

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

18th Life 'Logical?' Dorothy Dix Marvels at Our Contrariness

Did You Ever Stop to Think How Little We Appreciate Those Whose Whole Lives Are Devoted to Our Service, and How Loudly We Praise the One Generous Act of a Selfish Person?

Did you ever think how queer it is that, generally speaking, the better a woman treats her husband, the more he treats her?

The women who have devoted husbands who are faithful to them to their golden wedding days and who never know that there is another petticoat in the world but their Maria's, are not the noble, unselfish, self-sacrificing wives who slave their fingers to the bone to make their lords and masters comfortable and who pinch every penny to save their money.

No. Far from it. The women who have adoring husbands who wait on them hand and foot and who work themselves to death to dress them up like French dolls are, nine times out of ten, selfish and lazy and utterly incapable of loving any one but themselves. It is the demanding woman who gets not only all that is in her husband's pocketbook, but that is in his heart as well, whereas the woman who gives and gives to her husband doesn't even get a bag of sundrops on her birthday nor a thank you for the love of her soul and the work of her hands.

It is the woman who puts herself up on a pedestal whose husband bows down before her and worships her, while the wife who makes of herself a doormat gets walked over by her husband and kicked out of the way when she gets old and faded and worn.

This shouldn't be the case, of course, but it merely is the way it happens in life. Look around you at the men who are crazy about their wives. Who are getting the breaks? The wives who stay at home and cook and wash and scrub and baby tend? The wives who wear the same hat and coat three seasons so that hubby may be dressed like Solomon in all his glory when he goes abroad? The wives who take any kind of treatment or any kind of back talk from their husbands?

Nay, verily, the petted darlings among wives are those who lie in bed and make husbands bring them their breakfast, who keep husband humping to pay their bills, and whose husbands are so busy trying to please them that the poor fish never stop to consider whether they are pleased themselves or not.

Did you ever think how queer it is that the best mothers are generally the worst mothers? The ideal mother of tradition is one who never has a thought beyond her children and who prostrates herself before them and lets them trample upon her.

She never thinks of herself or considers her own pleasure or her looks or anything. She wears a hat that looks like something the cat brought in so that the baby may have real lace on its cap, and is generally a perfect mush of devotion and sympathy and unselfishness and patience. She lets her children insult her and defy her and order her about as if she were a servant.

The ideal mother is sure she will get her reward when her children are grown. Then they will appreciate the sacrifices she has made for them

and the worship she has given them. But do they? Never. She has made them selfish and overbearing, and they go on treating her to the end of the chapter the way she has taught them to treat her—as an inferior creature whose sole function in life is to do their bidding.

The women who have children who are devoted to them and who are always thinking of mother and planning something to make her happy are the ones who have made their children wait on them, and sacrifice to them, and who have taught their children to look up to them instead of down upon them.

Did you ever think how queer it is that the less people are given to hospitality, the more it is appreciated? Don't you know people who are kind and generous and whose houses are nothing but free hotels for all of their greeting friends and relatives, who come and stay weeks and months without feeling the slightest sense of obligation or gratitude, but who go into positively hysterical raptures of appreciation if another friend or relative, whose doors it takes a jimmy to open, even invites them to tea?

Haven't you had cranky old Cousin Susanna wish herself upon you for an interminable visit and had her take all that you had done for her as no more than her due, and then had to listen to her brag about how wonderful it was that dear Maud came and took her on an automobile ride one afternoon? And haven't you supported people for years without getting any dividend in thanks and then had them utter peans of praise of the generosity of somebody who had given them a cast-off dress or a box of cigars?

And did you ever think how queer it is that we value praise ten times as much from a hard-balled cynic as we do from a kind-hearted, broad-minded, generous individual, though the kind-hearted, generous individual may be far more intelligent and better able to judge of our abilities than the sneering cynic? It is the people who are hard to please, who seldom have a good word for any one, who flatter us to death by approving of our looks or our talents.

Did you ever think how queer it is that about half the people in the world are breaking their necks to try to get to know the people who don't want to know them? They scorn the good, kind men and women of their own class who would be friends to them and really like them, and they yearn to mingle with those who snub them and look down upon them, and only endure them for what they can get out of them.

Queer, isn't it, how illogical life is, and how seldom things turn out in the way that we expect them to? DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

Cop—"Madam, didn't you see me hold up my hand?" Woman at the wheel—"I did not." "Didn't you hear me blow my whistle?" "I did not." "Didn't you hear me holler at you to stop?" "I did not." "Well, I guess I might as well go home. I don't seem to be doing any good here."

For The Cook

NEW YEARS PUDDING One pound suet, 1 pound flour or

half bread crumbs, 1 pound granulated sugar, 1 pound raisins, 1/2 pound currants, 3/4 pound candied peel, 8 eggs, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon spice, 2 ounces almonds, blanched and cut in large pieces. Mix well together, place in a buttered mold, and steam four hours. Serve with hard sauce.



What the Fashionable are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



SCHOOL GIRL SMARTNESS

What small person wouldn't adore a dress like this for classroom? It is a new interpretation of basque bodice and gored skirt, that belts its waistline at normal. It has the fashionable lingerie collar and flared cuffs of pique.

It's the most simple thing imaginable to make it. And into the bargain, 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 39-inch contrasting is sufficient to make it for the eight year miss.

Style No. 2639 may be had in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The original model used cricket green featherweight tweed. The best of suede has a silver buckle. The crisp collar and cuffs of white pique had picot edge and were made detachable so as to be readily laundered.

Now Millions of Adults, too, check Colds

2 WAYS at once!



To relieve that "stuffed up" feeling in the head, sniff Vicks up the nostrils also melt a teaspoonful in hot water and inhale the steaming medicated vapors.

Mothers were first to appreciate the modern method of treating colds externally, because it avoids the constant "dosing" so upsetting to children's delicate stomachs.

Now millions of adults, too, prefer Vicks for their colds, because, just rubbed on, it brings relief two ways at once: (1) Its medicated vapors, released by the heat of the body, are inhaled direct to the air-passages, loosening the phlegm and easing the breathing.

(2) At the same time, Vicks acts through the skin like a poultice of plaster, thus helping the inhaled vapors to break up the congestion.



OVER 47 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Another fascinating suggestion is brown covert cloth with tan pique. Bordeaux red spongy twee mixture with eggshell pique is snappy. Wool jersey in rust shade with self-fabric collar and cuffs piped in sap phire blue with blue grosgrain ribbon tie completing the neckline is fetching. There are many other interesting suitable fabrics as wool challis print rayon novelties, tweed-like cottons, velveteen, travel silk crepe prints, line and wool rep.

The waist in two sections is slashed from neck at the centre-front and finished for closing. The skirt is in six sections and cut to flare toward the hem. It is attached to the waist under the removable belt.

Our large Fashion Book shows how to dress up to the minute at very little expense. It contains most attractive Paris designs for adults and children, embroidery, Xmas suggestions, etc.

Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern. Send stamps or coin (coin preferred).

Price of book 10 cents. Price of pattern 15 cents.

Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it customary to put up year on wedding announcements? A. Yes. Q. What is one of the first rules for conversation in society? A. Try to say only that which will be agreeable to others.

PORK WANTED

Bring along your dressed Hogs with organs attached and receive highest market prices in spot cash. J. B. MILLMAN, Kensington. 6589-12-10-fmsatz2wks.

Auction Sale of Horses

Have car of good horses to be sold at Auction at McNeill's Livery Stable, Summerside, on Tuesday, December 30th. Among the lot are some good brood mares and colts, one and two years old direct from the West. The balance are use horses that will be sold reasonable. Terms made known at sale. If weather stormy sale will take place the first fine day. F. P. MANN, Auctioneer. 1150-12-27-31.

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The Old Order Changes

By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

"One of you had better go to your mother—maybe," he said in a queer, choked voice. "She's upset. I've sold Gorham Lacy, and we're not going to live there."

Both girls stared aghast, and Beulah underlip slightly asserted itself. "Oh, Dad, whatever for?" cried Beulah, always reader of expression than her more thoughtful sister.

"There's a lot of reasons," he answered, then he sprang up and made straight for the stairs while Mary sat still regarding her father attentively.

It was the natural, the inevitable, division which showed itself in most of the affairs of the house.

"What is it, father?" asked Mary in a low voice, vibrating with sympathy, her fear that there might be some financial or business trouble at the back of a compulsory sale. She knew that he had been staggered by the high price asked for Gorham Lacy, and had tried to get to the

AUCTION AT KENSINGTON

I will sell by auction at Brunswick Hotel Stables, on Tuesday, Dec. 30th, at 1 p. m., one car general purpose horses, all young and sound. I also have two cars choice fox feed in Kennedy's warehouse. This stuff will all be sold to suit the times. E. D. Service. HUGH MORRISON Auctioneer 1160-12-27-31

EYES TESTED

AND GLASSES FITTED E. W. TAYLOR J. S. TAYLOR Optometrists 182 Richmond Street

house with only a little land attached. The sweetness of her tone, the softness in her eyes fell like balm on Freedland's perturbed spirit. He dropped into a chair at the table, folded his big arms across it and looked at her.

"I had to do it, Mary. You've known all along I was never keen. It was a wrong step. I should have had more sense than let myself be pushed into it."

Then he explained in a few words the facts as he had explained them upstairs. Naturally they had a very different reception.

"Poor father!" she said, and a huge sigh of relief accompanied her words. "I'm sure you're right. I've hated it all along, and had a sense of uneasiness about it too. I'm sure mother won't mind after she gets used to the idea. Only yesterday when Deborah told her definitely she wouldn't go to Gorham Lacy, I could see that she was scared of the trouble of getting a big house-hold together. It would have worried her to death, for the modern servants won't work like Deb, and mother would never get the standard she's been used to here."

"That's true too. Well, I hope you're right about your mother, lass. She's very angry with me just now. I'll go over to the mill again, I think. There are whistles when there isn't room in a house for everybody that has to live in it. And that happens," he added darkly, "whether it be wee or big. Do you happen to know where Tom is?"

"I don't," Mary's face lengthened a little. He's away as usual on the motor bike. He takes tremendous rides on that thing, Dad, and nobody is ever the wiser. Haven't you noticed anything the matter with Tom lately? He's got something on his mind."

"Has he? He's shaping fine at the work. I'm quite pleased with him."

Inspired by this conviction she rose and proceeded upstairs to hear and see what was going on. Mrs. Freedland was sitting up now on the edge of the bed, very red in

the face with angry, smarting eyes. A fresh fury seemed to possess her when Mary appeared in the doorway.

"I suppose we've got you largely to thank for this," she cried hotly. "You've whined so long in your father's ears about your work and all that, that it got on his nerves. Between you, you've managed to make a pretty fool of the family. I shan't be able to lift my head in the place now. But I won't stop here. I'll pack up to night and clear out to your Aunt Alice's, till the nine days' wonder blows over. I haven't had a trip to London anyway for six months."

Mary leaned against the door post looking steadily at her mother.

"I hadn't any hand in it," she said quietly. "I spoke up at the first, for the kind of life we should have led at Gorham Lacy didn't appeal to me, but after that I never said a word. Surely you can't believe, mother, that I knew what father went to Manchester for."

"Oh, I don't know, don't ask me any more questions. My head is aching fit to split. All I know is that you and your father and your grandmother are hostile forces, and that we shall never amalgamate. It's just a common everyday tragedy, that's all. Where's Tom, do you know? Heaven knows what he'll say. It affects him most of all, of course, because he would have been his father's heir."

Mary said she did not know anything except that he had gone out on his motor bicycle.

"Go and tell Deborah to make me a cup of arrowroot and to put a drop of rum in it."

"She's gone to Granny's, mother, but I'll get it."

(To be Continued)

At a Christmas gathering the shy young hostess, in an effort to be genial, led aside the comparative stranger, whose name, somehow, eluded her.

"Look," she said, "I've paired you off with that lady in the corner. Will you take her into dinner? My husband, naughty man, says she's a bit of an old frump, but she's got lots of money, and one of his clever friends has just married her for it, so we must be nice to her."

"I'm sorry," said the guest, "but I am the clever friend in question."

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