

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

The Housewife And Her Activities

HOW CAN WE DOUBT?

No failure and no fear Can baffle spring, Nor quench the gladness That the thrushes sing.

No heaviness of heart Can dim the sight Of wet green fingers Stretching to the light.

Or dauntless courage In the dark earth's beds From which triumph Snowdrops lift their heads.

God keeps His promise To the smallest thing; In our immortal spring! —Mary Eversley, in the Christian World.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Lead is an excellent lubricator. Try the tip of a lead pencil on a squeaking door hinge, and notice the result. When the mirror needs oiling, use olive oil instead of machine oil. This will prevent the food being tainted.

FASHION FLASHES

There seems only one general theme in Erik Dunton and Louis Bourbon's collection — and that is millinery crowns are low. Bold printed cottons are allied with plain white terry cloth in beach ensembles.

PERENNIALS MAY BE BOWN NOW IN BOXES

If you want to raise your perennials from seed, you can now sow such flowers as delphiniums, lupins, germs hollyhocks and aquilegias.

Then they can be set out in lines in a nursery plot in the open garden.

DUTCH DISHES

Holland is very much in the news just now. The Dutch, as cooks, are as fine as the world-renowned French.

When pressed for time, boiled smoked sausage and curly greens is a dish that the Dutch housewife serves up for dinner, and one which the family find delicious.

When the young green peas first come in and are very flat, the Dutch housewife does not shell them but skins them and serves them up whole.

Carrots are bought very young, no bigger than two inches. They are boiled with an onion, and then added to a white sauce.

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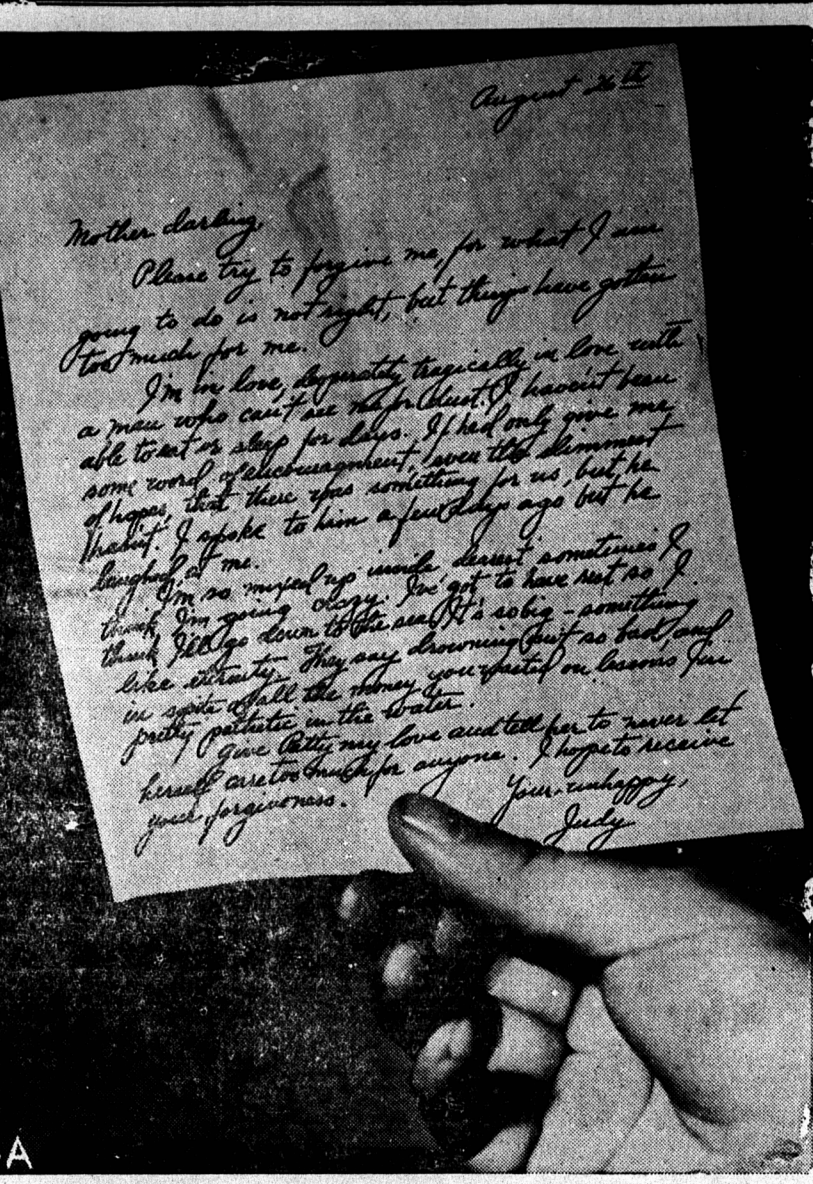
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VAN WYCK MASON'S The CASTLE ISLAND CASE With CANDID CAMERA CLUES by HENRY CLAY GIPSON



