

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

## Picturesque Bridal Attendants At English Wedding



The wedding took place at St. Leonard's church, Rockingham, Northants, England, of Commander Leslie Swain Saunders, R.N., and Miss Elizabeth Culme Seymour, daughter of Lady Culme Seymour of Rockingham Castle, and the late Vice Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour. Two dainty bridesmaids, wearing dresses copied from an Elizabethan picture in the hall of Rockingham Castle, and a page wearing a kilt in the Ogilvy tartan, were an interesting trio. They are shown here.

## Women No Longer Age-Conscious **Dorothy Dix** Finds Age Bugaboo Thing Of Past

### The Dragon of Age to Which Women Used to be Sacrificed has Been Slain—The Woman of 30 Now Stands a Better Chance of Making a Good Marriage Than the Chit of 18

One of the greatest blessings of today, so far as women are concerned, is that we have ceased to be age-conscious. In the past, age has been a worse reflection on a woman's character than a scandal, and having another birthday the most unforgivable crime she could commit.

But now the number of years a woman has lived is a secret between her and the family Bible. Nobody inquires how old is Ann because no one cares. It makes so little difference that women have even ceased to lie about their age and don't pretend that they have reached the miraculous 35 that they never pass. They frankly admit to being in their 40s or 50s or 60s, and what of it?

Perhaps this indifference to age is due to the fact that the modern woman has added about twenty years of youth to her girlhood. At 30 our grandmothers were subdued and chastened elderly ladies who dressed in black silk and combed their hair plainly, and felt that they were done with the frivolities of life. Their interest and activities were bounded by their homes and they took their pleasures vicariously in their children's amusements. At 50 grandmother had retired to a rocking chair and to the contemplation of her latter end. It would have seemed indecent to her and unbecoming her gray hairs to have indulged in any livelier diversion than going to church and visiting the latest grandbaby.

But nowadays a woman at 30 is just getting to going good and when she is 50 she is on her way. She doesn't climb up on the shelf. She buys herself a ticket around the world and goes out to see all the things she has wanted to see all of her life, and have the fun and freedom she couldn't have when she was bringing up a family. Nobody criticizes her for it, or says that an old woman had better be sitting at home preparing to meet her God, instead of gadding around or asking what's trumps in a bridge tournament.

Chronological age no longer matters. As long as a woman keeps herself well groomed and well dressed, as long as she is alert and intelligent and in touch with the times, as long as she is gay and interesting and amusing companion, no one cares whether she is 16 or 60.

All that they are interested in are the attractions she has to offer them, and they have found out that the mature woman is often quite as easy on the eyes as a flapper and far more entertaining as a companion. For time—like a trading rat, if it takes something, it gives something. If it gnaws a little of the bloom off a woman's cheek, it compensates by giving her experience and knowledge of life, the wisdom that comes from reading and thinking and tact and savvy in dealing with people.

This obsessing fear of age, which hung like a pall over all women, and under whose shadow we have now happily passed, had two especially tragical manifestations which blighted the lives of innumerable women. One was that it put a strict time limit on marriage, and if a girl was a little tardy in punching the matrimonial clock she was cast out into the hopeless void of spinsterhood. And to be an old maid was to be branded a failure and to be the target for the jests of the ribald and an object of pity and commiseration to the sympathetic. Thousands of girls, yeap, millions of them, married men they didn't want, who were distasteful to them and with whom they lived miserably, just to escape being old maids.

But the term "old maid" has ceased to be a reproach. It has actually become so obsolete that you practically never hear it because there is no specific time of life at which an unmarried woman passes into spinsterhood. In grandmother's time a girl who hadn't achieved a husband by the time she was 25 was called an old maid, but no one would think of a young woman of 25 now as an old maid, nor even of 35. We think a girl of 25 is just beginning to be old enough to be fit for marriage, and from there along to 40 she is at her best, physically, mentally and spiritually. She is the full-blown rose instead of the hard little bud.

Callow boys marry callow girls, of course, but mature men want mature women for wives, and so the girl at 30 has just as good a chance of marrying as she did at 20, and a better chance of making a good marriage. It is the men who have settled down and worked into good jobs or achieved professional success who are the matrimonial prizes, and these seldom go to little Baby Face. It is the girls who would have once been called old maids who draw them.

## What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

Of course daughter loves frills! She's just getting to the age when these things have an enormous appeal.

You'll make no mistake in letting her have this model. Maybe she can make it, for it's tremendously simple.

It answers mode's call with frills and puffed sleeves. The rest of the frock is practical enough—a simple bodice and gathered skirt.

Taffeta or crepe de chine is lovely for party wear.

It can also be carried out in plain or printed crepe silk for more simpler "best."

Style No. 600 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards 35 or 39-inch.

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The other place in which this fear of age was the bogey man that scared a woman off from happiness was in the cases in which the woman from under whose shadow we have now happily passed, had two especially to their marriage, no matter how fond they were of each other, or how congenial, or how suitable the match was in every other way.

It is only since we have cast woman's age into the discard, as a matter of no moment, that we have had intelligence enough to perceive that there is a mental age as well as a chronological one, and that a man of 30 may be as old in his tastes and feelings as a woman of 40, and that anyway, it doesn't make a particle of difference which one has had the most birthdays.

Of course, a middle-aged woman would be silly to marry an undeveloped boy, but no sillier than an old maid is to marry a flapper. As a matter of fact, no man marries a woman older than himself unless she has some quality of heart and mind that appeals strongly to him, and he is much less liable to grow tired of her than he is of some young chit of a girl whose character is unformed and whose appeal to him is her youth and beauty.

So women have good cause for thankfulness that the dragon of age to which they used to be sacrificed has been slain

DOROTHY DIX.

## For The Cook

### SCALLOPED TOMATOES

Remove contents from one can tomatoes and drain tomatoes from some of their liquor. Season with salt, pepper and a few drops onion juice, and sugar, if preferred a little sweet. Cover bottom of baking dish with buttered cracker crumbs, cover with tomatoes and sprinkle top with buttered crumbs. Bake in hot oven till crumbs are brown.

### SHRIMP AND TOMATO ASPIC

Cook one can tomatoes with 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, a dash of pepper and a small onion sliced. Soften one-half box of gelatine in cold water. When onion is cooked strain and bring liquid to a boil. Turn gelatine into hot liquid, stirring until dissolved, then set away to chill and harden. When ready to serve, break this aspic into

## A Morning Smile

### SHRIMP FRICASSE

One small onion, 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 tablespoon flour, 1/2 cup water, 2 cups tomato puree, 2 pounds shrimps (canned) 1 egg yolk, beaten.

### SHRIMP FRICASSE

British film producers and distributors have been scored in Warsaw for neglecting the Polish market. That its planes have flown ten million miles with only five accidents involving injury to passengers, has just been announced by an English aviation company.

## McPherson Went to the Chemist for Advice

McPherson went to the chemist for advice. "Man, I've an awful cold," he said. "Hae ye a guld cure for it?" "Yes," replied the chemist, "I have a sovereign cure." McPherson backed slowly toward the door.

### McPherson Backed Slowly Toward the Door

"Hoots awa wi' ye man!" he said. "D'ye no keep ane about fowerpence?" "In the States we catch fish as big as submarines," boasted the Yankee visitor to Dublin. Unimpressed, Pat remarked nonchalantly: "Well, I was once fishing on Lake Killarney when something took my hook, and my boat started to rush through the water at a terrific speed and then—" "You caught a whale?" exclaimed the Yankee excitedly. "Whale?" snorted Pat derisively. "Begorra, I was using them for bait."

## Two American Women Wandered Round Oxford

Two American women wandered round Oxford, the soft limestone of many of whose colleges is badly weathered and some of which looks in a state of decay. These visitors pushed their way up a stair in a back quadrangle and opened a door. They saw a much-alive and contemporary-looking youth sprawled in a basket-chair before a cheerful fire, perusing Aristotle's ethics. Nonplussed, the ladies apologized for their intrusion. "We are sorry, but we had no idea that the ruins were inhabited."

### Two American Women Wandered Round Oxford

Agricultural commodity prices in France are increasing, due, it is believed, to quota restrictions and tariff protection. A carillon of hand bells was rung at the graveside of William Walsley, a campanologist, when he was buried recently in Macclesfield, England. American automobile radio sets were displayed at the auto show in Cairo, Egypt, this year.

## SWEET VANITY

By RICHARD GOYNE

In a flash Peter was across the room, scattering the hysterical people right and left. He reached the table, seized the startled Cynthia—astounded at her behaviour—and, turning, strode from the now silent hall. The glass doors swung to behind him. Not one of these irresponsible fools had the courage to interfere.

## FARM FOR SALE

IN CANAVOY

The undersigned offers for sale his farm of 105 acres with house and barn, 50 acres now ploughed and in good state of cultivation, balance lumber and hard wood. Near school and churches and railway station. Apply to

W. F. JARDINE, Head Hillsboro, R. R. No. 1, P. E. Island, 8617-3-29-61.

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I offer for sale, a farm situated at Pleasant Valley, Lot 21, 1 1/2 miles from Elliott's Station, School, Church and Mills, 2 1/2 miles from Fredericton Station, Church and Stores. Farm consists of 109 acres 70 acres cleared, balance covered with Hard and Soft wood. Land in excellent state of cultivation. Never failing spring running through farm.

