

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

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

By Mari Moore. Specially contributed to The Guardian Readers.

How About A New Year's Party

I think New Year's Eve is a time when everyone wants a party. You feel you just must mix with a crowd.

Games that are more or less boisterous seem to occasion the most fun, either to replace or follow the more sedate bridge.

Food may be more substantial than at the usual late supper party for the merry-making often carries on until far into the night and your guests become really hungry.

And speaking of carrying on into the night, we must remember the virtues of entertaining at home include the opportunity of running a late party this year, for the New Year is ushered in on a Sunday morning.

A very fine game to loosen up the crowd from the start and get things going with a swing is known as the Spider's Nightmare.

A length of colored ribbon or string for each guest is attached to the central lighting fixture or from the fireplace. The guest's name is attached at that end. Then the ribbon is carried by devious ways to a remote part of the house.

Then each envelope is opened and read in turn. If your resolution is read, it is bound to come true. If it is not amongst those present, it will go up in smoke, as the card containing it has literally done.

The time honored game of Charades will stir up tremendous enthusiasm. Two captains should be selected who will appoint their own teams. Each team will have to dramatize one word acting out its meaning, either in separate parts or as a whole.

The woman's card will contain part of the directions for the search and her partner's the balance. For example, a card might read, "Your partner is J. H. M. Take his hand and climb the ladder."

The cards will be stowed away in an upstairs cupboard under a book of poems, and they will have to find them before being able to play.

Of course the hide-away spots

For The Cook

FRENCH DRESSING

One-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon paprika, one tablespoon powdered sugar, three tablespoons lemon juice, five tablespoons olive or salad oil. Mix the dry ingredients; add lemon juice, and stir until blended.

Piquante French Dressing - Add one-quarter teaspoon dry mustard to dry ingredients, and add one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce with lemon juice to French dressing.

French Fruit Dressing - Add one-quarter teaspoon celery salt, one-half teaspoon minced onion, and two tablespoons orange juice to French dressing.

Cheese Salad Dressing - Add two tablespoons either Chile or Pimento soft cheese to French dressing, and beat till well mixed.

Red Salad Dressing - Add two tablespoons currant, raspberry or loganberry jelly to French dressing, and beat until well mixed.

course, and it should be made difficult to guess by using plenty of by-play in performing the scenes. Some of the best parties I have ever attended have had charades as their main form of entertainment—and the opportunities for developing skill and imagination are unlimited.

Refreshment-Time And now for the "eats." Did you ever notice how a party seems to take on a new lease of life when refreshments are announced? It repays all your efforts to prepare something tasty and different. We think your guests will surely enjoy some of the suggestions we have to make, if you decide to adopt any of them.

Menu No. 1

Shrimps a la King; cheese tea biscuits; ripe olives and celery; hot mince meat turnovers; coffee.

Shrimps a la King

Finely chopped green pepper, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 small onion finely chopped, 1-1/2 teaspoons salt, 1 egg, 2 cups milk, 3 tablespoons chopped pimientos, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 cups canned shrimps flaked, 3 tablespoons flour.

Cook the shredded green pepper in the butter for five minutes. Then add the chopped onion, flour, salt, pimientos, parsley and shrimps. Heat gently about two minutes, then add 1-1/2 cups milk gradually while stirring constantly. Continue cooking until thickened.

To make cheese tea biscuits, replace the shortening with grated cheese. To two cups of flour, you would use a half cup of strong grated cheese.

MIC-MAC TEA. A guarantee not only of quality and strength but of freshness! Brown Label 40c lb. Red Label 50c lb.

A Morning Smile

Two men were out shooting when suddenly a policeman popped up and demanded to see their licenses. One immediately took to his heels and the cop rushed off in a pursuit which continued for ten minutes before the man was caught.

"Why the dickens did you bolt when you had a license?" queried the cop. "Well, you see, officer," was the calm reply, "the other chap hadn't."

"Mary, these banisters always seem dusty. I was at the Joneses today, and theirs are as bright and smooth as glass."

"She has three small boys, ma'am."

Menu No. 2

Tomato and cheese rarebit; radishes; cherkins; party ice cream; sponge cake, table raisins, coffee.

