

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

Which Love Do You Want? Dorothy Dix

Instead of Demanding Temperature and Adhesiveness in Love, Which, After All, Are Merely the Virtues of a Hot Mustard Plaster, Why Don't We Ask for Intelligent Love, Which Alone Insures a Happy Marriage?

In their courting days young people ask each other: "Do you love me madly, wildly, passionately, romantically? Do you love me with a love that will never die? Do you love me with all your heart and soul?"



It never occurs to them to ask: "Do you love me intelligently? Do you love me with your mind? Do you love me with your common sense?"

Yet intelligent love is the only love that brings any peace and happiness with it. It is the only love that is a blessing and not a curse to its recipient. And it is the only love that lasts. Sensible love is what we should pray the gods to send us, instead of wasting our petition in demanding temperature or adhesiveness in love, which, after all, are merely the virtues of a hot mustard plaster.

To begin with, the man and woman who love intelligently have used some discretion in what they set their affections upon. They are not enamored of a beautiful face or an athletic figure that have nothing behind them any more than a pretty picture of which they will be sure to weary in time. Nor are they swept of their feet by the thin veneer of the surface attraction of an agreeable personality which is apt to crack in the arid atmosphere of domesticity. Nor do they fall in love on the general principle enunciated by the old Florida sextette who used to sing "We must love somebody and it might as well be you."

On the contrary, those who love intelligently use their brains as well as their hearts. They know why they love and what qualities in a man or woman appeal to them. They love not only youth and beauty in women and men, but the things that stay when youth and beauty have fled. The intelligence, the wit, the charm, the sweetness, the sympathy and understanding that makes men and women eternally interesting to each other and that binds them together in a tie they never wish to break are the things that make them pick out a certain man or woman for a mate.

It is lack of intelligence in love that precipitates the domestic tragedies, the divorces and the murders, that makes marriage one of the most dangerous enterprises upon which one can embark. Every day we read in the newspapers about husbands and wives slaying each other in a jealous frenzy, and all of us know dozens of married couples who make each other's lives a burden by their green-eyed suspicions. We

Worth your preference



You'll like the flavor

Always Packed in Aluminum

All know men who make scenes if their wives are decently polite to any other man and we know men who would not dare to take an old woman's friend out to lunch or to hire a female stenographer who was not 40 years old and cross-eyed and red-headed.

And we all know homes that should be happy that are wrecked by the in-law trouble. Wives who are jealous of their husbands' mothers. Mothers who are jealous of their sons' wives. Husbands who resent their wives' mothers' influence over their daughters. Mothers who are determined to be first still to their daughters.

And all the heart-burnings and the jealousy and the misery is because most people love stupidly. They love senselessly. That is why they demand the impossible of each other. That is why they expect to be all-in-all to each other. That is why the wife expects to take the place to her husband of his mother and father and sisters and brothers and all of his old friends and acquaintances and to furnish his very interest and amusement in life. The husband expects the same thing of his wife, and it simply can't be done. We all have a thousand needs that it takes a thousand different people with different characteristics to supply.

The man and woman who love intelligently know this. They know that there are many varieties of affection and that one does not interfere with the other. They know that the love we give our parents and our families and that which we give our mates are no more the same kind of affection than ice cream is roast beef. They know that a man can admire a pretty girl and still think he is homely Maria the greatest woman in the world. They know that a woman can enjoy an evening spent with an irresponsible playboy and then come home and get down on her knees and thank God for her plodding old husband.

People who love intelligently do not make the mistake of thinking that love is some mysteriously indestructible thing that nothing they can do will hurt and that once a man or a woman care for you they are bound to go on adoring you to the end of the chapter because they can't help themselves. Far from it.

Those who love wisely know that if you keep love alive you have to cherish it as you would a fragile flower. They know that if you neglect it and if you trample over it, it will inevitably die. They know that it can be choked to death for lack of liberty. That it can be crushed by tyranny. That it can perish for lack of warmth. That it can be worn out by nagging and that it just withers and gives up the ghost under perpetual fault-finding.

