

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

Happenings of the Week

The new Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, as Earl of Dalkeith, was A.D.C. at Government House here in 1920, in the regime of Lord Byng. His younger brother, Lord William Walter Scott, M.C., will also be remembered as an Aide de Camp to His Excellency Lord Byng of Vimy. He was particularly popular with the younger set in the Capital.

Col. K. S. and Mrs. Rogers are enjoying a pleasant holiday in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bert Davison left yesterday morning on a holiday trip to Boston and New York.

Mrs. W. E. Bearso, Miss Edith McRae, Mrs. A. Spilliet, were joint hostesses at a miscellaneous shower last Tuesday at Mrs. Bearso's attractive home in honour of Miss Estelle Wise, who was the recipient of many pretty and valuable gifts to add to her hope chest.

Lady Byng has presented the banner which belonged to the late Field-Marshal Lord Byng of Vimy as a Grand Commander of the Order of the Bath to Beaumont parish church, Essex, where he used to worship.

Mrs. L. Ripley of Hunter River is convalescing nicely after an operation in the P. E. Island Hospital on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. John Agnew is among the welcome arrivals having come home last week from Port Arthur, Ont., to join her daughters, Miss Bell and Miss Amy Agnew for the winter months.

Mrs. Percy Gullison entertained at a jolly masquerade party on Thursday evening in honour of Miss Estelle Wise, whose engagement was recently announced. During the evening the young guest of honor was surprised with a shower of lovely gifts from her numerous friends present.

Mr. Allan Mosher of Truro who is spending a few days in the city is being warmly welcomed. Mr. Mosher is making a fine recovery after his long and tedious illness.

Mrs. G. S. Inman of Summerside spent a few days this week with her sister, Mrs. E. M. Bagnall and

left to spend Thanksgiving with her son at Mt. Allison.

Hon. W. D. Herridge and Mrs. Herridge, who are staying at the Chateau Laurier, will shortly take up residence at 499 Wilbroad street, Ottawa.

The tea hostesses at the Golf Links on Thanksgiving Day were Mrs. G. C. Hughes, Mrs. P. W. Turner, Mrs. D. A. McKinnon, Mrs. J. A. McMillan, Miss Agnew.

A cordial welcome is being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bruce who arrived from Moncton Tuesday to take up their residence. Mr. Bruce having been transferred to the C.N.R. here, Mr. Bruce sang "O Promise Me" at Clarke-McLean nuptials Wednesday morning, Mrs. Clarke being his niece.

Thanksgiving Day passed quietly in Charlottetown with largely attended church services in the morning and family dinner parties and gatherings for the day.

Mrs. Brownell and Mrs. Vaniock and two children who were visiting with Mrs. Harry Brown at the Queen Hotel, returned to Newport, R.I., this week accompanied by Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Dan McDonald of Edmonton and Mrs. Bruce Howatt of Wexaskwin, who have been on a holiday visit and widely entertained by their friends, are leaving Monday for their homes, stopping off at Gladstone, Michigan, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andrew.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andrew who had a pleasant visit here, stopping at Belmont Mills, returned home last week to Gladstone, Michigan.

Princess Margaret Rose of York is an excited young lady just now. She has been invited by Lady Alice Scott to be one of her bridesmaids. Princess Elizabeth, of course, is quite experienced in this duty and will accompany her little sister at the wedding. This will be the first time that Princess Margaret has officiated in this capacity. She was present at the wedding of the Duchess of Kent, but only as a guest. She then rehearsed the ordeal with her sister, and wished to be a trainbearer, but her parents and the Queen thought her a little too young.

For Quick Cough Relief, Mix This Remedy at Home

No Cooking! No Work! Real Saving!

You'll never know how quickly a bad winter cough can be relieved, until you try this well known recipe. It is universally used throughout Canada because it gives such gratifying results. It's no trouble at all to mix, and costs but a trifle.

Into a 16 ounce bottle, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex; then add granulated sugar syrup to make 10 ounces. Syrup is easily made with 2 cups of sugar and 1 cup of water, stirred a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. This gives you four times as much cough medicine for your money. It never spoils and tastes fine.

Quickly you feel its penetrating effect. It loosens the phlegm, helps to clear the air passages, and soothes the irritated membranes. This three-fold action explains why it brings such quick relief in distressing coughs.

