

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington



785

A happy wee model that will please the most fastidious little miss. It is one-piece at the front with drop seat back. Don't you think the Peter Pan collar and little pocket cute? It is the most simple garment to put together. You can make it of a good quality fabric for a very small sum. Striped flannel is darling in pale to dark blue tones. Flannelettes in pretty floral or gay dots is another nice scheme. Kindergarten prints in flannels or cotton are amusing. Style No. 785 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 39-inch material with 2 yards of ruffling. Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 785. Size Name Street Address City State

Styles To Show Decided Change

SPRING SUITS AND COATS EX-EMURE MANNISH IN LINE, BUT FEMININE IN COLOR

CHICAGO, Dec. 23—Styles next spring will do a right-about-face, from the extremely feminine to the mannish. That is as interpreted by Annette Simpson, American designer. Mrs. Simpson, former associate of Le long in Paris, is showing her own 1933 collection in connection with the opening of a new advanced fashion centre here. Her spring suits and coats are mannish in line but feminine in wash and color. The suit coats are jacket length; the collars in back narrow, but the lapels, especially in the coats, extremely wide. Beltless Coats Her coats are beltless and with-

out fur. Hem length, they are cut to fit at the waistline. They are double-breasted with two rows of button trim. Sleeves are tucked nearly to the elbow, and are full between elbow and shoulder. The coat is slit up the back at the hem-line as are men's. The beachwear shown is clever with new ideas. Skirts entirely replace beach pajamas in this collection. The upper part of the beach costume is simply a kerchief scarf, leaving the shoulders bare. Sport Frocks Carrying out the mannish tendency, casual sport frocks are of striped shirting, intricately cut and tucked. Some feature a new slit back. Capes in all length and for all occasions are very good. Fabrics and Hays The New Year evening fabrics are of the stiff variety—organadies and moires. Formal clothes have considerable fullness—approaching a train effect—in back. The belt line also dips in back in many. Hats are generally of the same

A Morning Smile

IMPORTANT THINGS FIRST

An Englishman visiting a Scotch laird was taken by his host on a fishing trip. In the morning the visitor who was a novice at the sport, hooked a fine salmon, and in his excitement slipped and fell into the river. The keeper, noticing that he was no swimmer, hooked onto him with a gaff and was about to drag him ashore when the laird called out: "What are ye about, Donald? Get haid o' the rod and look to the fish! Ma friend can bide a wee but the fish winna."

For The Cook

Pecan Fruit Macaroons 1 egg white. 1/4 teaspoon salt. 1/2 cup brown sugar. 2 tablespoons caramel syrup. 1/2 cup candied green and red cherries, chopped. 1 cup dates chopped. 1 1/2 cups shredded cocoanut. 1/2 cup whole pecan nuts. Beat egg whites and salt, add

GROCER'S SPECIAL TEA and COFFEE

18c. 1/2 lb. 35c. 1 lb. 3 lbs. \$1.00

sugar gradually, then other ingredients. Drop on to a buttered baking sheet. Bake at 325 deg. F. for 15 minutes. Last but not least we have a fruity bar with a refreshing orange flavor.

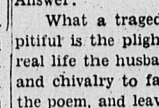
STUFFED EGGS

6 hard cooked eggs. 3 tablespoons cooked sausage meat or 3 tablespoons sardines in mustard dressing or 3 tablespoons sour pickles chopped or 2 tablespoons tomato catsup. Cut cold eggs in halves lengthwise. Mash yolks with a fork and mix with any of the suggested combinations. Add a little salt and pepper if needed. Fill teh halves and garnish with lettuce. Serves six.

Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

Shall War Bride Return to Soldier Who Has Just Recovered Shattered Memory, or Cleave to Second Husband? — Restless Young Wife Must Keep to Her Bargain

