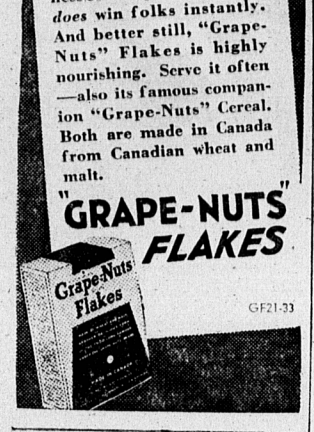
Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

"I've never served anything that has made such a hit with the family."

• • •

The downright deliciousness of "Grape-Nuts" Flakes *does* win folks instantly. And better still, "Grape-Nuts" Flakes is highly nourishing. Serve it often—also its famous companion "Grape-Nuts" Cereal. Both are made in Canada from Canadian wheat and malt.

"GRAPE-NUTS" FLAKES



GF21-33

Settled.

A north of England lawyer, having had occasion to summon an abusive cabman was surprised one morning when his clerk informed him that the cabby, not recognizing him, had called to know whether or not he would undertake his defense.

"Oh, certainly," was the reply, with a smile of amusement. "Tell him we'll get him off for a guinea."

It was the cabman's turn to be surprised, however, on the action being withdrawn and his recognizing the plaintiff and the solicitor as one and the same person.

"Why, hang me," he explained, "if that ain't the cove I gave a guinea to!"

Are We Dumb About Love? | **Dorothy Dix** | Refutes European Critic's Charge

American Woman Dumb About Love, Asserts European Critic—Not Dumb, but Foolhardy, Replies Dorothy Dix, for She Attempts Tremendous Task of Keeping Husband's Love at Fever Pitch for Thirty or Forty Years

Is the American woman dumb about love?

A European critic brings this charge against her. He asserts that American women are stupid in matters of the emotions, and that they neither know how to get the men they want nor to keep those they get. And, above all, they lack the art to keep themselves the center of their husbands' thoughts and interests.

Well, considering that there are relatively few old maids among us and that most women in this country do manage somehow to get married, the American woman can't be such a dub at husband-hunting as our foreign critic accuses her of being. Perhaps she doesn't always get the man who is the hero of her girlish dreams, but then, in the first place, there isn't any such a person, and, in the second place, few people ever realize their ideals or get their hearts' desire in anything, anything, anyway. It is not given to many to marry their romances, and doubtless just as many American women as European women get the one particular man out of all the world that they would have picked out if they had been given their choice in the matter.

Moreover in those lands in which marriages are arranged by the parents it is easier for a girl to gratify her fancy in husbands than it is with us where she has to depend upon her own little bow and arrow to bring downthe ~ate upon whom she has set her eye and where her background of family or even her money bags are of little or no help to her.

She cannot go into the open market and purchase the latest, sweetest, romantic thing in husbands. She has no managing mother to lend her a helping hand and yet, despite all these handicaps, she arrives at the altar, and that should absolve her from the reproach of being a bungler in the love game.

Nor can the charge that the American woman is less successful than other women in holding her husband's affections be substantiated. On the contrary, the American husband is notably domestic and well known for being the most thoroughly housebroken married man in the world. And that this takes some doing, as the English say, and not a feat to be accomplished by an emotional moron, is beyond dispute.

As a matter of fact the task of keeping just a plain ordinary man, who is shy on romance and sentiment, anyway, keyed up for thirty or forty years of married life to a hot pitch of love-making is a task so difficult that only the American woman has had nerve to tackle it. It is only she who undergoes the tortures of slow starvation to maintain the figure of a Lady Love and thus keep her husband perpetually allured. It is only she who works like a coal heaver to raise thrills and palpitations in the breast of a fat, middle-aged husband.

And it is only the American woman who beats upon her breast and rends the air with her wails of grief if her husband slows down to second speed in love-making and merely says it by being a good provider and generous and kind and sticking as close to his fireside as the house cat.

