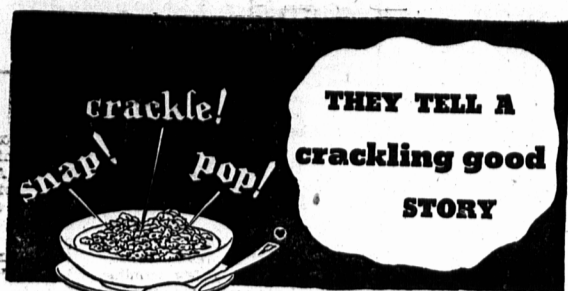


Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature



In milk or cream, Kellogg's Rice Krispies actually crackle their story of extra-crispness. Fascinating to children. They love to hear as well as eat them.

Wholesome too. All the nourishment of rice. Plus irresistible flavor, sealed in the patented waxlike bag. For breakfast, lunch, or children's supper. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



Listen! - get hungry

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

STRAWBERRY RIPE.

Heavy the air with a fragrance rare. Strawberries ripe in the meadow. Luscious and red where the vines are spread. Thickly in sun and shadow. Oh, the long glad day, with the robins gay. Carolling, whistling, calling. "Strawberry ripe! Strawberry ripe!" Till the scented dusk is falling— Jean Blewett.

WORLD WANDERER

In 1926 Miss Eileen Hill of Ottawa went for a holiday trip to New York and almost overnight made her debut before the footlights. Since then, as writer, dancing teacher, movie extra, model and on the vaudeville stage, she has had interesting experiences in the Panama canal zone and many other parts of the world. She is back at Ottawa now to work on a novel based on her first-hand observations.

"Too often the men who run countries have never run businesses, as the results of their government so painfully show,"—Sir Henry Detering.

MUD SPOTS

Mud spots should not be removed from carpets or fabric until they are thoroughly dry, when they usually can be brushed off.

VACATION WARDROBES

If you're going to the country this summer, plan your wardrobe ahead of time. Remember that it's just as annoying to take too many outfits as it is to take too few.

Get some definite information about the resort that you plan to visit. If there's no golf course, why bother with golf dresses? Plan your accessories so that they'll do double duty.

There's no reason why golf shoes can't be worn on long hikes through the woods. Or why beach shorts won't do on the tennis court. And as for blouses, ties and small hats—if they're chosen wisely, you'll be able to wear them with everything.

700-YEAR-OLD CUSTOM

The picturesque village of St. Brivels, in the Forest of Dean, was the scene on Sunday evenings of a time-honored custom which perpetuates certain rights enjoyed by the inhabitants of the parish for more than 700 years. The occasion was the annual distribution of bread and cheese after the service in the church on Wednesday evening.

The origin of the custom is somewhat obscure, but the privileges it commemorates date back to the 12th century. When a grant of woodland was made to the inhabitants of the parish of St. Brivels, the parishioners of St. Brivels have the right to this day to cut and take all the timber they require for their own domestic use from the woodlands known as Huddalls.

The cost of providing the bread

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. & A. M. Williamson

CHAPTER 7

THE GRIM REAPER

The convent was not more than forty miles away, but after she was twelve Terry did not go home for her holidays. Mother came to visit her instead, but could never stay long; a few days at the most. "Why can't I go home with you?" the child pleaded. Always she was answered gravely, but the true reason dawned upon the girl's mind as she grew older.

The Blue Moon Inn was popular with a rowdy crowd of young men and women, and Father drank more and more heavily. His temper couldn't be counted on. Altogether Terry would have been glad not to return, if Mother could have paid longer visits, and if Julia had come often to the convent.

But Julia never came. Instead she sent presents and birthday telegrams. By this time a great war was going on in Europe, and America had joined. Women were eagerly helping and when Terry asked Mother why she was "knitting or something" Mary, slightly embarrassed, said yes, she supposed so. All the girls in the convent school knitted and sewed, and made bandages for the soldiers.

