

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

Avoid Grippy Colds
Take Vitamin-rich
SCOTT'S EMULSION
of Norwegian Cod Liver Oil
To Build Resistance
Easy to Digest

A Morning Smile
A Scottish landowner was complaining of the weather to a tenant. "Aye," said the tenant, "ye're richt. Only three fine days this month; an' two o' them snappit up by the Sabbath."

New Maid—"How do I announce dinner? Do I say 'Dinner is ready' or 'Dinner is served?'"
Mistress—"If it is like it was yesterday, just say 'Dinner is burnt!'"

Hens Fed Strychnine As Theft Preventive
DAVSON, Ga., Nov. 7.—Poultryman Ira Echols at last has found what he describes as a cure-fire treatment or antitoxin for that old and dread chicken disease—"thieves."

He ran a notice in the local newspaper saying the first person in his neighborhood found suffering from poison would be arrested as a chicken thief.

Echols' Hen advised the thief who lifted 15 barred rocks and white leghorns from his roost not to eat them and also warned persons purchasing chickens to know whence they came, as they might become ill from eating them.

The fowls, Echols said, have a "tummy full of strychnine."

He explained his "treatment" of thieves whereby the chickens could assimilate sufficient strychnine to be poisonous to humans, but not to affect themselves. He gave small doses over a period of days, the amount being increased as the fowls' resistance developed.

For The Cook

TART DELICIOUS MADE WITH UNUSUAL FILLING

For dinner, there is nothing better than a delicious new pumpkin pie made with coconut to give a fine, new flavor with fresh pumpkin. For the evening party, tarts with the pumpkin filling are delicious, too. But whether pies or tarts, use a light pastry that is especially adapted for shells, such as the one given here.

PIE CRUST
2 cups sifted cake flour.
1/2 teaspoon salt.
1/2 cup cold shortening.
1/2 cup cold water (about)

Sift flour once, measure, add salt and sift again. Cut in shortening until mixture looks like meal. Add water, a little at a time, mixing with a knife or spatula until the dough cleans the bowl of all flour and pastry. Use as little water as possible. Roll dough 1/4 inch thick on slightly floured board. Fit loosely on pie plate. Turn edge and prick with fork. Bake in hot oven (450) for 15 minutes. Makes one 9 inch tart crust pie or twelve 2 1/2 inch tarts shells. Use 1/2 recipe for one pie shell only.

DELICIOUS PUMPKIN PIE
Use 1/2 recipe given above to make pie shell and line plate with pastry. Then fill with this fine flavored custard.

1 1/2 cups premium shred coconut
2 cups cooked, mashed pumpkin.
1 cup sugar.
1/2 teaspoon mace.
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon.
1/2 teaspoon allspice.
3 tablespoons butter, melted.
2 eggs, slightly beaten.
2 cups milk, scalded.

Combine ingredients in order given and mix thoroughly. Pour into pie shell. Bake in hot oven (400) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350) and bake 30 minutes longer.

NO MORE TEARS

MRS. HOFFMAN was eighteen when her baby was born. Within a year she had a serious operation. Then the flu. Her nerves went to pieces. She cried over nothing at all. It was an unhappy household.

Her grandmother told her about the famous Vegetable Compound. That's how old and trusted a remedy it is! "I have taken six bottles," she says, "with marvelous results and I am thankful for my increasing health."



Try Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Man Who Sacrifices His Wife to His Golf is in a Fair Way to Lose Her — Shall Business Woman Risk Marrying Man With Small Income, or Remain Single and Lonely

Dear Miss Dix—I am a golf widow. My husband is a good, clean, kind and generous man and I love him dearly and he probably loves me as much as he can anything but a golf ball. He plays golf every day after office hours until dark and comes home late to a warmed-over dinner, too tired even to chat with me. I never see him at all on Saturdays and Sundays or holidays. I am young and naturally I want company and to step out now and then. My husband encourages me to do this so that I will be off his hands and conscience. One man in the group that I go out with is beginning to care for me too much and I am commencing to like him pretty well myself. I told my husband about this and he said: "Oh go along with the man. You love me too much ever; to think of another man," and that he would trust me to the ends of the earth. But I am getting afraid of myself. I want affection and tenderness and companionship. My husband gives me none of these. All he is interested in is putting. His match sets. His scores. And how he will improve his game. I would be the happiest woman in the world if he cherished me as much as he does his bag of golf sticks. Won't you advise me?
NANCY.



