

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

## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

It needs not any prophet voice to thunder "There is a God"; some writes it in green fire across the meadows. In tree tops, flames of roses Every cloud.

**FEATHERED TRAVELLERS**  
At a time when thousands of feathered migrants are pouring into the country it is interesting to recall the long journeys many of them make. Observers, experimenting with marked birds over a number of years, find that the swallow is the greatest traveller. Not infrequently swallows have been found to fly a distance of from 7000 to 8000 miles to their winter quarters during September, and to cover the same distance in spring on their return to this country.

The sandpiper, curlew, and golden plover will travel from 6000 to 7000 miles, while the cuckoo, corn-crake, sedge-warbler, turtle dove, and lapwing have been known to travel between 3000 and 5000 miles from their winter quarters to reach their summer haunts in the British Isles. Beside these, the black tern and woodcock are modest voyagers, their journey seldom covering more than 1500 miles, and frequently it is under 1000.—H. D.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS**  
In addition to the cleansers you use as a rule for your bathroom porcelain, try paraffin now and again.

When chopping mint sprinkle first with sugar, and your work will be completed in half the time.

Every 10c Packet of **WILSON'S FLY PADS** WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN SEVERAL DOLLARS WORTH OF ANY OTHER FLY KILLER.

**10c WHY PAY MORE** Best of all fly killers. Clean, quick, sure, cheap. Ask your Druggist, Grocer or General Store. THE WILSON FLY PAD CO., HAMILTON, ONT.

## FOR SALE

Farm of 21 acres of land. Estate of the late James Waddell, Victoria. Apply to the Post Office, Victoria. L-8650-7-29-121.

## S. S. FARNORTH

Leaves BOSTON 10th, 20th, 30th of each month for CHARLOTTETOWN via Halifax, arriving three days later.

Returning via Bras d'Or Lakes, Sydney and Halifax. For passenger, freight and automobile rates apply to

**Buntain, Bell & Co.** Phone 829.

## Professiona Cards

**McLEOD & BENTLEY** W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. J. A. BENTLEY, K. C. Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law MONEY TO LOAN Office: 180 Richmond Street.

**MacGuigan & Trainor** Mark R. MacGuigan, K. C. C. St. Clair Trainor, K. C. Barristers, Solicitors, etc. MONEY TO LOAN Office: Over Provincial Bank, Richmond Street, Charlottetown.

**H. F. MacPHEE, B. A.** NOTARY, S.C. BARRISTER, SOLICITOR Biley Building, Charlottetown.

**BELL & MATHIESON** R. E. Bell, D. L. Mathieson, LL.B. Barristers & Solicitors Money to Loan Dameron Block, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

**J. A. MacDonald, K. C.** BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, S.C. Biley Building, Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Money to Loan and Collections given the very best attention. 676-2-6-1month.

**A. J. HASLAM, B.A., LL.B.** BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. MONEY TO LOAN. New Brice Building.

After peeling onions wash your hands in cold water to rid them of the smell. If washed in hot water, the pores are opened, and the juice penetrates the skin.

If your chimney is on fire, rake one fire in grate as much as possible, then bring out an old dust sheet or piece of sacking in water, and stuff it up the chimney, so that it fills the opening. By stopping the through draught the fire will die down.

**CRAZY CHINA**  
A cracked earthenware jar can quite easily be made into a beautiful and useful bowl for flowers.

Collect some brightly colored pieces of broken china or glass and with a hammer break them up into uniform sizes as possible. Cover the jar evenly with a thin layer of putty, from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness, and make the surface as smooth as possible. Set each piece of china, separately and firmly, into the putty and just as deeply as the china is thick.

The arranging of colors, shapes, and sizes must be left to one's own individual taste, but it is not advisable to put two colors of the same shade together. Leave an eighth of an inch of putty showing between the pieces. When the jar has been completely covered with bits of china leave it till the putty hardens and then cut away the putty that has bulged above the level of the china. As a finish, it greatly adds to the effect if the jar is gilded.

## TIP FOR BRIDES—CRUSHED PASTELS NEW FOR AUTUMN

Crushed pastels are featured in the collection of 56 fall silk shades issued in card form by the Textile Color Card association. These hazy pastels, it was explained by Margaret Hayden Rorke, managing director, are the actual tones obtained by crushing the pastels or crayons used by artists.

