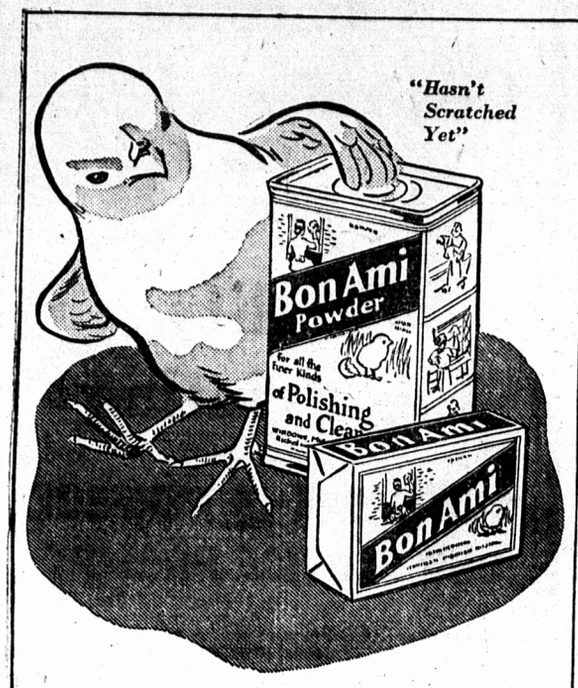
Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature



Put them

"ON THE SPOT"

Dirt and grime—"take them for a ride." Quick and easy as can be with Bon Ami *Powder* or *Cake!* Spots and stains—all kinds of dirt—just disappear when Bon Ami gets after them!

It cleans and polishes kitchen sinks, pots and pans, bathtubs, mirrors, windows, metals, etc. But unlike coarse, gritty cleansers it does not scratch or mar any surface. *Nor does it make your hands red, rough and unattractive.* Furthermore, Bon Ami leaves no gritty sediment in tub or sink—does not clog drains and pipes. And it has no odor.

Bon Ami *Powder* and *Cake* contain the same ingredients. Most women like to keep both forms always on hand.

Bon Ami Limited . . . . . Montreal

BON AMI

Powder and Cake

(Made in Canada)

For The Cook

LAMB LOAF

Place two tablespoonfuls of butter, bacon fat or drippings in a saucepan and add two slices of onion and one-half cupful or more of choped mushrooms. Cook until brown. Moisten about one and one-half cupfuls of breadcrumbs with one-half cupful of heated milk, and add one-half teaspoonful of minced parsley and a dash of red pepper. Mix and add to one and one-half cupfuls of minced cooked lamb. Add the onion and mushroom mixture and salt to taste. Shape into a loaf. Bake in a hot oven for about 15 minutes. Serve with tomato sauce if desired.

Tomato Sauce

2 tablespoons butter.
2 tablespoons flour.
1 teaspoonful salt.
1½ cupfuls strained tomatoes, coked.

Melt the butter and add the flour and salt. Cook until blended, and add gradually the tomato. Cook until the mixture thickens. Serve hot over the meat.

Charm Has Little to Do With Looks

CHARM HAS LITLE TO DO

Before the World War a girl either was beautiful or she wasn't, and that was that.

Post war standards of beauty changed that. A new conception of what was considered appealing came into being. It was just as efficacious to be smart, though ugly, as to be beautiful. In fact, it became possible to make it smart to be ugly.

Right now a third change is taking place. Charm has entered the competition for masculine favor. And curiously, charm wins, hands down, over both beauty and smartness. A woman who can be universally charming has an appeal that nobody can resist. It is the open sesame to being the most popular woman in your home town, on the tour, at camp or wherever you happen to be.

Charm, seemingly, has little to do with looks. It is the inner quality of appeal. Yet the sophisticated know that you can do a lot about charm, just as you can about beauty and smartness. But you do it in two ways, by your looks and by your manner.