And it is only American women who consider that for a husband's temperature to drop from the fever heat of his courting days to normal after marriage constitutes cruelty and neglect and is just cause for divorce.

Other women take marriage more rationally and they don't expect the impossible of it, either for themselves or their husbands. They accept marriage more philosophically and with a fatalistic, what-will-be-will-be spirit. They know you can't keep romance at the boiling point. It will cool off. The fires of passion will burn down. Bank them and they will still give off a pleasant heat, even if they don't scorch your fingers any more. Age will come. Beauty will go. Men will roam a little, but leave the door open and they will always come back home. It's marriage. It's life. You can't change it. So shrug your shoulders and make the best of it. That's their creed and a better one than ours.

You can't imagine the women of any other country than ours giving up their good homes, their comfortable place in society, their fine clothes, their luxurious cars because their husbands have ceased to make ardent love to them, yet they do it. The grievance of nine-tenths of the disgruntled women against their husbands is that they don't hold their hands and quote poetry to them and talk sentiment to them. Which is both pathetic and funny, but it certainly shows that American women work harder to hold their husbands' affections than any other women extant.

As for woman absorbing her husband's thoughts and interests and keeping them centered in her during the long stretch of married life that is something that can't be done by any woman of any nationality whatsoever, because love is of man's life a thing apart. It is never his whole existence. If he is a real man, he has something to think about besides the state of his affections. He has something more important to do than counting his heart troubles.

He has his career, his work, vital interests in great world affairs. He has primarily to make a living for the wife and children who are dependent upon him. And this is likely to be a poor one if his mind is more concerned with what his wife is doing than what his business rivals are apt to do.

Certainly the American woman who aspires to absorbing her husband's thoughts and interests is doomed to disappointment, for the real passion of every American man is business, and no mere wife can ever raise the thrill in his bosom that a twenty-point jump in stocks can. The best and most devoted husbands in the world are American men, but they are not lovers who have reduced soft talk and sentiment to an art. They marry to get rid of the courting and they expect their wives to take their affections on trust.

And the wives who don't do it are the ones who are dumb in love.

DOROTHY DIX.

What the Fashionables are Wearin

By Annabelle Worthington

The simple cross-over bodice gives a marvelous slimming line in this grey crinkly crepe silk frock. And don't you think the collarless V-neckline becoming?

The clever skirt arrangement, creating a paneled effect, gives charming height to the figure.

The modified puffed sleeves have a shaped flounce that adds length to arms possibly plump enough to benefit by it.

It is unbelievably easy to fashion it. And think of the saving!

Style No. 633 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch.

It's stunning too carried out in a crepe silk print or in thin woolen fabric.

Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 633. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City State.

Compulsory military training has been re-established in Germany under special decree by President von Hindenburg.

For The Cook

1-2-3 MARMALADE

1 grapefruit.
2 lemons
3 large oranges
Water, sugar

Cut the fruit in half and then in as thin strips as possible. Discard the seeds. Measure fruit, and for every cup allow 2½ cups boiling water. Let stand over night. In the morning boil until the fruit is tender. Measure again, and for every cup add 1 cup sugar. Boil until it jellies when a little is tried on a cold saucer. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal when cool.

Small ironing boards fold into a compact space and are carried in the trunk or suit case, with a very small electric iron, to make it possible to iron out wrinkles when you are traveling. The reverse side of the board is covered with cretonne, so when it is folded away with the cretonne side out it is quite attractive. When it is opened out a padded lining and a slip cover are pulled over it and it is ready for use.

The Palace of Engineering at Wembley, England, is the largest concrete structure in the world.

Interviewer—Aren't you sometimes frightened when you look down at the street below you?

Steeplejack—Yes. Only yesterday I thought sure I was going to see a pedestrian run over.