Included in the group are crushed rose, ambergold, LaTour blue, coralrust, mistgreen, rustint, ash-blau, mulberry rose, woodlilac and moonstone. The fall shades comprise the "Arabian Nights" group, which reflect the Hindu, Persian and other eastern influences of dominant fashion importance.

## WOMAN OFFICER

There is an Englishwoman serving as captain in the Serbian reserves of the Yugoslavian army. She is Mrs. Flora Sanders, who enlisted for service at the outbreak of the World war and fought as a private.

A water spot may be removed from mahogany by gently rubbing it with an ordinary cork.

## FOR KNITTING

Make a knitting-bag of coarse linen with a wooden mount and embroider on it a ball of wool with two knitting needles thrust through the ball and a reel of cotton in one corner. Draw a circle for the ball of wool, and pad thickly in high relief. Then cover over the padding with long stitches arranged from side to side and top to bottom to imitate the appearance of a wound ball.

Finish with a loose end running off the ball, couched in position. Embroider the knitting needles in a bright color and cut out the cotton reel in felt.

Use Minard's for Dandruff

## SPECIAL

**Myers Hand Spray** Pumps for side or end of barrels with two Row Spray Booms at greatly reduced prices will be sold complete or separately. Write or phone.

**BRUCE STEWART & CO., LTD.** Charlottetown, P. E. I. L-8684-7-25-27-30-31.

## Ability To See Comfortably

The object of a modern eye service is to enable patients to see comfortably. That means seeing without strain on the eyes. And also the avoidance of many bodily results of eye strain. That thought deserves the consideration of all who are not certain of the condition of their eyes.

**G. F. Hutcheson**

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Is Man Who Lets Wife Work After Marriage Lacking in Backbone? — If You Wait for Prince Charming You'll Wait Forever, Dorothy Dix Warns Too-Romantic Girls

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am engaged to be married to the dearest boy in the world. We expect to be married soon, with the understanding that I will continue working for a year or two until he is earning enough to support us both. Recently a man has warned me against my marriage. He says that a man who will get married without being able to support a wife has no backbone and will never amount to anything. Do you think that my working after marriage will injure the morale of my fiancé? Do you think it will be right for us to marry while we are still madly in love and get along on our combined salaries, or will it be wiser for us to wait for several years until he is earning enough for us both? Neither of us are afraid. We won't live in poverty if we get married now, but we will be dependent upon my salary as well as his.



G. R. B.

Answer: My advice is to take your courage and your two pay envelopes in both hands and go along and get married while you are still young and your love is fresh and ardent. As I have said many times in this column, wedding cake should be eaten while it is hot from the oven. It gets stale and tasteless if kept too long on the shelf.

Even romance has to be nourished and sheltered. A bride and bridegroom must eat and have a roof over their heads, so if they cannot rake up enough money between them to rent a room and provide bread and cheese to go with their kisses, they must needs put off marriage until they can pay the piper. But when a boy and girl between them are earning enough to finance even the most modest of homes they make a mistake in waiting to marry until the man can alone support the whole establishment.

For they not only cut themselves out of the years of happiness they might have had together, but they doom themselves to go through the dreary ordeal of a long engagement, which is trying on the affections and the nerves and the principle. And at the last they find that their belated wedding has somehow lost the thrill they expected of it, and they go into it with something of the disillusion of married people. It is only the eyes of youth that ever see the golden glow and the circling wings of love. There is no other more foolish thinking than that which makes people believe, as many do who have not rightly considered the subject, that it shows a man is lacking in strength of character for him to permit his wife to continue on with her job after marriage. Every man expects his wife to be a helpmeet. That is what the Bible adjures a woman to be, and every woman who is worth her salt expects and desires to help her husband. If she can do this better by earning money than she can by cooking and scrubbing for him, certainly it is the most sensible thing to do. Why it should weaken a husband's morale for his wife to work outside of the home any more than in it, nobody can explain, yet those who criticize a wife for helping her husband by working at a mahogany-topped desk would applaud her slaving over a gas range.

