

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

Companion Of Prince of Wales

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

SPRING SONG

Now is the Winter ended and again The quiet hollows of this valley wake Beneath the silver pebbling of the rain.

PRESSING THOUGHTS

A too-hot iron will fade colors. All stains should be removed from a garment before pressing. Writing the pressing cloth out of warm water, as cold water chills the iron.

when to keep silent is armed with one powerful weapon for the battle of life. "Civility," said Lady Montague, "costs nothing and buys everything."

Conversation is an art in itself, and it is by no means those who have the most to tell who are the best talkers. It is a great misfortune neither to have sufficient wit to converse readily nor enough good sense to remain silent.

DID YOU SLEEP WELL?

If your beauty sleep is not as sound as it should be, take it from me that there are better ways of inducing it than counting phantoms, flock of sheep, Doctors, psychologists, and mattress-makers have seen to that.

FEATHERWEIGHT BLANKETS

Make a start by seeing that your sleeping quarters are right. A well-sprung bedstead, not too narrow and with a mattress soft enough to accommodate the contours of the body, and a good feather pillow, are essential. Sheets and blankets should be long enough to tuck in, and the latter light but warm.

LEARN TO RELAX

The most difficult lesson to learn, in these days of crowded activities, is the power of relaxation, which is vital during sleep.

FROM GIRL TO WOMAN

GROWING girls are often sufferers from female irregularities, catarrhal drains, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the womanly tonic to give your daughter at such times.

Varney of 47 Birch St., Woodstock, Ont., said: "When I was growing into womanhood I suffered terrible pain periodically. I would have to stay in bed for several days. All this misery was soon corrected after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a short time."

47 druggists. New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid \$1.00. Large size, tabs. or liquid, \$1.50. Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

TENDERS FOR COAL AND COKE. Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Coal" will be received until 12 o'clock noon (daylight saving), Tuesday, April 23, 1935, for the supply of coal and coke for the Dominion Buildings, in the Province of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

Mr. T. Pott Says:

Tea's just a gentle stimulant to muscle, nerve and brain. To lubricate the thoughts a bit and mitigate the strain. To spur resolve and send the will to heights of mastery. So through the mists I'll speak its praise and have my cup of Tea.

Mr. T. Pott commends using the better tea. And there is no tea so good at the price as MORSE'S STANDARD TEA—the good old family tea of the Maritimes.

THE COOK'S CORNER

CREAM PUFFS. 1 cup of hot water and 1/4 cup butter boiled together. While boiling stir in 1 cup flour; remove from fire and stir to a smooth paste.

SMALL CAKES. 1/2 cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 1/2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 1/2 cup of chopped walnuts, 1/2 cup square cake tin with well buttered paper. Cut in squares while hot. Leave on paper till cold.

CINNAMON LOAF. 1 egg, 1 t. butter, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 cup milk, 2 tps. baking powder, 1/2 tsp. salt, if using sour milk add 1/2 tsp. soda.

SPANISH BUN. 2 eggs (reserve white of one for icing), 1 cup coffee, sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup sour milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 cup flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 cups flour.

BRAN LOAF. 2 cups bran, 2 cups flour, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/2 cup raisins, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 cups sour milk (salt), mix dry ingredients first. Put soda in milk. Bake in a slow oven for one hour.

OAST AWAY. All old straw hats—out of fashion next year. Artificial and silk stockings—too worn for use and too thin for rags.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD. "Your honor," she said to the governor, "I fled from England to escape my Lord Carnal. I married this man and told him my story. We drank from the same cup then and we shall drink from the same cup now."

CHAPTER XIV. A two-day journey brought them to Utamussac. There the white men were to be burned at the stake, but as the preparations were being made Nantuaque arrived with a message that Opechancanough was a friend of Percy and soon after the emperor himself arrived.

CHAPTER XV. Percy looked about for a weapon and seized a half-consumed torch, while Diocoon grabbed a piece of twisted iron from the fireplace. But Carnal declared that this time he had played to win, and throwing open a door led in a horde of Indians.

CHAPTER XVI. So Percy was freed from the charge of piracy, but Carnal reminded Sir Francis Wyatt that he had resisted arrest and still lay under the King's displeasure for his marriage. Wyatt kept Ralph confined and when the ship reached Jamestown he was put in jail with Diocoon.

CHAPTER XVII. There, through Rolfe's planning, the house agent decided that he had better be quite frank with his latest clients. "Of course," he began, "this house has one or two drawbacks which I feel I must mention. It is bounded on the north by the gasworks, on the east by a vinegar factory, and in the west there is a gill-worming establishment."

CHAPTER XVIII. "Good heavens!" gasped the husband. "What a neighborhood!" "Quite so," replied the agent. "But there are advantages. The rent is cheap, and you can always tell which way the wind is blowing!"

CHAPTER XIX. "I have won at last," panted Carnal. "A long good-night to you, Captain Percy!" There was a swift backward movement of the Indians and Diocoon cried: "The panther, sir! have a care."

CHAPTER XX. For the best, which had been lying in a corner, was maddened by the smell of blood and the noise of the combat. Its hair bristled and its eyes glittered. Suddenly it sprang straight at Carnal. One of its forefeet sat in the velvet of Carnal's doublet—the claws of the other entered the flesh below the temple and tore downwards and across.

CHAPTER XXI. "Come," said the leader of the Indians. "We shall go to Pamunkey. We shall build a fire there. We shall burn the white men. We shall burn the white men. We shall burn the white men."

CHAPTER XXII. "I am not dead," Percy answered. "I shall be dead soon," Carnal said. "I shall be dead soon," Carnal said. "I shall be dead soon," Carnal said.

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If You Ought to Live Your Life Over Again — Dorothy Dix

"Oh, if only I could live my life over again How differently I would do it!" Is the Universal Cry — But Would We? We Cannot Even Learn to Dread the Fire When We Burn Our Fingers

There is nothing that we assert oftener than that if we had our lives to live over again we would do things very differently from the way we have done. We would never mess up things as we have done. We would avoid the terrible mistakes we have made. We would never fall into the pits into which we have blundered. We would be wise, prudent, self-controlled, not foolish, reckless morons swayed by every impulse.

If they had their lives to live over again, those who find themselves poor and dependent in their old age, think they would be industrious and frugal and lay up something for a rainy day. The drifters who have never accomplished anything think they would hold fast to some steadfast purpose. The failures are sure they would have achieved success if only they had followed some other occupation. The unhappily married man is certain that he would never be so blinded by a pretty face again as to see how selfish and mean a girl was.

Oh, if I could only live my life over again, how differently I would do it, is the universal cry. If we were given another chance at shaping our fates, would they be materially altered? A few, perhaps. Not many. For nothing is more sadly true than that the great majority of people never learn anything from experience. Even suffering teaches them nothing. They go on falling into the same ditches even when they know exactly where they are, what the consequences will be, and how befouled they will get.

Every one of us illustrates this weakness of human nature in our daily lives. We know, for instance, from experience just what regiment to follow to keep in good health, and a hundred times we have got indigestion from eating mince pie, but when a particularly luscious one is savory in our nostrils and tickles our palates we send back our plates for a second helping. We have had breakdowns from too much work, too many parties, too late hours, but that doesn't make us slow down into low speed and go to bed with the birds.

There isn't a drunkard who doesn't know from experience just what liquor does to him and what a headache, physically and morally, it leaves behind it. There is not a playboy who has not lost a job because of his inattention to business and who cannot see ahead of him the shadow of the down-and-out-er he will be in age. There is not a philanthropist who hasn't found out that a light-o'-love can become the heaviest sort of old woman of the sea around a man's neck, and that the primrose path can become the road of doom to a man.

Yet only in the rarest cases do the drunkard and the playboy and the philanthropist heed the warning that their experience has given them. Most of them go blithely on following their inclinations until they come to inevitable disaster. And then they cry: "Oh, if I could only live my life over again!"

Experience teaches most people nothing about handling money. I know a woman, reared in the lap of luxury, who inherited a large fortune from her father, which she literally threw away in senseless extravagance. For years she went through dire poverty, often not knowing where the next meal was coming from, and then some one died and left her enough money on which to be comfortable if it was thriftily managed.

You would have thought that, after her experience, she would pinch every penny to him and what she might again know what, but she went on in a buying orgy of cats and jewels and fine clothes and luxuries and in a couple of years was back once more on Poverty Flat.

