

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

The Housewife And Her Activities

IT'S THE SET OF THE SAIL

One ship drives east, another drives west. While the sea breeze blows. While the set of the sails, and not the gales. That bids them where to go. Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate. As we journey along through life—It's the set of the soul that decides the goal, And not the storms or strife.

THREE SILHOUETTES

In Paris the coats shown by Bruyere have silhouettes described as including the straight slim line, the fitted slightly flared coat and the Russian Cossack interpretation. Vionnet's coats advance the fitted silhouette with big sleeves and the Paquin coats are important because of the emphasis on lavish fur trimmings in big colors. Silver fox, blue fox nutria and ocelot are noted among the important fur trimmings in borders, upper bodice applications and in collars. Christian Dior's coat is of the rough-surfaced worsted types.

The word "and" is used 46,271 times in the Bible.

CHANGE MAKE-UP TO SUIT YOUR COSTUME

Fashionables are not content with one lipstick, one face powder or one nail lacquer. They like several lipsticks, with rouge to match—one set to wear with each color in a wardrobe. A color does not change the tone of the skin, but it appears to.

For instance, if you are wearing a warm orange sweater which casts a yellowish glow over your face, you probably will like face powder with a hint of ochre in it. When you switch to a red dress, pinkish-peach powder undoubtedly will be more flattering.

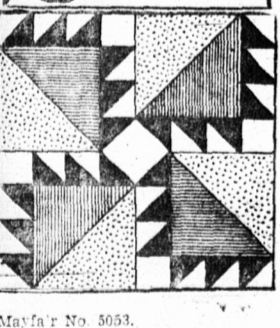
SCOTTISH SAMPLERS

In the current issue of "The Embroideress" there is an article of particular interest to Scottish readers dealing with some characteristics of Scottish samplers, writers J. K. in the Glasgow Herald. Fine lettering and handsome alphabets seem to have appealed to our forebears, and for some strange reason the peacock was a favorite decorative motif. But it does not say much for their artistic nature that they delighted in sewing the multiplication table into their samplers, though that might be taken as a characteristic of a hard-headed race.

The woman who is a keen gardener as well as an embroideress will like to combine her two hobbies in the design which uses rock plants for various decorative purposes; and these is also an unusual ar-

QUILT DESIGNS

by Mayfair



Mayfair No. 5053.

Hibiscus—This lovely tropical flower makes a lovely quilt and one can make it in the soft past shades or in the more glowing shades of the real flower. It is a new pattern and should appeal to the quilt-lover seeking something different.

Irish Puzzle is another extremely popular quilt, and very simple to make, as it contains very few pieces. Pattern consists of cutting chart, material requirement and color suggestions for each of the two designs shown.

For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlotteville Guardian Needlework Department.

Use this coupon.

Print your name and address plainly To the Charlotteville Guardian Needlework Dept.

Design No. 5053.

Name _____

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icle which shows commendable originality in suggesting ways in which everyday objects, such as knives, spoons, keys, hooks, and so on, can be made into ingenious and attractive patterns for sewing. Even the railway train has possibilities in this direction, and makes a nice contrast with sampler work.

MARRIAGE CLASSES GOOD

After a trial of holding classes for persons about to marry, Rev. J. H. Linton says they are worth while and will continue his lessons on the Christian meaning of marriage and its problems.

SALESGIRL WASN'T SACKED FOR SMOKING

A salesgirl in a Regent street shop in London broke the rules of the firm by smoking on duty. She has not been sacked.

HELP HOSTESS HER WAY.

If you are helping your hostess in her kitchen work, try to do things exactly the way she likes, not what you prefer. If she likes her string beans split down the centres and you like them in little cubes, don't even offer the suggestion of your way. The only way you can be of real service is to help her prepare her meal exactly as she planned it.

DON'T RUB

If soot should blow on hubby's light hat, do not attempt to rub it off or wet it. Cover it thoroughly with dry salt and then brush off with a stiff brush. Any other method will cause the soot to smear into the material.

A GOOD SIZE

Be sure the cage for the canary is large enough so the bird can spread his wings and hop about without coming into constant contact with the bars of his cage. If the tail feathers are irritated it will destroy the health of the bird.

RENEWED LIFE

If the portieres look faded and shabby now that they are hung, why not give them a dip in a dye bath of a deeper shade and have practically new draperies. Wash them first to remove the dirt and then follow directions of any reliable dye.

AFTERNOON FROCK

The new phase of dress fashion which brings together all that is elegant, formal, and dressy, is the afternoon frock which this year is to be seen more in black than in any other color.

In street lengths, these afternoon fashions will be worn when the hostess says "come for dinner, we're not dressing," and they will replace the long trailing dinner gown almost exclusively, although they may be worn one inch longer than street and sport fashions.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All Times in Eastern Standard)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2

TOKYO
4:45 p.m.—Popular Songs. JZK.
19.7 m., 19.16 meg.; JZJ, 25.4 m., 11.81 meg.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY
6 p.m.—Hungarian Folk-songs. HAT-4, 32.8 m., 9.12 meg.

LONDON
6:30 p.m.—Folk-songs of the West Country. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg.; GSO, 19.7 m., 15.18 meg.; GSP, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg.; GSD, 25.3 m., 11.77 meg.

BERLIN
8:15 p.m.—News and Review of the week in English. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE
9 p.m.—Light Symphony Orchestra, male tango singer. LRX, 31.96 m., 9.66 meg.

BERLIN
9:15 p.m.—Club of Notions. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

PARIS
10 p.m.—Musical Recordings. TPA-4, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

LONDON
10 p.m.—The BBC presents the ABC. GSG, 16.8 m., 17.79 meg.; GSI, 19.6 m., 15.26 meg.; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

VANCOUVER
12:30 a.m.—Stan Patton and his Orchestra. CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.5 m., 11.72 meg.

TOKYO
12:45 a.m.—The National Program. JZK, 19.7 m., 15.16 meg.

LYNDHURST, AUSTRALIA
3:45 a.m.—(Sunday)—National Program. VK3LR, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

THE SILK ENIGMA

By J. R. WILMOT

(Continued)

A CLUE

When Philip crept back again to reality it was dark. He tried to move but quickly realized that during his oblivion the intruder had made a good job of the parceling. His hands were strung to his side. What was more ingenious was that a loop of cord had been passed around each thumb and brought across the small of his back so that it was impossible for him to move his arms forwards without inflicting some pain. By rolling into a sitting position he found that he could move his arms backwards but that manoeuvre was useless. His feet were roped, too, and Philip thought of calling for help. He realized, however, that he might as well save his breath for the exertions that lay ahead of him if he were to free himself before the staff came on duty in the morning.

The young man strained at his bonds as hard as he dared, consistent with the pain such straining occasioned him. He tried to wriggle his ankles, but that was useless. By a physical contortion that would have done credit to a professional stage performer he at last managed to get his teeth in proximity with the cord fastening his right wrist. The sweat was streaming down his face but he succeeded, and once his teeth had touched the cord he realized that it would only be a matter of moments before he would be able to bite through and so release his arms.

The cord, however, proved stubborn stuff and it seemed like hours before the last strand was bitten through. He felt limp after the exertion and lay back again on the hard flooring of the shop to rest. Then he wiped the moisture from his face and finding his pocket-knife severed the cords about his ankles.

He scrambled to his feet and stood weakly for a minute. He had been lying behind the counter not far from the point at which the body of Nikolai Nolescue had been discovered. A shudder shook him. It was an unpleasant thought. The staff might have been finding his dead body there in the morning. Nolescue had been strangled. The fellow had nearly strangled him, too. Perhaps those strong fingers that had gripped his throat were the same that had pressed the life from Nikolai Nolescue. Philip Slater felt sick. He realized, however, that being sick wasn't going to help; so he fought down the sensation and tried to think what he should do next.

It was fairly obvious that the man was longingly awaiting the premises. He had finished whatever he had come for and gone.

Philip thought of telephoning Beck at Scotland Yard. Even if the Superintendent was not there, he could always leave a message.

Deciding on this course he began feeling his way towards the door by which he had entered the shop when his foot struck against something. It proved to be the electric torch he had struck from the man's fingers in the early moments of the struggle. He retrieved it and was surprised to find that it had survived the ordeal. All that had happened, apparently, was that, when it struck the floor, it had fallen on the projecting switch on the side of the casing and the impact had extinguished the light. By maintaining pressure on the point of contact he succeeded in keeping the torch alight.

Coming around the counter, however, to make a more direct line towards the door, beside the staircase the light picked out something lying on the floor a yard or two from the counter where the struggle had taken place. It was a small torn piece of paper. Philip picked it up and examined it. It was an address; "The Beeches, Near Tonbridge." For a moment he stood considering it. He was telling himself that it could not have been left there by anyone at Oxtons since the cleaners had gone over the floor immediately the store closed. That being so, he argued, it might easily have fallen from the man's pocket during the course of the struggle. The idea thrilled him. It might well be a clue—a valuable clue that he had been waiting for.

Ten minutes later he was speaking to the officer on the switchboard at Scotland Yard. He was saying: "Would you tell Mr. Beck that someone's been in Oxtons to-night and that I followed him for my trouble. However, tell him further that I think I'm on the trail and that I'll let him know how I get on."

Philip closed the door of the kiosk with a feeling of warm elation, and found it a pleasant feeling, too.

CHAPTER XXI. "THE BEECHES"

The booming of midnight as Philip left the telephone call-box gave him a shock. As a matter of fact, he hadn't considered time at all. He recalled that it had been ten o'clock when he had arrived outside Oxtons, but he had had no idea how long he had lain unconscious. After all it could have been so very long. An hour at the most. Now he was faced with another problem. He had mapped out in his mind a plan. It was a rather rough and ready plan, but the first essential of it was getting to Tonbridge.

He took a bus to the Railway station Victoria. He was told that there were no more trains on that line that night, but that the first one

was five-thirty in the morning. Since hiring a car was out of the question on account of the expense, he reluctantly decided that there was nothing he could do until the morning. So he went to his lodgings to snatch a few hours' sleep.

The train to Tonbridge was a slow one. It stopped exasperatingly at every station on the line, and as Philip sat back in the corner seat of the "smoker" he chafed at the delay. Of course, he had looked at the problem before him from almost every angle. He had dropped a note in the post to Peter Oxtan informing him that he hoped to turn in for duty by midday or shortly after. He explained his self-appointed leave of absence by suggesting that he was following up a clue which, he felt, would lead him towards clearing up the mystery and also finding out what had happened to Phyllis Varley. Philip was none too sanguine about this latter suggestion. He had incorporated it rather to give some justification for his unconventional behaviour. He knew well enough what Peter Oxtan would have said had he waited until that gentleman arrived down at the store. Peter Oxtan would have reminded him that it was Scotland Yard's job to solve the mystery of Nikolai Nolescue's death and that were he in possession of any information that might assist them, it was his duty to acquaint Superintendent Beck and leave it to him to adjudicate upon its value and to take whatever action he considered necessary.

But such a course would not have suited Philip at all. He had been wearing his patience thin indeed at his enforced inaction. It was true Beck had commissioned him to "keep an eye on Oxtons, Mr. Slater, and let me know if anything unusual occurs there. Well he'd done that. He'd phoned the Superintendent on each occasion anything of a suspicious nature had occurred. But now that he had found something, and the more he thought about it the more he was convinced that the address on the piece of paper in his pocket was of the utmost importance—he was not to be denied the credit of his discovery. He'd earned it, too. He'd had a punch on the jaw from some mysterious marauder in the store last night and he'd been uncomfortably trussed up. He had a debt to pay on that score and he was determined that, given the chance, he was going to pay that debt personally.

Of course, there was the reverse side to the medal. That address near Tonbridge, which he might, after all prove to be something that the cleaners had overlooked. It might be the address of a customer, hastily scribbled down as a form of reminder. Well, that couldn't be helped now. He was on his way to Tonbridge. If he felt on his feet, he'd deliberately acted contrary to regulations, well... he'd hate to leave the firm but if there were no alternative, he would have to abide by the consequences.

Thought of Phyllis Varley strengthened his belief that he was acting rightly. Phyllis could not have disappeared if her own free will without letting him know. She wasn't like that. There was nothing secretive in her nature.

And there was that mysterious affair in the store last night. He'd been thinking over that quite a lot, and it intrigued him. He wondered who the man or woman had been. It had been quite impossible in the dark even to glean a hint of his nationality. All Philip knew was that the fellow was incredibly strong and that the grip he had exerted on his neck was probably one associated with Jiu-Jitsu in some form or another. He had no knowledge of the science himself, but he had read that it was based on a form of paralysis of the nerve centres as a means of rendering the victim helpless, and he'd certainly been that. If he ever encountered the fellow again, he'd have to be on his guard. There was the reason for the fellow's visit to the store. What had been his objective? What attraction did the Chinese Silks Department have for him? Once again there was no adequate answer to the question. If only he could have been certain that his assailant had been a Chinaman, that might have given him a clue. But he could only guess at that. One thing he was sure of, however, the man had not been particularly tall. Had he been even of average height that swing of Philip's fist must most certainly have connected with his jaw rather than with the arm. Still, he debated with himself, conjecture wasn't going to help him very much at this stage,

Dorothy Dix

Husband Should Be Leader Of Family

The Most Successful and Happy Marriages Are Those in Which the Husband Shows Qualities of Leadership in Affairs of the Home



Very often Nature has given to a woman the brains, the energy, the initiative that is withheld from her husband. Many times it is the wife who is the go-getter in the matrimonial partnership. It is she who literally pushes the husband into success. But the man whose wife makes him never worships his Creator. On the contrary, he resents her being able to do the things he cannot do, and almost invariably he turns from her to some inferior woman who will thank him wonderful and great and burn incense at his feet. When the gray mare is the better horse there is likely to be a smash-up.

On the other hand, there is nothing that makes so much for the success of a marriage as for the wife to regard her husband as a little tin god, and to hang upon his every word as if it were the inspired utterance of an oracle. When a wife begins every sentence with "John says," it is a certificate of domestic bliss strong enough to draw money on at the bank.

It is proof that the wife is perfectly satisfied with her matrimonial bargain and is on her knees trying to placate her hero and prove her worthiness of the honor he has bestowed upon her by choosing her as a wife. It is soothing to the man's egotism to find in a world of critics one who appreciates his real worth.

As a matter of fact, home is the only place in which a man's vanity can really assert itself. In his business and professional life he must contend with men who are his equals or his superiors. The blows he gets and the humiliations he endures, with his self-esteem battered and bruised and bleeding at every pore. The only palliative for his sufferings is the admiration of some woman who believes him to be the wisest and greatest of all God's creations, and who blames all of his failures and mistakes on the jealousy and evil machinations of others.

No man wants a wife who sees through him, or who judges him, or who criticizes him. He only wants one who admires him and who yes-esses him. That is why so many men marry inferior women and are happy with them as long as the soft soap holds out.

Wives do not feel this way about inferior husbands. Perhaps it is the way they are built, perhaps it is because of the thousands of years of subservience of wives to their husbands, but every woman would a thousand times rather be the wife of a successful man than to be successful herself. It burns her up with shame for her husband to be a weakling, not able to hold his own with other men. You never saw a bossy, hen-pecking wife who was a happy one or a contented one.

But if it makes for the happiness of a marriage for the husband to be superior to the wife, if one is better than the other, it makes for the good of the children for the mother to be superior to the father in case both parents are not equally intelligent and high-minded. A fine and noble man with exalted ideals can do little to raise his children to his level if their mother has low principles and is common, ignorant and vulgar. He cannot even teach them manners and morals if their mother nullifies all his efforts by her example and precepts.

The father sees but little of the children. The mother is with them constantly. Her hands mold their characters and the kind of men and women they make she determines.

The moral of all of which is that in picking out your husband or wife it is best to marry your equal. Then both will be happy and the children get a double break.

DOROTHY DIX.

But, continue these wise men, when one or the other of the high contracting parties in a marriage is superior to the other it should be the man, for a man can go on loving and being happy and satisfied with an inferior wife, but it is the essence of a woman's love that she shall look up to her husband.

Of course, there is nothing new in these findings, but their truth is a matter of common knowledge. All of us can cite a dozen cases in which a clever and intelligent man is united to a Dumb Dora wife to whom he is perfectly devoted, and we can also point to plenty of superior women who have divorced perfectly good husbands for no other reason than that they were dull and stupid, and bored them past endurance.

