Woman's Realm — Social and Personal — Fashions — Literature

The Housewife And Her Activities

MY FRIEND.

He is my friend! The words
Brought summer and the birds;
And all my winter time
Thawed into running rhyme
And rippled into song,
Warm, tender, brace and strong.
And so it sings today—
So may it sing always!
Let each note measure end
With "Still he is my friend."
—James Whitcomb Riley.

SPRING STYLES

Mirandy liked the hat very much so the milliner exploited her best salesmanship to induce the colored woman to take it.

"Law, no, chile! If I puts on dat big white picture hat, with ma face, I'd look jes' like a blackberry in a pan of milk."

SUIT HIGHLIGHTS THAT COME FROM PARIS

In fabrics, dots and stripes are much used. Regular men's wear worsteds as well as dressmaker tweeds and plain black woollens all share in the suit business.

In cut, there appears so far to be more of the jacket suit than anything else, some jackets even being shown with slim line dresses under them.

A longish jacket, quite straight is an important type. There is evidence of the longer waistline in the suit designs of some of the early houses to show.

Unpressed lapels are interesting as a detail in tailleurs.

The collarless jacket is still much done. Creed shows a collarless development in a double-breasted suit.

Boleros continue in the suit news.

Short sleeve suits suggest a type for spreading along the suit season.

CHIP POTATOES

Try cooking your chip potatoes like this. After cutting the potatoes, dry the chips thoroughly. Sprinkle a little ordinary baking powder into the fat, then your chips will be beautifully crisp. When the fat has its blue vapor rising from it, lower the chips slowly into it, then when they are brown, they'll be ready for draining and serving.

ARCHBISHOP'S MANUSCRIPT DESTROYED

Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of Canterbury, has disclosed that a carless maid burned the manuscript of a book he was writing on Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, about 52 years ago.

DRIED PRUNES

Dried prunes or apricots soaked for a couple of hours in boiling water in a covered casserole or basin seem to have a much better flavor when cooked than they do when soaked overnight.

GLACE KID SHOES FOR GENERAL WEAR

French shoemakers have now organized a committee on shoe fashions which, working in close collaboration with allied branches of the shoe industry plus the couturiers themselves will present seasonal collections of shoe styles.

R.R. Bunting, president of the committee, interprets current shoe fashions:—

"This year the toe of the shoe is rounded out but tapers enough to avoid heaviness. Since skirts are shorter, the back of the shoe is squared off to make the foot seem shorter too, while offering additional support for walking.

"Heels are, in general, square and higher measuring about 1 1-2 inches for sport and shaped sturdily in wood or wood covered with leather, 2 1-2 inches for street wear, and about three inches for evening.

"The biggest news in shoe styles this season is the revival of glace kid for general wear. A supple and long-wearing material, it will be used impartially for street wear, beach wear and in harmoniously combined shades for evening.

"Sport shoes come in alligator of all colors and in the grained leathers such as pigskin and peccary, as well as the new patent leather which make a strong bid for popularity in view of its durability and gloss.

"The latest line can be described as so varied and fanciful as sometimes to be eccentric. Straps and thongs intercross along the instep; shoes are generously trimmed. Certain street shoes, however, remain conventional and sobber in design, although they encase the foot more completely than before."

King Cole TEA
The Royal Drink

Girl's Advice to Her Mother | **Dorothy Dix** | Just Be Yourself, Says This Daughter

Parents May Think They Are Being Modern by Keeping Pace With Their Children, But the Latter Prefer That Mother and Dad be and Act Their Ages

It must be a disheartening and discouraging business to be parents in these days, for no matter which line of conduct they pursue, they fail to give satisfaction to their hypercritical offspring.

If father and mother still adhere to the ten Commandments and the general moral code therein set forth, their children complain that they are old-fashioned. On the other hand, if they go modern, drink, smoke, pet and swap partners, their youngsters are shocked and horrified at their behavior, and complain that they are not the kind of mammas and papas they want. What they crave is somebody to hear their bedside prayers, not rounders they will have to put to bed when they come home soused. So what are poor Mom and Pop to do?

A girl of 19 expressed the feeling of, perhaps, most of her generation on this subject when she said to me the other day: "I've a modern mother and, believe me, there is no one I envy so much as the girls who have old-fashioned mothers. My mother dyes her hair, counts her calories, dresses like a flapper, smokes and drinks too much, and nothing pleases her so much as for people to tell her that she and I look like sisters.

"Indeed, her main line is discoursing about how, when her first baby was born, she determined never to grow old, but to keep young so her children would always feel that she was their friend and companion: just one of themselves, not a horrid, fussy old parent they were afraid of.

"So she has always played with us, gone where we have gone, done the things we have done and kept a girl herself until really now her daughters chaperon her more than she does them, and Mother thinks that she has been a grand mother.

"But that isn't the kind of mother I want. I don't want a mother who is a pal. I want one whom I can reverence. I don't want a mother who is on a level with me. I want one to whom I can look up, one who is wiser and stronger than I am, who will know how to keep me from doing foolish things and hold me steady when I am tempted to do wrong ones. I don't want a mother who hennas her bobbed hair and pretends to be young. I want a sweet-faced, gray-headed old woman who isn't ashamed to be her age and who won't make wisecracks when I try to tell her what is deep down in my heart.

"How can I confide in Mother when she would be blowing smoke rings in my face all the time I was talking to her and thinking more about the highball she was sipping than my problem? And how can I think her advice is worth taking when it is just the selfish, sophisticated, cynical answers to the big problems of life that I hear every day from people who have made messes of their lives? I don't want to go the way that leads to destruction. I want my Mother to guide me into the safe road. But when I reach out my hand for hers she isn't there. She is off dancing the Big Apple somewhere.

"I am not blaming my mother, you understand. She is just a victim of the propaganda that teaches that a mother should keep as young as her children; that she should be a chum a good sport, in order to influence her youngsters and make them confide in her. Never was there a greater mistake. Children don't want their parents to be young. They don't want to chum with them. They don't want to play with them. They want somebody to look up to, somebody who is strong and upon whom they can depend; somebody who has authority, somebody who has lived a long time and who has seen many phases of life and whose opinion they respect.

"How can a mother who is flirting around with gigolos or some other woman's husband steady her daughter who is tempted to run off with some good-looking boy? How can a bleary-eyed philanderer expect his son to listen to him when he warns against wine and women.

"I tell you it is these professionally young fathers and mothers who are giddier than their children who are responsible for half of the excesses of the wild girls and boys of today. Our parents have left us nothing to respect, nothing to lean upon, and so we fall.

"And that is why I wish I had an old-fashioned mother, who would be content to be my mother instead of just one of the girls."

DOROTHY DIX.

DAUGHTER OF EXILE

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

CHAPTER XVI
RESCUE PARTY

Pelmann started back at Mitchell's words. He paled. It was the first time Shane had ever seen him started into displaying real emotion.

"Heinrich!" he excalimed. "On the cliffs! What—"He broke off. When he spoke again, his voice was swift and incisive.

"You are right. We must hurry—hurry!"

"We'll need rope, and lights," said Shane swiftly, responding to the professor's new mood. "Where—"

He was interrupted. Martha came down the stairs, and she was closely followed by Captain Macpherson.

Martha took in the scene at a glance. She turned instinctively, not to her father, but to Shane.

"What has happened, Laurance?" she asked swiftly.

He opened his mouth to reply. Pelmann forestalled him.

"There has been an accident. Heinrich has fallen over the cliff. We must get to him at once."

Captain Macpherson had joined the group.

"An accident on the cliff!" he echoed. "In this storm, there isn't a chance—"

"He's on a ledge," interposed Mitchell swiftly. His breath was coming back. "Look here, there's no time for talk. We'll have to hustle if we're to be in time."

