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

CHRISTABEL

By PEARL BELLAIRS

"Hewitson!" said Christabel casting a look at her mother which held a world of misery, hatred, regret. She drew herself up with a sudden movement as though in physical pain.

"Yes," said Mrs. Haye, faintly, staring at her with unconscious curiosity at the mention of Hewitson. "I wondered how you got to know him!"

"Does it matter?" said Christabel wildly, turning away.

She gazed towards the window as though the rain pattering against it, thrown by a sudden gust of wind, were a voice trying to speak to her . . . telling her of the past, the calamities and shames, the long grey days dragging one after another, the narrow cell and the endless waking to regret for life itself. She heard again the clang of the door and the turning of the key; the marching of footsteps on bare floors seemed here in this very room—!

Christabel shuddered; the cottage, the charming little room, seemed a poor shelter from the terrors of the real world—!

"Christabel—couldn't you lie down again!"

But it was useless for her mother to ask her. Christabel began walking up and down the room; more calmly, it was true, but with a look of utter wretchedness on her face.

Mrs. Haye tried to say a few reassuring words, but as she had never genuinely assumed the role of comforter to Christabel it was no more easy now than it had ever been. Christabel pressed her hand and waved her away.

"Please don't worry, mother! This is nothing! I have had nearly three years now to get used to the facts about myself. Because I forgot them for a little, I'm not going to break down under the weight of them suddenly!"

But at the memory of that little summer of forgetfulness in such a long winter of sorrow, she burst into tears. She sank into a chair, and for a minute or two all she could do was to give way to a passion of weeping. Mrs. Haye hovered over her still saying pathetically:

"Now Christabel, hadn't you better lie down?"

Her storm of tears past, Christabel felt better her; old resignation, her steady-nerved acceptance of her misfortunes began to come back to her, and as she dried her eyes, she even wondered from what fount in the cold dryness of her heart her tears could have come.

Mrs. Haye took up a new tack and began assuring her over and over again:

"No one knows here, you know, Christabel! I've been so very careful in what I've said. No one here knows a thing!"

"Yes, yes, mother, quite! Nobody knows, so all is well! Why are you worrying? I can assure you that I'm not worrying. If no one knows, what does it matter?"

She smiled as she spoke, and her mother looked relieved, but then felt confused because it seemed to her that Christabel was really speaking from a dreadful bitterness of heart.

They were interrupted by a tap on the door. Mrs. Haye said hastily:

"Come in—come in!"

The maid opened it. "Mr. Cavanagh, madam."

Mrs. Haye looked at Christabel in horrified embarrassment at this unexpected interruption; but Christabel merely glanced up wearily, and after a moment's thought, said:

"Very well, Maude, show him in!"

She rose, smoothing her hair with her hand, and wiping the last traces of tears from her face with her handkerchief. Mrs. Haye hesitated; she felt utterly helpless. Fancy having to talk to Cavanagh now! She did not know what on earth she would do or say——!

She solved the problem by waiting only long enough to say "how do you do" to Cavanagh when he came in; and then, as soon as the most scant politeness made it possible, Mrs. Haye slipped out of the room. She went upstairs to her bedroom, and there she walked up and down in a torment of nervousness, wondering what Christabel would find to say to Cavanagh. But it was all too much for Mrs. Haye—Christabel's sudden recovery of her memory—Cavanagh's coming in at such an awkward moment—!

"It's too much, really!" said Mrs. Haye to herself tremulously. "It's too much!"

And it seemed better to her just to wash her hands of things for a while, until they straightened themselves out.

CHAPTER XIX

"WILL YOU BE MY WIFE?"

"It seems very cold suddenly!" said Christabel to Cavanagh, in a voice that was a trifle faint from the stress of emotion.

"These chairs would be better nearer the fire!"

Cavanagh helped her to draw the armchairs toward the blaze.

"Fires in June!" he said, as Christabel sat down. "Abominable necessity!" He had a preoccupied air, and leaned forward restlessly as he sat down in his chair.