Terry applied herself to this work with secret joy, almost with passion, because Mother had read in some paper that the "Prince"—Miles Sheridan—had gone to France. Who could he be? Some chance he mightn't happen to wear a scarf she had knitted?

She might even have tried to get his address, so as to post him a scarf with a note "from Cinderella", if he hadn't felt sure he must long ago have been forgotten.

The Prince had, it seemed, sent Mother the whole sum needed for "Cinderella's" schooling, in one big cheque soon after his adventure at the Inn. Then, a few weeks later, he had married Miss Sheridan, and there had been no further correspondence.

Terry prayed every night for the Prince's safety in the fighting. And as she prayed, with eyes tight shut, she saw the dark face lit with its brilliant smile, as it had been when he waved his hat for goodbye—perhaps forever! She wondered if Betty Sheen (Terry hated to think of her as Betty Sheridan) prayed too? It was hard to imagine Betty praying!

One day when Terry was sixteen, an older girl beckoned her to the garden seat where three of the class ahead of hers were sitting together. Somehow they managed secretly to get hold of a newspaper, or part of it, the "Society" pages of a Sunday supplement.

"Look at this," said the girl who had called Terry, "Rose and Mame and I think it's the image of you." The newspaper fragment had been folded very cleverly, and hidden between the leaves of a lesson book. The girl had opened the volume, and Terry peeped in.

What she saw was an enlarged snapshot of a beautiful young woman, dressed in a splendidly developed slender figure, generously shown in bathing dress. Her head was swathed in a handkerchief, and the big

eyes smiled into the camera. This alluring creature had a background of sands and surf, "Juliet Divine at Palm Beach," the picture was labelled. Terry bit back the cry "Why, it's my sister!" she remembered that, for some unknown reason, Father and Mother and Julia wished the relationship kept secret. Julia's "being on the stage" was the excuse, yet Terry felt vaguely that there was something more.

Long ago at Silverwood the child had seen the resemblance; and now she had grown up sixteen seemed grown up!) it was more marked. The snapshot might almost be a portrait of Teresa, not Julia, Desmond, except for the full development of the figure. The younger girl was already as tall as Julia, but she had the sword-like slenderness of a boy.

"I wonder if Julia has war work to do at that place by the sea, Palm Beach," she thought. "Or maybe she's gone to rest." Terry determined to write and ask, begging Julia to answer, which she seldom or never did.

Julia hadn't changed her address since the day when she first motored to Silverwood in the smart blue car. The only difference was that she'd moved into a bigger apartment in the same house on Riverside Drive.

The November before Terry's seventeenth birthday the war ended. Everyone was joyous on Armistice Day. There was rejoicing even at the convent, whose peace had not been broken.

It was a happy winter, though Terry began to ask herself what would happen when the summer holidays came. The seven years' schooling specified and paid for by Miles Sheridan would be at an end. Would she go home? Or, would Mother have saved up money to keep her at the convent a year longer, according to a secret plan.

"At eighteen your character ought to be formed, and you can go into typing and shorthand with one of the nuns who had had a business education. You can find a good, quiet place, as a stenographer perhaps."

But Mother did not come at Easter. She wrote a short letter in an unsteady hand. Her love, and she was so disappointed, she had taken a bad cold.

It was on her lungs, and the doctor ordered her to lie in her, but her little girl mustn't worry.

After that a week passed without a word, though Terry wrote every day. Then, one morning, a telegram came for "Miss Teresa Desmond." The first she had ever received.

"Mother died suddenly of pneumonia. No time send for you. Funeral yesterday. Get couple of mourning dresses my expense. Will send money fare home. Wish you return for good next week. I need your help. Will settle all expenses. Terrence Desmond." (To Be Continued.)