Reproduction of the crinkled, moisture-marked "suicide note"

CHAPTER XV "Hello," Towmley Ward looked definitely startled. "What the devil are you doing in here?"

For an appreciable second Alenby hesitated. "Shortage of soap in my bathroom, and since poor Miss Portier won't need hers any more, I thought I'd look in here before disturbing the household."

"She's won't, at that," Ward said shortly, and let the matter drop, although his manner clearly indicated that he was far from satisfied.

"Did you want something?" Alenby queried.

"Why, no," Ward returned easily, his eyes roving over the room, "but Barry asked me to strap up Miss Portier's luggage. He wants it sent off to her mother when the supply boat comes over from town. The police will take charge of it."

"The explanation is so entirely unconvincing," Alenby said, "that I'm not a prude, but—"

"No," Gall said firmly. "I'll risk it. Besides I won't be there a minute. Tonight you should see these. They're an explanation of why I kicked you when you asked about Sir George Pakenham." She hesitated, then held out a slip of newspaper. "Better read this one marked 'A' first. I—don't suppose you'll find anything to give you even a second's thought," she deprecated, "but if you're going to have dealings with Dad and the others, it's only fair you should know Sir George's background. Anyhow, this item gives you an interesting slant on the situation."

"Thank you, my dear. Take a cigarette, won't you, while I glance at this clip?"

Alenby's eyes widened a little. So this was the type of man who that night arrived on the island?

"What happened?" he inquired of Gall.

"She smiled a sad little smile. 'Burdick refused to prosecute although Sir George almost begged him to. They'd been through a great deal together, you see, and then up until then it was one of those true friendships you read about more often than you see.'

"But just what has all this to do with—"

"Read this and you'll see." Lips compressed into a colorless line, Alenby scanned the clipping marked "B."

A soundless whistle escaped Alenby's pursed lips. "Wonder if Pakenham knows that Barbara Winslow has become Mrs. Bernard Grant?"

"I don't think he does. Dad was afraid it might throw a wrench into the Rio Loja deal. It's a chance he's taking."

"How does your step-mother feel about this?"

Gall's eyes hardened ere they strayed out into the sunlit garden below. "She has all the unafraidness of a person who thinks she is right. Barbara is one of those gentle people with inflexible ideals. I don't believe she has a mean thought in her mind, but to her, right is right and wrong is wrong, and there's no middle ground. She sees her duty as only a New Englander of the old stock can."

"What about this Vienna affair—do you know if there was anything in it?"

"Oh, I suppose Sir George played around a bit in Vienna, but not more than any man would with his wife on the other side of the Atlantic. You know how people go a little gray in Vienna—the music, the charm of the city and all that."

"Barbara and Lady Sylvia were roommates at school—and she thought Sir George was being reckless. Burdick told me once he was sure the Pakenhams would have made up but for the way Barbara played on Lady Sylvia's imagination."

"It's a bad business, trying to run other people's lives."

"And how? They say Sir George nearly went crazy, what with losing his wife and crippling his best friend."

"Burdick was crippled?"

Gall's sleek head inclined and he could see she was closely watching the effect of her words. "Yes, he lived, but he's tied to a wheel chair, a perpetual reproach to Sir George. Since the divorce he has buried himself in the remotest places he can find work. Probably that's one reason he's interested in you."

this project. There," she got up and retrieved the clippings, "now I've got it off my chest and you're tripped off, if you see storm signals you'll know what to do."

"Thank you very much," He smiled then, standing over her, inquired, "By the bye, why did you come to me with this rather than Ward? After all, you've known him longer."

"Oh, Buck's all right. He's a really swell person," Gall returned, "but somehow you're—well—you look as if you'd keep cool in an emergency. It's funny," she said, tilting her head to one side, "ever since I've been known to light a grasshopper I've been meeting

BRITISH EX-WAR ACE AND NOTED ENGINEER WOUNDS FRIEND

Financier Critically Wounded. Transfusion Ordered.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 4.—In the heat of a quarrel rumored to have arisen over Mr. J. Astley Burdick's alleged affair with Mrs. Pakenham, Sir George Pakenham of Kingsdown, Devonshire, shot and wounded a noted British engineer, friend of the late Lord Bunsford, on the 15th of the month.

The shooting is presumed to have been prompted by the fact that, early last month, Sir George Pakenham quite suddenly established relations with the noted engineer, who was entering suit for divorce on the grounds of infidelity.

Mr. Burdick steadfastly denied any improper relationship and stated that he was in fact, at the time, only attempting a reconciliation between the estranged couple.

Later it was learned that an "after-dinner" celebration had taken place between Sir George Pakenham and the noted engineer, who was a well-known and celebrated Viennese artist, was the cause of suit.

A "piece of cruel and malicious exaggeration" was what Sir George Pakenham said in a statement to the press. "I was in the window of Boston, Mrs. Winslow, prominent Boston social figure, was in the window of Boston when the alleged 'after-dinner' celebration was taking place."

Lady Pakenham Granted Divorce From Noted Engineer

Sir George Pakenham in Africa

RENO, NEVADA, Jan. 11.—Lady Pakenham today received a final decree awarding her a divorce from Sir George Pakenham, G. O. S., former war aviator and world-famous engineer. Present when Lady Pakenham received the decree was Barbara Winslow of Boston, the former Barbara Adams. It will be recalled that the suit was largely based on testimony given by Mrs. Winslow last year.

Sir George Pakenham is on Lake Tanganyika conducting an survey on hydroelectric projects for the Egyptian government. He is described by a close friend as "broken hearted."

Dad's banker friends, but you're different from them all. You're so much more human. And with that and a flurry of short skirts she was through the door and off down the hall.

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STOP THOSE ANNOYING HEAD COLDS

When you feel a cold coming on inhale the vapors from Olympene. The penetrating vapors of this powerful antiseptic liniment break up the congestion—let you breathe more freely and comfortably.

Keep Olympene—the all-purpose antiseptic liniment—on hand for every emergency—sprains, strains, sore stiff muscles, cuts, bruises, and as a refreshing rub-down after exercise. Olympene gives you 4 oz. 50c. positive relief to the 10 oz. \$1.00 irritating soreness of insidious "Athlete's Foot."

KEEP OLYMPENE HANDY—GET IT TODAY... YOU MAY NEED IT TOMORROW!

OLYMPENE THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Use this coupon Print your name and address plainly. To The Charlottetown Guardian Needwork Dept. DESIGN NO. 317

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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Don't Get the "Calendar Complex" and Let Down in Your Interest in Life After You Reach the Thirties; Life's Most Interesting Period is Then Beginning

Dear Miss Dix—Believe it or not, but there is still an incredible number of women and men who are victims of the age complex and who believe that the best years of their lives are behind them. They are pessimistic, lose their ambition and initiative, throw up their hands and quit after they reach the middle thirties.

Worse still, they resent any one of their own age who is not thinking as they do and retiring into dull obscurity as they have. They are critical of those men and women who have not their looks, dress well and keep on winning. What they are doing, I am sure, is to make their own lives dull and uninteresting.

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Want to Know Why You're Constipated?

Would you give a million to shake off that dull, dopey, played-out feeling that often comes with common constipation? Then stop a minute and think.

What has your food to eat this week? Just meat, bread, eggs, potatoes? Probably the reason you're constipated is you don't get enough "bulk."

"Bulk" doesn't mean how much you eat. It means a kind of food that isn't entirely consumed, but leaves a soft, bulky mass in the intestine which helps a bowel movement.

What to do? Eat some Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast every day. This crunchy toasted cereal is not only rich in "bulk"—it also contains both the intestinal tonic vitamins B₁ and iron.

Eat All-Bran every day and drink plenty of water. See if you don't get off your heels and on your toes! All-Bran is made by Kellogg in London, Ont.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

The revival of the old-fashioned romantic Gibson Girls' costume has created quite a sensation in youthful circles. It's destined to be tremendously popular right through spring and summer.

Smart "teens" adore its cloud blue "blousy" shirtwaist that tops the young swinging navy blue skirt. Sew how sleek and trim it makes your waist and hips.

Want to use the pattern again and again for pretty feminine suit blouses of flesh silk sheer or a Mexican rayon print crepe, for extra flared sports skirts to "match or mix" your jackets. The tied lace "corset" belt is terribly cunning in bright contrasting color for almost any silk or cotton dress.

Style No. 2699 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 15 requires 2 1/4 yards of 39-inch material for blouse with 2 1/4 yards of 39-inch material for skirt.

Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian giving:—

Style No. 2699 Size... Name Street Address City Province

TABLET Take a piece of the same material as that spotted and dampen it in lukewarm water. Place over water spots on right side and press with a moderately warm iron. Press until both pressing cloth and material are dry. The spots will have disappeared.

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A Morning Smile

Alrpan (after landing in a tree)—"I was trying to make a new record."

Farmer—"You did. You're the first man to climb down that tree before climbing up it."—Whitley Weekly Record.

CHEST COLDS VICKS VapoRub

...Dressing symptoms relieved by rubbing on VICKS VapoRub Now WHITE-STAINLESS

THE COOK'S CORNER

WHITE CAKE

1-2 cup butter 1 cup sugar 5 egg yolks 2-8 cup milk 3-4 cups flour 2 tsp. flavoring (orange and lemon mixed) 1-4 tsp. salt

Cream the butter, add the sugar, and beat until light and fluffy. Beat the egg yolks well. Sift flour, baking powder and salt.

Now combine as follows: Add the beaten egg yolks to the creamed butter-and-sugar mixture. Then add the flour mixture alternately with the milk (a little of each at a time), beating after each addition until smooth.

Finally add the flavoring, beat again and turn into a greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees, F.

"No. There's no problem arisen which can't be solved."

"Well, that's just that," Alenby, dusting his hands, started out.

"Say you've forgotten your soap, Ward, remember."

"Oh, thanks, so I have. How about taking the outboard motor-boat and trolling the channel in a couple of days?"

"Sure thing," Ward agreed, with a pleased flash of strong white teeth. "It's good psychology not to sit around on the pier when Pakenham shows up. I've always noticed 'face' counts a lot with these Brits."

He nodded pleasantly and strode off down the hall. Alenby sought his room, locked the door and eagerly smoothed the crinkled, moisture-marked piece of newspaper on his desk.

His fingers trembled just a trifle when he held the sheet of paper to the light, then, producing his magnifying glass, scrutinized word and letter with meticulous care. Presently he unlocked his desk drawer and pulled out Judy's note describing the party at which Jack Quitman and Patricia King had been present. Lastly, he placed Patricia's "thank-

you" note beside the other letters. For a long time he thought hard. Finally Major Alenby was aroused from his reflections by a subtle rap on the door. To his "Come in," Gall Grafton entered quickly, closing the door behind her. He hastily she advanced, a pair of clippings clutched rather tightly in her fingers.

"Don't you think you'd better leave the door open?" Alenby smiled. "Lord knows I'm not a prude, but—"

CLIP FOR CLUES!

"THE CASTLE ISLAND CASE" presents the first fictional detective triumph for the candid camera. Important clues to the solution of the mysteries concerned in this gripping detective triumph are contained in certain of the text illustrations. It is suggested that the reader clip each of the instalments or, at least, the photographs illustrating the same. A careful study of the pictures should lead to the solution of the story's crime problem, even before that astute detective, Major Roger Alenby, clears up the case.

Send 50c in coins for your copy of The Meaning of Dreams to the Guardian Home Service. Address Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name Street Address City Province

Name Street Address City Province

Home Service

Every Dream You Have Conceals a Message

Learn Language of Dreams

"I was having the loveliest dream," Carol confides to Dot. "I was flying straight into that gorgeous sunset we saw last night. And I felt so happy!"

Carol's eager to tell her friend all about her dream adventure. But how much more interested they'd both be if they understood what it really meant.

Ever since she broke off her engagement with Jack, Carol's felt upset. But her carefree dream of flying suggests she acted wisely. It reflects her unconscious relief at having freed herself from an unhappy situation.

Every dream is a message from your unconscious mind, psychologists say. Perhaps you've dreamed of being all alone between an endless ocean and sky? Or wild animals chased you? Or you tumbled headlong over precipices?

Our 32-page booklet explains these common dreams. And a famous psychologist tells how to recognize important dreams, understand their meaning, and use that understanding to create a happier, better-balanced personality.

Send 50c in coins for your copy