

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

How Women Have Changed! Dorothy Dix Says Men Have, Too, But Don't Know It

Twenty-five Years Ago Women Wanted Husbands Who Never Smoked or Played Cards. Today They Want Them to Smoke Along With Them and Play a Good Game of Bridge

We are always talking about the ideal husband or wife. Of course, there isn't any such animal, and no man or woman could possibly endure having one around the house if there were, but it is curious to

note how our theory of what would be perfection in a mate changes. An interesting illustration of this is afforded by contrasting the replies to a questionnaire that was sent out twenty-five years ago by a clergyman to a hundred young women with the answers to the same queries that have recently been submitted to a similar group of modern girls.



According to this authority, a quarter of a century ago the model husband that a young woman hoped to draw in the matrimonial lottery was a youth who never drank—lips that touch wine shall never touch mine. He did not play cards. He never touched tobacco in any form. He was an ardent churchgoer and preferably he was a preacher. Otherwise he followed some profession and was a college graduate.

But the answer to the 1933 maiden's prayer, as pictured by the answer to the queries of what qualities the ideal husband must possess, is a man who is a good sport and who will go fifty-fifty with his wife. He must be a good bridge player and smoke—it certainly would be a pain in the neck to have to carry your own cigarettes and have your husband worrying about ashes on the floor. He must be able to mix a good cocktail, but not too fond of drinking them. He must have attended college enough to have gone collegiate, but not necessarily completed the course. Most of the girls didn't care what occupation he followed, but all wanted to be a go-getter.

Looked at from the standpoint of an outsider, it would seem that the modern girl is much more likely to get her heart's desire in a husband than her mother was, for she has lowered her demands to a standard that practically any poor erring man can reach if he so desires. And it certainly does put marriage on a more humane basis for a wife to be satisfied with a husband who is a mere mortal, instead of expecting him to be a plaster saint.

But the really interesting thing about this questionnaire is the light it sheds on our changing ideals about what constitutes a desirable mate. For nothing is more certain than that both men and women's tastes have changed in wives and husbands as much as they have in clothes and cars, and that the very qualities that were so appealing to our parents would bore us to death, or send us to the divorce courts.

Assuredly, if the modern girl were to sit down and make out a list

Headaches and Dizzy Spells Nerves in Bad Condition

Mr. Neil Crawford, Hamilton, Ont., writes—"My nerves were in such bad condition I found it almost impossible to get a good night's sleep. I was also bothered with headaches and dizzy spells. I tried many different remedies, but they did not seem to give me much relief, but after I had taken Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I could hardly believe the change they had made in my condition."

For sale at all drug and general stores; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

of the qualities that she would most desire in a husband, she would cast into the discard a lot of the standardized virtues that formerly were considered necessary to the model husband and substitute for them a lot of graces and amenities that no one ever dreamed of his requiring.

For she would know that while a drunkard can often be reformed and a philanderer domesticated, no wife can teach her husband understanding of a woman's heart. He has to be born with that faculty if he ever has it. And, unless he has it, marriage to him is cinders, ashes and dust to the wife.

So Miss 1933 would demand of her ideal husband a lot of things her mother never thought of. Fair play. Broadmindedness, especially toward women. The ability to see the wife's point of view. Companionship. Sociability. Being willing to step out and go places and do things. The ability to keep her entertained and amused and feeling that life was worth while.

And perhaps she would get them just as seldom as her mother did. But that's another story, as Mr. Kipling would say.

And men's ideal of the perfect wife has changed just as much as women's ideal of the perfect husband, though they don't know it. They are still strong in theory for all of the feminine virtues that were fashionable in grandmothers' time. Domesticity. Helplessness. Meekness. Patient Griselda stuff.

Sometimes they find their ideal and marry her. The woman who never has any interest outside of the four walls of her home. Or the moron who rolls her eyes at a man and asks him what he thinks she thinks. Or the woman without any dignity or self-respect who is always ready to forgive a man and take him back, no matter how he treats her.