Tomato and Cheese Rarebit

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 3-4 cup milk, 3-4 cup canned tomato sauce, 1-2 teaspoon soda, 2 eggs slightly beaten, 1-2 pound strong cheese grated, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon mustard.

Bricks of party ice cream can be ordered from the local dairy. They will have them with seasonal designs running through them such as Christmas trees or bells.

And here is my opportunity to thank you for all your kind letters and expressions of friendliness during the past year, to say how I am looking forward to more and better chats with you in 1933, and to wish you all the best of health and happiness in the coming year.

Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

How to Break off an Undesirable Match—15-Year-Old Will Outgrow Misery of Adolescence. Indebted Man Fears to Tell Girl He Loves Her

Dear Miss Dix—You say in a recent article that the way to break off an undesirable match is by the use of diplomacy. Will you explain how?

Answer:

On the theory that an ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory, I will cite cases that I have known in which parents have prevented their children from making matches that they know would inevitably end in misery and divorce.



As Exhibit A I present for your consideration the case of Mrs. B. Mrs. B's daughter was madly in love with a fascinating youth addicted to drink, and the foolish girl felt that it would be romantic and wonderful to reform him by marrying him.

What argument had failed to accomplish, the object lesson did. Seen at close range, the role of the drunkard's wife was not appealing, and it didn't take the girl long to decide that she wouldn't care to sit up night after night waiting for the drag of a stumbling footstep and that there was nothing romantic about helping a maudlin, intoxicated man who was bleary-eyed and dirty and repulsive to get to bed where he could sleep off his stupor.

The next exhibit is Mrs. C, who tried very much the same tactics upon her daughter, who was enamored of one of these temperamental geniuses who spend their time trying to find themselves instead of hunting a job, and who cannot bring themselves to do any such sordid thing as real work.

Sally C, not being an utter fool even if she was in love, was warned in time to save herself from becoming a meal ticket to a male parasite.

The next exhibit is Mrs. D, whose daughter Maud was stumbling into a love affair with a chap who was all right morally, but who had a hateful, cantankerous disposition, and who was a good deal of a tightwad. One of the steadies, you know, who never spend a nickel on a girl if they can help it; who spend their evenings camped on a girl's chairs listening in on the radio; who think it is so much nicer to eat her mother's good dinners than take her out to a restaurant and who make the kind of husbands who snoop in the icebox and ask their wives what they did with the quarter they gave them week before last.

So Mrs. D, go busy, and every time she sat down for a little chat with So Mrs. D, got busy and every time she sat down for a little chat with less mention something about how much money it took to support a girl in these days and how fond Maud was of fine clothes and how many dresses and hats she had and how much silk stockings and crepe de chine lingerie cost. The effect was magical. The close-fisted one had no idea of letting himself in for an extravagant wife. He simply faded out of the picture and Maud doesn't know to this day why he so suddenly cooled off.

Then there was Mrs. E, whose son fell in love with a pretty little Dumb Dora who rolled her eyes at him and asked him fool questions and who didn't have two ideas in her head to rub together. The boy was clever, highly educated, fond of reading, and the mother knew that they would be utterly uncongenial and have nothing in common after their first physical attraction for each other had worn off.

Instead she invited the girl to spend a month with them at their summer place and she left her son to entertain her. She gave the boy undiluted doses of the girl's society and in a week he was so bored that he cut short his vacation and fled from her as he would from a pest.

And so on, and so on, in endless variation. Oh, there are lots of ways of killing a sat besides choking it on butter.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—What, oh, what, is wrong with me? I can't take life in a happy way. And why? I am only 15, but I am so miserable that I have nothing to be miserable about. Nothing interests me. Nothing

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington



Dots run their gay way all over Paris. Their favourite expression being in metal lame in silver or gold.

It was this scheme that made this chic little waistcoat type blouse of gold lame to wear with a sheer black velvet skirt.

ing seems worth while. And I see no use in going on living. Can you suggest any remedy for my trouble?

Answer:

Sure. Nothing easier. All that ails you is just being 15, and all that you need to do is just to let Nature take its course, and in a year or two you will outgrow the morbidity that is nearly always a feature of adolescence.

Besides, 15 is about the most uncomfortable age there is for a girl. It is a time of life when she doesn't fit in anywhere, when she is neither child nor woman, but an antagonistic blend of the two that keeps her own soul in a state of turmoil and confusion and that makes her a terror to her family.

It is a time when it is hard for her to amuse herself, because she is too old to play dolls and not old enough to have dates and when neither the children nor the grown-ups want her as a companion. So, unless her family are able and wise enough to send her off to school among other 15-year-olders, she is apt to be lonesome and bored, as you are.

Yet the way to happiness and to make life worth while when you are 15 or 55 or any age is the same. It consists in thinking as little about yourself as possible and as much about other people as you can.

You can always find misery if you hunt for it. You can always borrow trouble if you ask for it. There is no man or woman so fortunate situated that he or she can't make himself or herself utterly wretched by dwelling on the disillusion and disappointments of life and on the contrary there are none of us who cannot find something to make whoopee about if we would only count our blessings.

The real secret of happiness is to be found in unselfishness. If you will get busy trying to be a little ray of sunshine in your home and doing things for your mother and father and sisters and brothers, you will find a meaning to life and no longer be miserable.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a college graduate and am earning a good salary. I had to borrow the money to pay for my education and it will take me about three years to pay it back. Now I am in love with a very dear girl and would like to marry her, but refrain from asking her on account of the debt. What shall I do?

Answer:

Tell the girl that you love her, but that you cannot marry her until this debt is paid. If she loves you she will not mind waiting three years. I strongly object to long engagements that have to drag on interminably, but it is a different matter when there is a definite time limit, as in your case, that you can probably reduce by putting in extra effort.

Don't marry, however, until you have paid back the money that was advanced to you on no other guarantee than some one's faith in your integrity and manhood. If there is any debt of honor on earth, it is that, and if you default on it you are the most contemptible of wretches.

DOROTHY DIX.

IN CHANCERY BEFORE THE VICE-CHANCELLOR

The 11th day of December A. D. 1932. In the matter of the estate of Peter Mahoney late of Cornwall in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, Farmer, deceased intestate, and in the matter of The Chancery Act, 1916.

PERMANENT In an order of this Honourable Court made herein on the 12th day of December A. D. 1932, I HEREBY NOTIFY all persons having any claims or demands against the estate of Peter Mahoney late of Cornwall aforesaid, deceased intestate, to appear to prove their claims before the Vice-Chancellor in his Chambers in the Law Courts Building, Charlottetown on Thursday the 19th day of January A. D. 1933 at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and that otherwise their claims shall be barred.

LEITH E. BRICKIN, Registrar. H. F. MACPHERSON, Solicitor.

7126 12 15 22 29 Jan 4

AUCTION SALE

OF STOCK-IN-TRADE OF THE LATE GEORGE FORBES, VERNON BRIDGE

As directed by Order of the Court of Chancery in the matter of McLean vs. Forbes, No. D 154, I will set up and sell by Public Auction in the Store premises of the late George Forbes, at Vernon Bridge in Queen's County, on Friday, the 30th day of December, instant, beginning at 10.30 o'clock in the forenoon. All the stock-in-trade, including dry goods, hardware, boots, shoes and rubbers, paints, crockery, enamel and tin ware, groceries and other accessories and fixtures in and upon the said premises, or of belonging to the estate of the late George Forbes.

In case all of the above property be not sold on the day aforesaid the sale will be continued on the following day and from day to day till concluded.

For further particulars apply to the undersigned or at premises. Dated this 22nd day of December, A. D. 1932.

D. EDGAR SHAW, Master in Chancery.

ASHES of ROSES A Romance of Today By Joanna Cannan

His father came in. He said, "Geoffrey, that young woman had better go home." Geoffrey said, "Yes, I'll see about it." He got up. As he left the room, he caught sight of the reflection of his face in the mirror above the mantelpiece. Harassed, disconsolate, unfamiliar, it seemed, nevertheless, appropriate to this new, unhappy world.

He went downstairs to the drawing-room and, first through the glass screen which precluded even the possibility of draughts from that luxuriously appointed room, he saw Fay and Patricia having tea together beside a newly lit log fire. In a very polite voice of hers, Patricia was saying, "Yes, that must have been nice."

Geoffrey said, "Pat, it's all over." Then he looked at Fay. He suddenly realised not so much that he had got to marry Patricia as that he would never be able to marry Fay. Patricia was saying something friendly and suitable but he did not hear it. He stood silent before his second loss that day.

"Sit down and have some tea, Geoff," said Patricia. "It'll do you good. I'll ring for another cup." Geoffrey shook his head. He sat down between the two girls and spoke to Fay.

"I expect I'd better take you home, Fay, hadn't I?"

Fay, who was sitting very upright with her feet neatly crossed and her hands in her lap, said, "Yes, Geoffrey. Considering everything, I think that would be best."

"What's the time?" said Geoffrey. "Ten past five," Patricia told him. "You'll have to take her into Read-

ing or send the car. Could I help? I can drive the little one." "You'd better have the car to take you home, Pat," said Geoffrey. "Then Baker can get back in case father wants him for anything. I'll take Fay into Reading and see her off."

"All right," said Patricia. "I'll go and bring the car round," said Geoffrey rising. "Take Fay to tidy up, will you, Pat?"

Shivering a little in the keen air of approaching evening, he went round the house to the garage and brought out the two-seater. When he got back to the front door, Fay and Patricia were standing there together, and behind them hovered Matthews, the butler, with Fay's suitcase in his hand. Patricia said "Good-bye, Miss Bennett," and, "I've gone before you get back, Geoff. Let me know when I can come along."

Geoffrey nodded and said, "Thanks for everything, Pat." He let in the clutch. The car sped away up the drive.

Geoffrey had not an idea of what he should say to Fay. He felt exhausted and dumbly, incompetently miserable. When they were out on the high road and he had changed up into top again, he said, "Darling, it's awful that it's all turned out like this." Fay said, "It's awful for you, Geoffrey. It must be dreadful to lose one's mother. But don't bother about me, dear. I'm sorry that I came down and was in the way, that's all."

"You weren't in the way," said Geoffrey. "And I'm glad to be out here with you now. Only, Fay . . ."

"Yes?"

"We'll stop before we get into Reading. And have a talk—if we've time, that is. I can't talk when I'm driving. At least not that sort of thing."

Presently by the side of the road, he drew up and turned off the engine. At once Fay's arms were round

his neck.

"Poor Geoffrey," she whispered. "Poor darling. Poor boy."

Geoffrey's head went down on her shoulder. The sweet scent that she used, enveloped him. He felt the warmth of her body, the softness of her furs. He shut his eyes. It was most comforting.

"There is me left," said Fay. "Ah, but there wasn't. Not even love, which he had believed so powerful, was left to him after today. He must pull himself together and tell her so, tell her that it was all over, the plans and the meetings, the whispers and the kisses, the memories and the anticipations, the warm romance of it all. He must tell her that his future held nothing for her, his love, but must be given to a girl for whom he felt nothing more than an affectionate friendship, friendship unlit by passion of any kind. "There's me left, Geoffrey," Fay repeated. And he must tell her that!

The moments passed and passed. Desperately, he looked up at Fay. She smiled at him, rather pathetically, for she felt herself inexperienced, inadequate to console his grief. She said, "I wish I could say something to make you feel better," and Geoffrey said huskily, "You do make me feel better, Fay. If I could only stay with you for hours and hours like we were just now . . ."

"I wish we could," said Fay. "It's silly not to be able to help each other." Her kind little heart was immensely touched by the not unpicturesque grief of her lover, but at the same time she sincerely hoped that he would not mourn his stiff and starchy mother long.

"When everything was happy, I loved you as much as I could imagine loving anyone, murmured Geoffrey. "Now everything is beastly, I love you ten times more. Oh, Fay, as well as being pretty and funny you're so comforting. My darling, how can I let you go?"

Records Reveal Prize Exhibits

OTTAWA, Dec. 28—Mrs. Murphy's cow occupies a niche in history as the direct cause of the Chicago fire. Another cow, its owner-

Not unnaturally she mistook him. "I should have liked to stop if you wanted me, Geoffrey, but I couldn't very well with Mr. Gilmore and . . . and everything. Miss Lysarde was ever so kind, but all the same, I felt she wondered why I was there. You must drop me a line, will you, and let me know how you go on? You know, I've never had a letter from you, although I know your writing so well. It would be lovely getting one. But if I'm to catch this train, oughtn't we to be getting on? Look at the time!"

Geoffrey looked at the car clock. "Yes," he said.

Very slowly he turned on the engine, released the brake and let in the clutch. It was too late now to say anything. Curiously relieved, he opened the throttle and ran through the gears. Only with the best of luck would they catch the train. He speeded into the town.

The train was standing in the station as they drove up. Geoffrey flung himself out of the car, rushed to the booking office and took Fay's ticket, while friendly porters bustled her into a first class compartment. He reached the window and handed her her ticket as the whistle blew.

Fay leaned out of the window. "Cheer up, Geoffrey darling. I'll see you again soon."

"In a few days I expect," Geoffrey muttered.

The train drew out of station. Fay, at the window, fluttered a small white lace handkerchief. At last he could not see her any longer. He turned home.

(To be Continued.)

ship lost in musty records is the cause of the largest personal file of correspondence on Parliament Hill. Its death led to thousands of letters.

Many years ago in Manitoba a cow was killed by August Swanson, a Swedish immigrant. Lawsuits followed and when Swanson's farm was ordered seized he wrote his first letter to Ottawa. A few days later Ottawa replied. Swanson wrote again. Ottawa answered. Swanson replied—in fact he wrote every day for weeks.

Fifteen years later the Swanson file of letters and replies weighed several hundred pounds, and 25 years after the cow was killed the file would fill a truck. The man's suicide put an end to the correspondence, but to this day Ottawa has retained every one of his letters. Why no one seems to know.

A large warehouse in downtown Ottawa is the ultimate depository for every letter written to a Government department and the reply. Old and creaky cabinets contain millions of letters and millions of replies. Ottawa does not destroy letters or records without due thought. In the dusty old warehouse are thousands of letters antedating Confederation. It's a paradise for stamp and autograph hunters.

One of the prize exhibits in the old warehouse is a letter signed "A Soldier's Darling," received late in the war by a cabinet minister. The Government was considering a demand that all survivors of the First Contingent be returned to Canada. The soldier's darling wrote:

"I should my lover have to remain four years in the trenches when you fat old guys sit full of beer in Ottawa and do nothing." Now put on your thinking caps, for one of these days I will be down there and give you birds the once over."

Mothers, Mix This At Home for a Bad Cough

Saves \$2. So Easy! No Cooking!

You'll be pleasantly surprised when you make up this simple home mixture and try it for a distressing cough. It's no trouble to mix, and costs but a trifle, yet it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief.

Make a syrup by stirring 2 cups of granulated sugar and one cup of water for a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. Get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex from any drugist, put it into a 16 oz. bottle, and fill up with your sugar syrup. The 16 ounces thus made costs no more than a small bottle of ready-made medicine, yet it is the most effective remedy that money can buy. Keeps perfectly and tastes fine.

This simple remedy has a remarkable three-fold action. It soothes and heals the inflamed membranes, loosens the germ-laden phlegm, and clears the air passages. Thus it makes breathing easy, and lets you get restful sleep. Pinex is a compound of Norway Pine, in concentrated form, famous as a healing agent for throat membranes. It is guaranteed to give prompt relief or money refunded.

Tenders For Ice

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up until noon Saturday, Dec. 31st, 1933, for the supplying and packing of approximately 450 tons of ice, tender to state price per ton 40 cubic feet.

CENTRAL CREAMERIES Limited.

7362-12-28-31

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DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IN THE PROBATE COURT 23rd George V., A. D. 1932

IN RE Estate of Sarah Aikken late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in the said Province deceased testate BY THE HONOURABLE Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable of the purpose hereinafter set forth. You are therefore hereby required to

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of William Reginald Aikken of Charlottetown, the Ex-Executor of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth. You are therefore hereby required to

Call on the file of William Reginald Aikken of Charlottetown, the Ex-Executor of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth. You are therefore hereby required to

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 20th day of December A. D. 1932 and in the 23rd year of His Majesty's reign.

(Sd.) H. L. PALMER, Judge of Probate.

7278 12 22 Thur 4 1.

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED J. S. TAYLOR E. W. TAYLOR Optometrists 142 Richmond Street