Perhaps in all the world there is nothing stranger than these two things: That husbands and wives who really love each other treat each other worse than they do their deadliest enemy and that husbands and wives who would die for each other make their lives together so unhappy that either one would be glad to die to get out of it. All because they do not love intelligently. DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

NO GENTLEMAN

The flames poured out from the smoke-blackened windows, and the little knot of people clustered together below gave a gasp of astonishment as they saw a hefty fireman emerge from the window carrying a woman in his arms.

But alas, as the gallant man stepped on the ladder and attempted to descend, he slipped and fell to the ground. The woman, following, safely but heavily on the prostrate hero.

The doctor hastened to the scene "You're a very brave man!" he cried, addressing the fireman. "Brave, begorra, but no gentleman," said Patrick, rubbing his bruised limbs. "Or I'd a' let the lady go first!"

Idleness: He is not idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



She Shouldn't be Tired

No energy... circles under her eyes. If she would only try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in tablet-form, she could be strong and happy again.

For The Cook

SWEDISH BREAD

2 1/2 cups scalded milk. 1 yeast cake. 1 egg well beaten. 1/2 cup melted butter. 2-3 cup sugar. 1 egg well beaten. 1/2 teaspoon salt. 1 teaspoon almond extract. Make like white bread, adding egg and extract to the milk before adding the flour, or use following sponge method: Dissolve yeast cake in 1/4 cup milk which has been allowed to cool until lukewarm. Add 1/2 cup flour, beat thoroughly, cover and let rise. When light, add remaining milk and 4 1/2 cups flour. Stir until well mixed, cover and again let rise; then add remaining ingredients and 1 1/2 cups flour. Toss on floured cloth and knead, using 1/2 cup flour; cover and let rise again. Shape and braid or make into a tea ring. Bake for 20 minutes.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern By Annabelle Worthington

And this distinctive model includes all the tailored chic possible for street wear for early spring. It is a small patterned printed crepe silk in a very favoured scheme in navy blue and white. Plain white washing crepe silk made the darling tiny vest. It can be tucked in place so as to be readily removed for laundering.



Besides printed crepe, are plain crepe silks are exceedingly modish. Sheer woolsens are also suitable. Style No. 971 is designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern. Send stamps or coin (coin preferred.) Price of pattern 15 cents.

No. 971. Size Name Street Address City State

Will: A will residing within us and made free to choose the better part, forges its iron chains link by link in again and again choosing the worse.

SUFFERER FROM RHEUMATISM COULD NOT WALK 115 FEET

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Completely Ended Severe Trouble for Section Foreman—Mrs. Ogsten Likewise Wonderfully Benefitted.

"I was taken with Sciatic Rheumatism," writes George W. Gifford, Chaffey Locks, Ont. "I was advised by a friend to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, as he had been helped by them. I continued to take them until I had taken six boxes, when I felt completely rid of my trouble. When I started to take Pink Pills I could not walk 115 feet without having to sit down. Might mention that, as I am a section foreman on the railroad, I am exposed to all kinds of weather, but I have never had an attack in 16 years."

her experience as follows: "Having laid up with Sciatica for six months having tried everything with no result was recommended to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having used three boxes I found a wonderful improvement. I am now using the 4th box. I am feeling much better in health and am able to go around again."

In no disease does the blood become thin so rapidly as in rheumatism and kindred ailments. That is why combating such ailments. Their action to build up and enrich the blood stream and actually create new red blood cells. Equally good for run-down, anemic and nervous conditions. Now obtainable from your druggist's in the new glass tainer. 50c a pack.

Those Grease Spots: Occasional grease spots on carpets are irremovable. To remove them scrub pentine well into them with a cloth and with a circular movement. This dissolves the grease which can be removed along with the turpentine by rubbing the wards with a soft clean rag, leaving to a clean place as one becomes soiled.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS. Mrs. Leo Warder, Springfield, Ont., writes: "For a long while I was troubled with eczema all over my body. It would burn and itch so at night I could not rest. I tried different remedies but of no avail. I was advised to take Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking five bottles my blood was completely cleared of the eczema."

