

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Which One of Three Girls Shall He Marry?
How Can An Affectionate Wife Inject More
Enthusiasm Into Her Husband's Lovemaking?
—How to Cure a Case of Infatuation.

Dear Miss Dix—I have three girls and do not know which one to marry. The first one I like fairly well, but she doesn't seem to care whether I like her or not; neither does she seem to care whether I go to see her or not. The second one is of a different nature. She corners me every chance she gets, and tries to get invited to every dance or party where I am likely to be.

The third one tells me that she loves me most sincerely, and always asks me to come and see her.

Well, I seem to care a little for them all, and haven't the nerve to refuse any one, so which one would you advise me to hold?

TROUBLED V. L.

Answer:

Yours is, indeed, a sad, sad story, mate. It must be terrible to have such an embarrassment of the riches of affection that you cannot decide which treasure to take. Moreover, the tragic part of it is that whichever lady you select you will be virtually certain to wish you had taken the other one.

If I were you I would take a good nerve tonic and bolster up my courage to refuse them all, and wait until some lady came along who I would know was IT—and concerning my affection for whom I would have no doubt.

However, as between the three candidates for your heart and hand, whose claims you have submitted to me, I cast my vote for number three.

Number one I eliminate. She apparently does not care for you, nor have you any real affection for her. She merely piques your pride because she is the standoffish kind, the only one who has resisted your charms and whom you have not brought down with your bow and arrow.

Number two you would tire of because she is too easy. Love is like a pudding. We only crave it when we are hungry for it. If we have no appetite for it, it is nothing but a gooey, saccharine mess that clogs on our palate and has no more attraction for us than a mush potatoe could have.

That is why a man never loves a woman who loves him too much; and if he marries a woman who has pursued him, he always feels that he is a captured animal, held in durance vile and domesticated against his will.

Number three seems to strike the happy medium. She blows neither too hot nor too cold. She is neither too anxious nor too coy. She is evidently one of the sort who can either take a man or leave him alone, and that kind generally have discretion enough to keep their husbands interested until the end of the chapter.

But don't marry any girl for whom you only "care a little." It takes lots of love to stand thirty or forty years of matrimony.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I adore my husband, and he loves me. He is a good husband; but I have to take it for granted that he loves me, and I hunger for tenderness. He is never enthusiastic over me unless I go away on a trip, which is very seldom on account of our circumstances. I am afraid that my real pleasure in going is the coming back and his making a fuss over me.

Now, even when I prod and cajole my husband into lovemaking, he always does it in the same fashion until I am tired of it and think to myself that where there is such a little bit of lovemaking he might inject a little bit more pep into it. It just seems that he cannot be affectionate, bless him! And I cannot be content without it, bless me! What shall I do?

ONE WHO AGREES.

Answer:

It is always more or less of a tragedy when a sentimental woman marries a prosaic man, because she is always demanding of him something that he cannot give. She asks for bread, and he gives her a stone; and she is not practical enough to see that the stone is very often a diamond of the first water.

For the man who cannot gush, whose tongue is so tied by nature that it cannot say the pretty things women love, nor pay the compliments they adore, the man who has no words with which to plumb the depths of the love that fills his soul, very often has a thousandfold more affection and tenderness for his wife than the glib talker who jollies a woman along and who covers up his selfishness under the flatteries.

In matrimony, it is deeds that count, not words, and as long as a man works like a drag horse to give his wife luxuries, and never finds fault with her, she may safely trust in his devotion, no matter if he is as dumb as an oyster.

Unfortunately, however, the sentimental wife cannot see the matter in this light. She isn't satisfied to know that her money is in the bank. She wants to see it and handle it, and count it, and have visible evidence every day of how rich she is.

Sometimes a woman doesn't know when she is well off, and it seems to me that the wife who has a husband who chokes on his Adam's apple when he tries to be sentimental should thank God for her lot and let it go at that.

DOROTHY DIX.

The Hall-Mark of Value

THE name Sunlight on Soap is the Hall-Mark of Value. Sunlight means absolute purity, for it is all soap, through and through. This means value for every ounce of it. Only the finest natural cleansing oils are used in the manufacture of Sunlight Soap.

The name Sunlight on soap means absolute value. Every particle of every tablet is pure soap. There is no waste. Being all soap, it is economical. Buy Sunlight today.



Lower Brothers Limited Toronto

WOMEN and THE HOME

STUDENTS HOLD FINE "AT HOME"

Senior Technical Pupils Enjoy Pleasant Evening at School.

The "at home" held last night at the technical high school for the senior students of the school was a successful and delightful function.

Two of the classrooms, opening out into one big room, in the new wing of the building on the main floor, were gorgeously decorated for the occasion. Halloween decorations and the school colors, blue, white and gold, were used in this connection, while a number attended in masquerade costume.

The program opened at 8:30—by Principal H. B. Beal and Mrs. Beal leading off in the grand march. During intermissions in the dancing which followed, Miss Gladys Brown, Miss Dora Mitchell and Miss K. Fitzgerald provided entertainment for those present by giving some Irish and Scotch dancing. Miss Margaret Libbey sang a solo, which was very well received.

For those who did not dance, two large classrooms were set aside for games of various kinds, including guessing contests, box ball and table hockey.

Patrons and patronesses of the at home were Principal Beal and Mrs. Beal, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hone and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dickinson.

The committee in charge of the arrangements included Miss W. Ball, Miss E. G. Leggett, A. D. Hone, C. M. Trace, J. Buchanan, R. Cook, W. Robertson and W. McWilliams from the staff, and Miss Grace Day, Miss Mildred Dodds, Miss Kathleen Wheeler, James Kennedy, Miss Amy Bowden, John Haylock and Alex. Cooke for the students.

Last year one big at home was held for the entire school, but owing to the fact that the school has grown to such proportions this year it was decided that separate functions should be held for the senior, intermediate and junior students.

The latter two will be held during the next few weeks.

Last night's function broke up at 11:30 p.m., after the serving of a dainty buffet luncheon.

GOOD WINDBREAK URGED FOR BEES IN WINTER

The importance of a good windbreak cannot be overestimated where colonies of bees are wintered out of doors since, for protection from the prevailing winds, it is as essential as packing, says an article from the Dominion experimental farm.

Windbreaks may be natural or artificial. Natural windbreaks are considered to be the better. For good natural protection the apiary may be located in the lee of a grove of trees, young timber, an evergreen hedge or on a side hill sloping from north to south, along the top of which a hedge or fence is located.

Artificial windbreaks may be temporary fences or hurdles, such as are used by the railroads, or permanent boards are placed horizontally with intervening spaces of 11-2 to 2 inches.

CONDITION UNCHANGED. The condition of S. Frank Glass, former M.L.A. for East Middlesex, who has been in ill-health for some time, and who was removed to St. Joseph's hospital last week, remains unchanged, officials of that institution state.

"DIAMOND DYE" IT A BEAUTIFUL COLOR

Perfect home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool, silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.—Adv.

Facts About Optometry

NO. SIX. Explain the duties of the Optometrist and the Optician.

The Optometrist is a professional man who deals only with defects of vision—their detection and correction. The Optician's duties are mechanical. He prepares lenses, adjusts frames, etc.

Do Optometrical students receive instruction in both these branches?

Yes, practically every Optometrist is also an Optician, but many Opticians are NOT Optometrists.

To be continued next Monday.

London Optical Co. Richmond Street Dominion Savings Building A. M. DAMBRA, Optometrist.

THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI

CHAPTER XXXII. The Judges.

In the absence of any woman into whose care they might intrust her, Lord Henry, Sir John and Master Tobias, the ship's surgeon, had, amongst them, tended Rosamund as best they could when, numbed and half dazed, she was brought aboard the Silver Hawk.

Master Tobias had applied such rude restoratives as he commanded, and, having made her as comfortable as possible upon a couch in the spacious cabin astern, he had suggested that she should be allowed the rest of which she appeared so sorely to stand in need. He had ushered out the commander and the queen's lieutenant, and himself had gone below to a still more urgent case that was demanding his attention.

At dawn Sir John had come below, seeking news of his wounded friend. He found the surgeon kneeling toward the sea, his head bowed, his hands turned as if he were in prayer.

"At dawn Sir John had come below, seeking news of his wounded friend. He found the surgeon kneeling toward the sea, his head bowed, his hands turned as if he were in prayer."

"I can do no more, Sir John," he muttered in a despondent voice. "He is dead."

"Dead, d'ye mean?" cried Sir John, a catch in his voice.

"The surgeon tossed aside the napkin, and slowly drew down the upturned sleeves of his black doublet. "All but dead," he answered. "The wonder is that any spark of life should still linger in a body with that hole in it. He is still bleeding inwardly, and his pulse is steadily weakening. It must continue so until, imperceptibly, he passes away. You may count him dead already, Sir John."

"A merciful, painless end," he added, and sighed perfunctorily. His pale, shaven face, marked by the lines of his long service, was set in a grimace of pain.

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WOMEN, OPIUM LINKED IN TALK

League Discusses Question of Restricting Use of Dens in Far East.

Associated Press Despatch. Geneva, Nov. 14.—Whether women should be permitted to enter public opium dens in the far east formed the subject of a lengthy debate at today's session of the international opium conference, and before the question was settled various speakers brought into the discussion the French revolution, the League of Nations covenant, women's rights and the leadership of France and Britain as exponents of perfected civilization.

Eventually the conference decided to omit the word "women" from the list of persons who should be excluded from opium smoking dens.

Incidentally, M. Van Wettum of Holland, president of the conference, ruled that it was undesirable, in an agreement being framed by the conference, to refer to opium smoking houses as dens because he thought the word den implied some iniquitous thing.

The French draft of the convention originally provided that entry to public opium smoking houses should be prohibited to Europeans, women and minors. China succeeded in having the word Europeans deleted by contending that reference to Europeans involved racial discrimination against Asiatics because it implied that Europeans should not mix with Asiatics.

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Honker At Last Believes That Farmer Brown's Boy Is To Be Trusted

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Peter Rabbit stayed over in the pond of Paddy the Beaver in the Green Forest all night. He suspected that Honker the Goose and his flock would leave early in the morning on their way to the Sunny South, and he wanted to be there to see them off. At the first hint of daylight they were awake. Peter heard them talking in low tones. Then he heard Mr. and Mrs. Quack and the eight young Quacks, now as big as their parents.

"If you want some of this good corn I told you about come with us," said Mrs. Quack as she and Mr. Quack, followed by the young Quacks, took to their stout wings and disappeared over the tree tops in the direction of the Big River.

Then there was a great beating of air with great wings, and with Honker in the lead, the geese flapped over and then in their turn disappeared over the tree tops, headed for the Big River. How Peter did wish that he had wings, so that he could go along, too! But, having no wings, he did the next best thing—he made use of his long legs. He knew just where the Quacks had gone. He knew that they had gone to the mouth of the Laughing Brook, where it enters the Big River. So Peter headed straight for that place.

He was quite out of breath when he got there, for he had run very hard and it was a long way. He found all the Quacks busily plunging their heads under water and tipping up after the nice yellow corn Farmer Brown's Boy had thrown in the water for them the night before. But Honker the Goose and his flock were not there. Peeping out of the bushes at a point where he could see across the Big River, he discovered Honker and the other geese out in the middle of the Big River. They were sitting on the water, with their long necks stretched up, watching the Quacks. It was plain that Honker was still suspicious. Peter couldn't blame him after the dreadful things Honker had told the night before.