

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

Week Of Prayer

By Rev. John Baillie, D. D.

FIFTH DAY

(Morning)

God of my forefathers, I cry unto Thee, Thou hast been the refuge of good and wise men in every generation. When history bears witness that Thou wert the first enlightener of men's minds, and Thine was the Spirit that first led them out of their brutish estate and made them men. Through all the ages Thou hast been the Lord and giver of life, the source of all knowledge, the fountain of all goodness.

The patriarchs trusted Thee and were not put to shame: The prophets sought Thee and Thou didst commit Thy word to their lips: The palmists rejoiced in Thee and Thou wert present in their song: The apostles waited upon Thee and they were filled with Thy Holy Spirit: The martyrs called upon Thee and Thou wert with them in the midst of the flames.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

O Thou who wast and art, and art to come, I thank Thee that this Christian year wherein I walk is no untried or uncharted road, but a road beaten hard by the footsteps of saints, apostles, prophets, and martyrs. I thank Thee for the finger-posts and danger-signals with which it is marked at every turning and which may be known to me through the study of the Bible, and of all history, and of all the great literature of the world. Beyond all I give Thee devout and humble thanks for the great gift of Jesus Christ, the Pioneer of our faith. I praise Thee that Thou hast caused me to be born in an age and in a land which has known His name, and that I am not called upon to face any temptation or trial which He did not first endure.

Forbid it, Holy Lord, that I should

fail to profit by these great memories of the ages that are gone by, or to enter into the glorious inheritance which Thou hast prepared for me; through Jesus Christ my Lord, Amen.

(Evening)

Almighty God, in this hour of quiet I seek communion with Thee. From the fret and fever of the day's business, from the world's discordant noises from the praise and blame of men, from the confused thoughts and vain imaginations of my own heart, I would now turn aside and seek the quietness of Thy presence. All day long have I toiled and striven; but now, in stillness of heart and in the clear light of Thy eternity, I would ponder the pattern my life has been weaving.

May there fall upon me now, O God, a great sense of Thy power and Thy glory, so that I may see all earthly things in their true measure. Let me not be ignorant of this great thing, that one day is with Thee as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. Give me now such understanding of Thy perfect holiness as will make an end of all pride in my own attainments. Grant unto me now such a vision of Thy uncreated beauty as will make me dissatisfied with all lesser beauties.

Though earth and man were gone, And suns and universes cease to be, And Thou wert left alone, Every existence would exist in Thee.

I am content, O Father, to leave my life in Thy hands, believing that the very hairs upon my head are numbered by Thee. I am content to give over my will to Thy control, believing that I can find in Thee a righteousness that I could never have won for myself. I am content to leave all my dear ones to Thy care, believing that Thy love for them is greater than my own. I am content to leave in Thy hands the causes of truth and of justice, and the coming of Thy Kingdom in the hearts of men, believing that my ardour for them is but a feeble shadow of Thy purpose. To Thee, O God, be glory for ever. Amen.

It Happened Twice

BY T. C. BRIDGES

CHAPTER IX

CLOUBURST

During the talk between Mrs. Trelawney and the new tenant, Peggy, sitting a little to one side, had an opportunity of studying the newcomer. The more she looked the more convinced she became that there was something unusual mysterious, even sinister about Mrs. Jardine.

Mrs. Trelawney was old-fashioned. She refused tea and, at the end of the regulation twenty minutes rose to take leave. Mrs. Jardine did not urge her to stay but went with her visitor to the door. Mrs. Trelawney stopped a moment in the hall to examine a handsome carved screen and Mrs. Jardine took the opportunity to speak to Peggy.

"The car was all right," she whispered, "I got Pardon to look after it. Of course I did not mention running into you, but simply said I hit the bank. I hope that you and Mr. Trelawney were not too late getting home?"

"Yes, we were not," Mrs. Trelawney said. "I was so much in the way the woman said that Peggy flushed scarlet.

"Thank you," she said coldly. "We got home quite safely."

All the way back Mrs. Trelawney chattered about Mrs. Jardine and the charming way in which she had done up the house. Peggy was too full of resentment to pay much heed. That woman believed or pretended to believe that she had been sojourning with Edgar. And how did she know that the muffled up man with her had been Edgar? Two days later, Mrs. Jardine returned the call and Peggy who had been busy when she arrived, was surprised to find Edgar with her in the drawing room, chatting in most friendly fashion.

Another week passed, and Arkwright, calling to see Mrs. Trelawney, met in the drive a square-built, clean-shaven man of about sixty. He had been blue eyes, a big Roman nose, and to Arkwright there was something curiously familiar about his face.

Both men pulled up and looked at each other. The elder put out his hand. "You must be Arkwright," he said.

"And you are Gerald Meakin's father," Arkwright answered.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Arkwright. My son often speaks of you. I suppose you are going to see the old lady. You and Peggy Garland under you take very good care of her."

"Miss Garland is a good sort," Arkwright answered.

"I'll come back to the house with you, Arkwright," said Meakin. "I'm on duty to-day. I managed to get a holiday for Peggy, and she's gone fishing."

"Fishing!" Arkwright repeated, and Meakin laughed at his amazement.

"Didn't you know she fished?" "She never told me."

"She doesn't boast of her achievements."

Fishing was Arkwright's great hobby and the chief reason why he had taken a practice in Devonshire.

An hour later he had tracked down Peggy. She was sitting in the tail of another long, flat pool and casting up rod. She was using a little eight-foot rod, light as a feather, but the way in which her line flew out, straight as an arrow, and the dainty fall of her flies on the water, which gave her a thrill which only a fisherman could feel. She turned as he came up, and smiled.

"Not a bit of use, doctor. Thunder is brewing and not a fish moving."

"You never told me you fished," he said reproachfully.

"I've fished all my life," Peggy told him. "My father taught me. But what are you doing up here?"

"I came to watch you. Mr. Meakin told me you were up here. I've seen Mrs. Trelawney, and she seems pretty well. Is Edgar behaving himself?"

Peggy frowned.

"He has taken to golf. He plays with Mrs. Jardine. He and she seem to be excellent friends. He goes to bed before midnight, and spends at least a couple of hours every day with his mother. He behaves so well it bothers me."

"Don't let it. At any rate it's good for his mother. Tell me about yourself. Have you any relations?"

If Peggy was surprised, she didn't show it.

"A sister, that's all. She's a widow. Her husband was Hugh Cayley, a test pilot and was killed a year ago. She lives in London, and I never see her. But we write."

Before Arkwright could answer distant thunder broke the sultry stillness. Peggy sprang up.

"A storm! I must go back. Mrs. Trelawney is terrified of thunder."

Arkwright glanced upward. To the North West, over the High Moor, the sky was the colour of blue-black ink. The cloud, tipped with a rolling fringe of white vapour, was rushing towards them with startling speed. There was another crash louder than before, and this was followed by a deep and terrifying roar.

"It's a cloud-burst," Arkwright exclaimed and, as he spoke, a wave of brown water at least six feet high came hurtling round the pond just above them.

He snatched up Peggy as if she had been a child and ran her up the slope.

(To Be Continued)

Dorothy Dix Says—

FIT YOUR CHILDREN TO MEET WORLD'S HARDSHIPS

Don't Mollicoddle Them Too Much And Weaken Them So That They Cannot Battle When Problems Confront Them

Probably all parents would satin-line and soft-pad the world for their children if they could, but in trying to do this they bring upon their coddled darlings greater hardships than the ones from which they are trying to protect them. For life isn't a pathway strewn with roses. It is a hard and rocky road and there is no possible way in which we can save those we love from being pierced by its thorns and brushed by its stones, and the softer we make our children the less able they are to endure the sufferings that they are going to be called upon to bear the more danger there is of their fainting and falling by the wayside. Do what we will, we cannot stand between our youngsters and misfortune. We can only fit them as best we can to meet it. This is a sad and tragic fact that parents must not often ignore, and it gives us the pitiful spectacle we see on every hand of fathers and mothers working themselves to death preparing a future of misery for their children by making them dependent on their parents and unable to help themselves. What to do about it is the question that every parent should ask himself. For what these parents forget is that nothing they can do can alter the world in which their children must live that will make it safe and secure for them. No effort of theirs can prevent their children from having to pay their score in life. In the end their children must out their own destiny.

DON'T CULTIVATE LOAFERS

Nothing is more common than to hear a successful, self-made man say: "I came up the hard way, but thank God, my children will never have to struggle as I have." Or a mother will say: "I don't want my girls to have to work and be denied pretty clothes and good times as I was when I was young. Or you hear parents say: "Our parents were domestic tyrants who ruled us with a rod of iron. We had no personal liberty. No indulgences. And we wouldn't have dared not to be home by 11 o'clock at night. We have given our children the right to lead their own lives and denied them nothing but they wanted what we could possibly afford."

And so we have the parents who work their fingers to the bones so that their children may loaf; who go shabby so that their children may have the smartest new thing in sportswear; who go without the medical care that might save their lives to send their children to swanky colleges. Yet we are all that way around at 70 miles an hour in a high-powered, streamlined roadster. Mother cooks and washes and makes calluses on her hands so that daughter's red fingernails may never have any contact with housework.

SLAVING DOESN'T PAY

And the parents are happy in making slaves of themselves for their children because they believe that they are securing their children's future well-being. They never doubt that sending a boy to college, will automatically make him President or chief of staff of the army or, at the least, a millionaire; and that if they keep their girls dressed up like clothes-horses they will make brilliant marriages. And they apparently never suspect that if they leave their fortunes to their children they will never get up getting divorces from the husbands and wives who would coddle them as Mother did, but expected them to be adults and act like adults instead of howling babies.

And it makes one wonder why parents so seldom realize that the very hardships that they never made them the successes they had to work and they learned habits of industry. They had to count their pennies and it made them thrifty. They sat at the bottom of the ladder and looked up at the top and it fired them with the ambition to climb. They had to fight for all they wanted in life and it taught them how to win out.

WORLD IS HARD-BOILED

And we wonder still more that parents do not teach their children what the world is really like, what they will have to learn to do and take in order to hold their own in it, instead of leading them to believe that, somehow, they will drift through it on flowery beds of ease. For the only way in which parents can protect their children is to give them courage, strength and discipline. Champion prizefighters are not trained on silken couches and fed on lollipops.

MATRIMONIAL LIABILITIES

Dear Miss Dix—What would you say is wrong with a man who has been divorced twice and married to a third wife, but treats her so badly she is on the verge of leaving him? The husband is a good provider, but if he could pick wives off a tree he still wouldn't be satisfied.

ANSWER—I'd say that such a man was a worrier. A good matrimonial matter. Lots of men should never marry because Nature didn't cut them out for husbands. The undomestic man, for instance, should never marry because he never wants to settle down and be a fireside companion. The stingy man shouldn't marry because he always begrudges the price of supporting a family. The spoiled and quarrelsome man should never marry because no wife enjoys being brow-beaten and bullied. And so on and so on.

Every woman who contemplates marrying a divorced man should take the trouble to find out what his previous wife divorced him for. It might save her a trip to Reno.

DOROTHY DIX.

MR. STETFORD MULLINS

The funeral of the late Stetford Mullins was held on December 19, from his late residence at Tryon Rev. G. R. Hartman conducted a short service at the home and the beautiful service at St. John's Church, Craipaud. The many friends who came for miles to pay their last respects testified to the esteem in which the late Mr. Mullins was held. His sudden passing leaves a place that cannot be filled in the lives of his relatives and friends and he will long be remembered for his friendly and cheerful ways. Besides his wife, formerly Nellie MacIntosh of Victoria, He leaves one daughter, Mrs. John MacQuarrie of Hampton. One brother and two sisters also remain. The pall bearers were Messrs. Bowyer, Leard, George Eouler, Everett Howatt, Whitfield Howatt, Eric Craig and Miner MacNevin, Interment in St. John's Church cemetery, Craipaud. (Patrol Please Copy)

CENTRAL ROYALTY W. I.

The December meeting of the Central Royalty Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Harold Stead. With the President in the chair meeting opened by repeating the Creed in unison. Nine members answered roll call by paying 10c one new member enrolled. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Sick committee reported sending fruit to several sick in the district. One ladies cloth suit, 6 prs of socks, sleeveless sweater turned in to Red Cross. Appointment of new committees: Sick, Mrs. MacRae, Mrs. MacAusland, Mrs. Jenkins. Red Cross, Mrs. Wendell Wood. Luncheon, Mrs. Laura Cullen, Mrs. MacRae, Mrs. MacLeod. Correspondence read and discussed. It was decided to send \$200 to Cancer Fund—money to be taken out of funds. Questionaire for next meeting—"Citizenship" by Mrs. Warren. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Brent Howatt on the 2nd Thursday in Jan. Roll call to be answered by giving a short sketch of some famous living person or paying a fine. Collection for Dispensary \$1.30. A program consisting of two contests was enjoyed by the members. Lunch was served. Meeting closed by singing National Anthem.

HANDLE SYNTHETIC MATERIALS WITH CARE

The same care should be employed in laundering washable nylons and other synthetic-fabrics as is used in washing any other sheer or delicate material. Generally speaking, use only very mild soap, lukewarm water, gentle handling, and careful rinsing. Hard rubbing and strenuous wringing are unnecessary. After rinsing, wrap garment or hose in a thick Turkish towel to blot up the excess moisture. Ironing is necessary, use only a moderately warm iron.

TILLIE THE TOILER— NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN!

WELL, IF YOU NEED THE SALARY SO BADLY, YOU MAY BE SERVANT, BUT YOU'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO BUT COLLECT IT.

THANK YOU, MISS STONES.

BUT IN CASE YOU EVER DO NEED ME, HERE IS MY ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER.

HMPH! THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TO HIS OLD ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER.

SUCH NUMBERS! 222 22ND ST. AND LOCUST 1234! A LOT OF GOOD IT DID TO TEAR 'EM UP! I CAN'T FORGET 'EM.



KING COLE TEA AND COFFEE

A Morning Smile

TOO REAL

"Call that a love scene! It was just as if you had a pail of cold water thrown over you. Now try and imagine he is your husband." Star: "He is!"

WHAT'S THE USE?

Some gulls were following a ferry boat.

An Irishman said: "Nice flock of pigeons."

A tourist insisted: "Those are gulls."

"Well, said the Irishman 'gulls or boys, they're a fine flock of pigeons.'"

SCRUB YOUR BACK FOR BEAUTY

There is no style or beauty in a back bumpy and speckled with blackheads and pimples. What to do about it? Scrub your back with a flesh brush as you bathe. And scrub—with vigor. Hot water and soap, scrubbing hard into your back with a flesh brush, will keep the skin of your back as clear as that of your face.

The brush has the effect of bringing a rush of cleansing circulation to the skin, to carry off impurities that blemish its complexion from within. It also removes from the pores the dead skin scale, the solid accumulations from the sweat and oil glands, that clog the openings of the pores and create blemishes. No lazy circulation or sluggish pores can survive a flesh scrubbing once or twice every day.

CHOCOLATE SURPRISE

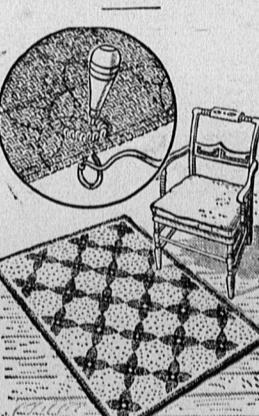
And here's the British cook's contribution to rice dishes—a delicious chocolate-flavored sweet.

Ingredients: 2 dessertspoons rice, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1-2 pint milk, 1-2 pint water, 2 dessertspoons sugar.

Wash rice and put into a plate dish. Mix cocoa to a paste with a little milk and water.

Add this to the rice with the sugar and mix together. Stir in remainder of milk and water and mix. Bake slowly in oven for 1-2 hours. Sufficient for four persons.

Gay Hooked Rug You Easily Make



Saucer Is Used To Trace Design

A floral hooked rug is so charming in any room and so easy and inexpensive to make! Discarded clothing may be your material; for colors you can run riot!

What's your favorite color combination? Green with rose? Blue with wine and pink?

Decide on your rug size (23 by 37 inches is a nice size) and get some burlap as a foundation, about 27 by 41 inches. Then, with a 6-inch saucer, trace design sketch in our sketch on the burlap, stitch carpet binding around it and tack to a wooden frame.

Easy! And now cut your material into 1/2-inch strips, ready for hooking. The hooking process is just this; hold a strip under the foundation, thrust your hook through the burlap and hook up the strip, leaving a loop on top 1/2-inch high.

Our 32-page booklet gives complete details of making this rug, its frame and foundation; has other lovely hooked rug designs and directions for making woven, braided, crocheted and many other novel and beautiful rugs.

Send 20c in coins for your copy of "How to Make Your Own Rugs" to The Guardian Home Service. Be sure to write plainly your Name, Address and the Name of booklet.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ Province _____

January Clearance Sale

In order that we may continue to keep our stock fresh and up-to-date, we offer to the buying public the following line of goods at greatly reduced prices.

- ALL LADIES' COATS—Fur, fur-trimmed and plain. Reg. 17.75 to \$87.50 — 1-3 DISCOUNT
- LADIES' DRESSES—Woolens and Crepes. 25% DISCOUNT
- WOOLEN SUITS & JACKETS—Reg. 3.95 to 7.95 — 25% DISCOUNT
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THE COOK'S CORNER

FROM PALESTINE

This is a Jewish recipe—savory rice with chicken.

Add 1-2 lb. rice to a pint of good gravy and cook gently until it starts to swell, then add a bouquet of herbs (a sprig of parsley, thyme and a bay leaf—or a pinch of each if you have them dried in packets or bottles), a small onion stuck with cloves and your chicken. This can be stuffed with forcemeat to make a more substantial meal, or cut into separate joints.

Simmer altogether until the chicken is tender, adding more liquor if necessary, then remove and stir into the rice the juice of half a lemon, and colour it yellow with a little saffron.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR LIVER

Buck it up right now! And feel like a million!

Your liver is the largest organ in your body and most important to your health. It pours out bile to digest food, gets rid of waste, supplies new energy, allows proper nourishment to reach your blood. When your liver gets out of order food decomposes in your intestines. You become constipated, stomach and kidneys can't work properly. You feel "rotten"—headachy, backachy, dizzy, dragged out all the time.

For over 35 years thousands have won prompt relief from these miseries—with Fruit-A-Tives.

So can you now. Try Fruit-A-Tives—you'll be simply delighted how quickly you'll feel like a new person, happy and well again. 25c, 50c.

FRUIT-A-TIVES Largest Selling Liver Tablets

Needlecrafts For The Home

Every one of us wants, at least one "glamour dress" for parties and gala affairs. Here's the frock that fills the bill to perfection. Cut on slim, moulded lines, it works wonders with your figure and makes you feel like a new person. You can take your choice of two necklines and of three sleeve lengths. An evening version—very sleek and svelte—is also included in this distinguished "dress-up" pattern.

Style No. 3324 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 36, 38, and 40. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 39-inch fabric for regulation skirt; 1 7/8 yards for three-quarter sleeve blouse; 1-4 yard contrasting for collar and pocket; 2 3/8 yards for evening skirt; 2 1/8 yards for long sleeved blouse.

Hat No. 3322, one size, adaptable to any headsize, is a separate pattern.

Send twenty cents (20c) coin preferred for pattern. Write plainly your Name, Address and style number. Be sure to state size you wish.

Style No. 3324 Size _____

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ Province _____

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

The problem of keeping stiff the lapels on a tailored coat (that would not take starch) was solved by cutting two pieces of material the shape of the lapels, starching them fairly stiff, fitting them inside the lapels and tacking them in position.



By Westover



Living & Leisure

The Woman's Realm

JOHN BUCHANAN'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

The high tenuous lists of life—May I ne'er lag nor hapless fall, Nor weary at the battle call. But when the even brings succor, Grant me the happy morland peace.

That in my heart's depth ever lie That ancient land of sea and sky, Where the old rhymes and stories fall.

In kindly, soothing pastoral There in the hills grave silence lies. And Death himself wears friendly guise: There by my lot, my twilight Dear city of my pilgrimage.

COOKIE TIPS

1. Cut refrigerator cookie dough for baking in thin slices, with a long, sharp, thin bladed knife, using a sawing motion and pressing very lightly.

2. A mould is used, pack the dough in it tightly, holes or spaces.

3. Substitute lard or similar fat for butter, but be sure to increase the amount by one-fifth, and also increase the amount of salt in the recipe, as lard does not contain salt.

4. Time the first baking of cookies accurately. Thereafter, cookies can be baked by the clock.

5. Cookie sheets must not be too large. There should be one inch of space on all sides between the sheet and the sides of the oven to allow circulation and even cooking and browning.

NEURALGIA

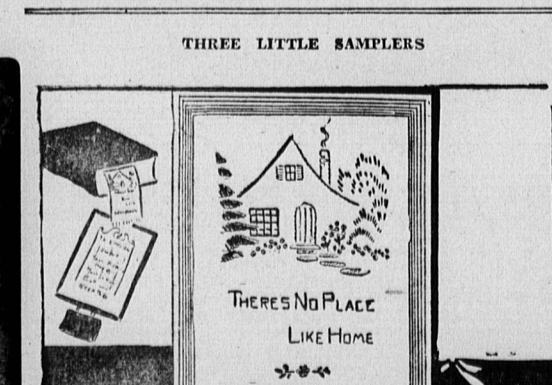
Cooling, soothing Mentholatum instantly relieves the stabbing pain. Jars and tubes, 50c.

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