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

How About a "Spinster's Day" to Celebrate Our Most Useful Citizens? - Have Patience With Errant Husband, Dorothy Dix Advises

Dear Miss Dix—Now that the "tumult and the shouting" of Mother's Day has died away and Father's Day has had its glad hand, don't you think it time to suggest that the spinsters be granted a day to get back a little of what they have lost? I suggest the Fourth of July as appropriate as Independence is the keynote of the modern spinster, but perhaps after all it would be better for them to have a day of their very own. They deserve it. If you stop to reflect on the status of the unmarried woman you realize how much less of a liability they are than any other class in the country. With a few notorious exceptions they do not contribute to the criminal class. They are to be found in every progressive movement. Unlike the mothers they do not encumber the earth with hordes of mentally and physically unfit or socially offsprings who are spoiled until they are literally rotten. Their earnings keep the department stores going, beauty parlors flourishing, make the transportation business profitable, and during the depression they have landed out more relief than the Public Welfare Association. So why shouldn't we spinsters have our day?



Answer: Probably because if we celebrated Spinster's Day properly we would have to make it a continuous performance. One day wouldn't be long enough to recite the litany of your virtues nor could we even begin to tell in it what we owe to them. And the only flower that could be appropriate to wear in commemoration of them would be orchids. Whole bunches of them on our breasts.

It has been said that when God found He couldn't be everywhere He created mothers. Then, I think, He must have taken a second thought and when He saw that even mothers couldn't be everywhere or do everything that needed to be done He created spinsters.

Certainly none of us can imagine how the world could function if it were not for the old maids who do the work that other people leave undone and stop the gaps that other people are too busy and too self-centered to close.

Look where you will and you will find that it is the spinsters in every community who are at the head of every movement for the uplift of the human race. They form the great bulk of teachers. They head the reform movements. They organize the clubs for civic betterment. They are the thorn in the side of grafting politicians. They get the things done that never would be done except for them.

To call the roll of spinsters to whom the world owes an eternal debt of gratitude is to name Florence Nightingale, Frances Willard and Susan B. Anthony and Jane Adams and a thousand other old maids whose husbands were the world and whose children were humanity and whose services we might well commemorate by setting apart a time in which we might well commemorate by setting apart a time in which we might all stop and remember what we owe them.

And if the spinster has been a blessing to the world at large, in her family circle she is nothing short of a special providence. We are so there would be in many a household if it were not for the old maid daughter who takes care of mother and father, who listens patiently to their symptoms and humors their whims and keeps them happy and peaceful, while the married members of the household go about their own individual lives and their own individual pleasures.

It is the old maid sisters whose earnings send innumerable younger brothers and sisters through college and launch them on careers in the world, who give to them the advantages she has never had herself, who goes shabby that she may buy finery for the pretty young sisters.

And in this time of depression it has been the old maid of the family whose steady job has held while the youngsters have been thrown out of work, and whose savings have kept those who never laid up a penny for themselves for a rainy day out of the bread line. How many homes have been kept together, how many girls and boys have been saved from suffering and want during the past years, by the old maids in the families, only God Himself knows.

Strangely enough, the spinster's family seldom appreciates her. They take what she does for granted, and so perhaps we do need a national day to rouse the public conscience as well as the private one and make people realize what they owe to old maids. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—My husband is past 60. I am 50. We have been married thirty years. Have a family of children, all married and gone. Our married life has been happy and perfectly congenial until of late when I have found out that my husband is unfaithful. His business does not require all of his time now so he has begun playing around with young girls. I have worked so hard to help him make his fortune and, but he has become a part of my life and I could not exist without him, and I do not want my children to have the disgrace of a divorce and a broken home. Can you tell me the best thing to do? A WORRIED WIFE.

Answer: Yes. Just have patience. Try to think of your husband as being afflicted with a temporary spell of insanity that he will get over if you will just wait a while. For, in reality, this is what is happening to him. A lot of men have the same trouble. It is what you might call a delusion of youth that they get when they are about your husband's age, and it makes them want to jump the bars and kick up their heels and run with the colts and otherwise act devilish. And the only cure for it is time. Give them that and they recover completely and are ashamed and sorry, and they never have a second attack.

