

## How Color Vogues Are Originated

British Colored Council Has Evolved Systems of Research

Where do the new colors come from—the lovely tints that one sees nowadays, which captivate, and add to the charm of both the young and the elderly asks an English fashion writer in a London paper?

Instances of the wonderfully soft blues that one sees in the sheers of silk, dress fabrics and woollen suitings and can find also in table linens, and the accompanying tea or dinner service, in the crepe de Chine sheets and pillow cases of the luxuriously inclined, in motor cars and their fittings, and on the kitchen walls.

Even Parisiennes have succumbed to the London vogue of turquoise blue in spite of their affection for black and black and white. There are pale golden yellows and glorious shades of red in tints and tones so far removed from their primary form as to be hardly recognizable.

**TRIUMPH FOR BRITISH**  
This triumph of color in fashion and the home is a triumph for British dyers and manufacturers. Only of recent years has it become possible to reproduce really beautiful colors in all types of dress materials in this country. Foreign domination in color no longer holds sway now that British colors just as beautiful can be produced by our own textile and other color using industries.

Much of the success of modern color schemes is due to a plan of standardization. The British Color Council with the desire to place color determination for the British Empire in British hands has evolved systems of color research which provide early information of the trend of fashion in this direction.

In this way a selection of the coming fashion colors can be made, and the sponsored colored card and correlated chart for the coming season is achieved. These cards and charts are sent out to members representing every kind of industry not only to all parts of Great Britain, but to all parts of the world.

**AID TO MANUFACTURERS**  
Manufacturers of every kind of production in which women are interested are thus enabled to create harmonious color schemes in silk, woollen and cotton fabrics, knitwear, hosiery, shoes and gloves, bags and other accessories. The modern color scheme extends to embroideries and fine needlework which is absorbing so much attention from the women of today.

Household linen, table ware and the kitchen have not been overlooked. A color chart, suitable for household appliances has been adopted by leading firms, and this chart applies to other firms interested in interior decoration. Linking up the industry by means of color is one of the chief explanations of the present day color harmony. It cannot fail to assist the eventual purchaser whether it be in choosing an ensemble for Gold Cup Day at Ascot or having the kitchen domain redecorated.

**KIND TO OLDER WOMEN**  
The evolution of a fashion color is interesting. This season the vogue for a soft turquoise blue under the name of Gainsborough duck egg, or majolica, has been a victory for the color fashion prophets.

Next autumn will see a new blue green as one of the season's color successes. This is a soft dark blue green very like a peacock green, which is particularly effective in supple cloth, and in taffeta for evening wear. There is also a new dark almond green. There is no apparent yellow in these shades, which makes them a distinct contrast to the yellow moss which were worn last autumn.

There will be a revival of mole, and the general trend of fashion colors for the autumn and coming winter will be distinctly kind to the older woman. Purple, hitherto an accepted color in this direction will not be largely apparent this autumn, unless it be among the softer fuchsia shades.

### JAPAN MAKING GREATER USE OF TYPEWRITER

In Japan there has been a radical change in the handling of correspondence by government offices and larger business houses. Previously letters were written by hand but a typewriter has been produced with Japanese characters and it is now being adopted in government offices and the more substantial business houses. The machine is more cumbersome than that used in Canada due to the greater number of characters required by the Japanese language. This increased use of the typewriter in Japan has brought about a great demand for carbon paper. The higher grades of carbon paper are supplied by Great Britain and Canada, while the cheaper grades come from Austria, the United States and Germany.

### The Mean Thing

The honeymoon is over when he suggests that a permanent wave should be permanent.—Atlanta Constitution

## Whipping Canada's Lakes and Streams

Twenty-five years ago the drift of American anglers to the Dominion was incidental and of small numerical account. Plenty of good fishing then available in the Republic, combined with meagre knowledge of Canadian resources, public laws and methods of transport, rendered a "trip to Canada" an exceptionally undertaking. Canadian National Railways records of recent years present a contrast not only in the happy invasion of tens of thousands where hundreds came before, but in the wide familiarity sporting resources that each section of the Dominion offers. This, of course, is the consequence of more diffused education on the subject of angling, and a new appreciation of the spaces, its "unlabeled wealth of forest and stream, richly endowed and richly maintained, puts claims upon the fishing aspirant, which the older regions of the south cannot hope to rival.

In an effort to induce sportsmen to visit Canadian fishing localities the Canadian National Railways have published and given wide distribution, particularly in the United States, a booklet describing the better fishing locations. Motion picture films, depicting fishing in different parts of Canada are also circulated widely, tending to create interest in Canada's angling possibilities.

Whether it be salmon or trout, bass or maskinonge, Rainbow or Steel head the angler can find it in Canada. The tourist bureau of the Canadian National Railways in Montreal stands ready at all times to assist the angler to get properly located and to place him with a competent and reliable guide or at a comfortable fishing lodge. Anglers form a goodly number of the vast army of tourists who visit Canada each year. They all contribute towards our general tourist income and every effort is made to encourage them.

### TREES STRIPPED

The caterpillar plague that stripped trees in Sudbury district last year is returning, reports from Drury Township says. Acres of poplar trees near Worthington are as bare as during the winter. Birds are so puzzled by the lack of foliage they fly screaming about the trees, apparently unwilling to build on bare boughs.

### Immigration Laws 60 Years Ago

#### Ontario Couple Who Have Just Celebrated Diamond Jubilee Tell of Trip Across Border

Sixty years ago, when Alfred Fred Watson and his bride of one year took a honeymoon trip from Meaford Ont. to Virginia, there was no call for a check-up with immigration laws or commuters' regulations in getting across the border at Niagara Falls.

It took three weeks to reach Virginia, however, and that was fairly good going, with their transportation facilities. They travelled by covered wagon, and team of horses. It was real adventure.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson recently celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary and their stories of the trip were a revelation to some of the "youngsters" present. The happy young couple of 1875—now enjoying life on the shores of Georgian Bay—pitched their tent when they felt like it and cooked their meals as they went along. They were mostly "dirt" roads in those days but no automobiles to give them the dust. Even the bicycles were scarce—just the old-fashioned high-wheeled kind, if any. The Canadian couple spent some time in Virginia and returned as they went—without a mishap.

Mr. Watson was born in the township of Portland, near Kingston, Ont., in 1847. Now in his 83th year he is taking more interest in life than he ever did.

"Yes, I go up town every day," he remarked, "occasionally meet up with old friends from the country and talk over old times." There's still plenty of kick in life after a man passes his 80th birthday, he says.

Mrs. Watson was born near Meaford, in May 1851. She too has good health and continues her daily house work. They were married Feb. 18, 1873 in the Meaford Methodist Church.

About 1876 they took up farming in the township and later Mr. Watson engaged as a thresher for twenty years. They now are retired. They have one daughter, Mrs. Joseph Abercrombie.

### STOP THAT ITCH In One Minute

It is really surprising to see how Dr. D. D. Dennis' pure, cooling, liquid, antiseptic D. D. D. Prescription quickly stops itching tortures of eczema, pimples, mosquito bites, insect bites, rashes and other skin afflictions. Forty years' world-wide success. Its gentle oils penetrate the skin, soothing and healing the inflamed tissues. No fuss, no mess. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries up almost immediately. Try Dr. D. D. Prescription today. Stop the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at any drug store, is guaranteed to prove it—or money back. Dr. D. D. is made by the owners of ITALIAN BALM.

## Have You Heard?

Girl (who had broken the engagement)—Why do you want your letters returned? Are you afraid I'll take them to court?  
Young Man (sighing)—No, but I paid to have those letters written by an expert, and I may use them again some day.

What you don't find in the newspapers is adequately reported to your wife by the hairdresser.

Old Darkie (to wastrel son)—I hear tell that you is married, is you?  
Son (ingratiatingly)—I ain't sayin' I ain't.

Old Darkie (severely)—I ain't askin' you is you ain't. I ask you ain't you is.

When a wife loses her temper..... her husband catches it.  
Touring Theatrical Manager (hopefully, after a week of disappointing houses)—Ah, this looks better. There is even a bright sunset to welcome us to town.  
Porter—Sunset? That's the theater burning.

New Stenog—It's from my boy friend!  
Boss (noticing that the paper enclosed in the envelope was absolutely blank)—Why, there's nothing written there.

New Stenog (sighing)—I know, we are not speaking right now.

**Comparison**  
"What's the use of learning an ancient history date. When I can have a modern one, at a quarter after eight!"

Girl—Now that we are engaged, dear, you'll give me a ring, won't you?  
Boy Friend—Yes, certainly, darling. What's your number.

The Smithsonian Institute reveals that there is forty-five trillion dollars worth of gold in the ocean, but we don't suppose it will comfort a seadick man much to know he's rolling in wealth.

To become rich, conquer.....worry, envy and hate.

Mother—Did I see you kissing that young Allen last night?  
Daughter—Well, mother dear, he told me he had just lost an uncle, and I felt so sorry for him.

Mother—If I know anything about that young man he won't have a relative left in a week's time.

Citizen—Wouldn't you like to travel and see the world?  
Bobunuk—No, I believe in the brotherhood of man. It would be no satisfaction to me to make a personal inspection of the same old family troubles all over the map.

Doctor (coughing gravely and looking down at the man in bed)—I am sorry to tell you that there is no doubt you are suffering from small pox.

Patient (turning on his pillow and looking at his wife)—Julia, if any of my creditors call, tell them that as last I am in a position to give them something.

Every young man looks forward to the time he will be able to boss somebody.....and so does every young woman.

Man—Does your wife ever overdraw her bank account?  
Neighbor—No, but I think she overdraws her account of her bank account to impress the neighbors.

### Vacation Ethics

Rev. Charles G. Cole of Grace Methodist Church, New York, has compiled a code of ethics regarding the vacation period.

"No minister has a right to go away all summer without first giving some thought to whether the church staff and congregation will receive any vacation," he said.

"No employer has a right to take a vacation unless his employees receive a wage that will allow at least a modest vacation.

There is something wrong with a society which permits a favoured few to spend their winters in Florida and their summers in Europe, while multitudes, equally deserving do not have enough to eat.

"No man has a right to spend money on a vacation if he is deeply in debt and doesn't know when he is going to pay his bills.

"No husband has a right to take a vacation unless he can provide one for his wife and family also.

The church has not done enough when it has sent a few mothers and children to the country, it must remove the conditions which make charity necessary.  
"No church should be closed all the summer."

## STRETCH—IF YOU DESIRE POISE, HEALTH AND STYLE

### Seventy-Year-Old Ex-Circus Rider Gives Young Women Key to Smartness by Posture

"You're an old woman—you can't do that!" somebody said to the pint-sized Josie, known to the circus as one of the great bareback riders of all time, up and showed them. She went back to the circus after fifteen years of what she contemptuously calls "soft living" and did difficult back somersaults in the middle ring at Madison Square Garden, setting a comeback record that has yet to be equalled. Moreover, she's still setting records—and she looks younger than ever, though she must be seventy if she's a day.

When she had proved her point, and the desire to give her little adopted daughter a settled home had caused her to leave the ring, this time for good, she started giving riding lessons. From that, she went on to open a dancing class which has in turn developed into the most famous posture school in the country, patronized chiefly by rich debutantes and society women who know they must carry themselves well to look well.

The diminutive Mrs. Robinson's latest pioneer adventure is in a School of Fashion where she teaches correct posture to students who later will become fashion artists, stylists, buyers, style consultants and advisers.

**Wearing Clothes Well**  
"They need to know about correct posture not only for themselves, but also for guidance in drawing fashion figures and in supervising the training of models whose movements must be rhythmic and effective," explained Ethel Traphagen, head of the school and originator of the idea. "Yes," agreed Mrs. Robinson, demonstrating her point by aiming an accurate and extremely graceful kick at the light fixture, "the thing that ruins many expensive and beautiful costumes worn by women today is the way the women carry themselves. They may have their hair just right. Their faces may be done in the latest modes as far as massage and make-up go, but the clothes become mere rags unless they are worn well. And it takes good posture to carry them off."

Comforting Mrs. Robinson says that it doesn't matter much whether you are thin or fat, provided you know how to stand and walk and sit. "See this," she admonished, slipping off her rather tiny pumps and walking around the room on her heels. "Women begin to age first in the ankles and being to show it around the abdomen. Never was there a time when they needed posture more, for the modern fashions, especially for the beach, are most revealing."

**"Never Be Tired."**  
"What I really teach, though, is how never to be tired. Nobody who studies with me learns how to wind up the body in the morning and keep it that way all day. I don't know the meaning of the word tired myself, and never did except for those 15 years when I 'went society.' Then I was tired all right—tired mainly of waiting around for maids to do this and that for me."

This time when she "married rich and lived on Long Island" she nearly "lost her body," Mrs. Robinson declares. That is, she did none of the exercises that had kept her supple all her life, and when she began to train again she could barely lift her leg as high as her waist. Now she can lift it as high as her head and higher, can bend and stretch any part of her body. Her flesh is as firm and supple as that of a 16-year-old girl. Her figure is perfect and she weighs between 98 and 100 pounds, never more. That's just right for her "five feet and a suggestion," which according to her is her height.

"Oh, yes, I have plenty of years

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others are exactly the opposite. You hear all this when you talk to the lady.

She shows you the jry wall and the little rock-plants clinging in its crevices. She explains the difference between biennials and perennials and how she starts her annuals in sand boxes.

You look around at all the blooms and sigh and you wish that you could live in such a heaven. The bird bath has exactly the right amount of water. The pool is precise and clean. Not a dead leaf anywhere.

**MINOR IRRITATIONS**  
A puppy wanders in. An elephant of a puppy, for he is a St. Bernard. Where he sets his foot, nothing ever grows again.

"Get out—" shrieks the lady. "Go home," she stamps. "He has already broken down two 'snaps.' He licks hands all around, then shoots over to the next yard where there are pigeons to chase.

"I can't keep a thing for the children, the dogs and the pigeons," she worries. "Oh, here comes that baby now. His mother ought to know better. He pulls things."

The baby, however does not arrive. He is rescued by his mother in time.

The lady speaks of the weather. It has been too dry and then too wet. The wind has broken some delphinium and some hollyhocks.

**LACK OF "SOUL"**  
We look over the garden. Marauders and weather have made no dent that we can see. The thousands of blooms have closed like a wave over the vacancies left by their broken brothers.

It seems such a pity that the owner cannot enjoy what she has without noticing the little annoyances. She follows all the happiness of her beautiful garden to be destroyed by a few minor mishaps. Or in other words, there is no "soul" or "spirit" here. It has become a thing of parts—technical and almost prosaic.

A family of children may be likened to a garden. There will be daily disturbances and worries but a mother can, if she will be happy in the whole picture. She will weigh beauty against small breaks or even occasional ugliness and glory in it. Her sky will not be perpetually overcast by small clouds.

The happy "spirit" of the home is what lasts. Eventually the other things close over and are lost to view.

**Little, But Oh My!**  
Writes the Toronto Globe— Even in the canine world there was an ambition to mark in some suitable way Toronto's century of civic life, so it came about that all the best dogs in the neighborhood—the well bred, public-spirited dogs, leaders of thought in their several circles—decided to gather at the Exhibition Grounds and hold a show. They would help their masters to make this, in every respect, a red-letter year in Toronto's history. The masters, as usual, would donate handsome prizes. Hence the Dog Show.

Many noble animals of long lineage entered the lists. This was no time for holding aloof from the common herd. Breed and poise were evident in the numerous cages. Serene man-tiffs, conscious of their class, gazed dreamily at the spectators. Excitable terriers whose ethnological roots ran back to many lands across the sea yelped for attention. All aristocrats listed in the canine blue book were on hand. Representatives of the larger breeds sniffed contemptuously at the little fellows that any human might put in his pocket. These weren't dogs; they were toys, and could have no place among man's best friends.

And all the while these big bugs

of the show ring were dwelling upon the all round victory that must come to one of them, a small bundle of fluff, a Pomeranian bearing the sounding title "Melbourne Supremacy," which came in from Richmond Hill for the occasion, proved that he was well named, and, in the language of the theatre, "stole the show" captured pride of place as the best dog on exhibition, and won an array of trophies that would be a credit to any kennel. "Melbourne Supremacy" weighs less than three pounds, and hasn't much to say for himself; but he showed his haughty neighbors that physical bulk and vocal ability do not mean everything at a dog show. But surely there is in his little head a proud thought that he was the best dog in a big show—and during Centennial year.

### Before Breakfast

York, let me tell you, is the last city left in England which a man should enter on horseback or on foot. Unfortunately few people know this. When I came to the high, white, machiolated wall that circles this city I looked up at the great bastions that guard its angles, at the cross-slits for the bowmen, at the gate-houses on whose topmost turrets little stone men, outlined against the sky, huge bowlers against their stomachs and seem about to leave them down on you as you pass.

The walls offer you a three-mile walk, which I consider to be the best before-breakfast walk in England. It was one of those hushed, sweet, washed-clean April mornings, the smell of grass in the air and the wind running round corners like a pup in search of his tail. An old man was shaking a religious mat on the south steps of the minster, the sun was washing the east window, and the great church lay in unexpected early shadows.

The minster bell chimed a half-hour. Smoke began to curl from the chimneys above the red roofs. York was awakening. Beyond the walls bicycles went by. There were bells, bells, bells! Did you ever hear of a medieval city without bells? (They even sell coal with a bell in York.) So I went on with a bell in York.)

The stonemason has been holding their missiles for centuries on the Wain-gate Bar, which has a great tabernacle, or outwork, lying before it and a wireless aerial attached to it! Here lives a member of the police force in the most romantic house in York. Then Victor Bar, and Micklegate, which bears on heraldic shields the lions of England quartered with the lilies of France; and so round the bend to Tanner Moat and right ahead the classic view of York Minster lifting its towers above the city and the white wall twisting on and on.

What a walk, and what a city, for an April morning!—From "The Call of England" by H. V. Morton (New York: McBride).

### Classified Advertising

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