

FOR MY KIND OF DAY-NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT Helps Me Keep Alert!



Rain or shine—I'm on the beat eight hours a day, and I must be alert! So, I eat nourishing NABISCO Shredded Wheat for breakfast. It's made from pure 100% whole wheat. Contains vital food elements we need. Enjoy this delicious, golden cereal tomorrow. Order NABISCO Shredded Wheat today!



and NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT gives you the BIG 2-in-1 breakfast buy! DELICIOUS GOLD CEREAL. DE SATISFACIO NON POCERRIS!

Just add salt to 1 cup boiling water, coarsely crumble in 2 NABISCO Shredded Wheat biscuits. Cook 1 minute—then serve tasty porridge!

STANHOPE W. I.

Robison School, Mrs. Reggie Ross, and Mrs. Louis Marshall. Two interesting contests were put on by Mrs. Wal Marshall and Mrs. John Misener.

The next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Wal Marshall. The meeting closed with the National Anthem. A dainty lunch was served and a social hour followed.

Correspondence was read and discussed \$1000 was voted for the U. N. I. C. E. F. The committees gave their reports. New sick committee Mrs. Isaac Lawson and Mrs. Joseph

BLOW TOWARD EQUATOR

Trade winds always blow from an easterly direction toward the equator.

The Truth about Nylon Stockings

There is quite a lot of confusion about how to wear nylon stockings. Should they be turned inside-out? Should they be worn with the seams on the inside? Here are the true answers to these questions—and an end to the confusion about how to wear nylons.

The question of how to wear stockings first came up some years ago. Many women discovered that by turning their silk stockings inside-out, they could get a duller, sheerer stocking appearance. And to achieve this duller, no-sheen look, even the best groomed women were willing to sacrifice a part of their good grooming by wearing the seams of their stockings on the outside.

Well-Groomed Women always Wear Their Nylons with the Seams Inside

Actually women did not have to go to the trouble of turning their nylons inside-out. A leading Canadian manufacturer, the Butterfly Hosiery Company Limited, has for years been making stockings inside out through Butterfly's exclusive reverse-knit process. Only Butterfly nylons have that sheerer, softer, duller, no-sheen look already on the outside. And important too, Butterfly seams are on the inside where they belong.

Now that Butterfly nylons are in full supply again, Canadian women may have all the things they look for in smart stocking appearance; with no turning necessary.

Butterfly nylons are already inside-out for you (We call it Smart-Side-Out). And the seams are on the inside—where it belongs.



SOLD AT LINGERIE AND DEPARTMENTAL STORES EVERYWHERE.

Lonely Parade

By Fannie Hurst

The first time the nun-faced daughter of the copper magnate ever laid eyes on Charlotte Ames was when Sierra was sixteen and home from boarding school for Easter holidays. Standing on a curbside at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street, unimbed with crusader's spirit, she had waited rather impatiently for a lull in a suffrage parade to enable her to cross.

The Charlottenburg, twenty-five then, herself also not too imbued with the suffrage spirit, but corralled into action by zealots, had ridden past on a white horse in the front ranks of the procession. She had looked down at the clear-faced girl on the curb, winked solemnly and pranced on, her mount causing the side lines to buzz as she passed.

In a sense, that figure of the Charlottenburg astride her horse had not ridden past at all. It had remained stock-still, winking from her horse, a photograph against the retina of Sierra's eye. A few years later they were to meet at a settlement house Children's Day, where a friendship, really begun that day of the suffrage parade, was to come to life.

The advent of Sierra was to transform into a trio that strongest of compatibilities which had already existed for years between the Charlottenburg and a piece of this-tiedown, Katherine Mullane, who had blown circuitously upon her from the "Kerry Patch" Irish slum section of St. Louis, Missouri. On her brisk walk from the house in Murray Hill, the stimulating prospect of her visit took pleasant shape in Sierra's mind.

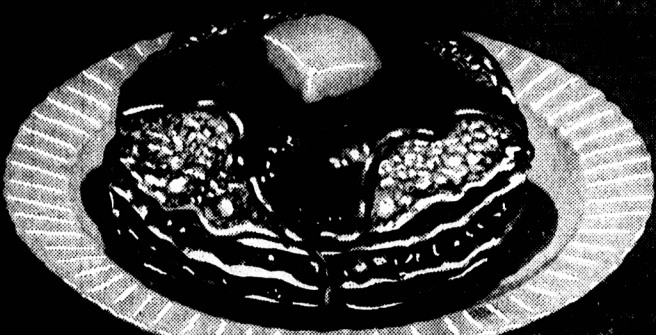
The house at Twenty-one East, so coveted by Kitty, could be bought for Kitty's proverbial "song", in a neighborhood which Kitty envisaged would triple its value in five years. Even with his immense diminution of holdings, Sierra's father could still buy that house for the three of them without the quiver of a pocket nerve. Not that she would ever ask it. But in the face of these new events, she could now, out of her own bank reserve, enter with Kitty and the Charlottenburg on the joint enterprise of the purchase of this house. The necessary down payment for the fifty-thousand-dollar property was less than five, or at least Kitty had said it could be so maneuvered. She could easily manage more than half of that.

