

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

HEARTS AFIRE

By MARY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER 14 The Alibi

Prudence woke from her night of tears, not with the proverbial headache, but with a sense of exhilaration, as of a load that had been lifted.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." And outside her window, hadn't a little rain perched on the ledge of the gable, and over and over was carolling a song so loud and heavenly sweet that one must marvel such a tiny throat could compass it!

And happy starlings (Prudence knew them all) were sitting in a row on the old cart-shed roof, whistling and chuckling and talking in that wonderful language of their kind!

The girl looked out of her gabled window at a new, enchanted world. The grass was spangled with a myriad of drops of dew that gleamed like diamonds.

Over the orchard-trees she could glimpse the common, with its golden-maze of gorse a-flower. Great sun-pits of it, in which the bees were humming busily. And—yes—she was sure of it, the first swallows were darting over the bushes as though they'd never been away at all!

"If I listen hard, I'll maybe hear the cuckoo call!" she said aloud, a-tone to all this riot of young beauty and returning life.

S—sh! There it was! In the high trees among the meadows!

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" She tossed her curly hair back from her eyes, and laughed joyously.

"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" The bird was laughing at her, too. . . laughing because she'd been so ridiculously silly and woebegone last night, when after all Bert hadn't really meant to disappoint her!

There would be an excellent explanation, and it would come today!

"Prudence! Prudence! Breakfast is ready!" came her mother's voice from down below.

Breakfast? Such a mundane thing as eating, on a spring morn such as this?

But nineteen has a healthy appetite, and Miss Prudence, in a freshly-laundered gingham gown, was soon seated at the breakfast-table, enjoying a portion of eggs and sizzling bacon the very sight of which, at such an hour would have caused Virginia Dale, that languid beauty, to wilt away entirely!

"Sleep well, dearie?" queried Prudence's mother, casting an anxious glance towards her pretty daughter. (What beasts men were, to bring heartache to an innocent child like Prudence! Why, it seemed like yesterday that the girl was a toddling wee thing with a little angel face and lisping tongue! Even then, she had been capable of suffering intensely, as on the agonizing day her doll was broken! She loved so loyally, so truly, that the new doll couldn't take the place of that first love.)

"Oh yes, I—I slept pretty well," replied the girl, flushing a little, and hoping that the tell-tale tears had left no traces from these loving eyes to see.

Just then, the mail-carrier's quick rat-tat came to the door.

"A letter for you, dear," said her mother, taking in the mail. A deeper red mounted to Prudence's cheek. It was of course from Bert. . .

Oh, no, it wasn't! But—it did bear the address of The Towers. . . "From Mrs. Vansittart, inviting me to a dance on Friday night," breathed Prudence, with eyes dancing like stars. "Oh mother! My first dance! Isn't it thrilling?"

But her mother's face did not reflect her daughter's joy. She was afraid for Prudence, afraid of this new clique so far removed from the girl's quiet walk in life.

"Mrs. Vansittart hasn't called on me. And I don't visit at The Towers. It isn't quite right, dear. They aren't your kind—"

"Oh, mother darling!" Prudence jumped up to fling her arms around

her mother's neck. "You wouldn't be a kill-joy, would you? You wouldn't stop me going, when you know how much I'd love it?"

"But—you haven't got a frock," the mother fencet, torn between a desire for her daughter's happiness, and a fear that happiness wasn't to be found among this 'set'. "We're so short of money, dear, that we really can't afford to give you one just now—a suitable one, that is—"

"Oh mother! There's the lovely blue silk Uncle Joe brought home from China. You said you'd kept it all these years for me, didn't you? It's the exact shade of pale blue that suits me, and you and I and Miss Jiggs could make it up between us." (Miss Jiggs was the village dressmaker, be it said.)

The mother couldn't stand against that coaxing tongue.

"Well, maybe we could make it up. You're easy to fit, and everything looks well on you. If your father says you can go—"

"Of course he will,"—in confident tones. Getting round him was an easy matter.

"Mr. Traymore will be there?" asked Mrs. Page, later trying the best words of fact and merely conversational.

"Prudence flushed adorably.

"Oh yes."

"I'd like to meet him, dear." The gentle mother gained courage. "I know this house isn't grand, but it's your home, and if the young man respects you as he should, he would just naturally want to make the acquaintance of your family."

"Yes, yes. He does, indeed. He's often said so." (Was it a fib? If so, the recording angel surely would forgive the quick instant to defend her mother's feelings, at whatever cost.)