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For Sale By Tender SALE OF LOBSTER PACKING PLANT, BOATS, TRAPS, ETC., THE PROPERTY OF EASTERN CANNERS LIMITED. Scaled tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received up to and including Thursday, February 25, 1932 at twelve o'clock noon for the purchase of the following property. LOT NO. 1. Lobster packing plant at Boughton Island including factory, office, trap-house, cook-house, sleeping-house, sheds and outbuilding, leasehold lands in connection therewith, factory equipment, nets, dories, traps, rope, cans, etc., all as itemized in Schedule "A" hereinafter referred to. LOT NO. 2. Freehold land with factory buildings at Launching with traps, rope, etc., all as itemized in Schedule "B" hereinafter referred to. LOT NO. 3. Freehold land in Georgetown with office building, wharf, warehouses, salt-house, office equipment and fishing and packing equipment all as itemized in Schedule "C" hereinafter referred to. LOT NO. 4. Factory building and out-buildings at Pamure Island as they stand. LOT NO. 5. The following Boats: (a) At Georgetown, Smack "Stroller" 10 H. P. Fraser Engine, Smack "Louis M." 10 H. P. Imperial Engine. (b) Fishing Boats and JI engines, 6 Flat-Bottomed Dories, 1 Large Dory. (c) At Launching, 4 Fishing Boats and 3 Engines. (d) At Annandale, 1 Fishing Boat and Engine. All as listed numbered and described in Schedule "D" hereinafter referred to. Schedules wherein the above properties are listed and described with particulars may be inspected by persons interested at the Office of the Company in Georgetown or at the office of the undersigned. Tenders will be received for all the above property or for any lot as listed or for any item of such lot. Dated the 5th day of February A. D. 1932. H. F. MacPHEE, Barrister for Liquidator of Company, 577-2-8-9-15-16-22-23-24-7.

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED E. W. TAYLOR J. S. TAYLOR Optometrists 142 Richmond Street

John Gresham's Girl By Concordia Merrel (Continued) That brought his face up from his hands in a moment, and again their eyes met. "What was he doing here?" he repeated thoughtfully, and looked around him slowly, as if seeking a clue to the mystery. She nodded. "Yes; looking at the storm damage, he said. But do you think that was true?" she said. "Is anything he says ever true?" he retorted. "Very little, if my instinct against him is right," she answered. "He was kicking aside the branches and rubbish around the tree, and looked most awfully startled when he saw us here. Has he got anything hidden there, do you think?" "It's certainly queer that he should come here. The damage couldn't have such vital interest for him, I should imagine, as to make him hurry here as soon as he heard of it. . . . He was here for some reason, though. . . ." said Lee. "Shall we go and look around the tree?" said Lucy eagerly. "And see if we can find out what it was he was looking for. . . ." Lee stood for a moment, thinking; then looked quickly along the road hearing the sound of footsteps. A little group of people were straggling idly toward them. "No," he said quickly, "if there's anything there he wants, he'll be back for it some time. But not during the day, I fancy. There will be people along here pretty frequently till about six this evening. We'll go back to the hotel now and I'll have this place watched. . . . If Macklin comes back it will be tonight, I think. . . ." He led the way round to the front of the cottage, along the garden path, across the fields, and out into the road again. They made their way as quickly as possible back to Newchester. The first thing they did there was to find out a private inquiry agent and arrange for a man to be sent to Brady's Cottage to watch for the return of Macklin or the appearance of Billy Brady. Lee did not give Macklin's name, not details of what he expected, but the man detailed for the job was to watch the place and report what he saw; with special reference for anyone who might come there and appear to be searching for anything among the ruins of the shattered tree, or in the garden of the little cottage, or even in the cottage itself. For, as Lee had observed to Lucy, that look on the cottage door had certainly turned with surprising ease for a look that had not been used for more than two years. When this business, which had taken a considerable time, was concluded, they went to a restaurant and had lunch. Meantime, Macklin during the bus ride back to Edgestone, had had time to reflect, and reflection had brought him to a point of cursing himself for his lamentable show of nerves when he found himself confronted by Warrington. He had, of course, known that Warrington would be free by now. He had, indeed counted the day exactly as Jim had guessed just now. But as time went on and Warrington did nothing, he had begun to feel himself secure. Besides, he had pressing troubles of his own that on one knew anything about; and they had rather completely occupied his mind and attention. Now he realized the impression that his "nerves" must have created, and racked his brains as to how best to cover up the mistake he had made. After a while he began soothing himself with the reflection that the situation, after all, was not different now from what it had been when Warrington was found guilty. It was still his word against Warrington's, and his word, so far, had won all along the line. Why shouldn't it continue to win? It was the argument of a fear-trembled man. He felt that he must rush things; decide quickly what line to take—before Jim did anything fresh. He was in an awful state of panic, and not at all able to think clearly or well; but in desperation he hit on a plan and, in desperation, followed it through. There is always something it getting in your story first. He hurried to Gresham's, ran upstairs to Ames office, and, almost without knocking flung open the door and stood looking in at Ames, breathing so quickly that for a moment he was unable to speak. "Hallo, Macklin, what's the matter?" cried Ames. "Sir," cried Macklin. "The most awful thing has happened, I've made the most appalling discovery. . . . I wondered why Mrs. Lee should be so keen on proving young Warrington innocent. . . . Couldn't help wondering. . . . It seemed so queer. . . ." The words were stuttering out, unevenly, almost gaspingly. "Well?" said Ames, impatiently. "Well? What have you discovered?" Macklin moved nearer, creeping up to the desk very nearly on tiptoe. "I've discovered why she was so keen about the case," he said, leaning towards Ames and lowering his voice to a whisper. "Yes?" "Her husband is young Warrington. . . ." "What!" "Yes; calling himself Lee, but young Warrington all the same. . . ." "You must be mistaken!" "I'm not, I charged him with it, and he owned up to it in so many words. . . ." "Good God!" cried Ames, utterly dumfounded. "I thought you ought to know at once, sir. I thought it my duty. . . ." began Macklin, recovering his smooth tones somewhat. "Yes; of course. Quite right. Tell me exactly what happened." Macklin leaned nearer still, talking rapidly, almost in a whisper. When he had finished Ames arose. "Order my car round quick. I'm going to confront him," he said. "Meantime, Macklin, not a word to a single soul." That was how it happened that when Jim and Lucy returned to the Royal Hotel after lunch they were told that Mr. Oliver Ames was waiting for them in their suite. They received the news without sign of being moved by it, but as

They were going up in the lift Lucy caught Lee's arm and whispered: "What are we to do, Jim?" "Do?" he echoed. "What can we do?" "You needn't see him." "And by avoiding him let it seem that I am afraid of him?" "Are you afraid of him?" she asked quickly. "Not in the least," he answered at once. "Then you are going to see him?" "Of course." She drew a breath. "I'm glad," she said; "it will be almost a relief to get it over." As they went along the corridor to their rooms, she asked: "What has made him come here, do you think?" "It might be merely coincidence," he answered. "He might even be going to ask us to dine with him this evening." His tone, as he said that, was bitterly ironical. She looked at him quickly. "No; you think it has something to do with. . . ." she was beginning, when he broke in: "With Macklin? Yes, I do, I think very likely Macklin has told him who your husband is." "Would he, though? Surely he'd be afraid to do that?" "There's something in getting in with your own story before the other fellow gets in with his," he answered. "Besides, he may be wanting to drag a red herring; get Ames on to my track while he goes and gets rid of whatever evidence there is against him, over at the cottage."

Many cases of pneumonia develop from neglected colds Unless checked, the "simple cold" pulls down the body resistance and frequently paves the way for pneumonia's deadly attack. It is wise to treat every cold promptly. This is doubly important during the next few weeks when pneumonia is at its height. Rubbed on throat and chest, Vicks acts two ways at once in relieving colds: (1) Its medicated vapors, released by the heat of the body, are inhaled direct to the irritated air-passages, loosening the phlegm and easing the breathing. (2) At the same time, it acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster, "drawing out" tightness and soreness. VICKS VAPORUB OVER 26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY