

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

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

By Mari Moore. Specially contributed to the Guardian for Guardian Readers.

Eggs For The Short Order Cook Most every kitchen has a supply of eggs always on hand. They are what we fly to when meals have to be prepared immediately.

"Buttered eggs"—are not very different from many egg concoctions you have often tasted, but are just different enough to remember with pleasure.

Whipped whites and yolks of eggs separately and thoroughly. To yolks of 5 eggs add 1 cup of milk and 1-2 cup grated cheese, then fold all carefully into whipped whites.

Of course this constant stirring will take out much of the air but a good deal of it is left in and with the large amount of butter a particularly smooth and rich egg dish results.

Have You Left-over Whites or Yolks

Very often a favorite recipe will leave us with a few egg whites or yolks on our hands, and you will find it helpful in avoiding waste to keep the following suggestions handy:

One yolk—for binding croquettes, or meat loaf, one half pint mayonnaise, cream filling for cake.

Two yolks—For mayonnaise: egg mixture; for dipping croquettes, chops, etc., before frying in deep fat; for hollandaise sauce; for

A Morning Smile

After assuring themselves that they had secured competent help, a prominent American family moved to their country home in Maine. When dinner was being served on the second night the colored maid answered the telephone and the mistress overheard her say—"Yes suh, yes suh, it sure am," and hang up. A few minutes later the phone rang again and the maid answered in the same manner. The mistress being concerned called the maid and asked her if anyone was wanted on the phone, to which she replied—"No, mum, it was just one of these funny country folk call up. He says is dat No. 4612. I says, Yes suh. He says is Mr. Jones there. I says, Yes suh, and then he says, long distance from Washington, and I say it sure am and hang up on him."

What the Fashionables are Wearing Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

Lovely and smart is today's model, designed especially for the fascinating cotton materials, now so voguish.

It's slenderizing too! It is chic and cool in flag blue voile printed in white with plain blue trim.

And incidentally, it's the most simple thing in the world to fashion. You can make it at such a small outlay. And it's very quickly and simply laundered.

Other interesting ideas are dotted batiste, candy striped sheer linen, tub silks and sportswear linen.

Style No. 576 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch with 1/2 yard 35-inch contrasting.

All patterns 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

Form for pattern No. 576, including fields for Name, Address, City, and State.



For The Cook

DIFFERENT STEWS

Just a little different angle on the same old meat-dish—a new blend of flavors, an unusual ingredient of treatment—and the old familiar does appear quite smartened and novel. Perhaps these dishes will suggest the little change in an unpretentious dish, that will bring new interest to it and make it as welcome at the table as the most distinguished guest.

Adapted Chop Suey

3 slices bacon, cut in dice 1 cup sliced celery 1/2 cup sliced onions 1/2 round or flanked steak 1 1/2 cups thick stewed tomatoes. 1/2 cup boiling water. Salt, pepper, soy sauce to season. 3 tablespoons flour. Boiled or steamed rice.

Cook the bacon in a hot pan until it begins to brown. Cut the meat into very small dice or put through the meat chopper and add the bacon fat. Cook and stir until browned. Slice the onions as thin as possible; cut the celery in very thin slanting slices. Mix with the meat, cover and cook slowly until

the vegetables begin to turn yellow. Then add tomatoes and water and boil slowly for 10 minutes. Thicken with the flour mixed with cold water and season to taste with salt, pepper and soy sauce. Serve with boiled or steamed rice.

Lamb-Vegetable Dish

2 lbs. mutton or lamb from shoulder or shank. 1 cup sliced carrots. 1 cup peas. 1/2 cup diced turnips. 1 large onion. 3 tablespoons flour. 1 tablespoon salt. 1/2 teaspoon pepper. Boiling water or stock. Potatoes.

Cut meat in small pieces and roll in flour, sprinkle with salt and pepper and brown in 2 or 3 tablespoons hot drippings. Put in a casserole dish with vegetables which have been parboiled 5 minutes. Add enough boiling water to just cover meat, cover casserole and cook slowly 2 to 3 hours. Forty minutes before serving add 6 small potatoes. Add water if necessary during cooking. Thicken gravy with a little flour or cornstarch before serving.