Pinex is a compound containing Norway Pine in concentrated form, well known for its soothing effect on throat membranes. Money refunded if it does not please you in every way.

A Morning Smile

"You say you want to reduce? Why don't you try golf?" "I tried that once, but it's no good. When I put the ball where I can see it I can't hit it, when I put it where I can hit it I can't see it."

ZIP!

Wash: "Yo' hear 'bout dat new car Ah got? Boy, she got some speed!"

Mose: "How fast is she?" Wash: "Boy, she's so fast dat when Ah streaks down de line all de hogs side de roads looks like link sausage."

THE COOK'S CORNER

ATTRACTIVE COCKTAILS AND GARNISHES GIVE FESTIVE TOUCH

By Katharine Baker

Any dinner is improved by a good start with either a fine soup, cocktail, or fruit cup. On festive occasions, the first course adds much to the appearance of the dinner table if it has a touch of colour.

EMERALD FRUIT CUP
1 package quick-setting lime jelly powder
1 pint warm water
2 cups mixed fruit, diced and chilled, (pears, peaches, cherries, pineapple, etc.)
Dissolve the jelly powder in water, which should be slightly hotter than lukewarm but not boiling. Pour into shallow pan. Chill until firm. Cut into 1/2-inch cubes. Combine with fruit. Pile into sherbet glasses, adding a small amount of fruit juice to each serving. Serves 8.
Cranberries become most decorative and flavorful when made into cranberry molds. They're smartly different, too.

CRANBERRY MOLD

1 package quick-setting lemon jelly powder
1/2 cup celery, finely cut
Juice 1/2 lemon
1 1/2 cups warm water
1 cup canned crushed pineapple
1 cup thick cranberry sauce, sweetened
Dissolve jelly powder in warm water which should be slightly hotter than lukewarm but not boiling. Chill. When slightly thickened, add lemon juice, celery, pineapple and cranberry sauce. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Serves 6. Mold may be also served as salad by unmolding on crisp lettuce and garnishing with mayonnaise.

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CRANBERRY MOLD

on hand for your lecture. Are you stopping here?"
He was digging in his pockets. "If you call it stopping," he said, "I'm taking off for Washington immediately after the powwow." At last his eager search had been rewarded. "Give these tickets to Mollie, will you? I had to wire for them at the last minute and the man who handed them to me at the airport said he'd had the devil's own time rounding them up. They're reserved seats, of course, but as far as I can make out, no two are together. You may be able to swap with some one when you get there."

Looking at his dark gray suit, Ann asked, irrelevantly, "Didn't you bring any luggage, Lee?"
He grinned. "Afraid I'll do my act in these togs. . . I'd do a better job of it. I'll bet. . . My bags came in when I did. They're in my room, I hope." He looked down at his watch and Ann's eyes automatically lifted to the shadow clock on the opposite wall. It was now twenty-eight minutes after seven.

She groaned. "Three-quarters of an hour to dress, have dinner and get to the hall. You'll never do it."
"Easily," Lee smiled. "But listen, Ann, I'll need a few minutes to brush up on my notes and I may not get a chance to have a private word with the others. Mollie had it all planned that you and I would fly back to Washington. Did she tell you?"
"Yes," Ann said, quietly. "And I saw your wire saying you had some sort of important cargo to carry instead."

(To Be Continued.)

BOOKS, ART, MUSIC

(By F. R. E.)

"Three Englishmen," Gilbert Frankau's newest novel is a most substantial and satisfying one. Comprised of well over six hundred pages it is a regular 'cavalade' of the years from 1899 to 1935. The chief events and people of these years are all touched on but not in an obvious way. They fit naturally into the very fine narrative of the lives of three average, normal, but totally different Englishmen who happen to be very great friends.

Mr. Frankau evidently knows of what he is writing. Whether or not he was at the Boer War or ever in Kipling's India I do not know, but he must have taken part in that gallant Retreat from Mons, for his long description reaches eloquence—"And long after sunset . . . were remnants . . . who still stood fast, but having no orders to disengage from battle. And of those remnants alone the tale is an Odyssey! For although many died fighting in the rain-swept darkness, and many, too weary even to press, a trigger, were captured in the dawn, those remnants held back a whole army for a whole night. . . . He has great scorn for the pseudo-pacifists who pin their whole faith on disarmament, and stresses the horrors of the War, "loosed upon a world that should have been a world that still be secure—only you who were saved will not altogether forget. . . . Shall I ought except your own strength, your own preparedness, guard you against the gas and the bombs?"

