

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

When your first breakfast mouthful makes you think...



M-M! THAT WAKES MY APPETITE!

That's when you can say "Thanks to Kellogg's Corn Flakes!"

Flavour... the rich, mellow, delicious flavour of Kellogg's Corn Flakes... flavour which gives you the kind of appetite which actually helps digestion...

Popularity attested, year after year, by the thousands of Canadian housewives who report Kellogg's Corn Flakes their family's favourite cereal.

Keep two or three packages in the house all the time. With cream and sugar they give you needed food energy. And should you breakfast out, ask for Kellogg's in the triple-wrapped individual package:

"Tops" say housewives: "Right!" say experts. Asked specifically by trained investigators "What brand of corn flakes do you think tastes best?" four out of five Canadian housewives said "Kellogg's."

Asked to choose between several unidentified brands, taste experts unhesitatingly chose Kellogg's! Those are the facts! Your family will prefer them, too!

Treat them to Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning. Order several packages today. Two convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

SERVE BY SAVING BUY VICTORY BONDS



Saves money! Kellogg's Corn Flakes makes a family breakfast or supper for few cents. And the "30-second" breakfast is so easy to prepare! No washing-up afterwards!

GOOD NEIGHBORS

Swedish University students and others will help clear new farmland for Finnish refugees from Karelian districts ceded to Russia.

COMMODORES OUT The United States Navy has dropped the rank of Commodore.

for HAPPIER, HEALTHIER BABIES

ask your doctor!

Doctors prescribe Carnation Milk formulas for baby-feeding because Carnation is safe, uniform and very easy to digest. Supplies extra vitamin D. Carnation Milk is economical.



Needlecraft—

—For The Home



It's a smart mother who makes her children's clothes with easy-to-sew patterns and cute, inexpensive cottons, she'll find that her little girl is always comfortable and well dressed. This new frock buttons all the way down the front, self-help style, and has colorful balloon pockets that are in keeping with the season. With a wide hem, that can be let down, as she grows, this dress will be every little girl's favorite, and mother's too. It's as perfect for the tiny tot of one year as it is for her bigger sister of four.

Style No. 2871 is designed for sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 4 requires 1 5/8 yards of 36-inch fabric for dress and 3-4 yard for panties.

Send Twenty (20c) coin is preferred, for Pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and the style number. Be sure to state the size you wish.

Thousands of women are helped thru trying times with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound known for over 40 years in relieving female functional troubles. Made in Canada.

PIMPLES

and similar externally caused blemishes. Help relieve them with mildly medicated CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

A Morning Smile

DEFINITION The new clerk was nervous as he called to the boss "I think someone wants you on the phone." "You think?" roared the chief. "Don't you know?" "Well, when I picked up the receiver someone said, 'Is that you, you idiotic old horse-thief!'"

Diner—I know this is an incubator chicken. Waiter—Are you sure sir? Diner—Certainly. No bird who ever had a mother could be this tough. Diner (first time in Southern resort hotel): "Are you required here?" Negro waiter: "No, sah." Diner: "Oh, I'm so glad!" Negro waiter: "Yes, sah, all we asks ren a small retuin' fee jes' lak lawyers does!"

Dorothy Dix Says—

HUSBANDS GET TIRED OF SUPPORTING SELFISH WIVES

If You Do Not Give Him A Happy Home And Make Him Comfortable, Then Expect To Lose Him

Dear Miss Dix—My sister and I married brothers. My marriage is very happy, but my sister and her husband are like strangers living under the same roof. She has everything that any woman could want—a kind and successful husband, three nice children, cars, plenty of money. She likes the money and social standing and trips her husband provides, but she shows him no affection or love. She likes to attend clubs and parties, but has no time or energy to spend on her husband, and she never listens to his wants or desires. Tell her that a man does not care to come home at night to a woman who is cold and disagreeable and nagging, but she does not think she will ever lose him because he is so fond of his children. But don't you think that men become so discouraged and disgusted with wives who do nothing to make them happy that they will give up everything to be in a place where they can be at peace and have a little affection shown them? do not want to see my sister's home broken up, but I tremble for her safety.

