

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

MYSTERY HOUSE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"My grandmother gave the diamond to me," Lynn went on. "She was ill, you know, the day I got her, and I was ill too, with that horrible buzzing in my head, but I didn't know how sick I was. I'd had to get here from Rio, and my money was stolen. I went in to see her. She'd quarrelled with my father; he was her son. They didn't see each other for years. But when he knew he was dying he told me to come to her, and bring her a letter, and I gave her the letter, and she cried—she was sick, and the tears kept running down her face. And she told me where the diamond was and how to get it. It was in her knitting bag—you know the red silk bag that hangs on the back of the chair? She said I'd find it wedged into a card of black cotton, and I did. And then I was horribly ill, and Rand was there, and he told me to give it to him, but I wouldn't, because she'd given it to me! She made me kiss her, and she said I was Ned's boy." Lynn was silent for a moment, his lips trembling with weakness and pain, before he continued. "And she said I was to come in and see her in the morning, and Trudy said she would call me. But then I was sick, and afterward Rand was there, and Flora, and they told me she was dead."

"Trudy was dead?" "No; my grandmother! It was my grandmother, who died Page," Lynn said patiently. "Didn't I tell you that? It was my grandmother who died! It's Trudy who's pretending to be my grandmother, don't you see?—to get the money, and then to go away. Two of my grandmothers, old Chinamen died. There was no one to stop her; the doctor was new. And just then Rand came along, and all he wanted—I suppose, because I was too sick to know—was money, and she promised him money! But he wanted the diamond, too, and so they kept me alive, and sent for you to coax me to give it up. Don't you see? It's all perfectly clear!"

Page, in the beginning, had stared at him in a complete incredulity that gradually gave way to stupefaction. "Her face, in the foggy shadows of the cave, was white. When Lynn stopped speaking, and twisted his body about to grasp his shoulder again, she moved her tranced eyes from his face to Barnes's and back again. "You mean that Mrs. Prendergast is—?" she began. The whisper faded into silence. "Mrs. Prendergast was my grandmother. She's dead. I knew it all along, but I was sick, and they told me that my grandmother had been pretending to be Trudy, and that Trudy was my real grandmother." Lynn said. "I knew something was wrong, but I couldn't think. I can think now," he added, in a feverish troubled tone, "but it's too late now!"

"That's why they got at the grave," Barnes said, under his breath. "They had to." "Barnes, it's true," Page said. "Of course it's true! This woman and her daughter saw that the old woman was dying, perhaps helped her die, and believed that they could get away with it! And

I tried to work this up into a case. We can follow it up as clear as a bell—once we get of this rock." Lynn had subsided to troubled muttering, his cheeks sunken and his eyes unnaturally bright. Fog pressed at the door of the cave, and came in, in timid veils across the cold rusted grill, and the can of grease, and the can of fog-dampened matches. There was no food, no ship, no ocean, no world in sight.

Page was stretched on the warm western front of the Rock, half sitting, half reclining, her eyes fixed on the subdued afternoon glitter of the western sea. Beneath her the eternal sea moved majestically against the sheer wall of the island's steep side, split into foam and rushed on toward the shore. Clouds moved across the sky, fog came and went.

Fog was the tragedy; so much fog! Fog smothered the island from dawn until almost noon, and at three o'clock the stealthy advances of it put out the sun and crept over the face of the sea, and once again the three castaways were shut into a world of mist and shadow.

Page was not conscious of being hungry any more, but she felt tired and quiet; she wanted only to be quiet. At times savage onslaughts of hunger attacked her, but they did not last now as they had at first. Just now the sun was beating down upon her and she was content; it was good to be warm again. Nights in the cave were cold and dark and endless.

They were all weak, but there was a dreadful pallor about Lynn's weakness, a dreadful languor that told Barnes and herself that he could not long survive. The great gash and the smashed bone on his shoulder was infected; except for the first hour that Barnes and Page had been on the island he had been unconscious and muttering in fever. They had been prisoners here since Thursday. This was Saturday. Sunrises and sunsets told them of the calendar. Otherwise Page would have thought the time much longer. There was fresh rain water in the hollows of the higher rocks, but there was no food anywhere after the few spoonfuls of old rancid bacon fat had been divided. Barnes and Page had talked at first of gulls' eggs, of shrimp and crab and possibly fish, but they had secured none of them. Rough water was eternally bursting against the face of the Rock. It was far too deep and too rough for either fish or crab; they lurked somewhere in the quieter deeps; no quick turning of a stone revealed them; no search among the rocks and oak-roots at the top of the Rock discovered the hidden nest of a gull.

Sometimes when the fog lifted a little a steamer or two could be seen moving up or down the coast. Barnes's shirt had been fixed to a stick; he and Page had waved it madly whenever there was the faintest hope of being seen. But for most of the time fog had closed that gate-way, and had almost obliterated all sight of land from the eastern side of the Rock.

For hours the man and the girl had patrolled that side of their

MICMAC Tea CANADA'S STANDARD OF FRESHNESS and QUALITY

Today's Short Wave Radio Program (All time is Eastern Standard)

- WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 28 PARIS 5:15 p.m.—Concert from Radio-Paris. TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg. BERLIN 6 p.m.—Rigoletto. Opera by Giuseppe Verdi. Today in Germany. Sound Pictures. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. ROME 6 p.m.—Patriotic songs and anthems. News in English. Talk on topics of general interest. Symphonic concert. ZRO, 25.4 m., 11.81 meg. LONDON 6:42 p.m.—Science Talk. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.53 meg. MOSCOW 7 p.m.—Lenin in folklore. RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg. EINDHOVEN, NETHERLANDS 7 p.m.—Happy Programs. PCJ, 31.2 m., 9.59 meg. LONDON 9 p.m.—"Number, Please." The story of the telephone. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.53 meg. BERLIN 9:15 p.m.—Light Music. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg. MONTREAL 10 p.m.—"Ici Paris"—musical entertainment in the Parisian manner. CROX, 49.2 m., 6.00 meg.; CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

prison. They had shouted, knowing even while they shouted that no human voice could hope to carry above the noise of the waters and the crying of the sea birds. They had strained their eyes in the scanty hours when the shore was visible at all, hoping in vain to see a wandering fisherman on the rocks, or one of the Japanese farmers who, working in the orchard, might walk out to the cliff. The Chinese were apparently gone from Mystery House, or they had been moved to one of the kitchens on the other side of it. No smoke arose from the chimneys on the shore side, and the long line of evergreens that made a lane at the back of the house effectually shut away all sight of the kitchen windows or doors. Men hunting squibb or abalone never trespassed on the Prendergast estate. There were great signs on the northern and southern boundaries warning fishermen that any intrusion would be severely punished. (To be Continued)

Leather gloves, embroidered down the back with two rows of cross stitch in a large pattern of contrasting colors, make the hands look long and slender. Hermes's new glove and bag ensembles are of yellowed chamol, the tone of linden buds, embroidered with linden leaf green.

CHEESE TOAST Grate a cup of cheese, and lightly mix in a heaping saltspoon of mustard, a half saltspoon of salt and a speck of cayenne. Heap this on thin strips or triangles of buttered toast, place them in a hot oven for a few moments, and serve as soon as the cheese begins to melt. Any kind of a thin cracker may be used instead, and a dusting of paprika over each piece in place of the cayenne.

SOUTH AFRICA HAS "POOR WHITES" CAPE TOWN—(CP)—Described as no longer a "public question" but "a public menace," it is estimated there are 300,000 "very poor whites" in the Union of South Africa's European population of 1,300,000.

Mother Love Can Curse or Bless Dorothy Dix Says It Makes Or Mars Children

Don't Kill Your Child's Prospects of Being a Fine, Upstanding Go-Getter When He Grows Up by Mollycoddling Him in His Babyhood

There is no other one thing that we glorify so much as we do mother influence, but while we are singing songs about it, writing poetry about it and dramatizing it into tear-jerking plays, it is well to remember that Mother's influence is not always the beautiful and sacred and uplifting thing it is popularly depicted as being. It can curse as well as bless. It can be the most damnable thing on earth.



It is a platitude to say that children are clay in their mother's hands and that ninety-nine times out of a hundred they are what she makes them. While they are in the cradle she sets the pattern of their lives. She teaches them the creed they are to live by and die by. She breeds in them strength or weakness, and makes of them the sort of men and women who stand up and fight life to a finish or who throw up their hands and quit at the first rebuff of fate. She turns out the heroes and the cowards, the successes and the failures, and there is scarcely one of us, from the highest to the lowest, who cannot say that "I am what my mother made me. I am the badge of her honor or her shame."

When you think of it there is nothing more terrible to contemplate than the vastness and completeness of mother influence nor the fact that it is exercise upon a helpless human being who can no more decide his destiny than the clay can say into what shape the potter shall fashion it. For by the time a child is old enough to have some self-determination it is too late. Mother has already marked him.

And it is still more terrible to see how often this power is given over into the hands of fools who play with it as ignorantly and as recklessly as a babe would with a loaded bomb, and who, when they wreck their children's lives, never even understand how it happened or that they are responsible for the catastrophe. Herein lies one of the most ironic tragedies of poor blundering humanity, for it is the mothers who are most blindly and fanatically devoted to their children and who would die to save them from the least harm, who are oftentimes the ones whose influence is most baneful upon their children.

As I write these lines I am thinking of a woman I know who had a son, who was as fine a specimen of humanity as one could wish to see—big, strong, healthy, intelligent, unusually talented, handsome and sweet-natured, but who was absolutely ruined by his mother's influence. She began spoiling his as soon as he was born, so he was a pest from the very cradle. She indulged his every whim and caprice. She waited on him hand and foot. She never let him stand on his own feet or decide anything for himself. She never let him be subject to any discipline. The result was that he grew up without any self-control, without knowing how to restrain his appetite, without any education, without any knowledge of how to spend money. Finally, when he did break away from her apron strings he went wild and drank himself to death, after getting into all sorts of entanglements with gold-digging women.

And most of all, as I write this, I am thinking of a story that I heard a famous and successful man tell about his mother's influence. "My father died when I was a baby," he said, "leaving my mother with no money and a child to support, but she never once whined nor complained nor pitied me for being poor and not being able to have the things that rich children had. Instead, she taught me that all the things I wanted were there, but I had to go and get them myself."

"I remember once that a big boy took from me a top I had saved my pennies for weeks to buy. I was only 6 or 7 years old, and I ran crying to Mother. She didn't say, 'My poor little darling, Mother will get you another.' She said, 'Where is the boy?' I said, 'Across the street.' She said, 'Go and take it away from him, and I'll stand here and watch you do it.' And I went out of that door like a little wildcat, because my mother was watching me and expected me to do a brave thing and so I astonished the boy that I did take it away from him. "And," chuckled the man, "if I were going to set up a coat-of-arms, it would be an ash-can rampant with the legend with the word BUT above it, because those two things have been the greatest factors in my success in life. When I was a little kid, it was my chore to take out the ashes and do it without being told. It was a heavy task that I had to toil over, but it taught me how to buck up and do the day's work, however heavy it was. "Then my mother was always encouraging me about whatever I did, but she put a whiplash into it that urged me on, although I didn't know it, at the time. 'That was splendid the way you took out the ashes, BUT I think you can do it a little better.' 'Your report from school was fine this month, BUT you can get a little higher grade if you study harder.' And I always could and did. When I got out into the world my mother's 'BUT' always urged me on. No matter how well I did a thing, I always knew I could do it a little better, and so I won out where the men who had not had that kind of a mother failed."

Great thing, a mother's influence. It makes or mars the lives of children. DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

- FRUIT COOKIES Three cupsful of flour, 2 1/2 tea-spoonfuls of baking powder, 1/4 tea-spoonful of salt, 1-2 cupful of butter 1 cupful of sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 well-beaten egg, 1/4 cupful of milk, 1-2 pound of raspberry jam, white of 1 egg, and a little more sugar. Sift together the flour, baking powder, and the salt. Cream the butter and sugar together, add 1 lemon rind, egg, and alternative the milk and flour mixture. Roll the dough into a thin sheet and cut into rounds. Spread half the rounds nearly to the edge with the jam; lay the other half over the jam and press together lightly. Put the cookies into a buttered baking pan, brush the top with the white of egg, and sprinkle sugar over. Bake for one-quarter of an hour in a moderate oven.
- APPLE SAUCE CAKE Cream two-thirds cupful lard or butter with 1 1/2 cupfuls sugar. Dissolve 2 tea-spoonfuls soda in 1 1/2 cupfuls unsweetened apple sauce. Add to lard and sugar mixture. Next add 3 cupfuls flour, which has been sifted once before measuring, 1 cupful raisins, 1 cupful nut meats, and 1 tea-spoonful lemon extract. Mix together thoroughly, pour into a well greased loaf pan, and bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes to 1 hour.

LOOK, PIMPLE SUFFERERS! I HATE GOING OUT. MY SKIN LOOKS AWFUL. YOU'RE DANCING EVERY DAY. YES, JANE, THANKS TO CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT. TRY CUTICURA. IT'S FINE FOR ALL IRRITATIONS OF EXTERNAL SOURCE. FREE sample, write 'Cuticura' Dept. 35, 286 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

THE FAVOURITE BEAUTY SOAP OF CANADA'S LOVELIEST MOTHERS

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TRY THIS PALMOLIVE BEAUTY TREATMENT For your face, throat and shoulders, and for your bath. Gently massage into your skin a warm, rich Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all there is to this simple beauty treatment. Yet there is no surer way to real, all-over skin beauty.



The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

THE LITTLE BLACK SHEEP Po' lil' brack sheep dat strayed away, Done los' in de win' and de rain— An' de Shepherd He says, "O, hirelin', Go 'fin' my sheep again." And de hirelin' say, "O shepherd, Dat rheap am brack an' bad." Eut de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil' brack sheep—wuz de onliest lamb He had, An' de Shepherd go out in the darkness Where de night wuz col' an' bleak, An' dat lil' brack sheep He fin' it, An' lay it agains' His cheek. An' de hirelin' frown "O, Shepherd, Don' bring dat sheep to me." But de Shepherd He smile, an' He hol it close— An' dat lil' brack sheep wuz me. —Paul Lawrence Dunbar, in "The Churchman."

CLIPS OF JEWELS USED IN LAPEL BUTTONHOLES More and more jewellery is to be worn and in more and more unexpected places and ways this season. For instance, the buttonhole of one's ruit is the last place in the world one might look for a jewelled clip, but LeLong decided it was just the place for something of the sort and forth-with proceeded to decorate the lapel with interesting pieces other than the watch. This designer is using costume jewellery on suits in a fresh-looking manner. It is in the buttonhole of the lapel that he sponsors gold or silver clips distinguished by their long slim shape—medium size replicas of musical instruments such as Chinese viols or modern, draw-out flowers emphasizing the slim rectangular shape rather than naturalistic outlines. This idea of ornamenting the suit lapel, in a season when suits are so important, comes as another suggestion.

Your little school girl will look just adorable in the comfy roomy double-breasted top coat. It is tweedy woolen in rust tones with velveteen collar and cuffs. Should a touch of fur be desired then make the cuffs of self-fabric and the collar of fur. The snugly belted waistline of this one-piece coat of prince's lines, emphasizes the smartly flared hemline. The sleeves cut in one with the shoulders. You couldn't ask for anything simpler to sew. For a dressy coat, choose plain woolen in bottle green. Trim with broad frog in double breasted effect down to the waistline. Make the collar and cuffs of velveteen. The belt may be omitted, if you desire. Style No. 1870 is designed for sizes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 1-7-8 yards of 54-inch material with 1-4 yard of 39-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs and 1 5-8 yards of 39-inch lining. No. 1870 Size— Name Street Address City State

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

1870

For Bad Winter Coughs, Mix This Remedy at Home

Quick Relief. Big Saving. So Easy. No Cooking. This well known recipe is used by many thousands of housewives, because they have found that it gives them a much more dependable remedy for distressing winter coughs. It's so easy to mix—a child could do it. From any drugist, get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex, a compound containing Norway Pine, in concentrated form, well known for its effect on throat membranes. Then make a syrup by stirring two cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water a few moments, until dissolved. It's no trouble at all, and takes but a moment. No cooking needed. Put the Pinex into a 16 oz. bottle and add your syrup. This gives you 16 ounces of quick remedy, unusually quick-acting and dependable, and you get four times as much cough medicine for your money. It never spoils, and is very pleasant—children love it. You'll be surprised by the way it takes hold of severe coughs, giving quick, satisfying relief. It loosens the phlegm, soothes the irritated membranes, and helps clear the air passages. Money refunded if it doesn't please in every way.



To Keep Young And healthy and beautiful

In this day and generation of speed and high tension, and worries and anxieties, the nervous system is subjected to a tremendous strain. Wrinkles and carlines and sleeplessness and irritability come early to rob one of youth and beauty and the joys of healthful living. Many thousands of women have found a great friend in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food because it helps them to keep young and energetic and active. You can avoid the tired feelings, the listlessness and lack of energy which so detracts from your charm and personality by using this time-proven food treatment, to make the blood rich and red and restore nerve force to the whole system. Why not get started with this great restorative to-day? For New Pep and Energy use DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD