Women's Realm/Social and Personal/Fashions/Literature

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

(By FRANCES DRAKE)
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Look in the section your birthday comes in, and find what your outlook is, according to the stars.

For Tuesday, Dec. 26th, 1939

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries) —You born before April 4 are under more favorable stars, however no Arien experience unfriendly vibrations. Particularly approved are: new, sound money propositions; mixing business advantageously with socials (at dinner, lunch, etc.) reconditioning.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus) —Put on your non-skid chains. Keep emotions under rigid control, count ten before you express an opinion and give the other person the benefit of the doubt. Attend to YOUR affairs first.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)— Likely to be an uninteresting day, unless you do something definite about things in general in the early A.M. Take a firm hand wherever necessary and keep the ball rolling. Go out for new conquests.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)— Like Geminians, you have uninteresting indications. What you want you'll have to work hard for, unless a streak of good luck comes "out of the blue." And that is just what might happen in some instance today. But your earnest effort is needed nevertheless.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)— Keep your mind upon what you are to do. There is a tendency here to wander from essentials and the practical to odd tasks, unknown ventures, impractical plans. Be tactful in speech.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — Born before Sept. 7? Don't be too exacting with those with whom you work or associate; let others make their own plans when they should. You other Virgoans: More originality asked.

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — Money matters, everyday business and professional affairs ask especial attention. Be careful not to make thoughtless mistakes. Ask advice of older, wiser heads if you have the opportunity. Don't stretch the budget.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — Amenable conditions for your abilities and talents today, Scorpio friend. Take advantage of all good offers and situations. Use your imagination; keep faith.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — Attend to all important matters as early in the day as possible. And if you don't feel up to snuff, don't "take it out" on someone else, as we all are prone to do at times. You may spoil a good chance or favor by a grouchy disposition.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — The simplicities of life are on the whole the pleasantest and most beneficial. Before you look for show or renown, look for real value. Under today's favrable vibrations you should be able to find yourself very happily busy.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) — No reason why you should not be able to make appreciable headway this star-friendly day! If you are in earnest, attend to necessary items first and if you're consistent you'll make it a successful day, even though results may not come till later.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — Sometimes we're left entirely upon our own to think out the answer, cope with dissenters and be agreeable withal. That's what is expected of you today. Whatever occurs, be a good trouper! Outsiders working for your good.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY may not be one for liking details, yet it has, and will undoubtedly use, fine capacity for success. It will be ambitious, perhaps too much so at times. Thrift is another characteristic. Discontent and selfishness must be overcome. Both business and music ability.

Morning Smile

THE RETORT IN KIND

She (sarcastically, to stranger at same restaurant table) — I hope you won't mind my eating while you smoke.

He—Certainly not, lady, so long as I can hear the orchestra.

LEST HE FORGET.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning, and the guard was rather suspicious of the man in evening clothes who walked slowly along the street, crossing and recrossing the road.

"Out rather late, aren't you?" asked the guard.

"Perhaps it is a little late," agreed the man, "but it's about the only chance a pedestrian has these days."

TRUE ENOUGH

A backwoods farmer was met in the field one day by a modern agriculturist. When asked what he was doing, the farmer said he was driving his hogs down to the woods where they could eat acorns and fatten up for the fall market.

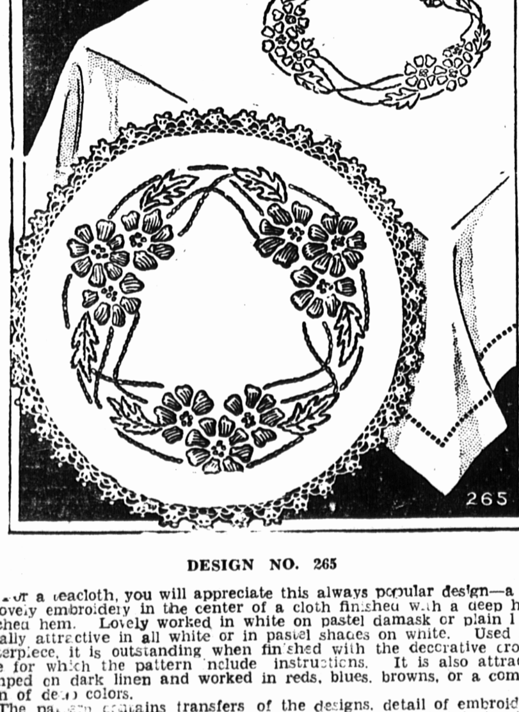
"Why, that's not the way to do," said the agriculturist. "The modern way is to build a pen in a yard and carry the acorns to them. It'll save lots of time."

