Serial Story

A Page of Interest to Women

Fashions Recipes

Promenade Deck . . .

by Ishbel Ross

CHAPTER XXIII

Joan was dead, but things did not end there. He must rouse Dick Charlton, who was obviously the person to handle this. A knock on his door brought Dick out, his book still in his hand.

"Come quick, Charlton," said Macduff, "Joan Foster is dead. She jumped into the pool. It was drained, for landing tomorrow."

For once in his life, words tumbled from Macduff's lips without deliberation. His eyes were bloodshot behind the impersonal glare of his spectacles. Dick went white and caught at his arm. Without a word he followed Macduff across the corridor and passed from brilliant light into the darkness of the pool. Briefly he hung over the edge, then covered his face with his hand. Macduff stretched out an arm and gripped him round the shoulders.

"It's all right, old man," he said, realizing that the girl had meant something in Charlton's life. "It would have been hell for her, had she lived."

"She came to my room tonight. I shut the door in her face." The words were squeezed through the closed teeth of Dick. He pulled himself together. He was the chief officer. "I must report at once to Captain Baring," he said, automatically.

Once more Dick looked at Joan, whose pale boody was moving very softly with the rise and fall of the boat. Her rhinestones shone like a cats' eyes through the green gloom. A dark trickle spread over the tiles. Macduff went down to his cabin, which was as austere as when he had sailed. He had spurned the spears of Borneo, the leopard skins of Darjeeling, the mandarin robes of China, and was landing empty-handed. He turned on the lights, to shake off the feeling that he had been staring for hours into a darkened cave. The sea rolled smoothly under the porthole, but the night was black and moonless. With an effort he forced the dead girl out of his thoughts. In a few hours now he would be back in Gramercy Park and Angela would be on her way to England as he was reaching home. Would her heart stand the strain of her meeting with Wynant? And would the cad consider her health in his anxiety to shake her off, now that he had met a seventeen-year-old whom he wanted to marry? Strange, strange, strange, thought Macduff for the hundredth time, that a woman like Angela should love a man like Wynant! And Jenny wild about Rumford, and wild enough to have squeezed herself out through the porthole for love of him. Macduff got up and examined the brass ring. How in hell had she managed to do it? That was something he never would be able to understand. He'd see how far he could push himself through, and what the water was like from a porthole at night. Catching the rim, he pulled himself up by his arms. His head went out, and he saw the water below, smooth as black marble, but he could get no farther. His shoulders balked him at once. "Thin as she was," he thought, "I still don't see how she did it. She must have had nerve, and also the strength of desperation."

With a sharp recoil he thought of Joan again, and wondered if her body were still being rocked on the tiles. He began to undress, hanging his tie on the rack, folding his trousers carefully, putting his coat on a hanger. Every move took time. At last he donned his striped pyjamas and pulled down the covers of his brass bed. Climbing between the sheets, he lay on his side, thinking and smoking. Tomorrow they would land. Damned nuisance, customs and all that bother! Angela wouldn't be there, but on her way to England. How strangely Joan's beads had flashed in the green light! The only thing about her that had seemed alive. Macduff reached out for his bottle, and then poured himself a wee doch-an-dorrach. He downed it straight and put out the lights, but his pipe still glowed in the dark. Angela was an exceptional woman. She made him feel at times that life was superb, and that he could write much better if she were always near him. Without any talk, she inspired a man to effort. The glow of his pipe grew feebler. At last he banged it out on the washstand, sighed and settled himself for sleep. He could hear a grinding below that crunching sound of the anchor chain he had heard so often lately, and always for new ports, new scenes, new faces. The engines were in reverse; the boat was swinging right around. They must be at Quarantine! That meant home. They would lie there for the rest of the night. Macduff rolled over to the wall. The throbbing ceased at last, and stillness descended on the ship broken by the laughter and cries of the last night revellers. Their voices, drowned before by the pounding sound of the boat in motion, were strangely strident now. The flying steps of excited girls could be heard along the corridors. Everything seemed extraordinarily clear, now that the ship had anchored. Macduff felt as if he had just emerged from the Cave of the Winds. At last he fell asleep.

Angela's name was on his lips when he wakened five hours later, looking as hard as a rock, sober and fresh. His first thought was, "I'll soon be saying goodbye." Then he remembered Joan, with a catch of his breath. Ghastly! He was sorry for Charlton. When his steward came with his coffee, he cursed him because it was cold. Dressing himself with care, he selected a dark green tie that Angela had helped him to buy in Manila. He walked along the corridor and out on deck, to find that they were moving slowly up the bay in the haze of the early morning. The shore and the water seemed deadly dull after the sharp contrasts of the tropics. And there was nothing to the neutral landscape to excite the eye, until the skyscrapers came into view. The passengers did not look like themselves this morning, for they were all togged out in their city clothes. The celebrants of the night before were slowly coming to life, feeling sick and depressed. Couples who would soon be parted hung together at the rail, watching the encroaching shore line with dismay. One youth was fumblingly trying to say good-bye to a girl whom he now adored. Soon he would be meeting his bride of a year, and their baby, born a month ago. His hand was plucking nervously at his companion's coat. Their glances were telling their story, but nobody cared. Angela was there — cool, composed in a black tailored costume and a small black hat, with a fur around her shoulders. Her face was drained of colour. As usual, she had dreamed through the night of Jenny's face and her thin, pale hands clutching at that water. It dawned on Macduff that none of them knew about Joan, not even Angela. He moved over towards her.

(Concluded Next Week)

Home-Maker's New Slenderizer

By ANNE ADAMS

This Fall, with everyone looking for best investments in time and money, Anne Adams rewards the home-maker's search with one of those hard-to-find, easy-to-use patterns that flatters young and mature figures alike. Glance at the smartly slimming details of Pattern 4691: the long buttoned-to-the-waist panel that widens into a yoke, and the gently puffing gathers of the bodice. Your eagle eye will quickly appreciate, too, the comfort of the pleats in the skirt! Why not send for this simple pattern immediately, and sew a dressy style with braid edging the neat collar, puff sleeves and pockets—and a stay-at-home version with flowing sleeves and gay collarless neck.

Pattern 4691 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 4 yards 36 inch fabric and 3⅛ yds. rick-rac.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly size name, address and style number.

Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Pleasant Voice Radiates Charm

How You Say It Is Most Important—Reading Aloud Good Practice

It's a mistake for any girl to work hard to improve her figure, hair, skin and her taste in clothes but ignore completely the fact that she has an improperly placed, unpleasant voice. Because, no matter how attractive she is, unless her voice has a fairly soothing effect on others, they just aren't going to listen to her—not for long, anyway.

Unless the cells in the lower part of the lungs are made to do their work, the voice will lack quality of tone.

Proper Breathing Necessary

Therefore, one good way to begin a voice-improvement campaign is to do a breathing exercise regularly until you breathe correctly all of the time without thinking about it. Simply press your palms against your sides just above your waistline. Now take a breath so deep that hands are forced wider apart. In other words try to expand your chest at the sides instead of in front. Exhale vigorously, pressing hands into your body as the air leaves your lungs.

Do practice speaking slowly and enunciating correctly.

Just read aloud for 15 minutes every day. Go to your room, close the door, then read. Listen to yourself and try to decide whether you have a habit of raising your voice at the end of every sentence or just what you do that probably annoys others.

You're Incomplete Without Gloves

This Season, Whether You Be Dressed In Sports Or Evening Attire

'Tis amazing what the lack of gloves will do to a smart ensemble. For ages, it seems, fashionists have been literally preaching about the importance of gloves in the field of accessories, stressing their value to the complete costume.

There is no outfit complete without gloves, whether it be in the category of sports or full dress regalia. When more women accept this fact, the impulse to be dressier will be stronger than ever before.

It is too easy to slip into slovenly habits, and how any woman can go shopping downtown without gloves is more than we can fathom, for certainly their hands come in contact with surfaces where hundreds of other hands have touched.

Love Marks Time

Native sweethearts in the Nqutu area of Dundee, Natal, are unable to buy love potions or get marriage advice as foot-and-mouth regulations prevent the movement of bones, skins and hairs used by their witch doctors.

HOW YOU CAN ATTRACT MEN

Don't let love and romance pass you by. Men like girls with lots of pep and energy.

So start taking time-proven Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and note the difference. Pinkham's Compound, made *especially for women* from wholesome herbs and roots, helps Nature tone up your system and thus calms irritable nerves and gives you more pep to really enjoy life.

For over 60 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" distress from female functional disorders with Pinkham's Compound. Let it help YOU!

Most Northerly White Wedding In Dominion

Picturesque Ceremony at Arctic Bay, Hudson's Bay Company Post.

Probably the most northerly white wedding ever celebrated in the Dominion, took place at Arctic Bay on the northern shores of Baffin Island last week, when Allan Robertson Scott, Hudson's Bay Company post manager married Eileen Christina Wallace.

The bridegroom was formerly of Forgue, Scotland, and the bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Wallace of Peterhead, Scotland. The ceremony was held in the saloon of the Government supply ship Nascopie, now on its annual Arctic tour.

Flowers, Arctic Poppies

Flags and Arctic poppies, picked by Eskimo children, decorated the saloon. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. Fleming, Anglican bishop of the Arctic.

Passengers of the Nascopie, ships officers and six red coated Royal Canadian Mounted Police attended the wedding for which the bride travelled more than 7,000 miles. The wedding was held about 400 miles north of the Arctic Circle and 1,100 miles from the North Pole.

Canada's First Woman Pilot

Mrs. Daphne Shelfoon of Hamilton, Ontario, Passes All Tests of Civil Aviation

Mrs. Daphne Shelfoon, member of the Hamilton Aero Club, is believed to be the first woman in Canada to qualify for a public transport airplane pilot's certificate. It was announced she had passed successfully all tests of the department of civil aviation and that she shortly would receive her certificate.

Possession of the certificate will entitle Mrs. Shelfoon to pilot passenger planes, but she said she does not expect to take over the controls of an air liner. Her husband is one of 73 Canadians holding a transport pilot's license and the couple is believed to be the first in Canada to receive such a certificate.

Native of New Brunswick, Mrs. Shelfoon went to Hamilton a few months ago. To qualify for the license she had to fly "blind" over a cross-country course, with only instruments to guide her. Last July 1 Mrs. Shelfoon escaped death when a plane in which she was riding was struck in mid-air by a plane piloted by Homer Chapple, killed in the accident.

« Chocolate Cake Is Tops »

By KATHARINE BAKER

Of all the things that chocolate glorifies with its rich, luscious flavour, chocolate cake is the one that reigns supreme. And an ideal chocolate cake cannot be made by simply adding chocolate to your favourite cake recipe. Chocolate contains a considerable amount of starch as well as cocoa butter and it cannot be added successfully to a plain cake recipe without changing the amounts of some of the other ingredients. Cocoa should never be substituted in any recipe which calls for chocolate because chocolate is so much richer in cocoa butter than cocoa, it makes a richer, more tender cake and one which remains moist longer. For the best results, the ingredients specified in each recipe should be used.

Here is a chocolate cake which will answer any demand—whether it be for a party, family dinner, or a fancy tea.

BLACK CHOCOLATE CAKE

2½ cups sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon each soda and salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
2 cups sugar
3 eggs, well beaten
4 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter; add sugar gradually, creaming thoroughly. Add eggs and beat very well; then chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with water, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in greased pan, 10 x 10 x 2 inches, in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) 1 hour and 10 minutes. This cake is delicious with the following frosting.

SOUR CREAM FROSTING

2 cups sugar
1 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup chopped walnut meats

Bring sugar and cream to a boil, stirring constantly. Boil, without stirring, until a small amount of syrup forms a very soft ball in cold water (232 degrees F.). Cool to lukewarm (110 degrees F.); beat until creamy and of right consistency to spread. Add vanilla and nuts, spread quickly. If necessary, place over hot water to keep soft while spreading.

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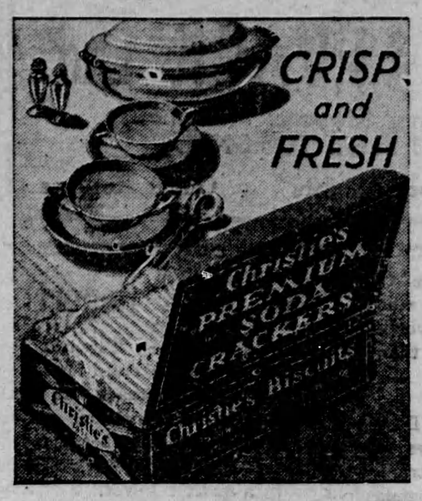


PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS

as you like them best

Christie's Biscuits

"There's a Christie Biscuit for every taste"

Daytime Dresses For Fall Stress Youthful Lines

Skirts Are Short, Necklines High—Plenty of Styles To Choose From

NEW YORK.—New fall daytime dresses dramatize natural feminine curves and are, for the most part, essentially youthful.

Daytime skirts are quite short (14 to 16 inches from the floor, depending on the shape of your legs). The majority are flared, although straight, slim versions and those with spaced pleats are featured, too. Bodices are fitted to accentuate the bosom, make the waistline tiny and hips slim. High necklines take the spotlight. Shoulders are very definitely square, and long sleeves are favored by most couturiers.

However, so varied is the fall and winter dress picture that no shopper, whatever her personal likes and dislikes, possibly could have any difficulty finding an accepted style that is especially flattering to her.

Black is as popular as ever, and your first fall street dress more than likely will be black. But for the second one or for an afternoon mode, look at the color situation carefully before choosing black again. Wine, plum, rust, lavender, purple, mustard, teal blue, sage green and elephant gray are not to be dismissed lightly. It takes more time and thought to introduce color into your wardrobe, but the results can be worth the effort.

British motorists are protesting they pay six times as much in gasoline taxes as American car owners.

College Clothes Remain Simple

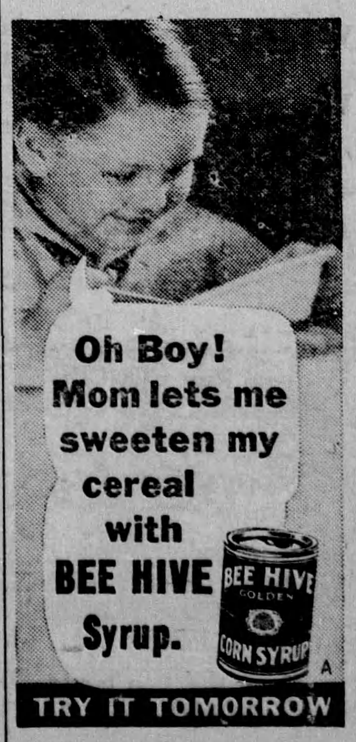
Sweaters and Skirts Are Still The Most Popular

A Boston story held a "college clinic" recently and obtained some surprising information. After a tea party, lovely clothes were brought out — with not a twinkle of interest.

The guests admitted, in a body, that sweaters and skirts were all they wanted. Cardigans and pullovers might be of different shades, several skirts are essential, but with the exception of "gadgets" to enliven the outfit, it was a uniform that they had no desire to change. "Gadgets" include costume jewelry, charm bracelets, tricky lapel ornaments and scarves.

Sensible Slippers

Lounging pyjamas might as well not be packed for these students who study in flannel robes, zippered down in the front. Nor should you send your daughter off with cunning mules, ostrich-trimmed. They all wear flat-heeled, soft slippers. College rules demand quiet in the dormitories. As far as lingerie goes they want pyjamas copied from their brothers, a few holding out for nighties.

Air services of Alaska, which has 30,000 whites, carried nearly 20,000 passengers in the last 12 months.

Dentists recommend Wrigley's Gum as an aid to strong, healthy teeth, cleanses them of food particles, massages the gums. Aids digestion, relieves stuffy feeling after meals. *Helps keep you healthy!* Take some home for the children too — they will love it! CS-33