Of course, the ideal order of things is for every man to be able to support his family in comfort, and for the woman to be able to stay at home and scrubbing for him, certainly it is the most sensible thing to do. Why it should weaken a husband's morale for his wife to work outside of the home any more than in it, nobody can explain, yet those who criticize a wife for helping her husband by working at a mahogany-topped desk would applaud her slaving over a gas range.

There is no other more foolish thinking than that which makes people believe, as many do who have not rightly considered the subject, that it shows a man is lacking in strength of character for him to permit his wife to continue on with her job after marriage. Every man expects his wife to be a helpmeet. That is what the Bible adjures a woman to be, and every woman who is worth her salt expects and desires to help her husband. If she can do this better by earning money than she can by cooking and scrubbing for him, certainly it is the most sensible thing to do. Why it should weaken a husband's morale for his wife to work outside of the home any more than in it, nobody can explain, yet those who criticize a wife for helping her husband by working at a mahogany-topped desk would applaud her slaving over a gas range.

It is, then, no reflection on either party for the wife to help bring in the bacon, and she goes on reflecting over it until the chief things that the modern girl had to be thankful for was that she was financially independent; that she could keep on with her job after marriage and so could marry while she was young and in love, instead of having to spend dreary years waiting for her fiancé to make enough money to support her.

Doublets there are some men who are lazy and shiftless and who turn quitters when they find their wives can support the family, but for most men the sight of their wives working in order to help them is a sign in the sides of their ambition that makes them put forth every effort to succeed, so that the "little woman" can stay in the home they know she likes for.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a business girl, quite attractive and with a good job. My problem is this: All my life I have dreamed about a tall, handsome man whom I expected to meet some day and marry, but I find myself engaged to a young man who is neither tall nor handsome. I must say that he is everything any one could want. He is kind, thoughtful, loving. We have more or less the same education. Like the same books and are quite companionable. But while he is devoted to me, I only care for him in a lukewarm fashion. We are to be married soon, but I hesitate because I am wondering if I am going to be happy married to a man who isn't my ideal and who doesn't thrill me and if, perhaps, I may meet some one after I am married who will ever talk to me about him and whom I will fall in love with at first, as people do in stories. Is it better to marry a man who loves you and who would give you a comfortable home than it would be to spend your life looking for some one who may not exist?

Answer: My dear child, don't you know that every girl that ever lived has this same dream of marrying a Fairy Prince who is tall and slim and has golden curls and a Greek profile and a romantic line, who makes violent and impassioned love and snatches the poor little Dumb Belle up in his arms and carries her off to live in unimaginable splendor, where they have nothing to do but to eat ice cream and dance and have a perpetual petting party?

A girl begins seeing this vision about the time she becomes boy-conscious, and she goes on thrilling over it until the HERO'S picture is obliterated that of some stocky, freckle-faced, double-fisted lad who hasn't an ounce of sentiment in him, but who somehow is her man whom she marries and lives with happily ever after.

You see, most girls have enough gumption and enough sense of humor to perceive after they are grown up that the figure of their girlish dreams was just something that they conjured up out of their own imaginations, and they laugh at it and get over it and realize that they couldn't have stood to live with a godling even if they had found him. And so no harm is done and they have enjoyed their bit of romance.

But you have taken your adolescent fancy seriously. You sent up an impossible standard that no mortal man could possibly measure up to, and if you are going through the world still looking for your ideal, even after you are married, you are certainly headed for trouble.

For woman with as much imagination as you have will always be thinking that she has found her hero, and before she finds out that she is mistaken she will have landed in the divorce court.

My advice to you is not to marry until you find some man who looks

**Cuticura Soap** for the Daily Care of your Hands. It will do much to keep them soft and smooth.

BRINGING UP FATHER

IT'S HARD WORK TO GIT MAGGIE TO BELIEVE IM BARKIN' IN IT. SHE'S KIDS OUT ME STILL GOT A LOT OF MONEY—I'LL HAVE A BIG HOSPITAL BILL.

## Mr. T. Pott Says:

"You're not doing yourself justice unless you have at least two cups of tea with every meal, not to mention one at eleven and again at four in the afternoon."

For utmost enjoyment use MORSE'S FINE DARJEELING. Not expensive at fifty cents a half pound package, because its strength makes it economical in use.

better to you than any other man on earth. There is enough disillusion in marriage even when you start out thinking that you have caught the world's wonder for a husband. But don't wait to marry until you experience love at first sight. Once in a blue moon that may happen, but most of us have to get acquainted and acclimated to strangers before we fall in love with them.

