

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

## SECOND THOUGHTS

By CAPTAIN A. O. POLLARD

(Continued)

He settled himself beside her and pressed a self-starter. The engine broke into a rhythmic purr. Withers taxied into wind; pushed forward his control column; opened the throttle. The aircraft gathered speed across the grass; took to the air.

Betty looked through the window at her side. The earth fell away below them as the machine banked and swung round, she saw the hangars and club premises rapidly dwindling to dolls' houses.

A car turned in from the grey ribbon of road. She recognised it instantly. Ronnie was at the wheel. Beside him, proudly erect on his haunches, sat Pip, his Sealymar terrier.

Her heart sank. She tried to tell herself that he deserved to find her gone; that it would teach him a lesson that her impulsive action would make it easier for her to finish with him.

The car drew up in front of the club-house. Ronnie opened the door and stepped out. Pip sprang down after him, his tail erect. Watching intently, Betty saw Ronnie turn swiftly. His face was upturned towards her, a white patch.

"What was he thinking of her?" she clenched her fists. Heartless little brute, perhaps. Fickle as the worst of her sex. Unfit to be his wife.

Al-h! She caught her breath. It was one thing to decide in hot temper that she would not marry him. It was quite another to reflect coolly that he might not want to marry her.

Betty she compared herself with Pip. Pip was only a dumb animal, but no force on earth would drive him from his master's side. She was an intelligent human being and she had deserted him without an adequate reason. What must he be thinking of her?

Withers spoke in her ear. It was difficult to make himself heard above the roar of the engine.

"She's enjoying it."

"Very much thanks. It's a lovely aeroplane."

It was. Much, much better than Ronnie's. She felt safer in it. There was not the constant ticking anxiety as to whether something would go wrong and they would have to make a forced landing.

He nodded appreciatively.

"Splendid! Now you've broken the ice, you must come with me again."

She murmured some expression of thanks which he could not possibly hear. It didn't matter. She knew he did not expect her to carry on a conversation at the top of her voice.

They had turned again and she could no longer see the club buildings. Somehow she felt relieved. She wanted to think this thing out calmly.

She felt quite certain she was in love with Ronnie, but did love really matter? Thousands, hundreds of thousands of people married for love, and their wedded life was a disastrous failure. Surely it was much more sensible to make one's

## Painful to Move!



YOU can prolong life by taking the advice of a famous physician, which is: "Keep the kidneys in good order, avoid too much meat, salt, alcohol or tea. Drink plenty of pure water and drive the uric acid out of the system by taking A-muric in tablet form." It is the discovery of Dr. Pierce of the Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all druggists.

Read what Mrs. Wm. Blue of 15 Odessa St., Hamilton, Ont., said: "A few years ago I was in bed for eight weeks and felt that I would never be well. I couldn't move without pain. Finally, I started taking Dr. Pierce's A-muric Tablets. I took three bottles and gradually was restored to health."

opportunity and break with him? A flash of white crossed her field of vision. Pip, hotly pursuing a bird was racing across the aerodrome. Her hands flew to her face. She screamed.

"Plunk! The 'Blue Magpie' bounced heavily. His attention distracted by the dog, Withers had not held her off enough.

He was viciously. Brrrr! A touch of engine to give her flying speed. His control column well back. The machine landed safely, if somewhat heavily.

"Damn these dogs!" he cursed. "They're an infernal pet. That's the second one that's got in my way today. I ran over the other one, I'm glad to say."

Betty looked at him in horror. The agony of seeing Pip in their way still seared her brain. Supposing he had killed him. It would have been too awful. Dear little Pip. He was such an affectionate little chap.

Withers wouldn't have cared though. He would have been glad, like he was about the other one. It actually gave him pleasure. She could tell that by the way he spoke.

A man who could feel like that about an animal wouldn't have much use for children. He might suffer them, but he could never love them. She knew now. She could never marry him, never, never! However rich he was, he would never make her happy.

She thanked him for the fight and left him as soon as she could. Ronnie greeted her with the old familiar grin.

"Hello, Betty! Terribly sorry I was so late. I expected you got sick of waiting." Then his face became stern. "Sorry you went up with that blighter though. My car was just behind his and I was well on time. The swine ran over a dog and left it with a broken leg. I simply had to take it to the Vet. It's all right now, thank goodness."

She tried to speak, but the words stuck in her throat. She was thinking of the baby she one day hoped to have. This was the man for her. She didn't deserve him, but what a fool she would be if she didn't stick to him—what a fool.