Dwelling house, and all out buildings in good repairs. For inspection at any time. For further particulars apply to W. F. STEVENSON, Box 186, Bradalbane, R. R. 2, P. E. Island. March 30-41.

Peter Cavendish went out to his car there in the moonlight, and dropped the hysterical girl on the cushions next to the wheel.

Not until now did she realize what had happened, and now an insane fury seized her. She stumbled to her feet, trembling with rage and humiliation, as he made to climb in at her side.

"Peter, how dare you! Open this door! Oh, I could—could—let me out, at once!"

Foolish, futile words. Already, with incredible swiftness, he was at her side. He pulled her back, and before she could rise again the car jerked forward and flung her among the cushions. She turned to him, sobbing with rage.

"Where—where are you taking me?"

"Home," he said, tersely, and dazed by all that had happened, she sank back on her seat realizing that it would be suicide to attempt to leave the car on that tearing ride to the gates of the Marland home.

She was silent on the drive, and unresisting, sat at her companion's side, staring before her, fighting her way out of a daze. She was astounded, incredulous, at what she had done; only when she thought of the way he had humiliated her could she move or speak.

It was as they stopped at the lodge gates and he held out his hand to assist her to alight, that, impetuous, she remembered, and insane triumph swept through her as she paused to look down upon Peter's stern, haggard face. She ignored his hand, and stepping into the road, faced him defiantly.

"Well, I suppose you realize just what sort of a fool I shall look when I meet my friends to-morrow?" she flashed.

He nodded without pride or triumph or satisfaction. He was utterly, indescribably miserable.

"I'm afraid I do, but it was the only way to help you." "Help me?" she exploded. "And did I ask for your—interference?" "You needed it," he said, in a

voice that, lacking the least proof stung her to intolerable madness.

Her white hands clenched. It seemed incredible that she could master her fury, but she did, and her eyes and lips held only mockery and triumph.

"And is that all you want to say to me?"

She looked at the glittering ring, her heart leaping with bitter thrill. This escapade was her trump card, and she had played it. Now not even he could surely wish to be bound to her.

She flashed her gaze upon him again, challenging, confident. For a long moment he looked at her, and then, to her complete dismay, he shook his head.

"I don't think you understand, Cynthia," he said, quietly. "I love you."

Before she could prevent him, he had swept her fiercely into his arms. His lips crushed upon her quivering mouth still curled into a sneer. His kisses, sweeping all before them, sent through her breathless body a thrill that for one magic moment, shamed and slew every emotion within her.

And then, as swiftly, he released her.

"Good-night."

He left it at that, and was driving away before she could see, through mists of hot, angry tears, the silver car that was losing itself in the valley mists. She stood there, shaking from head to foot, lost in conflicting emotions, while the powerful car came into view again, rising over the valley mists, skimming the hill, and then it vanished and she turned, stumblingly, towards the house.

It was not until she reached her room that she realized just what had happened, just how all her scheming and planning, callous and embittered, had been brought to nothing. It was she who did not understand. By that one kiss, by his very dogged tenderness, he had robbed this night of every vestige

of its triumph. And his ring still glittered upon her finger.

It was intolerable. Cynthia flung herself upon the bed and wept. Then she paced the room like a caged thing, saying unparaphrasable things and sparing herself least of all. And then, by the open window, she looked out over the valley and its moonlit loveliness with eyes of hatred and loathing and defiance and bitter scorn. A silver-shod foot stamped into the carpet, a vicious hand almost tore the filmy covering of the single pocket in her frock.

"Oh God, why can't I hurt him, wound him, make him hate me, loathe me as I loathe him! Why can't I—?"

Vaguely she became aware that her hand had touched something in her pocket, and she drew it slowly out and lifted it into the rays of moonlight.

It was an envelope, addressed to "Cynthia" in a hand she did not recognize. Someone must have put it there to-night for her to read.

Momentarily distracted, she opened it. The letter within was brief, terse, and very much to the point: "You are going the wrong way about it, Cynthia. If you want to deal with Peter Cavendish, I can show you the way. Will you come and learn what I have to say, to-morrow night at the Millington Bend on the river?—A Friend."

It was unsigned by any name except that most suspicious of pseudonyms. But underneath, in the bottom left-hand corner, was an amplification of the appointment.

"Come at Nine."

And that was all. (To be Continued.)

Construction of the memorial to the victims to the crash of the R-101 has been started near the Allonne Bridge, Beauvais, France, where the disaster occurred.

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