## ONE WAY STREET

By JOSEPH McCORD

### CHAPTER 13

"Now who's been talking to you?" Mark smiled. He found himself rather enjoying this direct approach.

"My customers," Nan replied. "You know how women gab about such things. I suppose I'll be losing out to you soon enough."

"Then you're in business here?" Mark ventured.

"That's a blow. And I haven't a card with me. Sure I'm in business. Have a beauty works up on the avenue . . . Le Salon Nanette. That's because I'm French. Born in Bayonne . . . New Jersey."

"I see. Then we're competitors?" "Well, I don't know as I'd go that far. Spent much time in that beauty parlor of yours at the store?"

"Haven't so much as stuck my head in the door," Mark confessed hastily. "Why? Does it need the modernizing touch?"

"I never knock anybody who's trying to get along. But if you can use some up-to-date ideas I'd drop in and get an eyeful of my plant. Any time."

"I'll do it," he assented gravely. "That's a very fair offer. Don't you, Miss Sawyer?"

"Of course," Jean answered soberly. "Nan is like that. The girl found herself rather ill at ease in his company and was glad to have Miss Gable take over the burden of conversation. Her gay brusque fashion. She amused him greatly, but he was rapidly revising his first estimate of her. He believed he understood how Jean might easily rely upon this older woman's experience and judgments, frankly expressed as some of them were.

A unique character, he decided. It was Nan who terminated the visit in her impetuous fashion as she snatched up the check with one hand, gloves and bag with the other.

"Guess we'd better be shoving off," she announced. "I promised Gorgeous . . . the girl friend here . . . I'd let her go home early if she'd wait and have a bite with me."

Jean already had risen with a murmur of acquiescence, when Mark decided upon a bold step.

"I treated myself to a new car the other day," he remarked casually. "It's parked across the street. May have the pleasure of taking you ladies wherever you're going?"

"I hope to tell you!" Nan fairly beamed at him. "You might as well find it out now as any time. My feet hurt . . . it's chronic."

"I think I'll walk home," Jean interposed hastily. "It isn't far. Thank you just the same."

"You'd do nothing of the sort," Nan decided. Then she added wickedly, "You and Mr. Sturges can run me home first. I haven't given you a chance to visit with him yet."

"Of course," Mark agreed, ending the discussion by starting in quest of his car. He was back in a few minutes sitting behind the wheel of a gray coupe. "Which way?" he inquired, when his two passengers were stowed.

"To the shop for mine," Nan directed. "I've a two and bath over it. Saves walking."

"The trip up the avenue was quickly made and Sturges brought his machine to a halt before the Le Salon Nanette.

"You have an attractive place," he observed.

"Not a bad little dump," its owner agreed. "Don't forget what I said about dropping in some day and looking us over. Good night, Gorgeous. Very glad to have met you, Mr. Sturges."

"Hello," a voice drawled over the wire. "You sounded terribly cross then. You know who this is, don't you?"

"Of course. How are you, Miss Cannon?"

"All right I'm also . . . Edythe. Try it again."

Mark's brows lifted. His mouth

## SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

It's actually exciting, with its shirtwaist collar, and the way the bodice buttons down the front. Isn't it?

Perfect for beach or country vacation wear. It plays a double role with its cape for spectator sports wear.

You won't make any mistake to choose one of the new looking cotton prints as Dubonnet-red printed in white as pictured.

Lilac linen, multi-colored striped poplin, white plique with nautical blue dots, etc., are other favored schemes.

Style No. 316 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1/4 yard of 1 1/2 inch ribbon for neck bow, for dress and cape.

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

No. 316. Size . . . . . Name . . . . . Street Address . . . . . City . . . . . State . . . . .

relaxed in a slight smile. Rather absurd . . . Operator listening in, most likely.

"How are you, Edythe?" "That's much nicer. I hate to disturb you during hours, but I thought you'd better know you were coming over tomorrow night for your lesson."

"Lesson?" he echoed. "In what?" "Contract, of course. The Bob Ridgeways are going to drop around. Suzanne is rather an expert . . . in more ways than one. She's thrilled over meeting you. So be careful."

"That certainly is kind of you. I'm not quite sure . . ."

"You can find your way over, can't you?" "Of course."

"I hear you have a new car, so I suppose you'll be driving. See you at eight. Bye."

There was a click. Silence. Mark sat without moving until a discreet inquiry from the operator recalled him. Suspiciously polite.

"Never mind," he said shortly. He placed the instrument on its stand with more force than was necessary.

His first impulse was to get the number back and plead a previous engagement, until he remembered that anything he might offer in the way of an excuse would sound manufactured. Clever way Miss Cannon had of taking acceptances in her own hand. He might as well go through with it . . . get it done with.

He had not heard from Edythe nor seen her since the occasion of his visit to Arden Terrace. He hoped that she had forgotten that oddly personal conversation after supper; that her seeming interest was nothing more than a passing whim.

For some reason, the thought of renewing the contact made him slightly uncomfortable.

One thing was certain. If Miss Cannon held the idea that he was about the embark upon an active social cruise in Gorham . . . Well, she was mistaken. He must be careful not to affront his employer's family. But, outside of the store, he proposed to live his own life.

Nevertheless, he was glad the following evening proved to be unusually warm for the season of the year. White flannels and blue coat would take care of the formalities of this time.

To add to his relief, the other guests had arrived when the maid ushered him into the drawing room at Arden Terrace.

Robert Ridgeway proved to be a thick-jawed and somewhat sullen individual, shaved to the pink, and immaculate in white linen. The successful businessman type who would be inclined to arrogance when freed from the immediate atmosphere of his statuesque wife, so Mark concluded promptly. Desultory conversation prior to the appearance of the card table revealed that Mr. Ridgeway managed the Gorham agency of a large life insurance company.

Suzanne Ridgeway was a tall blonde, brittle and cool-eyed. Sturges repressed a smile when he recalled Edythe's warning. Difficult to imagine Mrs. Ridgeway's being "thrilled" over any prospect whatever. If she were a bridge expert, there was little likelihood that she looked forward to wasting her talents upon a novice. This became rudely apparent when Mark found himself seated across the table from her.

He listened with becoming interest to a terse description of what the contract player should know

and should not do, a technical discourse interrupted by eager and undesired interpolations from Edythe. Bob Ridgeway lay back in his chair and watched the session from under his heavy-lidded eyes, chewing the end of a dead cigar. He was patiently bored by the entire proceeding. Any stranger, however, was a "prospect" to long experience with other forms of the pastime and an aptness for cards, the pupil was able to make a creditable showing—so much so that his mentor thawed perceptibly after a few hands.

The first lesson concluded to her patronizing satisfaction, Suzanne summoned Mark to a place beside her on a settee and proceeded to monopolize him the remainder of the evening, to their hostess' unconcealed resentment.

(To be continued)

## WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER COMES TO WOMANHOOD

Most girls in their teens need a tonic and regulator. Give your daughter Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the next few months. Teach her how to guard her health at this critical time. When she is a happy, healthy wife and mother she'll thank you.

Sold at all good drug stores. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. PRESTON FRASER, Auctioneer, 115 Kent St. L-8660-7-30-8-2.

## AUCTION SALE

Cottage and large lot being No. 77 Spring Park Road on Friday, August 2nd, at 12 o'clock noon. For particulars apply to PRESTON FRASER, Auctioneer, 115 Kent St. L-8660-7-30-8-2.

## FOR SALE

In Sunny Brae, N.B., \$5000.00 Property. Will sell for \$1000.00. If interested call at 274 Euston Street, Charlottetown, after 6 p.m. L8715-7-30-11

—BY GEORGE MCMANUS

MR. JIGGS, HERE'S YOUR CIGARS—THEY WERE TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS—THE CIGAR CLERK SAID YOU COULD PAY HIM TOMORROW, AS HE CAN'T CHANGE THIS THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILL—

ILL TRY TO BORROW SOME—MR. DARLIN—LL HAVE IT FOR YOU TONIGHT.

I FEEL ASHAMED OF MYSELF, KNOWING HOW HARD IT IS FOR YOU TO DIG UP MONEY NOW—

DON'T BLAME YOU, DARLIN; WE ARE FEELING THE BRINGS OF POVERTY—

7-30