

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

TRUTH
In all circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre. —Shakespeare.

DID YOU KNOW—

That your father's briar pipe is not made from briar wood, but from the bryony root, the root of certain kinds of heather growing in Mediterranean lands?
That camel hair paint brushes are not made from camel's hair? They are made from the hair of Russian or Siberian squirrels.
That the snake does not sting, although he has a forked tongue? He poisons by biting with its teeth or fangs.
That the eagle does not swoop down back first as you often see in pictures? It always descends feet first and seizes its prey in its powerful claws.
That Cleopatra's Needle was not erected by Cleopatra? It was set up ages before she was born, but she had its position changed.

WEAR YOUR HEART ON YOUR SLEEVE TO BE UP-TO-DATE

Debutantes in Florida's fashionable winter resort colonies are emulating the tattooed ladies of Barnum and Bailey fame.
Only instead of a fleet of battleships and other tattoo classics, the Florida playgirls are etching initials upon their arms. And the tattoo is done in sun-tan.

Pair resorts, strolling about the pool decks or fashionable clubs or the terraces of hotels are creating a mild furore with the initials in white etched on the sun-tanned bronze of their arms.
Questioned, they explain the latest fad. Instead of wearing an engagement ring, you etch the initials of your beloved on your arm. Of course, the initials aren't as valuable as pawnshops, but it's lasting. And there's no danger of losing it. The etching is done by cutting an initial in adhesive tape and fixing it to the arm before starting the concentrated sun-bathing which is the current craze.
A few sessions in the sun, and the tape can be removed, revealing a lily white initial against the sun-bronzed skin.
Some of the more daring debs are etching their initials on their backs, just where they will show above the low décolletage of the modern evening gown. But the favored position is the left upper arm. Girls who have kept their fancy free, use their own initials as an indelible monogram.

THE CHARM OF THAT ODD PIECE OF FURNITURE

Did you ever come into a hall and instantly "feel" its bareness? It isn't at all uncommon, experience in these days, but it's a condition that may be overcome very easily, writes Mary Eleanor Kay.
Occasional pieces of furniture were introduced to meet such contingencies. Among all those lovely tables, particularly in oak, I have no doubt that a suitable one could be found if you feel your hall is not properly furnished. Or, perhaps a chair, upholstered in bright red leather, would solve the problem.
In furnishing a home today there are so many "treasures" in odd pieces for every room. A nest of tables here, a coffee table there, a chest of drawers yonder and an unusual chair. A table in a hall looks particularly inviting with a plain bowl filled with bright flowers or, if one has to do without the flowers, use the very best. Touches of this kind here and there in your home add that something that makes it more attractive to yourself and your visitors. And there is no doubt that most people enjoy themselves more in a charming room.

TASTY HOT POT

Any cold beef, mutton or pork may be used up to make this tasty hot-pot.
Cut the meat into thin pieces, roll it in seasoned flour, then fry in dripping until brown. Drain off the fat and place the meat in a casserole.
Fry a sliced onion, carrot and turnip, and add these to the casserole. A sheep's kidney sliced and fried also makes a very palatable addition.
Season with pepper and salt and a teaspoon of mixed herbs, pour over 3-4 pint of stock, cover and gently heat in the oven for two hours.
While the hot-pot is cooking, boil a few previously soaked lentils and when soft, add to the casserole. Half an hour before serving, add a return to a slow oven until a light golden brown. This pudding is delicious served hot or cold with cream.

Hot, Itchy Toes Lead to Ringworm

Relief Easy to Secure
You can kill itch-germs between the toes very quickly. First wash the feet in hot water. Dry thoroughly. Now rub Nerivine between the toes and over the affected areas. Nerivine ends the itches itching. Burning pains disappear. The unhealthy skin between the toes is stimulated back to activity. Apply Nerivine night and morning, wash the feet at least daily, and the trouble will soon clear up. All dealers sell Nerivine in 5c bottles.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Oatmeal and Fruit Pudding
Use left-over cooked oatmeal with
1 1/2 cups left-over cooked oatmeal.
2 cups water
1/2 cup corn syrup
1/2 cup sugar
1 cup milk
1/2 cup raisins
2 eggs
Mix all together in a double boiler. Heat slowly, stirring constantly until smooth. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven about 40 minutes.

Prune Pudding
1/2 pound prunes
2 cups water
Sugar to sweeten
3 slices bread 1/2-inch thick.
2 egg whites
3 tablespoons fruit sugar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla.
Soak prunes overnight in water. Cook until tender; sweeten if necessary. Stone prunes and cut in pieces, arrange in layers in buttered baking dish alternately with bread which has been cut in 1 inch squares. Pour over sufficient juice to cover and bake in moderate oven. Beat egg whites until light, sweeten and flavor with fruit sugar and vanilla. Spread over pudding and return to a slow oven until a light golden brown. This pudding is delicious served hot or cold with cream.

Baked Fish
Cut fish into pieces for serving. Dip in salted milk, using 1 tablespoon of salt for each cup of milk. Evaporated milk may be used. Dip into finely ground or rolled corn flakes. Arrange on well oiled baking sheet and sprinkle liberally with oil.
Bake in a very hot oven (500 degrees F.) for about ten minutes. Note: About 1/4 pound of fish necessary for each serving.

FARM FOR SALE
Consisting of 118 acres, 118 acres clear, rest covered with hard and soft wood. Good out-buildings and dwelling house. If not sold at private sale will be sold at auction at a later date.
JOSEPH DOYLE,
Rocky Point,
L-584.

Notice to Trespassers
Notice is hereby given that any trespassing cutting trees or otherwise committing waste on the property of the heirs of John M. Johnston at Cumberland Hill will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
K. J. & K. M. MARTIN,
Solicitors for Owners.
L-585.

Happenings of the Week

The Prince of Wales has become so keen a gardener that he has practically given up golf for the moment. Every day he spends hours in the grounds of Port Belvedere, his Sunningdale home, with two gardeners, planning, digging, and planting. When Spring comes thousands of daffodils and narcissus, many of them from the Prince's estates in the Scilly Isles, will burst into beauty round the old red walls of the fort. Hundreds of them have been planted by the Prince's own hand. After conferences with several leading landscape gardeners, the Prince has drawn up plans for a Summer show of all English flowers in the ornamental beds and borders. Heliotrope, the King's favorite shrub, is one of the Prince's choices for the borders, and slips from the King's garden at Sandringham have been planted out at the fort.

The Hon. Peter and Mrs. Aitken, the latter formerly Miss Janet Macneil, of Halifax, on their return from their wedding trip to Madeira, will stop at their residence in Glasgow. Mrs. Aitken, Mrs. Murray Macneil returned to Halifax recently after attending the wedding of her daughter in England.

Mrs. W. A. Found, wife of Dr. Found, Deputy Minister of Marine, Ottawa, entertained at a delightful bridge and tea on Tuesday of this week. Presiding at the tea table was Mrs. Chester S. McLeure of Charlottetown.

Mrs. Rupert Seaman entertained for her friends very delightfully on several occasions last week, at her pretty home on Euston Street.

Miss Hattie West, R. N., Mrs. Ness Wise and Mr. Gilbert West arrived home from Winnipeg last night to attend the funeral of their father, Mr. Jonathan West whose death after a brief illness came as a severe shock.

The Thursday afternoon Bridge Club was entertained this week at Mrs. W. S. Stewart's residence.

Mrs. Benjamin Rogers entertained very delightfully at four tables of Bridge at her lovely home on Prince Street, Wednesday evening.

Miss Helena Rogers entertained for her friends at her home Thursday evening.

