

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

The Finishing Touch



Schwartz Prepared Mustard

For Goodness Sake Say Schwartz and be Sure

Etiquette
By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it proper for a man's visiting card to bear his title?
A. Yes, as a rule, such as a doctor, but not where it may seem egotistical.

Q. May a person leave the table during a meal?
A. Only when summoned by urgent necessity?

Q. What is a garden party?
A. It is an afternoon tea out of doors.

For The Cook

BEEF CUTLETS

Wipe a piece of meat weighing 2 or 3 pounds, cut from the round with the marrow bone in it. Separate in pieces for serving. Lay pieces on meat board, dredge heavily with flour and with the edge of a saucer pound the flour into steak, turning meat at all angles while pounding. Turn pieces over and repeat process until 1/2 cup of flour has been used. In this way the long fibre of this cut of meat is completely broken up and the flour has absorbed the juices, so that nothing has been lost by pounding the steak. Sprinkle both sides with salt and pepper. Melt the marrow from bone and cutlets of meat in pan, turning often. When well seared on both sides reduce heat, cover and cook 15 minutes. Remove to hot serving platter, spread with soft butter. Strain fat in pan and use with brown stock for making gravy to pour around cutlets.

Paris Styles
By MARY KNIGHT
United Press Staff Correspondent

PARIS, July 27.—(U. P.)—The smart little "stowaways" you let hop into your suitcase or trunk the last minute before they are locked up and whisked off to the station for a summer vacation will more than repay you for the small amount of excess weight they may add.

Three extra pairs of cobwebby new net hose that have just made their appearance here couldn't possibly take up much room, and what a host of compliments they will bring to your ankles when you get back home. The mesh of these new hose is not round, or hexagonal, as it has been before, but it is perfectly square and perfectly different in the effect it makes against the leg.

Then a whole dozen of those adorable hankies with cute little French messages written on them would weigh only a few extra ounces and what a furor they will create at an American bridge party or luncheon! One for every color of the rainbow and a few snowy white ones with the lettering in black—stowaways to be proud of.

Or, one of the moment's novelty necklaces of striped candy beads with the red, white and blue stripes running around like they do on a barber's pole. You can get them in other colors, but they are not so popular nor smart as the three mentioned. This patriotic trio of colors is conspicuous at all the beaches for pajamas, bathing suits and evening ensembles.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Rev. Theodore Ross and family of Sussex, N. B., visited friends in Somerville and Cambridge, Mass., last week, and preached at the usual week evening service in the Scottish Kirk, giving an appreciated address on "The Place of the Bible in the Christian Life, and its Influence in Community and National Life."

A large number of the residents of Cambridge and Somerville, Mass., and other adjacent towns, are spending vacations in Prince Edward Island this month and next, many making the journey in their own cars.

Mrs. Alfred Robins and Mrs. Colin Acorn, of Somerville, motored to Birchill this week to the funeral of their father, who passed away on Saturday last.

Rev. J. W. S. Lowry, of Cambridge, preached to a large crowd last Sunday afternoon on Boston

Common, under the auspices of the Massachusetts Federation of Churches, taking for his theme, Isaiah 55, 1, "To, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." The mixed crowd was very attentive throughout the interesting service.

The annual sermon to the Orangemen and L. O. B. A. lodges of Greater Boston, was held in the Scotch Presbyterian Church of the city, and was conducted by two chaplains of the Order, Revs. Hector Ferguson and J. W. S. Lowry. There was a very large attendance of members of the Order and of the public, many visitors from the Maritime Provinces being in attendance.



another POMPEIAN GIRL.

MUSIC—soft as the dim lights—and she was in his arms! Jack had never dreamed of beauty so enchanting—seductive—desirable—as Theo's.

