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

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

Its startling simplicity gives this new formal afternoon or Sunday night dress, undreamed of chic.

Isn't the little basque bodice, gained through the more fitted line, effective? And don't you think the cap sleeves are cute idea edged with lace? The neck too, is so generally becoming in deep open V with lace inset.

It breathes romance of the Empire period, in wine-red transparent velvet with white lace.

It's adorable too in black, dark green or sapphine blue velvet.

Crepe marocain, crepe satin and lace are ideally suited to this slimming model.

Style No. 668 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material with 1¾ yards of lace.

Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern. Send stamps or coin (coin preferred.)

Price of pattern 15 cents.

No. 668. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City State .....

Headache often relieved without "dosing"

VICKS VAPORUB

OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is punctuation at the ends of the lines correct in addressing envelopes?

A. It may be used, but it is better form to omit it entirely.

Q. How should coffee spoons be distributed?

A. They should be placed on the saucers when the coffee is served.

Q. If a stranger says he remembers meeting you at another time, what should one do?

A. Try to recall it and if you can't, be tactful in regretting that you cannot remember the occasion.

A Morning Smile

"Johnny," said mother to her six-year-old offspring "how many more times must I tell you to put your hand to your mouth when you cough? It's very rude not to do it. I always do it, don't I?"

"Yes, mother, you always do it," agreed Johnny, "but I don't think there is any need for me to do it, 'cos when I cough I never have to catch my teeth."

DRAPERIES MADE NEW

"When we resumed housekeeping a month ago I found my draperies had become creased from packing. I hung them out on the line, hoping to remove the creases. Then I forgot them. The result was they became badly faded and sun-spotted.

"I was heartsick until the happy thought struck me to dye them. I just dyed them a deeper green, and as I used Diamond Dyes they look gorgeous and new. I have never seen easier dyes to use than Diamond Dyes. They give the most beautiful colors—when used either for tinting or dyeing—and never take the life out of cloth as other dyes do."

Mrs. J.F.T., Montreal

FROM "THE SICK STOCKRIDER"

'Twas merry in the glowing morn,
among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud,
and watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.

. . . . .

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and the tall green trees grow dim;
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall;
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.

Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave,
With never stone nor rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

—Adam Lindsay Gordon.

KAYSER

SILK STOCKINGS in the new colors and styles, chiffon and service weight, the largest stock in Prince Edward Island.

$1.00 $1.50 $1.95

Moore & McLeod Ltd.

Pore-Dirt

Your face—every face has a net work of pores. They catch and hold the dirt and soot flying in the air.

You can't wash it out. Use Pompeian Massage Cream and see the grimy—grey pore dirt roll out. A few minutes massage regularly keeps your face really clean. Buy a jar at the drug counter today! Only 60c.

While it is possible to pay more, it is impossible to buy better.

POMPEIAN

PRODUCTS FOR BEAUTY

Little Bo-Peep

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep—
there's surely something wrong?
Yet little Bell-peep has lost her sheep, I fear might spoil the song.
And what has sheep to do with Bow? They've bells—we know the knell—
Still we have got Bow Bells you know, conjunct of Beau and Belle.

Well to repeat, she's lost her sheep; but is it one or more?
It may have been an orphan or it may have been a score.
I think you will agree with me there's something truly rural
In language which has words alike in singular and plural.

For proof that there were more than one you safely may depend;
By strict attention to details you'll find it in the end.
Close application, careful search, look well and you will find,
It was their tails—not singular—the sheep had left behind.

Now, being lost, she did not know where they were to be found—
A logical conclusion which you will admit, is sound
And if we know she found their tails, she'd nothing to deplore.
The sheep would be in front of them, "not lost—but gone before"
Still, though Bo-Peep had lost her sheep, the maiden made no fuss,
But very quickly fell into the arms of Morpheus.
And as she slept she dreamed a deam that they were round her bleating:
It must have been the snores she snored the little maiden cheating.

