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

Will Quarreling Promote Domestic Bliss ?

Dorothy Dix

Holds Only Peaceful Homes Endure

Does the Remedy for Family Discontent Lie in More and Better Rows?—On the Contrary, Thinks Dorothy Dix, They Will Prove First Aid to the Divorce Court, for the Harsh Words Said in Anger Leave Wounds That Never Heal

A San Francisco Judge, who has been on the bench for thirty years and has heard 23,400 divorce cases, says that the remedy for the domestic discontent that is so prevalent is more and better family rows. And he gives this counsel to the newlyweds:

"Quarrel. It not only puts a little spice into the scheme of things, but also paves the way for the kiss and the reconciliation."

It is safe to say that this is one piece of advice about how to be happy though married that the majority of young husbands a nd wives will follow with enthusiasm. For it will jibe with their natural inclinations during that trying period that follows the honeymoon in which a man and woman discover to their amazement that they have conflicting tastes and habits and opinions, and that their instinctive attitude toward each other is that of cat and dog, instead of cooing doves.

Also, it is undoubtedly true that a good fight does stir up the blood and infuse pep into what might otherwise be a dull and placid day in the domestic circle. No one who has ever witnessed the familiar family spat can ever doubt that the reason that husbands and wives quarrel is because they enjoy it and get a kick out of it.

Otherwise they would not do it, for there is not one disagreement in a thousand that they could not easily avoid by the use of the slightest self-control, or a little tact, or giving the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

So when otherwise intelligent people scorn to use any diplomacy in dealing with each other; when they bump headlong into each other's little peculiarities of temper and temperament instead of gum-shoeing around them; when they deliberately drag onto the carpet topics of conversation that are like a red rag to a mad bull, it is obvious that they do it because they get a thrill out of working themselves up into a rage and it affords them a kind of Sadistic pleasure to torture their mates by saying things to them that cut and stab like knives. Also, they get another thrill out of going on a debauch of self-pity at being married to a brute or a virago, and still another thrill out of a final emotional let-down of tears and reconciliation and kisses.

That is why the family quarrel is the favorite indoor amusement of so many married couples, and it is true that a great many husbands and wives regard it as a harmless sport, like tiddly-de-winks or ping-pong, which passes an evening stimulating or enlivens the breakfast table and in which there is no danger.

In this, however, they are sadly mistaken, for every domestic storm shakes a home to its foundation and leaves it weakened. Every quarrel kills something fine and sweet and tender in the heart of a man and a woman that never can be revived. The homes that endure are peaceful homes. The husbands and wives who are still lovers on their golden wedding day are those who have got along together amicably; who have considered each other's feelings, who have said loving, pleasant things to each other, not those who have snapped and snarled at each other and made their whole married life a perpetual battlegrou nd.

Of course, the quarreling husbands and wives who taunt each other with their faults and weaknesses, who criminate and recriminate each other, who drag out the skeletons in each other's families, and who recklessly hurl insults at each other, excuse themselves by saying that they did not mean what they said, and expect their offenses to be forgiven and forgotten.

But we all know that in anger, as in wine, the truth comes out. The bitter things that husbands and wives say to each other in a quarrel are the things that they really think. In their rage they let down the bars of prudence, and all the ugly suspicions, the harsh judgments, the disillusion that they have about each other come forth.

Any one who thinks that a kiss can wipe out the memory of words that have seared the very soul of a man or woman knows little of the human heart, and any one who advises a young married couple to indulge in quarrels is first-aid to the divorce court.

After a knockdown and dragout fight they kiss and make up, but John will never forget that in the heat of the row Mary cired out that she was a fool to have married him, and that she wished that she had taken Tom Bown, who could have given her a fine house and a car and servants, instead of her having to live like a pauper and be so shabby she is ashamed to meet her old friends. Nor will Mary ever forget that John told her to take her things and go back home, that he was tired of her and he wondered how he ever married anybody who looked like her, anyway. As long as they live, those insults will fester in their minds, and not all the kisses in the world can ever draw the sting from them.

And what about rearing children in a home of discord? Can any sane person think it anything but a curse for children to be brought up in an atmosphere of strife; for them to have their little nerves torn to tatters by incessant quarreling between their parents, for them to be disillusioned of all respect for either father or mother by hearing them accuse each other of every fault and weakness, and ca ll each other every vile name?

No. The California Judge is wrong. Fighting husbands and wives do not stay lovers. They become enemies. War is hell just as much in the family circle as it is outside of it.

DOROTHY DIX.

Have you ever tried it?

It may seem hard to believe, but there actually are people who have never tried King Cole — people who have read about it for twenty years.

Most people who try King Cole like it better than any other tea.

Probably those who have never tried it would prefer it too.

