

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

South From Mayfair

By Pearl Bellairs

STRANGE CELEBRATION

Miss Marris looked unaffectedly glad; relieved, in fact. "I think it's a very good thing," she said. "And high time it was settled, too! You young people in these days seem to have no idea of managing things!"

"Do you think this place would run to a bottle of champagne?" Richards said. "I feel we must celebrate—this is a very special occasion!"

He put his finger on the bell, but Lorna said:

"This is New Zealand, Allen! People don't come rushing to answer bells here; they've something more profitable to do. You'll have to go down and make your own inquiries!"

"Oh so I will, I suppose!" He hastened out.

"I'm very pleased you two have decided this at last!" Miss Marris began.

"I'm glad you are glad!" said Lorna hurriedly. "Just a moment, aunt—!" And she slipped out of the room after her fiancé.

She went into the bathroom, looked across at Hawksford's room; the blank window told her nothing. She glanced out of the landing window—the Cremore was standing in the garage doorway, Hawksford was not there. She ran down stairs and looked out into the street. No Hawksford. She hurried along the passage, glanced into the commercial room. She thought of looking into the private bar, but Allen's voice in there, making inquiries about champagne, deterred her.

She stood in a fret of anxiety. Had Hawksford already set off for Gulliver's Bay? Had she missed him? If that was the case, she would have to tell Allen, she and Allen would have to go together to Gulliver's Bay!

There was a step behind her, she looked round, the door into the kitchen quarters had opened, and a woman, standing at her with a look of mild inquiry, stood Hawksford.

FOR 3 GENERATIONS



Lorna muttered something, turned like a startled rabbit, and fled up the stairs. At the top she tried to quell the ridiculous thumping of her heart.

"Oh dear!" she thought. "This is too frightful! He'll suspect I know something if I behave like that! And Allen—oh, dear, it's too upsetting altogether!"

She got back into the sitting-room with Allen on her heels. Three minutes later the champagne came up on a tray carried by the barman from below; and behind him, in slacks and a khaki shirt, Hawksford.

"I ran into him in the hall and asked him to come up and drink with us," Allen murmured in Lorna's ear. "I'm turning into quite a pukka New Zealander, am I not?"

She felt herself grow crimson and to hide it she turned away to sit down on the window seat, while Allen said to Hawksford, cheerily: "Heaven! she had never known him so cheery!"

"Come in, Hawksford! We're having a spot of champagne as kind of celebration! Thought you'd like to join us!"

"Thanks very much," said Hawksford, looking easy enough. Allen poured out champagne for Lorna and Miss Marris, and handed it to them; as he filled Hawksford's glass he explained to him in a lowered voice:

"Miss Marris and I have just fixed the late of our wedding!"

Hawksford gave a little nod, with raised eyebrows, conveying that he was suitably impressed. Lorna looked hastily out of the window. She felt quite sick. It seemed to her that Allen was behaving in the most extraordinary manner, doing all the most frightfully conventional things he usually despised, and doing them miserably badly.

"Well!" said Allen, raising his glass. "Here's luck!"

To their wedding in March.

Lenten Meditations

Almighty Father, enter Thou our heart, and so fill us with Thy love, that, forsaking all evil desires, we may embrace Thee, our only good. Show unto us Thy mercies sake, O Lord our God, what Thou art unto us. Say unto our souls, I am thy servant, so speak that we may hear. Our hearts are before Thee; open Thou our ears; let us hasten after Thy voice, and take hold on Thee, hide not Thy face from us. We beseech Thee, O Lord, Enlarge Thou the narrowness of our souls, about Thy most sweet enter in. Repair the ruinous mansions. O Most merciful Father, Hear us, O Heavens dwell there, for the sake of Thine only Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit, now and then, Amen. — St. Augustine. (354-430.)

Grant me, O most loving Lord, to rest in Thee above all creatures, above all health and beauty, above all glory and honor, above all power and dignity, above all riches and art, above all fame and praise, above all sweetness and comfort, above all hope and promise, above all gifts and favors that Thou canst give and impart to us, above all things that are good, of which we can receive and feel; finally, above all angels and archangels and above all the heavenly host, above all things visible and invisible, and above all that Thou art not, O my God, it is too small and unsatisfying, whatsoever Thou bestowest on me apart from Thee, or revealed to me, or promised, whilst Thou art not seen, and not fully obtained. For surely my heart cannot truly rest, nor be entirely contented, unless it rest in Thee. Amen.—Thomas a Kempis (1379-1471.)