Mr. Frankau looks back over the years with a clear and comprehensive vision and we are cheered to find that unlike "many modern novelists" he is not altogether pessimistic of the future. His treatment of the readjustments of his characters to the post-war years is sane and logical and includes a very exciting trial of one of the three friends.

"These Three Englishmen—the simple, straightforward soldier, the skilled, modest surgeon craving to be of the pioneers of his profession, and the too-confident financier, even Mr. Frankau's minor characters, are very real humans, and their story one of the best."

Morgan Powell recommends "Three Englishmen" as "one of the finest novels that has come from any pen in the Empire for thirty years."

In the art of book production England has exerted, for the last fifty years, the main typographical influences in Europe. In the field of binding, however, English books lag somewhat behind Continental work.

On their private presses, William Morris, Charles Ricketts and T. J. Cobden-Sanderson produced books which were models and inspirations to the Continent. Today the private press in England no longer maintains its pre-eminence because printing has become almost completely mechanized, and, in the hands of the most expert masters the machine has caught up to the level of handicraft.

Mr. Francis Meynell, Mr. Oliver Simon and Mr. Stanley Morison are talented and important figures among present day printers, and Mr. Meynell has shown that book production does not depend on printing alone, but on harmonising paper, binding, illustrations and setting. It costs no more to use a good type than a bad one and we now have good books with well arranged setting and suitable illustration, produced at low prices.

The revival of illustration is one of the most notable features of modern book production.

Among the artists in England, whose "work accords with type," are Eric Gill, whose woodcuts in "Canterbury Tales" and "Four Gospels" are already counted among the classics of illustrated books; Rex Whistler, whose "always witty drawings reached high-water mark in his 'Gulliver's Travels'; Edward Bawden, Albert Rutherston, Paul Nash, John Nash, John Peileigh, Clare Leighton, Marion Dorn, Stephen Gooden and many others.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Husbands and Wives Need to Deal Justly With Each Other When it Comes to Sending Money to Relatives

Dear Miss Dix—I am one of the old fools who want a divorce. Am 57 years old, married to the same wife thirty years and love her better today than ever. There is no woman in the case.



It is my wife's good-for-nothing brother who was a minor irritant for the first twenty-six years of our married life and who has been a major nuisance and expense for the last four years. He is now a man 46 years old. He has been a whining applicant for alms from my wife all of his life, and she seems unable to say "no" to him. Some years ago I gave my wife a nice book of stock that pays considerable dividends. I told her it was a nest-egg for her old age, but it is only a golden egg for her lazy, idle brother. This nest lives 500 miles away, but about twice a week we get a letter and every time the postman comes my blood pressure goes up and up for I know it is just another touch. My wife will not listen to any argument that I advance. Says she can't let her brother starve, but I loaned an old uncle \$10 and she wants me to sue him. Aren't women wonderful?

They certainly are, Mr. T. M. N., and so are men, and about the most wonderful problem of matrimony is how such a husband and a wife have a right to burden the party of the other part with their dependent relatives.

For there is so much to be said on both sides of the question. To begin with, a husband and a wife who work together, shoulder to shoulder, building up the family fortune are equally responsible for the success or failure of the firm. Doing teamwork they can succeed, but either one failure of the firm. Doing teamwork they can succeed, but either one failure of the firm. Doing teamwork they can succeed, but either one failure of the firm. Doing teamwork they can succeed, but either one failure of the firm.

Most husbands and wives will agree to this as an abstract statement of the case, but when it comes to practical application of it, that is something else yet again, Maurice. The husband feels that because he makes the money he has a right to spend as much as he pleases on his own people, but that it is an imposition for the wife to inflict her family's support upon him. The wife says that if she were in business and had her own salary she would give what she pleased to her family, and that inasmuch as she works harder for her husband than she would for any employer, she has the right to give some of the money she earns by her own labor to her father and mother and brothers and sisters.