The way you achieve charm through your looks is to do everything you can about your beauty and then forget it! This forgetting yourself, once you've finished grooming and dressing, does the trick. But of course you have to look mighty nice to be able to forget yourself!

The second part of charm actually consists in thinking about others more than yourself. Cultivate an interest in others, forget yourself. Put your mind on the person at hand, use your head to see what topics interest him. Too many women, especially business women, never actually get their minds off themselves. Such a state of mind can never be compatible with charm.

For the woman who has charm is the one who always seems utterly unself-conscious, totally interested in those about her, and sympathetic and understanding.

Dorothy Dix

Thinks College Age Proves Little

Are Girls More Mercenary Than Boys?

Ninety Per Cent of the Girls in a Coeducational College Voted in Favor of Marrying for Money; Ninety Per Cent of the Boys Vetoed it — But When the Time Comes to Marry, How Many Girls Wait for Riches?

In a questionnaire that was recently submited to the students in a coeducational college the boys were asked: "Would you marry a woman of 60 if she had a million dollars?" and the reply of 90 per cent of the boys was an emphatic "No!"

But when the girls were asked if they would marry a man of 60 if he had a million dollars, 90 per cent of them chorused "YES!"

At first glance it is rather shocking to find out that yound and tender maidens are apparently so much keener about money than boys are that they are willing to sell themselves for it, whereas the boys refuse to do so, but the explanation can be found in the fact that every schoolboy never has a doubt that he will be able to make a million dollars right off the bat, but a girl knows well enough that she will never be able to do so, and that if she ever has a million dollars she will have to marry it.

Still and all, it is true that women, taking them by and large, are more avaricious than men, and, as a rule, have a tighter grip on their pocketbooks. There are millions of wimen who are generosity itself, but when one is stingy she can make any man miser look like a spendthrift and a waster. Also, women set much more store by the things that money buys than men do. A man can be happy with plain living and high thinking, but a woman craves the high living and she can do quite comfortably without the thinking, plain or fancy.

The value that women put on money is, of course, rooted in their sense of helplessness without it. Until within the last decade very few women were trained to any gainful occupation, and so if they had not money they had to starve, or take the most menial positions, or eat the bitter bread of dependence in the household of some relative on whom they were enforced guests. Even today the penniless woman cannot shift for herself as a man can. She cannot go out and get any sort of job as he can. She cannot live in any sort of rough environment as he can. Money is not only her protection against want, but against worse evils.

Then money is the magic with which a woman conjures love to her, little as men realize this. It enables her to weave the spell with which she catches a husband and holds him. It buys the frame that sets off the beauty of the living picture. It enables even the plain girl to put her best foot foremost. Nothing is so untrue, such utter blah, as the old saying about beauty unadorned being most adorned. Even a piece of pink mosquito netting over a basket of green and knotty fruit makes it look like luscious peaches. The modern miracle-workers are the dressmakers and milliners. So there is good and sufficient reason why women need capital in their business of being women.

Likewise, there is no denying that here is a catlike quality in all women that makes them love luxury, soft living, the purirng of good motors, the feel of silk against their flesh. Money buys most of the things that a woman wants, but it buys pitifully little for men. Enough food to fill their stomachs, a few ugly, tubular garments, a couple or so of toys and that is about all. That is why men seldom get into their stride as money-makers until they marry and have wives to urge them on to making more and more and more.

Of course, it is a dastardly thing and a poor bargain to boot—for any young person to sell himself or hers elf in marriage, but even so it is worse for the boy than it is for the girl. It puts him, to begin with, in a position, in a position that all other men look down upon with contempt. He is nothing but a gigolo with a permanent position. He is a male parasite, the most despised of all creation and he generally gets scant pay for the youth he has put in hock, because the old wives of young husbandss are invariably jealous and pevish and generally deal out the pennies to them with a stiff hand.

No such obloquy attaches to the girl who marries an old man for his money. We may deplore the lack of standards that makes her put a higher value on pearl necklaces than she does on heart throbs, but—perhaps because we are more used to them—the young wives of old husbands are never the despicable figures to us that the young husbands of old wives are. Moreover, the old man's darling gets a better percentage on her sale than the old woman's pet does, for old husbands are notoriously lavish in the way of checking accounts and jewels and houses and doodads generally.

So it isn't surprising that a lot of schoolgirls, still heart whole and fancy free, turning a hard-boiled eye upon the advantages to be derived from marrying for money, decide that hey would jump at the chance to marry elderly millionaires, but they wouldn't really do it. They don't do it.

Probably every girl in a poor family, observing how hard her mother has to work and what sacrifices she makes and how poor and shabby she is, makes up her mind that she will never marry a poor man, and that only a go-getter need ever ask her to be his. Then comes along some impecunious youth, with not two dimes to rub together in his pocket. But there is something in his eyes, or his smile, or the way he has with him, that makes her feel that she would rather starve with him than feast on nightingales' tongue with the richest man in the world.

Every day we see girls who could marry money deliberately espousing poverty and hard times and deprivations because love and romance and youth are worth more to them than moneybags, and as long as they do this God is in His heaven and all is right with the world.

DOROTHY DIX.

"Why did you flirt with me?" demanded the young man bitterly. "Why did you let me take you motoring every day? Why did you let me take you to theatres and cinemas every night? Why did you encourage me when you were already engaged?"

The girl hung her head demurely and replied: "I wanted to test my love for Philip."

PARIS BECKONS SUMMER STYLE

PARIS, April 14—The term spectator sports," particularly when it is applied to summer clothes, has been so broadened as to embrace practically all outdoor and many indoor daytime costumes, and quite a few evening gowns also fit into this category.

Jean Regny's brassiere-top evening frocks certainly belong on the sports side of the line. She makes them with bodices cut like bathing-suit tops, attaching them at one or two points to the long, slightly high-waisted skirt in front; in the back they dwindle off to almost nothing. These frocks, in fine white wool or peau d'ange jersey, worn with full-length white wool coats, will doubtless be popular with the younger set at the small resorts this summer.

Neutral Shades in Vogue.

Bruyer gives an unusual decollete top to an ensemble which is called Luxembourg, the name indicating that it is intended for morning walks in town. It is in navy-blue jersey. The frock cut on straight chemise lines, is held in place merely by gros-grain ribbon shoulder straps that match the grosgrain ribbon trimming both frock and hipbone-length jacket.

All the light neutral shades are much in vogue for daytime spectator sports costumes this season. Vionnet and Lelong emphasize beige. Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Patou, Maggy Rouff and Molyneaux are all stressing grey. Mainbocher likes a pale "tourterelle"; creamy off-white and putty tones are preferred to white; however, a considerable amount of pure white is seen.

Copper color is interestingly employed by Lelong and Jane Regny; a number of purplish and oragne reds are notable. Pale pink is very important in the new spectator sports mode. Schiaparelli is favoring all-pink accessories with her grey costumes. Her ensemble, having a high-waisted skirt of red-brown wool, an abbreviated attached bodices of pink-dotted brow crepe and a short fitted jacket of her pink tweed that resembles crepon, is one of the most popular outfits of the season.

All sorts of clear colors, such as orange-coral, pumpkin-yellow and pale or vivid blues and greens will be worn when the weather gets finer. At the moment turf-green is very smart, and is often combined with black and white. Schiaparelli's turf-green jersey suit, with a short jacket having epalet shoulders, worn with a creamy crepe blouse, amusingly printed with polo players riding their ponies over little islands of turf, is chic for those attending polo matches or the races.

Less Formality.

The so-called spectator sports mode closely follows the evolution of other fashions, except that it is a little gayer and less formal. The silhouette is the same—wide shoulders, big sleeved and straight and narrow in appearance. In spite of this last fact clothes are wide enough to be comfortable.

Dress and jacket suits or ensembles having a dress and long coat, are liked for spectator sports by a number of creators. Lucien Lelong has some very attractive costumes of this type. Here, as in other branches of his collection, Lelong concentrates interest on the top of the silhouette. He likes rough exotic weave woollens for skirt and coat; the bodice may be of striped fabric, or it may have wool stripes knitted or crocheted into the dress material at the top.

Capes Replace Jackets.

Most of Lanvin's spectator sports costumes have hipbone-length capes instead of jackets. A smart example is a two-piece beige wool frock with a jumper having big-topped sleeves and a longish skirt—only ten inches from the ground—that has side trouser pockets, which, by the way, are quite a sports feature this season. The ensemble is completed by a short cape of the beige wool lined with spotted print crepe.

Mainbocher has some of the best sparate coats shown this season. Smart women here particularly like the black and white diagonal woollen ones that are straight, long-sleeved and collarless and have an interesting drapery emerging from diagonal cuts over the bust, giving it the chic emphasis of the moment. These coats barely meet in front and are held together by belts of black leather.

::DO you know there's a lovely new Red Rose Tea on the market, Brown Label? 20c. will buy ½ lb.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

Who wouldn't be won over instantly by its charm and sophistication?

It is just the last word in chic as its originator fashioned of marine blue crepe silk with lace trim. It's a splendid dress for simpler "best."

For party wear, this cute model can be delightfully carried out in crepe de chine, she'll love it, if you choose the lyonnaise-pink shade. Finish the round neck and sleeves with a frill of pleated chiffon that tones with the silk. The pleating can be bought already at any of the trimming counters.

And it's so inexpensive to copy it.

Style No. 879 is designed in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards of 39-inch material with 1⅛ yards of lace.

Dimities, batiste prints and dotted swiss are lovely for warm days that will soon be here.

Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern.

Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 879. Size .....

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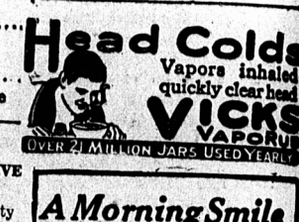

A Morning Smile

The teacher had been reading the story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" to her class of small boys. When she reached the end she closed the book and proceeded to question them regarding the story.

"Now, can any one tell me," she said, "what Ali Baba said when he wanted to open the entrance to the cave?"

One child, an ardent film fan, promptly replied:

"Open, sez me!"

FELT AND STRAW HAT

Suzanne Talbot combines a black felt crown with a white straw brim in her latest hat, especially designed for a smart client. It is made in the popular Brenton shape and has a narrow black quill laid flat against one side of brim.

AGED KNIGHT MARRIES GIRL OF TWENTY-FIVE

Sir James Knott, aged seventy seven, former head of the Prince Line of steamships, was married recently at Monte Carlo to Miss Elizabeth Gauntlette, the twenty-five-yearold daughter of Colonel V. G. Gauntlett.

His first wife died in 1929, a year after they had celebrated their golden wedding.

Sir James, who lost two sons in the war and was Conservative M. P. for Sunderland from January to December 1910, began his career as a boy of fourteen in a shipping office.

SURVEYOR OF KING'S PICTURES

LONDON, April 21—(By The Canadian Press)— C. H. Collins Baker, Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery, is retiring from his post.

He is going to the Huntingdon Library and Art Gallery at San Marino, California; but, since he is also surveyor of the King's pictures, Mr. Baker will only visit America in October, to discuss his future work, afterwards returning to England to complete his cataloguing of the Royal collections.

