

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

No wonder Purity Flour is a favorite for bread. Its richness in nourishing gluten is supplied by Western Canada hard Spring wheat. A strong flour that goes farther—economical.

PURITY FLOUR Best for all your Baking

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROLS

"Tell us thou cleere and heavenly tongue, Where is the babe but lately sprung? Lies he the little-banks among? Or, say if this new Birth of ours Sleep, laid within some ark of flowers, Spangled with dew-light thou canst cleere. All doubts and manifests the here. Declare to us the bright star, if we shall seek Him in the morning's blushing cheek. Or search the beds of splees through, To find him out?"

To use up old lace curtains join the best parts together and dye them coffee color. Stitch them over an old sheet dyed to match your bedroom color scheme and you will have an up-to-the-minute bedspread.

To tilt mirrors from the wall and so prevent dampness, press two or three used gramophone needles into a large cork. Stick the points into the back of the mirror and let the cork rest on the wall.

TOUCHING UP THE TURKEY

A delicious flavor is developed by sauteing the dressing in butter before stuffing the bird. Oysters, mushrooms or chestnuts enrich the dressing, while apples, grapes and nuts, ripe olives, onion and soup stock are used to give a savory tang. For garnishing the platter fried apple or pineapple rings with little-pig sausage are tasty.

TABLOID

Now that Christmas and Christmas fowl are in the offing, be sure to have your carving knife well sharpened.

OLD NEWSPAPERS

Turned into fine pieces of statuary Mrs. Simon Collins spends her spare time on a farm six miles north of Bluesky, Alta., turning old newspapers into fine pieces of statuary.

Paper, paste and patience are her tools in producing the life-like models of farm animals. Horses are her favorite subjects, but many other animals are included in her growing collection of miniatures.

No modelling clay or other materials, popular among sculptors are available to Mrs. Collins, so all her models are made from paper mache. This material is made of boiled-down newspaper, blue and other ingredients which hardens into a surface that is easily painted.

CHOOSE MAKEUP TO MATCH YOUR FURS

"There's flattery for every woman in furs, but the secret of it lies in two things—neither of which is money," says a lovely dark-haired screen star. "These two things are: First, your choice of fur, and second, your makeup."

"Furs—like people—have definite personalities and the smart woman chooses the fur that complements her own type of beauty regardless of whether it's the most popular pet of the season.

"The fragile, pink and white blonde looks best in very soft furs such as ermine, sable, marten, platinum fox, gray Persian lamb, gray kidskin and pale, butter-colored lapin.

"Dramatic, stately blondes are flattered by silver fox, mink, white fox on dark wraps, black Persian, very flat caracul, brown seal, nutria and brown lapin, I think.

"Brunettes can go in for the spotted furs with greater success

than blondes, who are likely to look a bit too spectacular. Therefore, leopard, leopard cat, ocelot and Bombay kidskin take their place with black seal, silver fox, cross fox, black caracul, Persian lamb and mink as the most favored for slim, dark girls who are rather tall.

Then she went on to say that soft natural-looking makeup is best with any shade of fox, sable marten and beaver. When these are worn she suggests peach-colored powder, rouge to match blood tones, very light eye-shadow (none during the day), brown mascara for all shades of lashes, and light, subtle lipstick.

On the other hand, the stiffer, and by that I mean the sharper-line, line, furs, such as flat caracul, demand a more definite makeup. So do spotted ones. With this type, black mascara, vivid lipstick and nail polish are right. These allow mi lady to dominate her furs instead of allowing them to obscure her features and personality and she'll get the most out of them whether they cost very little or some fabulous sum.

TRAINS ARE JINX TO WOMAN TRAVELLER

It seems every time Mrs. Bird-whistle gets on a train to go somewhere something happens, but she travels little and doesn't mind.

Coming in Calderbank, Sask., from eastern Canada, 25 years ago, her train was wrecked a few miles out of Calderbank station. She did not board a train again until last spring when she was invited to visit a sister. Ten miles from her destination the cars all jumped the track.

Returning from that visit, when 15 miles from her home the engine ran off the track and there was a seven-hour delay. The 80-year-old traveller was not in the least disturbed but entertained passengers with the stories of her other two experiences.

GIVE YOURSELF BEAUTY FOR CHRISTMAS

Girls who want to look fresh and lovely during the holiday season ought to begin right now to give their figures, hair and face a little extra attention. Christmas and New Year's parties will be twice as much fun if you look slim in your evening gowns and if your skin is fresh and clear.

First of all, plan to concentrate on your figure. Decide how many pounds you want to lose and where you want to lose them. Then get busy with correct exercises and cut down on fattening foods. Take a brisk 30-minute walk each day.

If you suspect that you will need a new permanent just before Christmas, start now with conditioning treatments of hot oil, massaging and brushing. If you get your scalp and hair in healthy condition, the wave will be infinitely prettier and will stay in a good deal longer.

Your face looks dingy, better indulge in a weekly facial for the next month or two. If you can't get them from a professional, learn how to give them to yourself. You can use a prepared mask concoction or, if you like, any one of the excellent home-made preparations like egg and oatmeal.

You ought to start concentrating on enough sleep, too. Proper rest and exercise in the fresh air are two things that will help to make your hair shiny, skin clear and eyes bright and sparkling for holiday celebrations.

One-child families have increased 25 per cent in number during the last few years.

Several hotels in London keep live trout in an underground building, where a stream of fresh water constantly flows through the tanks. The trout are in regular demand by customers, who choose their fish before they are cooked.

"Please, Johnny," she begged, trying not to show her worry. "Some one might come in. Then we would be embarrassed, standing here like a couple of movie stars in a fade-out."

"You big baby," he chided her. "You'll never grow up and be a flesh and blood woman. Sit over here on the couch and talk to me. I won't sit too close—if I can help it."

"Let's get to work," Sugar evaded nervously. "Am I no longer your favorite model? Don't you want me to pose?"

"That's the way all the artists in New York and Paris dress," Johnny boasted airily. "Artists are different from other people. They're temperamental. Why shouldn't they wear clothes that distinguish them from common people?"

Sugar was very much afraid Johnny had been reading a book. But she didn't dare laugh. It made Johnny very angry to have anyone take his ravings too lightly. So she hid her mirth admirably and stood back to admire him.

"It's the darbs," she decided after deep thought. "The blue is most becoming. I believe you'll be beautiful when you grow up, Mr. Deville."

Johnny jumped over the desk and grabbed her in his arms. "Kiss me," he commanded masterfully, and Sugar was taken back with the vehemence of his love-making.

When he released her she looked at him in half fright. "Johnny!" She rubbed her lips. "You hurt me. Don't be so rough."

"But I love you," he crushed her to his arm. "We're not babies any more. You don't need to be afraid of me. That's the way a man feels about the girl he is going to marry."

A dreadful feeling of premonition went over Sugar. Was Johnny going to be like the rest? What had happened to him? Was he going to change . . . be like other men had been to her? Her Johnny, who had always been dear and tender as a brother.

She pushed him away gently. "Please, Johnny," she begged, trying not to show her worry. "Some one might come in. Then we would be embarrassed, standing here like a couple of movie stars in a fade-out."

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Deflation of Egos is Sometimes Dangerous Dorothy Dix Warns About Too Much Criticism of Children

Why Should Families Be So Critical Of The Actions Of Their Own Members?

Why do our families feel it to be their sacred duty to deflate our egos? They do, you know. Here and there is a household that is a mutual admiration society, but they are scarce as hen's teeth. The average family is a stabber that runs over all of its members' self-esteem and flattens it out like a pancake.



Why this is thus is a mystery. Perhaps it is a law of nature. Perhaps it is one of the inscrutable designs of Providence to keep us humble, but it is a fact that if it were not for our fathers and our mothers, and our sisters and our brothers, and especially our husbands and wives, we would never know what poor, miserable worms of the dust we are. It is they who keep us reminded of our limitations, and who heave a brickbat at any little conceit that dares perk up and lift its head.

No doubt this is good for our souls. It keeps us from becoming puffed up with self-importance and prevents us from thinking more highly of ourselves than we should do. But it causes one to wonder why it should be the task of those who are nearest and dearest to us to perform the painful operation of reducing our swollen heads not only to normal, but shrinking them to the size of pigmies.

For our families love us despite our being the imperfect creatures they clearly perceive us to be, and when they keep our faults ever before us they are not actuated by malice. They do it for our own good, as they impress upon us, and in order that we may not be misled by the fulsome flattery of outsiders who find something in us to admire.

Parents, in particular, feel that they must destroy every particle of a child's self-confidence, root and branch, by forever reminding it of its defects. If a little girl is homely, mother tells her that she can't wear the pretty fluffy things some other little girl does, or remarks to strangers that Sally has the Brown nose or the Smith mouth, which the child knows are considered little less than deformities in the family. If a little boy is slow in learning, father calls him a fool and berates him for dumbness. If children are awkward they never hear the least about their clumsiness.

It is only brothers and sisters who are cruel enough to tell each other home truths about their lack of pucifurture and sex attraction. It is only a husband who tells his wife that she is getting fat and middle-aged, and that her new hat is ten years too young for her. And it is only a wife who interrupts her husband in the midst of his pet story at which every one is laughing to exclaim: "For goodness' sake, are you going to tell that old thing over again? It is such an old chestnut it is moldy and has worms in it."

All of which explains why children leave home as soon as they can stand on their own feet and why divorce is so prevalent. Having our self-esteem extracted is as painful a process as having a tooth pulled and none of us enjoy the ordeal, or like to stay where it is part of the daily program. Hence we seek the society of strangers who are silent about our faults. At least to our faces. And what we don't know doesn't hurt us.

Of course, when our families stick pins in our little pink balloons they do not know what harm they are doing, because they do not realize that it is only our good opinion of ourselves that keeps us buoyed up and able to rise off the ground. We can only do what we believe ourselves capable of doing, and when our self-confidence is destroyed we are sunk.

Thousands upon thousands of men and women are failures in the world just because their parents put out the fires of genius on their altars when they were children by scoffing at their ambitions and ridiculing their dreams and making them believe that they had not the ability to succeed.

Thousands of men who might have gone to the top sit at the bottom of the ladder because as children they were made to believe that they were dull and stupid to climb. Thousands of women have gone through life lonely and forlorn, eating their hearts out in bitter envy of other women, because their mothers impressed it so much on them in their youth that they were ugly and gawky and that no man would want to marry them that they became shy and self-effacing and lost the ability to be attractive.

Thousands of husbands stray away from wives, who never speak to them except to remind them of their weaknesses and failures, to women who respect their self-respect to them by their flattery. And thousands of wives lose interest in home-making and get that what's-ine-use attitude toward their jobs, because they knew that no matter how good the dinner or how small the bills their husbands will criticize their cooking and berate their extravagance.

Yet, despite the disasters it brings about, deflating each other's ego is still the favorite game in the home circle. Perhaps it is because nobody else will stand for it. DOROTHY DIX.

Too Many Beaus By ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

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LOVES TO EAT THIS CEREAL, IT CHECKED HER CONSTIPATION*

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN Helped Miss Kesterke

We quote from her letter: "Three years ago, I became constipated. I tried many laxatives. But as soon as I got used to each kind, I began to get the same trouble.

"Last summer I was on my vacation. They served Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. I just loved it. I eat Kellogg's ALL-BRAN every morning, and ever since I have not had to take any more laxatives."—Miss Margaret Kesterke. Address on request.

*Due to insufficient "bulk" in meals. Tests show Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides "bulk" to aid elimination. ALL-BRAN is also rich in vitamin B and iron.

The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is gentle. It resists digestion better than other fiber in fruits and vegetables, so it is often more effective.

Isn't this food safer than risking patent medicines? Two tablespoonsful of ALL-BRAN daily are usually sufficient. If seriously constipated, use with each meal. See your doctor, if you do not get relief.

Use as a cereal, or in cooking. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Keep on the Sunny Side of Life

of the window. It might be the manager. It might be anyone. It might even be Mrs. LeMasters come to spy on her.

It seemed an eternity before she heard Johnny open the other door. It was Zanie Lou. She hailed Johnny airily.

"Sugar here?" Sugar leaned against the bathroom door to catch her breath. Johnny knocked.

"Come out, fair maid. It's only Zanie Lou, guess you thought I was a raid. Leave the bathing suit on."

"Wait a sec," Sugar pulled the garment over her legs with trembling hands. When she appeared Zanie Lou threw herself on the couch and giggled merrily.

Sugar wiped her brow feelingly. "I'm glad you came to chaperone. I feel like a Jezebel."

"Johnny stood back and whistled. "If it ain't May West! I'm asking you, is that a figger, or is that a figger?"

"Shut up," Sugar said severely, "or I won't pose for you. It's bad enough to feel like a fool without having you rub it in."

Zanie Lou kicked up her heels in glee. "You're the funniest thing! Imagine anybody feeling embarrassed about wearing a bathing suit. The less I can wear the better. I like it. I guess I'm a born nudist."

Sugar flushed, and sat down nervously. "That reminds me," Zanie Lou said, arching her brows. "I thought I was to model for this job. How come? After all, it is my bathing suit, you know."

Sugar looked from Johnny to Zanie Lou with puzzled eyes. For one dismal second a stab of sickening jealousy went through her. Johnny's face reddened. It was Sugar who got her bearings first.

"That reminds me," she said slowly. "How did you two meet? I didn't know you were friends."

Johnny looked sheepish. Zanie Lou answered breezily, "Oh, we're old college pals! I came up one day to get my season pass renewed and found him painting. We own this theatre, you know. I offered to pinch hit as a model, and here I am."

"Fine!" Sugar managed a show of enthusiasm. "I just wondered. I think it was nice of you to try to help Johnny out."

Johnny's cheeks grew even pinker. He tried to be facetious. "I told you when you came you were one of my favorite models, Sugar. You should see some of the others. Brunettes, platinum blondes—strawberry blondes."

"How do you like Johnny's smock and cap?" Zanie Lou broke in. "I wore it to the masquerade Christmas ball at Sid Patchen's last year. I thought Johnny might as well look like an artist. It lends atmosphere, don't you think?"

Johnny sent Zanie Lou a wild look. Sugar knew he wished the earth would open up and swallow him.

"I think he looks like Howard Chandler Christy and Montgomery Flagg rolled into one." Sugar was glad she knew a little about art.

"Oh, I wish I could go to New York this fall!" Zanie Lou exclaimed as she threw herself lengthwise on the couch on her stomach.

"Oh, boy, so do I," Johnny picked up the cigar that he had forgotten to smoke in his excitement. "Sugar was disappointed when Sugar pretended not to notice him. He could see then she was not very well pleased that he knew Zanie Lou so intimately and hadn't told her."

"I think I'd rather go to Hollywood and get in the movies, though," Zanie rambled on. "Skip Lanier says I'd get a job. But I guess he's just sweet talkin'. Or maybe he's love."

"There's lots worse looking dames than you starring in pictures," Johnny felt he had to say something.

Your Christmas Shopping List

Penmans win and hold the goodwill of the Canadian people by adhering to a standard of quality that merits confidence. This confidence makes Penmans silk or cashmere hosiery for women and Penmans Half Hose for men particularly welcome as a Christmas gift. We suggest you put Penmans Hosiery on your Christmas shopping list.



MAKERS of QUALITY UNDERWEAR • KNITTED OUTERWEAR • HOSE

THE COOK'S CORNER

ALMOND MERINGUES

Have the whites of two eggs, 4 ozs. of sweet almonds, 4 ozs. of sieved icing sugar and a tiny pinch of salt. The salt should be added to the white of egg while being whisked for it makes them stiffer. Fold in the sugar and whisk again until very stiff. Blanch the almonds, then shred them finely, add these to the meringues. Have a well oiled paper on a board or tin and arrange the meringues in neat little piles. Place in a very moderate oven to dry off, after first dredging them with caster sugar.

ALMOND FINGERS

Two tablespoonsfuls caster sugar, 6 tablespoonsfuls flour, 3 ozs. butter, almond paste and one egg. Mix the flour with the sugar then rub in the butter lightly, beat the egg and then use it to moisten the mixture with, knead it well, and add a few drops of water if too stiff. Leave the paste for an hour or two if possible. Then roll it out to half an inch thickness, cut into pieces about two inches by four. Now place a layer of almond paste on one piece then cover with another finger to make a sandwich. Have some white of egg and brush over the tops with this, bake for 20 minutes in a quick oven and watch to see they don't catch.

RICH PLUM PUDDING

2 cups shortening 2-3 cups brown sugar 12 eggs 1 cup molasses 4 cups flour 1/2 teaspoon soda 4 teaspoons cinnamon 4 teaspoons allspice 1 1/2 teaspoons mace

"I don't think I'd like such a big town," Sugar disagreed. "Just thinking about it gives me a chill."

"Oh, you're just a sweet old-fashioned country girl," Zanie Lou wrinkled her nose pertly. "I bet you sleep with a night cap on."

"Sure, and a flannel nightie." Johnny laughed a little foolishly, puffing at his cigar.

"You haven't got a smort?" Zanie Lou sat up and stretched. "I'm bored to death."

"No," Johnny wriggled uneasily. "I haven't."

"You better get a little in for your models," Zanie got up. "They might get a chill. I got to be going about. It was no secret to her that Skip and I are going out on a toot."

She was gone in a whirl of green chiffon. In the elevator she gave way to her mirth. Anyway, she thought to herself, she'd thought up a way to give Sugar something to think about. It was no secret to her that Johnny was Sugar's boy friend.

And just that morning she had learned who had been calling the house and asking for Sugar. The bell boy in the hotel had bragged to another colored boy that the rich Mr. Lanier gave him a quarter every day for calling the nurse at the Le Masters house. It hadn't taken the news long to get back to Zanie Lou. She had decided not to tell Skip.

By any method whatsoever, she meant to hang on to him. She did not want a quarrel. I would be too embarrassing to have Skipper know that she was willing to play second fiddle to a nobody.

The fact that Sugar had refused Skip's attentions and kept it to herself infuriated Zanie Lou all the more. The other girl's very nobility was hateful to her in her jealousy. If she had been in Sugar's place, she would certainly have wanted everybody to know that the match sought after Mr. Lanier was pining away for her.

Then, too, Zanie Lou had made an open play for Scoop and the newspaper man had been almost rude to her. Especially the afternoon she had knocked on his door and announced that she had just dropped in for a highball. Scoop had gotten up coolly and put on his hat.

"I don't give little girls liquor in my room or any place else," he said, and ushered her out with a tolerant smile that burned her up. "But I'll take you down and treat you to a milk shake, infant."

A Morning Smile

MODESTY The teacher had given his class a lesson on courtesy. The following day, while examining the home lessons, his eyes lit up with pleasure when he found an all-correct paper.

"Jones" he called to the successful pupil. "I am very pleased with you. All your answers are correct but why have you put quotation marks to all of them?"

"Out of courtesy to father, sir," came the reply.

LOSING NO TIME "Wanted, man to assist diver must be able to start at once." Riley saw the advertisement and went after the job.

When he got to the docks he saw a man working the pumps, and, going up to him, said, "Where's the boss?"

"The man pointed to the water and said, 'Down below.'" Riley took off his coat and dived in. Coming to the surface he yelled to the man on the bank, "Has he come up yet?"

"No," was the reply. "Down he went again. The next time he came up he asked, 'Is he still below?'"

"Yes, was the answer. "Well," said Riley, as he went down the third time, "if he comes up while I'm below, tell him I've started."

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

A sports type coat that does for fall or winter in soft nubby woolen in rich wine red coloring that's warm and light in weight.

"You'll love its casual chic, its graceful swing from the shoulders, and its becoming convertible neckline. It's just a trifle shorter than your dress.

It can also take on a dressy aspect by wearing your fur piece of silver fox or grey or black Persian scarf with it.

Other schemes to carry out this simple to sew coat are tweeds in brown and beige, tyrolean green, plain beige, rust or black.

Style No. 514 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 18 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material with 3/4 yards of 39-inch lining.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 514. Size Name Street Address City State

NEWEST COLOR FASHION

The color of the moment is "golden wedding," a rich, warm shade of gold which lends itself well to formal evening clothes and to cruise and southern resort clothes. In silk, wool and cotton, this new tone is sure to be especially flattering to untanned complexions.

Daily Mishaps

ZAM-BUK is a pure herbal ointment known throughout the World for its soothing and healing properties. It quickly stops pain and irritation, and stays in inflammation. ZAM-BUK is equally as good for eczema, ulcers and piles as for the daily mishaps such as burns, scalds, bruises, cold sores. A simple free and post paid will be sent on application to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

"I have been a user of Zam-Buk for more than thirty years, during that time I have used it for cuts, bruises, chapped hands, skin troubles and rheumatism. It has always given great satisfaction in healing wounds, and relieving pain. My personal opinion is that it is one of the best ointments on the market."



The Health Restoring Value of COD LIVER OIL PLUS Easy Digestibility. Invalids struggling back to health need strength and vitality giving foods. SCOTT'S EMULSION is an emulsion of pure energy-packed Cod Liver Oil PLUS bone-building Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. It is four to five times more easily digested than the highest grade Cod Liver Oil. These are PLUS VALUES you get only in SCOTT'S EMULSION.

