

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

Lawyer Prefers Friendship Marriages Dorothy Dix Seventh Heaven Reward of Passion Slaves

European Method of Pairing Children Compared Unfavorably With American Practice of Leaving Choice of Individuals—Dorothy Declares Marriages of Logic Like Flannel, While Love Matches Are Like Chiffon and Worth the Risks

A famous divorce lawyer recently said: "Marriage based on friendship is much better than the marriage of passionate love. Young people don't like to be told that. They don't believe it. I didn't believe it when I was young, but now I know that it is true. The friendship marriage seldom ends in divorce. If people will just look around at the results of passionate marriages, they will see they are not the happy ones. Most broken lives are the discords of such unions."

Probably it is true that when you marry for your head instead of your heart you are less likely to come to grief, but you are also sure to miss the greatest joy that life can hold for any human being. So it comes down to the question of whether it is better to have fifty years of Europe than cycle of Cathay.

There are many men and women who are called upon to settle this problem for themselves and to decide whether they will marry the good, reliable, domestic, well-to-do neighbor girl or boy of whom their parents approve so heartily and who will make a model husband or wife, but who will never raise a thrill in their breasts, or whether they will unite themselves with some never-do-well speck or vampish little flapper who are likely to make their lives miserable, but whose slightest touch causes their hearts to do flipflops in their bosoms.

Of course, any one with a grain of sense in their heads can see that the sane and sensible marriage is the best bet so far as insuring a tranquil domestic life is concerned. It automatically precludes most of the dangers that beset the marriage that is based on passionate and romantic love. But advising one to marry for logic and not for love is very much like urging one to eat roast beef instead of caviar because it is better for the stomach, to drink milk instead of champagne because there is less headache in it, and to invest one's money in good warm red flannel instead of pink chiffon undies because they last longer and have more warmth in them. And it isn't the vegetarian dinner that we crave, nor the milk out of which we get a kick.

Naturally, the marriage that is based on friendship is less dangerous and more likely to last than the one that is the result of romantic and passionate love. That is why there are fewer divorces in the countries where marriages are arranged by the parents than with us, where practically every marriage is a love marriage.

In the marriage of friendship and convenience material advantages are the chief considerations and as long as they last the marriage is a success. Two small fortunes are united into a sizable one. A poor girl marries a rich man who can give her comfort and luxuries. An ambitious man picks out for a wife a girl who has money and family influence that can push his fortunes.

A man marries a girl who is a good cook and housekeeper because he

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wants somebody to make him comfortable, and so on, so as long as the party of the other part can deliver the goods, the rich man supplies his wife with limousines and the domestic wife sets her husband down to good dinners, these bought-over-the-counter marriages continue to give satisfaction. There is no disillusionment about them because there were no illusions. It was a fair trade and each knew what sort of a bargain he or she was getting.

Which isn't the case with the love marriage where both the man and woman are marrying a dream, something that never was on land or sea, a romantic being conjured out of their own fancies and created out of their own superheated imaginations. Thus the friendship marriage is of finding out that one is not united to a Fairy Prince or a she-angel, but just to an ordinary flesh and blood man or woman, full of ordinary human faults and weaknesses and cussedness.

Then the friendship marriage is less likely to be a failure than the love marriage because it demands less. It eliminates jealousy. For one does not get green-eyed over the mate for whom one has but a lukewarm affection. It is less exacting because one does not demand to be all-in-all to a friend as one does to a lover. It is freed of a thousand anxieties and anguishes, because only those we love deeply can hurt us deeply, and we do not even notice the coldness and neglects of those whom we merely like.

Undoubtedly, to those who consider safety first the friendship marriage is a preferred risk, but while it is true that those who choose it may never land in the divorce court, they are equally certain of never reaching the Seventh Heaven. Their matrimonial journey may always be over paved roads graded to a dead level with guard rails along all the hairpin turns, but they will never feel their pulses leap to a high adventure. They will never see the sun rise in a man's or woman's eyes, or have held the world in their arms.

Maybe romance doesn't last. Maybe passionate love does wreck lives, but at least those who have had it have lived, and it is something to have seen the glory and heard the rustling wings only if for a moment.

And the marriage based on friendship has one danger that no foresight can protect it from. Often the man and woman who have made this sensible marriage meet, when it is too late, the woman or man with whom they fall wildly, passionately in love and that turns all their wisdom and prudence into foolishness.

For when you deny the heart it often takes its revenge upon the head. DOROTHY DIX.

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

By Mari Moore. Specially contributed to the Guardian for Guardian Readers.

NOTE—Mrs. Moore will be glad to have suggestions from readers of this department. Perhaps you have a favorite dish that you reserve for company, for which someone always asks the recipe. Would you share it with us? Letters may be addressed in care of this paper, to Mary Moore, cookery editor. A pen name should be chosen for publication purposes, in addition to the writer's name and address, which, of course, will not be published. All correspondence should be written on one side of the page only.

QUESTION—Would you please tell me what aspic is, and how to make it? So many salad and meat dishes mention it and I am always puzzled. I think the new cooking will help me with cooking as I have just been married a few months.

ANSWER—Your question is good, and how to make a clean aspic is a problem to many cooks. Aspic is a clear savory jelly in which salad ingredients or entrees are moulded. To make genuine aspic jelly is a rather extended task but I am giving you the recipe to give you the idea also for quick aspic which is more practical for an amateur cook. I hope with you that our efforts will be of help to you.

QUESTION—Because I was too shy to ask for a recipe from our hostess the other night, I have to bother you. She served what I think were northern spy apples, made into a pudding with bread crumbs and plenty of butter. Is that suggestion good enough for you to know what I mean? I certainly would like the recipe for it. It seemed to have brown sugar in it, too, and was served with plain thick cream. Plain Susan.

ANSWER—Well I expect it is just Brown Betty or scalloped apples you mean, Plain Susan. It is good especially when made with "spys". The new apples will be good too.

Aspic Jelly 2 tablespoons carrot, cut in cubes, 2 tablespoons onion, cut in cubes, 2 tablespoons celery, cut in cubes, 2 sprigs parsley, 2 sprigs thyme, 2 sprigs savory, 2 cloves, 1-2 teaspoon peppercorns, 1 bay leaf, 7-8 cup veal or chicken stock, 4 tablespoons granulated gelatine, 1 quart white or brown stock, juice 1 lemon, 3 slightly beaten egg whites. In making aspic jelly, use as much liquid as the pan which is to contain the dish will hold. Use white stock, if the jelly is to be used for vegetables or white meat, or use brown stock, for dark meat. Put vegetables, seasonings and 7-8 cup stock in saucepan;

cook 20 minutes and strain, reserving liquid. Season with salt and cayenne, and place over heat, add egg whites slowly to mixture, stirring constantly until boiling point is reached. Leave over low heat and let stand 30 minutes. Strain through a fine wire strainer placed over a larger fine wire strainer lined with a double thickness of cheesecloth. Quick Aspic 1 chicken bouillon cube, 1 tablespoon gelatine, which has been soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt and pepper to season. Dissolve bouillon cube in boiling water, add soaked gelatine, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Strain through double thickness of cheesecloth, and use for what ever purpose intended. QUESTION—Because I was too shy to ask for a recipe from our hostess the other night, I have to bother you. She served what I think were northern spy apples, made into a pudding with bread crumbs and plenty of butter. Is that suggestion good enough for you to know what I mean? I certainly would like the recipe for it. It seemed to have brown sugar in it, too, and was served with plain thick cream. Plain Susan.

Three large tart apples, pare and sliced very thin; 3/4 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon; 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Mix the cinnamon and sugar together. Line a pie pan with rich pastry and arrange the apples in it in layers. Sprinkle each layer with some of the sugar and spice mixture and the grated lemon rind. Over all pour the lemon juice and melted butter which have been mixed together. Cover with a top layer of pastry. Place the pie in a hot oven for twenty minutes, then reduce heat. Bake until you are sure the apples are well cooked. Serve hot or cold with cheese.

What the Fashionables are Wearing Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

Here's a summer delight! A light navy blue sheer crepe print dotted in white adds much to the charm of this interesting caped model.

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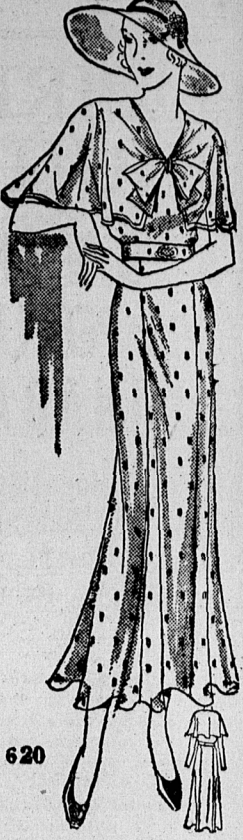
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For The Cook NEW ENGLAND PIE

Three large tart apples, pare and sliced very thin; 3/4 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon; 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Mix the cinnamon and sugar together. Line a pie pan with rich pastry and arrange the apples in it in layers. Sprinkle each layer with some of the sugar and spice mixture and the grated lemon rind. Over all pour the lemon juice and melted butter which have been mixed together. Cover with a top layer of pastry. Place the pie in a hot oven for twenty minutes, then reduce heat. Bake until you are sure the apples are well cooked. Serve hot or cold with cheese.

A Morning Smile

A typically hard-up artist was at a party of the prosperous recently when his hostess, chatting to him on the lawn, pointed out an eminent barrister among the guests. "Tell me something," she said, "which I've always wanted to know. The people who go to a lawyer are called his clients. The people who deal with a merchant or a shopkeeper are called customers. Who does an artist call the people who bring business to him?" "A godsend, madam, a godsend! he promptly replied.

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Close Fitting Hats in Vogue Close fitting hats of dull-surfaced felt, either rakishly tilted over one eye, or modified to give somewhat greater depth in type adapted to the matron, were emphasized by several French millinery authorities who recently arrived in this country. These hats are of tailored calibre, and have interesting details of handwork for elaboration, making important use of grosgrain ribbon, satin pipings, and covered buttons. Trimmings all tend to emphasize a jutting forward line which brings the hat high on one side, revealing the coiffure, and then gives a somewhat deeper back line. Trimmings of a tailored character, such as ribbon worked in small loop clusters, are utilized.

Discouraged Girls "As a girl, I became run-down and suffered badly from anaemia," writes Mrs. H. Courtney, Frankford, Ont. "As soon as I would stop taking prescribed medicines I would get worse. Mother was getting pretty discouraged, but Grandmother, who had great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, wanted me to give them a fair trial. They did wonders for me, and I cannot praise them too highly." Mrs. Courtney adds: "My older sister was so poor in health that Mother feared she was going into a decline. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills completely restored her." "Thousands of nervously exhausted young women have been helped back to vigorous health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—which create new rich blood and supply to the nerves the very elements they need. Try them. 50c a package at your Druggist's."

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THE HANDSOME MAN by MARGARET TURNBULL Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS Copyright by Margaret Turnbull, W. N. B. Books.

Her father turned a wary eye on her. "Well, Roberta, I dare say that there has been some little exaggeration, but as he's a very tall man, with a very long reach, and better than all, as he has a good Scots head on top of his shoulders, it is possible."

"Were you expecting him to come right back to you, Robert, or what?" demanded his sister. "I left that," Robert MacBeth said, rather sullenly, "to his own discretion."

Lady Sandison fixed her niece with a steely eye. "I'm no so sure. It's no discretion the Sandison family have been famed for. Far, far from it. Where is he now, Rob MacBeth?"

"How should I know?" MacBeth countered irritably. "He can, as you say, look after himself."

But in his own mind he was thinking with an anxiety that amazed him. Why doesn't he come home, since his program has been cut to pieces.

Sir George went slowly up the towpath. He was not easy in his mind. He had not allowed for an open attack on the bank this morning, concentrating the attention of the public and the police on him. Some one had undoubtedly given the other side a hint, and it had evidently been their aim to get the money before it left the bank. The question was, since that attempt had failed, did they know he was scheduled to collect the payroll money from the bank today? It was a difficult problem, for if the desperate gang really knew his

errand, he would be doing a very foolhardy thing in walking up the towpath alone. He found it hard to believe they could know positively and was fully persuaded that the chances were against their conceiving that he would venture alone with such a sum of money on his person. Anyway, Ray Browne was on the lookout. He was not really alone.

He was exceedingly troubled by the fact that his mind continually swung around to the thought that Roberta might be tangled up in this. Why it should be did not quite understand, except that his suspicion of this man who had been lurking about her continued to worry him. Her attitude of distrust and some of her hints as to his own bad reputation made him sure that some one was slandering him, but who would take the trouble, and why.

20 YEARS OF ILL HEALTH Then Mrs. Duke Discovered Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Of her own accord, Mrs. Duke sat down and wrote us a glowing tribute to Kellogg's ALL-BRAN: "I have been constipated all my life, which has been about 20 years, up until last year when I started eating your ALL-BRAN. Since I have been eating it, people tell me I am looking better, and I am sure that I feel a great deal better."—Mrs. L. W. Duke (address upon request).

Constipation is usually caused by lack of two things in the diet: "Bulk" to exercise the intestines; Vitamin B to help give them tone. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides both of these dietary necessities, as well as iron for the blood.

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How much more natural it is to enjoy this delicious cereal than to risk taking pills and drugs—so often harmful. Just eat two tablespoons daily—serious cases with every meal—for most types of constipation. ALL-BRAN is not habit-forming. If your intestinal trouble is not relieved this way, see your doctor. Sold in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

he could not comprehend. All the way up from the bank to the bridge and after August had taken the car, as agreed, and his walk up the towpath had begun, he had been wondering whether he was a wise man, or a fool persevering in his folly. His doubts returned to him now strongly. Suppose he was not met by Ray Browne, as they had planned?

He decided that his imagination was working overtime because he was hungry. He took out a package of sandwiches, which Lady Sandison had had the cook prepare for him, and unwrapped one. Slowly walking along, one hand in his pocket, resting against a pistol, he began to munch it.

There was something like joy in his heart, for here in this quiet place, where he had least looked for it, adventure had come, and might even now be lurking round the next corner. He looked ahead sharply and then behind him.

In front nothing, but behind him a canoe was coming along the canal, propelled by swift strokes. He marched steadily on until he came to a little bridge which spanned the canal. He walked under it, close to the stone wall of the embankment on which it rested. He could see both up and down now. He took out another sandwich and began eating it.

The canoe came nearer and he could see the young man in it twist around, looking about him. He realized then that, where he was, he was well hidden and the canoeist must come closer to see under the bridge. The man stopped paddling. Up and down he looked, shading his eyes with his hand. Sir George had a strong feeling that this was a scout looking for him. He determined to find out. He walked from under the bridge to the middle of the towpath. He could have sworn that his movements were without noise, yet something was overheard or seen by the man in the canoe, for looking back Sir George saw he was gazing directly at him. Quickly the canoe began to turn about to go back down the canal.

Sir George had also used his eyes and he felt confident that the man was the same dark haired fellow he had seen with Roberta that night on the towpath. Unless he was very much mistaken he was

also the youth who had fled in the canoe the night of the party and if he was, then somewhere, at some time, Sir George had known him. It was decidedly odd and suspicious that he should turn up here and at the first glimpse of Sir George scurry away. It might, of course, be that finding him here, the fellow was simply hurrying back to find Roberta alone. Time would tell, but as time counted in this game and Sir George had a good stiff walk to the trysting place he hurried on.

As he turned his back on the canoe and its occupant he knew in a flash, and positively, who the man was. His mind's eye pictured the deck of the steamer he had taken from Central America. Jack Novarro! Why had he been so stupid all this time? That oily snake would be the very man to poison a girl's mind against him.

Halfway between the island and the construction camp another quaint little bridge crossed the canal. Here Ray Browne waited.

Browne sat near the bridge beside his car smoking a cigarette, and rising every few minutes to survey both towpath and canal. After each survey he sank back impatiently, keeping an eye on the road. Presently he saw Sir George running along the towpath. Instantly he started his engine running.

Sir George flung himself into the car with hardly a word of greeting. "Get on with it, and don't stop to talk. I'm hot and bothered. I think I've been followed. There's a fellow in a canoe who could easily land anywhere on the bank near the road and inform a waiting motor."

Ray started the car, and once out on the road, he began to show what he knew about speed, and it was not until they had passed several miles in their journey that Ray asked:

"Safe now, isn't it?" "Nothing's safe until the workmen have the money in their pockets. The bank was held up this morning."

"What?" Sir George nodded. "Once around this point and I'll tell you." But when they were round the point there was a motor car, obviously placed so as to block the road, while out on the canal bank, look-

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