Dear Miss Dix—In 1917 I married a young man just before he left for France. After the Armistice I had no word from him and the officials informed me that he must have been killed, as there were no records of him. About five years ago I met a man with whom I fell in love and I realized then that when I married the first time I was a child and too young to know what love really was. The man knew all about my first marriage, but both of us believing me to be a widow, we married and now have an adorable child. Last week I received a letter from my first husband. He said he had been in a hospital in France with a shattered mind due to shell-shock. Having recovered his memory, he immediately wrote me and said he would return in several weeks. I have said nothing of this to my present husband, nor have I written the other about being married again. What shall I do? Answer: What a tragedy these Enoch Arden affairs always are! And how pitiful is the plight of the woman involved in one of them, for, alas, in real life the husband returning from the dead seldom has the generosity and chivalry to fade unseen back into the shadows (as did the hero of the poem, and leave his wife in undisturbed enjoyment of the new happiness she had found. On the contrary, he sticks around and makes ructions and trouble for all concerned, as a general thing. It is easy to understand how a woman, confronted suddenly with the ghost of the husband she has believed sleeping under the daisies these many years, should lose her head in a blind panic, as you have done. But this is no time for hysteria. You must gather your wits together and do the sensible thing, and that is to go at once to your husband and tell him your appalling news. You should have done that the minute you got the letter from your first husband that was not only the straightforward and fair thing to do, but because every minute you delay gives your present husband cause for suspicion and jealousy, and for wondering if the reason that you kept silent is because you prefer this love of your youth to him. In setting this problem you must use not only your heart but your head, and try to do the thing that will bring the greatest happiness to the greatest number of people. And that, it seems to me, is for you to have your first marriage quietly annulled and remarry your present husband. I can see no sense in your sacrificing yourself, your husband and your child to any mistaken sense of duty to this wraith of your past. You have a right to look upon your first marriage as the irresponsible act of a child, carried away by the maudlin sentimentality of war and swept off of your feet by a passion of patriotism that made you want to give a little happiness to a soldier going off to fight for your country. If he had returned, doubtless you would have tried to make the best of such a marriage. Possibly you might have been happy together. Probably you would have been unconvincing and the marriage would have turned out as badly as so many other war marriages did. But your present marriage is a very different affair. It is the choice of a mature woman of her mate. It is her finding the man who satisfies her and to whom she has given her whole heart and with whom she is happy and contented. Such a marriage is far more binding upon her in reality than any marriage entered into as a childish escapade. You have your own happiness and well-being to consider. You have the happiness of the good man you are married to and whose home should not be wrecked by any morbid pity or fantastic sense of obligation to a shadow that has suddenly appeared out of the void. Above all, there is the child to whom you owe more than you do to any other human being on earth. You have no right to tear your child's life up by the roots, to deprive it of the love and protection of a father for any reason whatsoever, nor for any person whomsoever. Of course, your heart cannot help but be torn with pity for this poor victim of war whom fate has so cruelly misused. You could shed tears of blood picturing the forlorn years he spent in a madhouse, lost to the world, forgetful of even his own name, and you agonize over the thought



and the ship's stenographer is to result in their marriage, it was announced today. Lan Alaska, born at Pola, according to her sister, met the Maharaja of Kikaner, Sir Gobig Mohammed Khan, aboard the steamer Victoria a few months ago on a voyage to India, and soon they will be married in the Mussulman rites at Bikaner. The bride-to-be, having obtained her father's consent, is returning to Bombay for her wedding, but meantime she arranged that her sister should replace her as the ship's stenographer. NO HOLIDAYS ANNAPOLIS, Md., Dec. 26—More than 100 Naval Academy midshipmen have "hit the Christmas tree"—and not for a nice present. That bit of academy slang means that they are behind in their studies, in danger of flunking out, and hence were denied the annual Christmas leave. The 1,000 who are in good standing left here Friday and return January 2. "It was down on the other side of the hill behind Hghers-over-Blayds," said Pat clearly. "We'd drawn several blanks and then at last we'd found in a plantation near Dimple. It was at a scrubby sort of hedge with a bar across it under a tree—an awkward place, but nothing in particular for a horse like Pilgrim. But, anyhow, he fell and rolled on Mrs. Gilmour. We were quite near a road and we stopped a car—it was Lord Perrot's. Everything possible was done." Geoffrey said, "Yes." A door opened and shut in the corridor. "That's the doctor, Mr. Gilmour," said Pat. John Gilmour left the room. Geoffrey sat down in one of the chintz armchairs with his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands. "What is it, Pat?" he asked. "A concussed spine and fracture of the pelvis," she told him. "And internal injuries. Too bad to operate."

IT'S TEN TO ONE YOU'RE THINKING OF OXO. We are repeating, for a limited time only, the offer of a British-made, 19" aluminium cooking spoon for the return of only 30 Oxo Cube Red Wrappers. OXO Limited, St. Peter Street, Montreal.

of adding one more sorrow to all he has borne. But of what avail will it be for you to wreck your own, your husband's and your child's life by going back to one who comes home a broken man, with no ability even to care for himself, and who would still further crushed under the burden of a family to support? Far better to comfort him in some other way and have this for your solace, that the years have changed him as they have changed you. Romantic love does not often survive physical suffering and the chances are that you will have become as shadowy a figure to him as he is to you. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have been married three years. My husband is the ideal husband lover and we are as devoted as we were on the day we married and we have a splendid baby. The only spot in my clear blue sky of happiness is that we have to live with my husband's mother. Not that she isn't all right, but I want a home of my own. I knew the situation before I married. My mother-in-law is alone in the world except for her son, and before we were married he asked me if I would live with her and, of course, I said "yes." But now I am unhappy and discontented just because I want to set up my own home. Please help me. LOU.

