

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



ASPIRATION

My broom goes whisking here and there, But every moment on the air There comes an urge that bids me soar Above the sweeping of a floor. And while my carefree fancies roam Beyond the boundaries of home, I feel as if I, too, some day Must mount my broomstick and away!

—Elizabeth Fleming.

SPENDING AN HOUR A DAY ON BEAUTY

Learn to make the most of the hour which you set aside for your beauty routine. After getting the necessary

Appetites have EARS!

It's a treat to hear Rice Krispies snap and crackle in the milk or cream. Children are fascinated. They need no coaxing to eat.

And Rice Krispies are fine for them. Nourishing rice. Easy to digest. Fine for the evening meal as well as breakfast. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



Listen!— get hungry



City of Charlottetown Tax Appeals

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Appeal will meet on Thursday, September 28th, 1933, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon in the Court Room in the City Hall to hear all appeals from civic assessments, valuations or rates for the year 1933.

Dated at Charlottetown this 15th day of September 1933.

GEORGE P. NICHOLSON, City Clerk, City of Charlottetown.

FOR SALE

The following reconditioned Machinery at Reduced Prices:

- One 2-Bottom Riding Gang Plow.
- One 1-Bottom Riding Sulky Plow.
- One 8-16 International Tractor.
- One 3- H. P. "Upright" Engine.
- One 2 1/2 H.P. "Mogul" International Engine.
- One International Motor Truck.
- One Ford Motor Truck.
- Also 1 Mare 1200 lbs.
- 1 horse 900 lbs.

SAMUEL KENNEDY, Charlottetown

Do You Pose as Saint to Your Children? **Dorothy Dix** Believes Human Attitude More Effective

Can You Still Remember How You Felt at 17? If You Insist That You Were a Plaster Saint in Your Youth, How Can You Expect Your Children to Confess Their Temptations to You?

I wonder what it is about parenthood that deprives people of their memories, their sense of humor and their common sense, and that turns them into lars?



Not always, of course. There are some fathers and mothers who are not mentally upset by having children, who remain able to get a just perspective on their offspring and see them as human beings and not as embryonic angels or potential devils and who are still able to recall the fact that they were once young themselves and had the desires and emotions that belonged to that period of life. Also, they do not pose as plaster saints, and frankly admit that in their time they have made mistakes and done the things they should not have done and left those things they should have done

undone. But for the most part parents seem to be afflicted with an amnesia that wipes out completely every memory of their past lives, or at least this is the attitude they assume toward their children. Father can't recall a single instance in which he was even tempted to go on a wild party.

He never played hooky from school or flunked in examinations. He never was silly about a girl. He never wanted a high-stepping horse and a red-wheeled buggy like the other boys had. He never rebelled at parental authority or thought about running away from home.

On the contrary, he was always studious and industrious, and serious-minded, and never dreamed of such a thing as defying his dear parents. Mother can't remember when she was 16 and boy-crazy, and when she thought she would die if she couldn't do what all the other girls were doing and have a new party frock. Nor has mother the faintest recollection of how she used to make errands to the drug store because a boy at the soda counter had perfectly wonderful eyes and wavy hair; nor how she used to tell Mother fibs about going to spend the night with Susie when she and Susie were going with boys of whom their parents did not approve to a dance of which their parents never heard.

On the contrary, according to Mother, she was one daughter of Eve who had no taste for forbidden fruit. She was always Mother's little helper, content with plain, practical, sensible clothes, and she asked no livelier amusement than spending her evenings in the family circle reading an improving book. And she never, never even thought of boys.

Curiously enough, parents actually come to believe that they were these paragons of virtue that they represent themselves to have been in their youth, and this is why they have no sympathy with their adolescent children and no understanding of them and why they are so unable to guide them and save the stumbling little feet from blundering into the pits into which so many boys and girls fall.

In the first place, this loss of memory destroys all confidence between parents and children. For how can a boy tell a father who has never had a wayward impulse in his life of the temptations by which he is beset? How can he tell a father who has never done an unwise thing in his life about what a fool he has been and the mess he has got himself into?

How can a girl tell a mother who was always Miss Prunes and Prim when she was young about how thrilled she was when some boy kissed her or about going to a party and drinking cocktails and getting a little lit up or that she is flirting with some married man because she gets a kick out of it on account of its danger?

The answer is: They can't. It is only to fellow sinners that we can open our hearts and confess our follies. So the parents don't know what their children are doing because they have made it impossible for the youngsters to talk freely to them. Naturally enough girls and boys are not going to tell Father and Mother the things that will bring down upon them a parental lecture or prevent them from carrying out some plan they have in mind.

Youth is avid for pleasure. It will have enjoyment at any cost, and if you don't want your children to pay too high a price for it you must help them to all the harmless gaiety possible, not deny them every amusement. And that's something that fathers and mothers should recall out of their experiences with their own fathers and mothers, but they don't.

Parents' failure to remember their own youth also causes them much unnecessary trouble and worry. They take a tragic view of so many things that they would laugh off if they would only recall that they themselves went through these same experiences and did the same idiotic things and came through them unscathed.

