.' The senator said gruffly. 'What are you going with that briefcase?'"

The lanky young man laughed. "Senator, you're a pushover. I went into your room to wake you up and tell you the news. There you were, sleeping like a slug, and there sat the briefcase for anybody to steal. I'm taking it down and putting it in the hotel safe."

"The senator made a grimace and yawned. He nodded. "That's fine," he said. "What's this about news?" Eric grinned. "You tell him, Sally."

Some of Sally's color had returned and her eyes no longer swam. She smiled with one corner of her mouth. Eric was grinning.

"I'll do nothing of the kind," she said. "You said you were going to tell him."

"We've decided," Eric said. "to be married next week, and Sal insisted on coming down to break the news."

The senator looked a little better, then he smiled and said. "That's fine news. That's worth being wakened up for. Shall we have a little celebration? Shall I order some champagne?"

"No," Eric said. "You need your sleep. You're going to need all your strength for tomorrow."

Eric left the alligator briefcase at the desk to be placed in the safe, and took Sally out and put her into a cab. He got in with her and gave the driver her address. He settled back in his corner and

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started a cigarette. "What's going on, a girl like you up to tricks like this?"

"Perhaps I'm doing it on a bet. I've tried to tell you where you're heading Sally."

"You don't have to tell me. He fiercely blew out smoke. 'It makes my blood boil—a swell girl like you involved in this sort of thing. I've tried to tell you how serious it is.'"

"It was nice of you to shield me."

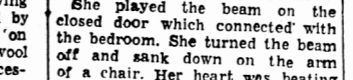
He cried: "Don't say such things! I want to help you any way I can. At least I've proved I'm for you and that you can trust me. No matter what it is, why don't you dump it on my shoulders? I'll get you out of it somehow."

"Thanks," she said huskily.

A LONG HISTORY

The epic history of Lublin in Poland goes back to the 10th century.

A Gift Suggestion From MARIE ELENA BEAUTY SALON

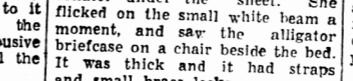


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