I have said a thousand times in this column and shall probably say a thousand times more that I think it is always a mistake for mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law to live together, no matter what sort of female angels they may be. Because if you eliminate the almost inevitable jealousy there is between two women who love the same man and whom both of them feel that they have authority to run, and the irresistible temptation they have to interfere in each other's affairs, you still have the fact that you are depriving one or the other of the women of the fun of bossing her own home. If the mother-in-law goes to live with the daughter-in-law, she finds her occupation gone and she has nothing to do with the hands that are idle for the first time since she was married. She is like an old general who is suddenly reduced to the ranks, her authority gone, her experience set at naught, her advice sniffed at, and she is of all women the most miserable. And if the young woman goes to live with her mother-in-law, she is deprived of the thing she really married for. Her own home in which she can do as she pleases. Ever since she could walk she played keeping house and dreamed of the time when she would have her own home and could use her best china every day and have the color wallpaper that she liked, and when she has to live in some other woman's house and put up with her taste and cooking, she feels as if her Castile in Spain had been bombed. So there we are on the housekeeping proposition. It is no crime but a virtue for every young woman to want to set up her own Lares and Penates, but, Lou, a bargain is a bargain and a contract is binding and there is honor even among young wives. So if you promised your husband before marriage that you would live with his mother it is up to you to do it and do it graciously without whining or complaining, or acting like an early Christmas martyr. Happiness and contentment are a state of mind and you can acquire them if you are determined to do so. Quit pitying yourself. Quit thinking about how much you would like to have a home of your own and just make yourself satisfied where you are. And, believe me, you will find a good, reliable mother-in-law mighty handy to have around the house when you want to go to the movies and step out of an evening. DOROTHY DIX.

Chest Colds Rub well over throat and chest VICKS VAPORUB OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Spring Cottons In Loose Rough Weaves

As a result of style advice from London and Paris Canadian cotton mills are now showing dress fabrics with a loose weave for spring and summer wear. The loose weave material, stylists claim, is just one more way for the smartly dressed woman to give her costume the required appearance of roughness. For spring and summer street wear and for sports a cotton so loosely woven as to have a spongy appearance is expected to answer the fashionable demand for rough materials. It has a diagonal line running through it in accordance with the emphasis on diagonals in spring fabrics. For street wear it is particularly attractive in its deeper shades of rust, orange red, sports yellow and pink and the brown and blue, while for summer pastel shades of blue and green show off this roughish material to advantage. FOR SPORTS WEAR For sports and spectator wear meshes are being shown in all the pastel shades and in varying size of mesh. The close meshes give the impression of a ribbed material and lend themselves to tailored sports clothes while the more open meshes are particularly suited to spectator and afternoon wear. A pink mesh with a large coin dot of the same shade and a ribbed mesh in all the pastel shades exemplify the new developments in meshes in accord with their increasing popularity.

IMITATION OF CROCHET A finer, but more open material than Canadian mills are showing for afternoon and street wear is in imitation of crochet. In the darker shades the openwork stands out in great detail and gives a marked impression of roughness. Another loose weave cotton fabric is a lawn imitating eyelet work. The ribbed influence of last fall is again seen in the ribbed appearance lent this material by imitation eyelet work. The delicate weave of this fabric makes it equally suitable for afternoon or evening wear. For sports and spectator wear meshes are being shown in all the pastel shades and in varying size of mesh. The close meshes give the impression of a ribbed material and lend themselves to tailored sports clothes while the more open meshes are particularly suited to spectator and afternoon wear. A pink mesh with a large coin dot of the same shade and a ribbed mesh in all the pastel shades exemplify the new developments in meshes in accord with their increasing popularity.

Administrators Notice

The undersigned administrators of the personal estate and effects of Eustace Heath Haviland, late of Charlottetown in Queens County in Prince Edward Island, Barrister-at-Law, deceased, intestate, hereby notify all persons indebted to the said estate to make immediate payment to them at the office of Palmer & Farmer, Solicitors, Charlottetown, and all persons having any claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same duly attested, at the office aforesaid, within twelve months from this date. Dated this 15th day of November, A. D., 1932. GEORGE D. DeBOIS, H. JAMES PALMER, Administrators. 6745-11-25-fmw-1 month.

