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

Try Miss McFarlane's Favorite Recipe for BISCUITS

½ teaspoon salt	4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
2 cups pastry flour (or 1¾ cups bread flour)	2 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup milk, or half milk and half water	

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the chilled shortening. Now add the chilled liquid to make soft dough. Toss dough onto a floured board and do not handle more than is necessary. Roll or pat out with hands to about ½ inch thickness. Cut out with a floured biscuit cutter. Place on slightly greased pan or baking sheet and bake in hot oven at 450° F. 12 to 15 minutes.

"For Light, Flaky

Biscuits

use Magic Baking Powder,"

says Miss M. McFarlane, dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto

"I RECOMMEND Magic because I know it is pure, and free from harmful ingredients."

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Most dietitians in public institutions, like Miss McFarlane, use Magic *exclusively*. Because it is always uniform, dependable, and gives consistently better baking results.

And Magic is the favorite of Canadian housewives. It outsells all other baking powders combined.

You'll find Magic makes all your baked foods unusually light and tender . . . and gives you the same perfect results *every time*.

* * *

Free Cook Book—When you bake at home, the new Magic Cook Book will give you dozens of recipes for delicious baked foods. Write to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Avenue and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ont.

Made in Canada

It is often said that the pleasure seekers are pagans. This seems to me a harsh judgment. I mean, of course, that it is very harsh on the pagans.—G. K. Chesterton.

POULTRY

Owing to the fact that all dressed poultry must be shipped by the last of January, we will discontinue buying on January 25th inst... After that date we will be buying canning stock only.

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Dorothy Dix Letter Box

How Can the Beautiful-but-Dumb Girl Attract Boys? Why the Masculine Nagger Takes the Prize — Shall This Man Grow a Mustache in Spite of His Wife?

Dear Miss Dix—How can a girl who is pretty but does not smoke, drink or pet, and finds it hard to start a conversation, be the life of the party and popular with boys? How can she acquire tact? This girl is so beautiful that every one that she passes on the street openly gazes in admiration at her, but while boys are attracted by her looks, something keeps them from liking her and asking her out.

MISS C.

Answer:

No dumb girl could possibly be the life of a party. That requires a tongue that is hung in the middle and that can chatter endlessly about nothing at all.

It also requires a quick wit, a gift for wise-cracking and superabundant vivacity and energy, coupled with a sense of humor and an infectious laugh, plus a lot of personality, and IT. No one can acquire the art of being the life of the party by following any set rules. It is a gift from the gods and if you have it, you have it, and if you have it not, it is just too bad, and that's all there is about it.

No girl who finds it hard to start a conversation need ever aspire to being the life of a party and she had as well turn her attentions and ambitions in some other direction.

To a degree, tact is also a gift of Nature. There are people born with a sensitiveness that amounts almost to a sixth sense that enables them to know intuitively what is the right thing to do and say and how to stroke people's fur the right way. And there are other people who are like the proverbial Irishman, who never opened his mouth without putting his foot into it, who have an unerring instinct for saying the thing they should have bitten out their tongues before uttering, and who never fail to do the thing that offends people and makes them their enemies.

These are the people who always drag a forbidden topic on the carpet, who twit old maids about not being married, and tell a jealous wife that they saw her philandering husband out with a pretty girl the night before, and who remark to the mother of a delicate child that it looks tubercular to them.

But while tact at its best is a talent, it can be cultivated, and by taking thought you can manufacture a very good synthetic article. The best way of doing this is by trying out things on yourself and seeing whether you like to be told that you were getting old and fat or whether you would enjoy hearing an unkind remark that somebody had made about you, or whether you liked to be criticized. If you don't, you may be very sure that other people have just exactly the same reaction.

Nor is there any excuse for people speaking before they think if they are a grade above a moron. God gave us minds to think with and expects us to use them for that purpose.

But I am at a loss to understand why a girl who is beautiful enough to stop traffic on the streets does not make a hit with the boys. Usually the good-lookers are trailed by hordes of suitors, no matter how dumb they are, and being living pictures is an alibi for any shortcomings they may have.

As a general thing, men don't ask much, before marriage at least, of girls who are a treat to the eyes, so if they pass over your pretty friend she must have some fault that makes her persona non grata with the sheiks.

I don't think that not smoking and not petting would account for her unpopularity because millions of girls don't smoke, and not all men are petters. Being a poor conversationalist would certainly score against her because most men are lazy and expect girls to entertain them as the price of taking them out. Still there are lots of men who love the sound of their own voices and prefer a listener to a talker, especially when a girl can lend them a shell-like ear.

But some of the things that men simply won't put up with in a girl is for her to be so poor a dancer that there will be no cut-ins and her escort will be loaded up with her for an entire evening; for her not to be a good mixer and never to fit in with a crowd; for her to tell them of their faults; for her to lack appreciation; for her to be catty and censorious; for her to be too eager for attentions, and for her to show that she is pusuing them.

But no one knows really what makes a girl popular with boys. It is just that some girls have a way with them and others haven't.

DOROTHY DIX.

* * * * *

Dear Dorothy Dox—You wrote about nagging wives. How about nagging husbands who have nagging wives left at the post? I have the ill-luck to be married to a nagger whose arguing and fault-finding never ceases. He never says anything pleasant just fights on and on until it has made a nervous wreck of me. If it wasn't for the youngster, I'd fly the coop, and sometimes I think I will do it anyway just to be rid of the perpetual knocking and be able to live in peace. MRS. M. M.

Answer:

I agree with you that women haven't a monopoly on nagging. Some of the most sincere, consistent, perpetual-motion naggers I have ever known were men, and why their poor, harried wives didn't drop some rough-on-rats in their coffee, Heaven only knows, and it just goes to show what noble, heroic creatures women are.

I have known men whose peevish voices could be heard coming in through the keyhole before they ever unlocked their doors at night, wondering why the front step wasn't properly swept. And I have heard them go through the entire evening without a break in the anvil chorus. Finding fault with everything the wife had done and left undone, badgering the children, complaining of the dinner, raising ructions because the paper was late, or because the room was either too warm or too cold, taking the joy out of life for every human being in the house, and I wondered if there was any crime in the world worse than that of deliberately wrecking the peace and happiness of a family and of making a home miserable that might be happy except for the nagging.

But there is no use in the pot reproaching the kettle with its blackness. Nagging, whether it is done by a man or a woman, is the blackest of all the domestic vices. It wrecks more marriages, it disillusions more husbands and wives, it kills more love than any other one thing.

And the worst of it is that most of the time it is just a habit and the naggers don't even know that they nag. They are unconscious fault-finders, and when they knock their husbands and wives they don't even mean what they say. They really think their Marys and Johns are all right and very superior people, but somehow they get a little mean kick out of saying something that will hurt their husbands' and wives' pride, and show how great and hard to please they are themselves.

But it is a costly diversion, because it kills every particle of affection in the heart of the naggee for the nagger. DOROTHY DIX.

* * * * *

Dear Miss Dix—What advice would you give this otherwise happily married couple? The husband insists on growing a mustache, much against the wishes of the wife. The family peace has been shattered by their arguments, but we have agreed that we will abide by your decision in the matter. MISSXER.

Answer:

Primarily, whether a man should wear a mustache or not depends upon the kind of mouth he has. If it is an ugly mouth, lambrequins are highly desirable to hide it, but if it is a pretty mouth, why not give the world a treat by exhibiting it? For the little patch of hair that some men wear under their noses and that looks as if its owner had forgotten his "hanky," no justification can be offered. It is an offense against all rules of beauty.

Of course, it may be said that a man has a right to wear any kind of facial adornment he chooses, but inasmuch as the wife has to look at him and he seldom sees himself, I think that he should be guided by her desires in the matter.

But a woman who has no fault to find with her husband save his mustache is so blessed that she could well overlook that flaw in him.

DOROTHY DIX.

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Orlex will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

For The Cook

FRUIT GINGER BREAD

1 cupful of molasses.
½ cupful of sugar.
½ cupful of butter.
1 cupful of boiling water.
2 eggs.
¾ teaspoonfus of soda.
1 teaspoonful of cinnamon.
¼ teaspoonful of cloves.
¼ teaspoonful of allspice.
1 cupful of chopped nuts.
1 cupful of raisins.
Flour.
1 teaspoonful ginger.

The amount of flour required varies somewhat with different flours, but usually a generous two and one-half cupfuls is the correct amount. Place the molasses, sugar, butter and spices in a mixing bowl and set in a warm place until the butter is soft. Beat thoroughly with a spoon, add the hot water, soda and beaten egg yolk. Sift in the flour. Stir in the nuts and raisins, which have been dredged in a small amount of flour. Fold in the whipped egg whites, and bake in a moderate oven (300 degrees.)

A Morning Smile

Bill had a nasty fall from the scaffolding at work, and his pals flocked round to see him when he got better. They were curious to know what the sensation was like. With some imagination he described all he had felt.

"But what I wants to know," said Alf, "is whether it's true that all your sins flashes before you. Did yours?"

"Talk sense," said Bill. "I fell thirty feet not thirty miles!"

Skyscrapers always start from a hole in the ground.—Roger W. Babson.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

It displays the new princess line, that moulds the figure so smartly.

Soft shirrings at the front give a subtle indication of the waistline. The becoming slightly cowl neckline is caught with decorative clips. The puffed sleeves are youthful.

A crepe satin in lovely Lyonnaise-pink shade made the original.

Two major parts to the pattern! Think of it! The ruffle that finishes the edge of the blouse is cut circular. Have it picot-edged or it may be finished with bias self-fabric.

Style No. 834 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch.

Vivid-red crepe silk is smart, too, worn with a black skirt.

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What women say causes more trouble than what men think.

You cannot beat the drum of your ear.

You cannot find the jewels on the crown of your head.

You cannot make a pair of socks out of your brows, though you can knit them.

You cannot raise your kneecap.

There are no schools in your eyes, although there are pupils there.

You cannot grow cocoanuts on the palms of your hands.

You cannot sharpen your shoulder blades on a grindstone.

You cannot reap the corn on your toe.

Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. How may one announce a wedding engagement?

A. By sending a notice to the newspapers, or sending engraved announcements to relatives and friends.

Q. Is the Sunday night dinner popular?

A. No; it is neither popular nor smart.

Q. Is it proper for all men's cards to bear the prefix "Mr."?

A. Yes.

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Had Splitting Headache

Agonizing pain . . . spoils her "dates" and robs her of youth and beauty. By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets, cramps are relieved.

John Gresham's Girl

By Concordia Merrel

(Continued)

"Very well, I'll come," she said in a subdued voice, and Jocelyn at the other end put down the receiver, saying to herself triumphantly: "I've terrified her, anyway," as if it were a really noteworthy achievement It was, at least a little but true. Lucy was afraid. Ever since she had found out that Jim was Linforths her mind had been a chaos of questions. What ought she to do about it? She couldn't give him away to her father, her whole soul shrank from that. And yet oughtn't she somehow to put Gresham's on guard? If she could warn Oliver in some way, without letting him know Jim's part in it . . . Then there was Jim's confession that he had been in love. That was another question that brought its own train of utter perplexities. Perhaps it was the question that occupied her mind most insistently. When had he loved this unknown girl Who had she been? What had she been like? And—had he really got over it, or did it make him suffer still? There was hope for any man who could love. Was it through this one tender spot in his nature that his salvation was to be won? But even though he might be ready to take salvation that way, there was herself . . . He was married to her, no matter how meaningless a ceremony their marriage had been. There was herself, too, in another way, for the hope that his love for this unknown woman might spell for him, was certainly no hope for her. For it seemed that nothing would ever be powerful enough to cure her of her love for him. But that was an aspect of the situation she would not allow herself to dwell upon.

If she had set herself to bring him back to the safety of friendliness and goodwill and all good sound, normal things, then she must do it without any thought of self. . .

And now, she thought, as she was getting ready to go to Jocelyn's, now Jocelyn had suggested that there was yet some other angle of her disastrous marriage affairs that was becoming threatening. Still, Jocelyn was such a scaremonger. It might all mean nothing at all. She tried to buoy herself up with this hope as she set out for the Upton's house.

Jocelyn was looking thin and peaky, and there was a curious restlessness in her manner as she greeted Lucy. At first she talked very quickly about everything under the sun, and with the sort of superficial smartness she affected. But presently, over tea, she fell silent, with nothing of the "vital" matter she had spoken of over the 'phone said. Lucy began to wonder afresh whether there really was a "vital" matter, and was half inclined to hurry through tea and go, leaving the whole question at that. But suddenly Jocelyn looked across the little tea table and said:

"You aren't happy with Jim, are you?"

Lucy had been prepared for a good deal, but she hadn't thought of this. She returned Jocelyn's look with amazement, and felt the color come flooding into her face.

"What an extraordinary question!" she managed to say at last, with well-assumed lightness.

"It wasn't a question really," said Jocelyn sharply. "It was a statement of fact. What was his reason for marrying you?"

But if Jocelyn hoped by the shock-attack method to jar Lucy into unwary admission she found that, so far, at least, she hadn't succeeded.

"The best reason I know of, is that he happened to want to," Lucy gave this reason perfectly smoothly, but her heart was beating fast and the tell-tale color was still dyeing her cheeks. Jocelyn looked at her steadily, her dark restless eyes shrewdly narrowed.

"You can't fool me," was all she said. And Lucy had a horrible little feeling that this was true.

The thought came flashing into her mind, that behind Jocelyn's queer artificalities was an almost uncannily sharp intuition.

"I know your marriage is a farce . . . I know it, and I'll tell you how I know it; because Jim loves me . . ." Jocelyn got as far as that and stopped to watch for the effect of her words upon Lucy. Lucy drew a breath and for a moment remained quite still; then she said:

"In that case, Jocelyn, farce is scarcely the word to describe my marriage. To Jim, at least, it must be a good deal more like a tragedy." she said it composedly, but for the life of her she couldn't put the lightness into it that she had tried for. Jocelyn laughed. And Lucy thought that laugh one of the most disagreeable sounds she had ever heard.

"Jim simply lived here . . . before he met you," went on Jocelyn. "He spent all his time with me. It was an open secret that he was . . . well, my property. And then, the moment he met you. . ." She broke off. Her dark, small eyes glinted furiously; and vindictively, Lucy thought—although her thin lips were drawn into an odd, sneering little smile.

Lucy couldn't find anything to say. This revelation of Jocely's had come too quickly on top of Jim's own. Her mind was a whirl of questions. Was Jocelyn speaking the real, unvarnished truth? Or was she in a theatrical mood, and putting up a scene?

But remembering back to the evening of her birthday ball, Lucy thought of what Jocelyn had said then; she had wondered at the time whether the strange girl cared for Jim . . . It was something more than a mood that could last so long. She remembered, too, what Jocelyn had said about knowing what Jim was where women were concerned. Had it been his treatment of herself that had made her speak so bitterly of him? It all fitted terribly well and easily. And Jim . . .? Had Jim really loved this queer girl And sacrificed himself and her, just for the satisfaction of his spirit of revenge? Was this what Jocelyn meant? Was it what Jim himself had meant? Had it been almost any other girl than Jocelyn, Lucy might have felt no doubts; but with Jocelyn, she never could feel sure.

Jocelyn leaned suddenly nearer, her peaky little face white in its frame of shining dark hair.

"It's madness to think he could have changed so abruptly; utter madness. Why, it happened in a moment! And for the week before your party he had been particularly attentive to me. As I say, he'd practically been living here . . ." She punched one thin little fist into the palm of the other hand. Her lips were tense; her eyes shining queerly. What ever was the truth about Jim's part in this, it was easy to see that Jocelyn was really suffering; from the pangs of jealousy and pique, if not of genuine love. . .

"Do you think I'm going to let this stupid marriage of your keep him from me?" she went on. "Do you think I'm going to let my life be cheated by you? I tell you, I'm not. I'm going to get Jim back. I know he doesn't care two straws for you."

"Get him back?" broke in Lucy. "You are talking rather extravagantly, aren't you, Jocelyn? Have you forgotten that, whether my wedding was a farce or not, he is married to me?"

Jocelyn spread her thin hands and shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, that's all my eye, these days," she said. "Legal ceremonies are quite easily—unpicked . . ."

Lucy rose abruptly. If it hadn't seemed to her that Jocelyn's outrageous words held a very big element of fantistic absurdity she would have been unable to keep her temper. She had some difficulty as it was, but managed to say quietly enough:

(To Be Continued)

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Price 35c. a bottle; large family size 65c.; at all drug and general stores; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

FARMERS' WEEK

JANUARY 27—28—29

Prince of Wales College

WEDNESDAY, 2.00 p. m. and 7.30 p. m.—Annual Meeting of P. E. I. Dairymen's Association.

THURSDAY, 9.30 a. m. and 2 p. m.—Annual Meeting of P. E. I. Co-operative Egg and Poultry Association.

THURSDAY, 7.30 p. m.—Joint Meeting P. E. I. Potato Growers and Co-operative Egg and Poultry Association. Speaker, Dr. A. B. MacDonald of St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish.

FRIDAY 10 a. m.—Annual Meeting P. E. I. Sheep Breeders' Association.

FRIDAY, 1.30 p. m. Swine Growers and Shipping Club Conference.

POULTRY EXHIBIT AT NASH MOTOR SHOW ROOM
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