Then when she finally awoke, sat up, and rubbed her eyes,
And found the bleating of the sheep was just the buzz of flies,
She remembered how two sages had expressed—on sheep—their view.
And as she comfort got from them I'll quote them both to you.

"This genus of ruminant quadrupeds of the family Capridæ,
If left alone will find their home, no matter how far they stray,
And, like the genus 'homo,' when he's been 'out in a gale.'
And got his "three sheets in the wind,' each one bring home a 'tale.'"

"If sheep are only left alone, an axiom it seems,
They will seek their 'dulce domum' with old Sol's declining beams,
It's rather paradoxical to bring their tails behind them,
And must be due to parallax to find them as we find them."

What! you've had enough of mutton! Did I hear you cry "a bas"?
Did I hear a "bo," a "peep peep," and a qu'est ce que c'est que ca?
I must seek a little licence, for whoe'er this rhyme assails
Will find this little narravite a little work entails.

—C. M'Alister Crookes.

Nearly 2,900 dogs were entered in the 1931 bench show in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Should a Man Be More Deeply in Love Than the Girl He Marries? — Wife Who Hesitates to Return to Husband Who Left Her Three Times

Dear Miss Dix—I am of the opinion that in all marriages one loves more than the other. This being the case, it is not desirable that the man should love the woman more than she does him? I am going to marry a man who cares much more for me than I do for him and I feel that this will cause him to make a greater effort to please me and I will never have any heartaches because of his negligence. Men get the best of the deal, anyway, and knowing that he loves me the most makes me feel that the step that I am about to take makes marriage less hazardous for me. What is your opinion?

PEGGY JANE.

Answer:

I think that whether it is best for the woman to marry a man she is crazy about of the man who is crazy about her is not a question that can be answered categorically. It all depends upon the individual woman.

If she is of the warm-hearted, generous, romantic type, then it is best that she should be the lover. With her it is literally better to give than to receive, and her happiness and satisfaction with marriage depend upon her having the man upon whom she can lavish all of her devotion. She never sees him except as her fondest fancy paints him and so he is a fairy prince to her, no matter how ordinary and commonplace he may be to the rest of the world. She finds her greatest pleasure in serving him and she is blissful in worshiping him and ministering to him.

Such a woman gets a thrill out of loving rather than being loved. She is content because she has her heart's desire, but she would be restless, dissatisfied, miserable if she was married to the best man in the world if she was not absorbingly in love with him. His devotion would go for naught if she did not return it. She is the sort of woman who never wants to be put upon a pedestal because her mission in life is to be an incense burner.

On the other hand, a woman who is cold-blooded and calculating and without the ability ever to have anything more than a lukewarm affection for any one but herself is wise when she marries a man who loves her better than she does him, because he will always be breaking his neck to please her and she will be put to no bother to have to retain his affection. Curiously enough, the women who give least in marriage seem to get the most out of it. Probably because they are the only ones who keep their husbands always on the love chase.

Of course, generally speaking, it is better for the man at least to begin by caring more for his wife than she does for him, for when a man starts out in marriage he puts into it his whole available supply of affection and he does business on a constantly decreasing capital, so to speak, whereas the wife's original investment is apt to increase.

The reason for this is that the world tends to wean a man away from his wife and substitute other interests for his love interest, whereas marriage narrows a woman's world down to her home and makes her husband the central figure of it. Her thoughts, her pleasures, her happiness are concentrated on him, and if he is kind and tender to her she will love him better and better as the years go by.

Many women fall in love with their husbands after marriage, but few men fall in love with their wives. Perhaps this is why women feel that they have to keep themselves young and beautiful and well groomed to retain their husband's affections, but men do not feel that they have to bother about making themselves attractive to their wives.

DOROTHY DIX.

. . . . . .

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have been married for seven years. Three different times my husband has tired of marriage and left me. Then he would get dissatisfied with being away from me and would beg me to come back and start all over again, but just about the time I got nicely settled in a home he would discover that he was in love with some one else and want his freedom. Now this has happened again and he wants me to come back for the fourth time, but I am tired of giving up good positions for him. I have no children. I do not ask anything from him I have a good job with a good salary and a nice comfortable home with friends, so what should I do?