Both arguments are cogent, but the right of each to give to their families is just only so long as it does not work a hardship on the other. But often both husbands and wives are ruthless in the way they enslave their mates to their own people. I have in mind now a man who was a fine money-maker, who gave virtually everything he made to a parasitic brother. His wife was the most industrious and thrifty of women. She helped him in every way, but she never got any advantage of the money she earned. She and her children lived in a poor house and dressed plainly and walked, while his brother's family lived in luxury in a city, dressed finely, had horses and carriages and looked down upon their relatives whose earnings they were spending.

And I know a woman who sold her husband into slavery to her family on her wedding day. He was a competent and high-salaried man, but every cent that he made except a bare living for themselves went to support his wife's drunken brother and send her sisters off to college and pay for operations and having little nieces' and nephews' teeth straightened and their adenoids out, etc., etc.

I think that husbands and wives should deal more justly with each other than they do in this matter of the dependent relatives. For many of these relatives are dependent simply because they are gold-diggers. At any rate, the husband and wife have the first claim on the family purse.

As far as you are concerned, Mr. T. M. N., the only thing you can do is to realize that your wife is worth more to you than the money she gives her brother, and just try to forget about it. You can't change her, nor can you keep him from holding her up and getting all he can out of her.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a young woman of 22 torn between two loves. One of these young men is insanely jealous, so much so that he makes scenes and says he is going to whip any one who tries to go with me. I have tried to explain to him that I like him and have a deep feeling for him, but that I want to go with other men. However, he says that he will not allow me to go with any one other than himself. He has a new car, but doesn't have a job, and it seems that he is not able to hold one because he devotes too much time to me. The other young man I go with has a job, but no car. Neither of these young men could support me. Would you drop both and try some one else, or would you try to work out the present situation? A GIRL IN DISTRESS.

Neither one of the young men seem anything to write home to Mother about from your account of them, but if you must choose between them take the man with the job who isn't trying to support a car he can't afford. At least, he seems a gentleman, and a reasonable human being and to have some consideration for your dignity and good name, which the cad who goes around making scenes and assuming the right to boss you does not possess.

Whatever you do, don't be foolish enough to marry a jealous man. That way misery lies, for jealousy is one of the faults that cannot be cured.

If you marry a jealous man, you will never have one minute's peace and you will go in fear and trembling all your days, dreading to do or say something that will rouse the devil in him. You will never have any freedom because he will always be watching you. You won't even dare to have the slightest conversation with an old man friend or a pleasant stranger. You will be afraid to even speak to your own grandfather, because he will raise ructions if you do. He will accuse you of every vice and low thing that his obscene imagination can conjure up. He will insult you by calling you lowdown names. He will never trust you nor believe that there is any honor or dignity in you, and he will continually humiliate you by making scenes that humble you into the dust and make you the laughing stock of all who know you.

This jealous youth has already shown you what you can expect as his wife. If you marry him, you will deserve just what you get. DOROTHY DIX.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

"Earth's crammed with heaven, And every common bush affire with God— But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

MY LADY'S FURS

Furs are not what they were. Formerly their tendency was far from a slimming one; now fur coats are built on lines so slimming as to please the most devoted addicts of the cult. They possess a softness and a flexibility that was unknown even a few years ago.

The military style of fur coats is new again this season. Fur coats are also seen with the capuchon hood collars.

Short fur capes are very popular, yet the newest capes are very long. Seal is one of the most practical furs to buy as it can be worn at any time of the day. Sable remains the queen of furs, but it is dreadfully expensive. Squirrel can be dyed to match sable.

Astrakhan is much seen in Paris. Silver fox is not so expensive as it was.

Insisting for Henry Vaughan's poem "The Morning Watch"—also proved very acceptable

THE WARNING LIGHT

A reader who lives on the North Downs relates a curious experience he has had. Walking after dark in a part of his garden where glow-worms congregate, he saw nearby a wriggling head of what appeared to be worms (says the Morning Post).

Insisting for Henry Vaughan's poem "The Morning Watch"—also proved very acceptable

THE WARNING LIGHT

If a very small shoulder carries a chip . . .



DEFIANT . . . cross as a bear . . . when your child has "days" like this, take warning!

There's often a physical cause for a child's naughtiness. And usually it is simply — constipation.

Give a Child's Laxative

It is a wise precaution to give a laxative. Not an adult laxative which may cause griping pain, or upset stomach . . . but a child's laxative. Give Castoria!

Castoria is made especially for children — from babyhood to 11 years. It is safe — contains no harsh purgatives, no narcotics. It is gentle. It is effective. And it has a pleasant taste that children like!

Ask your doctor
Next time you see your doctor for your child's regular health examination, ask him about Castoria. He will assure you that Castoria contains only such ingredients as are suitable for a child's system.

Buy a bottle of Castoria to-night. (If you're thrifty you'll buy the family-size bottle.) Keep it handy, always. Give it for constipation and at the first sign of a cold.

CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Don't you just adore this attractive daytime dress? And it's just as simple as falling off a log to make! It's the wee pleated frills stitched on afterwards, which do the trick. Have the frills pleated professionally. And of course, we must not forget the buttons down the back in "little girl" fashion, add a very youthful note.

Novelty or plain silks of various types, thin wovens, or velvet are lovely for this model. Greens, rust and blues are among favored colors for winter.

Style No. 493 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material and 3/4 yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 493. Size
Name
Street Address
City State

local tradition, he drowned the whole batch.

The country folk in that district still entertain the belief that, in what ever way you kill the North Downs adder, even by the mid-day sun, it will not die until sunset. They tell you that the glow-worm's light is Nature's guide to the whereabouts of the adder.

Pars has "jazzed up" its belts this year—making them of everything from rope and flower petals to gem-studded, gilded kid and fancy leathers. So striking are both girdles and buckles that they draw the eye like a magnet and make slim waists matters of first importance to chic.

This renaissance, which has had so much to say in 1936 fashions, has inspired a whole chapter of belts. Pearl ropes studded with tiny seed pearls, gold ropes, silk ropes and jewelled embroidery mark the waistlines of dinner gowns. "Stomacher" belts of gold kid accented by intricate cut-out work and of beaten silver links studded with turquoise appear on black evening frocks, and among the most amusing novelties are sunbonnet (fama bag) belts with little silver kid purses hanging from the side, like those worn in the middle ages to carry alms.

Others—resting gowns—are made of brown taffeta or silver lame. These have great fulness at the back of the skirt. Their belts are made of lapis lazuli and pearls of turquoise-studded silver plaques.

Benito Mussolini is holder of half a dozen cabinet posts, undisputed ruler of 42,217,000 persons, and dictator over Italy and its possessions.

Reduced Prices on Permanent Waves

Elite Beauty Salon

Feather in Her Hat

By JULIE ANNE MOORE

Ann sat in the lobby of the hotel in Boston and tried to persuade herself that after the events of the past two months, life could produce neither surprise nor complexity that she could not face with comparative calm. The worst, she reflected, was behind.

Their night and day in Boston had had a quieting effect on her nerves. In fact their entire journey from Washington has been so completely satisfactory that she was a little ashamed of the uneasiness she had entertained when she was leaving Mollie's apartment.

Mollie, always the martyr, had taken it on herself in the beginning to relieve Ann and Rita of any fears concerning Deane. Without consulting Deane she announced that she and Deane would ride in the rumble of Selma's car and that Carl would sit with Selma. That left Rita and Ann to crowd into the seat with Bill, their several pieces of luggage being packed into the rumble of Bill's car.

In New York the hotel arrangements had been substantially as they were in Boston. Mollie and Selma occupying one of two adjoining separate rooms on another floor. Thus any possibility of friction between Selma and Ruth—apparently unlikely in view of Selma's changed attitude toward Rita—had been removed, and Ann had barely seen Deane Rumbreaker since leaving Washington.

Watching the constant flow of well dressed men and women through the hotel lobby, Ann thought of these things and was more grateful to Mollie than Mollie would ever know. She had not forgotten the night she surprised Mollie and Bill in the apartment kitchen and she had grown so fond of Mollie that she knew now that nothing could ever seriously impair their friendship.

But for a greater service than Mollie had performed, Ann was indebted to a mechanical accident. Over every mile of their long ride she has dreaded the moment of her meeting with Lee. He would be waiting of course, Mollie would have arranged that. And fatigued as she most certainly would be, she would have no choice but to face

FOR BUILDING VITALITY AND RESISTANCE

Used in hospitals and approved by doctors

OVATINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE