

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

FOR THE WOMAN READER

IF YOU AND I
If you would smile a little more
And I would kinder be
If you would step to think before
You speak of faults you see;

IF YOU WOULD CHEER YOUR NEIGHBOR MORE
And I'd encourage mine,
If you would linger at his door
To say his work is fine,

BUT JUST AS LONG AS YOU KEEP STILL
And I'd nod your selfish way,
And I rush on and heedless kill
The kind words I could say,

DISAPPROVES OF CAMBRIDGE BLUE HAIR

In a recent English County Court case for damages in which a young woman declared that a hairdresser had made her hair "a light Cambridge blue" staying so for four months, the Judge said: "God gave women beautiful hair and it is perfectly shocking that woman should come to painting her hair purple or blue or any such atrocities."

THE SCRUPULOUS SCRUBBING WILL ROUT BLACKHEADS

Spring blackheads should be routed out with the same persistence going after that the good gardener gives weeds. They are quite comparable to weeds, as a matter of fact. For, like weeds, get a few of them and let them go and your whole face looks bad before you know it.

HOW TO MAKE WOOLLEN FLOWERS

Wool buttonholes are very definitely "in" again to brighten up our beginning-to-look-shabby coats, or to adorn our spring suits. With just a little time and patience these may be made for a few cents. Buy inexpensive skeins of wool in the colors to match or contrast with your outfit, together with one or two shades of green for stalks, and yellow for the flower centres. You will also need a sharp, slender darning needle, a piece of pliable cardboard and a pair of small, sharp scissors.

Love-in-a-Mist

Blue in deep medium, and pale tones will give you a charming effect. Place together two strips of cardboard, about 1-4 inch wide and 3 inches long, and bind the wool round and round the width way of cardboard about thirty times. Have prepared the stalk lengths, which are treated as for the other poses, except that you push the needle between the cardboard strips under the notch of wool, bring out on the other side, and tie very tightly across the top. Slip one blade of your scissors between the cardboard at the other end, and cut through the complete notch, the ends of which will spring up and form a fluffy ball. Give about twenty flowers to this buttonhole.

The stalks may be made into a cluster with a length of wool, or prettier still, a piece of raffa. Very pretty effects may also be obtained in rainbow wools.

Wallflowers

Shades of brown, brick red, orange, and yellow were used for the flowers in this buttonhole, with a dull green for the stalks. To form the flowers, take a needleful of wool, about 10 inches long, thread into darning needle and make a fairly large, loose knot at the other end of wool. Make five loops, each about 1-4 inch long, by stitching into the knot and fasten off securely.

Your ten inches of wool will make several small flowers and it is inadvisable to use a longer piece, since the wool so easily tangles in drawing through the knot. Take a needleful of yellow wool and sew two small stitches across the centre of each flower.

When you have made, say, sixty blossoms, cut as many 7 inch lengths in green wool, and darn an end through the back of each flower, drawing it through to give a stalk of double wool for 2 inches and single for the remaining 3 inches. (The double piece at the top is necessary to keep the posy firm.)

From the violet in exactly the same way as the wallflowers, except that you will need only four loops, each one almost 1-2 inch long. Parma and a deep mauve make a pretty combination. Pack this posy rather more loosely than the first, with about forty blossoms.

Dorothy Dix Finds Letters Show Character of People

The Spirit in Which the Depression Has Been Taken as Reflected in Letters to the Column Shows the Mettle of the People—Some Have Demonstrated That They Are Pinch-Beck Gold, But Many More Have Proved Themselves Fine and Strong and Courageous

The depression has hit the matrimonial market about as hard as it has hit the stock market and with virtually the same results. A few it has enriched. Many it has bankrupted. Others it has scared into becoming hoarders who are afraid to make any investment whatever, and still others it has driven into reckless wild-cat speculations.

I get hundreds of letters every day, written by people who live in different parts of the country and who belong to every grade of society, and these reflect the tempo of the times as nothing else could do, and show how men and women are bearing themselves in this crisis through which we are passing. I have tried to analyze these, and the gist of my conclusions is:



That is has slowed down both marriage and divorce because it has put them in the luxury class.

That it has enormously increased the number of free-love unions between boys and girls.

That it has revealed husbands and wives to each other and enabled them to see just how fine and strong, or how yellow are their life partners.

That it has turned many a painted doll into a real woman, and cured many a philanderer of his wanderings.

That it has turned myriads of people away from night clubs and hard drinking and whoopee making back home, and they are glad of it and intend to start there quite a spell even after prosperity sets in again.

Out of these letters I could tell you a thousand stories, funny, sordid, tragic, heroic. Things to bring a lump in your throat or a sneer to your lips or lift your head with pride in humanity. For depression has brought out the real mettle in us as fire tries out gold.

One man wrote me that after years and years of struggle and striving and hard work he had risen to a place of power and accumulated a fortune. Almost in a night his investments became worthless. He had taken out after cut in his salary until he was earning a mere pittance. In their prosperity he and his wife had drifted far apart, as rich husbands and wives are apt to do, he absorbed in business, she in society. Even their old love seemed dead.

Then came the crash, and standing amidst its ruins he contemplated suicide. His courage and hope were gone and he was lonely and desolate. Then came his wife to him, bracing up his fainting spirit with her own intrepid one. "What does all this matter?" she said. "We have still got all that counts. We have got each other. We started out with nothing and we had the time of our lives building up together, and we will do it again and like it. You may have lost a few dollars, but you've still got your head and your energy, the tools with which you once carved your way to success, and you can do it again. So buck up and don't be a quitter." And getting my wife back, said the man, "and finding out that she admired me as much as she ever did was worth all it cost me."

But not all wives are pure gold. Some are pinchbeck. And I have had many and many a heart-breaking letter from a husband who had slaved for years to give every luxury to a wife who turned upon him with bitter reproaches and nagging that took the last ounce of courage out of him when he could no longer give her the money she craved. Sometimes in the queer upheaval of things that the financial earthquake has brought about, the man in a family has been unable to find employment, while the woman has got a job, and in many such cases the wife who has accepted her husband's support for years has grudged him the very bread he ate when she became the family provider. One poor man wrote that his wife had bought herself six pairs of fancy shoes, but she wouldn't even give him enough money to have his shoes half-soled.

Many parents have written me that they considered that the depression had been a blessing in disguise, for it was the salvation of the younger generation who were hell-bent on having a good time and nothing else. Lacking the price, they have been forced to slow down and turn their energies into something more profitable than making whoopee.

"I used to look at my children," said a man, "and think that they were about the most useless, selfish, conscienceless, worthless set of youngsters that ever encumbered the earth, and I wondered what the country would come to if it fell into their hands. But when I lost my money and could not give them speed cars and Paris finery and wads of spending money they didn't utter a whine. They simply laughed the depression off

GARDENING

DISEASES OF ORNAMENTALS

A gradener can accomplish much toward keeping his ornamental flowers and shrubs free from disease by selecting seeds, buds or scions from the perfect plants, by digging up and destroying by fire any plants that go off or in any way acquire definite symptoms of disease and by discovering the ideal location and cultural practice for each variety of ornamental. Practically any annual well illustrates the value of selection.

In the case of sweet peas, anthraxnose and streak diseases are probably the most common. Both these diseases are transmitted through the seed. If the garden is reasonably well isolated and seed is saved from perfect plants, these diseases will seldom appear.

By Seed Selection

In the case of asters the most common disease is aster wilt, caused by a Fusaria fungus. Although disinfecting the seed with corrosive sublimate (1:1000) will prevent the introduction of the wilt there are other diseases upon which the disinfectant has no effect. Aster yellows caused by a virus is a typical example. Only by selecting seed from healthy plants can yellows be controlled.

Careful selection of seed from healthy aster plants has a two-fold value. First, it prevents fungus spores from being carried over on the seed, and secondly, it tends to eliminate the wilt susceptible forms. Lately, quite a number of wilt resistant aster varieties created by crossing and selecting have been listed by the leading seed houses.

Aster yellow in common with nearly all important plant diseases is infectious. Hence, if the diseased plants are discovered and removed soon enough the spread of disease is usually checked. In the case of "tulip fire" investigations show that early removal of diseased plants is of great importance.

Cultural Methods

Cultural methods are of importance. If bulbous iris are subjected to careless cultivation and rough

A Morning Smile

"False doctrine is when a doctor gives wrong stuff to a man."

"A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian."

"In 1620 the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, and this was known as 'The Pilgrim's Progress'."

"Hon. Sec. and Hon. Treas. means that they are supposed to be honest."

"A cuckoo is the only British bird which does not lay its own eggs."

"King Louis was absolutely self-scented."

The amateur male-voice choir had been giving their first public performance at a village some miles from their native town, and a good number of their townspeople went to hear them. They had a poor reception until toward the finish. Then every item was encored.

As they went out, the leader said to the old steward by the exit: "Your people seemed to have appreciated us, by the encores they gave us at the finish."

"Eh, but O'er'er'd 'em saying they only encored yer because it woz warmer in 'ere than waitin' on th' station for th' train."

handling at harvest or in storage a large amount of the plants will be lost in bulb rot. In the case of violets, the leaf spot diseases are seldom serious if the dead foliage is thoroughly cleared away from the plants early in the fall. The common leaf spot disease of German iris is markedly checked by clearing away the soil from the surface of the rhizomes so as to expose them to the sun, and by incorporating in the soil quite large amounts of lime. Although most varieties respond to this treatment there are a number of exceptions.

Many diseases of rock plants can be traced to poor drainage. Too much light or shade also plays a part in the health of many species and varieties. Mecanopsis and a number of the primulas will become diseased if grown in a bright sunny location. On the contrary, edelweiss and the woolly-leaved thyme will not remain healthy if grown in a damp, shady position.

And made a game of doing without things. They got what work they could do and they developed an amount of brains and energy I had never suspected them of having. And they actually showed some affection and appreciation and gratitude to the old man."

That there should be fewer marriages in hard times is, of course, natural. Prudence warns that even brides have to eat and men are afraid to undertake another mouth to feed when they don't know where they are going to get enough for their own. But a sad phase of the falling off in marriage is that so many young people, desperately in love with each other and seeing no prospect of getting enough money to buy a wedding ring, are driven by their love and longing into an illicit relationship.

It is also understandable that there should be fewer divorces because, for one thing, divorces cost money, and for another, the depression has drawn many husbands and wives together and made them realize how dependent they were on each other, and because many women who had nothing to think about or their own emotions and whether their husbands were their real affinities or not, have had to go to work for the first time in years and been too busy cooking and washing and ironing to think about the state of their hearts.

And because Lady Loves come high and the lack of the price is the beginning of virtue with men.

And so our black cloud has had its silver lining, domestically speaking. DOROTHY DIX.

Daintiness With Chic Styles

ILLUSTRATED DRESSMAKING LESSON FURNISHED WITH EVERY PATTERN

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON



THE COOK'S CORNER

SANDWICH LOAF

1 loaf sandwich bread, 1/2 cup butter, creamed; 4 hard-cooked eggs; 8 teaspoons stuffed olives finely chopped; 1 1/2 cups mayonnaise; 1 cup sardines, minced; 1-3 cup sweet pickles, chopped; 1 tablespoon pickle juice; dash of salt; watercress, chopped.

SARDINES AND PICKLES

Cover the second slice of bread, buttered on both sides, with mixture made by combining sardines, sweet pickles, pickle juice and 1/4 cup mayonnaise and salt.

Cover the third slice, buttered on both sides, with the chopped watercress and a little mayonnaise. The fourth slice of bread gets buttered only on the under side and finishes the top of the loaf.

Unique Gift To Housewives Of Charlottetown

HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO BE GIVEN AWAY IN CASH

During the next two weeks, several hundreds of dollars will be distributed in this City by the Salada Tea Company, a Montreal firm, packers of the oldest established and largest selling packet tea in Canada—"SALADA".

How German Treatment Stops Constipation

Acting on BOTH upper and lower bowel, the German remedy Adierka stops constipation. It brings out the poisons which cause gas bloating and bad sleep. Hughes Drug Co., Ltd.

Whether you want a dress for street, afternoons or office wear, here's your number.

For town and office wear, it looks so smart and trim in light navy blue crepe silk. And it takes but 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material for the 36-inch bust.

Prints in crepe silk in blue and white or in red and white are stunning too.

For afternoons, grey or beige crepe silk is especially nice.

Note the chic sleeve detail to give the fashionable wider shoulder line. And the bias seaming that makes the bodice "fitting."

It's a very simple model to make. There are so few major parts to the pattern.

Style No. 749 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

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

No. 749. Size

Name

Street Address

City

State

If you wish a beautiful sheet of transfer embroidery containing over 60 designs, send 15 cents additional for pattern No. 2350.

For Expectant Mothers

Those Who Need Strength London, Ont. — "My health failed before my little girl was born, I felt I had not the least bit of strength, was so weak I was not able to do anything, had pains in my back and head, some days my feet would swell and I had many restless nights," says Mrs. G. Goods of 248 Charlottetown, on Tuesday, May 23rd, 1933. "I had been prescribed and have never forgotten what it did for me. It put me in good physical condition, I had no trouble and had a very healthy baby." Sold by all druggists.

Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by public auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on Tuesday, June 6th, at 12 o'clock noon, all that tract of land situated in the North West Quarter of Township Number Sixty in Queen's County aforesaid bounded and described as follows, that is to say, Commencing at a stake fixed at the southeast angle of land owned by John McPherson, formerly Duncan McPherson, and to the North West Quarter of Township Number Sixty, thence east along the eastern boundary line of John McPherson's land to the division line between Townships Numbers Fifty-eight and Sixty, thence east along said division line for the distance of six chains and sixty-six links, thence south by a line parallel to John McPherson's east boundary line to the Maitland Road aforesaid, thence west along said road to the place of commencement, reserving thereout and in possession of the dwelling house and garden together with three acres of land, leaving and containing forty-five acres of land a little more or less together with a right of way on the north side of the Mill Pond.

Also all that parcel of land situated on Lot or Township Number Sixty in Queen's County bounded and described as follows: by a line commencing at a stake set in the north side of the Maitland Road and in the Southwest angle of land in the possession of John McPherson and running thence by the margin of a plan of the year 1761 North to the division line between said Township and Township Number Fifty-eight, thence west along said division line six chains and sixty-six links or to land in possession of John McPherson, thence south to the Maitland Road and thence east along the same to the place of commencement, containing forty-eight acres of land a little more or less agreeably to the plan of the same in the margin of the certificate from the Commissioner of Public Lands to James McLean dated 14th October, 1862.

Also all that other tract on Township Number Sixty aforesaid bounded and described as follows, that is to say, Commencing at a stake in the north side of the Maitland Road and in the south east angle of the northern portion of land formerly conveyed to John McKinnon and running thence north along the said boundary line of said land to the division line between Townships Fifty-eight and Sixty, thence east along said division line ten chains or to the west boundary of land now or formerly in possession of James McLean, thence along said line south to the Road aforesaid and thence west ten chains along the place of commencement containing an area of seventy-two acres a little more or less, exceeding thereout one-half acre granted to the Trustees of School District No. 123 on 1st December 1900, and registered February 4th, 1902.

The above sale is made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage dated 13th day of April A. D. 1923, made between Ewen McKinnon of Lewis, Township 60 in Queen's County, in Prince Edward Island, Farmer and Margaret McKinnon his wife, of the first part, and Catherine McLean of Island Single Woman, (since deceased) of the second part, default having been made in payment of the moneys secured by the said mortgage.

For particulars apply to McLeod and Beatty, Solicitors, Charlottetown and to the Trustee of the Mortgage, dated the 6th day of April 1923, WILLIAM B. BENTLEY, ALBERT J. D. MARTIN, Executors estate late Catherine McLean. 1933

My Best Girl By KATHLEEN NORRIS

"No, I'm not, darling. This is just a restaurant, like any other, and you'll find the food isn't as good as your own cooking.—The young lady will leave her coat, too, please. Lebeau, Mr. Merrill's table, please." They were in the hands of the bowing, obsequious headwaiter. Maggie did not hold Joe's hand, but she kept her frightened little person close in the shadow of his as they entered the warmth and intimacy and beauty of the Legend Room.

White tables, all of which were diners, brilliant big lights far overhead, and little lights on the tables, women whose shoulders were bare and whose hair was moulded into close caps of curls, jewels and voices and perfumes and flowers and soft music—it was all a wild whirl to her stunned senses. Her shabby little shoes, her plain little gown worn beside Joe blindly. She heard him say: "My mother, Maggie." She saw a steel-bright, handsome face looking at her under beautiful scallops of feathered hair set with a jewelled aigrette. She murmured: "Pleased to meet you," and sank dizzily into a seat.

Mrs. Merrill's handsome eyes flashed with a malicious satisfaction. She had hoped, in her somewhat twisted conception of motherly loyalty, that Joe's girl would not make much of a showing to-night. But she had hardly dared hoping for a conquest quite so overwhelming and immediate.

"I thought you knew," she said clearly, "that I don't know anything about etiquette! Are you—" she pursued evenly, turning to Joe's father—"are you G. J. Merrill of the Stores?" "I am, my dear," said George Merrill kindly, feeling sorry for the bewildered little thing. "Maggie grew very white and sat back slightly in her chair. "Joe never told me—I didn't know it," she said in a lifeless little voice. "But now that you do know it—"

and I ought to have told you long ago and I'm a fool!" Joe said quickly, uncomfortably. "—It doesn't make one trap of difference, does it?" She raised her eyes to his, there was a second of silence. "Not at all," she answered them, quietly.

CHAPTER XI

Quiet! He had never seen her so quiet. She had conquered her first suffocating rush of shyness, she was sitting erect, and when he or his mother or father spoke, she answered.

Her look told him that he had betrayed her, delivered her, bound and helpless, to her enemies. "I trusted you—I loved you when you were a shabby, dirty errand clerk, beside me in a cheap store," said Maggie's eyes, "and all the time you were my employer's son, ready to make fun of me, ready to shame me—when your moment came!"

She helped herself, awkwardly, unfamiliarly, to food, when it was presented at her left elbow on the big platters. But he noted with a real pang of shame and concern that she hardly touched it. "Would you ask the help if I could have some water?" she said once. And Mrs. Merrill said quite audibly, if in an aside, "Oh, priceless!" Joe looked down, his face dark. "Mother—" he murmured, choking. A faint smile touched the older woman's painted mouth, and she said graciously: "I beg pardon?"

"Water to Miss Johnson." Mrs. Merrill said, annoyed. It was the waiter's business to see that the guest's glass was filled, but Mrs. Merrill felt illogically irritated with the guest who had had to call attention to the omission. "And a fork, please," Maggie added.

She said it so low, with such embarrassment, that nobody heard it. "And a fork, please," Maggie repeated, audibly now. "A fork for my fish," she said, clearing her throat. "And a fork—while you're up."

"While you're up!" Mrs. Merrill's lips twitched, as if unwillingly. Her sardonic, triumphant glance, as it met Joe's wretched, defiant gaze, expressed a certain reluctance to laugh at his unfortunate little humble friend, but an inability to resist the tremendous temptation.

In such a situation as this tonight she could score. Not very clever, not really a gentlewoman, she was still enough of each to snub and suppress Maggie Johnson. She enjoyed the chance. To feel herself this girl's superior, to cut her easily and carelessly in a bored, beautiful, cultivated voice gave Lillian Merrill real satisfaction. She had been, as a girl, of that miserable and superfluous class known as shabby genteel. At twenty-five, Lillian was sharp, eager, beautiful, hungry. She fell upon George Merrill with avidity; he was a commoner, but he was rich. He was the first real man she had ever met, and to her own surprise and confusion she had come to like

him very much, to feel a strange loyalty and admiration for her commoner. His indifference to her family's ideals and opinions was—well, simply breathtaking!

In the more than twenty years of their marriage, George Merrill had changed her somewhat. He was a good, simple fellow, amazed at his own success, proud of his wife, adoring his boy.

It was at about this time, when by her brightened eyes and nervous voice, and by the two scarlet spots that blazed in her cheeks, Maggie began to show the effects of the surprise and the strain, that George Merrill suddenly took a hand in the conversation.

He had been an almost silent spectator, so far, watching his wife and his son shrewdly, sending an occasional glance toward the girl. "You work in the Stores, Miss Johnson?" "In Number Seven—on Eighth. Yes, sir." "How long have you been there?" "You don't look old enough to have been there very long?" The kind, deliberate voice steadied her. She breathed easier, looked him in the eye. "I'm eighteen. I went in nearly four years ago, when I finished Grammar. My father and mother had—considerable trouble." "Your father's living, then?" "My father's a postman." George Merrill flushed with genuine concern; he had been trying to put her at her ease. "Well," he said pleasantly, "I think I owe that store a debt of

gratitude. My son Joe, here, seems to have gotten a lot more out of it than he ever did out of college!" Maggie looked at him unemotional.

"He didn't do very well there, for awhile," she admitted quietly, "but now he is doing very well—good—" she changed it again, under her breath—"very well. They all like him."

"I'm proud to hear it," George Merrill said thankfully. (To Be Continued)

Study

There is no business, no avocation whatever, which will not permit a man who has an inclination, to give a little time every day to the studies of his youth.—Wythebach.

Five Things

Put these five things on your five finger-tips: To see, to think, to love, to believe, to work. These are the things that give you a grip on life.