The old man looked at the visitor for a moment, and then in utter disgust said: "Heck, what's time to a hog?"

The Philadelphia zoo contains 2,600 specimens of 750 species of animals. They are said to live longer in this zoo than in any other zoo in the world.

Embroidery and Crochet Edge for Tablecloth and Centerpiece

by Mayfair



DESIGN NO. 265

For a teacloth, you will appreciate this always popular design—a ring of lovely embroidery in the center of a cloth finished with a deep hemstitched hem. Lovely worked in white on pastel damask or plain linen Equally attractive in all white or in pastel shades on white. Used as a centerpiece, it is outstanding when finished with the decorative crochet edge for which the pattern include instructions. It is also attractive stamped on dark linen and worked in reds, blues, browns, or a combination of deep colors.

The pattern contains transfers of the designs, detail of embroidery stitches to be used, as well as complete color chart, crochet instructions without abbreviations for edging.

Send 15c, coins preferred.

To Charlottetown Guardian
Needlework Dept.

Design No. 265

NAME — — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

STREET — — — — — — — — — — — — — — —

CITY — — — — — — — — — — STATE — — — — — — —

PRISONER IN MAJORCA

By BENTLEY RIDGE
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KITTY SLAPS A FACE

She rose. She came round the table and stood before him. Her face was dangerous.

"Do you know what I think of men of your sort?"

"No," said Roger.

"That!"

The smack of her hand across his mouth came without the slightest warning. He didn't move. The slap showed a white patch that swiftly reddened. They stared at one another.

The tension broke. She turned and dashed for the door; ran along the passage and up the companion. Roger looked at Geoffrey. Geoffrey was peeling a pear; his superior melancholy showed a hint of pleasure.

Roger flung down his napkin, sprang up, and hurried after her.

He leapt up the companion and saw her, a blurred figure in the twilight, moving towards the bows. As he caught up with her, she hurried forward. He grabbed her wrist to stop her. She snatched it away and turned, eyes defiant in a dim white face.

"Here!" he said. "You think you can do anything to me!"

"You forced me to come with the yacht!" she pointed out.

"You began it by throwing me overboard!"

"I'd do it again if I could!"

"You take advantage of the fact that you're a woman. If you were a man I'd thrash you!"

The words burst from him in the heat of his fury. She blenched slightly, but stood her ground.

"Try!" she said. "Yes, try—try. I'm ready to take what's coming! I'll let you know what I think of you and everyone like you, and I'm perfectly ready to take the consequences!"

She threw her hands wide, a picture of scornful non-resistance.

He was taken aback.

"I believe you like this sort of thing!" The words were startled from him.

"You——!" It was her turn to be infuriated, she who sprang at him. He caught her wrists.

"No! No, you don't!"

She subsided instantly. There was a breathless pause.

His rage began to cool, and something else took possessoin of his senses. Her nearness, the faint perfume from the dark cloud of her hair in the gloom, the warmth of her slim wrists, throbbing in his grasp.

He let her go, and stood back. It was her injustice to him that maddened him!

He felt automatically for a cigarette. Kitty tossed the curls out of her eyes, and leaned against the mast.

"I'm sorry!" said Roger, abruptly.

"I am, too!" she said, quietly.

The simple rejoinder surprised him, and melted the last of his resentment.

"You hardly know me—possibly you aren't interested in my point of view about all this!" he said impulsively. "But you've said a good deal, and I haven't answered. I don't think you have been quite fair to me."

"Perhaps not," she said in a weary tone. "I don't know."

"My life hasn't been like your life," Roger went on. "Since I was quite a kid I've always had to worry where the next meal was coming from. I'm not free. I never have been free to go privateering in the aid of lost causes!"

She gazed at him, then said in a low voice:

"I understand when you say that! You see, I don't believe you are really the sort of person I've implied you are! I know you're not, that's the trouble! I know you're different! You're too good to be a cipher in the career of a man like my father!"

"Cipher!" said Roger. He was not a cipher—he had never been that. It was his own career he had worried about, his own ends he had adhered to. . . .

"I've seen how you've behaved since you came aboard here", she was saying. "Besides I know instinctively. I admire your loyalty to Father, I really do. I admire it. But there are larger loyalties. One's loyalty to the thing one knows is right must outweigh one's loyalty to individuals!"

"You're quite mistaken in me," said Roger, with bitter truth. "I know no conflict of loyalties. My only loyalty has been to myself. I'm hard—quite hard. All the sentimentalism has been crushed out of me. I don't understand this idealism which is driving you into this wild undertaking, this mission as you call it——"

"Oh!" she said. "I don't believe you. You do understand it. You're denying yourself. You're just refusing to be young and brave, and insisting on being mean, and dead, and selfish."

With the wild night sky, and the waves as background; with the fervour of her voice playing on his nerves, he seemed to hear again the clamour of romantic aspirations and youthful ideals in his heart; and to know suddenly, soul shakingly, that in spite of all his efforts to burn them they had never been dead.

"You're quite right," he said abruptly.

"I am?"

"Yes. But there's still my loyalty to your father. That's certainly real!"

"But it's so small! There's a life at stake. The world is already at war, and everyone must fight on the side which they believe is right. Does it matter who owns, or who doesn't own this yacht? There's a man in Majorca, but for us he may die, he may be shot!" She put her hand on the sleeve of his coat. Her face, impassioned and shining-eyed, was near to his. 'Come below and let me tell you about it. I want you to know. It's a secret, but I trust you."

Prey to a violent mental effort, he stared at her. She was a human embodiment of all his young ambitions and of everything that was lovely and femininely desirable as well.

He was conscious of a wild impulse to sweep her violently in o his arms for want of a better way of expressing himself. Whether she knew it or not he was unaware, but she saved the situation by hurrying on:

"Come below, and I'll tell you the story. I want you to know, I think you ought to know."

She turned, and he followed her through the spray—wet darkness, gripping the rails to steady himself as the "Glorious Kate" plunged onward. . . .

ROGER IS WON OVER

Geoffrey had gone from the saloon. Kitty, her face flushed from the sea wind, her eyes brilliant, faced Roger eagerly.

"I don't know how much my father told you?"

"Not very much," Roger replied.

"This mission of ours concerns a young Englishman whom we know who was shot down over Majorca, and made a prisoner. He's still there, in the village of Manreal, on the coast about thirty miles from Palma; he has friends there, secret supporters of the United Front, and he can be smuggled out of his prison by them, if only there were some means of getting him away. That's where the "Glorious Kate" comes in. Have you ever heard of 'Captain Rubero'?"

"I cant say I have.

"Captain Rubero is only a name for someone whose real identity we don't know. He has organized the escape of scores of internationals who have been captured. Geoffrey met him through a friend of his in Barcelona; and a few weeks ago Geoffrey was approached by an agent of his in Paris. They asked me if I would be willing to go to Majorca in the 'Glorious Kate' and help them to smuggle this Englishman away. I talked to 'Captain Rubero' about it in a cafe in Paris. He was at one table behind a screen, and I was at another. He talked to me through the screen. Very few people have ever seen him . . ."

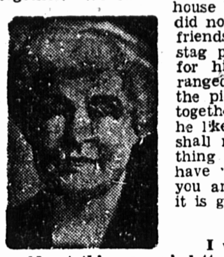
She broke off, with the memory of exciting events in her eyes. "I think he must be a very wonderful man," she added, solemnly.

"And what did he want you to do?" Roger prompted her.

(To be Continued)

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Married Happiness Doesn't Depend Upon Emotional Demonstrations, But Upon Both Husband and Wife Doing Little Things for Each Other — Soft Words of Appreciation



DEAR MISS DIX—I was married seventeen years. In all that time my husband and I never had a single quarrel. We lived our lives together. We cultivated mutual friends and when we had them at our house both of us tried to make them welcome. I did not try to separate my husband from his men friends, and it was my pleasure when he gave a stag party to get up the very best meal I could for his guests, then, when everything was arranged, take the children and just fade out of the picture. Thank heaven we lived so smoothly together and that I did all these things just as he liked them. He has gone from me now and I shall never have another opportunity to do anything to please him. It is great to fell that you have made somebody happy, and it is so easy if you are halfway loving and understanding. Also, it is great fun.

LAURA.

I wish that every wife who reads this column would cut this woman's letter out and keep it where she can see it every day, for it contains not only the whole philosophy for how to be happy though married, but a warning that would save many a woman bitter tears of regret if she would only heed it.

The greatest grief that can come to any of us is to lean above the coffined forms of those we have loved and who loved us and know that we could have made them happy and that we did not do it. We did not speak the loving words they longed to hear. We did not give them the appreciation that would have made their hard work for us worth while. We never entered into their enthusiasms. We deprived them of little pleasures they might have had. We made their lives drab and dull instead of bright and colorful.

Why? Maybe selfishness. Maybe arrogance. Maybe the determination to rule another. Maybe indifference to another's happiness. Maybe just stupidity. But the realization of our crime against those whose happiness was in our hands comes too late when we pour our remorse into deaf, dead ears.

I always think of two stories I know about. One was about the widow of a rich man who, not long after her husband died, appeared with a modest little watch on, which she hesitatingly explained by saying: "All my life I have longed so for a watch, but my husband would never let me have one because he said it was so foolish to spend money on such gewgaws."

The other concerned a widow who sobbed above the body of her dead husband: "I wish now that I had let John have two cups of coffee with his breakfast, but I though one was enough." And there you are. All husbands and wives have the chance to make each other happy if they will only take the trouble to do so. Married happiness doesn't depend on big emotional experience. It is made up of little things, of soft words, of gentle acts, of consideration, of appreciation.

It is made up of husbands remembering birthdays; of paying their wives compliments; of a 15-cent bunch of violets and a pound of candy; of trips to the movies and praise for a good dinner. It is made up of a wife's tenderness for her husband; of her realization of the strain under which he works; of her bucking him up when he is downhearted and making him feel that he can go out and conquer; of her forbearing to nag him; of her giving him freedom to belong to a club and to stay downtown to dinner without having to lie about it.

As this correspondent says, it is a great thing for a wife to remember when her husband is dead that she made him happy. But if you want to make your husband happy, you must do it now. Today. We pass this way but once.

* * * * * *

ABOUT PHILANDERING HUSBANDS

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—My husband and I are in our middle fifties and have been married since our early youth. We have no children. My husband is a good business man, honorable in all his dealings and is greatly respected by his many friends. However, I have long suspected him of philandering and have often thought of confronting him with my suspicions, but he is so kind and generous to me and provides me with a nice home and car and every comfort and luxury, and because we get along so well together I hesitate to do it. I am afraid I could not change him even though I talked to him, and with his disposition I might make matters worse. What do you think? UNDECIDED.

ANSWER:

When a woman is in her middle fifties she is done with romance and should look at marriage from a practical rather than a sentimental viewpoint. Hence I think that you would be extremely foolish to break up your home just because your husband is philandering a little.

It is humiliating, of course, to a wife for her husband to have a wandering foot, but when she is aging, as Times says, it doesn't fill her with the rage and jealously that it did when she was young and felt that she should be all-in-all to him. Sometimes, indeed, a woman is rather glad to have other women take a husband who needs to be constantly amused off her hands and leave her to her own diversions. Surely you must realize, with your experience of life, that it never stops a philanderer from philandering for his wife to protest against it and tell him that she knows it. No matter how much he promises that he will never do it again, he chases off after the next skirt that passes his way.

Save your face by pretending to know nothing of your husband's little affairs, and keep your home and your luxuries and your husband, who is a good friend and companion even if his name isn't Joseph.

* * * * * *

HOW TO STOP QUARRELING

DEAR MISS DIX—My wife and I have been married seven months and we fight continually. What shall we do about it? Is divorce the right way out, or what? LARRY.

ANSWER:

The only way to stop quarreling is just to stop it. If when your wife begins to argue you will pick up a book and go to reading and refuse to answer her it will automatically shut her up. And the plan will work in reverse just as well, and she can stop you from fighting with her by getting out of your way. Don't get a divorce until you at least try this method. DOROTHY DIX.

TOUCH WOOD

Do you know why people often say touch wood?

It is actually nothing more than a part of the old game of touch. One is chosen as he and this player has to try to catch the others. The one who is touched then becomes he instead. Sometimes touch food is allowed. This means that anyone who has her hand against a gate, fence tree or door cannot be touched. This is a good idea, since we can get our breath back after being chased.

There is another game called cross touch. Any player running between he and the one being chased releases her and becomes he instead. This is a good idea because you may have to hang about before he chases you. By taking the risk of running between he and the player being chased you become he yourself.

Another way of playing is for all the layers who have been touched to join hands and try to catch the remaining players in the net. I like this way best of all.

MAKING WREATHS AT HOME

Inexpensive Christmas wreaths may be made at home of suttings from pinetrees, barberry and bayberry with pins cones wired on. At any florist's a wire circle can be bought with bunches of thin wires, making it the easiest of tasks to build up a wreathe that is unusual in its beauty.

