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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

KEEP HOPPING

Two frogs fell into a milk pail deep
And one poor frog did nothing but weep.
He sank to the bottom as heavy as lead
And there in the morning they found him dead.
The other frog shouted: "I'll have a good try:
The pail may be deep but I don't want to die."
He churned up the milk with his legs, fore and hind.
There's nothing like having a masterful mind,
For when the next morning the froggy was found,
On a pat of fresh butter he floated around.

—Mrs. Charles Dunnan, Aurora Out.

NAIL BRUSH

Few seem to realize it, but there's a special technique in using a nail brush. Once you get into the habit of doing it correctly, you'll be amazed at the improvement in the appearance of your hands and at the way your nails retain polish.

After removing old polish, take a small bowl of warm soapy water and begin scrubbing. Push your finger tips down into the bristles and rub the brush back and forth. Treat the thumbs separately.

Then, using the brush as you would a buffer, scour the tops of the nails, softening the cuticle and removing minor stains. Major stains may be taken off with a bit of lemon juice. If you have callouses smooth them down with a piece of pumice.

Now, with circular movements brush each nail again. You'll notice that this step removes more dead cuticle and gives the fingers a suave, well-groomed look. Rinse your hands, pushing cuticle back with the towel. If the little white moons still don't show, dip a cotton-wrapped orange-stick in cuticle remover and gently move it around the edge of each nail. Rinse again and your nails are ready for polish.

Rmember that the right nail brush is just as important as a good file, an orange-stick and a polish that doesn't change color once you get it on. It should be rather small to hold in the hand and composed of flexible bristles, spaced rather far apart.

THE HAT TRICK.

A funny incident occured at the British House of Commons the other day. A tin of liquid eggs, the property of Mr. Tom Johnston, M.P. who had brought it to the House to demonstrate his arguments on the subject of the import of certain foodstuffs, was accidently upset in the cloak-room, the contents trickling into another member's bowler hat!

The occurance, which caused much much laughter, reminded me that once Tree, the great actor, found a certain author poaching an egg in a silk hat over a spirit stove. Tree said he thought it a great joke —until he discovered that it was his hat, Then he insisted that it was poor fun!

BLIND WOMAN OPERATOR OPERATES SWITCHBOARD

Totally blind, Mrs. Josephine Enever operates the busy telephone switchboard at the Cleveland Society of Blind offices. Through her real job is home instructor for blind persons, teaching them to read Braille, type, sew and earn money, she has been filling in at the switchboard job when workers had to double up on duties.

With the fall sales of the society's products having just finished, Christmas calls are now keeping the switchboard busy. "One buzz tells me the call is coming in and a click of the shutter tells me someone is on the phone," Mrs. Enever says.

"Dial system is probably easier for me to handle than the average sighted person, because all I need to know is the number of the finer holes and the way the letters are placed." Mrs. Enever takes down all messages that come over the wire, on a Braille typewriter and later transcribes them on a regular machine.

AIRTIGHT CORKS

To made corks airtight, dip them into a boiling mixture of equal proportions of mutton fat and beeswax. Do not use them until quite dry.

BELGRAVE SQUARE

Rather over a hundred years ago there was a large expanse of waste ground not far from the village of Knightsbridge on it the villagers used to hang out their washing, and twopenny cock fights were not uncommon there. A little later it was acquired for building purposes, some 50 of the largest houses in London were erected on it, and it was called Belgrave Square the name being one of the titles of the Grosvenors, on whom later the Dukedom of Westminister was conferred. When the Duke and Duchess of Kent take up their residence in Belgrave Square they will have as neighbors no fewer than 15 Peers and the official representatives of five nations.

VELVET SASHES

There is an upswing in velvet girdles again—they are a prominent factor in resort frocks for evening—those lovely soft chiffons in luscious colors that are being revived this season for Southern wear. The velvet girdles are usually in a tone lighter than the frock, and the contrasts which they achieve are a delight. An orange chiffon frock is lovely with a girdle of yellow, or a purple frock adds a delicate pink velvet girdle. Also in the matter of girdles, very wide moire ribbon is crushd for such use with long trailingk sash ends which suggest floating panels.