And then the man discovers that these traditional virtues of the model wife pall on him and bore him to tears. He doesn't want a wife who is nothing but a combination gas range and vacuum cleaner, nor one who is a dummy, nor one who is a doormat he can kick about. He wants a wife who can keep house with one hand and play golf with the other, and who can dance as well as walk the colic. He wants a wife who is as well educated as he is and with whom he can carry on intelligent conversations. He wants a wife who can pull her share in the boat and help him win the race.

So the modern man in making his list of the qualifications of the ideal wife would be more likely to put down good health than beauty. Business ability instead of domesticity. Brains instead of softness. Sportsmanship instead of feminine wiles.

For the modern man's ideal wife is one who is a partner as well as a lady love, and a companion as well as a wife. DOROTHY DIX.

For The Cook

ORANGE PIE

- 1/2 cup sugar. 1/4 cup flour. 1/4 cup cornstarch. Pinch of salt. 3 cups milk. Grated rind of 1 orange. 1 tablespoon orange juice. 2 egg yolks. 1 sliced orange. Baked pastry shell. Meringue.

Stir the dry ingredients together and mix them to a smooth paste with a little of the cold milk, then slowly blend in the rest of the milk, add the grated orange rind and cook in the double boiler, stirring constantly until the mixture is smooth and thick.

Beat the egg yolks slightly, stir a little of the hot mixture into them, then stir this back into the rest of the mixture in double boiler; add fruit juice, cook for a couple of minutes, cool and turn into baked pastry shell.

Arrange very thin slices of orange over the surface of the custard, dusting them with powdered sugar. On this drop a meringue made from three stiffly-beaten egg-whites and six tablespoons sugar; flavor the meringue with a little grated orange rind and treat it as directed below. A little finely-shredded candied orange peel sprinkled over the top of the meringue is an improvement.

If You Love Mother Then Tell Her This

Mrs. M. Batdorf, 87 years old, still goes to parties and has a good time. She eats and sleeps well, thanks to Vinol (iron tonic). Vinol gives old folks new pep. Hughes Drug Co., Ltd.

The speaker at the street corner was in fine form, as he waved his arms tirelessly over the heads of his audience.

"Trade is dead!" he shrieked. "Can any one tell me of a case where the demand exceeds the supply?" "Yes," said a little man; "when it's an income tax demand."

Headache often relieved without "dosing" VICKS VAPORUB OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

A Morning Smile

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES

An American tourist happened to arrive in Belfast, Northern Ireland, just in time for the 12th of July celebrations, and asked an Ulsterman what was the meaning of it all. "Have you ever heard of the battle of the Boyne?" inquired the Irishman. An answer in the negative brought the further query, "Have you never heard of Derry Walls or the battles of Aughrim and Newtownbutler?" "I can't say I have!" said the American. The native looked at him pityingly. "Ah, go home, man, and rade your bible!" he said.

KINGSTON NOTES

Mrs. Cruise of Kingston is recovering after an illness in the P. E. I. Hospital.

Mr. Neil Campbell is returning home Friday after a visit of three months with his sons in Wollaston, Mass.

The industrious men of Kingston are busy working in the woods.

Mr. Bruce McDonald spent Christmas with friends in Kingston.

Messrs. Lyman Newson, Frank Cahill and Ray Gallant spent Friday last in the city.

Miss Abbey Horne has left Kingston to resume work at Milton's Old Spain tea room's.

Mr. William Clow has returned home for a few days with his parents in Kingston.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

The pointed edges give smart accent to the slenderizing cross-closure of the bodice. And it has the popular raglan shoulders. The material is rabbit's hair woolen in mouse grey, so new and becoming.

You'll be astonished at how simple it is to fashion it. Just a few seams to join—and its finished. Style No. 961 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 38, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Other nice mediums are rust shade tiny self-checked woolen, rusto green rough crepe silk, black angora jersey and orangy-red soft woolen.

Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards 54-inch. Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

Form for EAST POINT SCHOOL with fields for Name, Street Address, City, State, No. 961, Size, etc.

EAST POINT SCHOOL

- Following is the honor roll for December: Grade X-1 George Macdonald, Grade VII-1 Florence Macdonald, 2 George Cheverie, Grade V-1 Florence Cheverie, 2 Daniel Gillis, Grade III-1 Ronald Macdonald, 2 Willie Beaton, 3 Peter Beaton, Grade II-1 Bernard Cheverie, Grade I Sr.-1 Arthur Macdonald, Grade I Jr.-1 Rita Cheverie, Beginner - Mar'ion Macdonald, Perfect attendance - George Macdonald, Florence Macdonald, Frances Cheverie, Ronald Macdonald, Will Beaton, Peter Beaton, Bernard Cheverie, Arthur Mac-



donald, Rita Cheverie, Mar'ion Macdonald. -Marion I Macdonald, Teacher.

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ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of Central Bedouge Egg Circle will be held in the Central Bedouge Hall on Friday, January 6th, 1933, at 2.30 p. m. Members will be then received for a selector.

THEOPHILUS J. INMAN, Secretary 7397-12-31-SW 21

CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN CHANCERY BEFORE THE VICE-CHANCELLOR

The 14th day of December A. D. 1932.

In the matter of the estate of Peter Mahoney late of Cornwall in Queens County in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, deceased intestate, and in the matter of The Chancery Act, 1919, No. D 193

LEITH E. BRECKIN, Registrar, H. F. MACPHEE, Solicitor.

7126 12 15 22 29 Jan 4

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Prohibition Commission Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown. Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peters John Simpson, Hamilton. Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to Inspector J. Friggs, R. C. M. P.

ASHES of ROSES A Romance of Today By Joanna Cannan

The conversation languished. Usually Geoffrey did not find any difficulty in talking to Patricia; but then they were generally doing something, bathing, or motoring, or playing golf or tennis, and one talked about the strokes and the shots and how she was going and whether the water was cold. It was different sitting here by the fire. Geoffrey looked at Patricia. She was sitting with her long legs crossed, and her big, capable, brown hands in the pockets of her riding breeches. Her grave eyes looked at the fire. Her calm, regular profile was beautiful and eloquent of her breeding. In her way, thought Geoffrey, she was attractive. Certainly she was honest, pally and sporting. But ah, if she had only been Fay!

Tea was brought in, like all the meals at Long Petworth, an insufficiently repast magnificently served on the historic gold plate of the Lyliards. Patricia and Geoffrey both ate heartily. In a desultory way, they discussed dogs.

The great hall grew dim. There was no electric light at Long Petworth, and Geoffrey said that he liked the firelight when Patricia suggested ringing for the lamps. Afterwards he wished that he had not spoken. Vaguely the beauty of the scene—the deepening blue at the windows, the sleepy flicker of

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G. F. HUTCHESON OPTOMETRIST

firelight on the rafters—hurt him. Ah, if it had only been Fay curled up in the firelight there. At last he rose to go. "I must be pushing along, Pat. Father's more punctual than ever and the roads are rather skiddy. It would be a pity if the firm was left unrepresented in the North." "Well, good luck, Geoff," said Patricia. "I shall miss you, you know." The expression of her brown eyes encouraged him. He said, "That's frightfully decent of you. You know, you're my best pal, Pat."

Patricia smiled at him. He went back to the fireside and stood a little nearer to her. "We've always been pals, haven't we? Be sure and let me know if you can come to Scotland, Pat."

She saw him to the door and stood out in the drive while he started up the car, careless of the storm of wind and rain which swept up to the walls of Long Petworth across the barren lift of the dark woods. With a lighter heart than he had carried for days, Geoffrey steered the little car down the grass-grown drive and through the great iron gates. At least there lay before him that El Dorado of inexperience—something new.

CHAPTER XIV. SOMETHING NEW

At the end of a long and utilitarian road, down which the finest tram service in the world clangs almost incessantly, there stands a building of red brick and yellow tiles, designed after the heart of Mr. Ruskin, on which the name of Inverary Mansions has been vicariously bestowed. Here in a bedroom overlooking a branch line of the Caledonia Railway, Geoffrey began a new phase of his career.

John Gilmour had often visited Glasgow. He considered it one of our finest provincial cities, but he was a man completely lacking in imagination, and it did not occur to him to wonder how a boy of nineteen was going to spend his hours of leisure in a provincial city, however fine. He gave Geoffrey a personal introduction to a friend of his, the managing director of a

large grocery combine, who was in America; and one to a ship owner who was in a nursing home; and though Geoffrey wrote explaining these facts, he still felt a mild post-prandial satisfaction in thoughts of the pleasant evenings of innocent enjoyment which his son was spending in the families of his estimable friends. For evenings for which no invitations might be forthcoming, he took no thought at all, and Geoffrey, returning home from work in the already complete darkness of the long nights of the northern winter, was faced with four hours of intolerable boredom before he ascended to his austere bedroom above the twice hourly road and shriek and stench of passing trains. Even then, on most nights, he lay awake for another hour or two, not on account of the trains, but because of the agonies of acute indigestion for which the steam puddings of Inverary Mansion and lack of exercise were jointly responsible. Once or twice a week he went to the cinema. On Sundays he played golf, but the darkness sent him early back to the city and the long, grim evenings of the Scottish Sabbath remained.

Geoffrey was no book-lover. In an attempt to solace the pangs of indigestion, he would read a few chapters of a detective novel in bed. He did not play bridge, so he could not join his fellow-residents at the intent tables in the smoking room. Often for hours at a time he sat in the lounge, smoking cigarettes and thinking. He thought of Fay.

October passed. Autumn gave place to winter. Not frost but a raw cold was in the air. Every day it rained. The sky, the buildings, the streets, the pavements, all were uniformly wet and grey. There was no colour anywhere. Housewives in grey tweeds shopped with serious faces, shops displayed serviceable goods, girls in brogues, discussing sensible subjects, strode purposefully down Buchanan Street. Geoffrey's feckless English heart grew homesick. He would have given anything for a sight of Fay and Connie Evers giggling on the office stairs in their cheap, smart, winter coats and high-heeled shoes.

One Sunday about the middle of November, however, he was coming in from playing a round of golf with a chance partner, a very testy old gentleman on a visit from the island of Mull, when, on the verandah of the club house, he noticed familiar colours, the old Barchesterian tie. "Gilmour..." a voice said, timidly. "Er..." Lesley cried Geoffrey, joyously shaking hands. Under the clms of Barchester, Cecil Lesley, as complete a nonentity as ever passed through the

miniature world of a public school, had rarely had occasion to address the magnificent Gilmour, Captain alike of the first eleven and the first fifteen. But from Barchester to this Scottish golf-course was a far cry, farther, perhaps, than the Geoffrey of those halcyon days could have imagined, and very good to him seemed the sight of a face which, at a school reunion, he might scarcely have recognised.

"What are you doing in this part of the world, Lesley?" "Oh, my people live in Glasgow," stammered Lesley. "My home's here."

"Really? I never knew that. I'd have asked if I might look you up, else, I've come north to be in my father's office. He runs a branch here."

"Gilmour and Legate, isn't it?" said Lesley, anxious to please. "I've noticed the office often when I've passed. My father's a solicitor, and I'm articulated to him."

"Well, it's a piece of luck running up against you here," said Geoffrey. "Do you play every Sunday? We must have a round some day."

"I should love it," said Lesley, gratified. "What about next Sunday? And perhaps you would come back home with me to supper? I don't suppose Sunday evening is much catch in digs."

"I should like very much to come," Geoffrey accepted graciously. "We can have a long palaver about Barchester news. What do you think of the show the fifteen put up against Marlborough last week...?"

LONG CREEK SCHOOL

The semi-annual examination of Long Creek School was held in the schoolroom on Wednesday evening, December 21, with a large attendance of ratepayers and visitors.

The pupils were examined in their various subjects by the teachers, Miss Mildred Auld, assisted by Mrs. Malcolm MacNeill and showed by their ready and correct answers the careful training they had received from their teacher.

At the conclusion of the examination, a well-prepared programme was carried out with Mr. Bruce MacLean acting as chairman, each item being well rendered. The teacher was assisted by Mrs. Colin MacPhail who acted as pianist.

A feature of the evening's entertainment was the arrival of Santa Claus in the personage of Mr. Ernest Turner, who after making some suitable remarks distributed gifts to teacher and pupils off the gaily decorated and well-laden Christmas tree.

After a vote of thanks was extended the teacher, remarks were made by trustees and a number of ratepayers expressing their satisfaction with the progress of the school.

The National Anthem brought a very successful entertainment to a close. Following is the programme: Opening Chorus; Welcome, Alvin Campbell; Piano Solo, Mary MacKenzie; Reading, Alex. Stewart; Flag Drill by Zella Stewart, Annie and Mary MacKenzie; Recitation, Lorne MacPhail; Dialogue, "Little Pitchers," by Mary MacKenzie, Joyce and Zella Stewart; Step Dancing, Lillian MacNeill; Step Dancing, Edna MacNeill; Recitation, John Turner; Solo, Annie MacKenzie; Reading, Zella Stewart. Recitation, Wilma MacPhail; Piano Solo, Annie MacKenzie; Intermission and sale of candy. Instrumental music, Mrs. MacPhail and Mr. H. MacNeill; Duet, Annie MacKenzie and Zella Stewart; Recitation, Joyce Stewart, Recitation, Phyllis MacEachern; Motion Song by pupils; Recitation, Mary MacKenzie; Solo, Norene Auld; Recitation, Annie MacKenzie; Recitation, Cecil MacKenzie; Dialogue "A Sudden Discovery" Langille Turner, Everett MacFadyen and Annie MacKenzie. Monologue, Lorne MacPhail; Bell Drill by eight pupils. Closing chorus.

KENSINGTON HIGH SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS

The following Grade X pupils of Kensington High School have qualified for the Senior Class in the Christmas examinations: Necessary to pass, 400. 1, Margaret Gillis, 640; 2, Marnie Connell, 619; 3, Gladys Baker, 611; 4, Louise Johnson, 587; 5, Irene Caseley, 582; 6, Don Bowness, 560; 7, Doris Higgins, 556; 8, Gertrude Gillis, 554; 9, Jimmie Higgins, 524; 10, Olive Glydon, 515; 11, Norma Clark, 468; 12, Jimmie Cousins, 449; 13, Margaret Hunter, 446; 14, Norman Hogg, 443; 15, Evelyn MacNeill, 429; 16, Glen Cotton, 412; 17, Rena Kennedy, 400. Highest Averages: English, Margaret Gillis, 87; Arithmetic, Louise Johnson, 83; History, Margaret Gillis, 72; Geography, Marnie Connell, 82; R. S. & H., Marnie Connell, 86; Latin, Marnie Connell, 95; French, Gladys Baker, 95; Math., Gladys Baker, 96.

NOTICE

We the undersigned have over the past records and books of Glen Roy Women's Institute and have found them correct. MARY O'BRIEN, ESTELLE JAMIESON. 7442-1-4-11.

NOTICE

In regards to the whereabouts of my father that I have not seen or heard from for this last eighteen years, his name is Mr. George Daye, born in Bungay, P. E. Island. Anyone knowing his whereabouts can please notify me, his daughter, maiden name is Miss Pearl Hannan Daye, also born in Bungay, now Mrs. Pearl Crossman, 196 Hamilton Street, Hartford, Conn. Jan. 4-31.

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