

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

FOR THE WOMAN READER

Get Your Happiness Out of Your Work or You Will Never Know What Happiness Is. —Elbert Hubbard.

OLD LADY TELLS

Mrs. Mary Pelon, 86, who was born in Sault Ste. Marie, but now resides at Blind River and claims to be the oldest pioneer in Algoma district, has a story to tell of the early dentistry in the district which gives one the creeps and should make all and sundry grateful that a kind Providence established a more modern method of extracting teeth than was once practiced here by the Indians.

Mrs. Pelon recalls that 75 years ago the patient with a tooth ache was placed in a tub of water, the offending molar was split with a chisel, and then, to kill the nerve, a small, red hot iron was applied. In a few hours the pain would cease, she says, and in a few days the tooth would be sufficiently loose to be removed with a pair of pliers or other means.

FISHHOOKS

Fishhooks as we know them now, were hard to procure, Mrs. Pelon says, but the Indians had a method of catching fish which generally proved successful. Two small bones were taken from the front foot of a rabbit and fashioned into a sort of cross with string. A small white stone was then placed a couple of inches above the cross to lure the fish. When a fish accepted the bait it had to be pulled hurriedly from the water, for the least bit of slack line assured its escape. Fishing lines were made from boiled bass-wood, which, while warm, was rolled on the knee into small, stringy particles. This would be passed through the dried hip-bone of a caribou or moose, and as it gradually became smaller it would splice itself into one long cord, quite capable of holding any fish in the lakes.

SOME SAUSAGE

A sausage measuring 45 feet, 10 inches, was made by Mrs. R. B. Sunday and Mrs. Lester Neikirk during a butchering in Tiffin, Ohio.

GARDENING

That herbs are again coming into their own is proved by the number of herbalists establishments one meets in London and large provincial centres. Even small market towns have their own herbalist and there is a danger of the thing being overdone. Every garden, however small, can find space for a few herb plants and herbs are of such importance that no apology is needed for again writing upon the subject. Here we refer to herbs of value to the cook although some may interest the nurse. They may be annual, biennial or perennial in character. The hardy annual herbs are sown in the open ground in April but the tender annuals and the two other classes require a slight warmth when sown from now onwards and the seedlings are gradually hardened off in frames before being planted in their permanent quarters. Deep soil well treated with manure will give the best results. Allow at least twelve inches apart and keep the surface soil stirred with the hoe. Most herbs like a sunny spot when available. It is hard gardening to stick these plants in any odd corner. Hardy annuals are Anise, Pot Marigold, Green Purslane, Borage, Summer Savory and Rampion. Bush and Sweet Basil are half-hardy annuals and Chervil, Angelica, Marjoram, pot and sweet, and Dill are biennials. Perennial herbs which should be in every garden are Thyme, Sage, Rue, Balm, Fennel, Horehound and Rosemary. Shives are splendid for salads and make good substitutes for onions therein. A flavoring of herbs will make all the difference to a salad or a cooked dish. Continental cooks know

their value and possibilities. From "The Garden," by Cyril Harding in the March issue of "New Health."

LESIONS ON THE LAWN

The soothing vista of fresh green lawns in the shade of leafy avenues is the one great asset of beauty that distinguishes Canadian residential districts from the drab suburban disinterest of towns in less enterprising countries. By the same token, this Spring is to be a busy one for the Canadian home beautifier. During the past winter with its comparatively light covering of snow, ice has played havoc with the lawns. Bare patches are gaping here and there.

In this connection, it is interesting to note the restoration methods of a leading Canadian horticulturist, famous also for the lawns around his home. First of all, he rakes the bare spots clean, and, if necessary, adds a modicum of good, healthy soil. He sows the seed, rakes it gently into the mould, rolls it, and takes great care to keep the bald places moist, as indeed he does to the whole of the lawn. The slight raking and the rolling brings the soil and the seed into intimate contact, thereby ensuring rapid germination. By the time the grass is three or four inches high, it will have sufficient root-hold to withstand the operation of a lawnmower in common with the rest of the lawn. For the first cutting of the new grass on the erstwhile spots the machine is set rather high. The blades should be very sharp and well set to avoid pulling out the young grass. As a rule, however, the lawns of this horticulturist stand the winter well, for the simple reason that in the late fall, October or November, he takes the precaution to spread fertilizer-bone meal or commercial sheep manure

Annual Event of Southern Resort



Miss Maude Purvis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Purvis of Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island, Ont., blonde beauty, was chosen as Miss Canada in the Parade of the States, St. Petersburg, Fla., an annual event of the southern resort. — Photograph by Hunters Studio.