ETIQUETTE AT ROYAL WEDDING

No woman can resist the fascination of a wedding, and when the bride or bridegroom is connected with royalty the interest becomes intensified, writes Hon. Mrs. Lascelles in the Glasgow Herald But there are some very interesting peculiarities connected with royal weddings not generally known.

I wonder, for instance, how many of the lucky people who have been able to witness a royal wedding have noticed that the bridal veil never covers the face of the bride? The reason is perhaps more romantic than you way think.

ANCIENT CUSTOM

It dates back in ancient times, when it was no unusual thing for intrigue and plot to take their part in the marriage ceremony, and when the abduction of the bride and the substitution of another woman had to be guarded against. Thus, to ensure the figure in the wedding dress was really the prince's espoused the regulations insisted that no part of the face should be covered. And that regulation holds good to this day.

There are many such rules affecting a royal wedding. Court etiquette decides the design of the bridal dress and those of the bridesmaids. The maids themselves even have to be approved by the King, and neither the bride nor the bridegroom has any say in deciding who shall be the officialing clergy at the ceremony. Etiquette and tradition, too, rule the length of the bridal train and the set of the veil, while the bouquet or the Prayer Book which the royal princess carries is also decided by Court officials.

WEDDING GIFT PROBLEMS

Not the least of the troubles which beset the royal couple is the acceptance of wedding presents. Gifts pour in from king and commoner a like but amongst them it is often easy to find one or two which have been obviously sent purely for the sake of advertisement. With such as these the greatest tact has to be exercised and very often the rule is made that no presents can be accepted from outside the Court circle.

The strangest things have been given as presents. Imagine a doll among the other costly gifts! That happened once, many years ago when Mary, the ten-year-old daughter of Charles I., was married to Wiliam of Orange.

Young men and women today, who may marry almost whom they choose, are far luckier than any prince or princess. The sons and daughters of the royal household have to exercise the greatest care over their affections. George III was quite determined that royalty should have nothing to do with commoners, and thus he secured the passing by Parliament of the Royal Marriage Act. This forbade the marriage of any of the descendants of George II without the consent of the King before they attained the age of twenty-five. Even after that age the assent of Parliament had to be obtained. But if this Act was meant primarily to prevent the marriage of royalty and commoners it has failed, for its was soon found to be quite easy to circumvent its conditions.

RESPECTING ROYAL WISHES

If the bride of a prince be outside the royal circle, then she is immediately accorded the rank of royalty and receives all the privileges and honors which her husband posseses. Upon her marriage the Duchess of York was allowed to have a Lady-in-Waiting, but she did not have the power to choose who should fill this very important position. In all things, whether it be with regard to marriage or Court appointments, the royal wishes and traditions have to be respected.

To return to the marriage ceremony itself it is not generally known that in olden times the service took place, not in the church itself, but outside in the porch. This was the custom right up to the time of Edward I., when the Revised Prayer Book directed that the whole of the ceremony should be solemnized within the building.

In the custody of the Clerk of the Closets at St. James's Palace is one of the most valuable volumes in the world. It is a great morocco-bound book and in it are the records of all royal baptisms, marriages, births and burials from the very earliest times. Both the bride and the bridegroom have to sign this book after a royal wedding, as well as sign the register. The signing is no light task, for it must be remembered that there are often more than 20 witnesses.

PRINCESS ROYAL'S LICENSE

Not many people would care to pay fifty pounds for their marraige license, yet that was the sum paid for the document prepared for Princess Mary. The finest vellum was used and the words, instead of being printed, were written by hand in deep back ink with frequent red underlinings. Quill pens were used and in order to obtain the various thicknesses required no less than twenty of them were handled by the craftsman! This beautiful piece of work may be the last of its kind which will ever be carried out in this country, since the art of engrossing is dying out to make way for the quicker, if less beautiful, art of printing.

When George IV. married, the custom was for the bridegroom to present each of his principal guests with a gold ring. It is said that that king spent no less than £4000 carrying out this custom and that Parliament had to "foot the bill." Taxpayers need not fear any such thing nowadays, since that time the guests have had to be satisfied with a good wedding such thing nowadays; since that breakfast in place of the rather expensive jewellery!

THE HONEYMOON

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles spent but a brief portion of their honeymoon in Britain, the rest being passed first in France and then in Italy. This was, however, a departure from the recognized custom, since hitherto it had been the rule for royal couples to borrow some isolated country mansion in England and there reside very quietly until the time came for them to take up their ordinary way of living, with its endless round of public engagement.

Perhaps it is best that in this modern world royal marriages should still be such formal affairs. It would be a thousand pities were all the pomp and ceremony, the tradition, and the rites which have survived through the ages to be done away with on such a very solemn and magnificent occasion After all the world has few such occasions left, so I for one hope that Britain will always be faithful to her beautiful royal weddings.

A Morning Smile

"Silent Cal" Speaks

One of many good stories in the biography of the laconic President Coolidge, "Silent Cal," is that of a conversation with his wife on his return from a church service at which a new minister had been inducted. The talk ran as follows:—

"Was there a sermon?"—"Yes."

"Was it good?"—"Yes."

"What was it about?"—"Sin."

"What was the preacher's attitude to sin?"—"Against."

Tact Rewarded

"But, lady," protested the tramp, "since you were a small tot—nearly 20 years ago—I've always received something from this house."

"W-why, that's different, my good man, I'll see what I can do."

Grandma Vs. Modern Girl — Dorothy Dix — Powders Dateless Shebas Of Today

What's Wrong With the Modern Woman?—Never Was Her Sex so Beautiful, so Intelligent, so Entertaining, Yet Never in All History Has Woman Found it so Difficult to Secure Attentions From Men

Never in the whole history of the feminine sex have women been so attractive as they are now, and never have women found it so hard to secure attentions from men. Never has it been so difficult to catch a husband, or to keep one after he was caught. Never were there so many old maids and never so many divorces. Bite on that for a while.

In this present year of grace feminine pulchritude has reached its high mark for all time. The country is full of Miss Americas who could take the title away from Venus de Milo any day, and even in the lower beauty branches there are multitudes of girls who are balm to the eyes. In fact, you hardly ever see a really homely woman nowadays. Modern girls, taking them by and large, are a hundred per cent better-looking than their grandmothers were.

In grandma's time a woman had to stay even as God made her. If she was lumpy and fat, she got lumpier and fatter as time went on. If she had a saleratus biscuit complexion and stringy, mouse-colored hair, she accepted them as an affliction set on her by a mysterious Providence and tried to fix her thoughts on Heaven instead of earthly vanities.

But the modern girl who wasn't born in the bathing-beauty class snaps her fingers in the face of Mother Nature and proceeds to show her a trick or two. If she is fat, she diets and exercises herself down to whatever weight she desires. She turns her sandy hair into plantinum blonde or gold or silver or henna, and puts a crimp in it that is twice as good as the real thing. She turns a sallow skin into a peaches-and-cream confection that looks good enough to eat, and with her trusty lipstick metamorphoses a pale, straight mouth into a cupid's bow.

Then, too, the modern woman has learned how to dress. She has become clothes-conscious and an adept at picking out the colors and lines that spotlight her good points and camouflage her bad ones. She puts no faith in the lying old saw that beauty unadorned is the most adorned. She knows that fine feathers make fine birds, and the result is that the frump, once so common, is almost as extinct as the Dodo.

Just consider how seldom you see a really plain girl or a dowdy, ill-dressed woman and you will realize that one of the greatest modern improvements is the improvement in women's looks.

Women are much more interesting than they used to be. They are far more entertaining to talk to. In former times few women had much education. In great-grandmother's day the question was gravely debated as to whether it would corrupt a young female's morals to teach her geography. So women could not have been very thrilling conversationalists.