You see, at middle age they suddenly find themselves with too much money and too much time and it goes to their heads and softens their being too young to believe all the honey the gold-diggers tell them about. Up to then they had been too busy to think about anything except their work and getting their business established. They haven't had any time in which to play and they have gone on being as decent and as respectable and as domestic as the house cat.

But when at 60 a man suddenly wakes up to the fact that he has never done anything but work in his life and decides to become a playboy, things begin to happen. He casts all the virtues for which he has been respected to the winds. He forgets all the duty that he owes to his wife. He forgets her years of devotion. And he who has been a shrewd business man becomes an old softie that any baby vamp can take in.

It is enough to disgust any wife as well as break her heart, but she makes a mistake if she punishes him as well as getting a divorce. Because, for one thing, it brings a sort of humorous disgrace on her children. Every one thinks the woman who has lived with a man for half a lifetime could stand it for the last few years, and the old wrinkled divorcee is a figure of fun as well as of pathos.

And for the other part a divorce brings the old wife no happiness. She is too old to readjust her life or find new interests. Love has become a matter of habit as well as sentiment. For so many years she has had no thoughts, no desires, no life apart from him, and it is too late for her to try to separate herself from him.

Better far to wait for him to come back to her, as he will surely do. DOROTHY DIX.

CH. Reid and Mrs. J. McGuigan. Mrs. Thomas Bolger and Mrs. J. McGuigan. To prepare the lunch, Mrs. Walter Reid, Mrs. Frank Bell, Mrs. C.N. Reid and Mrs. J. McGuigan. Mrs. J.E. Fleming offered to give blackboard erasers to the contest. The program included a contest prize won by Mrs. Wallace McKay and Geneva McKay. Two new members joined.

Next meeting at Mrs. Wallace McKay's home, where roll call will be answered by "ways that women can save money."

The members of Sterling Institute held their July meeting at the home of Mrs. C.H. Reid. There being thirteen members and five visitors present and the president, Mrs. Wallace McKay, presiding. After the usual opening numbers, the minutes of the June meeting were read and adopted and the correspondence read. The committee to visit the sick, reported one visit made. Several bills were presented and ordered paid. New Committees appointed were: To visit the sick, Mrs. Wallace McKay and Mrs. J.E. Fleming. Mrs. Walter Reid and Mrs. J. McGuigan.

FACINATING SUMMER STYLES

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern

Here's a dashing little white pique checked in red and blue zig. It opens out flat, making it so easy to press after its frequent visits to the wash tub. Plaided seersucker in blue and white small check with white pique belt is another fetching scheme. Imagine it lovely too in pastel linens, tub silks, shirting cottons, peasant cotton, plaided gingham, etc.



Style No. 431 is designed for sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 12 required 2 1/2 yards of 38-inch material. Price of PATTERN is 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

Form for ordering patterns with fields for Name, Street Address, City, State.

TOURIST TRAVEL IN CANADA ON INCREASE

MONCTON, N.B. July 16.—Tourist travel in Canada seems to be on the increase and we find a noted trend back to train travel by tourists, stated Alistair Fraser, Vice-President in charge of traffic, Canadian National Railway, when passing through Moncton en route from Montreal to the Maritimes on a short business trip. "A greater interest is being displayed in the Maritime Provinces as a summer vacation country by the people of Quebec and Ontario, Mr. Fraser remarked, "and Canadian National trains eastbound out of Montreal have been exceptionally heavy for the past couple of weeks. There is also an increased tourist travel to Ontario and Quebec and Western Canada, he further stated. The bargain fare coach excursion being operated by Canadian railways, have had a great deal to do with fostering travel between the various provinces.

STERLING INSTITUTE

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THE COOK'S CORNER

Standard Cake Made By Hand Or Machinery

1-3 cup (6 1-3 tablespoons shortening) 1/2 cup medium granulated sugar 2 eggs 1 1/2 cups pastry flour 1/2 teaspoon salt 2 teaspoons baking powder 1/2 cup milk 1/2 teaspoon flavoring extract.