—and roll the lawn thoroughly. If necessary, a sprinkling of seed may be opportune, followed by another intensive rolling. For the renovation of old, worn out lawns, the use of a good fertilizer is imperative, and as regards seed, the usual grass mixture sold by leading firms is generally satisfactory. A very good mixture for Canada, however, may be made of Kentucky Blue Grass and White Dutch Clover at the rate of 35 pounds of the former to one pound of the latter. In making a new lawn this is enough to cover half an acre, but for small lawns one ounce of this mixture is sufficient for three and a half square yards.

As a lawn is more or less a permanent affair, everything depends on the initial foundation. To make a fine lawn it is important that the soil is of a good class, enriched with well rotted yard manure. If this is not available there are many effective commercial fertilizers recommended by seedsmen, but a very satisfactory mixture may be made up of nitrate of soda, one half pound; sulphate of potash, one half pound; and superphosphate and ground bone, one pound of each. This quantity mixed well is sufficient for 100 square feet of surface. In seeding, either for renewing old patches or for making a new lawn, a calm day should be chosen.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Devil's Food Cake

1/4 cup shortening
1 1/4 cups sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1/2 cup buttermilk
1/2 cup cocoa
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon soda in 1/2 cup hot coffee.

Beat shortening, sugar and un-beaten eggs together; add buttermilk. Sift dry ingredients together and add to the first mixture. Add vanilla and hot coffee in which the soda has been dissolved. Pour in a deep square pan and bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour.

Baked Icing

1 egg white
1/4 cup broken nut meats
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
Beat egg white stiff, add brown sugar baking powder, and beat it in. Spread on uncooked cake batter after it is in the baking pan, sprinkle with chopped nuts, and bake at 350 degrees F. until cake is done. Remove from pan very carefully.

Dorothy Dix

Look at the Girl's Mother, Not the Girl, is Dorothy Dix's Advice to Prospective Bridegrooms — If She is Considerate of Her Husband, Grab Her Daughter, But if She is Peevish, Don't Let Wild Horses Drag You to the Altar

A young man who is about to be married asks me if I will give him a few tips about how to make his marriage a success. He says that when a girl is about to set sail on the stormy sea of matrimony everybody loads her down with advice, but that no one ever throws a hint by way of a life preserver to the bridegroom, although he is in just as much need of a chart and compass as the bride is.

This is well. Too long has it been considered that the way a marriage turned out was a matter of luck instead of its being the result of intelligent effort and, anyway, that the success or the failure of it depended exclusively on the woman. Hence I am a helpful sign to find out that a man expects to go fifty-fifty with his wife on making a happy home and keeping her glad that she married him, instead of wondering why she did it.

Now my first piece of advice to my bridegroom is to pick out his mother-in-law first. Don't look at Prettikins. Look at her mother, and listen to her mother talk, and observe how mother treats her husband, because ninety-nine times out of a hundred that will give you a close up of what Prettikins is going to be at 45 and how she will treat you if you marry her.

If mother is a good-looking, progressive, interesting woman; if she is broad-minded and philosophical and laughs things off, and if she is tender and considerate of her husband, grab up Prettikins and rush with her to the nearest preacher. But if mother is slouchy and a sloppy house-keeper, and dull and narrow-minded and prejudiced and peevish and fretful, and if she nags at her husband and keeps his nose to the grindstone, don't let wild horses drag you to the altar with her daughter.

Next, make an intensive study of the bundle of inherited traits and habits and contradictions and nerves and temper that you are tying up with. Most men never really get acquainted with their wives. A husband can live with his wife for forty years without ever discovering why she does certain things and reacts in a certain way to certain other things, and without being able to guess which way the cat is going to jump.

Therefore, they never find out how to manage their wives and they spend their whole married lives in ceaseless wrangles and quarrels and frustrations that could all have been avoided if they had only taken the trouble to find the key to the riddle of how to make their wives eat out of their hands.

Furthermore, in your investigation in feminine psychology I would urge you to pay attention to these three peculiarities of the sex:

First. That women never shed their sweet tooth, no matter how they get. At 90 they still crave to be fed on love talk and to be treated, as if they were brides. Hence, if you want to keep your wife happy, never cease courting her. Give her plenty of hot air and she will not ask for anything else.

Second. Never forget that women put more stress on words than on deeds. A man may work himself to death to lap his wife in luxury, but she will doubt his love and consider herself a poor abused creature if he never mentions the state of his affections to her. But if he will tell her every day how he loves her, she will take in boarders to support him and thank God on her knees for having given her a pearl among husbands.

Third. Remember that women put an inordinate value on little things. You may beat a woman. You may starve her. You may neglect her. And she will still be happy if you will only take her out on an occasional party and remember anniversaries and send her now and then a bunch of flowers.

Use diplomacy in handling your wife. Don't batter yourself to pieces against the stone wall of her peculiarities. Step around them. Don't antagonize her. Placate her. Sugar catches more feminine flies than vinegar does.

