

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

## Helena Rubinstein ESTROGENIC HORMONE TWINS



Light and day beauty for over-thirty skins

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ESTROGENIC HORMONE OIL 3.00

REGULAR 7.50 Value for 4.50

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY... Both for the price of one!

Now Helena Rubinstein offers you ESTROGENIC HORMONE CREAM and ESTROGENIC HORMONE OIL—both for the price of the cream alone! At night these superb preparations work wonders while you sleep, smoothing away fine lines and wrinkles. By day ESTROGENIC HORMONE OIL acts as an invisible beauty treatment under your make-up. Get them both while the offer lasts. See your skin look younger daily!

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### The Stars Say--

By Genevieve Kemble

For Wednesday, January 5

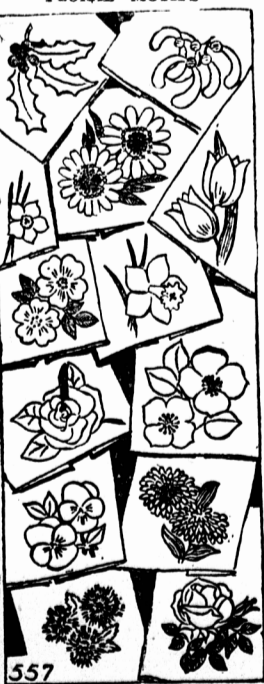
AN all round state of affairs, tricky, treacherous and intriguing, may have to be boldly and decisively attacked, for any sort of progress and peace of mind. All angles and activities seem to be wrapped in vague and subtle cloaks of duplicity and falsity, difficult to penetrate. From most unsuspected sources there may be strange actions, with sudden developments, at once disruptive and devastating. Keep alert, shun curious involvements in business, financial, social and domestic relations. Don't be fooled by soft words, or subtle glamor.

#### For the Birthday

Those whose birthday it is may find themselves enmeshed in a strange set of circumstances in which subtlety, intrigue, betrayal and false values may allure and plunge into uncertainty and disintegrated pitfalls, this from unsuspected sources, and from business, financial and purely personal combinations. Take time out to get proper values and make no decisions, take no action until all the cards are on the table. Glamor, allure and illusion can ensnare into dangerous situations. Postpone where possible.

A child born on this day may have curious traits of character, feelings and emotions, attracting similar unsound and subtle experiences and personalities.

#### FLORAL MOTIFS



DESIGN NO. 557

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### Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

And then with Christmas Day and its attendant pleasures and poignancies past, we moved into this week, the last one of the old year. "There's not one more Monday!" Jamie said. We were breakfasting at the time and from his place at table he scanned the last leaf of a calendar on the wall. He seemed to be surprised at the thought of it, and yet pleased as children are to come presently to a brand new year. But I sighed to think of it, and agreed "Not one more Monday!"

And recalled some of the number that had come and gone in the year's weeks. So easy it is for a housewife to return those days to mind since the name is synonymous with wash day. One remembered the Wintry frost-bound Mondays, radiantly white, when fingers had tingled uncomfortably at the spreading. And the balmy ones when hillsides were becoming faintly green and the trees misting with small new leaves.

The Summery Mondays brought blossoms and shiny satiny waves to the fields and Autumn's golden silence and beauty of its own to cover the land. The tranquil happy days came back to me, forgetting as folks will those that had given me my share of difficulty and concern. But peaceful and disturbing all past, and today in the turn of time we had come to the last Monday. Almost ready now to take farewell of us, it too has been pleasant. Should it be the very last one for all of us, we would have to give for none better—though we might choose to have had a more Summery day!

Today at Alderlea, icicles hung to the eaves and frost in white etchings stayed on some window panes. Small drifts wind-blown from the North whirled up the slopes or played along the icy pond. But the winter sun was brilliant, and lovely blue shadows lay on the lawn and yard. It made mellow pools of brightness in the kitchen of the house across the lane where Jamie and grand-daughter spent many hours happily at play. A favorite white cat curled in a warm spot on a couch and nearby dogs lay inclined on a cushion. When I came to call there, make-believe cups of tea were being deftly served on the small new dishes from the table, and since the weather was so fine other delights to enjoy, the aftermath of Christmas. It was a fine place indeed for Jamie to visit.

However his spirit with us has not been spent entirely in play. There were paths to be cleared and fresh trails to be made with the new sled in the undisturbed white of the lawn. Though soon at the North wind's chuckle those not sheltered were left as trackless as they had been at morning. He helped with the calves' pails and to his grandfather's satisfaction scaled fluently to the heights of a loft in a barn to tumble a quantity of bedding-straw to the floor below. "Ellen," James said, "you never believe the help he was!" He spoke proudly and Jamie lifting a spade to reveal the dampness of perspiration laughed and remarked, "It was fairly hard work too." And recalling the other youngsters at a dinner chore asked curiously: "And did you jump down on the heap of it?" "Yes," Jamie nodded happily, "and climbed up and jumped down again—but how did you know?"

