Woman's Real m -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

Thrills the Palate

70 Cents Per Pound

Leaves nothing to be desired

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

WHO MAKES A GARDEN

Whoever makes a garden
Has never worked alone;
The rain has always found it,
The sun has always blown
The wind has blown across it
And helped to scatter seed—
Whoever makes a garden
Has all the help he need.
Whoever makes a garden
Has, oh, so many friends!—
The glory of the morning,
The dew when daylight ends.
The wind, and rain, and sunshine,
And new, and fertile sod,
And he who makes a garden
Works hand-in-hand with God.
—Douglas Malloch.

REMOVING BOILER RUST.

To remove rust from a boiler, heat the water to boiling, put out the fire and drain while the water is still disturbed by the heating and before the rust particles have had a chance to settle. The ordinary drain valve is too small to be effective; the return pipe should be uncaped or disconnected. The rush of water which results should clean the boiler thoroughly.

GARDENS FOR SENTIMENT

Have you a place in your garden for sentiment? One woman has a Shakespeare plot, a place where nothing except plants memtioned by Shakespeare are allowed. Another woman has a memory garden full of plants from all the places where she has had a good time. Still a third has a League of Nations garden with flowers from every country she has visited.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Scorch marks on linen may be removed by applying a paste made of half pint vinegar, 2oz. fuller's earth, 1oz. shredded soap and the juice of two onions. Allow this mixture of dry on the stain, and then wash it out and iron if necessary.

* * *

When aluminum saucepans acquire a dark stain on the inside, take some rhubarb, and boil this in the pan for some time. It will remove the stain entirely, leaving the pan beautifully clean. Tomatoes boiled in aluminum will have the same result. Vinegar may be substituted for the rhubarb, and the same amount used over and over again for this cleaning purpose.

* * *

When making lemonade from fresh lemons, use golden syrup instead of sugar, for sweetening. This gives an original flavor.

FOR TIRED FEET

Try soaking your feet in tepid water to which a handful of salt has been added. Then friction with a coarse wash cloth and bland soap. Rinse thoroughly. Use a spray and quite cold water if you have one. Then pat the feet dry. Sit in a reclining position, feet on level with hips. That will help to rest them. And rub them gently with cold rubbing alcohol.

FOR TIRED EYES

Alternate hot and cold compresses are very good to help rest the eyes after exposure or strain. Also try lying down in a darkened room and apply pads of cotton dipped in witch hazel over the eyes.

FOR SWEEPING

Soak a few sheets of paper in lukewarm water in which several drops of ammonia have been added, squeeze out thoroughly and scatter freely over your rugs. (Then sweep).

The paper collects the dust and holds it instead of scattering it over furniture and walls.

FOR TIRED FEET

The following is used by nurses in some hospital. Add 1 tablespoon baking soda to a pint of common bran and put in a basin wet with sufficient warm water to form a thin paste.

Immerse the feet in this for 10 minutes and a great relief will be felt.

PENNSYLVANIA WOMEN ARE GOOD DRIVERS

The Bureau of Motor Vehicles at Harrisburg gave Pennsylvania's women drivers a great big pat on the back.

It seems, the bureau says, that the State's 346,500 women motorists are exceptionally careful.

Here are the figures:

Of 32,883 operators who figured in accidents in the first months of 1934, only 1,994 were women.

Women, although constituting 18 per cent of the state's licensed drivers, were involved in only six per cent of the accidents, four per cent of the fatalities and eight per cent of the non-fatal injuries

Of 3,528 operators whose licenses were withdrawn because of law violations, only 66 were women.

Under the patronage of the government 22 typists will compete here in September for the first National Championship of South Africa and a $500 prize.

Looking for the biggest foreign invasion of England since pre-depression days ravel Associations in London estimated 250,000 visitors will spend $55,000,000 here this year.

FACINATING SUMMER STYLES

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern

Deliciously soft thing sheer cotton chiffon voile to keep you cool, made this smart dress.

It is designed especially to flatter the larger figure. And it's the easiest thing in the world to make it. You can afford it, too! You'll be so surprised at its small cost.