A LOVE STORY DRAMA THAT WON APPLAUSE

LONDON, April 21—(By The Canadian Press)—Gladys Cooper, who has had a spell of ill-luck in some of her recent productions at her own theatre, The Playhouse, has had more success with "Doctor Pygmalion," a comedy by Harrison Owen. Miss Cooper appears as a woman who, because her husband is unfaithful, has let herself run to seed and is in danger of permanent invalidism. Ronald Squire plays a doctor who specializes in such cases, restoring his patients' interest in life by making discreed love to them. The husband goes off on a business trip and returns to find his wife transformed to a vital and beautiful creature with half a dozen men at her feet. Instantly he falls in love with her himself. But the doctor is genuinely in love with her too. The last act is a competition between husband and lover.

A surprise to the first-night audience was that the beautiful Gladys Cooper introduced herself to them in bed—and wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. They were so astonished, indeed, that they omitted to give her their usual cordial welcome. Long before the end, however, Gladys Cooper was appearing as her usual entrancing self, and of course, in the most ravishing dresses.

::JUST think, Red Rose Tea at 20c. half-pound. The New Brown Label. It is great value.

THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE

In Powder fine as Mist

It is not hard to understand the ever-growing vogue of the Yardley Lavender when you first experience the touch of Yardley Complexion Powder. Gossamer like—fine as dawn-touched mist, this sweet Lavender Powder blends with the tone of your skin. For hours on end it clings and sustains its charm. Among the four subtle tints is *your* powder. At all good drug and department stores —$1.00.

By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen

YARDLEY, LONDON—Toronto, New York, Paris

YARDLEY

Complexion Powder

The *only* cream of England's loveliest ladies is Yardley's All-Purpose Complexion Cream—in a beautiful container at $1.00.

201

MIDGET FLIES' LARVAE DISCLOSED IN WATER AS EPIDEMIC'S CAUSE

SANTA PAULA, Calif., April 21—Hundreds of Santa Paula residents afflicted by a strange malady during the past several days may blame the larvae of a midget fly for their condition.

Analysis of the town's water disclosed the larvae, invisible to the naked eye, in quantities sufficient to cause severe illness. They also were found in samples of bottled water sent into Santa Paula since the fear of an epidemic started early last week.

$80 PER DAY TAKEN BY OWNER OF HOTEL FROM OLD B. C. MINE

VANCOUVER, April 21—(C.P.)—Major W. H. Mills, formerly of Port Moody, and now a hotel proprietor at Boston Bar, situated on the Canadian National Railways a few hours from Vancouver, has virtually a "young Klondike" on his property in the once bustling mining town. British Columbia mining men are discussing the "find" and, according to reports reaching this city, the mills mine is producing, with the labor of three men, about $80 per day.

Had Eczema. Could Not Rest or Sleep. Healed by Cuticura.

"I was troubled very much with eczema which broke out on my face and hands. It was in a rash form and was so itchy that I used to rub it; then it would burn and I could not rest or sleep. It looked terrible and I could not go out anywhere on account of it. I was for weeks at a time so that I could not do any work, and I could not bear to put my hands in water.

"I sent for free samples of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I purchased more and in a short time I was healed." (Signed) Miss Mae Smith, Eight Island Lake, N.S.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address Canadian Depot: J. T. Wait Company Limited, Montreal.

"I was just a girl at the time" . . .

this charming lady told us. "My father wasn't very prosperous. Mother watched every item of expense. Appearances had to be maintained. No extravagance, however small, was allowed to pass.

I well remember Mother checking up on the comparative value of laundry soap. She liked Surprise. But such was her rigid code that she didn't intend to cater to her whim if Surprise were less economical than other soaps.

But trial after trial showed that a cake of it washed more tubfuls than most soap. And Mother was satisfied that the things were cleaner. She always used it after that. I still use it to this day. I find it most economical and by all odds the most satisfactory soap I have ever bought."

"Quality first" was the policy adopted when the first bar of Surprise Soap was made in St. Stephen, N.B., forty-six years ago. This policy has never been altered and the quality has improved with advancing knowledge keeping pace with modern requirements. 11

SURPRISE SOAP

The St. Croix Soap Manufacturing Co. St. Stephen, N.B.