The ducks must receive their pan of warm water; the cats must be fed, and Jamie to get a glass of the warm milk, a liking of his. We must fetch an ample supply of wood from the wood shed, blessing those that had been so provident as to store it there against Wintry days. If Jamie preferred to draw it by sled to the door, a delaying method in the use of the small wheelbarrow, there was no need of a compromise. We both could have our way.

A balsamy stick of "Vax" now burns with a cheerful sputter and spreads a scent that in mind and nature wanders up quiet woodland trails. Indoors winter fires burn, while beyond the pane frosty stars sparkle in a night sky. An extra blanket tucked about his shoulders—though not without protest!—grand-son of the house is in bed in the kitchen, and apples and pies James and Mr. C. from the house on the hill discuss current events, which offer them many a diversified subject. . . . And so most happily, we at Alderlea have lived this, the last Monday of the year.

Until tomorrow . . . Diary . . . Good-night . . .

### Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "We must consider the reverse side to the question."
  2. What is the correct pronunciation of "globular"?
  3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Conscency, constellation, consummation.
  4. What does the word "dispensation" mean?
  5. What is a word beginning with dep that means "to lessen in price or value"?
- ANSWERS
1. Say, "reverse side of the question."
  2. Pronounce the o as in rob, not as in globe. 3. Conscience. 4. A specific arrangement; provision. "It is a dispensation of Providence."
  5. Depreciate.

### A Baby With Beautiful Eyes



Cecil Beaton, British court photographer who took this picture of Princess Elizabeth and her child, described the prince as having "very beautiful eyes and a little fair tuft of hair just above his forehead." He added, "I am a bachelor and not an authority on babies, but I thought that for a little baby I had never seen one with so much character and individuality as the prince."

### Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. If a man lifts his hat when meeting a woman acquaintance on the street, and stops to chat for a minute, is it necessary for him to lift his hat again when he leaves her?

A. Yes; this is the courteous thing to do.

Q. When one has been introduced to a person, and upon leaving that person says, "I am very glad to have met you," what should one reply?

A. "Thank you" is all that is necessary.

Q. Where should the carving knife and the fork be placed on the dinner table?

A. The knife should be placed at the right of the meat platter, the fork at the left.

### Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Modeling Clay

If the children wish to play with modeling clay and you do not have any, make it by combining a cup of flour, a cup of salt and a teaspoonful of powdered alum with enough water so that the mixture will hold together. When not in use keep the clay wrapped in a damp cloth.

Prunes

It isn't necessary to use extra gas to cook prunes. Merely place the pot with prunes and water over the pilot light before retiring for the night. By morning they will be completely stewed.

Shoes

It is possible to dye brown shoes black temporarily by just polishing them twice with a good grade of black shoe polish.

### Chateau Sinister

By Leslie Beresford

"I can't speak for her, of course," O'Hara decided, "but I do think it would be as well if I kept in close touch with you, Inspector. Rittenberg commented and laughed. "Been doing a spot of detecting on my own account since we came back to London, by the way. Like to hear about it?"

"Why not?" O'Hara, reticent himself, was not averse to hearing anything the other might care to tell him.

"An hour? Must be a long-winded story?" O'Hara suggested drily.

Rittenberg chuckled just as drily for a moment. "The hours for a taxi-spin out Camden Town way and back, with time enough thrown in to interview Caryl's letter-writing pal from Silver Street."

"You're not so smart," Rittenberg said. "O'Hara was inclined to say, "I was actually in the taxi before I joined your luncheon-party. That's only an accommodation address, as it happens, and the fellow calls there daily to see if there's any reply from France. I'm actually in the place when he came to-day, though I didn't guess who he was till after he'd gone, and then I was too late to follow him."

"Well, this is just where I'm smarter than you, O'Hara," chuckled the other. "Mind you, I admit I had the advantage of you, because you see I'd met both Old Man Payne and Peter Burnaby, while you hadn't. Well, I was in Silver Street yesterday, and I bumped right into him, had a little chat with him. And which of the two do you think he was?"

The inspector rose to his feet, refused O'Hara's offer of a drink, but willingly accepted a cigar. That set O'Hara talking about the Biarritz lawyer, Lemaire, and the poisoned cigar he had been smoking on his journey to Paris.

"No doubt, from what you've been telling me," the inspector said, "Carnot and the Surete knew something involving that lawyer and this Andrew Payne. It may even be that he was coming here with the whole thing cut, and dried to obtain our help. But we don't know that officially, and till he is able to speak, we are in the dark, and can't take any steps on our own as yet."

Walking with him to the club-entrance, O'Hara repeated his assurance that he would phone the inspector during the next day if he had any information of value to impart. He waited while the inspector was driven away in a waiting police-car, and found himself being hailed by Rittenberg who it seemed was just about to call at the club in the hope of seeing him.

"Hobnobbing with the big wigs of the Yard!" Rittenberg chuckled. "That was Welcome who just left you, wasn't it?"

"It was," O'Hara was in no mood to place any more confidence in the film-director, who—in his own opinion—had already talked too freely to Caryl. Also, and perhaps this became a still

stronger reason for reticence, O'Hara liked and trusted Rittenberg the less for his so obvious monopoly of Caryl's interest.

"A good man, I've been told!" Rittenberg commented and laughed. "Been doing a spot of detecting on my own account since we came back to London, by the way. Like to hear about it?"

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### TAXI TRIP TO CAMDEN TOWN

If O'Hara was both surprised and a little humiliated to find that Rittenberg had scored off him by being first to make contact with this letter-writer from Camden Town, he felt secure in the answer he gave to the other's question.

"I've more or less known for some time that Payne was most likely alive and over here in London," he said.

Rittenberg whistled a taxi, and

### Legends Of P. E. Island

By Uncle Joe THE FAIRIES

Many of our forefathers were firm in their belief that fairy folk once dwelt in the Garden of the Gulf. Not only did they believe in their existence, but many claimed to have seen these tiny people playing in the forests, the meadows, and especially near brooks.

A dear old lady whom I knew as a small boy often took me on her lap and spun the merriest tales I have ever heard concerning the curious doings of these little folk.

"Fairies," she would say to me, "are the nicest people one could wish to meet. Why, when I was a little shaver about your age, I used to go down to the brook that flowed across my dad's farm to watch them sailing down the stream on large leaves.

"How big were they, ma'am?" I would interrupt, laying my small head against her ample bosom and looking dreamily into space.

"Well, my dear child, the largest of them was no taller than a buttercup, and most of the ones I have seen were even smaller."

"Will you take me to see them some day?" I would plead. "I'd just love to see the fairies going down the stream on their great leaf-boats. You will take me with you some day; won't you, ma'am?"

"Indeed I shall," said the kind old lady. "But you must be as silent as a mouse; otherwise the fairies will hide themselves from our sight. They are timid creatures and will scamper to cover even at the sound of a human voice."

"I promise to be very quiet, ma'am," I would pipe up from time to time.

"Yes, my little fellow," continued the old lady. "I used to see lots of fairies around that brook on Dad's farm. The best time to see them is just at sunrise, or late evening. I would seat myself in a soft patch of grass and watch them by the hour, as they played about the shore or dived from their leaf-boats headlong into the water.

"One summer evening, while waiting for them to appear, I grew tired and fell asleep beside the brook. How long I slept I cannot tell, but when I opened my eyes I was amazed to see they had joined hands and were dancing in a ring round my body. To the left of me I caught a glimpse of two tiny musicians playing on little harps no larger than a spoon. And the music which reached my ears was the sweetest music one could ever hear."

"Ah, my child! it was more than sweet, it was heavenly, and right away I turned on my side and slept again . . ."

The rest of this beautifully simple story I leave to the imagination of my readers, as the small toy in the lady's lap had, at this part of the yarn, suddenly passed into the Land of Dreams.

"I never did get to see the fairy folk, their leaf-boats, or the musicians who played upon the tiny harps. Why? Well, the dear old lady of sainted memories, who knew so much about the fairies, died shortly afterward.

The next story: The Execution.

while the car sped northward, the film-director unburdened himself of his mind.

"Doesn't seem clear to me how you came by that idea, nor does it matter," he said. "You could have knocked me down with a feather when I found myself face to face with Andrew Payne, alive and well. He looked no end panicky, too when I reminded him as to who I was, and who we'd met before. As you can guess, I was taken so aback that I never even said a word about his being supposed to be dead, or about Caryl and the Chateau."

"Just as well," O'Hara commented, relieved at that.

"Strikes me that it's just as well all round I mean, it's just as well for Caryl he's alive. What does a nice girl like Caryl want with a phony old castle?"

"Your pardon, O'Hara," he interrupted himself, laughing awkwardly. "I'd clean forgotten the place was bound to have sentimental values for you. When I used that word 'phony,' I was thinking most of the trouble she was having over it. She feels that she's having herself. Has she told you how she's been to some solicitor about getting rid of it?"

"She has," O'Hara admitted. "And naturally, if you've told her about it, Andrew Payne being alive—"

(To Be Continued)

### Cook's Corner

BAKE APPLES

4 medium apples  
4 to 6 tablespoons sugar  
1-3 cup seedless raisins  
1-3 cup chopped nuts  
1/2 cup water.

METHOD: Wash and core the apples and pare slightly at the top. Place the apples in a baking dish. Pour a little sugar into each apple. Mix the raisins which have been washed, and the nuts, and fill the apple cavities with these, sprinkling more sugar over the tops. Pour the water around the apples in the baking dish, cover the dish with a light-tinting cover and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for my wife's letter."

### DOROTHY DIX SAYS--

Like Mother, Like Daughter

Girls Adopt Characteristics Of Parent

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a man of 25 and have been going with a girl for six months. I would appreciate it if you would tell me how a chap can find out before marriage whether a girl will make a good wife or not.

ABOUT TO BE ENGAGED

ANSWER: You can't, son. Marriage is one of the things that is not governed by any law of cause and effect and it defies all logic and reason. You can't say "choose this one" or "that one" and you will be happy. For to every rule for attaining connubial bliss there are a million exceptions.

I have never, I think that the most important tip-off that a man can get as to the kind of wife a girl is likely to make is the girl's Mother, and wise is the man who gives that lady the once over before he proposes to her daughter. For nine times out of ten, it is like Mother, like Daughter.

So observe Mother closely. If she is intelligent and broad-minded and tolerant in her views and an interesting companion to spend an evening with, then go on and marry her daughter, for the odds are she will have plenty of sense and will not be an arguer. But if, on the other hand, Mother is narrow and dull and stupid and coarsely that she is always right, then pass her daughter up, as she is almost sure to be a dead ringer for Mom.

FOLLOWS IN FOOTSTEPS

Same way about housekeeping. If Mother is a thrifty manager and a crackerjack housekeeper and cook, then Daughter is pretty sure to follow in her footsteps. But if a girl has been brought up in a slovenly home, she is very likely to keep the same sort of house, because she has never been taught any better.

Then look to the way Mother treats her husband. If she is solicitous of his comfort; if she is companionable with him; if she shows him that she loves him and appreciates him, then rush to the altar with her daughter. But beware of marrying a girl whose father is a meek downtrodden, suppressed man. Mother has tyrannized over her husband and so will her daughter tyrannize over you if you marry her.

DEAR MISS DIX: I thought I was a confirmed bachelor. I have never been interested in marriage and having children, but now I have come to the point where I have begun to question my point of view. Practically all of my friends are married and they seem so happy with their wives and youngsters that it makes me feel lonely and jealous when they brag about the achievements of their boys and girls.

Now I know a woman who would make a wonderful wife and mother. Would you advise me to marry? I am 50 years old.

LONESOME

ANSWER: Marry her if she will have you. You are right in thinking that no man gets a greater thrill than he does out of fine children. Also, there is no tribute that comes to him that is quite so precious as to have his youngsters brag of their Dad.

It is only in his children, that a man can relive his life and realize the ambitions that have eluded him.

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: I have been married five years during which time I have worked constantly, coming home at night to the cooking and the housework. Each week I turn my pay check over to my husband, upon his demand, and he spends the money mostly on drink and women. He didn't have a job when we were married, but he promised to get one. However, he has never done a lick of work during our five years together.

He is always telling me how old and shabby I look and mistreats me in every way possible. What shall I do? Shall I just take the attitude that it is "just life" and let it go at that?

MISERABLE

ANSWER: That isn't "just life." That is just plain, unadulterated foolishness. Life doesn't demand that any woman in the world shall work like a slave and turn all of her earnings over to a drunken, lazy, unfaithful husband, and any wife who does so is lacking in even elementary intelligence and has no more backbone than a fishing worm.

I have no tears to shed over you, because no wife has to stand such treatment from her husband. If she does, it is because she has the heart of a dog and licks the hand that beats her.

from 40 to 50 minutes, or until the apples are tender. Serve these hot or cold, either with or without cream.

To vary baked apples, you might like to try baking with chopped dates, marmalade, jam or jelly; or use maple syrup, honey, or brown sugar for sweetening.

### FOR FASTEN RELIEF NEVER Wait Till a Cold Gets Worse!

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Address: Pattern Department, The Charlotte-town Guardian, Pattern No. 2880

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

### Morning Smile

"The earth shook," said Brown, describing his experience in a New Zealand earthquake. "Cups and saucers flew all over the place." "Great Scott!" exclaimed Jones. "That reminds me, I forgot to mail my wife's letter."

### Finest Quality Tea

# "SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE

### Cook's Corner

BAKE APPLES

4 medium apples  
4 to 6 tablespoons sugar  
1-3 cup seedless raisins  
1-3 cup chopped nuts  
1/2 cup water.

METHOD: Wash and core the apples and pare slightly at the top. Place the apples in a baking dish. Pour a little sugar into each apple. Mix the raisins which have been washed, and the nuts, and fill the apple cavities with these, sprinkling more sugar over the tops. Pour the water around the apples in the baking dish, cover the dish with a light-tinting cover and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for my wife's letter."