

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

DAUGHTER OF EXILE

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

The best way to find out what Halford was up to would be to watch what he did next. Halford had been indoors when Shane left the lighthouse that morning.

It might have been a good idea to keep Halford in sight. But Shane had made the appointment with Martha, and he did not intend to break it. An hour of her company was worth a hundred clues to the reason for Halford's curious behaviour.

He strode whistling along the road, his artistic paraphernalia under one arm. He was glad now that he had yielded to temptation and brought these things with him, although he had lectured himself severely when he packed them, telling himself that this was a holiday jaunt and canvas and brushes should get a complete rest. He had the captain to thank for his having brought them at all. The captain hinted that there might be some "subjects worthy of his brush" in the surrounding cliffs, and Shane, knowing how beautiful the Hebrides could be in summer, had succumbed to the lure.

Soon he espied a figure on the road ahead of him, and he waved his hand. She waved back, and he quickened his pace. The day was not so hot as its predecessor. There was a slight breeze from the sea, and white clouds rode like galleons in the blue sky. But it might quite conceivably become hotter as the day advanced. There was certainly no sign of a serious break in the splendid weather.

Martha greeted him shyly, and Shane felt rather restrained himself. Trying hard to overcome a slight awkwardness, Shane said briskly: "Where's the studio going to be?" He looked around him. The moor was too open, and on the cliffs, if it got hotter, they would be exposed to the full glare of the sun. Baking rocks were not the pleasant of surroundings.

"The best place would be the beach," he said. "There'll be some shade there, and you'll be able to find a seat on a nice picturesque rock. Is there a way down, through?" He don't want to have to trek along the shore.

"There is a path down from the house," she told him. "It's quite easy to get down that way." Shane was astonished. He had rather got the impression, from Heinrich's manner and Martha's too, for that matter, that strangers were not welcomed near the House of the Birds. Martha's father, whom he had not yet seen, had imagined to be a morose sort of recluse who hated any company except bocks.

He was even more astonished therefore, when the girl said: "That reminds me, I told father that you were going to paint my picture, and he would be pleased if you could come to lunch. Can you?" "I'll be delighted," Shane managed to say.

"It will be very nice," smiled Martha. "I hope you will like my father." She hesitated. They had left the road and were crossing the moor as a short cut to the rough track which led to the house, and she turned and faced him. "My father does not talk much about the past. You see, there has been much trouble in our country, and I think my father was forced to leave, although he says nothing about it, even to me. You will understand." Shane assured her hurriedly that he would say nothing which might cause her father pain.

She touched his hand in a swift gesture of thanks. "Thank you. I knew I could trust you." In silence they went down the rough track to the house. Shane was busy assimilating this new knowledge. If the girl's father was

a political exile, that explained a good deal—the secrecy the slight hostility to strangers, the fact that the man never even left the house except under cover of darkness. But this was Britain, not a troubled part of Europe. It was a wild and lonely spot, but there was nothing menacing in it, and besides, Pelmann had chosen to come here of his own freewill. What could the man possibly be afraid of?

The house wore its habitual deserted look. There was no sign of the giant Heinrich. The path down the cliffs was not a difficult one. Martha stepped lightly and surely, and Shane, stepped lightly and surely, although he was hindered a little by his bundle, succeeded in following her without mishap.

To their right lay the rocky ledges which formed the nesting places of the sea birds which gave the house its name. The rocks were white with them, and they circled endlessly over the cliff. Their raucous scolding filled the air. Shane was reminded of his dream, in which he had been climbing these cliffs to reach Martha, and the birds had been screaming all around him.

The golden sand at the foot of the frowning black cliffs was smooth and firm. The sea which lapped it stretched blue to a horizon which seemed to lie above their heads, so that they were dwarfed by it on the hand and the tall cliffs on the other. Shane had scanned the waste earlier that morning for some sign of the foreign trawler which had aroused his interest the day before, but the ship had disappeared.

"We'll have to keep an eye on the tide," he observed. "We don't want to have to scramble for it." He found a suitable rock for Martha. Obediently she curled herself up like a small kitten, one hand to her hair to keep it from being ruffled by the sea breeze.

"Fine," said Shane with satisfaction, when she had posed herself. He hurriedly proceeded to set up his easel and get his canvas into position. He looked up with his brush poised, and caught his breath. She was sitting quite still on the rock, her heart-shaped face turned towards him. In spite of the hand which she still held to her head, she cared for her shoulder. She looked unbelievably lovely.

Sternly he put down his emotions, and set to work. He quickly became engrossed in his task, and was quite oblivious to the passing of time, and to his surroundings.

THE WATCHER

If he had not been so engrossed he might have seen the bright flash that told of a watcher with powerful glasses perched on the top of the cliffs. A man was stretched at full length in the scrubby grass, with binoculars to his eyes. He lay in a dip in the ground, in the shelter of a few stones which marked the site of an old booby, where he could not be seen from the road-way or from the tall black house on the edge of the moor.

It was Halford He put away the glasses at last, and rose. He glanced at his watch, then at the sun, and settled down to a steady stride across the open face of the moor. He had a lengthy journey ahead of him. He cut across the moor, dodging the peat bogs and the bright green patches which marked treacherous marsh with the skill born of practice. Eventually he came on to the road again, at a point well past Captain Macpherson's house.

He followed the road until its surface degenerated into a rough, rock-strewn track. This in turn gave place to the skeleton of a road-way, made of large boulders with out any covering of soil, which

THE COOK'S CORNER

By ROBERTA LEE

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

2 cups sifted cake or pastry flour  
3 teaspoons baking powder  
1-3 teaspoon salt  
1-2 cup butter or shortening  
1 cup sifted sugar  
2-3 cup milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
3 eggs, whites, stiffly beaten  
Sift flour and measure. Add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream fat gradually adding sugar, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk a small portion at a time, and beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla, fold in egg whites, and beat. Pour into two greased and floured layer pans and bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Spread chocolate fudge frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Halves of English walnuts may be pressed into frosting on top of cake if desired.

Chocolate Marshmallow Cake  
1-2 cup shortening  
1 cup sugar  
1-2 cup milk  
1-2 cups unsweetened chocolate  
1-2 cups flour  
2 eggs  
2-1-2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1-4 teaspoon salt  
Method: Chocolate. Cream fat blend in sugar then add eggs, well beaten. Add melted chocolate, add flour, sifted with baking powder and salt, alternately with milk. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased layer pans in oven about 375 degrees F. for 20 to 25 minutes. Beat chocolate fudge frosting marshmallow frosting and place marshmallows on top of cake.

Chocolate Fudge Loaf  
2 cups sifted cake or pastry flour  
1-4 teaspoon salt  
1-2 cup butter  
3 teaspoons baking powder  
1-2 cups sugar  
2 squares melted unsweetened chocolate  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
3-4 cup milk  
1 egg, whites, stiffly beaten  
Sift flour, and measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift together several times. Cream fat and sugar gradually, cream together until light and fluffy. Add chocolate and blend, then add egg and vanilla. Alternating, add flour and milk a small amount at a time. Beat each addition until smooth. Bake in greased pan in a rather slow oven (325 degrees F.) about one hour. Cover cake with thick layer of white butter icing and when firm, pour thin coating of melted, unsweetened chocolate over top.

marched over the moorland. This was the unfinished part of a road which had been planned to reach Ness, at the north of the island, but had never been completed. Halford followed it as far as it went. It stopped abruptly at the edge of a deep bog of peat, but on the far side of the bog a faint path continued across the moor.

He crossed the bog gingerly, and followed the path, which turned away from the coast and wound to the cross the flat surface of the moor. (To Be Continued)

A Morning Smile

By ROBERTA LEE

"So you go to school, do you, Bobby?" asked the clergyman of the 9-year-old hopeful of the Brigisville household. "Yes, sir," answered Bobby. "Let me hear you spell bread." "B-r-e-a-d-e." "The dictionary spells it with an 'a', Bobby." "Yes, sir, but you didn't ask me how the dictionary spells it. You asked me how to spell it."

How Can I ? ?

By ANNE ASHLEY

Q. How can I make a good wall paper cleaner?  
A. Put 2 cups of vinegar, 1-2 cup kerosene, 1 cup salt, 1 teaspoon lye in a clean granite pan and boil for 5 minutes. Then add enough flour to form a stiff, but not dry dough.  
Q. How can I render fat?  
A. Cut the fat into small pieces or run through the food chopper. Then melt in the paper pan in the double boiler. Strain through cheesecloth, laid in a wire strainer.  
Q. How can I stop hiccoughs?  
A. A remedy which usually proves effective is to take a teaspoonful of granulated sugar and vinegar. If this doesn't give relief, repeat the dose.

King Cole TEA Old English Blend

Parents Can Be Problem to Children Dorothy Dix What Can Be Done to Solve Mystery

Elderly Parents Are Static in Their Views and Frequently Cannot Change Their Opinions to Meet These Pliable Times, Thus Endanger Their Children's Welfare

We hear a great deal nowadays about problem children. Very little is said about problem parents. Yet there are just as many parents who are anti-social and cantankerous and who do not fit in with the pattern of modern life as there are children. Just as often the children are as much at a loss to know how to deal with father and mother as the parents are as how to handle John and Jane.



I get thousands of letters from desperate men and women, whose lives are being ruined by problem parents, who vainly seek a solution of their dilemma because, in reality, there is no answer to it. These are father and mother, who are narrow, prejudiced, unchangeable in their set-rigidness, and who are the children who love father and mother, who are grateful to them and who cannot bear to hurt them. So what can they do?

Take the case, for instance, of the parents—and there are many of them—who have the I-am-going-to-keep-my-daughter-unspoiled-ironic-ironia complex. They assume that every little high-school boy is a deep-eyed villain who has no other designs upon their daughter, and every girl is a cunning, unscrupulous, and unfeeling schemer who is ever ready to seduce and seduce and seduce. They know that they are being cheated out of the best thing that life has to offer a woman—love and marriage and home and children—but they are powerless to make their parents change their narrow-point of view.

The most tragic of all the problem parents is, however, the old mother who must go to live with her children when the husband dies, and who wrecks their homes by not being able to adjust herself to a new way of living. She meddles in everything, she tries to boss everything, she criticizes everything that is done differently from her way. She fights with the grandchildren and promotes friction between the husband and wife until she sends the daughter-in-law to the divorce court, or the son-in-law to philandering and the grandchildren to the streets. And what is to be done about it? Nothing. You could change the Rock of Gibraltar sooner than you could an old old woman's habits. Whatever harm she does, Mother can't be disciplined or overruled, and here you are with the greatest mystery on earth unsolved: What to do with a problem parent?

DOROTHY DIX.

Modern Etiquette

By ROBERTA LEE

Q. When necessary for a young man to break an evening engagement with a girl, is it really necessary for him to get the reason? A. Yes. He should give the true reason; for he should not break the engagement unless he has a good reason to do so.  
Q. What is the proper way to eat a club sandwich?  
A. It should be eaten with a fork. Of course a knife is usually necessary to cut certain portions of the sandwich.

BEMA BARBADOS MOLASSES

BRINGING UP FATHER

Comic strip panels with dialogue: I GOT TWO TICKETS FOR THE FIGHT AT MILLIGAN'S ARMORY FOR TONIGHT... DUGAN IS RIGHT, I'LL GO HOME AND EAT... MAGGIE, I'M GOING TO THE FIGHT AT MILLIGAN'S ARMORY AND... LISTEN, DUGAN, I DID WHAT YOU SAID AND I HOPE THE MAIN EVENT IS HALF AS GOOD AS THE BOAT I JUST LOST TO MAGGIE

Household Scrapbook

By ROBERTA LEE

Fras Faucets Brass faucets have a tendency to become water-spotted. This can be prevented by applying a little furniture polish after cleaning them. The oil in the polish prevents chemical action from the spashing water.

Apple Butter If a thin layer of spiced apple butter is placed on baked pork chops, or smoked ham slices, about fifteen minutes before the meat is removed from the oven, it will add a delicious flavor.

Furniture Spots Perfume spots on furniture should be smeared with linseed oil, olive oil, or camphorated oil immediately. Mop up, and apply more oil on a woolen cloth.

Don't Let Constipation Drag On!

You often have days when you wake up tired—when you feel dull, sunk, "all bogged down"? It's time you did something about it. And something more than just taking a physic! You should get at the cause of the trouble!

If you eat what most people do—just bread, meat, potatoes—chances are that just this fact is responsible for all your constipation. "Bulk" and "bulk" doesn't mean a lot of food. It means a kind of food that isn't consumed in the body, but leaves a soft "bulky" mass in the intestines that helps a bowel movement.

If this is your trouble, what you need is crisp crunchy Kellogg's All- Bran for breakfast. It contains "bulk" plus Nature's plenty intestinal tonic, vitamin K1, and iron. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and see if your old sparkle doesn't come back! Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Home Service Take Up a New Hobby—Teach Yourself French

POTAGE DU JOUR? PETITS POIS AU BEURRE CAFE AU LAIT?

Be Ready For Any Occasion Your new beau steers you to that smart little restaurant, L'ESCAR-GOT D'OR (The Golden Shell). What fun to recognize all the items on the menu, pronounce each one perfectly!

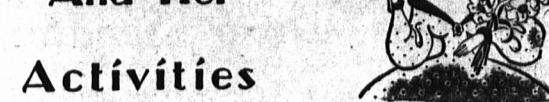
QUE VOULEZ-VOUS? (What do you want?) the waiter smiles. "POTAGE DU JOUR (soup of the day—"to-day's special") you answer. And later you order PETITS POIS AU BEURRE (little peas with butter—chicken roasted), drink CAFE AU LAIT (coffee with milk) or CAFE NOIR (coffee black) with your dessert.

How fine to know every French word you hear. In the news: "A military ATTACHE reported an attempted LIAISON between two great powers..." The COM-MUNIQUE from London said: "An ordinary conversation: 'What a lovely spring ENSEMBLE!' 'We stopped EN ROUTE for gas.'"

It's practical—and it's fun—to study French. Our 22-page booklet gives complete pronunciation guide. Lessons in travelling, dining, shopping. Send 20c in coins for your copy of Teach Yourself To Speak French to the Guardian Home Service, Address: Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

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The Housewife And Her Activities



THE STAR IS NOT LOST No star is lost we once have seen; We always may be what we might have been. —Adelaide Anne Procter.

GINGER COOKIES. Half a cup shortening, 1-2 cup brown sugar, 1-2 cup molasses, 1 egg, salt, 1-2 teaspoon soda, 1-2 teaspoon ginger, 1-4 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-4 teaspoon allspice, 1-8 teaspoon cloves, flour.

COLORED SHEETS. If you would like a couple of tinted sheets for your guest room bed and have so much bed linen that it would be an extravagance, dye two of your older sheets the color that will harmonize with the furnishings of the room. You will get quite a kick out of your enterprise.

TOUCHING-UP YOUR GOOD POINTS Here are some suggestions to help you make the most of your best beauty points. If you dressed high off the neck and rolled into a "fan" roll shows off a beautiful slender neck. If your neck inclines to shortness, leave this style alone, you have rather a long neck and with it a long face, dress your hair low at the back if you can. Hair worn in a low bun has to be an even length, or rather of the sleek kind, otherwise it is not successful.

Had Many Boils On His Neck and Body While the skin seems to be the cause of the irritating and painful boils the real trouble is rooted in the blood, and when you think you are rid of one, another seems ready to take its place and prolong your agony.

Mr. ALFRED A. FERRIS, Falkenburg, Ont., writes:—"Several years ago I suffered greatly from numerous boils on my neck and body, and had three blind ones on my knee. Our druggist advised me to take Burdock Blood Bitters, so I took two bottles, and in a short time I was completely rid of the boils."

Put up by The T. McManus Co., Ltd.

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

You can cut this little shirred blouse out and sew it up in a jiffy. At low price, too, for it jiffy. It is so delightfully feminine in white washable satin or starched-white crepe, embroidered with delicate, perfect, for your taste. Another scheme is a peasant print crepe on a white background. You'll find it useful right through summer with your linen or hopsacking suit. For cocktail or dinner wear it makes an exquisite topper in white, beige or pinstriped lace for a simple black crepe skirt. It will especially appeal to business women. It's so easy to slip into after a busy day at the office.

Style No. 2007 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 1 5-8 yards of 35-inch material. Send fifteen cents (15c) in stamps or coins (coin preferred) wrap stamp carefully, address to Charlottetown Guardian Clothing, 100-101 Main Street, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

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'A DELICATE HINT' A gentleman visited the home of an old friend, where the butter, an Irishman, paid him every attention and finally saw him into his carriage. The gentleman, who was ready to leave, said to the Irishman: "Faith, sort, if you lose your purse on the way home, remember you didn't pull it out here."

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Jolly Tar Crochet Beret by Mayfair. MAYFAIR NO. 469 New Yorkers are wearing these LITTLE BERETS. They look for all the world like a sailor's tam and are crocheted in string of pastel tones. Butter yellow or chamomile is the favorite color and perfect with blue, grey, black or rose. The ymay be worn tipped forward like the new sailor's hat, or on the back of your head in the vogue we have all grown accustomed to. Very easy to make. The pattern includes: Complete instructions for crocheting the Beret. For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department. Use this coupon Print your name and address plainly. To The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Dept. DESIGN NO. 469 Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

Comic strip panels with dialogue: I GOT TWO TICKETS FOR THE FIGHT AT MILLIGAN'S ARMORY FOR TONIGHT... DUGAN IS RIGHT, I'LL GO HOME AND EAT... MAGGIE, I'M GOING TO THE FIGHT AT MILLIGAN'S ARMORY AND... LISTEN, DUGAN, I DID WHAT YOU SAID AND I HOPE THE MAIN EVENT IS HALF AS GOOD AS THE BOAT I JUST LOST TO MAGGIE