What Free Love Means to a Woman Dorothy Dix Exposes Fallacies of Subtle Arguments

Girls Who Believe Masculine Sophistries About Beauty of Free Love Should Consider What it Means to the Woman: A Man Who Knows he is Only Temporarily in Love, Dishonor and a Friendless and Childless Life

I get an increasingly large number of letters from girls who tell me they are in love with men who offer them only a free-love union. The girls say that these men tell them that marriage is an outmoded convention that soon will be entirely obsolete; that the only real bond between a man and woman is mutual affection, and that nothing kills love so quickly as the sense of being bound. Also, these men assert that they will never marry any woman until they have lived with her and found out that they are suited to each other in every way.



And the girls, bewildered by these sophistries, want to know what about it. In former days any man making such a proposition to a girl would have been called a seducer and held up to the scorn of all decent people, and her father would have gone after him with a shotgun, which was a good old American custom that it is a pity we have let fall into desuetude.

Now, however, a girl has to be her own protector, and so it behooves her to sit down and calmly and dispassionately study this free-love arrangement which a man offers her before she signs on the dotted line, and see what she is going to get out of it.

In the first place, let her ask herself why the man who swears that he loves her with a passion that will last through all eternity, and who asks nothing else of fate but the joy of being with her, balks at the sight of a wedding ring? Why, if he feels that way about her, is he not willing to make a binding life contract with her instead of a sort of gentleman's agreement that he is free to break at any minute? Why, if he admires her and is proud of her, is he not willing to give her his name, and proclaim her to all the world as his wife?

No free-love advocate can answer these questions in any way that would satisfy the intelligence of an idiot female infant. So if the girl has any intelligence whatever she is bound to know that the real reason that the man is not willing to marry her and legally bind himself to her, is because he knows that he has no feeling for her that will endure. He recognizes that her attraction for him is just a passing fancy that will soon be over and he wants to leave himself free to go on to another romance without any mess of divorce, or any obligations to pay alimony.

When a man is really and truly in love with a woman; when he means to cleave to her and devote his life to making her happy, he doesn't hesitate to marry her. He is eager to do so. He wants to bind her to him with hoops of steel.

A man who is buying a piece of property or going into a business deal out of which he expects to make a fortune doesn't hold it on an option. He closes his contract and has it copper-riveted so that no man can take it from him. And that is the way he treats the woman he means to stick to. He calls in the law and the church and society to witness that she is his.

The girl who is contemplating a free-love union may well investigate the quality of the affection that is offered her. What sort of love can a man have for a woman that makes him willing to take her good name from her and make her desecrate? Is there anything in it but rank selfishness? Anything that would lead her to believe that he would ever consider her in any way, ever try to protect her from any hardship, ever regard her as anything but something to minister to his pleasure or comfort?

Sooff as he may at marriage, every man knows that it is the badge

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of respectability for a woman, and that the one who lives with a man without benefit of clergy is outlawed. He knows that no secret love nest is a home in the sense of the home proudly set up by married people. He knows that a man's mistress has not the status of his wife, that the doors are closed to her that she would like to enter, that her only associates are other women with smirched reputations, and that her life is a hidden-hole-and-corner affair in which other women draw their skirts away from her and other men feel free to insult her.

So a girl may well ask herself what kind of love it is that demands such sacrifices of her and that offers her so little in exchange.

Then there is the question of children. Every normal woman who thinks of marriage thinks of a baby in her arms and a downy head upon her breast, but the girl who enters into a free-love marriage must deny herself the happiness of children, or else commit the crime of bringing a helpless little creature into the world branded with the stigma of illegitimacy. For herself she may endure contempt, but she has no right to thrust the shame of being fatherless and nameless on the child.

And what of the future of a girl who goes into a free-love union with a man? If he didn't love her enough to marry her when she was young and beautiful and desirable, what chance is there of his marrying her when she is older and less good-looking and has a tarnished name that will make his family and friends unwilling to receive her? What market is there for damaged goods?

And if he tires of her what recourse has she? The wife whose husband wearies of her and is unfaithful to her has, at least, her legal claims upon him, and she has her position in society, but the free-love wife has nothing. She has invested her all in a hot-air scheme that has failed so far as she is concerned.

And that is the way free love works out for women. Have nothing to do with it, girls. The man who is not willing to marry you honorably and openly before the world bodes you no good, as the melodramas used to say. DOROTHY DIX.

OUTDOORS—BEAUTY'S REAL TEST

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POMPEIAN BEAUTY PRODUCTS LONDON-PARIS NEW YORK-TORONTO

TENDERS

Building and lot for sale at Charlottetown. Tenders will be received until noon, August 25th for the purchase of a building situated on Esler Street, next to the Can Factory, building 30 x 50 feet, three stories high, with basement; office furniture and machinery reserved; will be open for inspection 13th, 19th and 20th. The highest not any tender not necessarily accepted. Tenders to be marked "Tender". FRANK MULLALLY, Sec'y-Treasurer of the Grass Seed Growers Association, Souris, P. E. Island. 5054-8-17-wtsm-41.

barring a few mistakes about left and right hand drive, we'll have no trouble at all. But you will have to call off the tea party, Brownie? Brownie nodded. Roberta opened her lips to protest again, took one look at the bright head, as he sat hatless before her, and climbed into the car. Sir George held out his hand to Brownie. (To Be Continued)

For Sale

One 8 foot John Deere Binder, used only three seasons.

One Halls combined thrasher, cleaner and blower with truck, used only one season.

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NOTICE!

Arrangements have been completed with George Burchell & Sons of Nelson, N. B. well known manufacturers and shippers of all kinds of rough and dressed lumber, laths, shingles, and interior finishing, and within the next few days a lumber yard on Prince Street wharf will be started where all kinds of building materials will be available at attractive prices. J. WATSON, FYFE. 5084-8-17-41

THE HANDSOME MAN

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

Roberta not being in sight yet, Sir George detained Ray Browne as the latter prepared to go forth and search for the car. "I say, Browne, stay where you are. Miss MacBeth will be here just as soon as if you don't run to meet her. I'd like a bit of information about the payroll trouble the MacBeth Construction company has had, either here or at the New York end."

"There was some little rumpus at the New York end. I wouldn't really dignify it by the name of trouble." "Yet Mr. MacBeth seems to have the wind up about it." Ray Browne grinned and nodded. "Funny! Must be because he's feeling a bit low."

Roberta drove forward, and Browne hastened toward her. Sir George took his time. He sauntered past the groups of foreign laborers taking them all in in his survey as a group first, and then patiently trying to memorize a few individual faces. It might be necessary, if there should ever be trouble, to re-

member some, at least, of the workmen on the inside.

He heard an exclamation and looked up, startled to see Browne rush toward Roberta. Sir George strode forward, he could see that her face was white, and that her left hand was covered with blood. He ran and reached her a second before Browne. "What happened?" he asked, as he put his arm about her and lifted her from the car.

Roberta drew back "I'm not going to faint. Some one—shooting at rabbits—winged me."

Browne gave an exclamation and bent over the hand which Sir George was examining. "Plowed across your fingers," Sir George announced. "Painful, but not dangerous. Of course, you have first aid stuff here, Browne?"

"Surest thing you know," Browne told him. "Come along, Miss MacBeth, we'll have you fixed in no time."

Sir George lifted her in his arms, and strode toward the shack, followed by the disgruntled Ray, who was sure he was quite as strong and would have given much to show Roberta that strength.

In Browne's office Roberta was placed in a chair and then given a glass of water by Browne, who washed the hand and gave it first-aid treatment. Sir George, who felt he could have made a much better and quicker job of that bandage than Browne, asked Roberta where she had been when she was shot. On receiving her answer that it was on the rough road that led from the main highway to the construction camp, he left with a murmured statement that he would come back in a moment.

Browne raised his eyebrows at Roberta and asked "What does he think he's going to do?" "I don't know," said Roberta, who was feeling rather limp. "Probably ing that he would take care, if any-

thing came to light tomorrow, that Mr. MacBeth was immediately informed.

Sir George went to the car and stood so long before it that Browne, who had been consulting with a foreman, came up to him and paused.

"What next?"

The other man looked at him gravely and shook his head. "I don't want this spread about and I'd just as soon the girl didn't know it either. Look!" He pointed to his coat which he had left so placed in the car that it looked as though some one was still sitting in it, and then indicated his hat, with which he had crowned the collar of the coat.

From a distance it would look like a man slumped down in the seat with his hat over his eyes. Browne bent over and saw to his astonishment that there were several holes in the hat and when he lifted the coat some small shot rattled to the floor of the car. He looked at his companion in consternation. "No

found this and the marks of a strange car over there." He pointed toward the entrance to the construction road. "Think we might as well call off the men now. If the fellow had a car he's miles away by this time. No use looking for him here."

Browne agreed, and gave the signal for the men to return, promising that he would take care, if any-

thing came to light tomorrow, that Mr. MacBeth was immediately informed.

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