

WOMEN and THE HOME

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Self-Made Man Whose Wife and Children Now Look Down Upon Him—Shall He Allow His Wife to Thwart His Career? Is a Man or a Woman More Appreciative?

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a plain, self-made man, with very little education, but by working overtime and possessing the trading instinct, I have accumulated quite a nice fortune. I have reared a family of six children, given them good educations, started them in life and built for each a nice, modern home.

My children are all married, and they, as well as their husbands and wives, hold themselves far superior to me and ignore me in every way possible, except at such times as they desire assistance. My wife also treats me with contempt and spends all of her time while I am away at work visiting them, and on Sundays and holidays she goes off with them on long motor trips.

There is nothing in common between them and myself. The people in the vicinity in which I live now are not interested in anything that I am interested in and my whole environment is very distasteful to me. Now, what am I to do? I want to go back to my old home, even if I have to live alone. I would then be among my old friends and my own kind of people, and I feel that I would be far happier. Please advise me.

DISCOURAGED FATHER.

ANSWER:
I think you will be very wise to go back to your own people and spend the balance of your life with those whom you find congenial, and who will respect and admire you instead of snubbing you as your ungrateful family does. You have done your full duty toward your wife and children, and if they repay your kindness with neglect and insults you are certainly under no obligation to endure it.

There is no more tragic figure than that of the father who raises his children above himself; who gives them the education that he had no opportunity to acquire; who lavishes advantages on them that he never had, and who knows that they look down upon him and are ashamed of him.

Nor are there any other such contemptible snobs as these children who mock the hand that feeds them; who deride their father for a money-grubber, yet who wring the last cent out of him that they can get; who live in ease and luxury on the money he has won with toil and sweat, and who do not even ask him to share the cakes and ale he is paying for nor ride in the imported cars that he has bought.

They are too dull and blind to vision their father as he really is. They have not eyes to see the genius, the strength, the intelligence, that a man must have to start with nothing but his bare hands, not even an education, and win his way to success. They have not soul enough to realize the weariness, the self-denial it takes for such a man to make a fortune. They have not heart enough to think how often he has toiled beyond his strength to make things easy for them, or how many things that he wanted himself he has done without to give to them.

And the most pitiful part of it all is that nine-tenths of the self-made men in America have that kind of brood of vipers for children.

It is too late to make your children over now, Discouraged Father, but save your own happiness by going away where their ingratitude cannot sting you and where you can live the kind of life you want to live. That much you owe yourself.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am offered a fine business proposition in my own old-home town, but my wife refuses to go because my mother lives there and she dislikes my mother. I tell my wife that she will not have to live with my mother and need not have anything to do with her, and that I feel that I cannot afford to let this opportunity slip, but she will not listen to reason and declares she will never go. What do you think I should do? I want to be fair to my wife, and yet I do not want to throw away the chance of my life.

JOHN.

ANSWER:
The courts have decided this matter for you, John. They have ruled that a wife must go where a husband's interests call him. This is fair and just because the man is responsible for the support of the family, and he should not be hampered in his efforts to succeed by the prejudice of his wife.

Of course, a kind and considerate husband takes his wife's desires into consideration, as you are doing. He does not want to ask her to go and live in a place that is distasteful to her. Also a good wife puts her husband's interests and his career above her own wishes, and she goes with him willingly and gladly wherever fortune calls him.

When a man is unlucky enough to have a wife who is not willing to put aside her own inclinations for the sake of his career, but who is so narrow and selfish that she is ready to sacrifice him for her own pleasure, I think that he should be man enough to go along and do what his judgment tells him is the best thing for the family, regardless of her feelings in the matter, for he has his children to consider and their welfare is at stake.

I have known many men who let their wives shut the door of opportunity in their faces. I have known women who made their husbands stay in little towns where they could barely make a living, because they didn't want to go to a city to live where they didn't know people. I have known city women who nagged their husbands into giving up prosperous businesses in small towns. I have known women who made their husbands turn down good offers to go abroad, or to a different part of the country, because they didn't want to leave their mothers.

But I have never known one of these women who was satisfied with the failure she made of her husband. Every one of them wanted the money and luxuries she kept her husband from making. So my advice is to tell friend wife that you are going where fortune beckons, and that she will have to pack her trunk and come along or else lose you.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Are men or women the more appreciative?

NANNY.

ANSWER:
Women, I think. Men are more apt to feel that they are the lords of creation, and that no matter how much love and devotion is given them or how many little things are done for their comfort, it is no more than their just due and what is coming to them. But neither men nor women are appreciative enough.

It is lack of appreciation that is at the bottom of the domestic misery in the world. It is so easy to do things for those who appreciate them, and so hard to do them for those who never even say "Thank you!"

DOROTHY DIX.

CUTICURA HEALS ITCHY PIMPLES

On Face, Neck and Chest. Were Hard, Large and Red. Lasted Six Months.

"My trouble began with pimples on my face, neck and chest. The pimples were hard, large and red and feasted and itched very badly, especially at night. The irritation caused me to scratch and the scratching caused eruptions. The trouble lasted about six months. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they afforded relief, and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Harriet Gudsorf, 617 S. Elm St., Spokane, Wash., June 4, 1923.

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NEW SARUM MISSION CIRCLE. Special to The Advertiser.

New Sarum, Nov. 18.—The Mission Circle of the Baptist church was held on Thursday afternoon at the residence of ex-sheriff and Mrs. W. H. Elliott, with a large attendance. The president, Mrs. Henry Gilbert, presided, Mrs. George Chivers read a paper on missions.

GUESTS OF MINISTERIAL ASS'N. Special to The Advertiser.

Monkton, Nov. 17.—The Milverton and Monkton Ministerial Association were today, guests of the Listowel Ministerial Association. Rev. E. A. Thomson, B.A., of Knox church, delivered a splendid paper. Rev. G. Butt sang a solo.

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THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Advocate.

Chairs were set at the long brown table of massive oak, and the officers sat down facing the open door and the blaze of sunshine on the pool-deck, three backs to the other door and the horn windows, which opened upon the stern gallery. The middle place was assumed by Lord Henry Goade by virtue of his office of queen's lieutenant, and the reason for his chain of office became now apparent. He was to preside over this summary court. On his right sat Sir John Killgrew, and beyond him an officer named Youldon. The other two, whose names have not survived, occupied his lordship's left. A chair had been set for Rosamund at the table's extreme right and across the head of it, so as to detach her from the judicial bench. She sat there now, her elbows on the polished board, her face resting in her half-clenched hands, her eyes scrutinizing the five gentlemen who formed this court.

Steps rang on the companion and a shadow fell athwart the sunlight beyond the open door. From the vessel's waist came the murmur of voices and a laugh. Then Sir Oliver appeared in the doorway, guarded by two fighting seamen in corselet and morion with broadsword.

He paused an instant in the doorway, and his eyelids flickered as if he had received a shock when his glance alighted upon Rosamund. Then, under the suasion of his guards, he entered and stood forward, his wrists still pinioned behind him, slightly in advance of the two soldiers.

He nodded perfunctorily to the court, his face entirely calm. "A fine morning, sirs," said he. The five considered him in silence, but Lord Henry's glance, as it rested upon the corsair's Moslem garb, was eloquent to the scorn which filled his heart.

"You are no doubt aware, sirs," said Sir John after a long pause, "of what purpose for which you have been brought hither."

"Scarcely," said the prisoner. "But I have no doubt whatever of the purpose for which I shall presently be taken hence."

"How?" he continued, cool and critical. "I can guess from your judicial attitudes the superfluous mockery that you intend. If it will afford you pleasure, sirs, I will do not grudge indulging you. I would observe only that it might be considerate in you to spare Mistress Rosamund the pain and weariness of the business that is before you."

"Miss Roseamund herself desired to be present," said Sir John sagaciously. "Perhaps," said Sir Oliver, "she does not realize—"

He had made it abundantly plain to her," Sir John interrupted almost vindictively. The prisoner looked at her as if in surprise, his brows knit. Then he again turned to his judges, again.

"In that case," said he, "there's no more to be said. But before you proceed, there is another matter upon which I desire an understanding."

"The terms of my surrender were that all others should be permitted to go free. You will remember, sirs, that you pledged me your knightly word for that. Yet I find aboard here no who was lately with me upon my zealous—a sometime English seaman, named Jasper Leigh, whom you hold a prisoner."

"He killed Master Lionel Treasillian," said Sir John coldly. "That may be, Sir John. But the blow was delivered before I made my terms with you, and you cannot violate these terms without hurt to your honor."

"Dye talk of honor, sirs," said Lord Henry. "Sir John's honor, my lord," said the prisoner, with mock humility.

"You are here, sirs, to take your trial, Sir John reminded him. "So I am supposed. It is a privilege for which you agreed to pay a certain price, and now it seems you have been guilty of flouting someone's honor. It seems so, I say. For I cannot think but that your rest was inadvertently effected, and that it will suffice that I draw your attention to the matter of Master Leigh's detention."

Sir John considered the table. It was beyond question that he was in honor bound to enlarge Master Leigh whatever the fellow might have done; and, indeed, his arrest had been made without Sir John's knowledge until after the event.

"What am I to do with him?" he growled sullenly. "That is for yourself to decide, Sir John. But I can tell you what you may not do with him. You may not keep him a prisoner, or carry him to England or injure him in any way. Since his arrest was a pure error, as I gather, you must repair that error as best you can. I am satisfied that you will do so, and need say no more. Your servant, sirs," he added to intimate that he was now entirely at their disposal, and he stood waiting.

There was a slight pause, and then Lord Henry, his face inscrutable, his glance hostile and cold, addressed the prisoner.

"We have had you brought hither to afford you an opportunity of urging any reasons why we should not hang you out of hand, as is our right."

Sir Oliver looked at him in almost amused surprise. "Faith!" he said at length. "It was never my habit to waste breath."

"I doubt you do not rightly apprehend me, sirs," returned his lordship, and his voice was sullen as became his judicial position. "Should you demand a formal trial, we will convey you to England that you may have it."

"But lest you should build unduly upon that," cut in Sir John fiercely, "let me warn you that as the offences for which you are to suffer were chiefly committed within Lord Henry Goade's own jurisdiction, your trial will take place in Cornwall, where Lord Henry has the honor to be Her Majesty's lieutenant and dispenser of justice."

"Her Majesty is to be congratulated," said Sir Oliver elaborately. "It is for you to choose, sirs. Sir John ran on, "whether you will be hanged on sea or land."

PAST O. E. S. OFFICERS VISIT TRINITY CHAPTER

Seventeen Past Matrons Exemplify Degrees Before the Eastern Star Members.

It was a very special sort of meeting held by the Trinity chapter, O. E. S., last night, when seventeen past matrons of the local O. E. S. chapters put on the degree at the invitation of Trinity chapter. Mrs. Bert Logan, associate grand matron, was in charge.

A flower drill which featured the reception to the visitors was very prettily staged by Trinity chapter officers, who were gowned in white. Carrying bouquets of pink chrysanthemums they formed an escort for the guests of honor, who in turn were presented with the flowers by Mrs. Harry Lunney, conductress of Trinity chapter. The flower gifts were corsage bouquets for the ladies and buttonhole bouquets for the men.

J. C. Doidge, worthy grand patron of the O. E. S. in Ontario, was chief guest of the evening. Past officers present included: From Forest City chapter, Mrs. Shortill, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. J. H. C. Woodward, from Ruth chapter, Mrs. Munroe, Mrs. Charles Phipps, Mrs. O. Brady, from Trinity, Mrs. C. B. King, Mrs. Thomas Rowe, Mrs. J. J. Greenaway, Mrs. B. Noble, Harry Hooper, Rev. W. L. Armitage, Dan McArthur and J. J. McWilliams.

The officers and members of Trinity chapter will visit Verdun chapter in Aylmer tonight to exemplify the degrees there.

WEDDINGS

GRAYSON-SAVILLE.

An interesting but quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Peaker, 15 Ryburn street, yesterday, when Miss Mary Saville of this city became the bride of Mr. Frederick Thomas Grayson of Wallaceburg, formerly of London. The Rev. J. A. Agnew performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Grayson will make their home in Wallaceburg.

SHARPE-ATWELL.

A quiet but a pretty wedding took place at 5 o'clock on Saturday, Nov. 15, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Atwell, Stanley street, when their daughter, Vera Inez, became the bride of Mr. Stanley Boyde Sharpe, son of Mrs. It. Sharpe of Chatham, Ont. J. J. McArthur officiated. The bride was becomingly gowned in sand beaded georgette crepe with a band of orange blossoms and carried an arm bouquet of Sweetheart roses and lilies of the valley.

The wedding march was played by Miss Florence Hall and during the signing of the register, Miss Jean Armstrong sang very acceptably "All Joy Be Thine."

Immediately following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served, Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe leaving later for Toronto and other points. The bride donned a travelling suit of navy blue with sand hat and fitch gloves. On their return, Mr. and Mrs. Sharpe will reside on Horn street.

Old Honker the Goose and His Flock Remain At the Pond For Many Days

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Honker the Goose and his flock had remained many days. They spent their night in the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Every morning they flew over to the Big River and feasted on delicious corn scattered for them at the mouth of the Laughing Brook where it enters the Big River. Honker was a wise old bird. Otherwise he wouldn't have been the leader of the flock. He was no longer suspicious of Farmer Brown's Boy. It was Farmer Brown's Boy who scattered that corn, and Honker knew that it was done out of friendship. He and his flock fed contentedly even with Farmer Brown's Boy standing in plain sight on the bank.

It hadn't taken Honker long to find out that no hunters with terrible guns were allowed on that land. It was a blessed feeling to know that they were safe there. But Honker was too wise a bird to allow this feeling of safety to make him any less watchful. Not only his own safety but the safety of the other members of the flock depended on him. So his keen eyes were always watching for possible danger.

So it was that one morning he discovered out to the Big River a pile of brown rushes drifting slowly toward him. It was quite a way up the Big River when Honker first saw it. He said nothing to the others, but he stopped looking for corn and kept his keen eyes on that pile of brown rushes. It looked harmless enough, but because it looked so harmless Honker was the more suspicious. What was a pile of brown rushes doing so far out in the Big River? Rushes had no business to be so far from the shore.

"It may be that those rushes have been cut and thrown into the river and are drifting down; but, just the same, I don't like the looks of them," thought Honker. "There may be danger in those rushes, but the way to make sure is not to be here when those rushes get down here."

He spoke in a low voice to the other Geese. Instantly they stopped feeding, and their long necks came up straight as they looked at Honker. He gave a low signal to swim out toward the middle of the Big River. Without question the others followed him, although they had



What was a pile of brown rushes doing so far out in the Big River?

not finished their breakfast. He was their leader, and they had learned to trust his judgment. When they were well out toward the middle of the Big River, Honker took to his wings and the others followed. They flew down the Big River, all the time getting higher and higher in the air. Finally Honker turned and led them back, very high in the air. As they passed over that drifting pile of rushes Honker looked down. He looked down into a boat with those rushes fastened all around it. In that boat were two hunters with terrible guns. They hadn't dared to try to shoot those Geese from Farmer Brown's land, and so they had thought to drift down on the Big River near enough to shoot. But for wise old Honker they probably would have succeeded.

Once more Honker turned, and the others turned with him. Then he headed straight south. It was time for them to be on their way to their winter home. Peter Rabbit, who had seen it all from a hiding-place in the bushes on the bank, heard them honking their farewell and understood. "Oh, I do hope nothing will happen to them and that they will come back again in the spring," said he. (Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Peter Rabbit Has a Queer Feeling."

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The season's popular dress material in 40-inch width. These are in combination colors of sand and gray, henna and green, burgundy and gray, and gray and green. We sell this material steadily at \$2.75, but on Wednesday you may buy it at \$2.25

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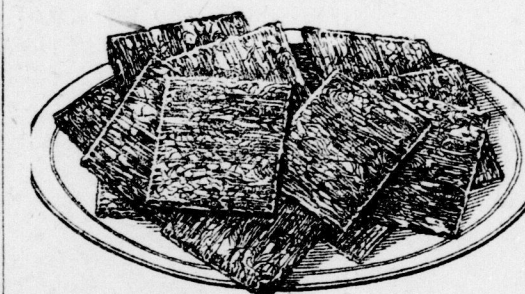
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