The first morning of the new century revealed the Charlottenburg and Kitty, true to form, as they dawdled over a small portable breakfast table, drawn up before the going fireplace. It was characteristic, even in those days when they were living on incomes derived from Kitty's experimental position as shopper's adviser (a role invented by her)



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The Wizard's Ring

(Continued from Page 2)

equalled. D'ye ken the pair o' serpents coiled up there under that sprig o' heather? That's the setting or mounting. Why, there's not another ring like it in the whole o' Scotland—not even in the whole world, for that matter."

After thanking the kind shepherd for the thirtieth time, Hector put the silver band into the inside pocket of his plaid shawl and almost at once fell into a dreamy fantasy, his thoughts revolving around the famed former owner of the ring. He pondered thus: "Now, which o' the clans would Michael belong to? As a wizard what great deeds had he done?" Turning to his companion, he boldly asked, "Now, how do ye suppose the wizard came by the ring in the first place, sir? And was it him that gived it to ye?" "Is there magic—"

"Speak not o' that, laddie," broke in the shepherd. "Tis a strange tale not for young ears. But when ye are grown up and wearing the mighty band o' silver, then will Old Niel tell ye the wondrous story. In the meantime, see that ye do not lose it lest some fearful spell be cast upon thee."

Having spoken these mysterious words, the shepherd got to his feet and strode away.

That night Hector lay awake for a long time, pondering the strange events of the day. But finally he fell into a troubled slumber which was broken by a series of strange dreams. For instance, he dreamt that he and the shepherd were visited by Michael the Wizard while they were standing together under the light of heaven's distant lamps. Seeing that the old man had company, the wizard drew Niel to one side. Then, addressing him in a tongue which Hector could not comprehend, the wizard took from his own finger the curious ring and placed it upon the hand of Old Niel. Bending close to the shepherd's ear, he whispered into it a few words and vanished. Although somewhat troubled in mind, Hector kept his thoughts to himself. When he had washed the breakfast dishes and tidied up the house, he took the ring from the pocket of his shawl and placed it in a small box that contained the few trinkets left to him by his dear mother.

Every time Hector and Niel were alone in the hills, the youth was tempted to bring up the subject of the ring. Then he would recall what the shepherd had said the day he had presented the odd gift, and Hector would remain silent.

(To Be Continued)

Dorothy Dix Says

Continued from page 2

suit his easy-going nature? Or do you think I should stick to my point, which he agrees is right and probably best? He dislikes putting our marriage on a business basis.

ANSWER:—I am a thrifty soul myself, always for systematic saving. I have seen so much of the misery that comes with wasting and the despair that comes with old age that has spent as it went along and laid up nothing for the rainy day that is sure to come to every one sooner or later.

There is no such thing as haphazard saving. You have to do it in accordance with some iron-bound rule that you make and have the strength not to break. Otherwise you will never save anything. For there is always something that you want, some pleasure that you would like to indulge in, and you put off saving to the day when all your desires will be satisfied. Of course, that time never comes.

When you are getting married and beginning a new life is the best time to start your husband to saving. Start in then with your budget. Make him realize what things cost, and that if you deny yourself one thing you may have something else. By all means, start paying for a home. To keep in debt for the right things is one of the best ways of getting rich.

As for the young man's fear of putting marriage on a business basis, why, marriage is a business proposition, and the only way you can make a success of it is by properly financing it. The young couples who are saving and paying for their homes, who are free from the anxiety of want, have a thousand times better chance of being happy than those who spend everything as they go along, and who live always with the fear of what would happen if the breadwinner should lose his job or get sick.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: When I married I had a child 3 years old. This child thinks that my husband is her father. Must I tell her who her right father is? Shall I tell her now while she is young, or later? Or shall I not tell her at all?

MERA

ANSWER: If you were a widow, why not tell the child that her own father is dead, but that her new father loves her just as well as if she were his own little girl? But don't make a point of the matter. Let her know it and put it in the back of her mind. If she is an illegitimate child, don't tell her anything about her father at all. Take a chance on her never finding it out.

DOROTHY DIX

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

Special get-acquainted offer!

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