"I should not have come to-night. I have as a guest a Swedish philosopher, a most amiable person with a delightful sense of humor. But I couldn't put up with him, and so I said: 'My dear fellow, I now have some very important business which will keep me for an hour or so. Do please excuse me!' And I left him reading a humorous novel and came away here. Really, I had no business to——" And then he broke off and looked at Christabel anxiously, adding: "But I'm afraid you are not so well! You look tired to-night—not at all yourself!"

"I am a little tired," said Christabel, staring at him with new eyes. What would he, this cultured, bland looking plutocrat, say if he knew about her? It was as though she had never met him before!

"I'm thinking of selling Kearne Hall. Or at least—of going away. I thought of North Africa. I know of a very beautiful villa not far from Ismailia." He went on: 'One wants to escape the necessity for fires in June!"

A little smile twisted Christabel's lip. It seemed a minor misfortune to wish to escape from!

"Do you know Egypt?" he asked her.

"No: I've never been there."

"Egypt would be the place for you. Of course, that's where you belong! I can remember a certain rock painting in one of the tombs at Thebes, a portrait of a daughter of Amenhotep The Third—just exactly like you!" He broke off abruptly, seemed to pull himself together to speak, and asked her: "Would you care to go to Egypt?"

"I?" said Christabel confusedly. "Go to Egypt?"

The suggestion was so peculiar, in view of her recent recollection of the facts about herself that she could hardly visualize it. Suddenly remembering everything that had happened before her accident had tended to make her discount the things that had happened since.

Cavanagh who had noticed how pale she was, the new look of fatality in the depth and darkness of her eyes, was too intent upon what he had to say to do more than notice it, and pass on:

"Yes," he said: and with a half apologetic little laugh, "I am trying to ask you something—making a frightful job of it. I am really trying to ask you if you could consider coming to Egypt with me!" He added quickly, seeing that she seemed utterly astounded: "As my wife, of course!"

He noticed her anxiously. Christabel gazed at him, smiled ironically, as though she were incredulous, and murmured.

"Good Heavens!"

"Why are you so surprised?" he said. "Don't you know how interested I have been during these weeks since I met you? You are the most beautiful person I have met for years! I am all alone, as I told you—!"

"It's quite impossible!" She cut him short almost rudely, in a voice that was dead with certainty.

She stood up, placing her hands on the mantelshelf, and leaned there with such an air of finality that Cavanagh was bitterly disappointed.

"I am sorry," he said, when he could speak, after a painful pause, "it was stupid of me—I am an old man, and I refuse to realize it. But I fancied that there were things I could give you—I believed I could make up for it!"

"That has nothing to do with it!" said Christabel, in the same tone of certainty, only now her voice was not dead, it throbbed with some violently repressed emotion.

"Then why? I am free. Your mother told me that you were a widow——?"

"I am a widow."

"There's someone else, then. This man Hewitson——"

"He's nothing to me," said Christabel, and repeated stonily: "Less than nothing!"

"Someone else, then," said Cavanagh.

"Oh, no—no one else!" cried Christabel, and as though her control had suddenly broken, she turned towards him with tears in her eyes. "My dear, I wanted to take you away. I wanted to look after you and protect you!" said Cavanagh, inexpressibly moved by her despairing face. "Your mother told me you have been unhappy. You're too perfect and too innocent, to be on your own. To me you stand for everything that's beautiful in youth, everything that one wants to save from damage and disillusion——!"

(To be Continued)

How to Remove Corns And Get Solid Comfort

It acts so quickly—takes out all the pain—makes aching corns feel comfy in a few seconds. That's how **Putnam's Corn Extractor** acts. You will not be disappointed with **Putnam's Corn Extractor**—it never fails to lift out corns, or remove painful calluses. Get **Putnam's Corn Extractor** from your druggist and enjoy foot comfort once more.

To-Day's Popular Design

By Carol Aimes

DESIGN NO. 4030

Artistically Canadian and made entirely of large cross stitching, this easy-to-work wall hanging and matching pillow will be evidence in your home of the pride of country that will be rampant when their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth come to Canada, and when the memorable trip is over, the lovely colours and appropriate design will, for all time, recall the cherished spirit of good will, patriotism, and loyalty to our Sovereigns.

Pattern includes transfer of design, stitch and color chart with complete embroidery instructions.

Send 20 cents, coin preferred.

Miss Aimes receives at least 200 votes for each design before it is accepted for this column. Send us your votes. We print all the popular designs.

PATTERN ORDER FORM—to be used when ordering patterns and voting for popular designs.

To Charlottetown Guardian

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I suggest the following as a popular design — — — — — — — — —

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HEALTHY MOTHERS Bring up HAPPY CHILDREN

MEN LIKE WIFEY to be "Peppy," Animated, Cheerful.

One woman always tells another when she has found a medicine that keeps her fit, and today thousands of girls and women use no other medicine than Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they find by experience that headache, blues, sallow color, digestive disturbances clear up quickly when one or two of these little pills are taken at bed-time. The tonic effect of Dr. Hamilton's Pills on the stomach, liver and digestive organs is prompt and health-promoting. No distress, no griping pains, no loss of time when you use this gentle laxative.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS
A REGULATOR For Women's Ills

Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Artificial Flowers

If the artificial flowers in your vase have become soiled, put them into a jar of cleaning fluid, seal and shake well. All soil will disappear and you will be saved the expense of new flowers.

Extra Fat

The housewife should keep an old can on hand to receive that extra fat she wishes to throw away, instead of pouring it into the sink. Constant pouring of fat into the sink means plumbing bills. The can is very easily disposed of.

Bleaching Faded Dress

To bleach a faded dress entirely white, dissolve a half cup of cream of tartar in two gallons of water, and boil the dress.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Love or Infatuation: How Can a Boy Tell Which Feeling it is? Well, There Are Some Rules Which May Help You Find the Answer if You Are Afflicted

Dear Miss Dix—How can a boy tell if he is in love? Are a funny feeling in your breast, forgetting yourself often, a desire to be with no other girl, forgiving her for anything she does and dreaming of her all day long signs of love? I will be so thankful if you can help me out. SOUTH PARK.

Answer:

Well, son, no other complaint is so hard to diagnose as love, because so many of the symptoms are misleading and what a fellow so often thinks is a fatal heart attack is nothing more than a passing indisposition.

Now take your case, for instance. That funny feeling in your breast that you complain of may, of course, be a serious attack of love, but it is just as likely to be too much pie. Your dreaming of the girl all day long and your desire to be with no other cutie certainly indicates a slight rise of temperature, but that happens to every boy of your age whenever he thinks of the last girl he met, and isn't serious.

Your most alarming symptom is being able to forgive the girl for anything she does; letting her make a doormat out of you; letting her make you fetch and carry for her; letting her break dates with you when she meets a new man and whistle you back when she needs somebody to drag her around. But that isn't so much love as it is temporary softening of the brain. However, you will recover from that also in time.

So you see it isn't really easy to tell when you are in love, and it is no wonder that you are doubtful about the matter when you recall how many times you were certain that you had a case that you would never get over. Then in a few days—or weeks or months—you made such a perfect recovery that you couldn't even remember what you had, or how you came to catch it. Some men go through life without ever being able to distinguish between the grand passion and a passing fancy. Which is a pity for them and for the women they marry.

So before you decide that you are in love for keeps, check up on a few points that will help you to reach a final decision. Is she the girl of your dreams? Is she a good-looker and a swell dresser who makes people "rubber" wherever she goes? Is she a fancy dancer? Is she an expert salve-spreader who tells you how wonderful you are? If so, put your emotions to the acid test. Dreams seldom come true, and some day you are mighty likely to wake up and wonder whatever made you think you wanted her.

But if you can think a homely girl is better looking than "Miss America"; if you like to dance with her when she steps on your toes, and if you can listen to home truths from her and like it, then that's real love. Another test of love is being able to stand unlimited quantities of a girl's society even when you are not having a petting party and she is not jollying you along. If you really pine to hear a girl talk about herself, and what Papa said and Mama does, and the cute way the baby acts, then that's love that you can bank on.

But the best test of love is whether it makes you realize all of a sudden that there is a lot more in life than just going around and having goodtimes, or mooning and dreaming about a girl's eyes. It is someone to share your want to roll up your sleeves and go to work for her and make a home and settle down in it for keeps. The acid test of a man's love for a woman is what he is willing to do for her.

* * * * * *

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have been going with a boy for several years. He insists he is in love with me, but tells me has no intention of marrying me or any one else. I really love him, but I don't know what to do about the situation. BEWILDERED.

Answer:

Show him the door. This is the only intelligent answer to the problem of what to do with a man whose attentions are without intentions.

Face the fact that this man doesn't love you. He only loves himself. He will never love anybody but himself. If you are hanging on in the hope that some day you can make him care enough for you to be willing to give up his freedom for you and share his income with you, you are simply befooling yourself.

As long as you will let him, he will go on monopolizing your time and thoughts because it flatters his vanity for you to adore him. He gets a kick out of knowing that you would jump if he ever threw you the handkerchief. He enjoys coming to your house and eating your mother's good meals, besides which it saves him the price of a club. He likes to be seen out with a pretty girl and it is comfortable to have one whom he can date or not as he chooses.

But that is as far as he will ever go. He will hang around you until he gets tired of you, or until some younger and prettier girl comes along. Or one who has more money and sociay position. Then he will just simply drop out of the picture. And there is nothing you can do about it. But you have let him waste the years for you. You have let him keep you from many good times you could have had with other men, and you have let him kill your chances of marrying. And you have nobody but yourself to blame for it.

A girl is lacking in common gumption if she doesn't give any man the air who doesn't pop the question in a reasonable length of time.

* * * * * *

Dear Dorothy Dix—I live on a farm with my bachelor brother. I am 35 years old and unmarried. Have never even had a serious boy friend and I am lonely. I am considering answering one of those ads about what to do for loneliness and joining their correspondence clubs and writing to strange men in different part of the country. The clubs guarantee to help one land a husband and happiness and contentment. What do you think of the correspondent club idea? MAY.

Answer:

I think it is the open door to trouble and that you will repent your folly in tears if you walk through it. Use a little common sense. Don't you know that any man who is respectable and fit for a woman to marry doesn't have to advertise for a wife, or marry a perfect stranger?

Dont' you know that nobody on earth can guarantee getting a woman a husband who will make her happy and contented? Don't you know that there have been many cases of horrible murders committed by both men and women who got their victims by advertising for husbands and wives?

Believe me, sister, there are worse things than being an old maid. One of them is being married to a bigamist or a convict or a murderer who has only married you to get your little money and then desert you, or make away with you. DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

DEVILLED CHEESE

Two ozs grated cheese; 1 tablespoon of hot pickles; piece of butter the size of a walnut; cayenne, mustard and salt. Put the cheese and the butter in the pan, allow to melt, then add the chopped pickles, and season well with mustard and pepper. Serve on small rounds of buttered toast.

KIDNEY OMELET

One sheep's kidney; 2 eggs; 1 oz butter; salt; pepper. Partly cook the kidney in boiling water, or if preferred fry it in butter, cut into small pieces for frying and season well with pepper and salt. Let this cool. Beat the eggs well and then add the kidney. Melt the butter in an omelet pan, pour the mixture into this and shake over a low heat till set. Use a palette knife and loosen the edges, double over, and serve on a hot dish at once.

Banana Bavarian Pie

1 package orange-flavored gelatin
1 1-2 cups boiling water
1-4 cup sugar
A dash of salt
1-2 teaspoon grated orange rind
1-2 cup orange juice
3-4 cup whipping cream
1 1-2 cups diced ripe bananas
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Dissolve the gelatin in hot water Add the salt, sugar, orange rind and juice. Chill until syrupy. Whip the cream until thick and shiny but not too stiff. Fold into the gelatin. Add the bananas carefully. Chill until thickened and pour into the pie shell. Chill until set.

HAVE YOU A BAD COLD?

Is Your Chest Sore? Does Breathing Hurt?

What you need is a vigorous rubbing of the neck and chest with NERVILINE — a powerful liniment that quickly sinks into the tissues and which is able to attack the congestion at its very source.

You get fast relief from NERVILINE — under its soothing influence the chest pains disappear. Once again you breathe freely. All sense of soreness and discomfort goes away. If you have an ache or a pain that a good liniment can dislodge, use NERVILINE: try it for lame back, lumbago, rheumatism — rub it in well, and at the same time you rub the pain away. Sold by all chemists.

RUB ON NERVILINE

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. When a young man has been introduced to a girl, would it be all right for him to say, "I am pleased to meet you"?

A. No. Such phrases as "I am pleased to meet you" and "I am glad to make your acquaintance" are not in good taste. The accepted acknowledgement is. "How do you do?"

Q. When a single man is invited for dinner to the home of married friends, should he take the hostess a box of candy or flowers?

A. This is a thoughtful thing to do, particularly if the man is not in position to return the invitation.

Q. Is it all right to use sealing wax on the envelope of a social or a business letter?

A. It is all right to use it on a social letter, but not on a business letter.

A Morning Smile

Fastidious Diner — Two eggs, please. Don't fry them a second after the white is cooked. Don't turn them over. Not too mouch fat. Just a little pinch of salt on each. No pepper....Well, what are you waiting for?

Waiter. —The hen's name is Betty. Is that all right, sir?

Cheery Soul (to friend)—"Lawks, my dear, wot a turn you give me! I fought you was dead—strite I did. I've 'eard several people speakin' well of you lately."—Punch.

Our Changeable Climate Causing More Catarrh

Many People Ill With Serious Nose and Throat Troubles.

Sudden weather changes make little colds grow worse; if long-neglected, they may drift into Catarrh.

Many recoveries from Grippy Colds and Catarrh are reported every day from Catarrh-o-zone. When you breathe the vapor of Catarrh-o-zone you send soothing essences to those remote places in the breathing organs where germ life is causing you trouble. You heal your entire breathing apparatus when you inhale Catarrh-o-zone. You get help quickly from the soothing vapor of this wonderful remedy. Let Catarrh-o-zone help you on the road to a complete recovery. Your druggist has Catarrh-o-zone. Complete outfit for two months' use, $1.00; smaller size, 50c; trial size, 25c.

Inhale the VAPOR of CATARRH-O-ZONE A Fast Relief!

The Housewife And Her Activities

BE TRUE

Go seek the work that calls to you,
The work that only you can do,
Follow where its voice is guiding,
Never falter, but deciding
What thy task, toil on confiding.
Is the work before you new
Then remember—just be true!

An easy way for picking up stitches (when knitting jumpers or pullovers) around neck and armholes is to take a crochet hook and pick up each stitch separately and put on knitting needle. This saves the needles from breaking, as they have generally to be finer pins.

When the corners of your eiderdown begin to look shabby put two cushion covers to tone, cut them through corner to corner, and into the four triangular pieces thus made, slip the corners of the eiderdown. The effect is magical and the eiderdown is good for several years' additional service.

To a cupful of warm vinegar add a tablespoon epsom salts. When the salts have dissolved, apply to the glass with a rag, making tiny dabs all over the glass. After this solution has dried on, you will be surprised to see that the glass has taken on a frosted appearance.

GARNISHING BUTTERS

For mustard butter, blend 3 tablespoons French mustard with 1-4 lb. fresh butter. For horseradish butter, 4 tablespoons finely grated root with 1-4 lb. butter; color if desired with a little grated raw beet. Pipe through a star forcing tube. Parsley, minced fresh herbs, grated onion, etc, may be used to the same effect

Don't forget that a touch of sequins or other glittering stuff is awfully good on a dress for "best." Maybe you can add it to a last year's dress that is perfectly good but needs a touch to bring it up to date.

STORAGE CLOSET IS BOON TO HOUSEHOLD

Storage closets to hold the winter clothes in summer and the summer clothes in winter are the greatest sort of convenience for the housewife who has to put these clothes away and are much kinder to the clothes than are trunks. Almost every house has a place where such a closet can be built.

An author of a book on shade trees has worked out a table for appraising value of shade trees, according to species, size, condition, and location.

GROOMING BEGINS WITH THE FEET

Perfect grooming should start with the feet — not with the head as apparently so many think.

Unless your feet are comfortable, you won't stand and walk in the queenly but youthful fashion which sets your clothes and figure off to best advantage. And a great deal of the charm of the loveliest coiffure, the smoothest skin and the smartest outfit is lost if their wearer's shoes are shapeless or dusty or tied with bedraggled ribbons

How Can I ? ?

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I mend a large hole in a sweater?

A. Try basting a piece of material on the wrong side and then darning through the patch. It will make the darn stronger and will keep the shape of the garment.

Q. How can I renew the metal tops of salt and pepper shakers that have corroded?

A. Give them a coat of enamel, allow it to dry thoroughly, then follow with a second coat.

Q. How can I roll dough more efficiently?

A. Fasten a piece of muslin smoothly and tightly around the rolling pin, and the dough can be rolled just as thin as desired.

IF YOU FEEL SUNK

Read this and cheer up

Are you so blue that life is no longer worth living? Do you cry easily? Do you feel low, mean, depressed—just absolutely SUNK? Then here's good news for you in case you need a good general system tonic—Just take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Let its wholesome herbs and roots help Nature build up more physical resistance and tone up your system, so that it can more easily throw off the "blues" and give more energy to enjoy life.

MILLIONS of women have depended upon this Compound and have passed the word along to friends and neighbors, and to their children.

Why not take Pinkham's Compound and go "smiling thru"?

Know How Smart Steps Are Really Danced

Teach Yourself with Diagrams

"Oh, excuse me!" Dot says, stepping on Dick's toe again. Truth is, Dot doesn't know how to rumba, doesn't even realize one's being played. She just does a quick fox trot, result—bumped knees, tangled steps.

Embarrassing and unnecessary when you can learn smart dances from diagrams!

The rumba music is easy to recognize by its colorful staccato rhythm. To step to it expertly—blending quick steps and pauses in real Cuban style—follow our diagram for the Basic Rumba step. 1—Take a quick step to the side on left foot. AND—Quickly close right foot up to left. 2—Take a short quick step forward on left foot. Pause, feet apart, then start again, stepping to right.

No bumped knees if you know it's correct to dance a little apart from your partner in the rumba. And sway hips as you switch weight from one foot to the other.

Why dance doubtfully on the outskirts when others are doing popular dances, smart variations? Diagrams, step-by-step instructions in our 32-page booklet make it easy to dance the tango, waltz, fox trot, slow fox trot, rumba, shag. Gives basic steps, variations.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of Home Course In New Ballroom Dances to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address, and the Name of booklet.

Name

Street Address

Town Province

TIMELY TIPS - FOR THE - HOME SEWER

There is nothing more charming than a soft dressmaker bolero jacket suit for spring of navy blue sheer woolen. A beguiling and feminine touch is the contrasting navy and white printed crepe top. Accent the becoming vee neck with a colorful corsage flower or a sparkling jeweled clip. It's so comfortable under your coat right now.... and also nice for southern wear. The model also includes the tied neckline version, which is smart of print crepe silk; with or without the jacket!

Style No. 2847 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 7-8 yards of 39-inch material with 1 3-8 yards of 35-inch contrasting.

Send fifteen cents (15) in stamps or coin (coin preferred) wrap coin carefully, address to Charlottetown

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CHEST COLDS ...Distressing symptoms relieved by rubbing on VICKS VAPORUB Now WHITE-STAINLESS

TILLIE THE TOILER — GOOD INTENTIONS, BUT—!

By Westover