Sheer linen prints, tub silks in plain or print, chiffon prints, lawn print, etc., are all fascinating and suitable materials for this model.

Style No. 410 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 35-inch material and ¾ yard of 2½-inch ribbon for bow.

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

No. 410. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

TABLOID

Did yoh ever mend an aluminum granite or tin dish with tinfoil? Cut a square of tinfoil three or four times larger than the hole, coat well with white of egg and press carefully into place. Be sure every bit of the edge is thoroughly stuck to the dish. Dry well in a warm place, about ten minutes on the warming closet is sufficient. Repeat the full process and the dish is ready to use. It may even be placed on the stove as the heat won't injure the mend.

Use Minard's for Stiff Joints

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

"There is no Soul, Therefore Physical is all That Counts in Marriage," Cries Reader. Here's Woman Who Admits She's a Paragon

Dear Miss Dix—You insult the intelligence of every person who really understands marriage when you say that it takes into consideration the souls of people. There is no such thing as a soul, therefore our bodies are all that we can possibly bring into a marriage relation. Next you speak of a love that can endure through good fortune and bad, a love that time cannot kill nor age wither and make less beautiful. Such nonsense! The only reason that any two people remain together in the sad state of matrimony over a decade is because they are too lazy or too cowardly to separate. Millions of lives have been wrecked and deprived of everything worth while as a direct result of the vicious institution of "holy matrimony."

A MAN.

Answer:

Speak for yourself, John Alden, in the matter of souls. Possibly you have none, though I would hate to think that any human being was without that touch of the divine that raises us above the beasts of the field. Nor do I think that there are many people who would be willing to rate themselves as you do yourself. They think that when they were given a brain to think, a heart to feel, they were raised above the purely animal.

Nor do I think that many people go into marriage just to gratify physical desires. They want something more out of marriage than that. They want a companionship that will satisfy the needs of their minds so that they will not be lonely. They want some one who will belong to them; some one who will become a very part of them, whose interests and hopes and desires will be theirs; some one who would be loyal and faithful even if all the world turned against them. Perhaps this ideal marriage is not always realized, but it is what we marry for, what we hope to get in marriage. Otherwise we would not take upon ourselves the burdens and obligations that marriage inevitably brings.

That there is a love that endures all things and that time cannot kill or misfortune alter is as much a fixed fact as that there is a sun in the heavens, and to deny this is to stultify yourself. Not one of us but can point to a dozen such cases.

I know many old couples whose affection has grown stronger and stronger as the years have gone by, and as they have grown to realize more and more the fineness and nobility of each other's characters. They are knit together by the memories and the experiences they have shared, by the struggles they have gone through when each must have failed except for the comrade who was fighting shoulder to shoulder with him or her, by the triumphs they have achieved, by the sacrifices they have made for each other, by the children they have borne, by the sickbeds they have watched over and the coffins they have wet with their tears. And all of this has made a bond between them that only death can sever.

I know husbands who have loved their wives well enough to slave themselves to death to give them the luxuries thy craved. Husbands who have nursed sickly, neurotic wives through years of invalidism and spent their leisure in darkened rooms listening to querulous complaints, who have seen all of their earnings go to doctors and sanatoriums and yet have never faltered in their devotion.

I have seen women give up riches for poverty with the man they loved. I have seen women burn out their beauty over cookstoves and make callouses on hands that had never done a stroke of work before and rejoice in doing it because it was done for the man they loved. I have seen women wait outside penitentiary doors for the man who had disgraced them. I have seen women stick to the man who beat and mistreated them just because they had the love that nothing could slay.

Oh, yes, there is a love that endures and it is folly to deny it.

And it is foolish to say that it is only because people are too lazy or too cowardly to separate that they stay married longer than ten years Nobody is too indolent to crawl out of trouble, nor is any one too cowardly to run to safety. The reason people stay married is a better one than that. It is because they have found themselves congenial. They have found they were necessary to each other's happiness, and they no more want to give up marriage than they would any other good thing.

And the best proof of all that marriage brings happiness oftener than it does misery, and that it does not ruin people's lives, as you say, is that when once people get out of it they nearly always rush back into it. As is shown by the fact that most widowed men and women remarry.