Answer: You are not the one who needs advice. It is your husband who needs a good talking to and to be told that what he needs to improve is not his golf game but his matrimonial technique. For if he doesn't he is slated to lose something a lot more valuable than a silver golf trophy. He is going to lose a perfectly good wife.

It is a fine thing for a man to have some sport or hobby in which he is interested, and particularly good for him to have one that takes him out of doors and gives him exercise, but when he lets that become his consuming passion and permits it to crowd out more important things, it becomes a vice that can ruin his life and that of his wife just as much as the drink or the dope habit can. And that seems to be the trouble with golf. It appears to be a pleasure that can't be taken in moderation. Not one of the things that you can take or leave. It absorbs its victims body and soul and conversation, and that is why the wall of the golf window is heard throughout the length and breadth of the land.

If husbands would only play golf part-time and give their wives a portion of their Sundays and holidays, few wives would object. When it comes, however, to a woman having to spend every Saturday and Sunday and summer afternoons by her lonesome and having to listen to her husband's post-mortems on his game after darkness drives him home from the links, why, it isn't strange that wives rebel and feel that the greatest enemy to domestic happiness is a golf stick. Nor would husbands like being neglected for their wives' bridge any more than the wives enjoy being side-tracked for golf, if the shoe was on the other foot.

As for the complacent husband who believes that he can neglect his wife with impunity and that she is so much in love with him that she has eyes for no other man, one could smile at his egotism were the consequences not sure to be so disastrous. For there is no fallacy greater than the belief that so many men cherish that once a woman loves a man she is bound to go on loving him, no matter how he treats her.

There is nothing easier than to starve a woman's love to death. Nor is there anything easier than for a man to win the love of a heart-hungry wife.

Let a husband fail to show his wife the little attentions and tenderness she craves. Let him become too absorbed in his own pursuits to take her out and give her a good time or even to pay her a compliment, and then let some other man come along who shows her the delights in her society; who plies her with flatteries and tells her how beautiful and wonderful she is; who sends her flowers and candy and makes her feel that she is the most important thing in the world to him, and it is like taking candy away from a baby for him to win her away from her husband.

It is when husbands cease to make love to their wives that wives begin to lend their ears to the voice of the tempter.

Of course, nothing is ever really going to reform a golf hound,

Why Miss Lillian Loughton's Chocolate Cup Cakes are famous

"I use Magic Baking Powder," says Miss Lillian Loughton, Dietitian and Cookery Expert of the Canadian Magazine. "My successful baking results are due in large part to its freshness, uniformity, and consistent high quality."



CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
3/4 cup milk
2 cups pastry flour (or 1 1/2 cups bread flour)
2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
3/4 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate

Cream shortening; add sugar slowly; add well-beaten egg yolks. Sift dry ingredients together and add, alternately with milk, to first mixture. Add vanilla and melted chocolate; fold in egg whites beaten stiff. Put into greased muffin tins and bake in moderate oven at 375° F. about 25 minutes. Cover with chocolate icing.



FREE COOK BOOK—When you bake at home, the new Magic Cook Book will give you dozens of recipes for delicious baked foods. Write to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

not even losing a wife or two, but the spectacle of the forlorn golf widows should tip girls off to the danger of marrying one addicted to the ancient and honorable game.

DEAR MISS DIX— I am a woman more than 30. Shall I follow my present career which insures me a modest, steady income and remain single, which would mean a lonely future, or shall I marry a man who makes less than I do and who will probably never earn a comfortable living, but with whom I might have companionship and perhaps motherhood. There is no chance and not likely to be any.
DAILY READER.

Answer: I think the answer to your question depends altogether on how much you care for the man and how congenial he is to you. Sometimes a luxury is more vital to us than a necessity and we really need white hyacinths to nourish our souls more than we do bread to sustain our bodies, and I think there are cases in which a woman is justified in marrying a man for whom she has a great and absorbing passion, even if she knows beforehand that she will always have to work to support him. He may be no good as a money-maker, but he may be all to the good as a tender, fascinating, understanding companion.