Lorna took a sip, nearly choked on it, and could not forbear glancing at Hawksford; to see him with his glass tilted, draining it, to the last drop. Everything went black, and he had to shake suddenly; she felt a cold splash of champagne on her knee through the thin stuff of her skirt; she heard Allen's voice in the next room, and she saw at the other side of the room and his voice saying rather loudly:

"There, that's done the job"

(Continued on page 8, Col 7)

Miss Jessica Jenkins To Marry In N. Y.

(Special to the Guardian)
NEW YORK, Feb. 27.—Miss Jessica Rice Jenkins, 21, formerly of Charlottetown and at present of 5 East 82 Street, New York, and Albert Reed Conklin, 28, of this city, secured a marriage license today at the Municipal Building here. They said the ceremony would take place in New York on March 18.

The bride-to-be was born in Charlottetown, the daughter of Dr. John S. and Louise Mitchell Jenkins. Mr. Conklin is a native of Albany, N. Y. His parents are Earle B. and Emma Sherman Conklin.

COLDS

FIGHT MISERY where you feel it—rub on fast-acting VICKS VAPORUB

Dates at Home More Fun With Twosome Games

Let's put some real zip into that quiet date at home! Let's play "Pounce"—a rapid-fire, version of solitaire for two.

You and your date each lay out a deck of cards as the diagram shows. Put 7 cards in a pounce pile, then deal 5 cards and build on these—leaving out one more pile to the left each time you build—until your last pile to the right has 5 cards. With all top cards face up you're ready.

The object is to get rid of your 7-card "pounce pile"—fast! Playing separately, you each build red-black downward sequences on your 3 solitaire piles. Meanwhile, you both put all aces in the centre, on which you build upward sequences in identical suits.

Go through your decks, 3 at a time, when necessary to make more moves. An empty space? Fill it from the "pounce pile."

Suddenly you see a chance to play your last remaining "pounce" card and you cry "POUNCE—I win!"

What if two guests—or more—drop in? Our new 32-page booklet is packed with games for twosomes, threesomes, foursomes or "more-somes". Has card games, pencil games, stunts, puzzles, nonsense gags—to make you a popular hostess.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Games and Stunts For Two Or More to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address and the Name of booklet.

Name _____
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Dorothy Dix Says

DON'T BE A QUITTER JUST BECAUSE OF HARD LUCK

Only a Coward Runs Up The White Flag Of Surrender And Takes An "Out" On Life

Dear Miss Dix—I am an old maid of 40, stupid, extremely ugly. I cannot earn a dollar, although I have tried. I have no relatives and no friends. I have very little money. If I live this money will be the means of giving an old woman a bare and miserable existence; but, if I die, I know of two young girls to whom it would mean a university education. Don't you think that this ending it all is justifiable? Of course, you will say "no," even though you think yes, but give me your reasons, please. I want to see if they are strong enough to convince me.

MISS Z. A.

Answer—

Of course I don't think you justified in committing suicide. First, because self-murder is just as great a sin as murdering any one else. And, secondly, because suicide is cowardice. It isn't playing the game. It is laying down and quitting because luck is going against you. It is running up the white flag of surrender because you are in a tight place in the fight. Instead of committing suicide, if I were you, I would go first to a doctor, because your brand that whether life is worth living or not depends altogether on the liver, and when you get yourself straightened out physically you will find that you have ceased to take this jaundiced, bilious view of fate.

Reconstruct Your Thoughts

Then I would go to a trust company and buy an annuity with whatever money I had left to get the largest possible income on my capital. Then I would reconstruct my entire mode of thought.

So instead of giving up life I would make up my mind what I wanted to do and I would study and perfect myself in it and get me a job, not only for the money that was in it, but for the sake of having an absorbing occupation and new interests.

Make Friends

So I don't see why you should think of committing suicide when life holds so much for you. And as for killing yourself for the sake of giving two girls a college education, that is simply idiotic. If the girls want a college education, let them go to work and earn it for themselves. Not take it as blood money—the price of a murder.

HAPPY MARRIAGES ARE PLENTIFUL

Dear Miss Dix—Are there no happy marriages? Are all husbands unfaithful to their wives, or tightwads, or grouches? Are all wives naggers, extravagant, lazy and heartless? ELEANOR.

Answer—

Certainly, there are plenty of happy marriages. It is only the unhappy ones we hear about. We know our good luck in marriage for granted. It is only the bad luck we howl to high heaven over.

If we know one philosopher, we know 50 men who are vamp-proof and who think no other woman in the world is as beautiful, as clever, as fascinating as the honey-cakes, nonplacid ladies whom they led to the altar. If we know men who are stinky to their wives, we know 10 times as many men who lavish everything they make on their families and who toil through cold winters and hot Summers in their offices that their Sallies may be

MARRIED MEN MORE INTERESTING?

Dear Dorothy Dix—Why are married men more interesting than unmarried men? Are a rule they are intelligent, ambitious and treat you with respect, but the young fellows haven't a serious thought in their heads and all they think about is petting.

If a girl tries to carry on an intelligent conversation with a boy, he thinks she is trying to trick him into a proposal, or he kids her about taking life too seriously, and says: "Come on and be a sport and have a good time." Don't think I am in love with any married man, I am not, and I detest the home-wreckers. JUST WONDERING.

Answer—

Probably the reason that married men are more interesting than single men is because they are generally older and have had more time to think and read and consider life. Also, they are forbidden fruit because they belong to another woman and that makes girls hanker after them. Remember Eve. DOROTHY DIX.

Your Individual HOROSCOPE

By Frances Drake

For Tuesday, March 4th

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries)
—Money can be made as well as friendships can be made this fine day. But a certain amount of sensible caution and discretion is always in order, of course.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus)
—Take a suggestion from Aries and deal in discretion and sound caution and you'll attain considerable success in this generally friendly period. Matters of interest to the public rate attention.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini)
—If you don't let your exuberance run away with you, you can gain much ground here. Start what you do a little slower so that you will be able to get a firm footing—and happy going! Some stranger or unexpected acquaintance may help.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)
—Delicacy, thoughtfulness and finesse in your work are going to count. And all of these virtues are familiar to you of this zodiacal sector. Be sure they are in tune and in use.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)
—

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — Mixed vibrations

Your personal business, government affairs, industry, work with tools, metals, chemicals and mechanical devices are especially favored this perhaps tricky but surely interesting and advantageous day.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — It may be in the field of science art, or in romance, but in whatever endeavor it is you certainly should conquer. No better time to exploit your stable, likeable personality.

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — You may find it difficult today to keep your mind on your work, or to express yourself as you would like. More than ordinary attention and your own good judgment and reasoning powers can put you in an advantageous position for gain.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 23 (Scorpio) — Speculation is often second nature to you of this sector, but you must be advised against going to extremes. Always keep something for that "rainy day" that comes now and then. Think before you act or speak and prevent misunderstandings.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — Mixed vibrations

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Living & Leisure — The Woman's Realm

FOR TODAY

Pass the watchword down the line. Pass the countess' "endure"! Not to him who rashly dares. But to him who nobly bears. Is the victory's garland sure.

J. G. Whittier.

Wolves and other animals that hunt have flat-tipped noses, with the nostrils in front and close together.

Add a speck of sugar to the water when cooking c'm, peas or carrots. The vegetables will have a little better flavor.

The use of tiny glass droplets to permit television receiving tubes to project bright light images on large screens is described in a new patent.

STORAGE SPACE VITAL IN ANY SIZE HOME

Storage space is an absolute necessity in a house no matter what its size. Closets in bedrooms and a single closet in the hall for linen storage is not enough, either in an apartment or in a house.

The average family must store:

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THE COOK'S CORNER

DATE ORANGE TORTE

1-4 cup soft butter
6 tablespoons flour
1-2 cup chopped dates
1 cup milk
Grated rind two oranges
3 eggs, separated
3 tablespoons sugar

METHOD: Measure the flour and add the finely chopped dates, then add the mixture thickens. Add the well scalded milk in the top part of a double boiler and add to the flour mixture gradually. Return to the double boiler and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Add the grated orange rind. Beat the egg yolks until thick and lemon colored and add the sugar to them, beating this in. Add to the hot sauce and then cook well. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the cooled sauce. Place the mixture in a greased baking dish and set this in a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325 deg. F.) for about 1 hour. Serve this hot with a custard sauce.

Needlecraft—For The Home

Do you feel as though you simply must have a bright print frock? Well, you're perfectly right. There is nothing that will put new life into a mid-season wardrobe with more chic than such a dress. You need look no further for the perfect style because here it is. The well cut bolero tops a becoming dress that slims your waistline and tips. Smooth shoulder yokes hold essential fullness in place. Choose a dark ground sprinkled with gay flowers and you'll be the smartest lady in town.

Style No. 2803 is designed for sizes 16, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 50. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch fabric for dress; 1 5/8 yards for bolero.

A Morning Smile

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE

An old Scotch woman was wandering round the local museum with her grandson. Then they came to the usual statue of Venus de Milo, with half an arm missing on one side and the whole arm cut on the other.

"There ye are, my lad," said the old grandmother, wagging her finger at the youngster. "That's what comes o' biting your finger-nails."

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