For Theo—with other women—has learned that Pompeian Beauty Powder—in cake form in the exquisite new Compact—has the exact shade to enhance natural charm—whether it's Rachel, Flesh, Nude or Naturelle Shade. Pompeian Bloom is similarly, a rouge with six lovely tints to choose from—Light, Dark, Medium, Orange, Oriental or Vivid. While the indelible Lipstick, a new Pompeian creation is in three shades—Light, Medium or Dark.

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POMPEIAN PRODUCTS FOR BEAUTY

A Morning Smile

It was Sandy's third adventure into matrimony, and after the ceremony he remarked: "Well, meenister, I may tell ye that she was my first love!"

"Yes sir, I was that," said the bride, "for when I was a lassie o' twenty he used to trot me out along the road where the manse now stands."

After a while the bridegroom got more confidential, and added: "Yes, sir, she was my first love, an' it wud ha' been better for me if I had married her first. It would ha' saved me two burials."

CAPE TRAVERSE NOTES

Mr. Arthur Clark has returned to his position in the Bank of Nova Scotia after spending his furlough with his parents here, Mr. and Mrs. Russel Clark.

The arrival of the new Car Ferry Steamer—S. S. Charlottetown at Borden was greatly appreciated by the people here and many people went to see her and examine the luxurious apartments throughout.

Mrs. Margaret Mary Wright of North Bedouque accompanied by Mrs. Annie Ross Morrison of Summerside recently were at Cape Traverse the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bell of Cape Traverse.

A number of people from here and vicinity attended the circus displayed at Charlottetown and Summerside.

The tea party at Borden instituted on the arrival of the new Car Ferry Steamer, was very largely attended.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bell, mother of Doctor Bell has been in very poor health for a considerable length of time.

Mr. McCurdy Bell is erecting a very fine residence at Carleton with all modern improvements and expects to have it completed in a few weeks.

Mr. Louis Muttart, one of the most progressive farmers here, had the misfortune recently to fall from a wagon, sustaining injuries to his wrist which has incapacitated him. It is understood that no bones are injured, and it is hoped that he soon will be able to resume his usual duties.

Dr. Bell is building a house and office at Carleton which he plans to have completed the first part of September.

Mrs. Buck of Massachusetts with her two children are now with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. P. Irving.

Mr. R. T. Morrison was recently here on business.

Mrs. Allan of British Columbia is spending some time here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Howatt.—O

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Quitter Wife Who Took Her Husband's Irritability Over Business Worries Personally—Widow Who Knows Meaning of Loneliness for First Time

Dear Miss Dix—A little over a year ago I married. After about three weeks of happy married life my husband had the opportunity of buying a large amount of stock in a very old-established firm in the city, but in order to do so he had to borrow heavily. After he borrowed the money we had no more happiness. Everything I did was wrong and at the least provocation he would abuse me and use the vilest language, and I spent the most miserable year of my life. There was no other woman in the case, but he said that every time we were together we quarreled, so he stayed at the office in order to be away from me and worked ten and eleven hours a day. Three weeks ago I got a divorce. Now he has been to see me and wants me to come back. He says the reason he acted the way he did was because he was so worried with financial affairs.

Do you think he has changed? I still love him, but I have schooled myself to forget him and I don't want to risk my happiness again, although my impulse is to return to him. Please give me your honest opinion.

MRS. X.

Answer: When you look back at the wreck of your marriage, don't you feel that you were as much to blame as your husband was, and that if in the stress of an ordeal in your lives he showed himself somewhat of a brute, you proved yourself a poor sport?

Certainly nothing excuses his making you wretched and his abuse of you. It is not hard to picture how surprised and hurt a bride of three weeks felt in having her honeymoon so abruptly terminated and in having nagging and fault-finding replace flatteries and cajoleries and knocks take the place of kisses.

But you could have saved the situation if you had a little patience, a little forbearance, a little discernment and a little sympathy for your husband. You knew that the chance of his life had come to him and that he had to stake all that he had and more upon it. You knew the frightful anxiety under which he was laboring. You knew that he was overworked, overstrained, that every nerve was quivering and raw.

So you might have sensed that there was really nothing in what he did and said to you. You were just simply the escape valve for the irritability that he had to keep bottled up in him all day and that he could not show to the outside world. If you had been big enough to realize this and had met patience with gentleness, if you had laughed at his fault-finding and turned the edge of his temper on your good nature, if you had petted him and amused him and jollied him instead of arguing with him when he came home overwrought of an evening you could have saved this ugly break in your lives which you will never be able to quite bridge over. For always there will be between you the memory of divorce of a love that was not strong enough to endure stress and that may fall you again in time of need.

I am not justifying men in taking out on their wives all of their business worries, though many a man does it and many a woman has only to give one look at her husband's face as he comes in the door of an evening in order to know whether stocks are up or down and how things have gone at the office. And if they have gone ill, heaven help her, for she is due to hear that she is the poorest cook that ever put a pot on the stove and to get the bawling out that her husband would have given his boss or his best client or customer if he had dared.

But even in the face of such injustice a wife may well remember that it is her husband's nerves that are speaking, not his heart, and that if he is cross and unreasonable and grouchy and glum, it is nearly always because he is weary unto death with the struggle of modern life and that the reason he is overworked is because he is trying to give her and the children comforts and luxuries.

As to your question about going back to your husband, I should strongly advise it. He has had his lesson. Perhaps you have had yours. You still love each other and when you take up your life together again I hope you will be wiser and more patient and more forbearing and understanding with each other.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a widow just past 50. Have had tenderness and love showered on me all my life. I think now I am the loneliest woman in the world, and I feel as if I cannot go on with no one to love or to love me and no man to do anything for. What can I do?

AWIDOW.

Answer: When a woman who has been happily married and whose life has centered in her husband loses him, her lot is indeed a forlorn one if she has no children in whom she can absorb herself and on whom she can lavish the treasures of her heart.

Her home is broken up, for though she may still have the house and money enough to run it, it is but an empty shell after the man has gone from it. The woman may have made a career of beautifying and adorning it and making it bright and comfortable, but she has no interest in doing it when no husband comes back in the evening and there is no one to notice what she does or praise her work. It doesn't even seem worth while to get up a good dinner when one must eat it alone.

And so the woman whose hands have been so busy are idle. She who has found the days too short to do all she had to do finds that time can be endless. She who was merry and jolly and as full of chatter as a magpie has no one to talk to, no one to go out with, nothing with which to occupy her thoughts and keep them away from the little mound of earth in the cemetery.

There are so many widows like this who are so desperately lonely and forlorn and they are so eager to marry that they rush into unsuitable matches. For there is a large class of parasitic men, too lazy to work, whose specialty is consoling these widows who have inherited neat little fortunes from their husbands. They are quite ready to hang their hats up in Mrs. A.'s or B.'s or C.'s front hall and live on their predecessors' insurance money and, incidentally, make the poor, deluded women so unhappy that they regret even their past loneliness.

Don't make this mistake. If some good, fine man that you have known for years wants to marry you, well and good. But don't be marrying just to be a-marrying and because you are lonesome. Better no company at all than a tyrannical husband.

If you have money, travel is the solution of your problem. The various travel agencies will take you anywhere on earth you want to go and they will take care of you as if you were a babe in arms. You will see new sights and get fresh interests and have something to think about besides your loss. And you will meet pleasant and intelligent people among whom you will make friends.

If you are poor, get a job. Work so hard that you will be glad to have a little time to rest in the evening. Interest yourself in other people. Everywhere there is suffering to be relieved, babies to be mothered, old people to be taken care of and cheered on the last lap of the journey. Keep busy. That is the sovereign remedy for loneliness.

DOROTHY DIX.



He picked up after the First Feedings of EAGLE BRAND

BABY DICK should have gained about a pound each month like other bottle-fed babies; but somehow the scales stood startlingly still. No food seemed to do the trick. Then the family doctor suggested Eagle Brand. Soon the indicator of the scales began to move forward notch by notch, away from the danger point—and each notch brought cheer to an anxious mother. Eagle Brand had won the day for Baby Dick—as it had for thousands of other babies.

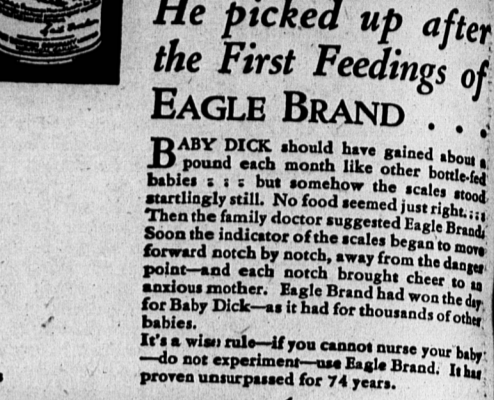
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ALBERTON

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. LePurgey motored to Charlottetown on Wednesday where they will reside in the Rochford Apartments.

On Saturday afternoon of last week Mrs. LePurgey (nee Kaye Gordon) was the guest of honor at a delightful post-nuptial shower and tea given by the Miss Helen Oulton and Jeanette Larkin, at the former's home. The bride accompanied by her mother entered the drawing room to the strains of the wedding march played by Mrs. R. W. Weir and was escorted to the bridal chair where near by the many beautiful gifts were concealed under a pretty umbrella of white, ferns and roses, which was charmingly arranged on a table. The gifts were opened and the witty amusing verses read. After a pleasant social hour spent refreshments were served. Mrs. R. H. Gordon poured tea and Mrs. H. J. Larkin, coffee, while Mrs. Geo. Ramsay, and Mrs. Herbert Clark cut ices. Those assisting in serving were six girl friends, the Misses Helen, Jean, and Ethel Oulton, Isabel Wilson, Helen Champion, and Jeanette Larkin.

Dr. H. C. Hodgson, Winnipeg, President of Conservative Association in Manitoba, who with Mrs. Hodgson and son Ronald have been spending several weeks in Charlottetown were visitors to Alberton recently.

Mrs. N. Cookson of New Jersey is the guest of Mrs. H. J. Larkin this week.

Among the out of town motor visitors attending the Centennial Celebration of the Presbyterian Church here on Monday were (Rev.) Clair St. Johns, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Rogers and Mrs. (Dr.) McNeill, of S/Side also (Rev.) Mr. Williamson, Mr. Clyde Auld, and Mrs. Miss Muriel McNutt, Malpeque.

Miss Dorothy McKenna, Charlottetown who has been the guest of Miss Florence Keefe at "Briarwood" for several days returned to her home this week accompanied by Miss Keefe.

Mr. J. D. Stewart, K. C. Charlottetown was a motor visitor to Alberton on Friday.

Mrs. Janet Seaman R. N. arrived this week from Montreal to spend several months at her home here.

Mrs. Alvah Green who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Green for the past few weeks returned to the city on Tuesday where she will visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Duchemin before leaving for her home in Trinidad, South America, the first week in August.

Mrs. Vans MacLean of Ontario spent a pleasant holiday with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell of Alberton, and returned to her home last week.

Mr. J. A. Wilson returned Wednesday night from Ontario on a visit to his aged mother whom he was charmed to find in such excellent health and cheer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Willet have spent a pleasant holiday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Sinclair of Waterbury, Conn., U. S. A.

holiday with relatives and friends in Boston, Rhode Island, and Cape Cod.

A large number of people from Alberton and the Western end of the Island motored to S/Side on Tuesday and attended Sparks' Curcus. Included among the motorists were: Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Burton and son Frances; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hardy and children; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. White and son Gordon, also Mr. Charles Green—A

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