As you are a business woman, of course, you appreciate the value of money and know just how far it will go and how much is required to run a family. Also you know how hard is the lot of the wife and mother who has to work and struggle and strain to make both ends meet on an insufficient income, but love can make all of that worth while, and better is a half loaf shared with the husband you adore than a feast eaten alone.

But in making your decision chiefly consider whether the man really will give you companionship or not; whether you think alike; whether you are interested in the same subjects; whether you like to do the same

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

A soft woolen in rhum-brown colouring made this practical smart dress.

The binds that finish the bodice closing terminating in a bow at the shoulder are toning velvet.

It's the most simple model to fashion. And economical too!

Style No. 903 is designed in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 54-inch, with 1/2 yard 35-inch contrasting.

It would be equally smart carried out in black rough crepe. The trim could be either of white crepe, of black velvet or of self-fabric.

Wine-red crinkled crepe satin is another delightful medium.

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



No. 903. Size

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Street Address

City

State

Headache often relieved without "dosing" with **VICKS VAPORUB**
OVER 7 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

things; whether you never talk out; whether you never bore each other. Not all husbands and wives are chummy, and no people in the world are lonelier than those married people who do not even speak the same language, who cannot even make a remark without starting something and who spend their evenings in a silence you could cut with a knife.

The thing people marry for oftenest is companionship and it is the thing they seldomst get. So before you give up a good job for a husband make sure that he will be a pal and not a dummy in your home.
DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—What can an older sister do to keep her brother of 22 from making a marriage that will wreck his life? My brother is a talented young chap, full of promise, and he has fallen in love with a silly little doll who is selfish, greedy and spoiled and thinks of nothing but indulging herself in her every whim. Her sister, of the same type has already wrecked the life of a fine young man whom she married and left in a few months when she found out that he could not give her all the finery she wanted. Can you help me avert this fate for my brother?
PEGGY.

Answer: When a boy becomes infatuated with that sort of sexy little creature he is deaf to all reason and there is no use in arguing with him about it. Every objection that you bring up merely fans the flame of his passion because it makes him become her champion.

The only remedy is to try in some way to throw them together for a few weeks in such a manner that he would have a chance to get bored to death with her chatter and see how brainless and self-centered she is. If he had to put up with a few of her tantrums when she was crossed and see how unreasonable she is, and especially if he had to make a few sacrifices for her, it would cure him.

In the adjacent kitchen, Mr. Christopher Hooker busted himself with a kettle of hot water and a bottle. There was a frown on his usually complacent brow and occasionally he paused, almost subconsciously, in his tasks as though he were engaged in thinking out a very complex problem.

(To Be Continued)

NATURAL GAS CONSUMPTION
Production of natural gas in Canada in August was reported at 911,982 thousand cubic feet, a 7.1 per cent. decline from the previous month's total of 981,700 thousand cubic feet and 29.8 per cent. from the August, 1931.

NOTICE
Miss Laura Hughes, agent for the LePage Individual Communion Cup Co., Toronto, will give 10% on all orders received before Nov. 15th to the Protestant Orphanage. Send for information to Miss Laura Hughes, Box 3, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Also 10% of all sales of novelty hand bags will be given to the Protestant Orphanage. The price of the handbags is \$1.25 sent C.O.D. to any address. This offer expires Nov. 15th. 6029-11

Spinning and Weaving
Send me your wool to be spun into yarn and wove into Blankets. The charges are: Single yarn 23 cents, doubled 26 cents per pound. Blankets \$2.00 and if unlaundered \$1.85. It takes five lbs. of wool per blanket. Wool must be well washed and all dirt and burrs picked out. The size of single yarn is medium and doubled yarn fine, medium and coarse. Put shippers name on all parcels and owners name, address and instructions inside. Send by mail or freight. Freight will be paid on 100 lb. lots.

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IN THE MATTER OF THE VOLUNTARY WINDING UP ACT
15 George V., Cap. 9.
NOTICE OF SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING
THE JOHN R. DENNIS FIDELITY TRUST FIDELITY TRUST LTD.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Special General Meeting of the Shareholders of the John R. Dennis Fidelity Trust Limited will be held in the Parlor of the Y. M. C. A., at Charlottetown, in the Queen's County, Prince Edward Island on Tuesday, the Twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1932, at the hour of seven thirty o'clock P. M. for the purpose of passing a Resolution regarding the said provisions of "The Voluntary Winding Up Act" and for the purpose of appointing a Liquidator or Liquidators for the said winding up and for the giving of consequential directions, and for the transaction of such other business, as may be incidental thereto.