ANSWER—And well you may. No woman is in greater danger of losing her happy home and her good shopping ticket than the one who plays her husband for a sucker, as the phrase goes, who demands everything of him and gives nothing in return. Sooner or later the man gets tired of working to support a cold, selfish wife, who shows him no affection, who never considers his happiness or pleasure in any way, who does not even take the trouble to make him a comfortable home; and he goes abroad in search of some other woman who will give him the tenderness, the appreciation, the praise for which he hungers and thirsts and which she does not give him.

Husbands Loathe Fault-Finders

When wives are on their jobs and keep their home fires burning; when they try as hard to keep their husbands as they did to catch them; when they see their husbands after marriage even more than they did before marriage; when their husbands are surer of a better dinner at home than they could get at the club and know of no pleasanter place to spend an evening than in their own homes, there is no more danger of such homes being broken up by divorce than there is of their being struck by an avalanche.

It is a pity that women do not realize that marriage is a business proposition as well as a sentimental adventure, and that they cannot get away with cheating. When a man enters into a partnership he expects the responsibility and put his head and his back into making the firm a success.

And this goes for marriage as well as the grocery trade, and when he finds that his wife is laying down on the job and that she expects him to do all the work and the worrying and for her to reap all the profits, he is mighty likely to throw her out and get in a new partner. And it serves her right, too.

Beware the Mother Complex

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a girl of 24 and have been going with a very fine young man for two years. He is a splendid chap in every way, with a good job and a fine chance of promotion. No bad habits. And I love him very much. But the problem is his mother. She has all three of her children at home with her. All are around 30. All have been engaged to people they loved very much, but Mother broke off the engagements. She hasn't broken off my fiancee's yet, but I think it is in the cards, as she completely dominates her children.

If she were the noisy, bossy kind, I could fight that. But she isn't. She is the quiet, sweet, gent' sort and is so anxious to let her children lead happy lives until the time comes for them to do it. Then she just smiles and says sweetly: "Go ahead, Mother can stay here alone." It will break my heart, but I won't live long and it is a mother's fate to sacrifice herself. And the children are so sorry for Mother that they give up getting married.

Now what am I to do? Am I to wait around for Mother to cut her apron strings and let her son marry me? And that happens, as it probably won't, what chance of happiness have I with a man who comes to this particular use and hangs on her every word? I have a grand job and sometimes I think I will just work hard at it and let him go, though it will break my heart to do it. Can you help me?

ANSWER—Naturally your problem is one that you must decide for yourself, but to my way of thinking a man with a mother complex is a mighty poor risk as a husband. He will always put Mother first and you will always be running a poor second to her, and if there is any situation more calculated to get into a wife's hair, I don't know what it is, the church, for if Mother has broken off her other two children's engagements she will break off yours also, and you will have wasted years and money waiting for a wedding that never comes. Mother would have always wept at losing her darling boy, and looked so unhappy that you would always put it off out of pity for Mother's feelings, and with no pity whatever for yours.

A good job holds out a lot better chance of happiness than marriage to the son of a possessive mother. There are worse things than to espouse a career.

Living & Leisure

—The Woman's Realm

Time was when superstitious maid was very definite in her opinion as to the good or bad fortune on her way. By wedding on a Saturday.

Time was when old wives shook the heads of the young folks when the falling morn brought skies of lead, and murmured fearfully at dawn, "Happy the bride the sun shines on."

Saturday's high in favor now. With those who take the wedding vow; but still, no maiden can refrain from praying, "Please, don't let it rain."

CAPRICORN BIRTHSTONE

If yours is a Capricorn birthday (between December 21st and January 20th), the garnet is your birthstone. This is a beautifying gem, for it is said to give lustre to the hair and eyebrows of its wearers, to strengthen the eyelashes and to guard against broken bones.

