

# REGAL



## The Big Value in FLOUR

PLACE on your table, bread made of "REGAL FLOUR" and see how your family will like it. The test of the table is the supreme test.



The St. Lawrence Flour Mills Co. Limited MONTREAL

From the Canadian Rockies to the coast of Nova Scotia Canada's Favorite is—

# MACDONALD'S TOBACCO

The Tobacco with a heart

### Through the Looking Glass

By EVELYN NESBIT

It is a secret—a dreadful secret—and friend husband must not know. If milady would be a radical, let her be a radical. It's part of the trend of the times to have liberal ideas and plans for reforming the world.



But— Here is where the rub comes in. So many miladies of radical twist feel they must enforce their radicalism by freakish behavior. Radicalism turns many women's heads and, instead of fighting actively for the cause, they merely parade for the cause.

So it happens that a crop of cigarette-smoking, bobbed-hair females has sprung up of late, with talks about new ideas, the vote, free verse and divers other subjects. But as for doing things, these women have no time for that. They are too busy flaunting what they believe to be the badges of radicalism. They just wear radical dresses with mannish collars and cuffs, and learn how to blow smoke rings at afternoon teas. These occupations leave them no time for action.

So they forget the real purpose of the ideas they claim to believe in.

The women who are really working for world progress are the quiet women who do not smoke and do not dress "radically." They are the good women who are bringing up their children properly, the teachers, the woman writers and business women. The women who are too busy with their work to have time for parading are the women who are making the world better and cleaner.

So discard your cigarettes and trousselets, and get to work, if you would achieve something worth while.

### SENSIBLE COLLARS ON COAT

Fear of Return of High and Stiff-Wired Chokers is Groundless, According to Report.

Now that the war has taught women not only how to dress their feet, but how to use them, the new boxcoats are about to give a lesson in what to do about collars. For the very low collars and open throats have been so comfortable and almost universally becoming that most women have resolutely forgotten the days of high, tight-fitting things of bones, wires and scratches which tried tempers and certainly marred looks, notes a writer in the New York Sun.

The boxcoat demands a waistcoat. The waistcoat calls for a collar, so here we are facing the solution of the collar question. And there is a new neck line called the double line. It is achieved by placing one material above the other, as, for instance, a vestee of dark blue brocade has an upper line of blue georgette over the brocade which stops at least four inches under the top line and is edged with a brighter blue across the top. This will do very nicely for the front, and in the back a slight collar of the brocade finishes off the collarless boxcoat at the neck.

Again, the straight, round military collar which so often appears on these little coats calls for no further finish, as often it is braided in the most military effect or made of fine velvet or brocade; or, again, a band of fur high and straight around, something like the long ago "chin chin" things.

There is no fear of the stiff little boned and wired collar returning. However, the high collar is very smart—there is no doubt about that—but it has wonderful modifications.

All of the Red Cross workers, the Y. M. C. A., motor corps girls and other hard-working women so persistently demanded this sort of collar that it seems to be the mark of efficiency, and well-dressed women have avoided the other, at least in working hours. To the rest of us, though, frills are very dear, also very becoming.

### STUNNING SPRING MODEL!



Very chic is this hat, one of the latest spring models, with masculine military ornaments.

With Music or Musical Instrument Because the very thought of you, Makes music in my mind, Pray let me share the music true, The sweetest (gayest) (brightest) I could find.



## How the Apple Got into the Dumpling

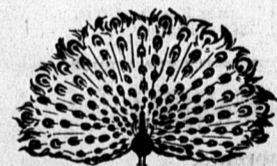
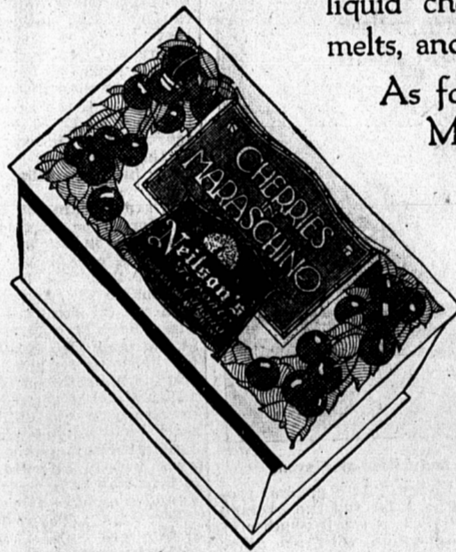
—is a small mystery compared to how the maraschino cherry is made to float inside its chocolate coating.

