

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

Mother-don't tell me you still set your dough overnight!



Use Quaker Flour and the new Easy way to Better Baking.

WITH QUAKER FLOUR and the Quaker Easy Method of Baking you can make bread and rolls in half the time...

Just send to The Quaker Oats Company, Peterborough, Ont., for FREE booklet 'The Quaker Easy Method of Bread Baking'...

Quaker Flour carries a money-back guarantee of satisfaction—it's the best all-purpose flour money can buy.



for Bread, Cakes and Pastry

THE COOK'S CORNER

DELECTABLE-BUT INEXPENSIVE

It's not the money that counts in the long run, in making an inexpensive dish, it's the judgement.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20

PARIS 1:50 p.m.—Fifteen Minutes with Who's Who. TPA-3, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg.

BOSTON 4:30 p.m.—The Monitor Views the News. WIXAL, 25.4 m., 11.79 meg.

ROME 6 p.m.—News in English. 'With singer of folk songs.' Italian sport in 1936—a talk. Violin and piano concert. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

LONDON 6:30 p.m.—'Girl Missing.' A Chicago newspaper play. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

EINDHOVEN, NETHERLANDS 7 p.m. Happy Programs. PCJ, 31.2 m., 9.59 meg.

MOSCOW 7 p.m.—Children's Half-Hour. A Concert of Children Talent, Soviet Opinion and World Affairs. RAN, 31.2 m., 9.6 meg.

SCHEENACTADY 8 p.m.—Latin American Concert. W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9.53 meg.

BERLIN 8:30 p.m.—Press Review. DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

TORONTO 9 p.m.—'The Music Hall' music hall type of entertainment. CJRO 48.7 m., 6.15 meg.; CJRX, 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

LONDON 10:10 p.m.—'Cue for Adventure.' A play with music. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.; GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.; GSB, 31.5 m., 9.51 meg.

TOKYO 12 midnight—'Overseas Program.' JVH, Nazaki, 20.5 m., 14.6 meg.

shown. Similarly, a very inexpensive dish may turn out to be a princely platter. Here are two such dishes.

Hot Cabbage, German Style 4 lbs. cabbage 4 tablespoons fat 1 tablespoon granulated sugar 1 tablespoon flour 1-4 teaspoon pepper 1-4 teaspoon salt 5 tablespoons vinegar 1 pint boiling water

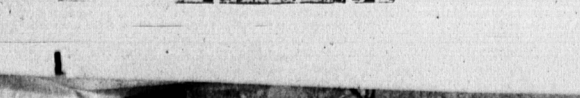
Cut the cabbage into eighths. Add the other ingredients and cook 18 to 20 minutes' stirring occasionally. Serves 6.

Flattering Embroidered Apron by Mayfair



Mayfair Needle-art Design No. 263 An embroidered, cover-all apron as dainty, as demure and as welcome as first spring flowers! Whether 'home' is a very small flat in a big city or a house with endless rooms set in a beautiful countryside, it is always a more delightful place when mother or sister dons a pretty apron and bakes more delectable cakes...

No Happiness In the Home When the Mother Is Sick The tired, worn out mother cannot make a happy home if she is sick and worried by the never ending household duties. She gets run down and becomes nervous and irritable, downhearted and discouraged, can't rest at night, and gets up in the morning as tired as when she went to bed.



Child Is What Its Mother Makes It Dorothy Dix Discipline Should Begin in Cradle

Optimism Alone Will Not Make the Men and Women That Parents Hope Their Children Will be When They Grow up

The world's greatest optimists are mothers. To them has been vouchsafed a supernatural ability to believe that when they want to believe about their children, and to be perfectly confident that their ugly ducklings will turn into swans; that their morons will develop into geniuses, and that the law of cause and effect will be generally suspended in favor of their offspring.

It is only mothers who can spend twenty years carefully cultivating every disagreeable and deadly characteristic in their children in the serene faith that when they are grown they will be exponents of sweetness and light and entirely different from what they have made them. Such a result would be nothing short of a miracle, yet every day we see mothers exhibiting this triumph of hope over every other mother's experience.

The dullest woman alive knows what happens when Mrs. Brown lets little Susie pummel her with her infantile fists, and little Johnny flout her authority and call her names and talk back to her. A thousand times she has seen the undisciplined children of her sisters, her friends and her neighbors, develop into the hoodlums who brought shame and sorrow on their parents.

She has seen the children who were not taught in their cradles to respect their fathers and mothers grow up into the adolescents who defied the 'old man' and the 'old woman' and derided their opinions. She has seen the fathers and mothers who slaved while their children played; who denied themselves every comfort to lavish luxuries on their children; who walked that their children might ride in sport cars; who went shabby that their children might wear finery. She has seen those parents left to starve, or given the meagerest and most grudging support by their ungrateful sons and daughters when they were too old and feeble to work.