(THE END)

**Children's Colds**

Best treated without "dosing"

**VICKS VAPORUB**

Now WHITE-STAINLESS

## Dorothy Dix

### Youngsters in Any Home Get a Poor Outlook on Life When They Constantly Have to Listen to Bickerings Between Father and Mother

The judge of a Domestic Relations Court recently appointed the children of a quarrelling husband and wife as arbiters of their parents' disputes and to keep the peace between them. This is a ruling worthy of Solomon himself in its wisdom, for if anything on earth could shock a crazily angry man and woman engaged in hurling insults at each other, into sanity and a realization of the crime they were committing it would be to see themselves as they look to their children and to have their children's cool impartial verdict on their conduct.

Strangely enough the children's point of view never seems to occur to the belligerent couples who fight out every difference of opinion to the last bitter round before the horrified eyes of their offspring. They think they have a right to pull out their teeth on their own heartstones and that it doesn't matter that Junior and Mary have to listen to father call mother vile names and mother retaliate by accusing father of half the crimes in

the calendar.

As a general thing, these warring parents are not deliberately trying to discredit each other with their children. They are merely giving vent to their own tempers and revenging their own grievances. And they would be genuinely amazed to know that the result of their scrapping is to fit their children with a profound contempt for them both.

Junior and Mary are not the senseless little dummies, seeing nothing and hearing nothing, that they appear to be as they eat their cereal and orange juice while Mother and Father pawl each other out over the breakfast table. They are taking in every detail of the whole ugly scene. All the criminations and recriminations are registering in their minds and they are feeling sorry for themselves because they have to live in an atmosphere of rancor and because things are never jolly and pleasant at their home as they are at Tom's and Sally's, and they are thinking that with which they have nothing to do.

There is not a day that there does not come to this column pitiful and desperate letters from helpless youngsters who are being ground to pieces between the upper and nether millstones of their parents' tempers. "When can we do to stop our parents from quarreling?" they ask. "Any new way a pleasant word to each other. It is always just ignoring over everything and saying mean hateful things to each other and accusing each other of doing terrible things. There is never any peace and quiet."

"We love both our mother and father. They are good to us and we don't want to take sides against either. We have a nice home and we could be so happy if only father and Mother didn't fight all the time. And sometimes a boy or girl will add a pathetic postscript saying: 'I have got so nervous over my father and mother quarreling all the time that I can't keep my mind on my books any more and am falling behind in my studies.' And yet people with children think their quarrels with their husbands and wives are their own personal affairs!

What these children whom the wise Judge has appointed to referee their parents' fights will say to them, I do not know, but I can imagine them saying: "See, Mom and Pop, have a heart. You brought us into the world without our asking for it and it is up to you to give us a fair chance to grow up into healthy, decent men and women, and we can't do that if we have to live in an atmosphere of hate that poisons us, and have our nerves wrecked by being in a perpetual war. How can we believe in truth and loyalty and high ideals and fine principles when we hear our father and mother accuse each other every day of everything that is low and contemptible?"

"Be a sport, Mom. Maybe Dad isn't the Fairy Prince you thought you were marrying, but he is a pretty good scout after all, and he works mighty hard to keep us all so comfortable. Forget the things you don't like about him. Quit nagging him about all of his little ways. Don't always be bringing up all the subjects you know are like a red flag to a mad bull. We can't remember a single quarrel that you and Dad have had, Mom, that you couldn't have sidestepped if you had just gone out of the way to dodge trouble instead of running to meet it."

"There isn't any sense in you and Mom quarreling the way you do. So, your children, forbid you to do it, and sentence you to be as polite to each other as you would be to strangers." DOROTHY DIX.

## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

### POCKETS

A child should have a pocket—Supposing on the road He runs across a beetle, Or a lizard, or a toad? However will he carry them? Whatever will he do If he hasn't got a pocket To put them into?

A child should have a pocket On which he fairly dotes! Not one, or two, but many In his little waistcoats— And one will be for money He finds on the roads. And one for cake and sweets— And one for hoptoads!

Dishes on top of ice in a refrigerator will not slip if a fruit jar rubber is placed underneath each one.

Use a little salt in the last rinsing water. It will prevent clothes from freezing on the line during cold weather.

### TONGUE TWISTERS

These will be found diverting and useful as an exercise in distinct and rapid articulation:—

Strange strategic statistics. Fresh fried fish freely flavored and finely.

Three grey geese in a green field grazing. Grey were the geese and green was the grazing.

All he holds are old whole hold-alls.

### OUR PATHWAY

If this be a happy new year, a year of usefulness, a year in which we shall live to make this earth better, it is because God will direct our pathway. How important, then to feel our dependence upon Him! —Bishop Mathew Simpson.

### A SWEET DISPOSITION

A sweet disposition, a lovely soul, an affectionate nature, will speak in the eyes, the lips, the brow, and become the cause of beauty.

### DISCOURAGEMENT

When you get discouraged, stand on the sidewalk and watch the crippled and the blind. Witness those who are really handicapped. Then thank your lucky stars that you are well and able to work.

### ABOUT FLOWERS

Real flowers for the hair are one of the season's vagaries. Camellias are the most popular for they stay gay and fresh. They come in shades of pink and red as well as white and they flatter. Roses, too, are attractive tucked in among the curls.

There seems to be only one for the well dressed man to wear this season. That's the carnation. (There's no changing these creatures of habit.) Harvard red is the newest color for evening from full evening dress to street wear, so one florist reports. But white is still pretty much all right—especially for Yale men.

The poinsettia geranium heads the list this year of unusual potted plants. It is not yet in bloom, but for some one who really likes to watch house plants develop it is splendid. When it does flower, it has tiny red blooms shaped very much like poinsettias, which grow in effective clusters.

### FAULTS

Every man has his faults, his failings—peculiarities, eccentricities. Every one of us finds himself crossed by such failings of others from hour to hour and if he were to resent them all, life would be intolerable. If for every outburst of hasty temper and for every rudeness that wounds us in our daily path, we were to demand an apology, require an explanation, or resent it by retaliation, daily intercourse would be impossible. Social life consists in that gilded tact which avoids contact with the sharp angularities of character, which does not seek to adjust or cure them all, but covers them as if it did not see.

### UGLY LINES

Worrying about things you can't possibly help will put more lines around your mouth than hundreds and hundreds of hours of hard work. Sulking when you can't have your own way gives you face those disagreeable looking lines from nose to corners of your mouth. Being jealous of the success and happiness of others takes away all the softness from your eyes and tightens your lips into firm, hard lines.

With the holidays close at hand, this is a good time to face some of your faults honestly, then do something about them. Learn to be happier about your blessings than you are resentful of your failures and disappointments. Any adult knows that life sometimes seems to have more "downs" than "ups." Apparently the only way to take

the "downs" is philosophically and to try to be half-way pleasant while you're about it.

**HURRY**

There is no hurry in eternal things. We must, indeed, run to do the Commandments of God, but we must run cautiously, and look about us while we run. If we are not slow we shall miss things. We shall miss seeing God, and miss hearing Him, also. We can hardly be reverent unless we are slow.—F. W. Faber.

**"FROSTY" COLORED WOOL FROCKS ARE SMART**

"Frosty" colored woollens of English import were favored in travel tweeds featured in a cruise and resort fashion show in New York. Combinations of two or three harmonizing colors were shown in three-piece suits, a tailored fashion that has been growing in popularity. Rosy tones of brown and light beige were often effectively combined with turquoises and deep purple-like roses. Grayed blue was favored for dressy day time woollens almost always worn with turbans of matching wool. An outstanding costume was a full length, brown tweed coat lined in leather.

**BERLIN**

9 p.m.—A Summer in the Arlic. The Legendary Trade Route, the Northern Sea Route—opened by the Bolsheviks. Russian Lesson. RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg.

**LONDON**

8:30 p.m.—A Reading from Rudyard Kipling's "Just So Stories" and from his Poems. GSC, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

**WINNIPEG**

11:30 p.m.—Live, Laugh and Love—orchestra with soloists and Cant Prava. CJRO, 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

**PITTSBURGH**

12 midnight—DX Club. W8XK, 48.8 m., 6.14 meg.

## Today's Short Wave Radio Program

**FRIDAY, JANUARY 23**

**ROME**

6 p.m.—News in English. First radio tour around Italy. "Rome's Midnight Voice." "Who was at the microphone?" (first of a series of competitions for American listeners). 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

**LONDON**

6:45 p.m.—A Symphony Concert. The BBC Empire Orchestra, GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

**MOSCOW**

7 p.m.—A Summer in the Arlic. The Legendary Trade Route, the Northern Sea Route—opened by the Bolsheviks. Russian Lesson. RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg.

**BERLIN**

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**PITTSBURGH**

12 midnight—DX Club. W8XK, 48.8 m., 6.14 meg.

**Dr. Wood's NORWAY PINE SYRUP**

**The Cough That Sticks The Cough That Hangs On**

This is the cough it is hard to get rid of, the kind that bothers you during the day and keeps you awake at night.

Why not get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and see how quickly it will relieve you of this coughing condition. It acts promptly, going straight to the foundation of the trouble, loosening the phlegm, soothing the irritated air passages, strengthening the bronchial organs.

Your druggist will recommend "Dr. Wood's." It has been on the market for 24 years.

## Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressed

This delightful bright woolen to wear 'neath your dark winter coat squares its shoulders.

The soft young throatline, inverted pin tucks to show off the slim waist and buttons to the hem, are other chic details of the easily made dress.

Lustrous black satin is a fascinating scheme for "dress-up" wear. Make the t'ny shirt collar, the belt and the self-material buttons of the dull side of the crepe.

Crepe silks, rayon challis prints, velvet and velveteen would also be lovely.

Style No. 1854 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 3/8 yards of 54-inch material.

Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. Size.....



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**THE BUSY MAN**

The man who has the most time on his hands accomplishes the least, and because he fails to do things is exactly why he has so much time on his hands. If you want anything done, and done right away, get a busy man to do it.

1854

## OLD DUTCH OFFERS AMAZING VALUES IN

**Wm. A. Rogers A-1 Plus Quality Silverware in the attractive Crocyden Pattern made by Oneida Ltd.**

**1 SIX TEASPOONS—value \$3.50 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, 50c**

**2 ONE HUNTER KNIFE (contains steel blades) set of 3—value \$16.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, 50c**

**3 THREE OVAL SOUP SPOONS—value \$6.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and..... 50c**

**4 THREE SALAD FORKS—value \$6.50 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and..... 50c**

**5 THREE ICE CREAM SPOONS—value \$6.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and..... 50c**

**6 THREE BUTTER SPREADERS—value \$6.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and..... 50c**

**7 THREE OYSTER OR COCKTAIL FORKS—value \$6.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and..... 50c**

**8 THREE TABLE OR SERVING SPOONS—value \$6.00 per dozen—for 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels, and..... 50c**

**9 ONE GOLD MEAT FORK—value \$1.00 per dozen—for 1 windmill panel from Old Dutch labels, and..... 50c**

**10 ONE GRAY LADLE—value \$1.50 per dozen—for 1 windmill panel from Old Dutch labels, and..... 50c**

**11 ONE BUTTER KNIFE AND ONE BUTTER SPREADER—value \$1.00 per dozen—for 1 windmill panel from Old Dutch labels, and..... 50c**

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Doesn't Scratch

because it's made with Seismolite\*, a quick cleaning and polishing material that is free from harsh, scratchy grit.

Once you use Old Dutch, you'll never use anything else, because with it, you can cut your cleaning time in half. Also, you will find that it saves you money because it goes so much further and it prolongs the life of your household possessions. Buy Old Dutch today!

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Remember each unit of Silverware requires 50c and 3 windmill panels from Old Dutch labels.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. 100, 84 Macaulay Ave., Toronto

I am enclosing \_\_\_\_\_ windmill panels from Old Dutch labels (for complete labels) and \_\_\_\_\_ for which please send me

6 Teaspoons  Oval Soup Spoons  3 Salad Forks  3 Cold Drink Spoons  1 Oyster Fork  1 Dinner Knife and Fork  1 Butter Knife and 1 Sugar Spoon  1 Gray Ladle  1 Butter Knife and 1 Sugar Spoon

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

## THE COOK'S CORNER

**SUET PUDDING.**

Three ounces of finely chopped suet, 1 3/4 ounces of sugar, 6 ounces of flour, 1 egg and a little salt.

Method: Mix together the sugar, flour, suet and salt; beat and add the egg. Beat well and turn into well-greased mould. Cover with buttered paper and steam for 50 or 60 minutes. Serve with honey, jam or golden syrup. This recipe makes enough for three or four persons.

**CRANBERRY SHERBET.**

Cook 4 cups cranberries in 2 1/2 cups water until the berries stop popping. Strain. Add 2 cups sugar and cook until dissolved. Add 1 teaspoon gelatin which has been dissolved in 1/2 cup cold water. Cool. Stir in the strained juice of 2 lemons. Pour into tray of mechanical refrigerator, stirring occasionally. Allow two to three hours.

If the gelatin is omitted it is "Cranberry Ice." It is not as smooth in texture. Sherbet does not require as much stirring.

**'Wreath Rose' Cloth And Napkins by Mayfair**

Mayfair Needle-art

Design No. 250

For a bride's trousseau or for the long established home, this lovely cloth and matching napkins is ideal. The design may be stamped on a hemstitching or lace. An attractive, effective design that works up very quickly using only simple stitches. The pattern contains transfers for the design of the cloth and four napkins illustrated, complete instructions for embroidering, detail of the stitches used, color chart and complete finishing instructions as well as sample of the floss used in the original model.

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**A Morning Smile**

"Did it take you long to learn to skate, old man?"

"Oh, I managed it in about 50 sittings."

Magistrate (to man accused of misdemeanor)—Two pounds or fourteen days.

Defendant—'I'll take the money, your worship."

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

Look for the World-Famous "Fisherman" Trade Mark!