To one who has never seen it done, it may well seem difficult—if not impossible. Let us tell you how we do it.

First of all we make a delicious boiled cream. This is then placed in heated containers to keep it soft. The maraschino cherries are next examined to see that each one is perfect. Then one at a time, the perfect cherries are picked up with a fork, dipped into the cream and laid aside to set.

The second stage takes place in the chocolate dipping room. Here the cream-coated cherry is rolled in warm liquid chocolate. As this cools and sets, the cream melts, and—presto!—the cherry floats.

As for the result—well, you must taste Neilson's Maraschino Cherries—they are more luscious—we were about to say—than mother's apple dumplings.



# Neilson's

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## LAMBROS BROS

### SONGS OF THE SEA

Old Jock paused for a moment from his arduous labor of back slicing a hemp strop. Eagerly he relit his obstinate clay pipe. A smile of satisfaction shone over his weather-beaten old face as the smoke came anew in clouds, writes A. B. W. Curran Reedy, in *Blighty*, London. Without a moment's hesitation he resumed his work with amarinspike and neatly whipped strands. At the same time he commenced yet another of those queer rhythmic jargons of his old sailing days?

As a boy Jock roamed around the Pacific in an old American windjammer. He retains much that is characteristic of clipper days. No word of his ever speaks in praise of steamships; he is an encyclopedia of sail. Turbines do not interest him but he can spin a yarn for both dog watches an every yard of canvas from the main skysail to the flying jib. He swears by the old sailing ships. Jock's particular weakness is for song. He must know thousands of chancies, for he rolls them off unheeding like verses from the Book of Solomon. His voice is cracked, and his knowledge of music is probably negligible. Certainly he betrays little evidence of any. But as he hauls on the deck tackle or does something for which some effort is essential, a wheezy chorus instinctively bursts from his wizened throat:

Oh, was you never down Lima way, Down Lima way? There's golden rivers, so they say, Down Lima way. Heave 'er taut! Heave 'er taut! An' clap on 'er stitch fer Lima port Good-bye, my bonnie lassie, We're off to Cal-a-o.

### Down Lima way!

He has songs for every occasion. Movement induces him to a fresh outburst. Most of his repertoire is crudely comic, a little of sentimental and some quite dismally maudlin.

When spoken to considering his chancies old Jock relaxes into a uncommunicative mood. He thinks we are poking fun at him. The reserve of some old seamen is sphinxlike. Occasionally a few bare details will half unconsciously escape him, but only as a concession to a stolid perseverance.

Every line of his queer jargons smacks of the salt seas. The bride burfets in the ambling gait of them. He has snatches of song more or less appropriate to every job aboard ship, from working a capstan to "browsing a halliard" taut. We sternly set our faces against ribald laughter simply to hear the wheezy old relic of bygone days "get under way" with a new inspiration.

In his unctuous way he is funnier than Coquelin or Dan Leno.

In a particularly confidential burst he recently related that in the old sailing days of his youth—"when seamen were seamen"—each crew of working hands was led by a chantyman, who sang a line or two or recitative; haphazard nonsense, to which the tolling seamen added a so-called chorus. Jock assured us that a chantyman he once knew who hailed from Florida could keep a crew singing for an hour without once repeating himself. Old Jock rates him a step higher than Neilson, side by side with Capt. Kidd and Paul Jones. We sometimes think that he once shipped under the Jolly Roger—but there's nothing about it on his papers. Old Jock is still singing. His voice floats down from the boat deck above:

'Er Skipper's name was Aaron Rugg. His face was ripe mahogany! Aye! Aye he loved a well-filled jug. He'd keel a nigger an' string a thug; But he wasn't the chap to log any.

Jock is going ahead with his quaint nonsense at a rate of knots. The sea road is thronged with all sorts of queer folk, but Jock is the queerest to be encountered in many a mile.

### A SAVING IN FUEL

For summer may be accomplished in winter by trying the following plan: After sifting the ashes in winter, leave the cinders outdoors in a spot where they will not be objectionable to

the eye, and allow them to be thoroughly cleaned by exposure to rain and snow. In the spring add them to the fine coal-bin sittings, mixing them thoroughly. The cinders prepared in this way will probably last a medium-sized family a good part of the summer whenever hot fires are required. The idea is given especially for those who do not have gas-stoves.—C. Von H.

### To "Her With a Pain of Gloves

O little thumbs, and fingers too, I can but wish that I were you, Since you, unchild, may clasp her hand Tell her—but no! She'll understand.

# E. R. BROW

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