

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

WALK LIKE A MAN
Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.

A few mistakes will help anyone.
Pursuit is all there is to happiness.
Sometimes a bodyguard is used to protect an ego.

WASHING GLASS
If washing blue is added to the water in which glass is washed, it will give the glass a brilliant sparkle.

LIGHT-COLORED FURNITURE
Light-colored furniture, such as satin walnut, can be beautifully cleaned with a little lavender water.

KETTLES
Have you a kettle which spouts and bubbles over as soon as it boils? Then drill a small hole in the lid, or pierce it with a sharp pair of scissors.

GOLD TEETH USED IN 300 B.C.
Bodies buried about 300 B. C. in Rome were found to have gold teeth and bridge work.

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE
Many minor accidents in the home are caused through thoughtlessness, and a knowledge of first aid measures will prevent much suffering, writes a doctor.

EXPOSED WINDOWS
If you have windows directly on the street and it is hard to maintain privacy, paint the screens with white paint thinned with turpentine.

DIET OF OVERWEIGHT CHILD CONTROLLED
The overweight child is less frequently seen than the underweight. The three most common causes of this condition are: heredity, lack of exercise and overfeeding.

OR SLIDE
Son—"Say Dad, that apple I just ate had a worm in it, and I ate that too."

WHAT A DIFFERENCE
Summer Board—"What a beautiful view that is!"

ORANGE SHERBET
Cook 1 cup sugar and 1 cup water for 15 minutes. Boak 1 teaspoon granulated gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water 5 minutes, then add to hot syrup.

WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER COMES TO WOMANHOOD
Most girls in their teens need a tonic and regulator. Give your daughter Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the next few months.

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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

"Thank God for Stepfathers!" Cries Man Whose Whole Life Was Cheered by Unselfish Parent. Which One of 5 Children Should Support Parents

Dear Dorothy Dix—Why does no one ever give any praise to stepfathers? All that they do is taken for granted. No one ever gives them any thanks or appreciation, not even their wives. They are not noticed



except on pay day when they bring home their money and turn it over to feed another man's children. I was 15 years old when my father died. Four years later my mother married again. There were still a couple of young children to raise and an invalid sister to be taken care of.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Why does no one ever give any praise to stepfathers? All that they do is taken for granted. No one ever gives them any thanks or appreciation, not even their wives. They are not noticed

It is a difficult job, one fitted only for heroes and martyrs, to be a step-parent of either sex. But it has always seemed to me that the stepfather had a harder lot and one that called for more self-sacrifice and self-abnegation than the stepmother.

About the most superlative proof of love that any human being is capable of giving is exemplified in a man's marrying a widow with children.

He knows that the children for whom he is making the sacrifice of his life will regard him with ill-will and suspicion, that they will take all that he gives without gratitude or desire to make friends of them.

And he knows, unless he is a very rich man, that in marrying a widow with children he is taking on his shoulders a financial burden that will keep his nose to the grindstone for many and many a year.

Yet thousands of men do love women well enough to make this great sacrifice for them. They take another man's children and make for them a home. They educate them. They make them a place in the world.

When arranging your kitchen utensils, give the places of prominence to the articles most used, tucking the other things on the backs of shelves or in less accessible places.

Those who are unwilling to do their duty toward their old parents may well remember that before many years they also will be old, and will be knocking at their children's doors. And they will not wish their children to begrudge them a place by the fire and a seat at their tables.

Dear Miss Dix—My boy friend and I are both working and making about the same salary. Do you think it wrong for me to suggest going to a better salary than him when we go out together? We are only friends and I'd like to pay my part of a treat, but he becomes furious if I even mention it.

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ONE WAY STREET

By JOSEPH McCORD

In spite of a daily contact with his chief, Mark Sturges still found himself a daily contact with his chief, Mark Sturges still found himself a daily contact with his chief, Mark Sturges still found himself a daily contact with his chief.

Besides being sole owner of the department store, name already was the name of the city's strongest bank, as well as a director of two others. Extensive real estate holdings were among his assets, including the one skyscraper boasted by the municipality.

With these bits of information presented to him during the early negotiations, Sturges envisaged his prospective employer as a lean and leathery individual. For some reason, the name Cannon suggested a certain unpleasant impression of being without lids. Fishy.

