

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

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

By Mari Moore, Specially contributed to The Guardian for Guardian Readers.

Lemon Ice (home made) Four cups water, 2 cups sugar, 3-4 cup lemon juice. Make a syrup by boiling water and sugar 5 minutes; add lemon juice, cool, strain and freeze. If this ice is to be made in the tray of a mechanical refrigerator, the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs should be folded into it when it has just started to freeze.

Baked Parkerhouse Sandwich Make Parkerhouse rolls or finger rolls in the usual way and allow them to rise sufficiently. Before putting in the oven, fold a fresh small sausage in each, with a small pat of butter. Bake in a hot oven. These sandwiches need no extra butter. A tea biscuit mixture may be used in place of the raised dough. These are delicious to serve after a skating party.

English Rolled Wafers (commonly called brandy wafers) One half cup molasses, 1-2 cup butter, 1 cup sifted flour, 2-3 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon ginger. Heat the molasses to boiling point, add butter, then slowly, stirring constantly, flour mixed and sifted with ginger and sugar. Drop small portions from tip of teaspoon on a buttered cookie sheet, two inches apart. Bake in a slow oven, and while still warm roll over handle of wooden spoon. These are very attractive to serve with frozen desserts. For variety they may be rolled cornucopia shape and filled with a little whipped cream.

De John's Tea

I was going to take it for granted that every lady knows how to make tea, but thought better of it, so here are the directions.

HOW TO MAKE TEA: Three teaspoons of a good brand of tea, 2 cups boiling water. Soak in earthen or china teapot. Put in tea and pour on boiling water. Let stand in warm place for five minutes. Strain and serve immediately. If more tea is required discard used leaves, rinse out tea pot and repeat process.

Now to continue with our De John's tea is simple: Merely put three whole fresh cloves in each tea cup before serving. You will enjoy this little change.

Rolled Ribbon Sandwich Slice a very fresh sandwich loaf of white bread lengthwise into 6 or 7 slices. Remove crusts with knife or scissors. Spread with creamed butter and then with a soft filling of

cream cheese mixed with mayonnaise. Cut a dill pickle into four strips.

ECONOMICAL SUPPER MENU

By Mary Moore The meat departments of cash and carry stores have been offering pork spare ribs for sale at from 7 to 9 cents per pound, lately. These, when stuffed with a savory dressing are good both hot and cold. Please observe in the recipe that they are to be baked slowly and well covered, —if they are uncovered and baked quickly they will dry out.

SUPPER MENU Baked stuffed spare ribs, scalloped tomatoes, baked savory squash, strained apple sauce (cheese straws).

Baked Stuffed Spare Ribs Purchase the spare ribs in long strips and wipe well with damp cloth. Spread with stuffing see below and roll up and tie. Place in baking dish with one quarter inch of water in bottom and bake slowly covered until tender. Remove cover during last ten minutes of baking to brown them.

Spare Ribs Stuffing Three cups fresh bread crumbs, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon powdered sage, 1 large onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, a little warm milk. Chop onion finely and fry until transparent but not brown in butter. Add butter and onions to bread crumbs and the rest of the seasonings. Add enough warm milk to moisten all the crumbs very slightly.

Scalloped Tomatoes To one large tin of tomatoes add one small onion sliced very finely. Place in baking dish, season with salt and cover with one cup buttered crumbs. Heat through in oven and brown crumbs slightly.

A Wide Variety of Foods Is Allowed In The Diets of Children From One And One-Half To Eight Years

By Mary Moore Every day and in every way there are fewer and fewer modern mamas who are alarmed when told to give their babies orange juice at 6 weeks and a tiny ration of banana pulp at three or four months. Do they have in mind just as surely the necessities for the slightly older infants? I have in mind the little 1-2 year olds who because there is more latitude in their

Head Colds Vapors inhaled quickly clear head VICKS VapoRub OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

The Critic On the Hearth Dorothy Dix Says: Wastes Time And Loses Happiness

Shall a Husband and Wife Correct Each Other's Faults?—Not Unless They Are Ready to Ruin Their Marriage, Says Dorothy Dix, for the One Thing None of us Can Stand is Criticism From the Partner of Our Bosom

A correspondent wants to know if husbands and wives should attempt to correct each other's faults. Well, not unless they are of the scrapping breed who enjoy a fight for its own sake, or else, possess the fineness of a diplomat. Possibly a red-headed couple, part of whose bridal attire was a chip on the shoulder, may get fun out of trying to make each other nearer to their heart's desire. Possibly Talleyrand was able to tell Mrs. Talleyrand that she had no taste in dress and that her new hat made her look like heck, without having to buy her a new outfit to solace her wounded feelings, but pacifists and plain-speaking men and women are wise to lay off the partners of their bosoms and let strangers and their enemies, who don't have to live with, tell them of their faults.



Of course, this is an unfortunate situation, but it is a situation. It is a thousand pities that husbands and wives cannot point out their shortcomings to each other and thus give each other a chance to correct their little weaknesses and improve their manners and their conversation and their general technique. Also, it would give each the opportunity of avoiding doing the things that get upon the nerves of their mates.

It is tragic that Mrs. A. can't tell Mr. A. that the way he gorges his soup makes her want to scream and causes him to be a laughing stock to all who know him, or that he is a misfit as a wit and should never attempt to tell a funny story, or that he should cut out his personal reminiscences because nobody but a man's mother and his wife want to hear all about when he was a little boy with pale-green freckles on his hands.

And it is equally tragic that Mr. A. can't tell Mrs. A. that she is eating too much and getting fat, and that her clothes always look as if some woman had bought them who was trying to even up an old grudge, and that she puts on her make-up like she was painting a barn, or that people flee at her approach to avoid having to listen to all the gory details of her operation, or the smart thing that Junior said. But it can't be done and keep out of the divorce court.

In practically every married couple one or the other comes of a better family, is more intelligent, better educated, and has had superior social advantages to the other, and could do much toward improving and polishing up the partner of his or her bosom if only she or he would stand for a course of home instruction.

But, human nature being what it is, the one thing that no husband or wife will endure is even the intimation that the one to whom he or she is married does not consider him or her flawless. A man will let another man point out his faults to him. He will meekly submit to having his boss turn the searchlight on his every foible, but let his wife dare to suggest there is a single blemish in his whole set-up and it is as good for a family ruckion as a nickel is for a ginger cake.

Same way with wives. Women do not resent having their mothers and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts and their best friends point out their shortcomings to them. On the contrary, they listen with an open mind and try to profit by the admonitions they receive. But let a husband attempt to correct a wife's faults and there are tears and iminations and recriminations.

A Morning Smile

Husband (making overtures after quarrel): And what little Christmas present shall I buy for the one I love best? Wife (sarcastically): How about a box of cigars?

"Shine your boots, guv'nor?" "No." "Shine your boots so yer can see yer face in them." "No." "Well, I don't blame yer."

Sympathy

Mrs. Haspirin had just been presented with a beautiful new fur coat by her husband. "You know, Oswald," she said, as she stood admiring herself in the long mirror, "one really can't help feeling sorry for the poor thing that was skinned for this." Oswald going through his bank book, nodded grimly and said: "I appreciate your sympathy, dear."

It is the critic on the hearth who breaks up more homes than all vamps and all the shekls. It is the nagging wife who is always harping on her husband's defects who sends him roaming in search of some woman who will apply the salve to the sore places where her tongue has rasped the skin off his vanity. It is the husband who is always knocking his wife in everything she does, from the way she combs her hair to the way she makes bread, who drives her into the arms of some glib-tongued flatterer who tells her how beautiful and marvelous she is.

It is easy to understand why husbands and wives cannot endure fault-finding from each other, and why they resent criticism from each other more than they do from anybody else in the world. It is the negation of everything they married for. It is the smashing into smithereens of their fondest hopes and faith.

Why, the thing that first attracts a man and woman to each other is mutual admiration. They see themselves glorified in each other's eyes. The man falls in love with the girl because she regards him as a romantic Fairy Prince and an oracle. The girl falls in love with the man because he makes her feel that he looks upon her as a concatenation of all the charms and virtues of her sex. And they marry to secure this worshipful audience to themselves.

Picture, then, the dismay of the man when he discovers after marriage that, instead of regarding him as a wonder man, his wife thinks of him as a poor, weak creature whose judgment is bad, whose grammar is faulty, whose table manners need revamping and whose conversation requires expurgation.

And fancy the death blow it is to a wife when she realizes that she is no longer an angel to her husband, but a fussy little hen or a twittering sparrow, and when he spends his time picking flaws in her instead of magnifying her virtues.

Flesh and blood can't stand it. For it is somehow necessary for a man to have his wife look up to him and regard him as a hero, no matter what a callous world thinks about him, and it is necessary for a woman to believe that her husband thinks her the Great and Only. And, when this belief is shattered, all the happiness has gone out of marriage and it is nothing but an endurance test.

And that's why wise husbands and wives never tell each other of their faults.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

And never a one too many! Don't you think this model just precious? And you can make it sleeveless, if you like. The yoke gives the impression of a cape. There is an inverted plait at the front and at the back, which provides ample fullness to the skirt for romping about. A tweed-like cotton in blue and red tones with white pique trim is too cunning for words, as illustrated.



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For The Cook

Ham Appetizer

One-quarter pound home-cooked ham, one-quarter pound cooked roast pork, two tablespoons minced parsley, two tablespoons thick cream, two tablespoons chopped olives, two tablespoons chopped walnuts, mayonnaise. Chop meat fine, mix with other ingredients, and enough mayonnaise to enable one to spread the mixture between thin slices of buttered bread. Cut in finger lengths.

Roquefort Sandwiches

One-half cup Roquefort cheese, one-half teaspoon paprika, one dessertspoon lemon juice, two dessertspoons tomato catsup. Mix well together; spread between slices rye bread.

Somerset Sandwiches

Mix together one-half cup canned shrimps, one-half cup cooked chicken livers, chopped fine, one-half red sweet pepper, chopped and one-half Bermuda onion, peeled and chopped. Season with salt, cayenne and mayonnaise. Spread between the slices buttered bread and cut in fancy shapes.

Expect Big Shad Season

(Special to the Guardian) MONCTON, N. B., Jan. 26.—Shad fishermen in the Maritimes, if an old superstition holds good, are looking forward to 1933 as one of the seasons of plenty insofar as shad is concerned. The superstition is that every third year will be a big shad season. The last run in coastal waters, according to the Natural Resources Department of the Canadian National Railways was in 1930. At one time shad was in such abundance that it was one of the standbys in the Maritimes for fish, but of later years it has become somewhat of a delicacy although still plentiful. Last season an exceptional run late in the fall afforded some of the unemployed an opportunity to salt some down for the winter, particularly in Saint John, N. B., and Amherst, N. B.

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The Double Act

A Romance of the Theatre BY MARION TOMLINSON

At this moment, whether it was thought transference, or merely a natural impulse, the porter did begin to whistle through his teeth, gazing stolidly at the ceiling the while. He could not make anything of this disconcerting girl. Turning people away from the great producer's door was the chief pleasure of his existence. It gave him a sense of power. Sometimes they went away laughing, sometimes crushed. Sometimes they stayed a moment to argue or threaten him. But to sit calmly in a chair and laugh in his face! Tonkins choked and grew purple. He brought his eyes from the ceiling to glare at Rosemary. He'd show that chit of a girl what was what. He'd see if . . .

At that moment the outer door opened and Nell Forrest came in. She glanced at Rosemary with no sign of recognition and tapped on the porter's desk with the air that she reserved for her "grande dame" parts.

"Just take my card in to Mr. Grenoble, my man," she commanded laying a bit of white pasteboard on the table. To get the card, Tonkins had to cross the room, leaving the producer's door unguarded. He glanced resolutely at Rosemary.

"Am I to be kept waiting all morning?" said Nell haughtily. With a threatening look at the smiling girl in the chair the porter dashed across the room toward the card—and turned to see the door of the room marked "Private" closing behind Rosemary's back.

presented, then became annoyed as he failed to recognise her. "I'm Rosemary Martin," said the girl, hesitatingly as Grenoble rose and bowed, comely polite. "The only difference from last night is that I have a clean face this morning."

Grenoble looked at her, still puzzled, and Rosemary waited quietly till he exclaimed suddenly, "Leslie Gail come and sit down, Leslie. Why didn't you tell Tonkins you were here?"

Rosemary realized how the mistake had happened. "I forgot that you would only know me by my stage name," she confessed. "I've always used my own name till this last engagement when Layton insisted that I change to something that sounded more like a boy."

Grenoble chuckled. "Well, you look like anything but a boy now," he said. "I've made some plans for you. But first let me hear exactly how you stand with Layton."

CHAPTER VII. THE MAKING OF A LEGEND

Rosemary stood up quickly and braced herself instinctively as if for attack. The woman before her was twice her age, and showed it in the hard morning light that poured through the windows of Grenoble's office. She was, however, even in that light exceedingly beautiful in a dark, passionate fashion. Her brilliant eyes were narrow and hard under curving brows, her mouth was a hard, angry line, and her body like that of some wild animal ready to spring. Rosemary half expected a sudden leap.

"Dolores, however, having taken the girl in with a contemptuous sweep of her long lashes, turned to Grenoble. "So this is my successor!" she drawled, putting into the words a meaning that made Rosemary stiffen. "You'll pay for this, Gren."

Grenoble, who had risen with a frigid politeness, bowed with the suspicion of a shrug. "There's no need to be difficult, Dolores," he said. "You're extremely beautiful and you know it, but you haven't a monopoly on all the beauty in the world. I happen to need something golden and, well—innocent, for the next show. This girl will be a wonderful foil for

you, can't you see it?" With a short unpleasant laugh Dolores Monclair turned her back on him. Again the insolent black lashes swept Rosemary from head to foot.

Peters Road And Vicinity

Whatever the coming months may have in store for us, nobody would say that this is an old-fashioned winter. It would almost seem as if some seismic disturbance had veered the course of the Gulf Streams in closer proximity to the Maritimes. Should this be the case, the closing of the Strait of Belle Isle, advocated by some enthusiasts as a means of diverting from our shores the cold currents of the Arctic, would be obviated.

Yellow Snow At Chicoutimi

CHICOUTIMI, Que., Jan. 26.—The good folk of Chicoutimi pinched themselves today as yellowish gray snow tumbled softly out of the sky. Satisfied after comparing notes that they were not suffering from biliousness or color blindness, local weather experts were at a loss to explain the phenomenon. The town had an eerie appearance as a wan winter sun shone on rooftops and bellies mottled in a sickly grayish yellow covering of snow that was undoubtedly ordinary snow in fancy dress. About an inch of Peters Road and Mr. Charles fell.

A Severe Cold Turned To Bronchitis

Mr. G. M. Kinger, R.R. No. 4, Winnipeg, Man., writes: "Last winter I was bothered with a severe cold which turned to bronchitis. A neighbor, who had been troubled with bronchitis, advised me to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and I had only taken two bottles when I found my trouble had left me. Now when any of the family get a cold we just take 'Dr. Wood's' and avoid further trouble." Price 35c a bottle; large family size 65c; at all drug and general stores; put up only by The T. Millers Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

access I wanted before putting up the notices for this present one. I'm sick of Dolores. She thinks she can act, she thinks she can sing—she thinks she can do a dozen things she can't do. I want someone who will put herself entirely in my hands and consent just to look beautiful in a series of the most wonderful settings London has ever seen. I want a Melisande with long golden braids, a Lady Godiva lost in a golden mist of hair. Will you give yourself wholly up to my ideas for you? I'll make you the administration of London."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

new Japanese sponsored state of Manchukuo, was unchanged and considerable importance was attached to the President-elect's views on this matter.

Sino - Japanese Situation Still Before League

GENEVA, Switzerland, Jan. 26.—(A.P.)—Although finding the Japanese counter proposals unacceptable, the special committee of the League of Nations considering the Sino-Japanese situation has decided to give conciliation one more chance and has asked the Japanese if they would waive other objections to the assembly's plan of procedure if the assembly agreed not to invite non-member states to participate in the negotiations for settlement.

May Sell Steamers

MONTREAL, Jan. 25.—Sale of the Prince David and Prince Henry, two passenger steamers built three years ago in England for Canadian National Steamships is contemplated, it was learned here today. The vessels, now at Halifax, were recently examined by representatives of French shipping interests engaged in operating a service across the Mediterranean between Marseilles and Algiers, but their preliminary offer was considered to be too low.

AUCTION SALE

OF FURNITURE, FARM STOCK AND PRODUCE AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS OF THE LATE GEORGE FORBES, AT VERNON BRIDGE. AS DIRECTED BY Order of the Court of Chancery, in the matter of McLean vs. Forbes, No. D 154, will set up and sell by Public Auction on the premises of the late George Forbes at Vernon Bridge in Queen's County, on Thursday the second day of February, A. D. 1933, beginning at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the household furniture, farm stock, farming implements and farm produce of or belonging to the estate of the said George Forbes, deceased.

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