The most disastrous result of parents forgetting their youth, however,



Protect their tender skin

With the safe, soothing olive oil in Palmolive

CHILDREN'S sensitive skin demands special care. That is why Palmolive is the ideal soap for youngsters, and for you, too. Its secret blending of olive oil keeps tender skins safe, clear, soft, healthy.

Every night and morning, massage a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water gently into the skin of face, throat and shoulders. Rinse well, dry carefully.

Here's what happens. Palmolive's soothing olive oil penetrates every pore, floats out the dust and dirt gathered daily by the skin. This is true foundation cleansing which brings out the healthy, radiant, natural colouring of the complexion.

Buy 3 cakes of Palmolive today. Remember, only in Palmolive will you find this rich, cosmetic blending of olive oil. Use Palmolive for only two weeks. Note how the skin has become radiant, soft, lovely.

Now it costs less to keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

MADE IN CANADA

is that it keeps them from being able to foresee what their children will do under any given circumstances, which they might foretell if only they could remember what they themselves did when they were young. Father tells John he is a young ass and sneers at his ideas and tries to boss him as if he were a baby, and John leaves home and goes to work for somebody else who will respect his individuality, which breaks father's heart, but is just what father did when he was a young man.

Her parents forbid Sally to go to dances or out riding with young men. They will not let her have dates or let boys come to the house. They lock her in her room to keep her away from some ne'er-do-well with whom she thinks she is in love, and Sally keeps her dates at the corner drug store and picks up boys on the street and goes God knows where with God knows whom, and climbs out of the window and elopes with some scamp who ruins her life.

All of these catastrophes could have been avoided if only fathers and mothers remembered how they felt about things when they were young.

dry and brown. Add 3 cups hot water gradually and simmer 12 minutes, gently. Add tomato and cook until rice is tender. Add grated cheese just before serving. Servings, 4.

A man's sins will not find him out as soon as his wife.

A Morning Smile

A coloured boy carrying a large armful of books brought forth the following inquiries: "Going to school? Do you study all those books?" "No, sar, dey's my brudder's, I's igneramus longside of him, Zed. You just ought to see dat boy figgerin'. He's done gone and ciphered clean through addition, partition, adoption, subtraction, justification, amputation, degradation and abomination."

"I hear your son has taken up a profession, Mr. O'Casey," remarked the visitor to the house.

"He has indade," replied the host. "He's phwat they call a 'cross-examiner.'"

"This was too much for the stranger.

"And phwat's a 'cross-examiner' he asked.

"For a minute or two O'Casey was at a loss, but eventually he pulled himself together.

"Sure, it's a fellow who asks you questions, an' you answer the questions an' then he questions the answers," he returned easily.

It is probable that an infusion of dried tea leaf was originally drunk on account of the stimulant of caffeine which it contains, although there is no apparent correlation between the market value of tea, as sold nowadays, and its caffeine content.

Daintiness With Chic Styles

ILLUSTRATED DRESSMAKING LESSON FURNISHED WITH EVERY PATTERN

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

For those who like a simple smart dress to start the season, here's your number.

It will meet all day occasions admirably as the original in black wool crepe. Tucked into the becoming V-neckline is white lace that ends in a soft jabot tie. It has length-giving paneled skirt.

Style No. 494 is designed in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust.

The small view shows short sleeves with corded puffing trim. This interesting craft is easily accomplished. The pattern envelope explains just how to do it.

Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 39-inch material with 1/2 yard 35-inch face. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.



No. 494. Size

Name

Street Address

City

State

There are several species of car-gana hardy in the Prairie Provinces, but the one most commonly found and used very widely for hedge purposes is the species introduced from Siberia.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Mushrooms au Gratin

- 1/2 pound mushrooms
 - 1 sliced onion
 - 2 tablespoons oil or shortening
 - 2 tablespoons flour
 - 1 cup mushroom stock (made from stems)
 - 1/2 cup bread crumbs
 - 1-1/2 teaspoon pepper
 - 1/4 teaspoon paprika
 - 1 tablespoon butter
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - Juice of 1 lemon
- Peel mushrooms and sprinkle salt over them to extract the water. Fry onion in oil. Add flour and brown; add stock and seasonings and cook sauce until it is thickened. Drain the mushrooms and add them to the sauce. Put into baking dish, sprinkle with crumbs and bake until crumbs are slightly browned.

Rice With Mushrooms

- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
- 2 tablespoons chopped carrot
- 2 tablespoons chopped celery
- 5 tablespoons oil or fat
- 2 tablespoons tomato paste

- 1/2 cup hot water
 - 2 teaspoons salt
 - 1/4 teaspoon pepper
 - 10 small fresh mushrooms
 - 1/2 cup rice
 - 3 cups hot water
 - 1/2 cup grated cheese
- Mix together the onion, parsley, celery, and carrot, put in a saucepan with two tablespoons oil, and cook about 7 minutes. Add tomato paste, diluted with 1/2 cup hot water and the salt and pepper. Cut mushrooms into small pieces and add them to sauce. Simmer 20 minutes, covered. Place 3 tablespoons oil in pan, add rice and saute until rice is

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"I had always been in good health until I began having trouble with my stomach. I couldn't eat anything without discomfort and continually had heartburn, severe gas pains and headaches. I can truthfully say 'Fruit-a-tives' completely restored me to health."

Fruit-a-tives . . . all drug stores

HEARTS AFIRE

By MARY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER 44

Mrs. Vansittart's Frankness "It's a monstrous accusation! It's unbelievably cruel! You've driven a young girl from her home, and you're responsible!"

In the morning room of Winston Towers, Prudence's father stood accusingly before Mrs. Vansittart, who actually quailed before that usually mild man's righteous wrath.

"I know nothing beyond what I saw with my own eyes," stammered the good woman. "The diamonds and the money were missing. Bruce Grimshaw started a search. By a strange coincidence, he began with your daughter, and the diamonds and money practically tumbled out of her sash."

"No doubt he put them there—" cut in Mr. Page, not caring what he said, so distraught was he over the ghastly occurrence, and his daughter's subsequent flight.

Mrs. Vansittart shook out a nervous laugh. "Impossible! I've known him all his life, and he's the soul of honor."

"And I've known my daughter all her life, and can say the same of her," the man flung back at her.

Mrs. Vansittart wrung her hands. "I can do nothing. I'm sorry the child has run away, but it's too absurd to hold me responsible. If she felt she couldn't face us—"

There was a swish of skirts, a

whiff of perfume, and Virginia Dale—in a frilly dress of lavender organdy and a droopy picture hat that matched exactly—stroled into the room, and then came to sudden anchor as she saw the oddly assorted pair facing each other in such strained fashion.

"I beg your pardon." She was going to retreat, but her hostess—thankful for any sort of interruption—beckoned to her.

"Dear, this is Miss Page's father—Miss Dale." She effected the introduction nervously.

Mr. Page turned toward the scented vision, and bowed stiffly. So this was the sort of artificial product his fresh, sweet young daughter had come in contact with. It was like a primrose trying to compete with an orchid, wasn't it?

Virginia bowed distantly, while Mrs. Vansittart nervously murmured:

"So unfortunate about last night! Miss Dale was present, so we can speak before her. Virginia, isn't it too dreadful? Little Miss Page has run away from home!"

Virginia tilted her carefully 'plucked' eyebrows to an even higher arch than the beauty expert had already shaped them.

"Really? How very odd!" The words had an insolent drawl to them. "But of course it's only temporary. She'll come home."

Mr. Page couldn't endure to have a third part discuss his much-loved child. He turned to go.

"You'll let us know how the search proceeds?" Mrs. Vansittart, moved with compunction at his drawn face and twitching hands, followed him out into the hall. "And if there's anything I can do . . ."

"Nothing, Nothing." The father would die rather than be indebted to this woman in whose house such calamity had befallen his daughter.

Then, muttering brokenly something about it's being enough to kill Prudence's mother, he rushed away.

So terrible, my dear! I declare I'm ready to go off into hysterics! Quick, get Parkins to pour me out some brandy." The lady of the house addressed Virginia, who hastened to the butler's pantry, presently returning with the butler, who bore one a silver tray a bottle, a couple of glasses, and a soda-siphon. "Ah! now I feel better."

She dismissed the servant with a nod.

"I'll take some myself," volunteered Miss Virginia coolly, pouring out a liberal libation, and adding soda to it.

Mrs. Vansittart stared at her. "I thought you'd sworn off, and gone 'on the water wagon,' as you call it."

Virginia drained the glass before she spoke.

"Even doctors think brandy necessary at times. I'm taking this as medicine."

the house was scarcely as secure as it had been. Mrs. Vansittart was notoriously fickle in her likings, and recently had shown symptoms of wearying of Virginia.

"I've rather an awkward mission before me," the girl said quietly, hiding her annoyance.

"Huh? What's that? Not on the track of Peter Armstrong again, are you?"

This wasn't diplomatic. But the speaker didn't care. Virginia had shed the light of her countenance too long at Winston Towers. Also, she showed no signs of paying back the three hundred dollars she owed her hostess. And her air of cool insolence was quite absurd, in view of one or two matters with which the older woman was cognizant.

Virginia struggled with her rising temper. She contrived to give her usual cool smile, although just now it was an effort.

"We are great—friends, he and I." "And you'd like to be something more?"

"The stimulant had given Mrs. Vansittart courage for the fray. "And so you're off to hurl the news about the Prudence child right at the man's head, thinking in that way to cure his fancy for her? You're clever, Jinny—but not clever enough—and you don't know much about real men—men like Peter Armstrong! Why, stupid, don't you realize that that strong type always tends to side with the under dog—that pity is akin to love—and that you'll only drive him all the faster."

(To be Continued.)

Her hostess tittered disagreeably. "Medicine! And you as strong as a horse!"

That annoyed Virginia. When irritated, she was capable of raper thrusts. But that tendency must not be given way to, as her position in

TODAY!

There should be a big red bottle of this luscious Heinz Sauce on your table . . .

There's a zest and rich goodness about it that simply can't be duplicated

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ONE OF THE 57

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