That was pretty close to it. And the corners of the fat mouth had the strange habit of flickering. It seemed a mechanical attempt at a smile—one that never found reflection in the eyes.

The man's hands were soft and pudgy. Always moist to the touch. "You are down early today, my dear," was his greeting when he appeared in the doorway at the company's office. The words were uttered in a voice as soft as the white fingers that toyed with the heavy watch chain fastened across the protruding waistcoat. It was very nearly a purr.

"I'm sorry," was Edythe's complacent reply. Cannon's inexpressive eyes moved to Sturges. The corners of his mouth flickered.

"That's what it is to be a father," he volunteered. "I'll be with you in a moment, Edythe. . . . Here." The older man strode forward, his point of a pencil in his hand. He held it behind him. "I wish, Sturges, you would glance through these. They're in reference to. . . . But you'll have to read them. Perhaps you'd better have Nettie find you the complete file. There's one point particularly. . . . He spread a paper on the desk and traced the printed lines back and forth with a blunt forefinger, muttering under his breath. Mark observed that the pleasant lower lip was wet.

"According to a letter I have on file, the matter of the store personnel is under your direction. Am I right?" "Quite," Sturges looked steadily at his questioner. "Why?" "I wanted to be sure. Please see if you can't make Miss Sawyer reconsider her decision. If you'll excuse me. . . ."

He turned and left the room, carefully ignoring the appealing gaze in the girl's brown eyes. "All right, Miss Sawyer. Let's talk it over."

Sturges smiled in his friendliest fashion and seated himself informally on Stewart's desk in an effort to put his companion at her ease. "I'm afraid there's nothing to talk about," was the quiet reply. "I have made up my mind to leave."

"Sorry to hear it. I'm rather a crank about such matters. . . . It always worries me to lose a good employee. Makes me think perhaps the firm has fallen down on the job."

"Oh, it isn't that at all. . . . Jean Sawyer admitted with a sudden flash of earnestness. "I love it here." She caught herself. It was evident she had not intended to admit as much.

"Fine! Mr. Stewart has just given you a good recommendation. . . . very good. Is a question of money?" "Oh, no. . . ."

"A better job somewhere else?" "No, sir. Please. . . ."

"Pardon me if I seem a bit personal. Do you need a position?" "Yes. . . ."

"Then wouldn't it be fairer if you gave me your reason for leaving us?" Her eyes evaded his steady gaze. "Mr. Cannon requested it."

"I happen to know that. . . . I mean, I suspected it. A steady look came into Mark's blue eyes. "That's why I pinned you down, Miss Sawyer!" "Yes, sir?" She looked at him in surprise.

"Sit down there." There was a tone of command in his voice. As Jean seated herself, he dropped into Stewart's chair and looked at her across the desk. "I'm going to put my cards down," he said slowly. "I like to do that with people whom I think are playing fair. I want your help."

"My help?" It was said in a puzzled fashion. That would bear looking into.

As Sturges reached for a memorandum pad, he glanced to see a crumpled white glove lying on the desk. He picked it up and examined it idly. A faint odor of gardenia again. Tossing it aside, he scribbled on his pad.

"Sawyer—see Stewart." Within an hour from the time of leaving Sturges' room, Spencer Cannon and Edythe appeared on the fourth floor. The merchant made his way directly to the office of Edythe Stewart. The latter happened to be at his desk, dictating. Recognizing his visitors, the dress department head hurriedly dismissed his stenographer and came forward with a smile.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Daughter will love this smart dress of middy influence.

Another fascinating scheme for this model is checked sateen in aqua blue with brown trim. It's practical besides being so smart.

Style No. 755 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 2 1/2 yards of binding.

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

No. 755. Size Name Street Address City State

THE COOK'S CORNER

GRAPE JUICE ICE
1/2 cup sugar
1-3 cup water
1/2 cup white corn syrup
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/2 cup cold water
1/2 cup grape juice
2 tablespoons gelatin, soaked in 1/2 cup cold water

Put in saucepan, sugar, water and corn syrup. Soak gelatin in cold water and dissolve over hot water, then add lemon juice, grape juice and syrup mixture (the latter should be cooked about 2 minutes, then taken from fire.) Pour mixture into

inset pan and when mixture is partially frozen, turn into a large mixing bowl and beat vigorously with rotary egg beater. Return to inset pan, place again in chilling unit. In 2 to 2 1/2 hours beat mixture then return to pan and leave until time to serve.