PEEPHOLE FOR CURB

A patent has been granted on an automobile door with a peephole near the bottom so the driver can see how close he is parking to the curb.

WASHING DAY

Cover your ironing blanket with two or three sheets of clean white paper and iron on it; it will give your handkerchiefs—and things a gloss equal to new and a beautiful finish. A little salt will remove starch from your irons. Add a little borax to the soapy water in which you wash your dishcloths and they will keep sweet.

ASK... your

He will tell you that pure bathroom tissue protects health.



The Golden Sands Riddle

By Alexander Campbell

He strode forward to the seated figure, and called: "Mr. Monte!" The figure beneath the umbrella did not move.

Peter impatiently extended a hand to tap him on the shoulder, and Lucy had a sudden presentiment which made her stand still. "Tend me!" he demanded on the man's shoulder. He did not turn his head; but very slowly, his whole body moved forward under the impact. It went down and fell and rolled over, in a set piece, as if made of wood.

As he fell, they saw that they had not seen before, because the umbrella had hidden it. The broad back of the man's white linen jacket gleamed in the sun like starched lace; and in the middle of the shining white expanse was the hilt of a knife.

CHAPTER VI

A RISE IN THE WORLD

Peter Crosby took the steps of the Orient Hotel two at a time. He was whistling as he went through the swing doors and approached the desk. His one impulse at the moment was to shake Mr. Monte warmly by the hand.

He stepped up to the desk, and the clerk leaned over. "I want to see Mr. Monte," said Peter.

A pained expression filled across the clerk's face. Peter could guess the reason. Mr. Monte might command sufficient funds to ensure his entry into the Orient Hotel, but his rugged humour and obvious lack of finish would scarcely fit in with its prevailing atmosphere.

"I will inquire if he is in, sir," murmured the clerk, as he picked up an ivory telephone.

A moment later he turned back to Peter and shook his head. "I am sorry, sir. The gentleman went out some hours ago."

"Some hours ago?" Peter was astonished. "But, it's scarcely breakfast-time now!"

Mr. Monte keeps irregular hours, sir," said the clerk; and there was no mistaking the disapproval in his tone. "He did not come in here until early hour this morning. Nevertheless he was up at four, and I am informed, announced his intention of going for a swim before breakfast. He has not yet returned."

"Oh!" said Peter. He felt somewhat dashed.

"There any message, sir?" "No," said Peter, making up his mind. "He can't be long. I'll wait for him."

He was thinking that if he lingered in the hotel he might meet Lucy Carr.

"The lounge is on the right, sir," said the clerk. "Oh, if you prefer the veranda, or the morning room, or the sun parlour."

"Thanks," said Peter shortly. "The lounge will do."

He turned away and found himself face to face with Sir John Carr. Lucy's father approached him with a smile and outstretched hand.

"Mr. Crosby? My daughter has told me about you, but she hasn't had the pleasure of meeting you."

"How do you do?" said Peter. Sir John shook him warmly by the hand. He seemed genuinely pleased to see him.

"I suppose you're calling for Lucy? She's gone out with young Parry, Gould tells me. Gould is my secretary." Before Peter could say anything the older man went on. "I'm

Distinctive Summer Bag You Can Weave Yourself



THE COOK'S CORNER

COCONUT MIST CAKE

3 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1-4 teaspoon salt
1 cup butter or other shortening
1 pound (3 1-2 cups) confectioner's sugar
4 egg yolks, well beaten
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup premium sifted coconut
1 cup premium sifted coconut
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
Sift flour once, and mix together three times. Cream butter and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolk and beat milk a small amount, add with beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and coconut. Fold in egg whites quickly and thoroughly. Bake in three greased oven (375 degrees F.) 2 1/2 to 30 minutes. Spread Tinted Fluffy Frosting between layers and over cake. Sprinkle with coconut.

ned Peter. He realized that he liked Sir John very much. There was no beating about the bush with him. "Well, sir, that was perfect. "est-day. But to-day—it's different."