SAW MUCH SERVICE

MELBOURNE, Australia — (CP) —Service in two branches of Britain's defence, and in several parts of the world is the boast of Robert Daniels, who served in the army, the navy, the Russian relief force, the Irish police and the Tasmanian civil service.

Minard's kills pain.

THE COOK'S CORNER

POPOVERS

This American sweet is delicious, and easy to make. First prepare some batter. Put a teacupful of flour into a basin with one unbeaten egg, a good pinch of salt, and a little milk. Stir well with a wooden spoon to a smooth batter, adding more milk when necessary. Now butter some little individual fireproof pans, put them in the oven, and when they are hissing hot half fill them with batter. Drop a piece of banana into each little pan, and bake in a hot oven till the popovers are well puffed up. Serve hot sprinkled with castor sugar.

CARROT JAM

This old fashioned jam is delicious. Allow one pound of carrots to one pound of sugar, half a pund of chopped and stoned raisins, a few chopped nuts, and the juice of half a lemon.

Clean the carrots, cut them into thin rings, weigh them, put them into a saucepan, almost cover with water and simmer them until they are quite soft. Now mash them to a pulp or put them through a vegetable mill.

Return the carrots to the pan with the sugar, raisins and lemon juice. When the sugar has dissolved let the mixture boil and, stirring all the time, cook for 10 minutes. Mix in the nuts, remove the saucepan from the fire and put the jam into jars. If a strong flavor of lemon is liked add the grated rind to the mixture before cooking it.

Honey Almond Brittle

1 cup blanched almonds
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoons honey
1 teaspoon vanilla

Method: Blanch and chop the almonds. Toast them in a slow oven to a pale brown. Heat the honey slowly, then add the sugar and continue to cook, stirring constantly until it melts. Add the almonds and stir over a low heat until the mixture turns a light brown.

Spread out thin on a buttered platter and when cold, dribble melted chocolate over the surface. Break apart when entirely cold.

Marshmallow Porcupines

1 1-2 cups chopped nuts
1 cup brown sugar
1-4 teaspoon salt
1-3 cup water
3-4 lb. marshmallows

Method: Chop or crush the nuts very fine. Spread on a piece of waxed paper. Boil the sugar, water and salt until it spins a long thread from the tip of the spoon. Remove from the fire and set into a larger pan of hot water.

Shake the sugar from the marshmallows, then using a fork, dip each one in the syrup, turning to coat well on all sides. Roll immediately in the crushed nuts and place on waxed paper to dry. If the syrup gets too hard, heat it slowly again, but do not allow it to boil.

Chocolate Crispies

1-2 lb. sweet chocolate
1 square bitter chocolate
1-2 teaspoon vanilla
3 cups corn flakes or
1 1-2 cups graham wafer crumbs or 1 1-2 cups nuts.

Method: You can use milk chocolate for this or the semi-sweet cooking chocolate. Melt it with the bitter chocolate over warm water and add the vanilla. When melted, quickly stir in the cornflakes, which have been crisped in a slow oven first, or the graham wafer crumbs or the chopped nuts. A combination of the last two is excellent. Drop by spoonfuls onto waxed paper and allow to cool gradually at room temperature.

BUFFINS

2 cups scalded milk
1-2 cup butter
1-4 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 cake fresh yeast
1-4 cup lukewarm water
2 eggs, beaten
5 cups flour, sifted

Method: Pour the scalded milk over the butter, sugar and salt and set it aside until it is lukewarm. Dissolve the yeast in the lukewarm water and when the milk has cooled to the proper temperature, add the yeast and beaten eggs.

Now stir in the sifted flour and beat until this makes a smooth batter. The amount of flour may vary slightly, depending on the kind you are using, but you need a smooth, fairly thick batter. Cover and set in a warm place to rise until the batter is nice and light, about 1 1-2 hours.

Now beat the batter again, thoroughly, and then fill well buttered muffin pans about 1-2 full. Let rise in a warm place for about 30 minutes, until they are about double in bulk, then bake in a hot 425 deg. F. oven from 12 to 15 minutes, depending on the size of the "buffins."

MOLASSES POPCORN BALLS

3 quarts popped corn
2-3 cup pure molasses
1 1-2 cups sugar
1-2 cup water
1-3 teaspoon vinegar
1-3 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons vanilla

Pick over popped corn, discarding all hard kernels. Boil molasses, sugar, water, vinegar and salt, without stirring, to 270 degrees F., or until it becomes brittle when tried in cold water. Remove from fire and add butter and vanilla. Have corn in a large pan. Pour the syrup over it gradually using a spoon to mix it well. Butter the hands and form into balls. Wrap in wax paper when cool. Makes 36.

Your Dog Deserves Right Winter Care

Know Feeding, Doggish Ills

Wintry, sniffly days are here — but with right care your dog will come through with colors flying!

Watch out for colds. Your dog is likely to catch one if confined in badly heated, badly ventilated quarters after strenuous exercise. His symptoms will be poor appetite, shivering, a dry nose, sneezing, listlessness.

Then quickly you come to the rescue, put your pet in warm, comfortable quarters, feed him light, nourishing foods such as milk and beef broth. Give syrup of buckthorn — from one teaspoonful to two tablespoonsful.

And your dog will be grateful these chilly days for a little extra attention to his food. Give a light warm meal in the morning in addition to his regular evening one. Cod liver oil also builds up his resistance and this is the time of the year for it.

What should his diet be? What to do should he catch a serious ailment such as distemper? Our 32-page booklet tells how to care for your dog from puppyhood, gives advice on feeding, housebreaking, grooming, ailments. Has directions for training, teaching tricks.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of How To Choose And Care For Your Dog to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly Your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

City Province

The Housewife And Her Activities

SEVENTEEN

At sixteen he was very young
And unaware of vanity
And spent all his spare time among
Youngsters blithe and gay as he.
But now that he is twelve months
older
He likes an occasional evening at
home
To pat himself upon the shoulder
And tell us all how wise he's
grown!

—May Richstone.

PAINTING OLD WALLS

Walls that have previously been painted with an oil paint should be washed thoroughly with soap and water to remove all grease and dirt. This is particularly true d the kitchen where cooking deposits a film of grease which—if not removed—would interfere with the drying and adhesion of the new paint.

BOOKCASE SPACE

When building in bookcases, a compartment can be placed at the back for the storage of a bridge table. If the bookcase is built as high as the width of the table, false backs can be put in the shelves leaving a shallow place for storage purposes.

IMPROVING SCREENS

A coat of thin white screen enamel applied to window screens will impede the vision of outsiders looking in, but will not obstruct the view from within the house.

THE FIRST NIGHT

The stable door was closed that
night,
But through the cracks no bolts
could bar
The light of holy innocence
Burst like a spraying star.

Even the beasts were glad He came.
They knelt in patience where He
lay,
Content to yield for His baby head
Their evening meal of hay.

—Louise Ayres Garnett.

CULTIVATE "SELFISH" INTEREST

A woman can be a good wife and mother and still be a failure if she hasn't arranged things so that she gets some fun out of life.

If she says, I'll have time for myself once the children are grown." she's heading straight for an unhappy middle-age Because a woman can't live through others for years—and then suddenly develop real and absorbing interests outside her family.

Those interests must grow with her—through the years. And the only way she can see to that is to hang on to some time for herself through all the busy years.

It doesn't make much difference what she does with the time. Whether she uses it to be with her own particular friends— to write, to paint, to study to improve her golf game.

The important thing is that she allow time for a selfish interest—something that she enjoys, something that stimulates her.

If she does that it doesn't matter how hard she works at her job or bringing up a family. She'll keep alive the knowledge that she is a person in her own right, entitled to pleasures and interests of her own.

Men don't have to be told to do this. Almost all of them have their golf, or their workshop their hunting and fishing.

But it makes women feel very necessary and important to be able to say. "I haven't a minute for myself. I live for my family."

The jolt doesn't come until a woman can no longer live for her family—because they are all busy living for themselves.

"Well, Pat, do the twins make noise at night?"

"Praise be to hiven! Shure each wan cries so loud yez can't hear the ither wan."

Smartest Fashions And Winter Styles

The most practical thing to have in your wardrobe in the winter time, is a smart, warm, two-piece frock that looks like a suit. In fact this one can be made as either a suit or a dress. If you are going South you will find this model very useful in a pastal tweed. If you are staying at home you will enjoy wearing this tiny waisted jacket suit under your sports coat on cold days. A gracefully flaring skirt and broad shoulders, narrow double-breasted jacket is a "must" in every career girl's wardrobe. Nice to take back to college, too.

Style No. 3074 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 3-8 yards of 54-inch fabric.

Send fifteen (15c) (coin is preferred) for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number. Be sure to state the size you wish.

Style No. 3074 Size ... ...

Name

Street Address

City Province

To clean the drain of the kitchen sink, pour a handful of salt over the drain, pour ammonia over the salt and let it stand that way for several minutes. Then pour on boiling water and the job is done.

Minard's kills pain.