But *until* they try it, how will they ever know?

KING COLE and KING COLE TEA ORANGE PEKOE

The coffee that matches the tea—King Cole Coffee

A NEIGHBOR'S RECIPE

PORK CAKE

One-half pound of pork, chopped very fine, two cups boiling water poured over it, two cups black molasses, two and one-half cups raisins, one cup currants, one teaspoon each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon, a little nutmeg, two teaspoons soda, dissolved in the boiling water, flour. Do not make too stiff.

Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. How long should a person remain on the first call?

A. Twenty minutes is the correct time.

Q. Under what circumstances is a girl obligated to thank her escort upon leaving him at her door?

A. Only when he has been inconvenienced in some way; not otherwise.

Q. Is it ever permissible to leave the spoon standing in the cup?

A. Never.

For The Cook

FLORA DORA BUNS

One cup scalded milk, one cake of compressed yeast, quarter cup of lukewarm water about two cups of flour, half cup of sliced citron, two egg-yolks, half cup of sugar, half teaspoon of salt, eighth cup of melted butter, flour for dough, half cup of cocoanut.

Mix the yeast with the water, cool the milk, then add the yeast and first portion of flour; beat until smooth, cover and let become light; add the other ingredients, then knead until smooth and elastic; cover and set aside until doubled in bulk. Shape into balls of about two ounces each; cover with the mixing bowl to avoid the formation of a crust. Roll under the hands into oval shapes. Set close together in a baking pan. When very light and puffy bake about 25 minutes. Brush over with thin cornstarch paste and sprinkle with sugar.

A Morning Smile

"Do you wish the court to understand that you refuse to renew your dog license?"

'Yes, your worship, but—"

"We want no buts.' You will be fined. You know the license has expired."

"Yes, and so has the dog."

What the Fashionable are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

A good looking dress of printed flat crepe silk that assures such entire satisfaction for all-day wear.

The cross-over lines of the bodice and the sleeve frills lend a complete softness. The contrast introduced in the neckline bands, give it smart individuality.

Style No 2945 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ⅜ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Plain crepe silk is equally attractive for this model with self-material trim.

Patterned and plain crepy woolen and wool lace would be lovely for its development.

You will see one attractive style after another as you turn over the pages of our new Spring Fashion Book.

Styles for children or the miss, the matron, the stout—and a series of dressmaking articles. It is a book that will save you money.

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

Price of book 10 cents.

Price of pattern 15 cents.

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Name

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Street Address

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City State

Crazed With Neuralgia, Relief Seemed Impossible

Petersville, N. B., Feb. 16.—The experience of Mrs. Harry F. McDonald is not an unusual one. "I would have gone crazy with the pain of neuralgia and toothache had I not secured relief. My suffering was terrible. As soon as I used Nerviline I got relief. I wouldn't be without Nerviline. My children and my husband caught bad colds and had to go to bed. Nerviline was rubbed on their sore throats, they used it as a gargle, and in a short time they were well. I consider a 35c bottle of Nerviline a necessity in every home." —Mrs. Harry F. McDonald.

For coughs, colds, sore throat, neuralgia and rheumatism, Nerviline will prove a boon to all that use it.

There is always trouble in deciphering doctors' prescriptions. A small boy brought into a chemist's shop in Southend, England, a paper which read, "One shilling—O Dick Alone." The apothecary turned it over to the nearest handbook man. But O Dick Alone wasn't even entered. The missive really called for a shilling's worth of eau de cologne.

Gardening

MAKE AN UP-TO-DATE GARDEN

Gardeners, particularly vegetable growers, are inclined to be ultra conservative and to stick to the old-timers they have known since childhood. There has been an improvement in vegetables all along the line and the better modern kinds will produce larger crops of finer quality than many of the old-time standbys.

There is, it is true, some reason for this conservatism. Novelties in the past have been put out prematurely before they had been thoroughly tested. Some which were successful in one section were not in another. Sometimes old sorts with new names have appeared but with modern horticultural education these practices which in the past bred distrust have long been abolished and when a novelty vegetable is advertised it is done so with the assurance that it has had severe testing under varied conditions.

A reliable seedhouse doesn't put out a new variety of vegetable without being sure that it is really an improvement on older sorts and that it will grow well. Study the seed catalogues which are now in circulation and try some of the newer varieties. Many of the old-time vegetables commonly grown have been discarded in the up-to-date garden.

There are certain standardized types among the modern vegetables on which a gardener cannot go wrong and these will be found listed in the catalogues of the first-class dealers. A particular improvement has been made in many vegetables in developing a certain characteristic such as the stringless string bean. They are now really stringless and it is foolish to grow beans with strings when you might as easily have them unstrung when you pick them.

Earliness in some varieties has been developed. Larger and fuller pods have been developed in peas. Sugar content has been developed in sweet corn. Study the catalogues and select seed of the better varieties and in case of doubt ask your seedsman. He can tell you if a variety is suited for your community. Also take note of varieties tried in your neighborhood by experienced gardeners. This is one of the surest tests.

The inspector had just finished his examination of the school in the village when his eye sighted on a heavy-faced boy of ten or twelve years of age who had been reported as the dullest boy in the school.

"Come, now," said the inspector, "how many does four and five make?"

"Don't know," came the short reply.

"Come, come," said the inspector, "if there were nine birds on that tree and I shot five, how many would be left?"

"Five" came the prompt reply.

"How do you make that?" asked the inspector.

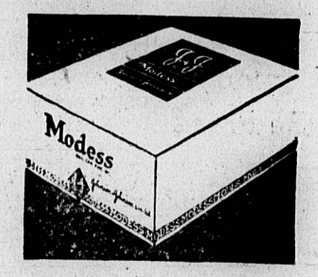
"'Cause," said the boy, "the five four would have flied away."

What a happy baby!

BABY'S happiness is so largely a matter of health and comfort. If he frets and cries, it's quite likely a rash, or a chafed skin or a stopped up nose is making him miserable. You'll be wise to prevent these little troubles with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly.

After the baby's bath, apply a light film of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly all over the delicate skin—head, too. Then with little cotton swabs on toothpicks, *very gently* apply to the baby's nostrils. This cleanses and lubricates them and tends to prevent colds.

These are safe, easy things to do. "Vaseline" Jelly has been used for babies by mothers and doctors and in great hospitals for more than half a century. And remember when you buy that the trade-mark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd, 5520 Chabot Ave., Montreal, Canada.



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Regular or in Compact size. A box of each serves every need.

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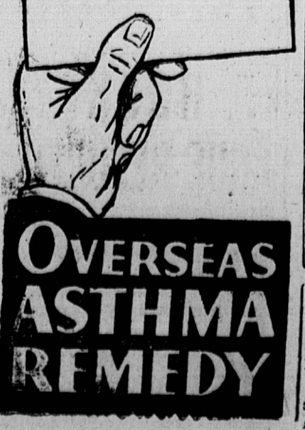
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, absorbent cottons, etc.

He Spent $8.08

George Anderson, Presque Isle, Maine, thinks so highly of Overseas Asthma Remedy that he spent $8.08 in railway fare to get the last bottle.

You needn't do that. You can get it from your nearest druggist, or postpaid direct for $2.50—with a guarantee that if the very first bottle doesn't help, your money will be refunded. Carew & Fraser, Family Druggists, New Glasgow, N. S.



OVERSEAS ASTHMA REMEDY

The Old Order Changes

By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

Rose felt, naturally, very important when the occasional absence of Miles, either on his own or his mistress' business, gave her an opportunity of waiting on Mrs. Manning at tea. And now that she had been approved of in so many kind words she decided that she would not be so humble as she had been with Mrs. Miles. She had just come to this great decision when the sharp bark of Yapoo, the Pekinese, indicated that some intruder was approaching the door. He was behind it growling when the bell rang. Rose dried her hands hurriedly and went off to discharge her duty at the front door, remembering industriously the minute instructions she had received from Mrs. Miles as to her deportment there. When she, looking demure and expectant, opened the door, the tall figure of a gentleman she had never seen before stood there. He had a very thin, white, rather sad face, and his eyes were large, eager and hollow.

Instead of making the usual visitor's inquiry, he simply walked into the inner hall and closed the door.

"Is Mrs. Manning in the house?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; please come this way," said Rose, feeling awed and a little nervous, she could not have told why. The stranger seemed to see her, and yet not to see her, to be detached in some odd way from his surroundings.

"Is Mrs. Miles at hand?"

"Yes, sir. She is in the kitchen, sir."

"I wish to speak to her first, please. Put me in a room for a few moments. I can step in here, perhaps," he added, moving towards the half-opened door of the dining room.

"Is my—is Mrs. Manning upstairs?"

No, sir, in the drawing room at the end of the corridor, right through. Will you please step this way?"

"I'll wait in here—till you bring Mrs. Miles. No, I will not send in my name; and I can wait in the dark. Go and fetch her quite quickly, if you please?"

Now, if Rose had been older and more experienced she would have been mortally afraid of this strange visitant and would have concluded that he was up to no good. But she was an innocent, unsuspecting creature, and therefore took him literally at his word. She paused her way quickly through the red baize swing door which shut off the servants' quarters and burst in on Sarah Miles, who was already beginning the preparation of her mistress's small, but dainty, evening meal.

"Oh, please, Mrs. Miles, there's a gentleman waiting; he won't give no name. He ast for missus first, and then if he could see you."

"Where have you put him, Rose?" asked Mrs. Miles sternly.

"I 'aven't put 'im anywheres. He said he would wait inside the dining-room door. No, I didn't put no lite, he wouldn't let me."

"Well, of all the silly little fools! Like as not he's gone by this time with the silver off the side-board!" cried Mrs. Miles, and hastily wiping her hands on her cooking apron, threw it aside, and with very rapid footsteps made her way to the front hall to confront the impudent stranger. Then she remembered there was no light in the dining room and hastily returned to the pantry where she lifted the small hand lamp from its bracket and approached the dining room door. She held it rather high in her hand, peering forward expectantly, and it was a very marvel that she did not drop the lamp and set the whole place in a blaze. For she had no doubt in her mind but that it was an apparation she saw standing just inside the door, the ghost of the Squire whom she had so often carried at her breast in the old days when there was a nursery at Mardocks, and the august personage reigning there had allowed her certain privileges.

White and rigid stood Sarah Miles for a moment until the vision spoke, extending a friendly hand.

"I'm not a ghost, Sarah! I'm a real person come back out of the darkness and the mystery of the war. How are you? I thought I had better see you first, for I don't want to startle my mother too much."

"Master Harry! Master Harry! Thank God! Thank God!"

She set down the lighted lamp hastily, perilously near the edge of the table, and grasping his hand, covered it with tears and kisses.

"So they didn't kill you after all, those awful Germans? But what, where, how did it all happen, and why have you been away so long?"

"It will take some telling, Sarah; meanwhile, my mother is what matters. How shall we tell her? What would be the easiest and safest?"

"I dun'no, sir. Joy never killed nobody that I've ever 'eard of. Wouldn't you just go to the drawing-room, or will I go first and try to explain? But then I might blurt it out. I'm all a tremble, Master Harry Just see my poor hands."

As she stretched one out in proof, there was a sudden movement along the corridor, the swift opening of a door, and the figure of Mrs. Manning appeared.

"What's all the noise and talking, Sarah, and why did Yapoo bark?"

No one spoke a word; then a great cry rang through the house and Sarah, throwing her apron over her head, ran sobbing through the baize door of her own quarters.

(Continued on page 3)

The DOOM TRAIL

By A. D. HOWDEN SMITH

Author of Porto Bello Gold, etc.

GUARDIAN'S NEW SERIAL STORY

Read in the fascinating vein of romance of those thrilling events which preceeded and made possible the achievements of General Wolfe and afterwards George Washington and his associated patriots.

Read also a splendid love story and a splendid tale of adventure which has all the elements of frontier life when that life was at its newest in America.

Read "The Doom Trail." The NEW SERIAL STARTING THIS WEEK

Your Backache Means Weak Kidneys

When your back aches morning, noon and night, when you are depressed, tired and feeling out of sorts—that's when you need the gentle assistance that comes from Dr. Hamilton's Pills. These mild, yet active Pills contain vegetable restoratives, such as mandrake and butternut, and put new life into the liver and kidneys. They soothe away backache and make you feel brisk and full of "pep." 25c at all dealers.

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
IN THE PROBATE COURT
21st George V., A. D., 1931

In Re Estate of William Ballem the Younger late of Pownal, in Queen's County in the said Province deceased testate.

By the Honorable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Alfred Daniel Brehaut of Pownal aforesaid, Farmer, the Administrator cum testamento annexo of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Friday the twentieth day of February next, coming, at the hour of eleven, o'clock forenoon, of the same day to show cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of M. Alban Farmer, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once in each week—for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, in front of the public Hall in Pownal aforesaid and at or near the City Weigh Scales in Charlottetown aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

(L. S.) Given under my hand and the Seal of the Said Court this 16th day of January A. D., 1931, and in the 21st year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sgd.) H. L. Palmer,
Surrogate, Judge of Probate

1-19-Mon-4i.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa, until noon on Friday, the 20th March, 1931, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for a period not exceeding four years, six times per week on the route [illegible] CHARLOTTETOWN RURAL ROUTE [illegible] from the Postmaster General's [illegible]

Printed notices containing [illegible] information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Charlottetown and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

JOHN F. WHEAR
Post Office Inspector

Post Office Inspector's Office
Charlottetown, P. E. I., Feb. 6th, 1931.
512-2-0-6-3

Professional Cards

Prohibition Commission

Chairman, MR. GEORGE E. BROWN, MARGATE, P. E. I.

Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to J. J. Trainor, Commissioner, Provincial Police, Charlottetown, or to C. A. Miller, Inspector, Summerside, or to W. E. Haywood, Inspector for Queens, Charlottetown, or J. W. Platts, Inspector for Kings, Charlottetown.

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