BUTTERSCOTCH PARFAIT
Put in a saucepan, 1-3 cup brown sugar, add 1 tablespoon butter, stir until melted and boil 1 minute. Add 1/2 cup water and again stir and cook until mixture is melted. Beat 2 egg yolks in top of small double boiler until very light; add syrup gradually and beat and cook over hot water until very light and fluffy. Four into inset pan and chill. Beat 1/2 pint heavy cream until stiff, add a few grains salt and 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla and fold in egg mixture. Return to refrigerator pan and freeze without stirring for 3 to 4 hours.

TOMATOES STUFFED WITH FROZEN SALAD
Cut slice from tops of 6 large, firm tomatoes. Scoop out pulp, cut in small pieces, add juice strained to remove seeds. Add 1 large cucumber chopped, discarding seeds, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons gelatin soaked in 1/2 cup cold water and dissolved over hot water. Add 1/2 cup frozen salad, 1/2 cup paprika and 1/2 teaspoon mustard, together with a few grains cayenne and 1 cup mayonnaise or tartar sauce. Mix and freeze in refrigerator pan and serve in tomatoes.

Exactly. When I took over the management here, I made one very specific stipulation. I was to be responsible to and for my employees. As long as you work as if nothing had happened, I give you my word you will be subjected to no unpleasantness. If anything should happen without my knowledge—see me. Or tell Mr. Stewart, if you'd rather. How's that?"

"You don't understand," Jean repeated in a low voice. "She leaned forward against the desk. Her arms were folded on its top and Sturges saw that the small hands were tightly clenched. But there was no suggestion of faltering in her tones as she added, after a slight pause. "I think it would be best for me to tell you about—us. You would have heard it."

"About us?" he echoed dubitably. "Yes, I mean my father."

"Please. . . . My dear sir, it isn't necessary for me to know anything about your family. Your father isn't employed here, is he?" "No. He. . . . he's in the penitentiary."

(To be continued.)

FOR SALE

10 tons straw, pressed, gang plough, manure spreader, express wagon, mare and foal. Apply, P. F. LAFFERTY, Peabody.

TO LET

One Tenement in Terrace House, No. 2 Water Street. Superb view. Apply to L. M. POOLE & CO. L-8230-6-25-11

LABOR LEADER SENTENCED

BOMBAY—K. G. Kulkarni, formerly vice president of the Red Trade Union Congress was sentenced to two years imprisonment for "inciting hatred against the government."

NOTICE

A social picnic will be held by True Brothers Lodge, A. F. & A. M. at John A. MacDougall's, Argyle Shore, Friday, July 19th. These attending will bring their lunches and dishes. Members of this lodge and their friends are cordially invited. If wet, first fine day. L-8403-7-16-21.

PUBLIC AUCTION

I will sell by Public Auction at Fredericton on July 18th, at 1.30 P. M., all the household furniture and effects of the late George S. MacLeod. Terms cash. E. V. MacLeod, Auctioneer. L-8377-7-15-31.

TENDERS FOR COAL

Written tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of Monday 22nd July, to supply coal for the City Schools, namely "Prince Street", "West Kent" and "Queen Square". The estimated quantity of coal required is four hundred tons. The price quoted to include delivery and storage of coal in the cellars of the above schools. The coal supplied to be weighed on the City scales at the expense of the dealer supplying same. Tenders to quote also on Springhill Slack coal suitable for Stokers, and also to state kind of other coals they can supply. It is to form part of the contract that should the Board run short of coal during the late winter or spring the dealer receiving the contract will supply requirements with the same kind of coal at tender price, but the Board receiving the benefit of any reduction in the price of coal. Coal must be stored to full capacity of the vaults in the cellars of the Schools by August fifteenth. The lowest and any tender not necessarily accepted. T. E. MacNUTT, Secretary, Board of School Trustees, Charlottetown, P. E. I. L-8382-7-15-31.

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 829.