

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

Happenings of the Week

The King greeted the return of his globe-trotting son, the Duke of Gloucester, by conferring upon him the highest rank in the Order of St. Michael and St. George. A court circular announced the Duke had been invested with the insignia of the Knight of the Grand Cross of that order upon his return from his seven months good will trip to the Antipodes. A cheering crowd, which included the entire royal family except for the Duke and Duchess of Kent, welcomed the Duke at the station. He kissed the Queen affectionately.

Queen Mary's hint that make-up was displeasing to the eye, it was reported, was responsible for an amazing number of natural complexion treatments at the second of the seasons' royal courts. The beauty in Friday night's court, bloomed without benefit of rouge, mascara or lipstick. The Queen wore a resplendent figure in gold lame with the famed Kohinoor diamond a flame at her throat. The King again wore the scarlet uniform of colonel-in-chief of the Life Guards. The Duke of Gloucester, who recently returned from a round world trip, wore the blue and gold uniform of a major in the Hussars. Ten Canadian women were presented.

Mrs. Stewart, wife of Judge W. B. Stewart, returned Thursday night from Daytona Beach, Florida, where she had a most delightful holiday, accompanied by her friend Mrs. Ritchot of Montreal.

Mr. A. E. MacLean, M.P., and Mrs. MacLean, entertained a party of friends to luncheon in the Parliamentary Restaurant, Ottawa, Tuesday. The guests of honour were the Rev. Dr. Robert Johnston, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and Mrs. Johnston, and included in the party were: Miss O. Warren, Hon. Senator Creelman MacArthur, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Macphail, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Callbeck and Mr. and Mrs. Louis D. Warren. All except Dr. and Mrs. Johnston are former Island people.

Guardian readers will be interested to know that General Lew Wallace, author of the serial story Ben-Hur, now appearing in the Guardian, has a direct personal connection with Prince Edward Island, he being a cousin of the late Mrs. George W. Milner so kindly remembered by many of the older citizens especially of Charlottetown.

Surrounded by quantities of lovely spring flowers, telegrams and letters Hon. C. B. Hughes received a great many callers yesterday at his home on the occasion of his 32nd birthday.

Mrs. Fred Moore, Brighton Road, entertained pleasantly on Tuesday afternoon at two tables of bridge, with additional guests in for the tea hour.

Mrs. T. B. Rogers is in the P.E.I. Hospital having undergone an operation some days ago from which she is making a satisfactory recovery.

The Duke of Kent, who is to be Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and the Duchess of Kent are expected to be in residence at the Palace of Holyrood House, Edinburgh, from the 20th to about the 31st of May.

Mrs. (Dr.) L. B. McKenna was hostess at two tables of bridge at her pretty home on Thursday afternoon.

The illness of Mrs. Amanda Taper is greatly regretted by her numerous friends. Mrs. Taper is now convalescing nicely.

Mr. Ernest McNutt is on the sick list being at present in the P. E. Island Hospital.

Mrs. Morris is visiting her mother Mrs. E. W. Watson prior to taking up her residence in Halifax. Mr. Morris having been transferred to the Johnson and Ward branch office in that city.

Mrs. E. Manning Bagnall's friends are glad to know she is resting comfortably after an operation for appendicitis in the P.E.I. Hospital.

Miss Eleanor Birch of Fort Hill is the guest of Rev. H. R. Coleman and Mrs. Coleman, at the rectory, Woodman's Point, N.B.

Mr. John Wilson, Upper Prince St., is home from the P.E.I. Hospital where he underwent successful treatment.

Mrs. Wesley Frost of Montreal left last Saturday for New York, where she will be joined for the ten days spring holidays by her daughter, Miss Nicola Frost who is a junior at Oberlin College.

A brilliant round of court functions and public ceremonies, lasting from May 6 to July 20, will mark the celebrations for the King's Silver Jubilee. The full programme is issued recently by the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Cromer, and the home office. Apart from these official events, every town and village throughout the country is arranging some kind of celebration. Many of the usual occasions of the London social season, such as the Aldershot Tattoo, and the Royal Ascot race meet, will be extra elaborate.

The many friends of Mr. F. G. Spencer, Saint John, will be pleased to know that he is making a full recovery following an accident which has confined him to his bed for several months. Mr. Spencer will likely be forced to stay at home for another month or so after which he expects to be around although he will probably be more or less incapacitated for another month after getting out. Despite his confinement to bed Mr. Spencer is cheery, busy, optimistic.

Miss Vera Andrew, R.N., left on Monday for Montague where she has accepted a position as matron in the Montague Hospital.

Capt. and Mrs. Colin H. Campbell

A Morning Smile

"He died in harness, poor chap." "Yes, and by the way, did you ever notice how much like a harness life is?"

"There are traces of care; lines of trouble; bits of good fortune, and breaches of faith. Also, tongues must be bridled, passions curbed and everybody has to tug to pull through."

"I tell you that I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bellboy, who was conducting her. "I ain't going to pay my good money for a pig-sty with a measly little foidin' bed in it. If you think that just because I'm from the country—"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short. "Get in, mum, get in. This ain't your room, this is the elevator."

bell and small son Colin of Calgary left last week for Vancouver where Capt. Campbell is conducting a military school for the next two months. They were accompanied by Mrs. Campbell's sister, Miss Kathleen Harrington.

BEN-HUR

By GENERAL LEW WALLACE

So while the spectators shivered at the Athenian's mishap, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside.

Thus the two leaders approached the second goal of the course. The pedestal of three pillars there was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered the most telling test for a charioteer, and as an admission of interest on the part of the spectators a hush fell over the circus.

Then Messala observed Ben-Hur as his chief competitor.

"Down Eros, up Mars," he shouted, and whirling his long lash dealt Judah's four Arabians a stinging stroke.

The blow was seen in every quarter and in a moment an indignant cry burst from the spectators.

The Arabians sprang forward affrighted. In their training they had never felt the lash and their impulsive reaction would have taken them from the course had not Ben-Hur, with the strength of arm developed as a oarsman, and the coolness of a soldier, held them back and guided them around the dangerous turn.

Again side by side with Messala, the Jew was bearing the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman.

Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

At the end of the third round Messala still held in the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. In the fifth round, the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly, and the racers entered the sixth round without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest which had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with a general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account.

On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless except as their faces turned following the contestants.

CHAPTER V. "A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write on his betting tablets.

"Do not so," interposed a friend. "Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look thee at the Jew!"

The first one looked.

Lady Ponsonby Poses With Friend



A beautiful camera study by Karsh of Ottawa, of Lady Moyra Ponsonby, daughter of their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and the Countess of Bessborough, with Mademoiselle Jacqueline Mirabaud. (Lady Ponsonby is seated on the arm of the chair.) Madame Mirabaud of Paris, mother of Mlle. Jacqueline Mirabaud, is a cousin of Lady Bessborough. Both were guests at Government House for two months.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

To every girl there openeth A way, and ways, and a way, And the High Soul climbs the High Way, And the Low Soul gropes the Low, And in between, on the misty flats, The rest drift to and fro. But to every girl there openeth A High Way and a Low, And every girl decideth.

If a strong solution of lye is poured down the sink drain every few weeks, it will cut away the grease and filth which accumulate and keep the drain clean and clear. About 1-2 can of lye to 2 quarts of water will be found the proper strength.

If a small amount of vinegar is added to lard used for frying, it will prevent the article being fried from absorbing too much fat.

When meat is tough and has to be pounded it will be found excellent practice to pound flour into it. This absorbs the valuable juices which would otherwise be lost, and also improves the flavor. A small amount of vinegar or lemon juice added to tough meats when they are boiling, tends to make them more tender. Bread crumbs added to hamburger steak will have a similar effect.

When hard shelled clams are were a Roman youth, preparing to write on his betting tablets.

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(Continued on Page 14)

BOOKS ART MUSIC

By F. R. H.

In spite of the continuous and increasing output of detective and mystery stories, new mystery characters and romantic crooks are wanted to the tune of nearly \$6,500.

John Long Ltd., of London, and Doubleday Doran are offering a prize of \$200 for the best detective or mystery novel submitted before July 1, 1935.

J. E. Lippincott Co., and Mystery Magazine of America, and George G. Harrap and Co., and the London Daily Mail, of England, are combining to donate a prize amounting to \$7,500 for the best novel featuring a "lovable crook" like Raffles, the Lone Wolf, or Arsene Lupin. These publishing firms hope that other books with the same character will follow.

The closing date of the contest has been postponed from May until July 31, 1935.

Michael Gross of the Retail Book-seller thinks that detective stories have strayed far from the paths laid down by Conan Doyle, Poe, and other mystery story masters. He writes:

"Nowadays, it is nothing unusual to open a so-called mystery story and instead of thrills and shudders find a thoroughly detailed mass of concomitant psychos and acute neurophy. The next step we presume will be to include in the list of illustrations some such line as opposite page 284—'X' marks the plot."

Some of the detective stories of Harry Stephen Kreier are rather involved and technical; but once discovered, Mr. Kreier's plots are generally exciting and unusual. His latest offering is "The Five Silver Buddhas."

Two mystery stories by two popular English authors, recommended by S. Morgan-Powell as being above the average, are "The Lessing Murder Case" by Sydney Horler, the writer upon whom many English critics think the mantle of Edgar Wallace is descending, and "The Shining Trail" by Ottwell Binns—a story of adventure in the Canadian Northwest.

"Spy" by Bernard Newman was mentioned by Professor Macdonald, in one of his Radio Book Reviews, as a well written and very thrilling Secret Service story.

Of Raymond Robins, a new-comer and author of "Murder at Bayville," J. V. McAree writes: "Mr. Robins is no lord of language but he tells an ingenious story in a workman-like manner."

Other new books by authors of former well known thrillers are: "Bull Dog, Drummond at Bay," by H. C. McVale.

"Jimmy Dale and the Missing Hour," by F. L. Packard.

"The Wooden Indian" by Carolyn Wells.

"Death in the Air" by Agatha Christie.

"Odds on Bluefeather" by Laurence Meyne.

"The Spy Paramount" by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

A few mysteries by newer authors are: "Salute to the Gods" by Sir Malcolm Campbell—a motor racing mystery.

"Grimson Ice" by Cortland Fitzsimmons.

"Murder Unleashed" by Dorothy Bennett.

"How Strange a Thing" by Dorothy Bennett—a mystery story in verse.

"The Camberwell Beauty" by Louis Goldin, author of the popular "Magnolia Street" and "Five Silver Daughters," is a complete departure from these novels. It deals with a murder in Sicily, with black magic, the Mafia, love and kidnapping.

In the picture gallery of Henry Morgan Ltd., Montreal, there has recently been shown an exhibition of about eighty caricatures by Maurice L. Schwartz. The portraits of Bernard Shaw, Gabriel D'Annunzio, Arnold Bennett and Wallace Beery are amongst the best, suitably exaggerated and quite recognizable.

Representations of several Canadian artists appear in the collection—Chief Justice Greenfields, Mr. Taschereau, Mr. Edgar Rhodes, Sir Robert Borden, and Professor Leacock.

Gandhi is also portrayed, but an observer has remarked that in the case of Gandhi, "it is sometimes hard to distinguish a portrait from a caricature."

Last month the Mount Allison Art Gallery, Sackville, showed a group of paintings and drawings by A. S. Baylinton. This artist was born in Moscow in 1882 but has lived in the United States for many years. He studied under Robert Henri and Homer Boss, and is now supervisor of Painting of the Art Teaching Project and secretary of the Society of Independent Artists.

At the same time there was also shown in the Gallery a collection of Japanese prints and textiles. The textiles, including many examples of embroidered, batik, printed and dyed, work, were varied and very beautiful.

Vladimir Horowitz, regarded by many critics as one of the very greatest of living pianists, made his first appearance in Montreal last Wednesday, April 3rd, when he gave one recital.

Horowitz, the choice of Toscanini, world famous orchestra conductor, was the soloist in the "Empire" concerto with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra at the concluding concert of the Beethoven cycle, and the New York Times wrote of him on this occasion:

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Don't Marry Without Love, Especially When You Already Love Another! Dorothy Dix Counsels—Miss Twenty, Tired of Gadding, Wants to "Settle Down" With 18-Year-Old

Dear Miss Dix—Can there be a happy marriage with love only on one side? A young man is in love with me who is everything that a man should be, kind, considerate, dependable, honorable, upright and well-to-do but with all these good qualities I do not love him. I have tried hard enough, but my efforts have been useless. Five years ago I fell in love with a man who really cared nothing for me, took me out only when he had nothing else to do, who lied to me, stood me up repeatedly and used me simply as a doormat, but I did not mind. I took anything just to be with him now and then. Four years have passed since we last met, but he is still in my mind and heart. Shall I marry this fine fellow who loves me dearly, knowing I will be a dutiful wife, will give him respect, admiration and everything else marriage demands of a wife—except love? So I ask again: Can there be a success with love only on one side? WONDERING.

Answer: No. Never. Especially when one of the parties to the marriage loves some one else. Nothing is so boring as to be loved by the shadowy ghost of the old romance that will keep them from ever really coming together in the oneness that alone makes marriage a success.

There is no truth in the old superstition that a new love automatically kills an old love. Many men and women think that the marriage ceremony is a talisman against their wounded hearts will cease to throb with pain and the memory of the old sweetheart will be blotted from their minds and they will no more crave the touch of a vanished hand.

Nothing of the kind happens. On the contrary, the very fact that the beloved one is beyond reach, the fact that he or she is forbidden fruit, makes him or her more alluring. That person becomes a memory, a dream forever embedded in the amber of the imagination. Always those never be destroyed because it is contrasting this paragon of their dreams who marry without love who are to be pitied. Nothing is more thrilling than to be loved by one you love. Nothing is so boring as to be loved by one you do not love. Kisses are fire on the lips, or dust and ashes. Can one you do not love, shrink away from them with repulsion. Nothing gets easier than to love. The nerves like having to pretend to emotions you do not feel, like having to summon up a joyous smile for some one of whom you are tired to death, like having to remember to be tender and affectionate. Nothing else is so wearisome as the continual society of those who love you as much that they always want to be with you, and whom you care for as little that they would be glad never to see you again.

Of course, in equal marriages in which one kisses and the other permits himself or herself to be kissed, as the French say, the deluded lovers always believe that they at least will be happy in having those they desire, but they never are because they soon find out that they have only the empty shells, the bodies of their husbands or wives, and that their spirits have escaped them.

And they think that because they love they can make those they love, love them, but this is impossible. Love comes and goes as it will and no man or woman can control it. Many a man and woman would give their very souls to be able to respond to the wives and husbands who love them, but they cannot quicken their heart beats, strive as they may.

So I would earnestly advise you not to marry one man who loves you, but who does not love you. The good man deserves a better fate than that which you now tolerate him.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 20 years old and have been going with boys for so many years that I am tired of it all and want to settle down and have a husband and home of my own. I have met a boy that I like and who is in love with me and he wants to start saving for an engagement ring, but I want to get married right away. He is only 18. Can a boy so young as that be sure of himself? Is it true that youth never knows real love that lasts? What is your advice? MILDRED.

Answer: My advice is to wait. If you rush a boy into marriage before he is ready, it is entirely too young to marry. All that he is capable of at 18 is call love, and if that lasts it is a miracle and not anything that you have a right to count on. His tastes are unformed. He is in the jelling stage of adolescence, you are going to be a wife. If you could marry him on a passing fancy of look at tomorrow, say in a week, would you be taking a million-to-one chance of his still being in love with you ten years hence.

And, in the second place, the boy has nothing to offer you. He hasn't even the price of an engagement ring. If you coerce him into marrying you now, what do you propose to live on? You are after you are married, are you going to inflict a husband and father to support, or are you going to inflict a husband and father to feed and clothe you? For boys and girls to marry and dump their husbands and wives and subsequent babies down on their parents is certainly playing it pretty low down on the old people.

So give up all thoughts of being a cradle-snatcher. Let this poor boy alone. Let him grow up before he takes upon himself the responsibilities of matrimony. And if you are as anxious to marry, pick out a man instead of a boy for a husband.

But the fact that at 20 you have been going around so long that you are, certainly should be a warning to all the little girls who are in such a hurry to grow up and step out. It is a pitiful thing for a girl to have skinned all the cream off her youth before she is really old enough to appreciate its flavor. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—In a controversy between husband and wife, wife contends that if you are in love you cannot see the defects in the one you love. The husband contends that if you love you see the defects, but it does not affect your love. Which is right? THE MOD'S.

Answer: The husband. Loving does not affect one's eyesight or intelligence. It does not make you see a tall, romantic-looking chap in your short, tubby little husband, or behold your wife as Miss America. It happens to be fat and red-headed and snub-nosed. But it doesn't keep you from loving them.

The only people who have the faculty of seeing just what they wish to see in another are mothers. DOROTHY DIX.



For this little citizen a sombre world has suddenly brightened.

His mother has given him his first taste of Castoria—the children's laxative. And did he love it!

"It was so well!"

"I feel great!"

That delicious taste is important. It means no more of the struggles that a bad-tasting laxative causes—that all too often upset a child's whole delicate little system.

That's why even the taste of Castoria was made especially for children!

"Oh, boy!"

It is also prepared just for a child's needs. It contains no harsh, purging

drugs that so many "grown-up" laxatives contain.

Castoria will never cause griping pains. It is not habit-forming. It is perfectly safe. It is very gentle—yet very thorough.

Rely on Castoria whenever your child needs a laxative—from babyhood to 11 years old. Get a bottle today—look for the name Castoria. Save money by getting the Family-Size bottle.

Not only does darling Shirley Temple set the style in child acting, but also the styles in children's clothes. Here Shirley shows three beautiful models which are included in her Easter wardrobe. At the LEFT is a laquer-red balise dress

with white polka dots. The collar is of white polka dotted Satin, embroidered in coin-size red dots and piped with red balise cord. The same idea is repeated on the puffed sleeves. This dress can be made for \$1.50 in the CENTRE

Miss Temple wears a charmingly-pleated dress of georgette, topped by a lace collar. At the RIGHT Shirley shows a hand-embroidered French dimity dress with hand-drawn work fashioned over each shoulder with tiny mother-of-pearl buttons.

Shirley Sets the Pace for Easter Styles



Miss Temple wears a charmingly-pleated dress of georgette, topped by a lace collar. At the RIGHT Shirley shows a hand-embroidered French dimity dress with hand-drawn work fashioned over each shoulder with tiny mother-of-pearl buttons.

THE COOK'S CORNER

PLAIN PASTRY

1 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 cup shortening. Water to moisten (about 4 tablespoons).

Sift together dry ingredients, cut in shortening until mixture resembles a coarse meal.

Add just enough cold water to hold the dough together. If time permits, chill pastry. Place on a lightly floured board and roll to about 1/8 inch thickness.

In making pies with an upper crust always make small holes for the escape of steam. These holes may be made in any fanciful shape.

Horowitz proved that he too could stride with Beethoven and Toscanini!

Guido Pannain states that Toscanini today is as important as a hundred Malibran's a century ago.

Because of the mechanical spirit which dominates our modern age, bringing realism even into music, among musicians there has awoken a new "business" outlook. The artist has arisen as a definite social class and predominant over this class is the artist who rules on stage and concert platform—the conductor of the orchestra. Toscanini is today the "great maestro."

desired. Have the under crust a little thicker.

PUFF PASTE

1 pound butter, 1 pound pastry flour, cold water.

Wash the butter, pat and fold until no water flies.

Reserve two tablespoons of butter and shape remainder into a circular piece one half inch thick and put on floured board.

Work two tablespoons of butter into flour with tips of fingers of dough blender. Moisten to a dough with cold water, turn on slightly floured board and knead for one minute.

Cover with towel and let stand five minutes.

Pat and roll one-fourth inch thick, keeping paste a little wider than the outer corners square. Place on center of lower half of paste. Cover butter by folding upper half of paste over it.

Press edges firmly to enclose as much air as possible.

Fold right side of paste over enclosed butter, paste half way round and let stand five minutes.

Repeat twice, having paste longer than wide, lifting often to prevent paste from sticking and dredging board slightly with flour when necessary.

Fold from ends towards center making three layers. Cover and let stand five minutes. Repeat twice, turning paste half way round each time before rolling. After fourth rolling, fold from ends to center and double making four layers. Put in cold place to chill.