A delightful tea was given Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. R. J. Manion at her residence, 15 Alan Place, Ottawa. Spring flowers in a silver bowl centered the tea table, and tea and coffee were poured during the afternoon by Mrs. H. H. Stewart, Mrs. Murray MacLeure, Mrs. E. A. Stewart, Mrs. Thibault, Mrs. R. R. Rogers, Mrs. O. S. Crockett, and Mrs. E. R. Rogers. The assistants were Mrs. Felix Quinn, Mrs. G. B. Nicholson, Mrs. E. Potvin, Miss Patricia Stevens, Miss Margaret Patenaude and Miss Lena McLeure.

Miss Ruth Unsworth who has been visiting in Montague leaves this morning on return to New York.

Miss Norah Longworth called from Halifax Wednesday evening on the Lady Rodney for Nassau, the Bahamas and Jamaica, where she will spend several weeks. Miss Longworth will be joined by friends in Boston.

Mrs. Lloyd E. Welner and young son Gordon are visiting in Sackville the guests of Mrs. Welner's mother Mrs. Turner.

Mrs. Dewar has gone up to Montreal to be with Dr. Dewar who is undergoing treatment in the Royal Victoria Hospital.

A recent issue of the Toronto Saturday night reproduces a

shaming bridal photograph of Mrs. John Archibald Fingland, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. L. Dewdney of Nelson, B. C., and a granddaughter of the late Hon. Frederick Peters of this city, whose marriage took place some time ago.

Brighter lips are prophesied for the springtime. One may be forgiven for wondering how they can become much brighter!

Mrs. Eric McKay, of Summerside entertained at Bridge last Saturday in honor of Miss Jean Wright of Charlottetown.

Mrs. Humphreys of Kennington spent the week-end in the city with her daughter Miss Adelaide Humphreys.

Mrs. M. S. Brent, formerly of this city, who has been spending some time with her sister Mrs. L. V. Trenholm in Amherst, left on Saturday for Saint John where she will visit her daughter.

The indisposition of Mrs. Stewart wife of Mr. W. A. Stewart, M. L. A., is regretted by her numerous friends.

Mrs. A. I. McLean of Amherst is leaving this morning for Boston en route to Jacksonville, Florida. From there Mrs. McLean will motor with her relatives Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick of Boston to their summer home in St. Petersburg for the month of March.

Mrs. Neil McLeod and her sister, Miss Ruth Muttart entertained most enjoyably at six tables of Bridge Monday at the family residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Muttart, Summerside.

Mrs. Cleaver Sullivan of Montreal who has many friends here, announced the engagement this week of her daughter, Shellagh, to Mr. Donald Brockie, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Brockie, of this city.

Mr. A. E. McLean, M.P., of Summerside, representing P. E. Island, was among those paying loving tribute to the memory of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, revered Liberal chief, at the prime minister of Canada 1895-1911 on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of his passing at the age of 78 years, on Saturday noon Hon. Senator Cairnie Wilson, on behalf of the Ontario Women's Liberal Association, placed a wreath on his statue on Parliament Hill.

Great interest has been aroused by the announcement of the resignation of Mr. Walter Elliot, the Secretary for Agriculture, and Miss Katherine Tennant, daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, M.P., by his second marriage, Miss Tennant is a half-sister of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith and it has been remarked that this is, in essence, a political union, for Mr. Elliot is a Unionist whilst Miss Tennant's activities have been in support of the Liberal party and only recently she addressed a meeting in Glasgow. The sinking of political differences in matrimonial alliances is not an isolated instance in the family. The Scotsman's London correspondent recalls that Miss Margaret Tennant married Mr. John Loder, Unionist member for the Lewes Division of Sussex; Miss Laura Tennant was the first wife of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, the prominent Unionist leader; and the late Lord Glenconner (Miss Tennant's half-brother) married a sister of Mr. George Wyndham, a Unionist Minister.

The Entomological Service of the Dominion Department of Agriculture is in possession of sufficient reliable information, which, if properly used by farmers, fruit growers and others, would reduce very materially the annual cost of insects to Canada at large.

Dexter, coughing apologetically outside the iron gateway, was wondering if he ought to ask her to dinner—afterward!