"Why?" Sir John looked perplexed, but before Peter could answer, Sir John looked up and rose. (To be Continued)

just going into breakfast. I suppose you've had yours?"

"It was on the tip of Peter's tongue to say 'yes'; then he suddenly became conscious of the pangs of a healthy hunger. After all, why not? "as a matter of fact," he said, "I haven't."

"Excellent! Then you'll join me? "This way," said Sir John, without waiting for an answer. Over his shoulder he said: "Where are you saying?"

Peter hesitated a second, but gave the name.

"Good spot?" asked Sir John anxiously. "I tell you what—here's the table—I was thinking of asking if you'd care to move in here, so that we could be all in one party; but I doubt if this place would suit you, or anybody else with any taste and sense!" he added with a snort. "I waved a hand around an ornate dining-room, from whose walls painted Cupids beamed down on the guests.

"Pretty chaste, isn't it?" he continued. "And the food—well, it isn't bad, but it isn't worth what they charge. What will you have? The grapefruit isn't bad."

While Sir John had been speaking, Peter had come to a sudden decision. He agreed with every word the older man had said; but there was one thing he would not do. He would not go to the Orient Hotel. Lucy stayed in it, and to-day he could afford to take a plunge that would have been impossible yesterday.

"I agree about the Cupids," he said with a smile. "But if you mean what you say—and it's extraordinary kind of you—I should love to join your party, and put up here."

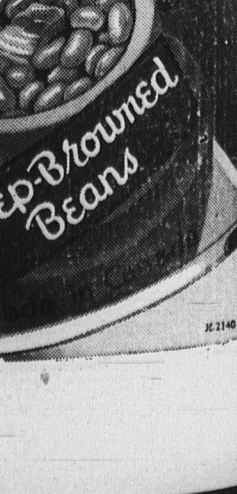
He received the impression that this was not what the other man had expected. He looked up with a start and bent his whole eyes on Peter.

"Do you mean that?" He paused, as though at a loss. Then swiftly: "Be sure of this: I—we would all—be delighted to have you. I smile one of his rare, kindly smiles. "I rely entirely on Lucy's judgment. She hasn't let me down yet."

"But—well, if you will excuse me putting it bluntly, for I am a blunt man—I rather got the impression that you were not what I meant. I couldn't afford it," grinned Peter.

Libby's Deep-Browned Beans are cooked individually by an entirely new process. No longer is it necessary to destroy the flavour of a dish of perfectly cooked beans with even a few hard beans—dry beans—old, nussy beans. Each and every one of Libby's Deep-Browned Beans is cooked through to the centre with a uniformly tender texture and a rich deep brown colour. Treat your family to a bean feast, and if you and they don't all agree that Libby's Deep-Browned Beans are quite the best you have ever tasted, Libby's will pay you double the purchase price.

LIBBY, MCNEILL & LIBBY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Chatham Ontario



It is all important to Specify...
Barbour's
if you want the BEST
ORDER BY NAME

BEANS INDIVIDUALLY COOKED
by Libby's
Libby's Deep-Browned Beans are cooked individually by an entirely new process. No longer is it necessary to destroy the flavour of a dish of perfectly cooked beans with even a few hard beans—dry beans—old, nussy beans. Each and every one of Libby's Deep-Browned Beans is cooked through to the centre with a uniformly tender texture and a rich deep brown colour. Treat your family to a bean feast, and if you and they don't all agree that Libby's Deep-Browned Beans are quite the best you have ever tasted, Libby's will pay you double the purchase price.

HELP FINISH THE JOB BUY VICTORY BONDS
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK
If not the Best You've Tasted!
NET WEIGHT 1LB
Libby's
Deep-Browned Beans