BETTY.

Answer:

A good steady job looks a million times better to me than an unreliable husband who seems to think that marriage is one of the things that you can take or leave. And mostly leave.

Evidently your husband has no real affection for you, no sense of the responsibility of matrimony and no idea of doing his duty. He is a poor, weak creature, and a bad proposition to tie to. You will never find any peace or happiness with him and the sooner you put him out of your life the better it will be for you.

I can think of nothing less desirable to have around the house than a part-time husband wioth a roving eye in search of every pretty girl that comes along and with his satchel always packed and ready to go after her. That is not the kind of a husband a real woman wants. She wants a man who has character and stability, who picked her out for keeps when he got married and who has the grit and courage to carry on with marriage after it ceases to be a flubdub romance full of thrills he has established and the woman whose life he has taken into his hands.

That is what marriage is. It isn't an off-again, on-again, gone-again-Finnigan sort of game.

DOROTHY DIX.

. . . . . .

Dear Miss Dix—What is the honorable thing to do—break your engagement or marry a man even though you know you do not love him. I did love John when I engaged myself to him, but his jealousy and constant nagging have killed my love and I know I can never care for him again. But I am engaged to him and I hate to hurt him, and especially I hate to hurt his parents who are very fond of me. What is the right thing to do?

TROUBLED.

Answer:

Break your engagement, even if you are on the very steps of the altar, if you are certain you no longer love the man. That is the only honorable thing to do.

Otherwise you are marrying under false pretenses, because the man believes that you are agreeing to spend the balance of your life with him because you care for him so much that you would be miserable without him. When a man marries he takes on himself the burden of his wife's support as well as putting his happiness in her hands and he would not do that if he did not believe that she loved him and that she would repay him in affection for all that he does for her. No man would marry a woman if she told him outright that she did not love him.

Very often men and women marry those whom they have ceased to love because they are bound by a false sense of honor or because they lack the moral courage to tell the other one the truth. They justify this weakness by saying that it will make the other one happy, but it never does. The sacrifice is always made in vain, for no husband or wife is a good enough actor to keep up the deception and play the role of devoted husband or wife when their hearts are filled with dislike and distaste for the one to whom they are tied.

Invariably they are cross and peevish and critical and ill-tempered and able to make none of the excuses for the faults and foibles of their husbands and wives that love would make.

In your case, troubled, you would be particularly foolhardy to marry the man you have ceased to care for. If his jealousy and nagging were not to be borne before marriage, think how unendurable they will be after marriage. Break your engagement and save yourself from misery.

For The Cook

NEW ENGLAND APPLE PIE

Five apples, three-fourths cup sugar, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon grated lemon rind, three tablespoons lemon juice, one tablespoon melted butter. Pare and slice the apples very thin. Mix the cinnamon and sugar. Line a pie pan with pastry and arrange the apples in it in layers; sprinkle each layer with some of the sugar and spice mixture and the grated lemon rind. Over all pour the lemon juice and melted butter, which have been mixed together. Cover with a top layer of pastry and bake about forty minutes. Place the pie in a hot oven, and after twelve minutes reduce the heat. Serve hot or cold.

Our Christmas Number

Drawing and Story Competitions

To give young people a chance of entering, we are making an early announcement of the Guardian Christmas Number competitions. Prizes will be given in two sections, as follows:—

(1) BOYS AND GIRLS BETWEEN 13 and 20 YEARS:—

For best stories:—1st prize, $3.00; 2nd prize, $2.00; 3rd prize, $1.00.

For best drawings:—1st prize, $3.00; 2nd prize, $2.00; 3rd prize, $1.00.

(2) BOYS AND GIRLS LESS THAN 13 YEARS:—

For best stories:—1st prize, $2.00; 2nd prize, $1.25; 3rd prize, 75c.

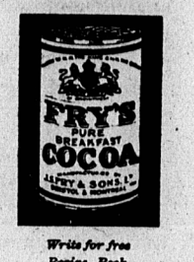
For best drawings:—1st prize, $2.00; 2nd prize, $1.25; 3rd prize 75c.

Stories should not exceed 1000 words. The subjects should be of a Christmassy nature. The drawings should be in firm outline in Indian ink without shading lines, and should not be larger than a half-sheet of note-paper. They must, of course, be original work, not mere copies.

Entries, addressed to Christmas Number care Charlottetown Guardian and marked "Christmas Story" or "Christmas Drawing," must be received not later than December 1st. The prize winners will be announced in the Christmas Number.

tf

She needs the extra nourishment that FRY'S COCOA gives



What do we mean by that 'extra nourishment'? Well, you know how nourishing milk is. FRY'S Cocoa increases that nourishment by nearly one half. The two together provide just the extra support your children need to keep pace with their growing bodies. FRY'S is the cocoa with the chocolaty flavour — and the most economical food-drink you can buy.

J. S. Fry & Sons (Canada) Limited, Montreal, Que.

Write for free Recipe Book.

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Made by the oldest Cocoa and Chocolate House in the world

Blondie—Doctor, I want you to operate on me for appendicitis.

Dr. Mess—But I'm a beauty doctor.

Blondie—Well, I'm a Follies girl!

Telephone Operator — "I have your party. Deposit five cents, please."

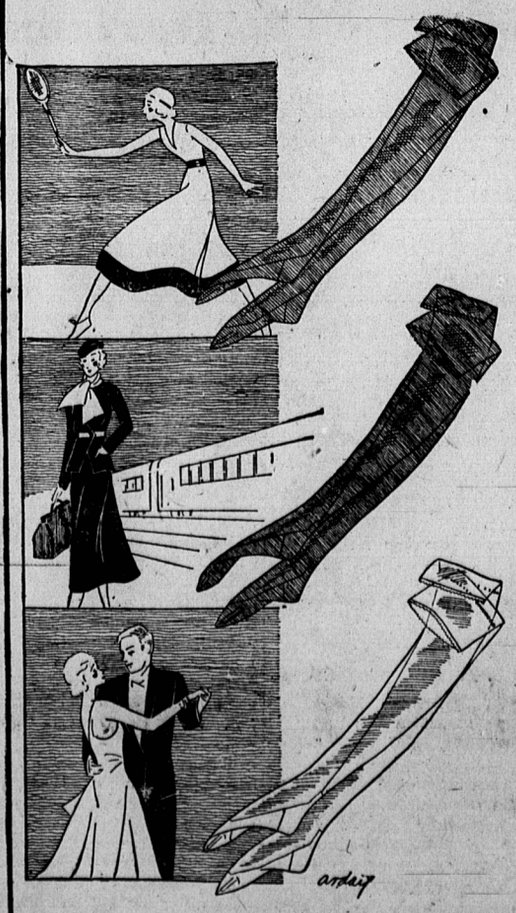
Souse, at pay station—"Whazzat?"

Operator — "Please deposit your money."

Souse—"Listen, girlie, wat I wan's a conversah'n from a fren', not financial advice from a stranger."

KAYSER hose are versatile

For the woman of many pursuits . . . vigorous on court or fairway . . . alert in the hurry of travel . . . poised and graceful in the dance . . . the sleek loveliness of Kayser is always correct . . . always acceptable . . . always appropriate . . . with a deceptive sheerness that means long wear and greater economy.



they play

Kayser 110-X, medium weight, picot edge . . . gives that necessary endurance for sport utility. In new alluring autumn shades.

$1.00

they travel

Kayser 200-X, dull finished chiffon, picot edge, is distinctively appropriate . . . in smart shades to add individuality to the ensemble . . . with strength to resist the wear of travel.

$1.00

they dance

Ask for Kayser 150-X . . . a 45-gauge Sansheen* hose, picot edge, which possesses three advantages . . . appearance, value and long wear.

$1.50

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*Trade Mark Reg.

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