"You ought not to let them put anything like that over on you. Cancel the order. I know a chap in the hotel supply business. I'll take you down there. He can shoot anything you need up here in a hurry. Think I can get you thirty per cent off."

Molly had murmured a perfunctory protest but sighed with relief. They had made a three o'clock appointment but he had had to telephone her later saying:

"Sorry, couldn't get hold of him. Would six o'clock be too late for your He'll wait for us."

Again she had demurred. "I hate to put you to so much trouble."

To which he had replied almost grumpily:

"I'll be uptown a little before six. Send him coming. Molly was suddenly aware of her own shiny nose, dusty hands and a plaster streak across her otherwise speckless blue suit. She fled to the tiny dressing room that she had had fitted up at the side of the entrance, devoutly thankful for clean towels, whisk broom and a powder puff.

"Oh, you tired woman!" she half-whispered—but knew, self-deprecatingly, that she was, that never in her life had she looked less tired than she looked this minute.

A knowing little half-revealed, half-concealed, smoothly coiffed brown tress. Her wide brown eyes sparkled with excitement, and her lips, that had so long drooped downward listlessly, were curved upward in an expectant smile.

"I wonder," thought Molly, "if he'll think that he had to ask me to dinner afterward—"

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Will Cultured Girl be Happy Married to Man From "Other Side of Railroad Tracks"? How Does a Good Husband Treat His Wife?

Dear Miss Dix—My daughter, 21, is in love with a young man "from the other side of the tracks." He has a brilliant mind, is a graduate of a small college and is extremely attractive in appearance if you do not get too close to him. He comes from a dirty shanty type of family. His father looks as though he had not taken a bath for months and his mother is not far behind. His manners are very crude and he is totally lacking in culture. When he sits soup he gives a miniature reproduction of Niagara Falls in action. He does not seem to know a fork is useful for eating purposes and his fingernails are generally in mourning. His friends have told him about these things, but he does not try to improve.

My wife and I are not snobs. We are not even considering our own feelings in this matter, but we think our daughter cannot be happy down the years living with a man like that. She has been used to a beautiful home and living in a refined and cultured atmosphere. We think there are many times when she will be humiliated and embarrassed if she marries this man, and she is not the kind who can swallow her pride gracefully.

It does not matter about a young man's having been born on "the other side of the tracks" if he is determined to get away from them. Most of the great men of this country have risen from humble surroundings. Twenty of men who now live in palaces and are considered in art spent their early life in shanties or sordid little apartments and never saw any picture except an advertising card until after they were grown. One of the most elegant men I ever met, a man who was cultured in every way, who was always immaculately dressed, whose manners were perfect and who was a connoisseur in foods and drinks, came of ignorant and uncouth parentage, and in his boyhood lived on corned beef and cabbage, and thought he was dressed up when he had on a pair of clean overalls.

So it doesn't make any difference, in the long run, how a boy begins if he has the ambition to improve himself and is on the up and up. Evidently the young chap your daughter is in love with does not belong to this type. He underrates the importance of personal appearance and good manners, or else he would have changed his habits long before now.

At college he would have learned the value of cleanliness and neatness. He would have found out that the great unwashed are the unlovable, and that for a man to eat like a pig forever debars him from the table of gentlemen.

Evidently he missed the most that college had to teach him, and so I should regard his case as hopeless. The habits of his early life are too deeply established for him ever to change them. His uncouthness goes to the bone. He is a rough diamond that will never take any polish.

I think your daughter will make a great mistake in marrying a man whose way of life is so entirely different from her own. Right now, when his fingernails need manicuring and that he belongs to the Saturday night bath club and gorges his soup and doesn't know his way among the silver at dinner and is unfamiliar with all the niceties of civilization.

But after she is married to him it will be a different story. Then his honor will be her honor and she will be cut to the quick with mortification when people lift their eyebrows at his blunders or openly sneer at his awkwardness.

More than that, she will be disgusted herself at his boorishness. His untidiness will get upon her nerves. Eating peas with a knife is not a cardinal sin, but it will disillusion a wife quicker than committing a crime.

A woman has to be proud of her husband in order to keep in love with him, and when a wife is ashamed of her husband and has to be always apologizing for how he does and camouflages his lack of manners by boasting of how clever he is, why, the end of that marriage is pretty sure to be Reno.

I should advise your daughter to put all her cards on the table and tell the young man just why she hesitates to marry him. Let her ask him if he intends to acquire the ways and habits of cultured people, or if he prefers to remain just as he is. Then she will know whether to take him or leave him.

Dear Dorothy Dix—My husband and I have been married nearly two years. Jack gets to the point sometimes when he says that he doesn't know just how a good husband should treat his wife, and I don't know what advice to give him. Won't you please list some of the most important things for a man to do in order to be a good husband.

Well, the main thing is love. As long as a husband loves his wife enough and shows her that he does, the balance doesn't matter much. She will overlook a lot of faults and imperfections and fussy little ways. I should say then that the first duty of a husband is to be tender and affectionate toward his wife, and it should be part of his daily duty to pay her a few compliments and tell her how much he admires her and appreciates her.

A good husband should chum with his wife. He should make her his friend and confidante. He should talk to her about the things he is interested in and she should also take a heart interest in her affairs. He should realize that in the first few years of marriage a husband and wife either draw closer together or else drift so far away that they are not even in telephoning distance of each other.

A good husband must go fifty-fifty with his wife. He mustn't let most foppishly dressed, laughed. "Didn't hear you bull dog growl?" "Gosh," said the other one, who was still looking admiringly after Molly, "a woman as pretty as that needs a bull dog."

The taller one lowered his voice confidentially. "Listen, Freddie, dearie," he murmured. "That girl don't know it or me but I'm the handsome one who is going to be her second hubby."

"What?" the other gasped. "Come along up, I shan't tell you the whole plot and I hate to boast, but from now on, watch me if you want to see some pretty smooth work." He fumbled for his latch key.

"He who would woo a widow must not dally," he sang in a not unpleasant baritone. "He must make hay while the sun doth shine—must not say 'widow, be mine, be mine,' but boldly say 'Widow, thou must be mine.'"

"To be continued."

A Morning Smile

He Had His Emphatics
A party of tourists were being shown over the cathedral by a guide.

"Behind the altar," he told them. "See Richard the Second. In the churchyard outside lies Mary Queen of Scots, also Henry the Eighth. And who," he demanded, halting above an unmarked flagstone, "who do you think is lying 'ere'?"

"Well," answered a nearby tourist, "I don't know for sure, but I have my suspicions."



"Polly — I just don't dare take baby out! She's been behaving terribly lately. I can't imagine why she's so cross!"



"She's sallow, Louise, just the way Bobby was when he had that whiney spell last month. She probably needs a laxative. Try Castoria."



"See how baby enjoys her ride today, Polly. I think Castoria has done perfect wonders for her!"

"Yes, I see it has, Louise. Castoria has helped thousands of children. It's especially good for acid stomach. You know, it doesn't contain any of the harmful drugs that often are in adult laxatives. Castoria is pleasant to take, too — tastes awfully good."

CASTORIA
The children's laxative from babyhood to 12 years

himself become a petty tyrant who rules his wife with a rod of iron, and who feels that he has a right to boss her about even the kind of clothes she buys and to regulate every action of her life. Nor must he feel that he has a right to monopolize the pocketbook and dole her out a few nickels.

He must recognize that she has a right to her own individuality and to do as she pleases about the matters that concern herself alone. He should realize that by her work in the house she at least earns her wages of a servant. No man is a good husband who does not regard his wife as his partner and freely give her her share of the family income.

A good husband does something actively to make his wife happy. He doesn't think that just being married to him is all the amusement that any woman could desire. He knows that housework is a dull and monotonous occupation, and so he tries to bring as much change and diversion into it as he can.

He tries as hard to be entertaining and amusing at dinner as he used to be when he was courting her and took her out to a restaurant. He gives her little surprises, even if it is no more than bringing home a bag of peanuts or a nickel's worth of candy. If he can afford it, he takes her to places of amusement. If he can't, he takes her window-shopping and tells her how he wishes he could buy her a pearl necklace and how she would make them turn and rubber if he could only give her a sable coat.

And if a wife is made to feel that her husband is trying to make her happy, she is happy. And the man who makes his wife happy and glad she married him is a good husband. DOROTHY DIX.

Daintiness With Chic Styles

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern
BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Every woman knows she can't have too many gay little frocks of crepe silk yam for spring. Today's dress is just as charming as can be for immediate as well as for spring in navy and powder blue print.

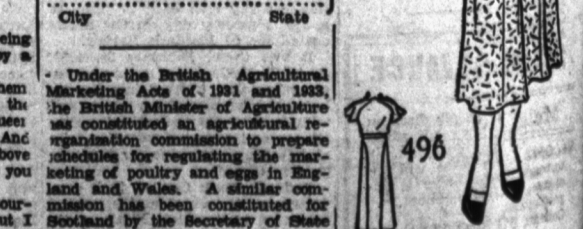
And incidentally, it's slimming to the figure, so will suit many ages. Bright red or soft brown shades would prove charming.

Style No. 404 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 22, 24 and 40 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 28-inch material. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 404. Size Name Street Address City State

Under the British Agricultural Marketing Acts of 1921 and 1923, the British Minister of Agriculture has constituted an agricultural re-organization commission to prepare schedules for regulating the marketing of poultry and eggs in England and Wales. A similar commission has been constituted for Scotland by the Secretary of State for Scotland.



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What Every Widow Knows!

By LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

CHAPTER 6
IN WHICH MR. COLLINS STATES HIS INTENTIONS

Molly Benedict, standing beside the quaint old walnut butler's desk that stood near the entrance of her "going-to-be" tearoom, could have looked down the side street toward the gold and purple glory of a setting sun. But she had turned her back upon it to stare ruefully in the direction of Fifth Avenue, toward which Jimmie Gordon was departing abruptly because she had just declined his dinner invitation.

"Jimmie is a dear old grouch—" she thought tenderly. She was hoping he would look back so she could wave a conciliatory hand.

"But he didn't! The lean, well-built Jimmie was moving away as rapidly as that he almost collided with a salwar figure that had just turned around the corner from the Avenue. For a moment Molly didn't recognize this newcomer. And when she did she sighed.

In contrast with the rather elegantly dressed Jimmie, Dexter Hatch looked what she would have called in her disdainful school girl days—"some hick."

Yet he wasn't at all bad looking, indeed there was a shrewdness and outdoor ruddiness about him that was downright refreshing. His grey eyes, rather quaint in their sur-

vey of this world of asphalt and brick, hinted a certain aloofness from all things urban. But his squarely shut jaws seemed to press a grim determination and the ability to cope with it.

"He's not really homely—" Molly found herself thinking. "It's just his awful clothes and the petite and awkward figure that annoys me."

"It's that perfectly shapeless old hat and that baggy overcoat and those unpressed trousers—and the black boots. Heaven! Boots! and an overcoat on a day like this!"

Yet the boots were freshly shined. And not half an hour before Dexter had bought himself a shave and a haircut and clean linen—and a polite spotted tie! All this is Molly's honor. Which was more than he had ever done before for any woman in all the thirty years of a girl shy life.

Their meeting for a second time this day had come about awkwardly. Molly had remarked impulsively as she showed him her new establishment.

"Everything has come but the glassware and I'm worried about that. I ordered it almost the first thing and it was promised for yesterday. This morning I had a horrid letter saying they were temporarily out of the goblets and were holding the rest of the order until those were in stock."

Dexter, coughing apologetically outside the iron gateway, was wondering if he ought to ask her to dinner—afterward!

"You ought not to let them put anything like that over on you. Cancel the order. I know a chap in the hotel supply business. I'll take you down there. He can shoot anything you need up here in a hurry. Think I can get you thirty per cent off."