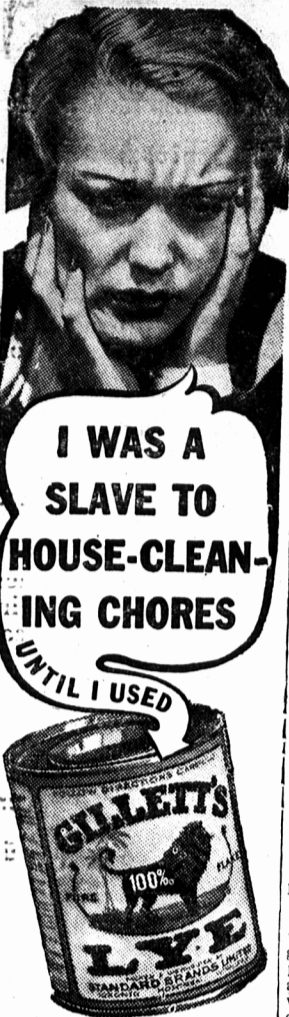


Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature



I WAS A SLAVE TO HOUSE-CLEANING CHORES UNTIL I USED

It gets rid of dirt easily and quickly, no hard rubbing and scrubbing...

UNPLEASANT cleaning jobs are easy when you use Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. It actually washes the dirt away. Gets right down to ground-in grime! Use a solution of 1 teaspoonful dissolved in a quart of cold water. Off comes the dirt! And you do no hard rubbing!

Keep Gillett's Lye on hand for all your cleaning. Use it for toilet bowls. To clear stopped-up drains. It kills germs, destroys odors—and never harms enamel or plumbing. Your grocer sells Gillett's Lye. Ask him for a tin—today.

FREE BOOKLET—Get your copy of the new edition of the Gillett's Lye Booklet—it tells you dozens of ways to make house cleaning easier by using this powerful cleanser and disinfectant. Also contains full information for soap making, thorough cleaning and other uses on the farm. Address Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Avenue & Liberty Street, Toronto, Ontario.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

FARM FOR SALE

Over 100 acres of land with farm buildings on Covehead Road formerly property of the late Thomas Carroll. Apply to MRS. ELIZABETH JENNINGS, Covehead Road, L-3584.

AUCTION SALE

Auction sale on Sept. 15th at two o'clock, two wood sleighs; two bob sleighs; two cart boxes; one horse sleigh, all new; also 14 tons good hay. EDWIN LOGAN, Fort Augustus, L-323-9-13-21

FOR SALE

11 acres at Victoria, Queens County, property of the late James Waddell. All clear with good dwelling house and out buildings. Apply to the undersigned at Post Office, Victoria. MRS. KATIE WADDELL, Executrix, L-246-9-10-61.

What Kind of Man Do You Want? Dorothy Dix Describes One Girl's Dream Husband

"My Ideal Husband is One Who Will Really Keep Me Company, Who Will Play Fair With Me, Both in Loyalty and in Money, and Who'll Keep up the Lovemaking From the Altar to the Grave"

A young woman was describing her ideal husband the other day. "If I could have just the kind of a husband I would like to have," she said, "he would not be the fairy Prince that all girls are supposed to dream of, nor would he be an understudy of a screen lover. Fancy having to live up to a romantic hero who was always posing around in picturesque and paying you delicate, chivalrous attentions, and who never got mussy or cross, or took part in a family scrimmage!

"Think how terrible it would be to be married to a man who would always present an invidious comparison. Imagine how jaundiced and green-eyed you would get watching a husband so good-looking that all the other women were trying to take him away from you! Fancy your chagrin when every time you went out together you would hear somebody say: 'Is THAT his wife? What on earth do you suppose made him pick out that chromo?'"

"No, indeed. I don't want any superman for a husband. I don't want any model man. I don't want a man who is as full of faults as I am so he will be willing to overlook my shortcomings. I want one who will spend his time admiring me and his money doling me up, instead of expecting me to burn perpetual incense at his feet and thinking that all the good clothes ought to go to the one who would show them off best."

"I want a husband who will be a friend and companion. I want a man who has done all the running around he desires before marriage, and who will be willing to settle down and stay put. When I marry it will be to get a companion. I don't want one of the Wandering Willies who will put on his hat the minute dinner is over and step out to some place of amusement, leaving me to spend the evening by my lonesome. Nor do I want a stilted snuff that is about as conversational at home as a store dummy would be."

"I want a husband who will not only stay at home but who will be good company. I want a husband who will be bright and chatty and who will take as much trouble to entertain and amuse me after I am his wife as he did when I was his sweetheart. And I want my husband to be able to talk to me about something besides the stock market and what went wrong at the office. I want him to read the new books and go to see the new plays and not degenerate into a machine that only clicks when you press the button."

"I want to marry a man I won't have to lie to. I want a husband that I won't have to manage, that I won't have to dress things up for before I tell them, that I won't have to hide things from, that I won't have to flatter and cajole into doing the things he should do."

"I want a husband to whom I can say: 'John, I met such an interesting man at the Joneses and I have asked him to tea tomorrow.' And he will say 'fine' instead of raising ructions over it. I don't want to have to practice the tricks of a courtesan on my husband to save a scene when I pay too much for a hat. I don't want to have to pamper him up with an extra good dinner before I break the news to him that Aunt Geraldine is coming for a nice long visit. I want a husband who is big enough to be told the truth, and that is something few women ever get."

"I would like a husband who would play the marriage game fair and square with me, who would go fit-fy-fity with me, who would be just as faithful and true to me as he expected me to be to him. I would like a husband who would not more cheat in love than he would in a business deal and whom I could trust so completely that I wouldn't even bother to find out whether his new secretary was a blonde flapper or a gray-headed old maid."

"I would like to have a husband who thought that the laborer was worthy of his hire even if she was married to him, and who wouldn't expect a wife to work for her board and clothing and those grudgingly given. I would want my husband to realize that financial independence is as necessary to a woman's self-respect as it is to a man's, and who would give me of his own accord a definite allowance for my own personal needs instead of making me panhandle him for every cent."

"I want my husband to be tender and affectionate. Marriage isn't much of a picnic for women at best, and it isn't any party at all if the husband is surly and grouchy, or unkind, or tyrannical, or if he is a human refrigerator. I want to be able to go to my husband's work and understanding when I am in trouble. I want to lean on his strength when I am tired and weak. I want to feel that when I am sick he will pity me and cherish me instead of noticing how my complexion has gone off and counting up the doctor's bill."

"And I want a husband who won't drop all love-making at the altar and take it for granted that I know he still adores me because he hasn't divorced me. I am no mind-reader and I want him to tell me continually that I am the only woman in the world to him and that I grow dearer to him by day."

"And, if he will do that, nothing else matters. I'll still thank God for having got the ideal husband."

DOROTHY DIX

The Million Dollar Doll By C. N. & A. M. Williamson

WORD FROM AUNT CAROLINE If Betty Sheridan had been addicted to prayer (which she was not) she would have thanked heaven the day that "Silverwood" steamed out to sea with Miles and Juliet Divine on board.

Instead of praying, she was in a mood to dance, for she had had her worries and now she hoped that they might pass with the doctor's bill. Paolo had been so hyper-chivalrous, so anxious to "put people off the track," that he had got himself talked about with a girl. Of course it was a flirtation—no "casual flage," but Betty hadn't liked hearing her friends (cats) say it was a case with Salvano and Rose Callahan, and how wonderful it was for both of them: Rose to marry a prince, Paolo to marry an heiress.

Rose was horribly rich—her father was Samuel Callahan, of California, who had made millions in the war. Rose wasn't bed-looking, though Betty thought her a lump. The two had come to New York, to wriggle into the right set on the strength of their money.

But now Miles had gone with Juliet Divine, and the news of his escapade would burst like a bomb, in New York. Betty would "consult her lawyer" and the divorce, with all money which would make her rich (though not as rich as Rose, even with her own small fortune left by Mrs. Parmalee) was practically in her pocket. Without that money Paolo could not marry her. He must have a rich wife.

Thank goodness the track was clear! Betty could go full speed ahead. She telephoned to the furnished apartment where she had spent some happy hours with Paolo, before he had begun to be so prudent. The Salvano's Chinese servant answered—an invaluable man, for more reasons than one. His master was ill-suffering, and could not answer Madame No. Madame must not come. "The prince had gripped—hot dangerous, but contagious. Madame must have patience for a few days. When the prince was better, he would call her up."

Betty rang off. She was disappointed, and she wondered. Was it gripped, or—certain memories crept back. Sometimes Paolo took cocaine—oh, he wasn't a slave to it, but he knew the rap! As it could give, and he had taught them! Her, in happier days. What an adventure it had

Quality MILK DOROTHY BRAND STERILIZED EVAPORATED MILK. "Dorothy" Evaporated Milk is pure cow's milk in its safest form—made safe by sterilization—kept safe by sealing in airtight tins. It is concentrated to double richness—contains less than half the water—all the cream. Use it for every milk purpose.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

UNSOCIALE A berry on a bush and a bird in a tree— These are the things that call to me. In blue haze days by the long green water.

Where the marsh hawk sways poised high for slaughter. And redwings rock on slender reeds. While undisturbed, the dab-chick feeds—

When lanterns crimson, purple, blue. Wink through fluttering screens at you— Who would rush to an afternoon tea

From berries on a bush and birds in a tree. NOT ME! —Millicent Payne Bridgett.

AE GOLDEN RULE Friendship is the Golden Rule. It is the one method by which man can lift himself out of cold commerce and see the withering hearts of those who do not come under the tremendous influence of friendship—Van Amburgh.

COOKERY TALK "FRICASSEE" We have been asked several times in recent months where the distinction lies between an ordinary rich stew and a fricassee.

The answer is that a fricassee really is a stew—one with a white sauce instead of a brown one. Because of its light coloring, the light meats are usually chosen for it—chicken and veal as a rule, lamb sometimes.

The method that followed in general for the stewing of meat, except that none of the meat is browned in the frying pan, as a fore-runner of the long, gentle

simmering process by which it is finally tenderized. A sauce is made in which the meat stock and milk are combined in about equal amounts, for the liquid. A flour thickening is used—the flour being either mixed to a smooth pouring consistency with cold liquid and then stirred into the hot liquid, and stirred and cooked until the latter is smoothly thickened—or if you want a richer type of sauce, the flour is rubbed

with an equal amount of butter, then stirred into hot liquid and cooked until its thickening work has been done. The addition of suitable vegetables is entirely feasible and dumplings or small rich, hot biscuits as a border for the fricassee platter, offer a distinct advantage.

INDIVIDUALITY Imitation is individuality without the individual. Imitation is duplication, by a dupe. It is the carbon copy of real accomplishment, of another man's success. The imitator is a parrot, a mockingbird.

LABOR Labor with industry, cannot be wholly unfruitful. There is a kind of good angel waiting upon diligence that ever carries in his hand a laurel to crown her.

BOTH DIET AND EXERCISE REQUIRED TO REDUCE "I'm sure I don't know how it's possible for me to keep on getting fat," groaned the plump, pretty girl, looking incredulously at the indicator on the scales. "Maybe those scales are wrong!"

But no, everybody else's weight was exactly what it should have been. The scales were obviously right.

"I play golf every day and walk and can get in some tennis" the girl went on plaintively. "The only thing I don't do is diet. I don't believe in eating less. I can take care of my weight in spots where I don't want it without starving myself."

Let us assume that this isn't just a rhetorical question and say that the girl was right. She may perform every

Now, she was afraid to ask people who might know, what had become of the Callahans, or to drop the hint which might bring up the name of Paul de Salvano.

There seemed to be a conspiracy of silence. Nobody spoke the two names which were of importance to her. At last she could bear the strain no longer and asked questions of Rose Callahan's friends. But Rose and her father had gone without a word. If they had sailed for Europe, they had contrived to escape reporters. Yet the idea seemed to be that they had gone to Europe. Funny, that Salvano had disappeared from New York at the same time! Oh, in the country, getting over grippe was he? Well dear Betty ought to know. She'd been one of his best friends, and had stood for him all ways.

Italy! What if the party of three had gone to Italy—to Rome, where Callahan could have a look at the family palazzo, and see if it was worth the money. One or two people had heard—and passed on the gossip that, although the old man had been keen on the Prince at first, he had heard stories, and had not been so cordial towards the last. This ought to have been cheering. But Betty was past the stage of being cheered. She went home, her heart like lead, for it knew what her head tried not to believe: "Salvano had ceased to care if he had ever cared. He had gone after the heiress, a young, unmarried girl, whom he could marry without displeasing his father, the Duke d'Almarra."

On the hall table in her own house, she crept in like a shadow. She saw two letters with foreign stamps. Her pulses leaped, but neither envelope had Paolo's writing on it. Her father, the Duke d'Almarra, she didn't know. The other was addressed by the stiff Victorian p—manship of Miss Caroline Sheridan. (To Be Continued.)

CHARITY To give to the sick, the infants and the infirm is real, genuine charity, but to go about picking up the shiftless and the crooked and handing these others a cup of coffee is not charity.—V. A.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Sweet Chili Sauce With Celery 2 gals. ripe tomatoes, peeled and cut, bunches celery, chopped fine, 3 cups vinegar, 3 cups brown sugar, 1/2 cup salt, 1/4 lb. whole mixed spices (in a muslin bag), 1 teaspoon black pepper, 2 teaspoons dry mustard. Boil all together for 1 1/2 hours.

Candyfuff Cream Pie 1 1/2 cups of milk, 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg, 3 eggs separated, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 3 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup sweetened whipped cream and 4 tablespoons of any one of the following: Grated crystallized ginger, Crushed after dinner mints, Crushed peanut or walnut brittle, Grated sweet chocolate.

Heat milk in double boiler with nutmeg. Beat egg yolks with sugar and salt until light. Pour hot milk over egg yolk mixture, return to double boiler and cook until of consistency of thick cream. Remove from heat, add gelatine that has been soaking five minutes in cold water. Stir carefully till gelatine is dissolved. Add vanilla. Cool. When cool and ready to set, beat with a rotary beater until light and fluffy. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into cooked pie crust shell and when very cold cover with whipped cream and sprinkle with chosen candy topping.

known type of exercise every day in the week, every week in the year, and still she will be overweight. The first thing to do if you really want to reduce, is to cut down every accustomed item of food intake at least one-third each meal. Eat the same things, but eat just two-thirds of the amount you usually do.

And the next thing is to take special exercise for whatever part is too fat. If it's your hips, try the rolling pin method. A woman we know brought an ordinary wooden rolling pin like the ones that housekeepers use for biscuit making and rolled several inches of fat off her hips before she stopped.

Tomato Chutney 3 dozen tomatoes, 1 dozen onions, 4 red peppers, 3 tablespoons salt, 6 of brown sugar, 1 of cinnamon, and 1 of all spice, 2 cups of vinegar. Cook together till soft and thick. It takes at least an hour.

SMART FROCKS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern

This darling little dress is one of those happy new models so easy and girlish. The collar with its shirre slips through slashed bound edges is so smart. Almost any of the new lightweight woollens as challis prints, wool crepe in plain or print, etc., are splendid fabrics for school wear. The dress can be plain toning or contrasting shades.

Cotton tweeds, percale prints, cotton broadcloth prints, plaided gingham, etc., are also smart. Style No. 674 is designed for sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 39-inch material with 1 yard of 39-inch contrasting. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 674. Size Name Street Address City State

A Morning Smile UNEXPECTED Mr. Smith was holding forth at the dinner table about the inconsistency of women. "These girls who protest they are never going to marry!" he said, "Why! Everybody knows they will have their own words at the first opportunity."

"Why, Mary," he continued, "heard you say you wouldn't marry the best man alive?" "Well, I didn't," said Mrs. Smith with a smile. It was cleaning day at the menagerie and the animals had to be shifted into fresh cages. Patricia was assisting with the transfer of a hyena. "Stiddy there, lion," he chuckled. "What's the idea," asked an attendant, "calling that hyena a lion?" "Have ye no tact? Can't ye see I'm flattering the beast?"

JACK CAMELTON SETS NEW STYLE NOTE BROOKLINE, Mass., Sept. 12—Jack Cameron, of Montreal, formerly of Ottawa, one of the five Canadian entries in the United States amateur golf championship, struck a new style note today by appearing for his first round match in grey flannel shorts. He completed the ensemble with light blue stockings, a grey sleeveless sweater, grey shirt and blue tie.

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There Were Fewer Leisure Hours in the Eighties... before SURPRISE SOAP was made

Many new labour-saving aids have come to us since then, but hundreds of thousands of housewives still rely on Surprise to free them from the back-breaking hours of wash day.

The gentle Surprise suds reach and loosen every particle of dirt, so that rinsing leaves the washing fragrant and beautifully clean. And a soap that washes thoroughly in less time means more leisure for the housewife.

You can trust even your finest things to Surprise Soap. Its rich, penetrating lather cannot possibly harm even the most delicate fabric.

SURPRISE SOAP THE BIG GOLDEN BAR. "Quality First" was the policy adopted when the first bar of Surprise Soap was made in St. Stephen, N.B., 49 years ago. This policy has never been altered and the quality has improved with advancing knowledge, keeping pace with modern requirements.