People learn nothing from experience even about marriage. It would seem that those who have been unappreciated would avoid a second marriage as they would piracy, and that wild horses couldn't drag them to the altar. On the contrary, the divorced nearly always remarry. Often within an hour of being freed from one mate they take another. Evidently the burnt child doesn't dread the fire. And look how often widows and widowers repeat matrimonial mistakes and take husbands and wives in a second venture who are dead ringers for their first, with whom they could not get along.

And what is the daily spat that wrecks the peace of so many homes except the refusal of people to learn from experience? No man and woman can live together even for a month without finding out exactly what subjects they differ on, what antagonisms they have, and how to rub each other's fur the right way and keep off each other's pet prejudices. And if they would profit by this knowledge it would save nine-tenths of the divorces.

So stupid are we about learning from experience that we breathe a vain prayer when we wish to live our lives over again. We would make just the same blunders.

Lady Jocelyn came to see him secretly, she being a guest of Lady Wyatt. Meanwhile Carnal continued his plotting to be rid of Ralph. Through a false message, purporting to be from Mistress Percy, and a forged pass from the jail, Percy with his knife in his hand, and a small hut in the forest. To their surprise they were followed en route by a panther, one captured and named by Nantuaque. The animal walked at their heels.

"You love me so?" she said. "Then tell these men the truth. Will you tell them the truth?" "I will do what you ask if you let me kiss your lips," Carnal said. Percy sprang forward with an oath, but his guards restrained him. "First tell me the truth, my lord," said Lady Jocelyn. "Then claim your reward."

"I have won at last," panted Carnal. "A long good-night to you, Captain Percy!" There was a swift backward movement of the Indians and Diocoon cried: "The panther, sir! have a care."

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Here is the latest portrait of Mrs. Ernest Simpson of London, who was frequently seen with the Prince of Wales in Vienna recently. Formerly Miss Wallis-Warfield of Baltimore, Maryland, Mrs. Simpson is a sister-in-law of Mrs. Kerr Smiley of London.

FASHIONS FOR SPRING

Here are long slenderizing lines. Note the pretty and becoming cape collar, sleeve-like at the front. It will be much appreciated by those of fuller figure. Brown and white linen-like cotton made the original intended for town and country wear. However, in quite a number of materials and colorings is this dress charming. It is equally at home with tub silks and linens as with cottons.

Style No. 404 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 404. Size ..... Name ..... Street Address ..... City ..... State .....

that Lady Jocelyn had slipped from Wyatt's arms and had gone into the forest to look for him. Her sole escort was Jeremy Sparrow. The governor would not permit Percy to go on a search for her, as word had come that the savages were already beginning their attacks on the settlements. Smoke of burning houses could be seen above the forest and the crackling of Indian muskets could be heard.

The men of Jamestown were arming and making ready for battle and Percy, ordered to rest after his journey, made his way instead to the Guest House, there to find his enemy. The place was cleared of its usual crowd. All had gone to fort or pallade.

Besides a table in his room sat Carnal, his head bowed on his arms. A letter lay near. "Come back to the forest and play your last card," it read. "Come and let the king behold your face once more."

Percy touched his enemy on the shoulder. Carnal lifted his head, one whole side of his face covered with a black cloth. "Art quick or dead?" Carnal cried. "I will not fight the dead." "I am not dead," Percy answered. "I shall be dead soon," Carnal said.

FOR SALE BY TENDER

TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN (277) SHARES OF THE CAPITAL STOCK OF PROWSE BROS. LTD.

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up until noon Tuesday the 30th day of April next, at the office of The Eastern Trust Company, Richmond Street, Charlottetown, for the whole or any portion of Two hundred and seventy-seven (277) shares of the Capital Stock of Prowse Bros., Limited, the total par value of shares offered being \$27,700.00. Financial statements and Balance Sheets may be inspected by bona fide intending purchasers at the said office.

A certified cheque for ten per cent. of the amount thereof must accompany each tender. Mark envelopes "Tender for Prowse Bros. Ltd., Stock."

The highest or any other tender not necessarily accepted. THE EASTERN TRUST COMPANY, and CLARA M. PROWSE, Executors Estate Late Benjamin C. Prowse

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