Dated this Seventh day of November, A. D. 1932.
BY ORDER OF THE DIRECTORS,
CHAS. H. BLACK, President
CHARLES LEIGH, Secretary

WILLIAM H. ELLIS, President.
J. ELLIS STEWART, Secretary.

ZORA
The Invisible
By J. R. WILMOT

CHAPTER XIX
THE JOURNEY NORTHWARDS

There is a certain attractiveness about an early May morning—a hint of vernal freshness; a promise of Spring almost fulfilled, and as the sun kissed the greens and browns on Wandsworth Common, and sent the grey and mauve shadows chasing one another back to the undiscovered kingdom where shadows live, a skylark soared joyously into the deepening blue, canticles spilling from his soft, brown throat.

In the distance, London—the giantess—was stirring from her slumber. The incessant—and some way, musical—roar of the traffic that dies away at midnight to the merest murmur, and then for a short period to complete silence, had begun again on the first note of its steep crescendo, and soon after the lark had winged from the eye's vision, the first human forms came along the Commons paths, their bright faces turned citywards; breathing deeply of the first sweetened breaths of the morning and finding life—if only for a moment—very good.

None of these people suspected that behind a blackthorn bush, six yards from the path, where the white snow of its bloom glistened with the dew, lay the inert figure of a man, his heavy overcoat tucked snugly around him; his soft felt hat crammed tightly upon his head and a silk scarf tucked across his throat.

His body was concealed from view by the low lateral branches of the thorn and could only have been seen by anyone who walked across

the bush to admire the bursting feet, supporting himself with one hand on a bough of the blackthorn. He felt incredibly weak, and found that his knees were lacking their accustomed rigidity. He looked at his watch. It was half past five. More people were hurrying across the Common in the direction of the road. One or two of them regarded him with curiosity as he stood there making desperate efforts to get his bearings. Then the cloud rolled away completely and he remembered. The house! The woman! That infernal censor! Everything!

He remembered that he ought, by rights, to have been breakfasting in a Bradford hotel, with the list of those accursed drug fumes filtering through his brain.

If Peter Blayne had not possessed a constitution like a damask, he would not have been able to do what he did. He began to run across the Common towards the road. At first he was aware that his style was stiff and cramped, but as his objective drew nearer, his limbs loosened and vigor returned to him.

Fortunately at the junction of the road he found a call box and asked for Inspector Webster's number. That gentleman had been dragged from his bed to answer the telephone's insistent summons. He was startled when he heard Blayne's voice. Even more astounded when Blayne gave him a rapid prec'e of events.

"I'm just off now to see if I can

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manage to find that house in Cadogan Gardens. I think I can," announced Blayne grimly.

"Want any assistance?" asked Webster tersely.

"No thanks," smiled Blayne into the instrument, "and if I don't see you before, I'm catching the first available train north."

Blayne left the box and hailed a taxi, instructing the driver to put him down at the far end of Moore Street, and at half past six Blayne found himself entering the Gardens that breathed opulence from every window and every porch.

Fortunately the number of the house had returned to him, and as he walked along a few minutes later he found himself confronted by the same elderly woman he had met the night before.

"I'm afraid you're too late, sir," said the woman, apologetically, in answer to his inquiry for the mysterious Miss Freda Vane.

"How do you mean, too late?"

"Miss Vane left last night, sir, and I don't know when she will be back."

"Do you mean that she's gone for good?"

"Oh, no sir! She often goes away for a week—sometimes a month. She keeps her rooms on. I always get the rent, sir—in advance."

There was no mistaking this woman's honesty. She suspected nothing; knew nothing about last night's affair. Blayne told himself that he might have expected this. It was unlikely that the so-called Miss Vane would stay on at the house to be in when he called upon her.

Twenty minutes later he let himself into his flat. Hooker was there to greet him. Blayne was conscious of the man's amazed scrutiny, and then glancing in the mirror, noticed that he presented a somewhat dishevelled appearance.

"I hope there's been nothing the matter, sir? I waited up last night until nearly two o'clock. I thought you might have been rather late, sir, and had gone on to the station

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