DOROTHY DIX.

* * * * * * *

Dear Miss Dix—Here are the virtues I possess: I am good-looking. A good dresser. A good cook. Play a good game of bridge and of golf. Dance well. Sing well. Sew, make all my own clothes and hats. Read and study all the time. Am a good housekeeper. Very thrifty, can make a dollar go a long way. Drive a car. Am well educated. Am easy to reason with. Have a good disposition. Am my husband's secretary. Take all of his dictation, keep his book, etc. Make rugs and quilts. Do all kinds of fancy work. Crochet my own sweaters, etc. Make all of my own pillows. Know all kinds of poems and speak them. Am very affectionate, loving and kind. Love children and animals. Love everybody. Want everybody to love me. Write poetry and short stories. Play the piano. Have a great deal of IT. Am not conceited. What do you think of those virtues, all of them in one human being? P. SAN.

Answer:

I never heard the like of it. You are the world's marvel. You must be a descendant of the Admirable Crichton, whose accomplishments were the wonder of his day. Your husband must esteem himself a very fortunate man to have got the one perfect woman in all the world for a wife. Or does he find it a little trying to live up to? I should think that more ordinary human man would feel that he didn't show up very much in comparison.

DOROTHY DIX.

* * * * * * *

Dear Miss Dix—A says that she knows at least a dozen men of about the same intelligence and position in life with any one of whom she could experience as much happiness and affection in marriage as she could with any of the others. B thinks that she could only love and be happy with some one particular man, and that she would always be indifferent to the others. Which is right? X. Y. Z.

Answer:

If A's ideal of marriage is merely to possess a husband and a home, then any man who would escort her to the altar and give hre a house would suffice. She would have no very ardent feeling toward any man. He would merely be a means to an end.

But the girl who is capable of a deep love would single out some particular man from the group and set her affections on him. She couldn't be happy with just any man. She must have her own particular man, and why she chose him from among others just as good-looing, just as intelligent, just as well-bred and desirable she could not tell. She might even select the inferior man, but there would be between them some subtle attraction for her that the others lacked.

And that is the mystery of love. DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Chicken and Vegetable Salad.

1½ cups cold cooked chicken, diced
¾ cup celery, diced
¾ cup cold boiled potatoes, diced
¾ cup cold cooked peas
¾ teaspoon salt
2 small fresh tomatoes, skinned and diced
1 cup whipped mayonnaise

Combine ingredients in order given. Chill. Serve on crisp lettuce with additional mayonnaise and slices of hard-cooked egg as garnish. Serves six.

A naval Lieutenant-Commander should not be addressed as "Commander," but as Lieut.-Commander or "Mr." according to orders issued by Admiral Sir J. D. Kelly, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth.

A Morning Smile

The blacksmith was instructing a novice in the way to treat a horseshoe.

"I'll bring the shoe from the fire and lay it on the anvil. When I nod my head you hit it with this hammer."

The apprentice did exactly as he was told, but he'll never hit a blacksmith again!

Stated Principles

"Well, Maria," said Jiggles after the Town Election, "for whom did you vote this morning?"

"I crossed off the names of all candidates," returned Mrs. Jiggles, "and wrote out my principles on the back of my ballot. This is no time to consider individuals and their little personal ambitions."

Happenings of the Week

Her Excellency the Countess of Bessborough, her daughter, Lady Moyra Ponsonby, and her young son, Hon. George Ponsonby, arrived Monday by private car at St. Andrews, where Lady Bessborough remained until Friday, a guest of Baroness and the Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy at "Fort Tipperary." Lady Moyra Ponsonby and Hon. George Ponsoby will spend the summer at the Everett home. They were met at the train by Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy.

* * *

The Duke of York, second son of the King, is confined to bed, suffering from an infected finger it was announced Monday. The Duchess of York cancelled her plan to go to Scotland with the King and Queen, who left for Edinburgh by special train.

* * *

On Sunday afternoon His Honour the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. DeBlois entertained a number of their intimate friends at their lovely summer home "Lakewood-by-the-Sea" in honour of the Captain and officers of the H.M.S. "Dragon" and the Premiers of the Maritime Provinces who had been holding a Conference in Charlottetown. The long stretch of beach and the white sand dunes made a beautiful setting and after the tea hour the guests enjoyed several musical selections rendered by some of the artists present.

* * *

Previous to the dance on board the H.M.S. "Dragon" on Tuesday evening Captain W. F. Wake-Walker entertained at a small dinner party in honour of the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. DeBlois and Premier and Mrs. MacMillan.

* * *

The delegates to the Provincial Convention of the Women's Institute's were the guests of the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. G. D. DeBlois yesterday at afternoon tea, served on the spacious lawn amid the charming surroundings of Government House. It was a delightful social gathering. Mrs. W. J. P. MacMillan, wife of the Premier of the Province and Mrs. G. S. Sharp, poured tea, while Miss Miss Louise Haszard and Miss Elizabeth MacMillan cut the ices; Mrs. J. A. Clark and Mrs. W. E. Bentley had the pleasant duty of ushering, while those assisting were: Mrs. R. L. Cotton, Mrs. Percy D. Williams, Mrs. F. I. Andrew, Mrs. W. E. Cotton, Mrs. Noel H. DeBlois, Mrs. J. R. Paton, Mrs. L. D. Murray, Mrs. G. E. Full, Mrs. W. J. MacDonald, Mrs. M. Alban Farmer, Miss Janet Hegan, Miss Evelyn Sinclair, Miss Iphigenie Arsenault, Miss Mona Wilson, Mrs. LeBaron Tait, Mrs. Frank Chauvin, Miss Helen Wakeford, Mrs. E. F. Seller, Mrs. H. R. Large. During the afternoon the Legion Band discoursed sweet music, adding greatly to the pleasure of the afternoon.

* * *

Tomorrow afternoon members of the Canadian Press Association will be entertained at "Lakewood-by-the-Sea."

* * *

Miss Betty Sinclair, Summerside, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Louise B. Hunt, Riverside Apartments.

Mr. A. H. Mould, of the Canadian National Hotel, entertained at luncheon yesterday in honour of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Davis New York.

* * *

Mr. P. C. Howard of Sherbrooke, Que., is spending a two weeks holiday with Mr. and Mrs. B. Roy Holman, 20 Brighton Road.

* * *

Those who have been following the life history of the Dionne quintuplets will be interested to know that Miss Mildred Cox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chester N. Cox of this city, who is now intern dietitian at the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, has been assigned the task of preparing the food for the five children. Miss Cox, who is a graduate of Toronto University, assumed her duties on July 1, and for the first month is working in the dairy preparing infants feedings. The first work assigned her was the making ready of the food for the quintuplets. The food is rushed by plane to North Bay, which is the largest city in the neighbourhood of where the children live.

* * *

Rev. A. B. McLeod and Mrs. McLeod of Long Beach, Calif., are expected in the city tonight on a visit to Mrs. McLeod's sister, Mrs. J. W. McKenzie, Queen Street.

* * *

Mrs. Bonnell, wife of Rev. Sidney J. B. Bonnell, and family, of Winnipeg have arrived to spend the holidays at their summer cottage in New Glasgow. Mr. Bonnell, who has left on an educational tour through Europe will return in time to join his family on their way home.

* * *

Colonel and Mrs. Weatherbie, of Bellevue have returned home from a three weeks motor trip through the Eastern States and Quebec. Miss H. E. Winn of Quebec City accompanied her brother-in-law and sister on their return to the Island.

* * *

Miss Jean Currie arrived home from New York Thursday night on a short holiday visit to her father, Mr. D. K. Currie and aunt Mrs. Mary Patterson.

* * *

Mrs. (Dr.) Carson and little son, Keith, are spending a pleasant holiday in Montague the guests of Mr. Montague Annear, M.L.A. and Mrs. Annear.

* * *

Mrs. Charles O'Connor of Ottawa is at Brackley Beach, with Colonel and Mrs. H. Willis-O'Connor and their family.

Miss Helen Pringle who has been visiting her sister Mrs. Harris Chapman in Sackville has arrived in Montague where she is the guest of her brother, Rev. Gordon Pringle and Mrs. Pringle.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Piper of Montreal are visiting Mrs. Piper's father Mr. G. H. Toombs, Brighton.

* * *

Mrs. H. J. Mabon, Montague entertained at her beautiful home, The Cedars, on Monday for Mrs. Benjamin Rogers and Mrs. Reginald Bell of Charlottetown, and Mrs. Wilson Hunt of Malden, Mass.

* * *

Hon. Mr. Justice and Mrs. J. D. Hyndman of Ottawa, motored to Toronto for the week end and were accompanied by their son, James, who will spend a few weeks at Kagawan Camp.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKenzie, Brighton, have as their guests their daughter-in-law Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie and her winsome young son, Kenneth Montgomery McKenzie, of Needham, Mass.

* * *

A cordial welcome was extended to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Simmons of Arlington, Mass. who left Thursday on return home after ten days pleasant holiday. They were the guests of Mrs. Simmon's aunt Mrs Clark.

The hostesses at the Golf Links this afternoon will be Miss Edith M. Rogers, Mrs. A. E. Duff, Mrs. L. D. Murray, Mrs. E. W. McKinnon.

* * *

Mrs. A. C. Russel who has been the guest of her sisters, Mrs. Pierce and Miss Hooper, left Thursday on return to her home in Calgary. Mrs. Russel met many relatives and friends during her month's visit who vied with one another in making her visit delightful.

* * *

Mrs. Hunt who has been the guest of her brother, Mr. Benjamin Rogers and Mrs. Rogers, left Thursday on return to her home in Malden, Mass.

* * *

Among the annual visitors at Gregor's Hotel, Brackley, are Mr. and Mr. H. W. Longworth and Miss Rosa Longworth.

* * *

A cordial welcome is being given Mrs. G. E. Full and her sister, Miss Trowan, who are here for the summer months.

* * *

Mrs. Newton McLeod accompanied by Miss Beth McKenzie have returned to Quincey, Mass. having had a delightful holiday with Mrs. J. W. McKenzie and Mrs. George J. Tweedy.

* * *

The Wo-he-lo club had a delightful get-to-gether outing yesterday, going to the North Shore for a swim and winding up with a toothsome dinner at Welcome Inn.

Rev. G. A. Ross, D.D. of Alberton is in Halifax this week visiting his son, Mr. J. H. L. Ross and Mrs. Ross.

* * *

Mrs. John Aylen and children of Ottawa, are summering at Brackley Beach.

* * *

After his serious illness of last year, friends are pleased to see Hon. Cyrus MacMillan, Ph.D., looking so well on his present vacation trip to the Province, which he is greatly enjoying.

* * *

Dr. E. J. Mullally, Montreal, formerly of Souris West, sails today on an extended tour of Europe. In London he will be joined by his duaghte Patricia, who sailed on the 21st and they will visit Paris, Rome, Munich, and go to Oberamagau for the Passion Play.

* * *

Mrs. Lorne Unsworth is being welcomed home from New York for the summer.

* * *

Mr. R. N. Taylor who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. F. P. Taylor for the past few weeks left Wednesday on return to Montreal.

* * *

Mrs. Harold Montieth, and young son Neville, have arrived from Montreal on a visit to Mrs. Montieth's mother Mrs. Gill and grandmother, Mrs. Charles Dalziel.

* * *

At the Charlottetown Tennis Courts this afternoon the tea will be served by Miss Ruth McKenzie, Miss Madelyn Clarkin, Miss Winnie Trainor.

* * *

Mrs. Percy Pope, of Boston, is among the annual visitors being welcomed home for the summer.

Mrs. Deacon of Fredericton, N.B., has arrived to spend the summer at the Charlotte Home.

* * *

Mrs. Eric MacKay, entertained on Tuesday evening at her pretty home on Church Street, Summerside at three tables of Bridge in honour of her sister, Miss Jean Begg, who is visiting her from Halifax.

* * *

Mrs. W. E. MacDonald and little daughter, Catherine, left this week for their summer home in Pictou, N.S.

* * *

Mrs. John Lea, Miss Virginia and Master Billy have arrived from Toronto to spend the summer months at their cottage at Travellers Rest.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. MacNeill of Summerside have as their guest, Miss Bertie Lewis of Charlottetown.

* * *

The ladies serving tea at the Summerside Golf Course this afternoon will be Mrs. C. W. Harris, Mrs. H. G. Muttart, Miss Zilpha Sharp and Miss Ethel Tanton.

* * *

The young ladies serving tea at the Tennis Court on Wednesday afternoon were Miss Blanche Kenny, Miss Byril Milligan and Miss Sybil Linkletter.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Allen of Summerside have as their guests their daughter, Dr. Irene MacPherson and her husband Dr. Lauchlan MacPherson of St. John, and the later's mother Mrs. MacPherson, also of St. John, N.B. Also their daughters, Miss Edth Allen of Halifax and Miss Mildred, a student at Dalhousie University.

* * *

Mrs. R. C. Williams and her daughter, Helen of Halifax, N.S., are leaving this week end on return to their home after a most enjoyable visit in Summerside, their former home. During their visit they were pleasantly entertained at several informal afternoon teas and dinner parties. Miss Helen was the guest of the younger set on two occasions at picnic parties on the beach. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Manson and Miss Helen Manson during their stay.

* * *

A high-wheeled tricycle that once belonged to King Edward VII was trundled up and down the yard of an automobile plant in Coventry, England Thursday by his grandson, the Prince of Wales. In front of a cheering crowd of workers, the Prince mounted the ancient vehicle and pedalled about 60 yards, grinning widely. As the Prince was completing an inspection of the plant he observed the tricycle, kept here as a curiosity, and asked if he could ride it.

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Nicholson and daughter Miss Evelyn Nicholson of Montreal, have arrived from Montreal and have taken up their residence on Ambrose Street.

* * *

Miss Grant, 124 Water St. had as her house guest this past week Mr. G. H. Rafuse, manager of the Flanagan Hotel, Saskatoon Sask.

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. & A. M. Williamson

CHAPTER V.

Cinderella and the Prince

Instantly the child was wide awake.

"Is anyone killed?" she asked.

"No, nobody killed or hurt," Desmond answered. "Come along. Stir your stumps! Your mother'll be here with clean sheets. She'll tell you about it. I've got to see what there is to eat and drink!"

While Terry struggled to fasten her dress, Mary appeared, her arms full of bed linen.

"It's an auto broken down," she explained, "nearly in front of the house. The people roused your father and me, tooting their horn, and the mother was making a horrid noise, too. Nothing will budge the car, and it's come on to rain hard—a cold, freezing rain. The people want us to take them in. I never was more surprised in my life than to see who one of them is. You'd never guess. Betty Sheen!"

"Oh, Mother, that hateful girl!" the child exclaimed. "I don't want her to be in my bed!"

"She won't be," Mary said. "She and the lady who's with her, a paid companion I guess, will have the big bed in the next room, and the young man Miss Sheen's engaged to will be put in here. You and Father and I must do the best we can in two of the little private dining-rooms, and the chauffeur'll sleep in the car. I'll make up a bed for you on a sofa. It's after twelve now, so the night won't be long; and I expect the car'll be ready for a start in the morning."

"Did you let Miss Sheen in, to pour coals of fire on her head?" Terry gravely enquired.

Mary Desmond laughed. "You funny child! Well, maybe there was some such idea in our heads. Anyhow, Father wouldn't think it was business to refuse people shelter."

"I don't want to see Miss Sheen," Terry said. "I wish she wasn't going to marry that man with the nice voice. I thought she was married long ago."

"We thought so too," said Mother. "But the companion—quite a pleasant woman—was telling me about Mrs. Parmalee. We knew she never came back to Silverwood after she went to New York three years ago. But there was no one to give us news. It seems the poor old lady got sick, and the doctors sent her to some cure place in France. Miss Sheen was with her, of course. But the cure did no good. They went back to Paris, and Mrs. Parmalee lingered on, till a month ago. Mr. Sheridan—that's the young man—travelled over to see the ladies several times, but for some reason he and Miss Sheen didn't marry. It would have been a sad sort of wedding with the old lady so sick, but now it's to be soon; and the three were on their way to Silverwood when the auto went wrong. Miss Sheen has to meet her grandmother's lawyer at Silverwood, and clear up some business. She was quite pleasant, and looks pretty as a picture in her mourning."

"Did she—say anything about me?" Terry stammered, her heart beating.

"Not a word. I expect she's forgotten. She wouldn't have recognized us, if I hadn't blurted out her name."

Teresa asked no more questions. But it was queer that she should have dreamed of Josephine and the long-lost Teddy when a car with Miss Sheen in it hooted and thundered before the door.

She was too highly eyed to sleep during what remained of that night, and the sofa was so narrow that the child was glad to get up with the first flicker of daylight.

Nobody else seemed to be stirring, however. The house was still, save for Father's loud, regular breathing in the next room. He and Mother slept on a mattress laid on the floor. They were not disturbed by constant threats of falling out!

As for the visitors, they were no doubt resting cosily in the clean fresh beds given to them. Terry was the martyr!

Wrapped in a shawl of her mother's, with her clothes over her arm, she stole out of the pink and blue dining-room. There were no toilet arrangements there, and the child planned to wash and dress in the kitchen before anyone else came down. Then she would be able to run out of doors so that Miss Sheen wouldn't see her.

Terry splashed valiantly in a big tin basin of cold water, slipped into her clothing in haste as the light grew, but felt untidy and wretched because her masses of hair were uncombed, unbrushed.

She was hungry, too, and as Mother might not be down for half an hour, the child began poking at the remains of fire in the range. Close by stood a full scuttle of coal, but it was heavy, and no shovel could be seen.

Difficulties roused Terry's spirit. She tried to lift the scuttle, found that she could not, and began to drag is across the floor. The piled lumps of coal fell with a noise which seemed loud in the sleeping house.

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed the child, and bent her energies to picking up the scattered lumps. "I'm so hungry! I'm so cold!"

It was then that the electric light was switched on and a voice spoke behind her, at the door.

"Hello!" it said. "Are you Cinderella?"

Terry jumped to her feet, and turned.

She had never heard any voice like this, until last night, so she knew whose it was; that of "the young man who was going to marry Miss Sheen."

How thankful she was that she'd finished dressing! The thought of this narrow escape brought the blood to her face, and the creature who whirled round to face Miles Sheridan was a childish vision of rose-white and red-gold.

She amazed him even more than he amazed her, for somehow Terry was not surprised that the man of the voice should be black-browed and thin, with a dark, eager face, brown as a gipsy's. She believed now that a true image of him had come into her mind when she heard him speak last night. He was just what she'd expected and she wondered what it was in her that made him stare. Perhaps he was thinking her rude because she hadn't answered his question. She would hate him to think that!

"I've often played I'm Cinderella," she explained.

The young man smiled. He had very white teeth and the smile was like a sudden light in darkness. Before it came, though, he had been looking quite good-natured, there'd been a hardness about his cleanshaven face.

His nose was rather like the nose of a man in a picture which hung in Father and Mother's bedroom: the picture of some English soldier-duke who had lived in old days.

This man's eyes were light, though his brows and lashes were so black the thought of pools flashed through Terry's nature-loving mind — pools among dark reeds when the sun is high.

"Then I suppose it was your fairy godmother who routed me out of bed and sent me down at this unearthly hour to help you with that coal, Miss Cinderella," he laughed.

(To Be Continued.)

Grandmother's Quilt Patterns

TULIP

Cut out applique and sew on patch as indicated on small design. In the original quilt, tulips are orange, leaves dark green and stems light green. Insert 3 inch binding to match applique between all blocks and also have border around quilt 3 inches wide, which should match strips between blocks.

Material Required:

3 1-3 yards white material.
1 yard orange material.
1 1-6 yards dark green material.
24 yards 3 inch binding for insertion and around quilt.

Allow for seams when cutting patterns.

Finished block is 12 inches square. 30 blocks to quilt.

3 inch binding for insertion and around quilt.

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