As a matter of fact, a really nice young girl wasn't supposed to have an idea in her head beyond how to make tatting, and the most she ever talked about were the birds and the flowers. All books were carefully expurgated before a young person was permitted to read them, and it would have been a greater blot on her escutcheon for her to have had an original idea than it would for her to have committed an original sin. Poor, dear grandma couldn't have been much of a social asset to a clever, highly educated man.

But granddaughter can give the best of them a run for their money. She is educated and cultivated and well read. She can discuss the latest books and the political situation and the stock market and Babe Ruth's batting average, and has views on the Balkan question and the new Deal, and she knows the newest gossip and the latest scandal. And although, unlike Lady Kew's daughter in Thackeray's story, she isn't 40 years old, she has heard all there is to be told.

She has traveled and been places and seen and done things, and that has given her a broader outlook on life. She is no longer shocked at everything that is new to her, or thinks that the whole world should conform to her little provincial habits and customs.

It must be a lot more fun for a man to go about now with Sophisticated Sally, who knows what it is all about than it was with Dumb Dora, who missed a lot of the fine points of a book or a play or a story, and where a man had to be always explaining things and watching his steps lest he trip over his tongue and say something that would horrify her to death.

Then the modern woman knows how to do things that grandmother didn't. Grandmother swooned at a scratch on her finger. Miss Up-to-Date could wade through buckets of blood without turning a hair to give first aid in an accident. Grandmother couldn't walk three miles to save her life. The modern girl can hike all day and dance all night. Grandmother was helpless. The modern girl can do anything from putting on an automobile tire to hustling out and making her own living. And she is a good sport who takes life on the chin and comes up smiling, where the women of the past sat down and wept and beat upon their breasts.

Girls are prettier than they ever were before, they are more amusing and entertaining companions, they are better chums, and yet men flocked around grandmother like bees around a honeypot, and the modern girl has to work like a beaver for dates. I wonder why?

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

CRANBERRY PUDDING

1-3 cup butter
2-3 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
2 1-2 cups flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
1-3 cup milk.
1 cup cranberries.

Cream butter, add sugar gradually and eggs. Mix and sift flour and baking powder and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Stir in berries. Fill buttered moulds 2-3 full and steam 3 hours. Serve with cream whipped only until thickened, but still at the pouring stage. Sweeten and flavor with nutmeg or vanilla.

Steamed puddings should be served hot. It is best to remove them from the moulds to cool if they are to be reheated for later serving. To reheat, put back into moulds and steam. A rich, moist pudding, such as English plum pudding, can be cooled and reheated without removing it from the mould.

BUTTER CRISP SQUARES

Put into saucepan 1¼ cups butter, 2¼ cups sugar, ½ cup water and 1 tablespoon salt. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, heating the mixture very slowly, else the butter will cook out. When it boils, add ¼ pound unblanched almonds and cook slowly, stirring gently as possible until the almonds are done. This can be determined by cutting one. It should be slightly brown. If using a thermometer, cook to 298 degrees Fahr. Add 1 teaspoon soda, ¼ pound blanched, roasted almonds and ¼ pound walnut dust, made by chopping English walnuts very fine and sifting them. Pour candy on a greased, marble slab, turn and roll mixture with a rolling pin, working it into a square shape, about ¼ inch in thickness. Crease into squares while warm. When candy is cool, brush over with melted milk chocolate (plain dipping chocolate may be used), and coat with fine-chopped nuts, preferably Brazil nuts, although blanched and browned almonds can be used.

Fig Cake

2 tablespoons shortening.
Pinch salt
¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 eggs
2 cups bread crumbs (fine)
½ cup milk or water
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup flour
¼ pound figs (sliced)

Mix shortening, salt, sugar, and nutmeg; beat and stir in the eggs, then the bread crumbs. Sift the baking powder and flour together and add the figs. Combine the mixtures and turn the batter into a loaf-shaped or round pan with cone, well greased. Bake in a moderate oven.

Time in oven, 30 to 40 minutes. Temperature, 350 degrees. Servings, 12.

JAPANESE COUNTESS PASSES

(A. P. By Guardian's Special Wire)

TOKYO, Dec. 28—Countess Tetsukuo Togo, 73, widow of the famous admiral who was the hero of the battle of the Sea of Japan which clinched a victory for his country in the war with Russia, died today of pneumonia.

Admiral Togo, one of the greatest heroes in the empire's history, died May 30.

Use Minard's for Cuts and Sores

SMART FROCKS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern

It's time to be considering one of the picturesque formal dresses with drop-shoulderline and deep decolletage back.

Intriguing plaiting plays a romantic part of this bright green taffeta evening dress.

It's exquisitely lovely too, carried out in black or sapphire blue transparent velvet with the collar of self-fabric or of silver lame.

Today's pattern serves more than one purpose. It may also be made in street length with high neck at the back, as seen in small back view. It looks very smart in black, rust, green, plum, etc., crepe silk.

It's exceedingly simple to make it, even for an amateur at sewing.

Style No. 694 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years. Size 15 requires 4⅛ yards of 39-inch material.

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

No. 694. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

Post Nuptial Reception

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 4th, a very enjoyable time was spent when a large number of friends and neighbors gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Spence, Hunter River, to express congratulations and best wishes on their recent marriage. The number present bears strong testimony to the popularity of the young couple.

Mr. Fulton Robertson called the meeting to order and after escorting the newlyweds to the seat of honor called upon Mr. Bernard DesRoches, who read an appropriate address, at the conclusion of which Mr. Horace Cutcliffe presented Mr. and Mrs. Spence with a purse. Both Mr. and Mrs. Spence replied very fittingly. Then all sang heartily, "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows." The remainder of the evening was spent in cards and dancing. A dainty lunch was also served by the ladies.

Following is the address:

To Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Spence:

Dear Friends,—We, your neighbours and friends of Hunter River and vicinity, gather here tonight to extend our congratulations to you, Hedley, upon your recent marriage, and to offer your charming bride our best wishes and a hearty welcome to Hunter River. You, Hedley, in the years you have been amongst us have been all a good neighbour should be, kindly, obliging and courteous, always ready to help in any undertaking in the community, doing what you could in a cheerful whole-hearted manner.

To Mrs. Spence, who is a stranger to most of us, we extend a cordial welcome. We know you will be happy on your new path of life, with such a congenial helpmate as our friend Hedley by your side. And we hope that in us you will find kindly, tolerant neighbours.

Allow us to present our small gift, a token of our love and esteem.

Trusting that your happiness will extend down the years, and may your only troubles be "Little Ones."

Signed on behalf of your Friends and Neighbours.

DOLL'S HOUSE IS PERFECT MODEL

VANCOUVER, Dec. 28—"Northumbria House," a perfect doll's house completed after 2 1-2 year's work, is on display at the Art Gallery here. It is the work of Sgt.-Major R. J. Watson, of the gallery staff.

Complete from a tiny rock garden and a Peter Pan statue in front, the house is electrically lighted. Pictures, each the work of an artist, hang upon the walls. A Scotch terrier, in miniature, is in his kennel at the rear. Baby sleeps in a wicker carriage on the front porch.

LONG CREEK W. I.

The regular monthly meeting of the Long Creek Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Annie Stretch on Wednesday evening Dec. 5th, with an attendance of fourteen members and four visitors. The meeting opened by singing O Canada and repeating the Creed. Roll call was answered with a question box. The minutes of last meeting were read, approved and signed by the president.

The sick committee reported having visited the sick.

It was moved and seconded that $1.00 be given for Christmas Seals, also same to be divided between the members.

The questionnaire on child welfare was discussed and answered. It was decided to have a Canadian Industries programme at our next meeting, roll call to be answered with a Canadian city and what it is noted for.

Lunch was served by the hostess and the meeting closed with singing. Mrs. Norman MacLean kindly invited the members to her home for the next meeting which is to be held on Saturday evening January 5, 1935.

BALTIC INSTITUTE.

The first meeting of the Baltic Women's Institute was held at the home of Miss Grace Riley, on Tuesday evening December 4th. The President took charge of the meeting which was opened by repeating the creed in unison Roll Call was responded by 13 members with a Christmas Suggestion. Three visitors were present. Mrs. Bruce Riley was appointed organist for the ensueing year. Mrs. Frank Bernard, Mrs. Ivan Davison and Miss Emma MacDonald are on the Programme Committee for the next meeting which is to be held at the home of Mrs. Johnson Bernard where roll call will be answered by a New Year's Resolution. The business part of meeting closed with singing of the Ode and Institute Carol. A dainty lunch was served by the hostess and a pleasant social hour was enjoyed by all.

WHISPERING ROCK

BY JOHN LEBAR

The cattle were everywhere—there was so much water that they could go where the feed was choicest and they made good use of the opportunity. The remains of the cottonseed meal was stored in the barn and the band of bottle-fed calves was scattered. Already, every animal on the place seemed two-thirds fat.

The Mexicans worked on their house—Ruth knew that they were happy and would stay indefinitely. Every evening for an hour after supper she and the girl Magda had lessons in Spanish and English. When the hour was up Ruth went back to the ranch house, for as the end of the lesson approached Alfredo always picked up his guitar and stood near the door, his eye on the fresno outside.

Snavely seemed to have changed subtly since the discovery of the water. Ruth sensed that he had begun to regard her in a different way; it was as if she had proved that she was not to be frightened, she could no longer be treated as a child. She had shown him that she knew someting about rancing; and since the drought was saftely past that she stood a chance of meeting her note. But the girl knew that Snavely was far from becoming reconciled to her presenc on the ranch; he hated her and he hated the Mexicans.

Anoter thing about this strang man had come to her notice; he seemed to be looking at the old well whenever he was near the ranch house. Ruth had never seen him go there since he had built the board fence around it; but many times she had watched him coming up the path from the barn with his narrowed eyes on the clump of bushes by the woodpile.

There was much riding to do, as there always is after the summer rains. Ruth was so busy that she still had five books to read of the half dozen Will had sent her. Each morning she rode with Don Francisco and Alfredo, often accompaniel by David.

Every fifth day she carried a slip of paper wth numbers from one to twenty-two and rode until she had checked all of the bulls. The white numbers on their sides were still she could check six or seven animals all within a mile as she looked carefully from a hilltop. She still considered her system of making very fine.

As she approached, half a dozen great buzzards flapped into the air on reluctant wings.

The summer rains, having been usually generous, had gradually ceased except for an occasional thunderstorm which hurried over the San Jorge Valley. On the Dead Lantern the natural surface water in raving and canon was fast disappearing and the cattle were drifting to the neighborhood of the ponds.

Late one afternoon Ruth and Alfredo were returning from the south pasture driving a poor-grade heifer. The heifer was to be butchered and it is axiomatic among cattle owners that only the offcolor, the dish-faded the knock-kneed, and the sway-backed shall be served at the family board.

When they were crossing the last deep ravine before reaching the ranch house, Ruth rode toward the mountains, leaving Alfredo to bring in the heifer alone. There had been water in a pool farther up the ravine the week before and Ruth wished to look at the cattle which would remain in the vicinity as long as the water lasted. She met few cattle in the ravine and upon arriving at the pool found it empty. As she rode out of the radine along the side of an entering gully and neared the upper level, her eye caught a white object hidden among the undergrowth in the gully bottom farther ahead. Presently she saw that the object was a numeral six painted upon the red-brown side of a bull. The animal appeared to be lying stretched out, and even though she could see little distinctly through the clumps of catclaw and ocatillo, Ruth felt with a quick tightening at her throat that the bull's position was unnatural. Dismounting, she half walked, half slid, to the bottom of the gully and picked her way toward the bull. As she approached, half a dozen great buzzards flapped into the air on reluctant wings.

The next morning she and the two Mexicans returned to discover if possible why Number Six had died. Don Francisco and Alfredo held a long consultation together but could come to no definite conclusion—some sickness such as comes to the strongest of things. As the three companions rode on, the black buzzards slowly circled into the gully.

Suddenly Alfredo pointed southward. A group of buzzards were wheeling low above an oak tree which rose from the entrance of a gully in the opposite bank of the ravine.

By noon, five more dead animals had been found within a radius of a mile. Ruth, half sick with anxiety, rode back to the ranch house for Snavely who had remained at the corrals shoeing horses.

The old cattleman listened to what she had to say, then shrugged. "You're liable to find a dead cow or two most any time—too bad about the bull, but they'll die just the same as anything else."

"But we've found six altogether—all recently dead!"

Snavely grew more attentive. "Six—five besides the bull?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, that don't look so good. Here, I'll just saddle up an' have a look."

He shook his head after he had studied the carcass of Number Six. The buzzards had eaten very little, but they did not go far away. "I don't know just what to make of it—maybe if we could find a fresner one. Still, it ain't black leg, anybody could tell that. Don't look like he'd been hurt in no fight, neither."

"Mr. Snavely," said Ruth as they rode toward the oak tree where several buzzards stood or walked about, "you will have to be going into town for supplies soon anyway—why not go tomorrow and send out a doctor—a veterinary?"

(To Be Continued.)

ALL MIXED UP.

Speaking of grammatrical errors, or, to satisfy the purists, errors in grammer, Lord Morley once said: "Neither you nor I am entirely ourselves." His solecism was picked up by Punch, who inquired, "Then who else am we?"

for NEURITIS
One thing that helps to ease a sick, poor in Minard's. Then rub the tiredness gently in.
Pain eases off!
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Here's the A B C of COLDS-CONTROL

A To Help PREVENT Colds
At the first sneeze or nasal irritation, quick!—a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol. Its timely use helps to *prevent* many colds—and to throw off colds in their early stages.

B To Help SHORTEN a Cold
At bedtime, just rub on Vicks VapoRub, the mother's standby in *treating* colds. All through the night, by stimulation and inhalation, VapoRub fights the cold *direct*.

C To Build RESISTANCE to Colds: Follow the simple rules of health that are part of Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds. The Plan has been clinically tested by practicing physicians—and proved in home use by millions. (You'll find full details of this unique Plan in each Vicks package.)

VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

MORTGAGE SALE

To be sold by public auction in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on Tuesday the 8th day of January A. D. 1935, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL that tract piece and parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Forty-eight in Queens County, bounded and described as follows, that is to say:—COMMENCING on the East side of the Clifton Road at the North side of a lane leading to farm buildings formerly occupied by Caldwell J. Wood, now of the mortgagor, thence Eastwardly along the North side of said lane five chains and eight thence North and parallel to the Clifton Road aforesaid three chains and six links thence Eastwardly at right angles five chains and two links or to the West boundary of James Farquharson's land thence South along said James Farquharson' West side line to land of Duncan Stewart thence West along said Duncan Stewart's North boundary to the Clifton Road aforesaid and thence Northwardly along the said road to the place of commencement containing seventy-five acres of land a little more or less.

The above sale is made under a power of sale contained in and Indenture of Mortgage dated the 1st day of November, 1927, made between Edson H. Douglas of Bunbury, Lot 48, in Queens County, Prince Edward aland, Farmer, and Annie A. Douglas his wife of the one part, and J. Lester Douglas of Charlottetown in Queens County aforesaid, Produce Exporter, of the other part, default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest thereby secured and which mortgage by divers mesne assignments and acts in the law is now vested in the undersigned.

For further particulars apply to McLeod & Bentley, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

Dated this 15th day of December A D, 1934.

MARY STANLEY
Executrix of the last will of Joseph K. Stanley of Charlottetown deceased.

L2835—12—17—24—31