His tone was urgent.

Pelmann took charge of the situation. He issued swift instructions. In a few minutes, laden with ropes and torches, they were following Mitchell across the black moor heads bent to the wind and the driving rain.

Shane trod close on Mitchell's heels. The professor marched by Mitchell's side, urging him on. The wind tossed his mane of hair fantastically.

Behind Shane came Halford. Captain Macpherson had disappeared. He had evidently gone to the village of Carniach for help. By day the gallant captain was handicapped by his poor sight, but at night he had the advantage over even those with good sight. He had acquired some of the uncanny instincts of the blind, and could be trusted to gain the road safely. Besides, he knew every inch of this ground like the back of his own hand.

Suddenly Shane became conscious of a slim figure wrapped in oilskins half running by his side. It was Martha.

"I had to come," she whispered, and clutched his arm. "Poor Heinrich. How could it have happened?"

That was what Shane wanted to know himself. But the question could not be answered until Heinrich was brought to safety. He squeezed Martha's arm for comfort.

"Don't worry. We'll get him up all right. Mitchell says he's on a ledge." His voice hardened. "I wonder what part he played in this?"

He had not overcome his prejudice against the general.

They came at last to the cliff's edge, and Mitchell directed his torch downwards. Heinrich still lay on the ledge which had so luckily arrested his descent into nothingness. He had not moved, and it was plain that he was unconscious. One leg was doubled up underneath him in sinister fashion.

The lights played over the sheer face of the cliff, and lit up the dark breakers which boomed against the jagged rocks far below in a hiss of faintly white spray. The wind howled all around them. It was a desperate scene.

"Somebody will have to go down," said Mitchell grimly. "A rope will have to be tied round him, for the poor fellow can't help himself. Moreover he and his rescuer will have to be pulled up together. A conscious man can fend himself off the rock when he's lifted, but an unconscious man can't. In this gale, he'd be dashed to pieces before we got him to the top."

"There aren't enough of us to bring up two men, if one goes down," said Pelmann steadily. "We must await the help from the village which Captain Macpherson is bringing."

"A man will have to go down at once, and stay down there until help arrives," declared Mitchell. "Otherwise your servant may recover consciousness, move, and roll off the ledge. He's perilously near the edge as it is."

He seized a rope and make a loop in it.

"I'm going down."

The rest did not know it, but Mitchell felt it was his plain duty to take the leading part in rescuing Heinrich. After all, the giant would not be lying there now if it had not been for Mitchell.

But Shane laid a restraining hand on the general's arm.

"No. You're all in. I'm fresh. I'll go down."

"No!" It was Martha who spoke. She seized Shane's arm. "Laurence, you mustn't! You'll be killed!" She looked down into the abyss and shuddered. "Better to wait until Captain Macpherson brings men from the village. They are used to climbing the cliffs for the birds' eggs. It is nothing to them. One of them will go down. But you have no experience of this sort of climbing. You mustn't do it!"

She shook his arm in a frenzy.

Pelmann watched his daughter with brooding eyes. Heinrich had been right, then She was no longer a child. And Heinrich, the faithful Heinrich, was lying down there in the darkness. Soon, perhaps, he, Pelmann, would be quite alone. Well, he had always pursued a lonely way. Perhaps the end of his road was not far off . . .

Then Halford spoke.

"I'll go down," he said quietly.

They had all forgotten Halford Shane stared unable to beleive his ears.

Halford's eyes, behind the lenses of his spectatcles, held a look which Shane had never seen in them before. The superciliousness, the priggishness, and the hostility towards the world all were gone. The stooping shoulders had straightened, and the chin had lost its weakness and looked purposeful.

"I'll go down. I've done a bit of rock climbing. I think I'm the best man for the job."

In the inmost recesses of his mind, Halford was as astonished as Shane at this gesture he was making. He only knew that something had suddenly stirred within him, something which had lain dormant for so long that he had thought it to be dead, and it was driving him on to speak like this. He lied when he said that he had done rock climbing. One look down into the darkness was enough to turn him giddy and sick. But his voice held no quaver. And, somehow, a great scorn. He had made a decision the peace had descended on Halford's implications of which he did not yet grasp himself.

What Shane spoke, there was a new note of respect in his voice.

"That's decent of you, Halford," he said. "But, rock climber or not, this isn't your job." He hesitated. "It's a question of physique. Don't be offended. But I'm a stronger specimen than you are. I think. After all," he lied, seeking to save Halford embarrassment before the others, "you're here for your health's sake, I'm not. I'm as strong as a horse. And I'm going down there."

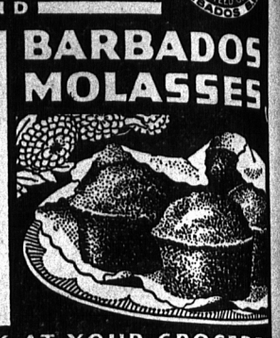
"Well spoken, young feller," said Mitchell swiftly. "You're right. This is no time for heroics. I'd like to go down myself —give my hight hand —but you're a younger and a fitter man. Good luck."

To Be Continued

BEMA BRAND

A breakfast treat—bran muffins made with genuine Barbados Extra Fancy Molasses. They taste better, and why not?—Made only from the pure juice of the sugar cane. More iron than raisins, no artificial coloring and rich in vitamins to help you through a busy day.

Remember: Ask for genuine Bema Brand Barbados Extra Fancy Molasses. 20



SOLD IN BULK AT YOUR GROCERS

A Morning Smile

TAKEN LITERALLY

"What was the present, dear?" asked a chorus of female voices.

The fair fiancee's eyes grew moist.

"It wasn't anything!" explained the bitterly disappointed one, the tears now bursting through the barrier. "He asked me w-what I wanted, and I told him I'd love him just as much if he didn't g-get me anything—and s-so he-he d-didn't!"

ENERGETIC

In Arkansas a man and his wife were sitting outside their house The man was comfortably seated in a chair that was tilted back when a funeral procession passed, towards the street, his feet on the sill of an open window.

"I think that's the funeral of old man Williams," he remarked. 'Reckon it's the biggest seen in these parts for a while, ain't it, Car'line."

"A purty good-sized one, Bud," his wife replied.

"I sure would like to see it," said Bud. "What a pity I ain't facin' that way."

THE COOK'S CORNER

SALAD TRICKS

If your green salads are losing their appeal, try this trick with French dressing. Add 1 finely minced boiled beet and 1 chopped hard-cooked egg to 1 1-2 cups French dressing. Or for variety add 1 tablespoon chili sauce 2 tablespoons finely minced chutney or 1-4 cup crumbled Roquefort cheese to 1 cup dressing.

MINCE BISCUITS

Two cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons fat, 1-2 cup minced meat, 1-2 cup milk.

Sift together the dry ingredients, cut in the fat and add the minced meat. Mix well. Add milk while stirring vigorously —enough to make a soft dough Lightly roll to 3-4 inch thickness. Cut into rounds with a floured cutter and place on a greased cookie sheet. Bake in a hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

COCKTAIL SNACKS.

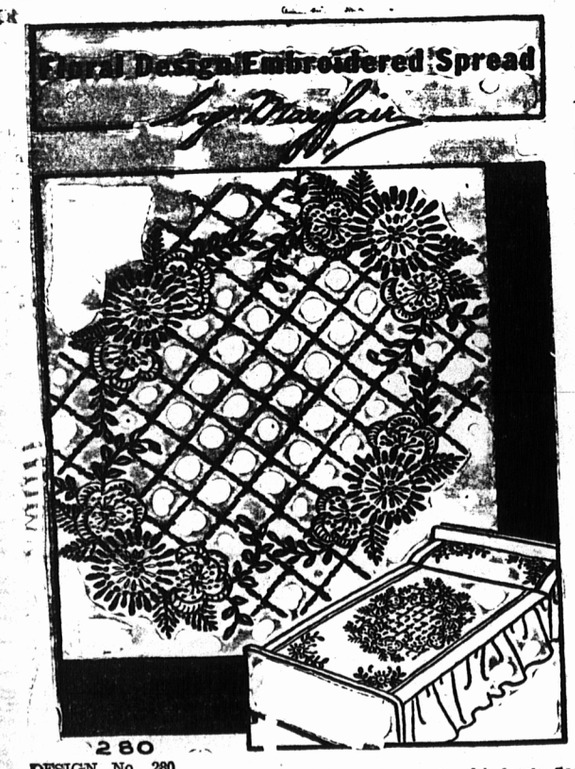
One hard-cooked egg yolk, 2 tablespoons well-drained India relish, 12 slices bacon.

Mash the egg yolk and mix with the relish. Spread thinly on bacon slices, press flat, then roll and fasten with toothpicks. Broil until the bacon is cooked through. Serve hot with frosty tomato juice cocktails.

To make your tomato juice "frosty," season it to taste with lemon juice, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, and perhaps a dash of tabasco. Pour into the freezing tray of the refrigerator or pack in ice and salt until the tomato juice is shot with small slivers of ice. Pour into chilled glasses and serve at once.

SAILORS, AHOY!

LONDON — (CP) — Yachtsmen overseas may be attracted by announcement here of three small islands of the west coast of Scotland for sale "with good anchorage."



DESIGN No. 280

Simple stitches embroidered in bright colors make this lovely floral spread with its latticework center. The large flowers are worked in shades to harmonize with the color scheme of your room. The smaller flowers are done in pretty colors to contrast. Only easy-to-do stitches are used throughout and the material you select may be the same as your curtains, silk, satin, heavy cotton, muslin or a sheer fabric which you will use over a second spread of plain colour. It can be used either on a double or single bed. The pattern includes complete instructions for making and embroidering, a transfer of the design, detail of stitches used.

For complete pattern and instructions for all of these designs, send 20 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) to The Charlottetown Guardian Needlework Department.

Use this coupon Print your name and address plainly.

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Household Scrapbook

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Marking Linen

The ink will not spread when marking linen if the initials are first put on with a soft lead pencil. Then trace with the marking ink.

Dusty Curtains

Curtains that were new in the fall, and are merely dusty from the winter's heating plant can be hung on the line and brushed thoroughly, instead of washing them. They may also be rubbed in dry bran, then shaken and brushed carefully.

Frying Eggplant

When frying eggplant, tomatoes, or other vegetables, which are dipped into cracker crumbs, it is extremely difficult to fry the second pan because of the burned crumbs from the first pan. If a piece of potato peeling is put into the pan, it will clarify the fat and overcome this trouble.

BALTIC SCHOOL

Standing of Baltic School for April:

Grade X—1. Ronald Delaney.

Grade VIII—1. Robert Pierce; 2. Jean Holmes.

Grade VII—1. Eunice Clark; 2. Doris Matthews.

Grade VI—1. Evelyn MacDonald; 2. Ellwood MacKenzie; 3. Eldon Harding.

Grade IV—1. Archie MacDonald; 2. Harold MacKenzie; 3. Keir Clark.

Grade III—1. Muriel Wall; 2. Reuben Wall; 3. Billie Woodside.

Grade II Sr.—1. Earle MacKenzie; 2. John Brander.

Grade II Jr.—1. David MacKenzie; 2. Janette Clark.

Grade I (a)—1. William Cousins.

Grade I (b)—1. Eric Holmes; 2. Gordon Anderson.

Grade I (c)—1. Marion Campbell; 2. Arthur Cousins.

Teacher, J. Weeks Murphy.

How Can I ??

(By ANNE ASHLEY)

Q. How can I repair a tear in an otherwise good raincoat?

A. Paste a piece of adhesive tape, larger than the tear, on the underside of the garment. Press with a warm iron.

Q. How can I clean varnish, shellac, and enamel brushes satisfactorily?

A. Clean the varnish and the enamel brushes in turpentine, the shellac brushes in denatured alcohol.

Q. How can I prepare the buttered crumbs which some recipes and mix well; then sprinkle on top call for?

A. Melt the butter, add crumbs, of the food. The butter will not mix evenly with the crumbs if it is just placed in dots on the food.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes — the favorite of travelers and stay-at-homes alike! Always oven-fresh in the patented *heat-sealed* inner bag.

Kellogg's are sold by all grocers. Served everywhere in handy individual packages. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

MADE BETTER • PACKED BETTER TASTE BETTER

She Looks So Young
Is a tribute to health

"Keep happy—Keep the mind young—don't worry". This is the recipe of a famous actress. Worry, Irritability and exhausted nerves are the greatest enemies to feminine beauty. They bring wrinkles and care lines and make you feel tired and discouraged.

There is nothing like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to restore pep and vigor to mind and body, to give you control of yourself and to bring the color back to faded cheeks. Charm and personality are based on health. The cheerfulness and vivacity, which add so greatly to woman's attractiveness, can only exist when you are feeling well.

Women everywhere know and appreciate this fine restorative of blood and nerves.

Modern Etiquette

(By ROBERTA LEE)

Q. When one wishes to give a graduation gift, should it be presented at the exercise?

A. No. It should be given within a month preceding the graduation exercises, just as one would send a wedding gift.

Q. What is the appropriate number of guests to invite to a formal dinner?

A. There is really no limit to the number of guests a hostess may invite, but the best number would be exactly how many she can seat comfortably at the table.

Q. What is the better expression when one has accidentally brushed against a person, "Pardon me," or, "I beg your pardon?"

A. "I beg your pardon."

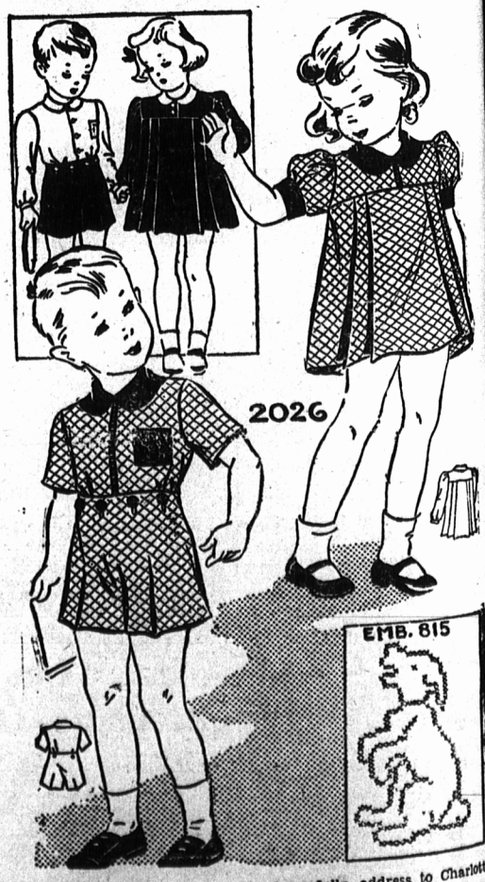
RECIPE FOR BABY FOOD

Roll two Christie's Arrowroots very fine, pour enough boiling water over them to make a paste, thin down with milk. Sugar may be added if desired.

Approved by the mothers of Canada for over 80 years, because of their high quality and maintained purity.

Christie's Arrowroots

FASHION GUIDES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER



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