Mortgage Sale

To be sold by Public Auction in front of the Court House at Charlottetown in Queens County on the 28th day of December, A. D., 1932 at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, all that tract, piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the County of Charlottetown in Queens County aforesaid and being part of Lot number Three, therein bounded and described as follows:— By a line commencing on the west side of Upper Queen Street in the southern boundary line of land formerly in possession of Owen Connolly and running thence along the said southern boundary line westwardly four hundred and thirty-two feet, thence at right angles thereto southwardly two hundred and ten feet, thence easterly four hundred and fifty five feet two inches or to the street aforesaid and thence along the same northwardly two hundred and eleven feet four inches to the place of commencement containing two acres and twenty-two poles of land a little more or less. The above sale is made pursuant to a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage dated the fourth day of July, A. D., 1928 and made between Samuel Craig of Charlottetown aforesaid, and Annie May Craig, his wife, in favor of Mayne Matthews, late of Alberton in Prince County, deceased, default having been made in payment of the principal and interest secured by the said mortgage. For further particulars apply to George M. Matthews Solicitor, O'Leary Prince Edward Island. Dated this 26th day of November, A. D., 1932. EDWARD L. THOMSON HOWARD CLARK ALIAN MATTHEWS Executors of the last will and testament of Mayne Matthews, deceased. 6753-11-28-Mon-31

ASHES of ROSES A Romance of Today By Joanna Cannan

For the rest of the way home Geoffrey dreamed of Fay at Hemshot, and dreamed it over and over again until the dream was quite perfect even to his father patting Fay's hand on parting on Sunday evening and saying, "We think of you already as a daughter. Be sure to come back to us for next week end, my dear." Friday morning at the office was a busy one, but, nevertheless, Geoffrey managed to propound his idea to Fay. Had she known or guessed that John Gilmour's disapproval had already been most emphatically stated, she would certainly have refused to fall in with such a plan. As it was, though at first she expressed reluctance, even in a whisper behind the filing cabinets Geoffrey did not find her difficult to persuade. The fact was that she saw very little reason why Mr. Gilmour should object to Geoffrey marrying her. It was true that he had been brought up very differently—he, among the lawns of Hemshot and the cloisters of Barchester; she, in a boarding house on Denmark Hill—but her love story seemed to her all the more beautiful because of that; she thought of it as a parallel to many charming stories which poets like Lord Tennyson wrote and ladies like Mrs. Gilmour read. She knew, too, that she possessed a lovely face and she had far too much common sense to underestimate the value of that. It was, therefore, quite a hopeful couple which travelled in a first class compartment of the railway up the Thames Valley that Saturday afternoon. The weather was fine, and the mellow lights of autumn lay over the stubble fields and the quiet brown hills beyond. Very blue was the river, cloudy the sky, but the air was keen and, when they had left the train, Fay was glad to pull up round her face her becoming fur collar into which, for the occasion, she had pinned a new pink feather flower. Fay had been adorable in her blue summer frock but Geoffrey thought now that she was still more adorable in furs. There was no car from Hemshot at the station, so Geoffrey caused their two suit cases to be placed in a taxi and driven to the house. There was a path through the woods which he wanted to show to Fay. Round about Hemshot the beechwoods of the Chiltern Hills descended very steeply to the brink of the river, and already this year the early frosts had turned the leaves to gold. Fay could scarcely have been described as a lover of nature, but even she gave a gasp of surprise when she stood with Geoffrey in that glided aisle of trees. Inadequately she expressed herself through the medium of the words, "What lovely woods. How nice!" She took Geoffrey's arm, pressed her hand to his forehead, and very happily strolled through the woods. And presently they crossed a lane and then Geoffrey led the way through a copse and a small pasture to a garden gate and they passed through the kitchen garden into the drive. The front door of the house stood open and Geoffrey rang the door bell as he walked into the hall. Across the hall came the elderly butler, Matthews. "Oh, Mr. Geoffrey," he said, "wait while I fetch your father. A terrible thing has happened here today." CHAPTER X "SHE'S DYING, GEOFFREY!" John Gilmour came out of the morning room. His face was grey and sorrowful. He looked fixedly at his son. Fear and suspicion gripped Geoffrey. "What's happened, Father?" he jerked out. "It's your mother," said John Gilmour. "She's had an accident. She was out cubbing this morning and her horse fell. We've been trying to get in touch with you. She's been coming fur collar into which,