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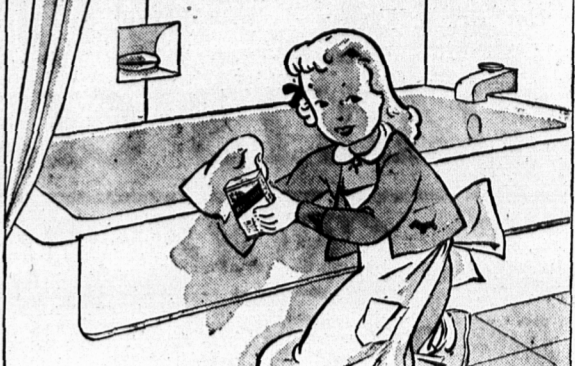
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and then mentioned that a friend of his had come to the district and that all he knew concerning the address was that the name of the house was the Beeches.

The Post Office people were exceedingly helpful. He was asked to wait for a few minutes while an inquiry was made. When the young woman returned she had in her hand a list of no fewer than seven addresses of people whose houses were named The Beeches.

(To be Continued)



It's child's play cleaning your bath with Bon Ami

... and it doesn't clog the drains

This double-action cleanser polishes as it cleans—saves you time and saves you work... and always leaves a beautiful shine. Pure, white and odourless, Bon Ami is kind to your hands... and doesn't leave gritty sediment behind. Try Bon Ami! You'll be surprised how fast a little goes.

Cleans Quickly and Easily!

THE COOK'S CORNER

A GOOD BEEF DISH.

Here is an old-time dish that every family will enjoy. Put a rack in the bottom of a pot, then put in a piece of brisket of other boiling piece of beef. Add water that just comes up to the meat. Let simmer until it begins to be tender. About an hour before meal time add vegetables, such as potatoes, carrots, onion, etc. (not chopped). About 20 minutes before they are steamed add a dumpling for each of the family. Have hot water ready to add from time to time as needed. Salt and pepper to taste.

BUTTERSCOTCH MOUSSE.

One and three-quarters cups dark brown sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 1 cup hot water, 4 eggs, 1 pint heavy cream. Place the sugar and butter in a pan over low heat and allow to melt and become smooth, stirring constantly. Add the hot water gradually, stirring continuously. Now pour the syrup slowly

FAVORITE OATMEAL COOKIES.

This recipe makes 6 dozen large cookies: Soak 3 cups of rolled oats in 1-2 cups of cream for a half-hour. Add 2 eggs, 2 cups brown sugar, 1 cup of shortening, 1 teaspoon of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1-2 teaspoon cinnamon, and flour enough to roll out. This recipe may be varied in several ways. A cup of raisins improves it wonderfully.

SUPPORTING COLUMNS SHOULD BE SOLID.

Piers which support a house or porch should be examined occasionally. It is well to see that they are plumb and have not settled. If they are of brick or tile or concrete units see that the joints are not cracked and that the mortar is solid in the joints.

Settling or crumbling piers will cause settlement of the house itself. Cracked plaster, hammer-in radiators, trapped water lines, and sloping floors are but a few of the ailments which might result.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Smart placed inset pockets give emphasis to the new corsetlike fullness of the simple bodice. A gay bright red slide fastener zips it right up to the neat pointed pique collar. Flecked woolen, rough crepe, rayon novelty prints, velveteen, velvet, etc. are other popular fabrics to develop this easy to sew model. Complete diagrammed instruction chart included.

Style No. 2870 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 15 requires 3 1-8 yards of 39-inch material with 1-2 yard of 39-inch contrasting.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlotteville Guardian giving—Style No. 2870 Size.....

A Morning Smile

PARTNERS

Visitor: "Your dog seems to be a very friendly fellow. He keeps grinning at me and wagging his tail."

Bobbie: "Yes, you've got his place."

NEIGHBOURLY LEGUMINOSITY

They were entertaining friends in their new home. Suddenly one of the guests sat up and listened. "Surely you're not troubled by mice already?" she said.

"That's not mice," replied the householder. "That's the people next door eating celery."

Star of "WEE WILLIE WINKIE" A 20th Century Fox Picture



SHIRLEY TEMPLE says

M-m-m. Isn't Quaker Puffed Wheat with peaches grand?

ABUNDANT FOOD ENERGY without OVERHEATING

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT

