

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

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## SHREDDED WHEAT MADE IN CANADA - OF CANADIAN WHEAT

### The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice rise like a fountain for me day and night. For what are men better than sheep or goats? That nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they life not hands of prayer. Both for themselves and those who call them friend? For so the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

#### THE UNION JACK

Why is our flag called the Union Jack? Strange name for a flag, isn't it, when you come to think of it? Why "Union," and why "Jack"? It is like this. The original flag of England was the banner of St. George a red cross on a white ground. When James of Scotland became also King of England, the banner of St. Andrew—a diagonal white cross on a blue ground—was combined with St. George's banner. Then came the union with Ireland and the banner of St. Patrick—a diagonal red cross on a white ground was added. This gave us the now familiar flag—Union, because it was made up of the banners of the united countries. Jack is a form of the name King James in Latin—Jacobus—in whose reign the flag came into use.

#### RHUBARB MARMALADE

Six pounds rhubarb, 6 pounds sugar oranges, 2 lemon, 1-4 pound walnuts. Chop all together, let stand over night, boil until thick.

#### DO NOT POLISH PEWTER

Pewter should never be polished otherwise you will always have to polish it just as regularly as ordinary silver. This metal should remain dull, and when dirty should be washed in warm water, good soap being applied with a soft brush. Afterwards dry very thoroughly.

#### WHITENING DEVICE

Discolored ivory or bone handles to knives should be rubbed with a cut lemon or moistened with peroxide of hydrogen. If you put them immediately in the sun, it will whiten them.

#### TABLOID

Wash and grease new baking tins, then heat in the oven. Blue; wash and dry, and they are ready for use.

#### EIGHT WEATHER SIGNS

A friend who has made a life study of the ways of birds and beast and insects tells me that: When gnats fly about in clouds under trees. When worms come out of their holes in great numbers. When fish stay near the surface of water. When hens make of lot of noise and flap their wings.

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### THE COOK'S CORNER

#### Beef Rolls

Slice round steak or other pieces of beef about 1/4 to 1/2 inch thick. Cut in pieces about 3 or 4 inches long. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and finely chopped onions. Cut bacon on thin slices and put a slice of this on each piece of meat. Roll tightly and tie with a string. Heat lard in a deep frying pan, put in the rolls and let brown nicely from all sides. Pour off excess grease, add water or soup stock and let simmer for 15 minutes. Remove string from rolls and pack in clean jars. Add 3 or 4 tablespoons of the liquid. Put on cap, screwing band firmly tight. Process in pressure cooker, 60 minutes at 10 pounds; or in water bath, 180 minutes; or in oven, 240 minutes at 250 degrees.

#### Brunswick Stew

1 chicken  
1/4 lb. bacon  
10 tablespoons flour  
4 teaspoons salt  
1 teaspoon celery seed  
1 cup Irish potatoes (cubed)  
2 cups water  
1 quart tomatoes  
1/2 teaspoon cloves  
1/4 teaspoon cayenne pepper  
2 teaspoons onion chopped fine  
1/2 lemon sliced thin  
1 1/2 cups okra  
2 cups butter beans  
1 teaspoon pepper  
1 teaspoon sugar  
Cut bacon in cubes and fry until crisp and brown. Roll chicken in flour, put into frying pan with water. Cook slowly until chicken falls from bones, add more water if necessary to prevent burning. Remove chicken from bones. Add chopped vegetables and spices. Bring to boiling and pack in clean jars. Put on cap, screwing band firmly tight. Process in pressure cooker 60 minutes at 10 pounds; or water bath 180 minutes; or oven 240 minutes at 250 degrees.

#### Bunny Sausage

6 lbs. rabbit meat  
2 small onions (minced)  
2 level tablespoons salt  
2 level teaspoons pepper  
1/4 teaspoon paprika  
1 bay leaf  
1/2 teaspoon ground sage  
1/2 cup ground cracker or bread crumbs  
1 or 2 eggs, well beaten  
1/2 cup sweet milk  
Mix well together and mould into small cakes and fry until nicely browned in deep fat. Pack into clean jars and add 3 or 4 tablespoons of the grease in which the cakes were fried. Put on cap, screwing band firmly tight. Process in pressure cooker, 60 minutes at 15 pounds; or in water bath, 180 minutes; or in oven, 240 minutes at 25 degrees.

### A Morning Smile

#### FRIGHTFUL

The other day an ex-soldier expressed an opinion of what the next war will be like. "It will be terrible," he said. "The safest place will be in the army, and the soldiers will spend their spare time knitting comforts for the harassed civilian population."

#### ALL IS FAIR

"Well," said Mabel, "personally, I don't call it fair to go to the movie regularly with a boy whom you frankly admit you don't like very much."

#### SCOTS DIE EARLIER

Scottish teachers do not live as long as their English colleagues; in fact, Scotsmen generally die earlier than people who live on the other side of the Border, it is stated in the report of the Government Actuary.

What to Look For When You Are Seeking a Life Partner

## Dorothy Dix

Declares That Congeniality is Important in Home Life

### Marriage is the Greatest Gamble on Earth, and That is Why all of us Want to Take a Try at it

So many divorces are granted because of incompatibility of temper that it raises the question as to whether it would not take a lot of the hazards out of matrimony if men and women knew more of each other's tastes and habits and general characteristics before marriage.

This sounds like a good tip. Since congeniality is the one most important thing in securing happiness in marriage, it would seem that the only safe bet would be to marry some one whom you had known all your life and with whose every quirk of temper and temperament you were perfectly familiar. Thus Arabella or Jimmy, with whom you made plex in kindergarten and fought with through high school, and whose ways you knew from A to I would be first choice in a mate. Or you would have been warned in time and would never make the mistake of tying up with the said Arabella or Jimmy.

Unfortunately, however, this plain and simple road to domestic bliss is filled with unexpected pitfalls. One of these is the fact that we are not likely to fall in love with those whose faults and foibles we know only too well. It is strange, who allure us to whom we endow with every quality that we would like our hero or heroine to possess.

Mary Jane who lives on our block stands nakedly forth with all the angles of her disposition plainly visible, but visiting Juliet's idiosyncrasies are swathed in the pink chiffons of fancy in which we have draped her. We have nothing but contempt for Joe whom we know to be a lazy loafer, but there is something glamorous about the leisure of perusal who also belongs to the tribe of those who are born to labor. So we marry Juliet or Percival and when we get our surprise packages home and find out what we have got—well, it is just too bad.

In reality, to suggest that men and women should pick out their wives and husbands by the sane and safe method of testing their quality and finding out before marriage if they are really what they need, is as foolish as to think that lads and lassies will buy serviceable homespuns and useful trunks when their souls cry aloud for satins and spangles and sport cars.

Then there is the impossibility of men and women ever really knowing each other, no matter even if they have been brought up in the same house. The mysterious bar of sex precludes this. No man ever looks into a woman's mind and sees what makes the wheels go round, nor does any woman ever know what motivates a man.

The wisest man who ever lived does not know why a woman cries when she is glad or why she can find a consolation that never falls in going shopping or why she values words more than deeds and will believe that a man loves her if he tells her so even though he beats and starves her, but will doubt the affection of the husband who keeps silent about the state of his feelings, but who works himself to death to prove his devotion.

Nor do women know anything more about men. Wives grow gray-headed trying to puzzle out why their husbands prefer their shabby old clothes to new ones, why they don't like to talk at home, why their idea of a good time is to go to some place where they can dress like tramps, why they hate parties.

As a rule, men's tastes and women's tastes differ as fried onions from pink ice cream. So if they shopped around until they found a mate who liked just the things they did, there would be a lot of old maids and old bachelors in the world.

Another difficulty that those seeking rubber stamps of themselves would encounter would be piercing the camouflage with which youths and maidens disguise themselves in the courting season and which renders it almost impossible, even for a careful observer, to tell what they really are. Many a girl who wins a girl by his lavish wedding makes a light-hearted husband. Many a man who swore to a girl that her little white hand should do naught after marriage but soothe his weary brow makes her take in washing to support him.

Many a man who thought he was marrying a living picture finds he has got a chromo when she takes off her complexion and her good clothes. Many a girl who was so soft and sweet and gentle that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth is a virago and a nagger after marriage. Many a domestic girl comes out of the kitchen on her wedding day and never goes back into it again. Many a girl who burns incense at a man's feet before marriage tells him where to get off after marriage.

And so it goes. Men and women can never really get to know each other, and they must always guess at the characters of those they marry. And perhaps it is because marriage is the greatest gamble on earth that makes us all want to take a try at it.

DOROTHY DIX.

### The Murder at Hazelmoor

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

"All the same a charabanc came along just now. Reporters, I suppose, going to have a look at Sittaford House." "Did you know Captain Trevelyan well?" asked Emily. "Yes, was of opinion that the incident of the bull terrier had been a mere subterfuge on Captain Wyatt's part, dictated by a very natural curiosity. She was, she was well aware, the principal object of attention in Sittaford at present, and it was only natural that Captain Wyatt should wish to have a look at her as well as everyone else. "I don't know about well," said Captain Wyatt. "He sold me this cottage." "Yes," said Emily encouragingly. "A skinflint, that's what he was," said Captain Wyatt. "The arrangement was just that he was to do the place up to suit the purchaser's taste, and just because I had the window sashes in chocolate, picked out in lemon, he wanted me to pay half. Said the arrangement was for a uniform color."

"You didn't like him," said Emily. "I was always having rows with him," said Captain Wyatt. "But I always have rows with everyone," he added as an afterthought. "In a place like this you have to teach people to leave a man alone. Always knocking at the door and dropping in and chattering. I don't mind seeing people when I am in the mood—but it has got to be my mood not theirs. No good Trevelyan giving me his Lord of the Manor airs and dropping in whenever he felt like it. There's not a soul in the place comes near me now," he added with satisfaction. "Oh!" said Emily. "That's the best of having a native servant," said Captain Wyatt. "They understand orders. Abdul," he roared.

A tall Indian in a turban came out of the cottage and waited attentively. "Come in and have something," said Captain Wyatt. "And see my little cottage." "I'm sorry," said Emily, "but I have to hurry on." "Oh, no, you haven't," said Captain Wyatt.

"Yes, I have," said Emily. "I've got an appointment." "Nobody understands the art of living nowadays," said Captain Wyatt. "Catching trains, making appointments, fixing times for everything—all nonsense. Get up with the sun I say, have your meals when

you feel like it, and never tie yourself to a time or a date. I could teach people how to live if they would listen to me. "The results of this exalted idea of living were not too hopeful, Emily reflected. Anything more like a battered wreck of a man than Captain Wyatt she had never seen. Her curiosity sufficiently satisfied, she mentioned her appointment again and went on her way.

#### CHAPTER 17

Sittaford House had a solid oak front door, a neat bell pull, an immense wire mat, and a brilliantly polished brass letter box. It represented, as Emily could not fail to see, comfort and decorum. A neat and conventional parlourmaid answered the bell. Emily deduced the parlourmaid had been before her as the parlourmaid said at once in a distant tone, "Mrs. Willett is not seeing anyone this morning."

"I have brought a note from Miss Percehouse," said Emily. "This clearly altered matters. Emily was ushered into what house agents describe as a well-appointed hall, and from there into a large drawing room. A fire was burning brightly and there were traces of feminine occupation in the room. Some glass lullipops, an elaborate workbag, a girl's hat, and a Pierrot doll with very long legs, were lying about. There were, she noticed, no photographs.

Having taken in all there was to see, Emily was warming her hands in front of the fire when the door opened and a girl about her own age came in. She was a very pretty girl, Emily noticed smartly and expensively dressed, and she also thought she had never seen a girl in a greater state of nervous apprehension. Not that this was apparent on the surface however. Miss Willett was making a gallant appearance of being entirely at her ease.

"Good morning," she said advancing and shaking hands. "I'm so sorry mother isn't down, but she's spending the morning in bed." "Oh, I am so sorry, I'm afraid I have come at an unfortunate time." "No, of course not. The cook is writing out the recipe for that cake now. We are only too delighted for Miss Percehouse to have it. Are you staying with her?" "I am not exactly staying with her," said Emily. "In fact, I'm at Mrs. Curtis's."

"Of course the cottage is terribly small and she has her nephew, Ronnie, with her, hasn't she? She's a wonderful person, isn't she? So much character, I always think, but I am rather afraid of her really." "She's a bully, isn't she?" agreed Emily cheerfully. "But it's an awful temptation to be a bully, especially if people won't stand up to you."

Miss Willett sighed. "I wish I could stand up to people," she said. "We've had the most awful morning absolutely pestered by reporters." "Of, of course," said Emily. "This is Captain Trevelyan's house really, isn't it?—the man who was murdered at Exhampton?" "She was trying to determine the exact cause of Violet Willett's nervousness. The girl was clearly on the jump. Something was frightening her—and frightening her badly. She mentioned Captain Trevelyan's name bluntly on purpose. The girl didn't noticeably react to it. In any way, but then she was probably expecting some such reference. "Yes, wasn't it dreadful?" "Do tell me—that's if you don't mind talking about it?" "No—no—of course not—why should I?"

"There's something very wrong with this girl," thought Emily. "She hardly knows what she's saying." "About that table turning," went on Emily. "I heard about it in a casual sort of way and it seemed to me so frightfully interesting—I mean so absolutely gruesome. "Girlish thrills," she thought to herself, "that's my line." "Oh, it was horrid," said Violet. "That evening—I shall never forget it. We thought, of course, that it was somebody just fooling—only it seemed a very nasty kind of joke."

"Yes?" "I shall never forget when we tucked the lights on—everybody looked so queer. Not Mr. Duke and Major Burnaby—they are the stolid kind, they would never like to admit that they were impressed by anything of that kind. But you could see that Major Burnaby was really awfully rattled by it. I think that actually he believed in it more than anybody else. But I thought poor little Mr. Rycroft was going to have a heart attack or something, and as for Ronnie, Ronnie Garfield you know—he looked as though he had seen a ghost—actually seen one. Even mother was awfully upset—more than I have ever seen her before."

"It must have been most spooky," said Emily. "I wish I had been there to see." "It was rather horrid really. We all pretended it was—just fun, you know, but it didn't seem like that. And then Major Burnaby suddenly made up his mind to go over to Exhampton and we all tried to stop him, and said he would be buried in a snowdrift, but he would go. And there we sat, after he had gone, all feeling dreadful and worried. And then, last night—no, yesterday morning—we got the news. "You think it was Captain Trevelyan's spirit?" said Emily in an awed voice. "Or do you think it was clairvoyance or telepathy?" "Oh, I don't know. But I shall never, never laugh at these things again."

The parlourmaid entered with a folded piece of paper on a salver which she handed to Violet. Violet unfolded the paper, glanced over it and handed it to Emily. "There you are," she said. "As a matter of fact you are just in time. This murder business has upset the servants. They think it's dangerous to live in this out of the way part. Mother lost her temper with them yesterday evening and has sent them all packing. They are going after lunch. We are going to get two men instead. I think it will answer much better."

"Servants are silly, aren't they?" said Emily. "It isn't even as if Captain Trevelyan had been killed in this house." "What made you think of coming to live here?" asked Emily, trying to make the question sound artless and girlishly natural. "Oh, we thought it would be rather fun," said Violet. "Don't you find it rather dull?" "Oh, no, I love the country." "But her eyes loved Emily's. Just for a moment she looked suspicious and afraid. She stirred uneasily in her chair and Emily rose rather reluctantly to her feet. "I must be going now," she said.



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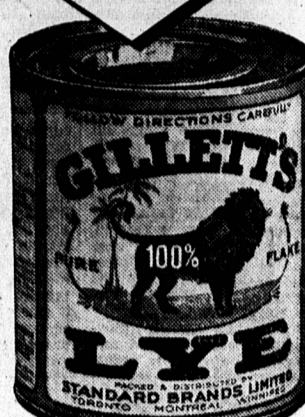
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### MY GARBAGE PAIL WAS A NUISANCE TO CLEAN

UNTIL I USED



### GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

"Thank you so much, Miss Willett. I do hope your mother will be all right." "Oh, she's quite well really. It's only the servants—and all the worry."

Adroitly, unperceived by the other, Emily managed to discard her gloves on a small table. The parlourmaid who had opened the door to Emily had unlocked it, but as Violet Willett closed it behind her retreating guest Emily caught no sound of the key being turned. When she reached the gate therefore, she retraced her steps slowly.

Her visit had more than confirmed the theories she held about Sittaford House. There was something queer going on here. She didn't think Violet Willett was directly implicated—that is unless she was a very clever actress indeed. But there was something wrong, and that something was a connection with the tragedy. There must be some link between the Willetts and Captain Trevelyan, and in that link there might lie the clue to the whole mystery.

She came up to the front door, turned the handle very gently and passed across the threshold. The hall was deserted. Emily had her excuse—the gloves left thoughtfully behind in the drawing room. She stood stock still listening. There was no sound anywhere—except a very faint murmur of voices from upstairs. As quietly as possible Emily stood looking up. Then, very gingerly she ascended a step at a time. This was rather more risky. She could hardly pretend that her gloves had walked of their own accord to the first floor, but she had a burning desire to overhear something of the conversation that was going on upstairs. Modern builders never made their doors fit well, in Emily's opinion. You could hear a murmur of voices down here. Therefore, if you reached the door itself you would hear plainly the conversation that was going on inside the room. Another step—one more again. Two women's voices—Violet and her mother without doubt.

Suddenly there was a break in the conversation—a sound of a footstep. Emily retreated rapidly. When Violet Willett opened her mother's door and came down the

stairs she was surprised to find her late guest standing in the hall peering about her in a lost dog kind of way. "My gloves," she explained. "I must have left them. I came back for them."

"I expect they are in here," said Violet. They went into the drawing room and there, sure enough, on a little table near where Emily had been sitting lay the missing gloves. "Oh, thank you," said Emily. "It's so stupid of me. I am always leaving things."

Once again they parted at the hall door, and this time Emily heard the key being turned in the lock. She went down the drive with plenty to think about, for as that door on the upper landing had opened, she had heard distinctly one sentence spoken in an old woman's fretful and plaintive voice: "My God," the voice had wailed, "can't bear it. Will tonight never come!"

Emily arrived back at the cottage to find her boy friend absent. Instead, Mrs. Curtis explained, gone off with several other young gentlemen, but two telegrams had come for the young lady, Emily took them, read them, and put them in the pocket of her sweater.

At the moment she felt disinclined for anything but solitude. She wanted to sort out and arrange her own ideas. She went up to her own room, and taking pencil and notepaper she set to work on a system of her own. After twenty minutes of this exercise she was interrupted by Mr. Enderby.

"Hallo, hullo, hullo, there you are. Fleet Street has been hard on your tracks all morning but they have just missed you everywhere. Any way they have had it from me that you are not to be worried. As far as you're concerned, I am the big noise."

He sat down on the chair, Emily was occupying the bed, and chuckled. "Envy and malice isn't it!" he said. "I have been handing them out the goods. I know everyone and I am right in it. It's too good to be true. Keep pinching myself and feeling I will wake up in a minute. I say, have you noticed the fog?"

(To Be Continued.)

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