"Bert would like to come. But—he's shy, mother. You know the way young men are shy, don't you?"

So no more was said at the moment, and the Chinese blue silk was unearthed from its long slumber in the attic, and Miss Jiggs and her enormous scissors snipped and cut and basted and draped, and Prudence—all a-thrill with joy—was 'fitted' for the grand occasion that was coming.

"Isn't that someone whistling?" asked Miss Jiggs when she and Prudence were alone, sitting stitching, stitching, side by side.

Prudence raised her head, listening intently. It was. . . why yes!

"Excuse me for a moment." Like a streak of lightning she had vanished through the open doorway, was across the yard and through the apple-orchard, running towards the sunlit meadow where the high trees grew.

There was a hollow there that was their rendezvous. . .

"Bert!" "Prudence, my darling! As fresh as a rose, and twice as pretty!" He caught her in his arms and kissed her. "No, don't be angry, sweet-heart, about last night. Little Lucia was ill, and I had to run the car into the nearest town for the special medicine she gets. You're not on the 'phone, and there was no time to send you a message—"

Prudence nestled into his arms, contented.

(To be Continued.)

A Morning Smile

PARADISE LOST

An old woman underwent an operation. When consciousness returned she was asked how she had felt under chloroform.

"It was beautiful—just splendid. I thought I was in heaven—till I saw the doctor!"

CORRECT INFORMATION

"Say!" yelled the farmer, who owned the pond, "don't you see that sign: 'No Fishing Here?'"

"I sure do," said the disgusted fisherman. "The fellow that printed that sign knew what he was talkin' about!"

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Has Wife Right to Flirt Innocently With Other Men Than Her Husband?—Should Girl Whose Fiance Will be Away Three Years Avoid Men?

Dear Miss Dix—Do you think a married woman has a right to carry on innocent flirtations with men? I have a splendid husband, the best ever, and two lovely children. My husband is kind and affectionate and generous to me, but he has to work hard with long hours, and I just love to go to dances and lunches and on rides with other men. It peeps me up to know that other men admire me, but I love my husband and am true to him. MRS. A.



Answer:

The married woman who phidlers with other men is playing with fire, and she almost always ends by burning up her own home. She may mean no harm. Neither does the careless fool who drops a lighted match in a bunch of cotton waste, but the result is the same as if they had started the conflagration intentionally.

There is no such thing as an innocent flirtation, so far as a wife is concerned. Girls may play at lovemaking, because under the idiotic conventions that prevent a woman from popping the question to the man she wants for a husband, that is the only way she can tote a man on to the altar. But the married woman has no business exciting sentimental emotions in the breasts of strange men.

Still less has she any business to be filling her own head and heart with romantic visions of other men, and dolling herself up to look pretty to them and writing them mushy notes, for that way destruction lies for her.

The moment a married woman begins to listen and to prefer some other lovemaking to her husband's and to thrill at the touch of some other man, she heads straight for the divorce court, for no living woman can be a good wife and a vamp at one and the same time.

Nor can any married woman joyride around with strange men and go to little lunches with them and preserve a shred of her reputation. Neighbors simply aren't built with the outlook that would enable them to observe such goings-on and not suspect the worst.

So, my dear Mrs. A., if you have a good husband and a good home and want to keep them, I should earnestly advise you to cut out your little flirtations, however harmless they seem to you. Naturally it gratifies your vanity to know that you haven't lost your bait and could still be a successful fisher of men. Also, it naturally pleases you to take a second helping of the angel's food of romance, but before you indulge yourself in it, consider the price.

Don't delude yourself into the belief that if your husband divorced you, you could easily marry one of the men who whisper sweet nothings into your ear and tell you how they curse their facts that they met you too late. That's all blab. The reason men flirt with pretty married women is because it is so safe. They don't have to marry them as they would girls with able-bodied brothers.

And consider also what a rotten deal a flirtatious wife gives her husband. Can you think, really, of anything that is meaner and more contemptible than for a woman to take all that her husband gives her of pretty clothes and luxuries and use them to make herself attractive to some other man?

You never knew a happy home that had a flirtatious wife in it or a good mother who was running around with romantic sheiks, and so you had better stick to your John and the home-made brand of lovemaking. It may be rather bread and butter, but it is a lot more wholesome and nutritious than the stuff the he-flirts feed you upon.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 19, and engaged to a young man who is going away to start in a new business. We will be separated for three years. He does not want me to go out with any one while he is gone. Should I promise or not? JANE.

Answer:

I think you would be very foolish to cut yourself off from all young companionship while the young man is away.

The next three years are crucial years in your life. They are years in which you will be growing and developing, in which you will be changing your viewpoint almost from day to day and in which in justice to yourself, you will need as many human contacts as possible.

They are also years that should be the playtime of life. Carefree years in which you should sing and make merry and enjoy yourself, and it would be a crime for you to live them in solitude, shut away from your youthful friends, just because your fiance has had to leave the community in which you live.

You may be very sure that he isn't going to spend three years in hermit-like seclusion, with no feminine friends and companionship, and it would be a very bad thing for him if he did.

If you and the young man really love each other, the mere fact that you go around with other people will not affect your loyalty to each other. If after knowing Tom, Dick and Harry, you still prefer your John, and if after having known Sue and Helen and Mary he still finds you the only girl in the world, it will make you the more sure that you are really mates.

And, if, on the other hand, your affection doesn't survive the test of going with other people, surely it is better to find that out before marriage than after marriage, for the world is full of men and women with whom you are bound to be brought into relationship, sooner or later.

And, anyway, a girl is an idiot who ever gives up all of her men friends for any one man until he takes her to the person!

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am in a curious position. Being the only child of a widowed mother, when I was married two years ago my husband and I came to live with her. My husband is a splendid young man and I love him dearly, but my mother spends her time finding fault with him, criticizing him to me and to others, and even falsely accusing him of things he does not do. We have done everything in our power to please my mother, but all in vain and we are at our wit's end to know what to do. Please tell us. DISCONTENTED.

Answer:

Your mother's conduct is the result of her jealousy of your husband. She cannot endure the thought that you should love him more than you do her.

Many mothers have this feeling toward their in-laws without realizing it. That is why they "pick on" their son-in-law and daughters-in-law and point out their every defect to their daughters and sons.

If you would tell these mothers that they are trying to make trouble between their children and their husbands and wives and are driving them on to divorce, they would indignantly deny it, but it is true just the same.

It is mother who makes her daughter feel that her husband doesn't appreciate her or that he doesn't indulge her enough or who plants sus-

THE COOK'S CORNER

Butterscotch Cookies

1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup butter
1 egg, well beaten
1 1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped walnuts
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
Cream the sugar and butter, add the beaten egg and cream well. Add the sifted dry ingredients. Form into a roll and wrap in wax paper and a towel and place in the refrigerator till firm. Slice thin and bake in a 375 to 400F. oven for 8 to 10 minutes.

Jellied Salad Made From Tomato Soup

3 teaspoons granulated gelatine.
1 can tomato soup
1/4 cup cold water
Soak the gelatine in cold water for 5 minutes. Dissolve in the soup which has been heated to boiling point.

For variation sliced olives may be added to this salad when partly set or a small tin of shrimps and 1/4 cup celery.

The following foods may be eaten with the fingers: Bread, rolls, crackers, crisp cakes, wafers and cookies, small firm sandwiches, firm cheese as Swiss or American, salted



A MAN'S PRAYER

Give me a little room, my own,
And pictures I've made
With things I've known;
With books I love,
And a Bible there;
Some tools and a couch
And a comfy chair.

Give me the friend of all the years,
Wife of my sunny days and tears;
Wee arms that cling;
And eyes that shine;
Give me the dear ones
That are mine,
With bread to eat
And water fair;
You can have all your gold—and care.

SERVICE

They also serve who only stand and wait.—John Milton.

UNCONQUERABLE FAITH

Is there beauty for you in unconquerable faith? It comes like a sea wind into the little villa suburbs of the soul, sweeping among the jerry-buildings one has unconsciously raised on the feeble foundations of wavering fears. Let its strong breath, a very hurricane break up the crazy buildings of weak and idle moments, bringing the joy of its own clean air, sea-strong and mountain-pure.

At the worst one can go down with the flag flying.

SEEKERS

There is a four-leaved shamrock among the herbage if you will only seek for it honestly on your knees; there is a straight stick in the wood if you will be satisfied with it when found. Better be deceived over and over again than sink into that deepest slough of depravity in

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. Teach her how to guard her health at this critical time. When she is a happy, healthy wife and mother she will thank you.

Sold at all good drug stores: Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

picions in her mind of his stenographer or the woman next door. It is mother who calls her son's attention to his wife's extravagance and who bids him be the master of his own house and stop her from gadding.

When you have this kind of mother, the only thing to do is to get as far away from her as possible. Otherwise she will break up your home. DOROTHY DIX.

Daintiness With Chic Styles

ILLUSTRATED DRESSMAKING PATTERN FURNISHED WITH EVERY PATTERN BY ANNABELLE WOODROW



Isn't it a darling? Can you vision it fashioned of a quaint patterned batiste in blue and white with the diminutive turn-over collar of crisp white organdie?

The sleeves perk out over the shoulders in such a cunning way. Plaits give plenty of freedom to the skirt. The sash is effective too.

French matching panties accompany this dress. The panties can also be carried out in white batiste lawn or flesh pink crepe de chine. Bind the leg edge or trim with lace. And take note of how easy it is to make it.

A tiny gingham check with the sleeves, collar and sash of crisp white organdie is fetching.

Style No. 937 is designed in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards 35-inch with 1/4 yard 35-inch contrasting.

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

No. 937. Size

Street Address

Name

City State

are oiled, pull and exercise each toe. If there are signs of bunions or joints on the great toe, exercise it circularly in both directions.

Then wrap the feet in a warm dry towel and leave the oil to "work" for fifteen minutes, meanwhile lying flat on your back with feet resting on a stool or low seat. Then wipe off the oil, and pat in an astringent lotion—eau-de-Cologne, witch-hazel, rosewater, or cold water and lemon juice.

Quite serious and beneficial foot exercises can be accomplished as a woman goes about her work, or is dressing. It is a splendid idea to go barefoot about the house while the weather is warm, or wearing the lightest of heeled slippers. Walk high on tiptoes, as high as you can get, and as much as possible. Rest from the position by moving along on the heels.

While standing to cook or iron, you may follow the pretty exer-

MORTGAGE SALE

There will be sold by Public Auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on Wednesday the 30th day of August, A. D. 1933, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, all those tracts, pieces or parcels of land, abutting lying and being on Town Lot Number Fifty-one in Kings County, Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: 1. All that tract commencing on the East side of the Baldwin Road at the Southwest angle of a farm lot in possession of Patrick Haley and according to the magnetic meridian of the year 1764, running South 81 degrees West, thence North seventy-four degrees or until it meets the Road leading to Cardigan; thence following the course of said Cardigan Road Southeastwardly a distance equal to eight chains on a right angle to the side line, being south sixteen degrees West; thence North seventy-four degrees West to said Baldwin Road; thence following the course of the same North to the place of commencement, containing fifty acres of land a little more or less; 2. Also all that tract commencing at a stake on the East side of the Baldwin Road in the Southwest angle of 90 acres now or formerly in possession of Patrick Haley and running thence South along said Road eight chains and fifty links; thence South seventy-four degrees East to the Cardigan Road; thence Northwesterly along said Road to the Southern boundary of said Patrick Haley's land; thence North seventy-four degrees West along the same to the Baldwin Road at the place of commencement, containing fifty acres a little more or less.

MORTGAGE SALE

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage dated 19th April 1921 made between John Haley of St. Theresa's in Kings County, Farmer of the one part, and Margaret J. Stewart, late of Georgetown in Kings County, married woman, (since deceased), of the second part, default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest thereby secured. Dated this 20th day of July 1933. JAMES G. MCLEOD Assignee of mortgage. 61

WARNING

Re Starting of Forest Fires

The attention of the public is drawn to the grave danger of loss of property and life due to the careless lighting of fires and the throwing of lighted matches and cigarette ends.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police has been instructed to prosecute in all cases where such offences have been committed.

By order H. R. STEWART, Deputy Provincial Secretary.

Pimples Festered and Caused Disfigurement. Cuticura Healed. I had been troubled with pimples all over my forehead for almost two years. They were hard and red and burned badly, and at times were very itchy. Many a night I would wake up scratching the pimples, and then they would fester and caused disfigurement. This lasted about a year and a half. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment so purchased some. After a couple of weeks I could see improvement, and after using three boxes of Ointment and two cakes of Soap I was healed. (Signed) Miss Margaret Cloake, New Waterford, Cape Breton, N. S. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 15c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address Canadian Depot: Lyman Agencies, Limited, 236 St. Paul Street, W., Montreal.

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