"How these suds save work!" ...she tells mother

"REALLY—I can't understand why anyone still bothers with old-fashioned soaps! See what thick, creamy suds Rinso gives. Grease soaks loose from the dishes without any help from me. All I need to do is to rinse them in hot water—and let them drain dry. The dirtiest dishes—the greasiest pots and pans—soak spotless this easy way."

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water.* Millions of women use it on washday for whiter clothes without scrubbing or boiling. Wonderful suds for glassware, porcelain, tile, woodwork—*and all cleaning.* No grit. Get the BIG thrifty package.

Rinso

Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

A Morning Smile

"Are you going to take this lying down?" boomed the candidate.

"Of course not," said a voice from the rear of the hall, "the shorthand reporters are doing that."

Smith—"Hope is really a wonderful thing."

Jones—"True. One little nibble keeps a man fishing all day."

Stop Using Soda! Bad For Stomach

Much soda disturbs digestion. For sour stomach and gas, Adlerika is far better. One dose will rid you of bowel poisons which cause gas and bad sleep. Hughes Drug Co., Ltd.

WOMAN WOULD KEEP DOLLAR GOLD PIECE

DENVER, March 25—(A.P.)—Mrs. Amelia R. Hecht, widow, 74, has written to President Roosevelt for permission to keep a $1 gold piece she has had for 51 years. She doesn't want to be considered a gold hoarder.

The tiny coin, dated 1851, was found in 1882.

"Mr. President," her letter reads, "isn't there some way you can make an exception of my case? I thank you from the bottom of my heart for anything you can do for me in this matter.

City Taxes in Arrears

The names of those in arrears for City taxes will be published within a few days. Pay now and save expense. Unpaid taxes bear 7% interest.

FRED LARGE,
City Collector.

8589-3-27-mws-3i

FOR SALE

One hundred acre farm property about two miles from Charlottetown, all cleared and in excellent state of cultivation; good buildings; house fitted with furnace, electric light and all modern conveniences; farm supplied with city water and served by city lighting system. A pasteurization plant and milk business will be sold with this farm, or farm will be sold separately.

Eighty-five acre farm property two miles from city limits in excellent state of cultivation; house fitted with all modern conveniences, including city light and free city water supply.

Farm property at North Granville which includes fifty acre plot with fairly good buildings and 100 acres without buildings. For sale cheap.

One hundred acre farm at Allisston, King's County; country house but no barns. Will be sold cheap to immediate purchaser.

In addition to the above properties we have listed with us for sale a number of farm properties near Tignish in Prince County; all in excellent state of cultivation. Large areas can be divided into small farms to suit purchasers.

THE EASTERN TRUST CO.
154 Richmond Street.
3-24-25-27.

SWEETVANITY

by RICHARD GOYNE

She faltered, but she had no intention of allowing him a greater part in this interview than she could prevent. Her whole being was filled with an embittered, unreasoning desire to retaliate, to hurt, to humiliate. She felt that it did not matter how much she suffered in the process. He should pay.

"Will you go, now," she said, after a moment of silence during which she had watched, with some maliciousness, the working of his features, knowing he was fumbling for words with which to speak to her. "But of course—since you were talking about your rights—you will—kiss me, first?"

She stood rigid, her face lifted perceptibly, scorn in her eyes, utter indifference in her poise. Not until then had Peter Cavendish moved, but to slip on her ring. Now it seemed as if an angry passion surged up within him. In a single stride he had reached her, crushed her into his arms so that his hot lips were pressing upon her mouth.

Cynthia, all this is hateful! I beg you, dear, to believe that I—I love you, more than anything else in all the world!"

She was rigid in his arms, after those first kisses. If they had reached beyond her quivering lips, she would have died rather than tell him as much. Dismayed, he let her go. Her breath noticably quicker than a moment before, she did not even design to answer the passionate appeal.

"Tomorrow, isn't it," she suggested coldly, instead, "that this charity affair is being held in the grounds of your house, Peter? You will, of course, wish me to be there?"

It was too much, even for his pride, and after that moment of desperate humiliation, he stiffened.

"Yes, to-morrow. I will come and fetch you, Cynthia, in the car."

It was his turn to show indifference, now. Without a word he turned and left her, the prey to intolerable emotions as he strode away down the drive to the valley road.

His handsome face was flushed with anger, as he ascended the hill to Midley Manor, which estate he had bought barely a month before, and on which he had spent a small fortune in improvements.

At the top of the hill he paused and looked back. From here one could see both the old-fashioned, creeper-covered home of the Marlands, and the compact pile that was Midley Manor. The one was aged, crumbling with years, a figure of history yet past its time. The other was newer, rebuilt upon an effigy that had long since crumbled under the wearings of time and weather.

And the newer was his. It stood for his world, and Peter Cavendish felt, to-night, as if the very woman he loved had forced upon him the hard realisation of his position.

Very well, she had accused him of taking by force that which he wanted. It was she who had gone back on a sacred promise, giving him a right to take his due. It was the beautiful, adorable Cynthia Marland he loved; not the irresponsible, pampered product of a set as dangerous to her as they were frivolous with life.

It was that adorable woman he would take, and she should come willingly, eager for the kisses she had invited that she might scorn them to-night.

He stopped in his thoughts, suddenly, and a change came over his strong features. It was as if he remembered something in the past, something that challenged, tormented. Then his hands clenched again, and his lips set.

"That's dead and done with. What I have, I have won. I'll go through with this if it is the last thing I do. I love her, and I'll win her my way."

Peter turned and took the road to the Manor, leaving the mists of night to settle in the valley below.

CHAPTER IV.

That night began a battle more deadly, more disastrous than even Peter Cavendish knew. Or he might have drawn back, strong man that he was, 'ere he embarked upon a task which—since he could wage it in no dishonourable fashion—was surely impossible.

The following afternoon, at the charity affair he was holding in the grounds of his enviable estate, he was at first relieved and happy at Cynthia's behaviour. She appeared, when he called for her, dressed in a gorgeous summery frock, a picture of docile loveliness that held him gasping and silent as he went up to take her hand and lead her down the wide steps to the car.

That was a silent drive; yet at the reception, when the news of the engagement spread among the guests and Cynthia assumed the informal capacity of hostess, she was delightful in her behaviour, in the manner in which she received innumerable congratulations, in the way in which she "played up" to Peter.

It seemed too good to be true. It was. When, in late evening, he was with her alone on the tennis lawn and there, beneath a sky dotted with stars and fairy-lamps, tried to tell her how grateful he was, she withdrew from him with a gesture of cool indifference.

"Please don't be fatuous, Peter. Not even this engagement is any reason for allowing myself to appear publicly ridiculous."

Abashed, dismayed, he left her. Cynthia's gaze followed him through the shadows. Almost the hard light melted in her eyes as she recalled the look on his face when she had spoken, and then, drawing herself up proudly, she was about to follow, when a tall figure stepped from the darkness and confronted her. It was Dicky Smythe, immaculate as usual, and visibly perturbed. He had just arrived and had heard the news. He caught her hands almost roughly as she turned.

"Cynthia, what does all this mean? What is this talk about——" He felt the ring on her left hand, uncovered it, stared at it for a moment, and then looked down at her between narrowed eyes. "Gad, it's true, then. You've accepted him?"

His unexpected appearance had startled her. Now she remembered how she had decided to deal with Dicky. Again it was the Marland pride that brought the half-amused smile to her lips, veiling humiliation and fury at her position.

"My dear Dicky, this is no way to congratulate a girl who is going to be married."

An unpleasant expression drew in his features. Not even he had fathomed the Black Band's beautiful leader yet.

"So that's it, eh? You were fooling."

(To be Continued.)

DON'T COUGH— SLEEP!

Buckley's Does It!

Stop those nights of coughing! Buckley's Mixture coats the throat with soothing, softening ingredients. Coughing ends. Irritated tissues have a chance to heal. Pay a little more for a good night's rest. For your health's sake demand Buckley's, cheap imitations are numerous.

Acts Like a Flash
A Single Sip Proves it.

IN MEMORIAM

J. REDMOND FLOOD

When the Angel of Death swoops earthwards and takes from our midst a young man on the very threshold of manhood, our grief at his loss to the community, which we regretfully accept, is mingled with a realization of the poignant grief in the hearts of his bereaved ones. These thoughts were vividly brought to us on the morning of March 10th when the news came to this parish that J. Redmond Flood had passed away at the Charlottetown Hospital. The deceased was the eldest son of Frank J. Flood and the late Margaret Campbell, his first wife, and was 19 years of age. Up till a week or so after New Year's he was apparently in good health, and was engaged in getting out a supply of firewood. About the 10th of January he was seized with violent headaches, and a general breakdown. On the 13th of January he was taken to Charlottetown Hospital, where he was under skilful treatment for six weeks. On his apparent recovery he insisted on returning home, on Feby 27th In a week his malady assailed him anew and he was again removed on March 8th to the hospital, where he passed to his reward in Eternity of a short but well-spent life, in the presence of his father, his spiritual consoler, the Sisters and the nurses, on the 10th of March.

Redmond was a young man beloved and respected, both in the home and in the parish. His ever present kindness to his brothers and sisters, his respect for and obedience to his father and stepmother, his loyal attachment and devotion to his religious duties, his social attitude in the community, compelled the love and esteem of everyone, both relatives and friends. The hearts of his loved ones in the home are sore and sorrowful at his removal, but they do not sorrow as those without faith and hope, but in the certitude of a fond re-union with their departed son and brother. Besides his parents, there are left to cherish his dear memory, his full brother, Leo, and his half brothers and sisters, Charles, Patrick, Mary, Teresa, Noreen and Clarence.

The funeral took place, Monday 13th, to Kelly's Cross Church where a Requiem High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. J. C. Pitre, who also performed the services at the grave. The pallbearers were: Philip Malone, Wilfred Macdonald, Mathias Malone, George Duffy, Mark Higgins and Stephen Smith.

May his soul rest in peace.

NICHOLAS JOHN JENKINS

The passing away of Nicholas John Jenkins which took place at the P. E. I. Hospital on the night of Saturday, March 4th, removes from our midst a well known citizen. Mr. Jenkins had many friends and relatives. He was a son of the late John Jenkins and Elizabeth (Ballem) Jenkins and was born at Mount Albion on the first day of September 1857. He is survived by three brothers and two sisters, Benjamin Jenkins of Mount Albion, P. E. I., John S. Jenkins and Kenneth M. Jenkins of New Glasgow, N. S., Eleanor, wife of James MacLean of Meadow Bank, P. E. I. and Sarah, widow of the late Mortimer Lane who resides in Charlottetown.

Mr. Jenkins married Melinda, daughter of the late Neil MacEachern of Mermaid. She passed away in the prime of womanhood, leaving him a widower with four children. The family are located as follows: Clara, wife of William Drake, formerly of Millview, now resides in Alberta; Della Melinda, is the wife of C. F. Thompson of Pittsburg, Pa., Gordon H. is in Plymouth, Mass., and Islay B'anch is the wife of Wallace D. Brehaut of Alexandria, P. E. I.

Mr. Jenkins had been in his usual good health until about three weeks before his death, when he contracted bronchial pneumonia. He was taken to the P. E. I. Hospital where every means were used for his recovery. Towards the end he weakened suddenly and peacefully passed away.

He was a member in full communion with the Church of Scotland and not only attended the services at Lot 48 and Birch Hill, but during the communion season he often drove to DeSable and other places where he enjoyed the fellowship of the people and the Christian devotions. During his illness he was well comforted and reconciled to the will of his Heavenly Father. H's desire was to his Lord and he received the answer.

On Monday, March 6th the remains were removed from the undertaking rooms of N. D. MacLean Charlottetown, to the Church at Birch Hill. The roads were in bad condition and the day was stormy but many of his friends gathered at the Church where the services were held. The pastor, Rev. Ewen MacDougall, was assisted by Rev. Mr. Elliott, of Pownal United Church and Rev. Mr. Chisholm of Hazelbrook Baptist Church. The remains were interred in the family plot in Birch Hill cemetery. The pallbearers were: Henry S. Jenkins, Robert Jenkins, Benjamin Horton, Fred Robertson, Joshua W. Ballem and Wm. J. McEachern.

Smith got married. The evening of his first pay day he gave his bride fourteen dollars of the fifteen dollar salary and kept only a dollar for himself.

But the second pay-day Smith gave his wife one dollar and kept fourteen dollars for himself.

"Why, John," she cried in injured tones. "How on earth do you think I can manage for a whole week on a paltry dollar?"

"Darned if I know," he answered. "I had a rotten time myself last week. It's your turn now."

The number of unemployed workingmen in France receiving public assistance is 306,000 as compared with 18,000 a year ago.

OUR THREE SPECIALTIES
WATCHES, RINGS
EYE GLASSES
Established 1870
E. W. TAYLOR
142 Richmond Street

SHERIFF'S SALE!

By virtue of a Writ of Statute Execution to me directed, issued out of His Majesty's Supreme Court of Judicature, at the suit of Pleton C. Brown against Perle C. Williams, I have taken and seized all the estate, right, title and interest of the said Perle C. Williams in and to ALL THAT TRACT PIECE AND PARCEL of land situate, lying and being in the Common of Charlottetown in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, being part of Lot seventeen in said Common, bounded and described as follows that is to say:—COMMENCING on the Western side of the Spring Park Road at the North boundary of a tract of land lately in possession of Alfred Bradshaw and now in possession of the Estate of Frank Langill, thence running Northerly along the said Road for the distance of 90 feet 7 inches, thence Westerly a distance of 131 feet to a point 9 feet from the said North boundary of Alfred Bradshaw's land measured along a line running parallel with the said Road, thence Northerly parallel with said Road 25 feet 7 inches to a point 115 feet 2 inches from the said Alfred Bradshaw's North boundary measured at right angles thereto thence Westwardly parallel to the said North boundary of Alfred Bradshaw's land for the distance of 33 feet to the Eastern boundary of land belonging to the estate of the late Hugh Monaghan, thence Southwards along the same 115 feet 2 inches to the North boundary of Alfred Bradshaw's land aforesaid, thence Eastwardly along the same 485 feet or to the said Spring Park Road and place of commencement containing by estimation 1106 square feet of land a little more or less and being part of Common Lot number 17 in Charlottetown Common.

And I do hereby give public notice that I will on Saturday the twentieth day of May A. D. 1933, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, at the Court House in Charlottetown in Queen's County, set up and sell at Public Auction the said property or as much thereof as will satisfy the Levy marked on the said Execution being the sum of $300.84 besides sheriff's fees and all legal and incidental expenses.

JOHN P. BRADLEY
Sheriff of Queen's County.
Sheriff's Office, Queen's County
27th February, A. D. 1933.
H. Francis MacPhee,
Plaintiff's Attorney.
8365 3 13 mon 31

Professional Cards

Stewart & Lowther
J. D. STEWART, K. C.
N. W. LOWTHER
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
84 Great George Street
MONEY TO LOAN

McLEOD & BENTLEY
J. A. BENTLEY
W. E. BENTLEY K. C.
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
MONEY TO LOAN
Office: 130 Richmond Street

Prohibition Commission
Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown.
Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peters
John Simpson, Hamilton.
Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to