If you want your wife to be economical, don't knock her extravagance. Praise her thrift. If you want her to be a good housekeeper, don't criticize her bad cooking. Laud her pies and she will break her neck to come up to your good opinion of her.

Don't get married under the hallucination that two can live as cheap-

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Worthington

Isn't it attractive? When you return home too late to change your "best" frock from an afternoon bridge before preparing dinner, just don this cover-all. And besides entirely covering your frock, you look perfectly charming.



It can be made with ruffled or with puffed sleeves. The wide bow-dash is effective. For frequent tubbing, a dimity in old-blue and white with crisp white organdie sleeves and neck-band as the original is fresh and lovely. Either plain or checked gingham can also be used. Batiste prints, rayon novelties, linen and pongee are nice mediums. It can also be worn for garden or for porch later. Style No. 572 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 39-inch, 1 1/4 yards 39-inch contrasting. Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 572. Size Name Street Address City State

Just as one, to say nothing of a possible three or four or five or six. Don't expect your wife to be a miracle-worker and run a house on air. Realize that matrimony is an expensive luxury and the upkeep of a baby costs as much as to run an automobile. Then when the bills come in you won't have heart failure or row with your wife over them.

Finally, keep on selling yourself to your wife. You study ways of pleasing your employer or your customers and making yourself solid with them. Use the same tactics in dealing with your wife. Don't imagine that because she is in love with you that she is going to stay in love with you, no matter how you look or how you treat her.

Just remember that getting married is the biggest business deal you will ever go into, and put as much intelligence and energy and patience into making a go of it as you would in any enterprise out of which you expected to make a million.

And, if you do, you will make a success of it. DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

Mr. H.—a teacher, and his wife were discussing the modern way of teaching physiology, as compared with the way they were taught. "Why," said he, "I'll wager there's not a child in school now that can give the name of a single bone in the body." Elizabeth piped up: "I know the name of one. 'What is it?' asked the mother. "Why, it's the crazy bone!"

A small boy went into a grocery store for a box of matches. Presently he returned, saying: "Please, mother says these matches won't light." "Won't light!" cried the grocer. "Why look here!" and he struck one on the rear of his trousers. The boy took the matches away, but presently returned with them once more. "Please, sir, mother says she hasn't time to come and scratch all

her matches on you." Boss (to office boy): "Where's your hat?" Office Boy: "On my head, sir." Boss: "Where should it be?" Office Boy: "On father's."

Simple German Remedy For Stomach Trouble

The simple German remedy, Adlerka reaches the UPPER bowel, washing out poisons which cause stomach trouble. One dose stops gas bloating. Hughes Drug Co., Ltd.

(Canadian Press) OTTAWA, April 7.—Six divorce bills were given third reading in the House of Commons tonight. The measures encountered no opposition.

When East meets West, what happens. The answer will be disclosed at the end of the three game series between the Saskatoon Quakers and the Moncton Hawks. Let's go Hawks, we're pullin' for you.

THAT ALL-TIRED-OUT FEELING IN SPRING CAN BE BANISHED

Actual Authentic Blood Tests Prove That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Will Correct Conditions Underlying Lassitude

There is a definite medical reason for that Springtime "all-tired-out feeling." Winter living conditions have thinned and devitalized your blood stream. A blood test would probably show that it isn't carrying the amount of oxygen—Nature's great vitalizer—required by the body tissues. Your blood is deficient in haemoglobin, the vital element which carries oxygen through the system. That is why you are languid, listless, and easily fatigued.

This condition can be quickly made right. Actual tests recently directed by a reputable physician definitely proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills greatly increase the haemoglobin and the red corpuscles in the blood stream—which is your life stream—and thereby revitalize the whole system.

Patients of both sexes—whose names and complete records are on file—were given a treatment of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills under the physician's supervision, and actual blood tests were taken by him. In his words, "The improvement was nothing short of remarkable." Every patient showed splendid increases in haemoglobin, some over 20 per cent. The real significance of the restorative effects of this world-famous remedy is seen when it is stated that the symptoms of these

SWEET VANITY

RICHARD GOYNE

She was moving slowly to the open door when he called her back. "One moment, please." His voice was listless rather than emotional. "I want to tell you that you need no longer hold to your bargain."

She had turned in the doorway, and her hand flew to her heart as she saw the chill dullness in his eyes. Two nights ago that confession of defeat would have thrilled her with triumph. Now, coming upon the heels of such a misunderstanding, it stupefied her. It was as though a clammy hand laid itself on her heart, all unexpectedly, so that she had not even room for pride.

"You mean," she stammered, "that you want me to give you back your ring?"

"I want you," he answered simply, "to marry the man you love; even if, tersely, 'it will only save you from the necessity of repeating such a disastrous piece of folly as you chose for tonight.'"

