

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

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

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

Tested Favorite Recipe

The temptation to buy a large smoked ham usually wins whether the family be small or large—but if you are going to buy the big ham you should have in mind more than 2 1-2 pounds sugar and six all-concrete way of using it up when it becomes a left over.

My pet "Guiche Lorraine" (a ham, mustard pie with cheese crust, which any one may have for the asking) has been overworked in these columns all ready so try

Green Peppers Stuffed With Ham

Wash six green peppers and cut slice from top of each. Remove seeds and fibers without breaking down sides. Drop into boiling water, remove from fire and let stand five minutes, then remove and drain. Stuff with the following: One half onion grated, 1 1/4 cups minced cooked ham, 1 cup water or stock, 1 1/4 cups fresh bread crumbs, pepper (salt will be needed if any other meat besides ham is used), 1 tablespoon butter. Mix all together except the water or stock, and stuff into peppers. Stand upright in shallow pan, pour around water or stock and bake in moderate oven (350-375 deg. Fhr.) for about thirty minutes, basting occasionally. Cooked rice is considered preferable to the bread crumbs by many.

MARY MOORE'S QUESTION BOX

Conducted by Mrs. (Dr.) Mary Moore

NOTE—It is our intention that this enquiry service be a friendly guide to better and more efficient cookery, and household management.

Daily Mrs. Moore receives questions dealing with such simple things as mending leaky pots or such elaborate events as planning wedding breakfasts.

She has a vast supply of pickling recipes, also other canning recipes for which there is a great demand just now. Do you need new pickling, canning, jam or jelly recipes?

Almost every one has a problem to solve in daily household routine. Take advantage of Mrs. Moore's experience. Besides her personal contact with the home she is in the enviable position of personified clearing house, as she receives the best recipes and household discoveries from all her readers—which she keeps on file after they have been published.

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A pen name should be chosen for publication purposes, in addition to the writers name and address, which of course will not be published. All correspondence should be written on one side of page only.

QUESTION—I have been wanting to know if I could make a peach conserve without nuts or raisins—something that is not too sweet. I was glad to see your column in the paper and have tried two or three recipes all ready—"Busy Housewife."

ANSWER—A favorite jam in our household is peach jam flavored with lemon juice and rind, and a little butter. I can tell you every step in the process without consulting a cook book as I supervised the making of our winter's supply only yesterday.

PEACH JAM Six quart basket of peaches, the bruised and small peaches do nicely for jam. Scald and peel peaches and slice thinly. Put in preserving kettle and bring to boiling point over direct heat, stirring almost constantly to prevent sticking. When boiling point is reached place peaches in moderate oven and simmer for two hours. This oven cooking evaporates the excess moisture in the peaches and does away with the necessity of constant stirring, consequently save time. Remove from oven and place over direct heat on top of stove again, and add juice

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Happenings of the Week

Here's a motto just your fit— Laugh a little bit. When you think your trouble hit, Laugh a little bit. Look misfortune in the face. Brave the belkams' rude grimace: Ten to one 'twill yield its place. If you have the wit and grit Just to laugh a little bit.

An event of much interest in Ottawa and elsewhere, will take place following the morning service in Chalmers Church, Ottawa, on October 2, when Rev. Dr. John W. Woodside will officiate at the christening of the baby son of Major the Hon. W. D. Herridge, and Mrs. Herridge, who is the Canadian Minister to the United States, and his wife, the former Miss Mildred Bennett, sister of the Prime Minister of Canada, intending leaving for their Washington home very shortly. The name to be given the baby will be William Richard Bennett Julian Vere Herridge and he will be known in the future to his intimates as William. He is just five months old and is a healthy, sturdy child, with a happy disposition and a winning smile. He was born on April 28, 1932, during the Imperial Economic Conference, when so many of the British delegates renewed a happy friendship with Mrs. Herridge, the baby, was the centre of attraction at many intimate little gatherings at the home occupied by Major and Mrs. Herridge in Rockcliffe. His christening was deferred until such a time as Rev. Dr. Woodside returned to Ottawa as it was the desire of the parent to have Dr. Woodside, who married them, officiate at the christening of their baby son.

Mrs. George Miller who came over from Moncton for the week, was widely entertained by her friends who were delighted to have her with them again.

Mrs. F. P. Taylor is visiting in Westmount, P. Q., the guest of her son Mr. R. N. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, Metcalfe Avenue.

Mr. W. Chester S. McLure, M. P., is leaving early next week for Ottawa accompanied by Mrs. McLure and Miss Lena McLure who will attend the opening of Parliament.

Mr. Reginald Aitken met with a painful accident on Wednesday when, while visiting at Brackley Point, he accidentally slipped, breaking two small bones in his leg.

Mrs. H. A. C. Scarth is on a visit to relatives in Montreal, Quebec, and Sherbrooke, P. Q.

The tea hostesses at the Golf Links this afternoon will be Mrs. J. G. Jamieson, Mrs. A. H. Duvar, Miss I. Horne, Miss A. Horne, Mrs. I. J. Yeo.

Mrs. A. W. Hyndman, who has been in Montreal for a few weeks is expected home today.

Mrs. Nan Brow who has been summing here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Brow, left Tuesday on return to New York.

Mrs. Fred S. Chandler, Brighton Road, accompanied by her young son Stewart, is spending a few weeks in Montreal.

Mrs. Douglas Gordon, of Summerside, entertained a number of her friends for bridge on Monday.

Mrs. Atwood entertained at an enjoyable bridge Tuesday at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. L. McDonald, prior to returning to her home in Ottawa yesterday morning.

Dr. Eliza McKendle left Thursday on return to New York, having spent a pleasant holiday at her old home in Flat River.

Mrs. Murdock McKinnon, of Charlottetown, is the guest for the week end of Mrs. Arthur Allen, of Summerside.

Miss Norma Jamieson left Thursday for Montreal to resume her nursing duties after a delightful holiday visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Jamieson.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barlow left Thursday for a short automobile tour through Nova Scotia. In Halifax over the week-end, they will visit Mrs. Barlow's sister, Miss Whidden.

The Rev. Dr. Daniel J. Fraser, Principal Emeritus of the Presbyterian College, and Mrs. Fraser, who have been visiting Montreal, left Monday for their home in Huntingdon, Long Island, Dr. and Mrs. Fraser will return to Montreal for a further visit in November.

Ven. Archdeacon A. Bate and Mrs. Bate, of Fredericton, N.B., were visitors to the Island this week and called on Ven. Archdeacon C. De W. White and Mrs. White at the Rectory, Summerside, on Tuesday.

Mr. John Hegan, of the Bank of Commerce at Ottawa, was the guest of his aunts, the Misses Hunt and Mrs. Mussen, of Summerside this week. Mr. Walter Hyndman, of Charlottetown accompanied him on his visit.

Eight to ten yards of material are used for the newest New York evening gowns which are getting away from that skintight snugness that distinguished many models earlier this season. The skirt fullness is effected in a variety of ways, but all of the more formal gowns have a tendency towards a gracefully sweeping line from the waistline down. Some bring the fullness to the front, concentrating it in a group of gathers or folds, and leaving the back quite plain. Others gather the fullness into the back and let it flow forward in a train. Many of the new creations are of classic Grecian inspiration, simply draped, but extremely distinguished in line and grace. Most gowns depend entirely on line and fabric for distinction. Indeed, some of the new materials are so rich in texture and color that an added ribbon, or clip, or flower would be ruinous. Among the new fabrics, not including the perfectly elegant velvets, are many beautiful metallic embroidered stuffs in gorgeously blended colorings, lames, cire satins, satin-backed crepes, blistered satins. One particularly striking gown is made of white raw silk, heavily stitched with black lace, particularly the lacquered or glazed type, is returning to the good graces of fashion.

This is not her godling. This is not the man she loved. This is not the man she believed true and strong. Her faith in him is gone and no miracle could make her believe in him again or admire him again. She has seen him for what he is and nothing can ever cloak him in illusions again.

So any hope that you may have of ever loving your husband as you once did is gone. But it is possible for you to live together in friendship and a congenial companionship, and in time you may even come to have for him a sort of pitying affection as a mother has for a weak and erring child.

I do not think that you will gain any happiness by divorcing your husband and marrying the other man. The capacity for romantic love has been killed in you and you will never feel that again for any man. The most that you could give him would be the same sort of platonic friendship that you might give your husband, and that wouldn't be worth going through all the mess and suffering of a divorce and the scandal of washing your dirty linen in public.

Besides, there is your son to consider. He adores his father and you would do him a terrible wrong by taking him away from him. Children who are separated from a parent they love are maimed and scarred for life and grow up with distorted characters. Don't do that injury to your child. Nothing that you could do for him would atone for it. When we have children we give hostages to fortune and we must think of them first.

You have your place in society, your prominence in clubs and civic life. Don't jeopardize these by getting a divorce. Lock your skeleton closet and throw away the key and make the best of the blessings you have. Life has a lot more in it than love. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—A. says you can tell a refined person by his or her skin. That it is fine-grained. B. says that refinement consists of attitude, personality and manners. Which is right? R. M. M. Answer: I think B. is and that it is the qualities under the skin that show refinement. Refinement consists in delicacy of perception, in courtesy and consideration of others and in restrained speech. A refined person is never loud or vulgar or rude. DOROTHY DIX.

Thomas Fry, who has just completed 70 years' service in the Long Sands of Tynemouth, England, has saved 40 people from drowning.

The National Railways in Colombia are moving more freight than at any time this year and are ahead of most months of 1931.

To be happy one must quit wanting what he can't get, and learn to want what he's already got.

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Foolish Man Who Keeps Reminding Second Wife of First Wife's Virtues — Make the Best of What Blessings You Have, is Dorothy's Advice to Wife of Philanderer

Dear Miss Dix—Several months ago I married a widower and I am very miserable because he keeps throwing his former wife up to me, how she did this and how she did that. He puts flowers on her grave and that nearly kills me. If I were a man and cared enough for a woman to marry her I would forget the dead, wouldn't you? NO. 2 WIFE.

Answer: Well, if I were a widower and married the second time, I hope I would have the intelligence enough to keep silent concerning the virtues and charms of my first wife, and to refrain from holding her up as a model to my second wife.

How any man on earth can be dumb enough to do that and to fail to realize that a second wife is always eaten up with jealousy of a first wife is past comprehension. It would seem that the stupidest man alive must know that he was unnecessarily torturing his wife by throwing her predecessor in her face and making her feel that he regarded her as a poor substitute for the paragon he lost.

Yet thousands of blundering husbands go on rousing the green-eyed monster in their second wives' breasts without ever stopping to think that a woman has to be far more broadminded and more philosophical than most women are if she is not jealous of the woman who had something she can never have, the first, fresh love of her husband, her husband's youth, his romance, his illusions, his thrill over marriage and setting up a home, all of those dear experiences that come but once in a lifetime with a kick in them and that become so flat and commonplace when repeated.

After all, the woman who marries a widower, no matter how good and kind he is to her, knows that she has to feed her heart on warmed-over affections and reshaped romance, and so she would be more than human if she didn't resent her husband rubbing it in.

So when a widower marries the second time he should in fairness to his bride close the door on his past marriage and start a new life in which his first wife will exist only as a memory that he keeps to himself. Certainly he should not drag her into the conversation, and to all intents and purposes have her run his home or try to make his second wife an understudy of her. Many a woman who marries a widower is made to feel as if she was an inmate of a harem and was subject to the rule of the favorite wife.

On the other hand, the woman who marries a widower should use some common sense in dealing with the situation. She knows that her husband presumably loved his first wife and that he honors her memory and it is silly and narrow of her to resent his putting flowers on her grave or visiting it. She might well reflect that if she were to die she would not like to think she would be utterly forgotten or that a new wife could blot out from her husband's mind all recollections of her.

And the second wife may well take comfort in the thought that at its worst it is far better to have a dead rival than a living one. It may be aggravating to have a husband who idolizes the dead departed and attributes to her charms and graces and perfections that she never possessed in life, but it isn't the menace to the wife nor the home that it is for the man to be obsessed by some pretty little flapper or some woman who "understands" him and with whom he invidiously compares her.

When a man throws up his first wife to his second wife it isn't lack of heart, it is just lack of sense, and he could generally be silenced if No. 2 would just tell him frankly how she feels about it and that there isn't any woman alive or dead that she would rather be like No. 1. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Is there any way to rekindle a passionate and devoted love that has been killed by infidelity and coldness and neglect? My husband and I have been married for many years. The capacity for romantic love, but now I do not care because my love for him is dead. I am like a stone. And now that his affection is nothing to me he lavishes more love and devotion on me than he did in our courting days, which only makes my soul sick. He has always been a devoted father, our son adores him, and he and I are both leaders in church affairs. Shall I stay and try to fill my life with club and church work and keep my home together and live without love or divorce him and marry a man who has loved me for years? I admire and respect this other man, but do not love him.

When love is really dead it is dead beyond all resuscitation. You cannot blow the breath of life into it again. You cannot conjure back the old tenderness. No magic can bring back the old thrill. It is over. Finished.

A woman's love for a man is made up of many things—of her dreams, of her imaginings, of her faith, of her admiration, and when she sees him stripped of all of these, when she sees him a poor, weak creature blown about by his passions like a reed in a storm; when she sees him the prey of designing women who flatter him and cajole him and use every sex appeal to get what they want out of him; when he condescends to lie to her and when he betrays her she turns from the sight in a sort of horror.

This is not her godling. This is not the man she loved. This is not the man she believed true and strong. Her faith in him is gone and no miracle could make her believe in him again or admire him again. She has seen him for what he is and nothing can ever cloak him in illusions again.

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What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Here you have two patterns—an undershirt and pants for brother. The pants button to the waist. And an undershirt for sister with bloomers that also button on to the waist.

They require such a small amount of material to fashion them. And simple—well I guess! You could almost run them up before breakfast.

Several sets could be made in a single day of excellent quality fabric that will tub and tub. When you shop—look on the remnant counters, the saving will be enormous.

Batiste, cross-barred dimity, linen, pongee and novelty ribbed cotton fabric are sturdy. Style No. 848 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yards 35-inch for either Brother or Sister suit. Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.



No. 848. Size ..... Name ..... Street Address ..... City ..... State .....

Moslem Millions For Unborn Babe

Throughout the Moslem world has passed the joyous word that the beautiful French Catholic wife of the Aga Khan is expecting a child in December. And 70,000,000 Mohammedans over whom he exercises religious and spiritual authority are hoping it will be a boy. Already gifts are being gathered together for the great occasion. There will be costly sables from Mongolia, ivory from Africa, silks from China, gems from Burma, ingots of gold, priceless fabrics, blooded horses, even elephants as part of their great tribute.

Boy or girl the child will be at birth one of the richest persons in the world. The Aga Khan himself does not know the extent of his own wealth, except that it is fabulous. Many of his treasures are being appraised. As a lineal descendant of Ali, who was a nephew of Mohammed, founder of the Moslem faith, the Aga is spiritual head of the Khojra sect of Moslems. These number millions in India, Persia and East Africa, and it is their duty to keep their leader in luxury.

In addition to the steady stream of gifts that come to the Aga Khan, there is the traditional ceremony, at the end of each Mohammedan solar year, of paying him his weight in gold. At that time comes a committee of elders from India, who solemnly weigh him—and he tips the scales at about 200 pounds—then measure out the exact equivalent in gold. He is thanked for accepting it, and begged in return to bestow upon them some of the water in which he has bathed.

All of the Aga Khan's bath water is saved, for it is considered holy. His followers buy tiny bottles of it as much-prized charms against disease and evil spirits. Almost every week he ships a barrel or two into some remote province.

His wife, who is his second, is the daughter of a French restaurateur. She became a Paris dressmaker and for years had known the powerful and wealthy Indian widower. But when he first proposed to Mademoiselle Andre Josephine Marie Leonie Carron, she flatly turned him down.

But the Aga Khan has a bit of iron in his makeup and never takes "No" for an answer. The result was that they eventually were married with due Moslem ceremony at Aix-les-Bains by the Grand Imam of the Mosque of Paris.

His bride wore a dazzling gown of emerald and chocolate, which are the Aga's racing colors. In her chestnut hair, she wore a priceless diamond tiara which had once been part of the crown jewels of the Shahs of Persia. A half-million-dollar diamond was a wedding present; her trousseau cost \$40,000. As a memento of the occasion, she dropped \$10,000 in the town poor box.

At Antibes, on the French Riviera, she has a big house which her husband has named Villa Andree after her first name. Now she is going into retirement in their big chateau near Aix-les-Bains to await the birth of their baby. The Aga also has a couple of houses in England, and one of the finest palaces in Bombay.

GREAT SPORTSMAN He was born in 1876 in Bombay, and at the age of 10 succeeded to the hereditary power exercised by his father. He was educated at the College for Princes at Rajmunar.

He showed his metal when the World War broke out and when the Germans were not only successful in bringing Turkey into the conflict on their side, but were seeking to stir up a holy war of Moslems against the Allies.

He issued a statement urging Moslems the world over to put themselves, body, purse and influence at the disposal of the Allies. He offered his own sword, being willing to go even as a private soldier. But the British Government thought he could render more signal service by his speeches. So he went to Egypt at considerable risk to his life and did much to counteract German influence there. The Allied governments have showered honors and decorations upon him.

Aside from his religious and political interests, Aga Khan is one of the greatest sportsmen in the world. His stables of thoroughbreds are reported worth nearly \$10,000,000, and he wins more prize money than any other owner. He loves boxing and tennis, is a plunging gambler and is a familiar figure at most of the continental casinos. The Aga Khan's first wife was a beautiful Italian woman, Signora Therese Magliano, whom he married in North Africa in 1908. She died after an operation in Paris in 1926. They had one living child, a son Aly Khan, who lives mostly in London and Ireland, is studying law, but shares his father's interests in racing and motor-ing. It would be expected that the new-born child of so wealthy and powerful a man as Aga Khan would be welcomed into the world and into the Moslem faith with great ceremony. Such will not be the case, however. The Imam of the Mosque at Koking, England, said to The Star's correspondent: "There are no special ceremonies connected with the birth of a child in a Moslem family, except that we Moslems make it a point to recite slowly the call to prayer into the ears of the newly-born. This, as you can readily see, is to create an everlasting effect, on the delicate membranes of the child, to the effect that God is great. We do not formally receive any child into the Moslem faith, for we believe that according to the saying of the Holy Prophet, every child is born a Moslem. It is his parents that afterwards make of him a Christian, Jew or what not."

Irate Father: "You impudent puppy! You want to marry my daughter. And tell me, do you think you could give her what she's been used to?" Suitor: "Er-yes, I think so, sir. I've a very violent temper myself."

A Morning Smile

An American who had arrived in London on the first step of a bustling tour around Europe had prepared himself by devouring the contents of a guide book not wisely but too well.

On his arrival at Waterloo station he secured a taxi and, fixing the driver with an eagle eye, said: "Get this, boy, I'm in a hurry. I wanna see the Eiffel Tower, the Coliseum, the Forth bridge and the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and when we've done these I'll tell you some more."

BE A GOOD FELLOW AT HOME, TOO

You'd like to give your associates the impression that you are a very fine sort of person in your home. To outsiders coming into your family circle you seem just that. You are anxious to create and maintain such a reputation with everyone except—those in your home.

You are grouchy and sullen in your home—until some friends arrive. Then you take on the garb of good nature and good fellowship. What do you suppose is the reaction of your own home folk to that?

They have certainly lost a lot of respect for you. They have occasion to think that they do not hold as warm a place in your heart as a comparative stranger.

How can they know that you are satisfied with them if you act so bored and annoyed when you are in their society only? If outsiders can bring out your good points the family begin to think that they have not much power over you and so they lost interest in you.

If you tried to measure up as a good fellow to your family, your own life at home would seem more congenial. Why save all your smiles and good humor for outsiders?

This lady says her curtains look like new

A letter from a lady in Quebec tells about the wonderful success she had freshening and recoloring her old living room curtains. "They were so grey and dull looking they made the whole room look shabby. Yet they were perfectly good and I couldn't afford new ones. A neighbor told me about a new kind of tints called Diamond Tints, made by the makers of Diamond Dyes. I know the splendid quality of Diamond Dyes—have used them often for dyeing dark garments. My neighbor explained that Diamond Tints are for lighter shades and they need no boiling. I got a package of Eru and gave my curtains a good rinse in the tint water. When my daughter came home she asked where I got my new curtains! They surely do look as crisp and fresh as when brand new and they cheer up the whole room!"



DIAMOND TINTS AT ALL DRUG STORES 15c

For The Cook

NUT PUDDING

One-half cup brown sugar, 1/4 teaspoon soda, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon butter, 4 teaspoons cornstarch, 1 cup chopped nut meats, 1/2 cup whipping cream. Melt sugar over a low fire with a very little milk. Dissolve soda in 1 teaspoon warm water and stir into sugar. Add milk and butter and bring to the boiling point. Stir in cornstarch stirred to a smooth paste with a few tablespoons cold milk. Stir and cook until thick and smooth. Remove from fire and stir in nuts. Chill and serve with cream whipped and lightly sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

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To be happy one must quit wanting what he can't get, and learn to want what he's already got.

END THOSE HEADACHES



Fruit-a-ties the quick, sure way

"For two years I suffered continually from headaches, weak stomach and bad nerves. I was very run-down and discouraged. Nothing seemed to do me any good. I tried 'Fruit-a-ties' more by accident than design, and I certainly wish I'd taken them earlier. They made me feel so well and happy that I wonder now if I ever was sick."

Fruit-a-ties . . . all drug stores