Hand Method: Cream butter thoroughly. Blend in sugar gradually. Add well-beaten eggs and beat well. Sift and measure flour; re-sift with salt and baking powder. Add alternately with milk, to the first mixture, flouring pan. Pour into greased, floured pan. Drop pan on table ten times from height of one inch. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 45 to 50 minutes. (Layers 25 to 30 minutes at 375 degrees F.)

Mechanical Method: Drop softened butter, sugar and eggs into bowl. Beat at high speed till well mixed and very light. Measure sifted and measure flour. Re-sift with salt and baking powder. Add alternately with milk to first mixture, beating at moderate speed. Flavor. Complete as above.

Creamy Cocoa Iceing

1 three-ounce package white cheese 2 tablespoons milk 1 1/2 cups (about) sifted icing sugar 1-3 cup cocoa 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 teaspoon vanilla Work cheese until very smooth. Blend in milk. Sift combined icing sugar and cocoa into cheese mixture until stiff enough to spread. Add salt and vanilla, and beat until very light and fluffy. Spread on cooled cake. May be sprinkled with chopped nuts, if desired.

FOR SALE

The subscriber offers for sale his valuable property situated on the McIntyre Highway, within one mile of Charlottetown. In addition to a fine residence with electric lights, city water and furnace heat, commodious outbuildings and a number of well constructed fox pens with houses. The lot of nine acres is now growing a flourishing crop of hay, oats, potatoes and vegetables. It is a splendid location for a market gardener. Part of the purchase price may remain on the property. J. D. BIGGAR, L-8865-7-14-18-21.

CHANCERY SALE

OF LAND ON ELM AVENUE, CHARLOTTETOWN.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to Order of the Court of Chancery, made by the Honourable, the Vice-Chancellor, in the matter of John A. Locke and others, Complainants, and Samuel Gordon Locke, Defendant, No. D 291, I will Set Up And Sell by public auction on the premises on Thursday, the 26th day of July, 1934, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, two tracts of land containing 1.40 acres, (1) Commencing on the west side of said Road (or Elm Avenue) at a point 61 feet 6 inches northerly from Reserve Street, being the northeast angle of land formerly conveyed to Henry M. Chandler, then westerly parallel with Reserve Street, 80 feet, thence northerly parallel with said Road, 30 feet, thence easterly parallel with said Street, 80 feet to said Road, thence southerly along said Road to the place of commencement; (2) Commencing at the northeast angle of land above described, thence westerly along the northern line and continuation of same, 5 chains and 90 links, thence northerly along the rear line of lots fronting on said Road, 1 chain and 70 links, thence easterly parallel to the first mentioned line to said Road and thence southerly along said Road to the place of commencement, containing one acre of land a little more or less; Reserving therout two lots fronting on said Road, namely, a lot formerly conveyed by Charles E. Robertson to Elizabeth Houston and Sarah Harris (now in possession of Harry W. Cudmore), lying along the northern side of a gangway 9 feet in width, for the distance of 83 feet 6 inches, and extending northerly 36 feet 6 inches, to another gangway of the same width and length; And another lot in possession of William J. Hillier lying along the northern side of the last mentioned gangway and a line in continuation thereof for the distance of 100 feet, and extending northerly 32 feet to land of Albert Douse, And Subject Also to the rights of way of the owners or occupiers of said properties adjoining on said gangways; The said tracts of land to be sold separately, under the direction and subject to the approval of the said Court of Chancery, and free from all encumbrances. Conditions of sale. For further particulars apply to Messrs. McLellan & McKinnon, Complainants' Solicitors, or to the undersigned. D. EDGAR SHAW, Master in Chancery, 10-12-14-17-19-21-6L.

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J. A. BENTLEY, W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law. MONEY TO LOAN. Office: 180 Richmond Street.

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Communicate With The Trask Well Co. VAUGHAN H. GROOM, Local Representative. Morley M. Bell's Law Office, Summerside or Phone 297.

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Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, featuring an illustration of a woman's face and text describing its benefits for headaches and nervousness.