And now Cynthia understood the vital emotion blazing beneath his exterior calm. "Are you—are you referring to Dicky?" she cried. "If so, I can assure you I haven't the slightest in-

tervention of marrying him." The last word was a gasp, as she realized how he must interpret what she had said. This was surely his final disillusionment.

"I think you might, at least, have omitted to state that so definitely," he replied, taking the ring she had drawn mechanically from her hand. "As to the future, Cynthia, you may be assured that, whatever your plans, I shall not stand in your way."

He opened the door for her. The rain fell silently, having waned into but a showery shadow of its former anguish, by the time she reached the lodge gates of her home, and she stepped from the car into the roadway. She refused his offer to carry her case to the house and, in deference to her wish he put it out after her, speaking and acting as if she had become nothing more to him, now, than the merest acquaintance.

"Goodnight." The door closed. The car leapt viciously forward and away through the rain. Cynthia swayed as she stared after it, a sob of helplessness upon her trembling lips. What had happened? What had happened? Nothing, so far as she was concerned, yet—

Peter had gone. He didn't want her. He could think such things. He could—

under the heel of pride and bitterness and passionate anger, but thrice intensified. "So that's—that!" Cynthia picked up the case and, with tears and rain mingling upon her white face, turned up the winding drive towards the house.

CHAPTER IX

It was late the next afternoon that a letter arrived by hand, from the Cavendish-Marland premises in the town. The messenger found Cynthia alone on the tennis lawn, and delivered it himself.

It was from Peter, and it was as astounding as it was brief: "Dear Cynthia, 'I am leaving Midley in less than an hour, for London. Tomorrow, I sail for an ultimate destination unknown even to myself.

"Upon what you already know, I am honor bound to add a confirmation I learned myself only two hours ago. I had no right to seek your love. I am not free.

"Whatever the future holds for me does not matter; even, very much I am afraid, to me.

"I am adding one word of appeal for a man I have come to honour and respect most deeply. Your father's happiness depends more upon you, and your behaviour, than you may think. Isn't it rather up to you to remember that fact, in return for all he has done and suffered for you?"

"Good-bye. I do not see how we can ever meet again.

PETER CAVENDISH." Peter gone!

For a moment of anguish Cynthia stood there in the gleaming sunlight, staring at the letter. She motioned the messenger aside, burning panic eating at her heart. "Wait, I must telephone—"

She turned to race towards the house, but the memory of a sentence in that letter, and of last night, stopped her ere she reached the gate in the tall wire fencing of the court.

She stiffened, her lips setting in a firm line. It was too soon to re-use that Peter was gone for ever. It would be too late to call him back when she did.

She shook her head defiantly. "I don't care. I don't! Let him go! He was a beast to think—"

She beckoned the messenger. "Mr. Cavendish is expecting an answer?"

The youth shook his head. "I do not think so, ma'am. He was leaving when he gave me that letter. He's gone off to London, I think."

Cynthia nodded, and then an unintended laugh of bitterness broke from her lips. "Then of course it would be absurd to write. Please do not wait." She watched the messenger striding away over the lumpy ground to the drive, heard the gravel crunch under his heels as he made

towards the road. Cynthia stiffened and, turning, walked deliberately back to the nets and picked up the racket with which she had been practising an over-hand drive. "Viciously she struck at a ball, and it struck the net and rolled back—like a message from fate—to her feet.

She stooped to retrieve it, but once again the drive failed because, though her eyes were shaded from the sunlight, there were tears there that had nothing to do with the elements.

How the high gods must have been laughing! They who, from pinnacles unseen and insurmountable by mortals, could see both the unconsciously weeping girl and her lover speeding away. Could see the miles between and the distance ahead. Never meet! Riotous laughter must have been echoing over the silver clouds!

The fringe of the drama they had fashioned had been barely touched upon. They were already, indeed, preparing the next malevolent move.

Cynthia made another shot, and then turned back towards the house. It would be a very lonely evening, for Mr. Marland was away on business again as usual. He would be home quite late, long after Cynthia had retired. She was nearing the house when the front doors opened and Sun-

mons, the butler, came running out, the picture of startled anguish.

He was a simple soul, emotional beneath his dignity. Something had staggered that dignity out of him and his big eyes were splashed with tears as he stumbled down the drive towards his mistress. (To Be Continued)

The most notorious woman in Asia today is Sai Choi San, a pirate queen who operates a fleet of 12 heavily armed ships in the South China Sea.

Clydesdale Stallion

Registered Clydesdale Stallion Prince of Orange No. 26165, will stand for the season of 1933 at the owners stables. Terms on application. GEORGE N. OWEN, Owner North River. 8819-4-10-Mon-31.

FARM FOR SALE BY TENDER

I offer my farm at Mt. Herber 130 acres. Formerly old Orphanage property. Tender to close April 15th. I do not bind myself to accept the highest or any tender. EDDIE FARQUHARSON, Charlottetown. R. R. 3 8728-4-5-61.