Has that taught optimistic mother anything? Has what has happened to other mothers been a warning to her? Not at all. Other children may be ruined by bad rearing, but her children will be ennobled and uplifted by it. So she goes along spoiling Susie, permitting Johnny to indulge his appetites, and doing all of Sammy's chores for him, in the fond belief that Providence will undo the work she has done and change Susie and Johnny and Sammy from the little beasts they are now into the kind of men and women she would like them to be.

Needless to say, no such transformation takes place. As the potter made it, so the vessel is. You can't teach a girl from the cradle up that she is the center of the universe and entitled to the best of everything; that she must take and never give; that her comfort and happiness are to be considered before everybody else's, and that every one about must sacrifice themselves to her without making her a monster of selfishness. You can't bring a boy up to indulge his every whim and impulse, knowing no law but his own will and desire, and not expect him to run wild. Nor can you expect the boy who has been saved from every hardship, who has never been made to do anything he didn't want to do; who has even been changed from school to school because the teacher was unreasonable enough to think he should study his lessons and behave himself, to make the sort of a man who has the grit and backbone to carry on against difficulties and make a success of life.

Yet mothers do expect the impossible to happen to their children. They are bitterly disappointed when the sons they have made weaklings and failures, and when the daughters they have made self-centered egotists refuse to be bothered with them. They beat upon their breasts and complain of the ingratitude and lack of respect with which their children treat them, which is most unfair, seeing that the children are the result of their handiwork.

Another conspicuous example of mother's optimism is the belief that so many mothers entertain that it isn't necessary to teach their children good manners while they are young, and that no matter what bores little Sue and Johnny and Sammy are when they are little they will automatically become polished and poised members of society when they are grown.

So the children are permitted to gobble like pigs, use their knives and forks as if they were agricultural implements and grunt when they are spoken to, and mother's hopes are so little justified that they go on gargling their soup and being sword-swallowers and table-spreaders as long as they live. It is a great thing that mothers can be optimistic about their children but it is a pity that they do not rear their young hopefuls in a way to justify their optimism.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

'A Year to be glad in' Not a year to be bad in; A year to live in' To gain and give in; A year to give in; A year for trying; And not for sighing; And not for striving; And hearty thriving; A bright New Year; Oh, hold it dear; For God who sendeth Only lendeth.' —Mary Mapes Dodge.

Life is dearest when held most cheaply. Sometimes silence is golden and sometimes it is gulf. A man, when the vintner is very high pulling another fellow down. Poor relations wonder if the rich one really has a poor memory. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. It's when a man doesn't care what happens to him that he generally does.

The one time a man is eager to work overtime is when he is making a fool of himself. Every young lady should know that absence makes the heart grow fonder—for somebody else. To tell a man from a good one is sometimes as difficult as to tell a mushroom from a toadstool. The styles have changed, but there are still some few girls old-fashioned enough to marry the men they fall in love with.

FLANNEL CULOTTES Culottes, which were reported to be losing some of their popularity in favor of slacks, are being asked for in flannel for resort wear.

TWO-PIECE DRESSES Two-piece dresses will be popular this spring. The flair for matching and mixing parts of costumes may be responsible.

STUBBORN RUBBERS If you will use a shoe horn when putting on the children's rubbers you will find all your trouble solved in one fell swoop. The shoe horn prevents the rubber heel from coming into contact with the over shoe and the trouble is removed.

LONGER WEAR If your feet perspire a great deal you will find your stockings will last longer if upon removal

THE FAVORITE BEAUTY SOAP OF CANADA'S YOUNGER SET

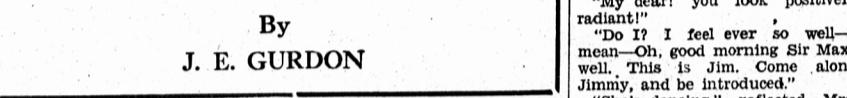


Palmolive's GENTLE BEAUTY CARE KEEPS MY SKIN FRESH AND LOVELY... ALL OVER! Says Peggy Oliver, Popular Montreal Society Girl

'Palmolive is the only soap that really cleanses my skin,' continues Miss Oliver. 'It's smooth lather seems to go right into the pores, leaving my skin so refreshed.'

And this lovely young lady is correct. Costly Olive Oil gives Palmolive its mild penetrating lather. It goes gently, deep into the pores, floats out cosmetic particles and other impurities, lets your skin breathe and function properly. And as Palmolive cleanses, it soothes and refreshes your skin, leaves it soft... lovely all over.

Why don't you try this simple Palmolive Beauty Treatment? For your face, throat and shoulders, and for your bath, gently massage into your skin a warm, rich Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Easy, isn't it? Yet there is no surer way to real, all-over skin beauty.



HONEYMOONSHINE By J. E. GURDON

(Continued)

'It's really most frightfully good of you,' he said for the twentieth time, then sneezed with shattering vigour. 'Soft!' sniffed his host. 'You've got a cold coming on already. Never had a cold in my life, and I'm—how old would you say I am? You can't guess! Didn't expect you to. No one ever does. Well, sir, I'm seventy-two, fit as a flea, always on the move, and eleven months out of twelve I sleep under canvas. What d'you think of that?'

'Marvelous!' murmured Jim, and meant it. 'Have another drop of brandy—no, I insist. After that we'll tramp about a bit. After that you must go home. I've got to get some sleep. I'm away at dawn.' But what about your clothes—and mine? 'You keep mine. I keep yours. Post mine Penzance. Post yours wherever you like. Fair exchange. Gilt edged security. Now jump up. We'll tramp about a bit.'

Again the moon was shining clearly, flooding moorland and tor in soft silver light. The air was filled with the tinkling of a thousand rills. 'Gosh!' breathed Jim, awestruck. 'What a gorgeous night!' 'Beautiful night—hallowed ground. Know where you are? Thought not. See those stones—the ring all round us? Chapel. King Arthur's Chapel. Arthur the Great. Here on this ground where now we stand—we two miserable cleft worms crawling through a decadent century—here knights once rode before riding to battle, here they vowed to serve their ladies—you don't do that nowadays, young man—and here they returned to rest.'

Bemused though he was by the magic of the moon and the brandy, there yet stirred in Jim's mind a rebellious doubt. 'That may be all ballyhoo,' he demurred. 'There isn't any real evidence that this fellow Arthur ever really lived.' 'Evidence! Evidence! Damme, I can prove it!' Jim gaped in his memory and retrieved certain phrases—recently and scornfully read—pieces of armour, rings, horse-harness of

'What are you going to do with it? Send it to the British Museum?' 'No sir! Never—until, perhaps, I am no more. They are soulless. They would immure it in a glass case for sticky facedurchins to gaze at on wet Saturday afternoons! No—I keep it until at least I have finished the work, the magnum opus which I am creating around the figure of the King.'

He paused, seemingly lost in thought, then went on slowly. 'Again no—you shall keep it for me.' Jim stared. His head was singing, not unpleasantly, and his astonishing companion seemed to be speaking from a far distance. 'It will be safer with you,' boomed the queer disembodied voice. 'I am always moving about. I am an old man. I might be robbed. You are honest. I know it. I am a psychologist. You will guard it for me and I will make suitable acknowledgement of the service in my book. See. I wrap it up thus in an oiled silk tobacco pouch. First job—Second job—have a drop of brandy. Third job—I want to tell you something about the golden spur and all that it stands for.'

As a talker he was more than good he was a genius. Warning to his subject his speech shed its tattered jerkiness, becoming smooth, effortless, vivid and sparkling. Listening to him Jim lost all sense of the present, lost even his little querulous adolescent personality, and yielded as others have yielded to the spell of the old immortal legend.

The deep voice rolled on. Arthur—Guinevere—Lancelot. Gallant men, great adventurer, service of ladies. And he James Stephen Kirkwood had begrudged even his bride her honeymoon. They exchanged cards and parted. 'Good night, Professor. Again thanks ever so much.'

'Good night, young man. Write to me at Penzance. And keep it safe...' Mervyn Sarra-bee, self styled Professor, traveller, eccentric, author of many adventurous romances, watched his guest's tall figure merge into the moonlight, then dived back into his tent like a contented rabbit into its burrow.

He was well pleased. The unpublished manuscript of his latest book, which he had recited almost verbatim, promised to turn out a young man had reacted most favourably, and he, Mervyn Sarra-bee, could never have found a price or use for the old broken piece of silver bangle which some careless tripper must have left in the ruins. When Lady Copeland met the

bride after breakfast her first expression was one of troubled speculation, her second a beam of sheer relief. 'My dear! you look positively radiant!' 'Do I? I feel ever so well—I mean—Oh, good morning Sir Maxwell. This is Jim. Come along Jimmy, and be introduced.'

'She's dancing,' reflected Mrs. Copeland delightedly. 'There's no other word for it—the child's positively dancing with happiness! And what a nice young fellow her boy-groom is! Such a well-mannered, courtly young man, and so attentive! Poor fellow, he was tired last night.' Jim turned from her to Sir Maxwell with a little bow of deference. 'The manager has mentioned, sir,' he said, 'that you are a great authority on Arthurian history.'

'Jimmy darling! Don't! You really mustn't worry Sir Maxwell with—business when he is on holiday.' The tubby little lady by her side glanced up sharply—there had been error in that voice. The girl indeed was trembling, for she saw her new happiness that had begun miraculously at midnight with a kiss on her fingertips—withering and withering under the bleak cold stare of the antiquarian.

'Please, Jim!' she faltered. 'Too late. Already the spur was lying in the palm of Sir Maxwell's bony hand while the young man eagerly and volubly related its history and his adventure. Without a flicker of expression Sir Maxwell turned the relic over

and over between his fingers. 'Is it the goods, d'you think?' persisted Jim. The ancient archaeologist bowed his head. 'I should say,' he responded faintly 'that it is undoubtedly the goods.'

Yet even as he inwardly squirmed in chame at that unblinking betrayal of his science he also knew the glow that only comes to rescuers: for while his eyes gazed distastefully at the cheap silver hoop, his mind dwelt upon the image of a deserted bride in a hotel lounge, staring in dismay at split confetti. (THE END)

A Morning Smile

TESTIMONIAL

Smith was giving a dinner-party to his boss, and to celebrate the occasion he bought a duck from an old woman in the neighbourhood who was famed for the birds she reared on her farm.

But the next day Smith was round at the farm to complain. 'Why,' protested the old lady 'there wasn't anything wrong with the bird, was there?'

'Wrong!' cried Smith. 'It was no good at all.' 'Well, it ought to have been good,' said the other. 'That duck won first prize at the local poultry show for ten years in succession.'

HUNTERS COLLIDE

There was some doubt as to the responsibility for the accident and the case more or less depended on the evidence of the one impartial witness of the affair. Counsel closely examined this man and asked him whether he had actually seen the accident at the moment it happened.

'Yes, sir, I did,' replied the witness. 'That being so,' returned counsel 'can you tell his Lordship what you consider was the cause of the collision?'

'Well, sir, from what I could see both drivers appeared to be chasing the same pedestrian.'

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EXPECTANT MOTHERS

WOMEN who suffer periodically, who may have headache or he a d a c h e, and those about to become mothers, will find Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a dependable tonic. Read what

Mrs. Alfred Weller of 279 Pearl St., Guilford, Ont., said: 'Before the arrival of my little girl I was in miserable health. I felt weak and tired all the time, suffered from pains in my back and had dizzy spells. I felt so discouraged, being unable to do my housework, I wondered if I would ever be well again. That's when I started taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it strengthened me in every way.' Buy now of your nearby druggist.

Fashions' Latest For Chic Dressers

Here's a casual wool dress of princess lines with square shoulders that you can wear for afternoons. It acquires a refreshingly young look with buttons from the neck to the swinging hem. The coat-like front closing gives the waistline a slim feminine look which is so important this season. The tailored breast pockets are tricky. Aren't they?

Even if it is your first attempt at sewing, you'll marvel at the short time it will take you. It cuts in one-piece from shoulder to hem. Only straight seams to join and the main dress is finished.

If your preferences are for velvet, the little 'boy' collar of lace, will add an old-fashioned aspect.

Lustrous satin crepe, satin-back crepe, crinkly crepe silks, rayon challis prints, velveteen, etc. are other appropriate fabrics.

Style No. 1916 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 30 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 5-8 yards of 38-inch material.

Price of pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully address to Charlottetown Guardian giving—Style No. 1916 Sizes.

Name _____ Street Address _____ City _____ State _____ 1916

For Bad Winter Coughs, Mix This Remedy at Home

Quick Relief. Big Saving. So Easy. No Cooking. This well known recipe is used by many thousands of housewives, because they have found that it gives them a much more dependable remedy for distressing winter coughs. It's so easy to mix—a child could do it.

From any druggist, get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex, a compound containing Norway Pine, in concentrated form, well known for its effect on throat membranes. Then make a syrup by stirring two cups of granulated sugar and one cup

of water a few moments, until dissolved. It's no trouble at all, and takes but a moment. No cooking needed. This well known recipe is used by many thousands of housewives, because they have found that it gives them a much more dependable remedy for distressing winter coughs. It's so easy to mix—a child could do it.

'I FIND IT Easier to Read and Sew UNDER LACO MAZDA LAMPS!' LACO MAZDA LAMPS A CANADIAN MADE PRODUCT

Records show that 75% of all people over 50 years of age suffer from defective vision. Insufficient light is frequently a contributing cause. You can be sure of adequate light if you use Laco Mazda Lamps of 60 watts or more. Smaller wattage lamps should only be used for decorative purposes. Laco Mazda Lamps give the maximum of light for the power they use.