

Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

DECISION Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide, in the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side.

ENVY Envy is the daughter of Pride, the author of Murder and Revenge, the perpetual tormentor of virtue. Envy is the filthy slime of the soul; a venom, a poison, a quickener, which consumeth the flesh and drieth up the bones.—Socrates.

KINDNESS To remind a man of a kindness conferred, and to talk of it is little different from reproach.—Demosthenes.

PATIENCE Patience! why, it is the soul of peace; of all the virtues, it is nearest kin to heaven; it makes men look like gods. The best of men that ever were earth about him was a sufferer—a soft meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit the first true gentleman that ever breathed.—Deeked.

BURDENS Life's heaviest burdens are those our own hands bind upon our backs.—Grace Arundel.

NOBILITY The essence of true nobility is neglect of self; let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a solised flower.

GLORIFY YOUR GINGER-BREAD We all love plain gingerbread served with butter or a tasty sauce. But have you ever sprinkled the top of the batter with a few chopped, blanched almonds or walnuts, nut, pecan, or hickory nut meats, just before you put it into the oven? Sometimes, too we spread the gingerbread after it has been baked and cooled, with a boiled icing. Then we spread this with two squares of melted bitter chocolate, and how delicious this combination is! Another variation is the adding of finely-chopped crystallized ginger to the batter.

CARE OF THE CHILD Being high-spirited is not necessarily a sign of naughtiness; the child may be a mass of vital, natural energy without enough to do. Provide him with constructive toys suitable for his age; bricks, sand-pit, frework, tools, and so on. Give him something he can make a noise with to "let off steam." Let him help you in the house or garden, making him feel he is really useful. Try to find for him playmates of his own age. Avoid "tagging," and learn to discriminate between mischievousness and natural, healthy-high spirits.

SHE KNEW 300 DIALECTS London—London University has lost, by death, a woman professor who could teach any of the 300 dialects of the Continent of Africa. She was Dr. Alice Werner, Emerita Professor of Swahili and the Bantu Languages, and she has died.

GEORGETOWN BUS SERVICE Via Cardigan and Newport Ferry Road Leaves Georgetown 8.30 a. m. Cardigan 8.45 a. m. Arrives Charlottetown 10.00 a. m. Leaves Charlottetown 4.00 p. m. Daily service. Parcels carried. Bus will stop on signals. Nobana Tea Rooms and P. J. Solomon's, Georgetown. L-8785-8-2-11.

S. S. FARNORTH Leaves BOSTON 10th, 20th, 30th of each month for CHARLOTTETOWN via Halifax, arriving three days later. Returning via Bras d'Or Lakes, Sydney and Halifax. For passenger, freight and automobile rates apply to Buntain, Bell & Co. Phone 329.

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FLY-TOX kills FLIES THE QUICK, SURE WAY

ONE WAY STREET

By JOSEPH McCORD

The longer he observed and talked with Jean, the more Mark Sturges became obsessed with the belief that a reward of sorts was due him. Thus, after an hour's chat with mother and daughter, he made bold to ask Jean if she would drive with him. In answer to the doubtful glance she sent her mother, Mrs. Sawyer suggested, "I think it would be very pleasant for you, dear. Perhaps you should take your coat."

"No, indeed. I like the breeze. It's been so warm all day." Jean relaxed comfortably in her seat letting the wind toss her loosened hair. So she remained, seemingly lost in thought, until the car sped through the outskirts of the city.

"I thought we would circle around by Prospect Hill," Mark told her presently. "I came into town that way the other evening and discovered one gets a very interesting view of the city." He wondered why he found it difficult to converse with this girl now that he had the car to himself. For almost the first time, too. But at the moment, Jean's nervousness sufficed. The silence made it even more satisfying. Her response to his suggestion had been brief.

"It is a pretty view from there. I never tire of it," he said. "I've asked myself, 'What is the reward?' and I've found myself speculating morosely over that. Been there with that fellow Browne, probably. Almost every kid had a car these days. He said nothing more until he slowed the machine on the crest of an elevation that overlooked a greater part of Gorham. The distant streets were picked out by strings of lights crisscrossing the murky haze.

"Do you mind if we park here a few minutes, Miss Sawyer?" "Of course not."

"We have plenty of company," he commented, and wished he hadn't. Jean watched him settle back in his corner of the seat, then inquired abruptly: "Mr. Sturges, did you know Daddy Jack had a position . . . before this evening, I mean?" "Why, Mr. Stewart mentioned something about it . . . Mark lit a cigarette with elaborate care.

"Did you have anything to do with it? Please tell me."

which, for some reason, neither one found easy to break. "Perhaps," Mark agreed reluctantly. He straightened himself behind the wheel and reached for the ignition switch. Then he paused to remark bluntly: "Miss Sawyer, I'm wondering if you remember something I said the evening you refused to have dinner with me."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I still feel the same way about it. That's why I appreciated your coming out like this . . . giving me a chance to really talk to you. May I hope you'll be nice again some time? I refuse absolutely to give up our friendship."

"I might . . . if that is what you call being nice. I have enjoyed it, too."

"Have you? That makes me all the more glad. You know . . ." He was fumbling with the switch. "I wouldn't ever want to interfere with a career, but I could almost wish you weren't with . . . the famous Iron Block. Do you mind if I tell you that?"

"No, indeed. I like the breeze. It's been so warm all day." Jean relaxed comfortably in her seat letting the wind toss her loosened hair. So she remained, seemingly lost in thought, until the car sped through the outskirts of the city.

"I think we should be starting back," Jean reminded, after a sudden pause in the talk. A silence

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Why Do People Marry Twice? Dorothy Dix Discusses Strange Habit of the Free

Why Do Even Those Who Have Been Unhappily Married Bend Their Necks to the Yoke Again as Soon as They Are Free? — Are They Lonesome, or is it the Final Triumph of Hope Over Experience

According to some recently compiled statistics on marriages, more widowers remarry than widows. That is easy to explain. There are more widowers than widows, because, for some unknown reason, wives are apt to outlive their husbands. Likewise, the widower has a better chance to remarry than the widow has.



With the widower, remarriage is a matter of volition. With the widow it is luck. The widower who desires to remarry can put on his courting clothes and go forth and look 'em over and take his pick of the fairest of the fair since he is universally recognized by women as a matrimonial best bet. Not even the possession of children is a fatal handicap to him.

But all that the widow who wishes to remarry can do is to sit on the anxious seat and pray Heaven to send her a husband. There is mighty little she can do to help herself to one. For men have an atavistic fear of widows and the minute one leaves off her mourning and begins to take notice they flee for their lives. And if a widow has children her chances of remarrying are so slim she might just as well reconcile herself to the idea of being faithful to the memory of her dear departed John.

For while most women are willing to mother some other woman's children, it is only the occasional man who is willing to support some other man's brats.

Now I am strong for widowers and widows remarrying, if, when, and how they can. I think a second marriage is far more likely to be happy and successful than a first venture for the very excellent reason that they go into it as professionals, so to speak, instead of as amateurs. Nobody ever comes out of marriage the same as they went into it. They have been disciplined. They have had their ego deflated. Their selfishness curbed. Their spirits humbled. They have been house-broken and domesticated and taught how to go on a leash. And every husband and wife learns about women and men from those they are married to.

Young brides and grooms think that marriage is going to be a picnic and that they are espousing angels and little tin gods. Those who ring the wedding bells for the second time know that they are marrying just ordinary human men and women, with their faults and weaknesses thick upon them, and that if their marriages are festive affairs they have to make them so by being the life of the party themselves.

So the widows and widowers who remarry are prepared for matrimony. The man knows that it takes money to support a home and a wife and he doesn't have the time to waste in the hunt for a wife who does not have hysterics and think her husband has ceased to love her because he no longer spends his time holding her hand and paying her grandiloquent compliments. And they both know that it isn't what you do or say in marriage, but the way you do or say it that counts, and that gives them a technique that enables them to get along in peace with each other where youngsters would fight.

Still and all, admitting that second venture is a preferred matrimonial risk, one wonders why they do it. One wonders that those who have been happily married dare risk the experiment of trying to repeat a dream, of substituting another for an ideal wife or husband.

And one wonders still more that those who have been unhappily married do not dread marriage as they do purgatory. Even the common or garden variety of marriage has more kicks than ha'pence in it, and so one would think that wild horses couldn't drag those who had once gotten away from the altar back to it. But not so. Whether people have been happy or miserable in their first marriage, they want to try it again. Even the divorced rivet on their bonds again, often within the hour they are loosed.

The moral of all of which seems to be that whatever else marriage does to men and women it unites them for living alone. The man who has chafed at the restrictions of domesticity, who has knocked his wife's cooking, doesn't rejoice in his liberty and gloat over the savory dishes of his club chef. He deliberately runs his neck into the yoke, and goes back to eating the cooking of a second wife who is no more of an expert with the pots and pans than his first.

And the woman who has been married to a man who was cantankerous and hard to get along with and stingy and unappreciative, doesn't think that a well-to-do middle-aged widow is sitting mighty pretty and had best hang on to her seat. She is never happy until she has another husband to complain about.

So they marry. Maybe because they are lonesome. Maybe because the widow or widower is like a masterless dog. Maybe because, as Dr. Johnson said long ago, a second marriage is the final triumph of hope over experience. DOROTHY DIX.

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Palmolive's gentle beauty care will give you a "schoolgirl complexion" all over! AND with fashions as revealing as they are today, you need a "schoolgirl complexion" all over. You can have it too . . . by following this simple Palmolive method. You can keep your whole body as smooth and lovely as you do your face, throat and shoulders.

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Brings Youth to Your Skin Palmolive Soap is made from a secret blend of olive and palm oils—nature's beauty oils. The experience of millions of women has proven that Palmolive Soap brings new freshness and youth to the skin. Let it do so for you—not only to your face, neck, shoulders, but to your entire body. Be "schoolgirl complexion" all over.

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THE COOK'S CORNER

A Morning Smile

Sandy was travelling to London to visit a Harley Street specialist. On his way he learned from a fellow-traveller that the specialist's charge would be three guineas for the first visit and half-a-guinea for each of the others.

Arriving outside the specialist's house, the Scot hit upon an idea which would save him money. He stalked confidently into the consulting room and banged his half-guinea on the table.

"Hallo, doctor," he jovially exclaimed, "here I am again!" "Well, well," said the specialist—also a Scot—as he pocketed the money, "just carry on with that same prescription as before."

Cherry Sauce This is a very useful type of sauce that you can make with the juice from canned or cooked cherries—so it is not restricted to the present brief season when the fresh fruit is to be reckoned upon. A sauce of this kind is excellent over any of the simple steamed or baked batter puddings—you would like it on rice, no doubt, and on a plain bread pudding, too.

Cherry Hard Sauce The old familiar white hard sauce that Table Talkers have served with fruit puddings, hot gingerbread and so on, seems to have quite a different character when fruit is worked into it. Chopped cherries are particularly happy in this combination and we have no hesitation in recommending this variation of our hard sauce for serving with any of your hot puddings, that its flavor

Cherry Sauce

1-3 cup sugar
1 cup fruit sugar
1/2 cup sour cherries, chopped
Cream butter and gradually blend in sugar, cream together until fluffy; stir in cherries which I've been chopped and drained. Beat very fluffy. A few drops almond extract may be added.

Cherry Tarts

There isn't anything smarter and more attractive in the realm of small pastries, than the colorful cherry tart—and when for extra grandeur we top it with whipped cream, we are careful to leave a rim of the red filling showing around the edge of the snowy mound—and are very apt to top it with a little minced cherry which need not necessarily be cooked.

Cherry Bran Pudding

Here is a very delicious hot pudding—and as healthful as it is good to eat. You will often want to plan a hot sweet course like this, to follow a main-course that has been cold; this balancing of hot and cold foods in practically every meal of the day, is known to be much the wisest course—and there is no doubt that it adds to the enjoyment of the dishes in their individual turn.

1/2 cup butter or shortening
2-3 cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1-3 cup milk
1/2 cup bran
1 cup sifted cake or pastry flour or 1/2 cup sifted hard-wheat flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sour cherries, drained
Cream butter or shortening. Blend in sugar gradually; add egg and combine well. To the milk add bran and let soak while sifting the dry ingredients. Measure sifted flour and sift with baking powder and salt. Add to the first mixture alternately with the milk and bran. Stir the cherries quickly into the batter, turn into greased mould, cover and steam one hour. (If small individual moulds are used steam 25 minutes). Serve hot with Cherry Sauce or Cherry Hard Sauce

Say Au Revoir In Novel Form

(Canadian Press)

SAINT JOHN, N. B., Aug. 6.—Lord Baden-Powell chose an original way of expressing appreciation for hospitality shown him and his family during their Canadian tour. Officials who welcomed the Chief Scout and Chief Guide to Saint John have received large white cards bearing a farewell illustration sketched in pen and ink by the scout leader and reproduced by an engraving.

These cards show, on the left, a map of Canada, the United States and Newfoundland. Written at the upper right is, "With our grateful thanks," and below this inscription is a drawing of a liner sailing away from the continent. Four magnified figures on the ship are waving handkerchiefs. They represent the famous couple and their daughters, as indicated by signatures below the liner—"Baden-Powell," "Olive Baden-Powell," "Betty" and "Heather." The four figures are saying, "Au revoir!" In the lower left corner of the cards is "July, 1935."



WHY DID SHE SELECT these PARTICULAR EARS OF CORN

Flavour is the answer. Women know how to select better flavoured food . . . that's why so many of them choose QUAKER Brand CORN FLAKES.

Quaker Corn Flakes are guaranteed to be the most delicious corn flakes you ever tasted—or your money back. They are the only corn flakes wax-wrapped for freshness. The only corn flakes irradiated with health-giving sunshine Vitamin "D"—or which contain a valuable coupon in every package. Ask for QUAKER Corn Flakes you'll enjoy their crispness and delicious flavour better than any others you have ever eaten.

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SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

And believe me, that little maiden of yours will just love any opportunity to wear a darling outfit like this one.

White dimity with yellow spots is pictured. The hat is banded in yellow silk grosgrain ribbon. You'll be amazed at the small cost to make this one-piece dress and hat.

It's very quaint and pretty of sturdy ginghams in blue and white checked for playtime. And for occasions when you want daughter to look as darling as possible it's adorable in crisp pale blue organdy.

Style No. 301 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years and includes patterns for dress and hat. Size 4 requires 2 yards of 35-inch material and 1 yard of lace.

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