was smooth and shining. She seemed to know what to say and do. "Pat was out, too, this morning," said John Gilmour. "She was there." "It was down on the other side of the hill behind Hghers-over-Blayds," said Pat clearly. "We'd drawn several blanks and then at last we'd found in a plantation near Dimple. It was at a scrubby sort of hedge with a bar across it under a tree—an awkward place, but nothing in particular for a horse like Pilgrim. But, anyhow, he fell and rolled on Mrs. Gilmour. We were quite near a road and we stopped a car—it was Lord Perrot's. Everything possible was done." Geoffrey said, "Yes." A door opened and shut in the corridor. "That's the doctor, Mr. Gilmour," said Pat. John Gilmour left the room. Geoffrey sat down in one of the chintz armchairs with his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands. "What is it, Pat?" he asked. "A concussed spine and fracture of the pelvis," she told him. "And internal injuries. Too bad to operate."

and the ship's stenographer is to result in their marriage, it was announced today. Lan Alaska, born at Pola, according to her sister, met the Maharaja of Kikaner, Sir Gobig Mohammed Khan, aboard the steamer Victoria a few months ago on a voyage to India, and soon they will be married in the Mussulman rites at Bikaner. The bride-to-be, having obtained her father's consent, is returning to Bombay for her wedding, but meantime she arranged that her sister should replace her as the ship's stenographer. NO HOLIDAYS ANNAPOLIS, Md., Dec. 26—More than 100 Naval Academy midshipmen have "hit the Christmas tree"—and not for a nice present. That bit of academy slang means that they are behind in their studies, in danger of flunking out, and hence were denied the annual Christmas leave. The 1,000 who are in good standing left here Friday and return January 2. "It was awful, Pat, isn't it?" "Yes. It's rotten luck, Geoffrey, old thing." There were steps and voices outside in the corridor. Geoffrey looked up. (To Be Continued) INDIAN PRINCE TO WED STENOGRAPHER ROME, Dec. 26.—A shipboard romance between an Indian prince

and the ship's stenographer is to result in their marriage, it was announced today. Lan Alaska, born at Pola, according to her sister, met the Maharaja of Kikaner, Sir Gobig Mohammed Khan, aboard the steamer Victoria a few months ago on a voyage to India, and soon they will be married in the Mussulman rites at Bikaner. The bride-to-be, having obtained her father's consent, is returning to Bombay for her wedding, but meantime she arranged that her sister should replace her as the ship's stenographer. NO HOLIDAYS ANNAPOLIS, Md., Dec. 26—More than 100 Naval Academy midshipmen have "hit the Christmas tree"—and not for a nice present. That bit of academy slang means that they are behind in their studies, in danger of flunking out, and hence were denied the annual Christmas leave. The 1,000 who are in good standing left here Friday and return January 2. "It was awful, Pat, isn't it?" "Yes. It's rotten luck, Geoffrey, old thing." There were steps and voices outside in the corridor. Geoffrey looked up. (To Be Continued) INDIAN PRINCE TO WED STENOGRAPHER ROME, Dec. 26.—A shipboard romance between an Indian prince

AUCTION SALE

OF STOCK-IN-TRADE OF THE LATE GEORGE FORBES, VERNON BRIDGE As directed by Order of the Court of Chancery in the matter of McLean vs. Forbes, No. D 154, will set up and sell by Public Auction at the store premises of the late George Forbes, at Vernon Bridge in Queens County, on Friday, the 30th day of December, instant, beginning at 10.30 o'clock in the forenoon, All the stock-in-trade, including dry goods, hardware, boots, shoes and rubber, paints, crockery, enamel and ware, groceries and other accessories and fixtures in and upon the said premises, or of belonging to the estate of the late George Forbes. In case all of the above property be not sold on the day aforesaid the sale will be continued on the following day and from day to day until concluded. For further particulars apply to the undersigned or at premises. Dated this 22nd day of December, A. D., 1932. D. EDGAR SHAW, Master in Chancery. 7296-12-23-61.

FOR SALE

- 1 STEEL SPLIT PULLEY 24" Diameter 9" face. 1 STEEL SPLIT PULLEY 26" Diameter 7" face. 1 CAST IRON PULLEY 18" Diameter 8" face. 1, 9 Ft. STEEL SHAFTING 1 3/4 Diameter with Hangers and Bearings. Write or Phone The Charlottetown Guardian

RADIO BATTERIES RECHARGED RIGHT V.C. Smallwood Radio Service 122 North River Road 6717-11-24-1st-Lf.

for CORNS & WARTS Remove dry skin. Dab on Minard's 3 times daily. Let it dry on. After a while Corns and Warts Off right off MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT