

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

THE LIKEABLE MAN

By SYLVESTER CAIRN

CHAPTER V THE DOWER HOUSE

Gerald struggled on, angry with himself because the water bubbled, feeling that it was his own weakness that hampered him, feeling that he was beaten but instinctively fighting for his life.

Whatever happened he would not let Mike go; Mike was all that he had. If they couldn't both make the bank, he would not attempt it alone. He fought on mechanically until he was dully surprised to find the tug weakening and the water only to his ankles instead of past his knees. He splashed ashore at last.

He stooped over Michael, caressing the rough wet head, patting the heaving side, forgetting that he was not alone.

"Good Mike, good old boy." His voice sounded harsh in his own ears. Then he remembered the old gentleman and spoke stiffly, ashamed of his show of emotion. "I hope the little chap's all right as far as you're concerned."

"I can't thank you—and your dog. I thought the current had got you all. Things like that make one curse getting old—could do nothing." He seemed deeply moved.

"That's all right, sir."

The grey-haired man withdrew his hand from his pocket—empty. This man was not the kind to whom one could offer money although he looked as if he were a miser.

"The little chap was after water rats when he fell in. Then he was done for—but for you. My wife's dog—and she'd never have forgiven me."

"He seems none the worse. Glad to have been of use." He stooped for his rucksack, and slung it on his shoulders.

"Come up to my place and get dry. That's the least we can do—seeing we're responsible for your soaking."

Gerald demurred, but the hearty, young old gentleman insisted and led the way, talking all the time.

"Of course you must. You're wet and what's more, you're shivering. You can't deny it and it's all Mac's fault," and he chattered on steadily.

"But I'm filthy—" Gerald interrupted, only to be cut short.

"Nonsense man. Whose fault is it, I'd like to know? That's the Dower House among the trees, you can just see one gable. Why, my wife'd never forgive me if I didn't bring you back. She must thank you herself for saving Mac."

"But there's Mike—"

"He's wet, too."

Gerald's companion chattered on, his eyes on Gerald's shabby rucksack.

"A stranger here? I thought so. I know all the local people. But you've chosen bad weather for a hike in the country."

The old gentleman walked so briskly that Gerald decided he could not be as old as he looked. He seemed to like the sound of his own voice—a mellow, comfortable voice which seemed in keeping with the round kindly face and twinkling grey eyes.

"It's lovely country round here," he remarked, "although you mightn't think it, to see it to-day. Look at those trees! As fine an avenue of elms as you find in the country. Not that I like elms. Beaches now, or oaks. But we've got them too."

BE SURE THE MILK YOU BUY IS IRRADIATED FOR "SUNSHINE" VITAMIN D



Gerald did not need to talk, as his companion never waited for an answer.

"You'd think I'd planted them myself, I'm so proud of them. But I didn't—and neither did Miss Macdonald. Her great-grandfather was a wise man, and planted for every tree he felled. All this is her land, as if an estate as you'd get anywhere else in as good order. I run it for her, so I know. By the way, my name's Dixon, and I've known Mrs. Macdonald since I was a toddler. A fine girl with a will of her own—but none the worse for that."

They had left the woods, and a rambling grey house stood before them, looking down from a terrace of bare oaks. Mr. Dixon opened the door. Firelight threw his reflections on polished panels and dark floors, the rich colours of oriental rugs making islands in the sea of light. Gerald felt that he and Michael could not enter. They were fit only for a barn such as they had occupied the previous night. But Mr. Dixon pushed him in.

"Come along—come along. Ethel—she raised his voice. "Ethel, my dear, where are you? The drawing room? Just coming."

He hustled Gerald in. A sweet-faced lady was sitting by the fire, and stood up when she saw that a stranger accompanied her husband.

"Dixon pointed out the whole story, dividing the credit between Gerald and Michael in a way which Gerald felt was absurdly exaggerated.

"So, of course I brought him home to see you—and to get dry."

"Why—you're drenched."

And Gerald was suddenly conscious that water still dripped from him while he stood, darkening the delicate colours of the Persian carpet, but Mrs. Dixon's eyes held sympathy instead of annoyance.

"The gentle voice was very firm. "A good hot bath—and I'm sure your rucksack's wet too. George, put out some things for Mr.—er—" she hesitated.

Gerald hastily mentioned his name and added that he had dry clothes. He did not relish the idea of appearing in borrowed garments, especially as Mr. Dixon was a good six inches shorter than he was.

"Well, Mr. Ashley, my husband'll show you the bathroom and get your clothes dried."

Gerald soaked in a hot bath and could hardly believe that he was awake. He could scarcely tear himself away from the soothing warmth, and dressed reluctantly. But as soon as he left the heat of the bathroom he shivered. He supposed the long passage was draughty.

Dinner was served in a room as restful and dignified as the drawing room. Gerald, who had hardly eaten all day, should have been hungry, but he was not.

Mr. Dixon elaborated the story of the afternoon, until Gerald protest-

A Morning Smile

LIGHTER VEIN

John: "That's a nice umbrella you've got."

Alick: "Yes, but it's not really mine. I was walking home in the rain and saw a young man going my way with an umbrella. I thought I would ask if he would let me share it with him, so I went up and said, 'Where are you going with that umbrella?' And he threw it down and ran off as fast as he could!"

Jack—Can you tell me why a walkdog is smaller in the morning than at night?

Bill—No—why?

Jack—Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

WINSLOE NORTH WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The July meeting of Winsloe North W. Institute met at the home of Mrs. C. L. Cudmore July 23. Mrs. Earl Clark had charge of the meeting, which opened with the Ode and Creed. Roll call was answered by nine members and two visitors giving recipes. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. The committees gave their reports. No new business was taken up this month. The program period was spent in exchanging and discussing recipes. Program Committee for next meeting consists of Mrs. A. B. Roberts and Miss Eva Coles. Collection was taken amounting to 55 cents. Mrs. Earl Clark invited the members to her home for the next meeting. Roll call to be answered with a Canadian Author. Meeting closed with the King. Lunch was served by the hostesses.

(Patriot Please Copy)

12,000 POST OFFICES

The number of post offices in Canada has increased from 3,470 at Confederation to more than 12,000.

Bowel Complaints of Children

During the hot summer and early fall months most children, and especially those teething, are subject to diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cholera infantum and other bowel complaints.

Every mother should have a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the home as a protection against sudden attacks of these troubles.

Don't experiment with new and untried remedies. Consider your child's health. Get "Dr. Fowler's." It has been successfully used by thousands of Canadian mothers during the past 94 years it has been on the market.

Don't accept a substitute. Get the genuine "Dr. Fowler's." The T. Millbrae Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Dorothy Dix Says—

START EARLY IN TEACHING CHILDREN VALUE OF WORK Then You Will Not Be Cursed In Later Life With Shiftless Sons And Daughters

Dear Miss Dix—How much should we expect of our son and how much should we do for him? He would not go to school only as long as the law compelled him to do so. Said he wanted to work, but now he will only work half time and lays around home the remainder of the time. He pays no board, nothing for his washing, ironing and mending, which I do. His father is 50 years old, a poor man who works seven nights a week and part daytime in order to support his family of five children, and I feel that it is not right that this boy should not help some. Can anything be done for him? Are we upholding him in laziness? Should we compel him to help us?

TROUBLED.



ANSWER—You are certainly aiding and abetting this son in his triflingness. You should realize that at 18 his habits are being formed, and that if you permit him to idle now and graze his life off on that you will make a loafer for life of him. The only remedy for this is a drastic one that few parents have the nerve to apply to their children. It is to throw the boy out on his own. Have a serious talk with him, not in anger, but in a determined, and tell him that he must leave home and make his own living, and that you will not give him another day's food and that he must either work or starve.

Hunger Makes Workers. When the pinch of hunger comes the laziest go to work. They may hate labor, but it is not so unpleasant as sleeping on a bench and going without food. So long as your son knows that he is sure of three square meals a day and a comfortable bed, and mother to do his washing and patching, he will work only enough to get sufficient money to keep and laundry he will have to work all the time. Needs must when the devil drives.

It is the knowledge that they can always go home that turns girls and boys into quitters and makes them throw up their jobs whenever they get tired of them, or have any little disagreement with their employers. Those who haven't any homes to go to, nor anything but what they make, stick to their work and make the successful men and women who rise to high places in the business world.

Industry and thrift are just habits that we develop by cultivation. So is loafing and spending. You should have begun inculcating these in a matter of course.

But you may yet save your older son if you have the courage to shut the door in his face and leave him to work or starve.

Time to Shoo Him Away

Dear Miss Dix—How can a young man get with an extremely pretty, intelligent, well-educated, charming girl for two years and not love her or I should say, not propose to her? He is very well-to-do, amply able to support a wife and she has a good income of her own. This girl reads to him, she dances with him, and serves him with all sorts of gaudies and still he just comes and sits and sits without popping the question. What do you think?

ANSWER—I think he is one of the social debauchees who take all that a girl will give without ever meaning to make any return. Such men have no conscience so far as the woman is concerned. They are so rottenly selfish that they never consider any one's good or pleasure but their own.

This man admires your niece, he enjoys her society, he likes to be petted and spoiled, and he luxuriates in the thought that she loves him, and he doesn't want to take upon himself the restrictions and the responsibilities of matrimony. So he spends his evenings in your most comfortable chair, letting this charming maiden work like a coal heaver to entertain and amuse him, and that's all there is to it.

After a bit he will grow tired of her and her pretty bag of tricks, and when he doesn't want to take her any longer he will come along and he will transfer himself from your parlor to another, and your niece will be left lamenting.

It is nothing to him that he is monopolizing her and that he is linking up her name with his, so that when he does forsake her she will be virtually in the position of a prostitute. He is keeping eligible suitors away from her and probably dooming her to be an old maid, because it is while her youth and beauty are in full flower that a girl has her best chances of making a good marriage.

Why any girl should let a fellow like this come along and let a man treat her that way is past all comprehension. One would think that her pride would rebel against putting herself in such a humiliating position, and that her common sense would tell her that if the man really loved her and wanted to marry her he would have asked her to marry him long ago. And that there is no use in waiting longer, hoping against hope that he will ever speak.

No man can visit a girl regularly for a year without knowing definitely what he is going to do about asking her to marry him, and if by the end of that time he has not popped the question it's the air for him, if the girl has a grain of gumption in her head.

Your Individual HOROSCOPE

By Frances Drake

For Thursday, Aug. 21

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries)—A gainful day, particularly in heart and money matters. Fresh incentive to your efforts should carry you through to extra progress. This is a period for study, comprehensive action. Don't fail.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus)—Aspects coincide with those of Aries. Put the full weight of your capabilities into today's work. Financial results will accrue. Finish up incomplete matters; get new ones well organized and under way.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)—Not especially auspicious for personal matters so concentrate on your regular job. If outside public or government issues arise, tackle them with vigor and confidence.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)—Artistic and scientific professions, investigations, chemistry, shipping; metal workers, machinists, clerks, artisans, stenographers especially under the rays. Increase your store of knowledge.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 23 (Leo)—Tricky rays suggest you carefully watch every move you make lest you do something foolish, careless or reckless. Solution: A steady, calm, familiar schedule that you know is RIGHT.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo)—Favorable tendencies. You have free rein (within limits) of common sense and right principles) to apply your efforts to any worthy line that presents itself. Go to it!

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra)—A 60-so day. Pep up your routine activities to include a potent leader, a revitalizing tablet or action. Push forward with ever-

increasing ambition and tact.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio)—Decision is opportune for the interests in which you are especially adapted. Proceed with alacrity in essential and important duties. A period for new laurels and records.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius)—Be ambitious. Add that personal touch and finesse to your work that labels it a standard. All sound, constructive activities are favored under benefic vibrations.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn)—Keep a stiff upper lip. Competition may be keen today so give your best efforts. Taboo wasting time on unessentials. Mine the disposition. It can be a powerful influence for wrong as well as good.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius)—Bright aspects admit to a very encouraging day. Continue with your activities as planned but sleep up your tempo to take advantage of friendly rays. Introduce new style, method, plans, tempo.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces)—Originality the thing you need today. It must be of the practical kind, however. No castles in the air, please. Confer with superiors, wise elders and profit by past experiences.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY is a delightful individual with a wealth of personality that must not be clouded by loss of temper or irritation. Very capable. Once it sets its mind to do anything, it advances without hesitation. The best possible education is an ever helpful aid. Should throw off anxiety and worry whenever it puts in an appearance.

THE COOK'S CORNER

BLUEBERRY CAKE
1-4 cup shortening, 1-4 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1-2 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup sifted flour, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 1-1-2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-4 cup milk, 1-1-2 cups blueberries, 1-4 cup flour, 1-8 teaspoon salt, 1-2 cup packed brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter.

Method: Cream shortening and sugar, add egg and vanilla and beat until light. Sift first flour, salt, and baking powder and add to creamed mixture with milk, beating only until smooth. Pour into 8-inch square cake pan, brushed well with shortening, and sprinkle with berries. Top with remaining flour, salt, brown sugar, and butter mixed until like meal. Bake about 30 minutes in moderate oven, 375 degrees F. Cut into squares and serve warm with vanilla ice cream and Blueberry Sauce.

BLUEBERRY SAUCE
1-3 cup sugar, 1-2 tablespoons flour, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 3-4 cup water, 1 cup blueberries, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 teaspoons butter.

Method: Blend sugar, flour, and salt, then gradually stir in water, stirring to a smooth cream. Add blueberries and cook gently until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice and butter, stir well, and serve hot. This is also nice on plain ice cream or over any plain cake.

HAM CASSEROLE (Serve 6)
One and one-half cups cooked ham diced, 1 cup cooked carrots, sliced, 1-2 cups boiled potatoes, sliced, 2 cups cream of mushroom soup or 2 cups medium white sauce, 1-4 cup bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons butter.

Arrange ham, ground or diced and sliced potatoes and carrots in layers in a buttered casserole. Pour over each layer cream of mushroom soup or sauce. (Note: If cream of mushroom soup is condensed, thin with milk or cream). Cover with crumbs dotted with butter. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 30 to 40 minutes.

Living & Leisure - The Woman's Realm

TWELVE THINGS TO REMEMBER

The value of time.
The success of Perseverance.
The pleasure of working.
The dignity of simplicity.
The worth of character.
The power of kindness.
The influence of example.
The obligation of duty.
The wisdom of economy.
The virtue of patience.
The improvement of talent.
The saving grace of hard work.

COSTLY ROOFS

Many of the church domes in the Kiev, Russian Ukraine, are steamed in pure gold.

TO RENEW RUBBER

Overshoes and other rubber articles that have become hardened by exposure to dry heat or extreme cold may often be reconditioned by a simple home treatment. First, cleanse the article thoroughly with warm water and a medium stiff brush. Then soak in a solution of one-third ammonia and two-thirds water for an hour or so. After this, rinse carefully with glycerine and water—one part glycerine to nine parts water. Dry with a clean cloth and put away in a cool, dark place.

STILL COSTLY

Man has learned to make rubies exactly like those produced by Nature, but the process is so complicated the stones are no less costly.

THE HIGHEST, LOWEST AND HOTTEST POINTS IN THE UNITED STATES ARE IN CALIFORNIA.

ALL-OUT AID: When dad and the children get out of mother's way when she's house-cleaning—Buffalo Courier-Express.

BROILED CHICKEN

Split tender young broilers lengthwise, or cut young chicken into neat serving portions. Brush lightly with soft fat and place on the rack in a broiling pan. Pre-heat the broiler (that is, the top burner or element in the oven of your range). Place the chicken directly under the heat and sear until well-browned, turning so that both sides are done. Now lower the broiling pan so that the surface of the chicken is about 3 inches under the source of heat and continue cooking, turning occasionally, until the meat will separate easily from the bone. Dust lightly with salt and pepper when the meat is half done.

BROILED CHICKEN II

Now, for broiled chicken that is less expensive, simmer a stewing fowl until tender, then allow it to cool in the water in which it was cooked. Drain the stewed chicken when cool, and cut into serving sized portions. Brush lightly with a soft fat and broil as you would the young chicken.

New Booklet Condenses "Life Begins at Forty"



Putting Time in Its Place!

Are you letting the years lick you or do you still hit back like a champ?

You can keep hitting hard long past your youth, Walter B. Pitkin says in his famous "Life Begins at Forty."

Though you've less physical energy, you have a wealth of experience, mature judgment and developed skills that give you an advantage over young people.

Use it for all it's worth! How? Pitkin's program is to abandon "the little desires in favor of the great... concentrate on a few powerful enduring virtues. . . . Though energies may dwindle somewhat we use them more efficiently . . . heighten our chances of success."

It's been shown that the average age at which the great have done their best work is 47.4 years, so you young people of 40 have your best time ahead of you! Know how to profit by that 2,500 hours left over every year from the time you spend on the necessities of living.

Our 32-page booklet gives in convenient, condensed form the famous "Life Begins at Forty" by Walter Pitkin (condensation by permission of Whittlesey House). Learn how to make your middle and last years the happiest and most profitable of your life.

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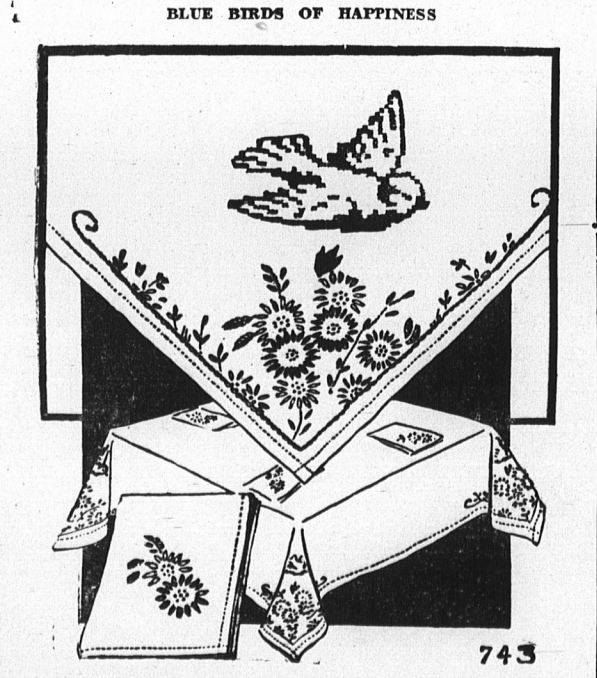
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