

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

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

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

Christmas Gifts From Your Own Kitchen

By Mari Moore

There are certain friends of ours who know, when a Christmas parcel arrives from the Moore ménage, they may be dead sure it contains food.

This year the main attractions are Orange Peel Bread, Spiced Nuts, Chocolate Coated Ginger and the expected shortbread. Fudge poured and moulded into its malling box is a new wrinkle too.

We think the Orange Peel Bread is an inspiration, because the containers for baking and mailing are one and the same, and need not cost a cent, because they are merely baking powder tins, stripped clean of their original labels.

Before making your shortbread you should shop for boxes suitable for packing and mailing it, and then cut it out in shapes to fit the boxes most snugly—in this way it will not shake about, nor will corners be broken off.

Small Christmas boxes the size of candy boxes will be found easily to hold both a layer of chocolate-coated ginger and one of spiced nuts, separated by a sheet of heavy waxed paper.

I really should hold a little stock in the company that makes cellophane, because I use it in such quantities on these small Christmas food gifts.

It is very just to prove that other colors besides green and red are festive and Christmas—we are using purple cellophane tied with gold ribbon and stuck with gold seals. Green and red cellophane with gold ribbon are extremely effective too.

Even before such a gorgeously wrapped parcel is opened the recipient is a little awed that his gift should come in such beautiful wrappings.

WARNING: Buy your seals and wrappers and ribbons before the whole world has had a chance to pick out the choicest of them.

Orange Peel Bread

One cup scalded milk, 2 tablespoons shortening (butter is preferable), 3 tablespoons molasses, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1 yeast cake, 1 3/4 cups tepid water, 1 1/2 cups bread flour, 1 1/2 cups finely ground whole wheat or graham flour, 3-4 cup candied orange peel, 1-2 cup pecan nut seeds. Add to the milk the shortening, molasses and salt. When it cools to lukewarm, add yeast cake which has been dissolved in the water, and the flour; mix thoroughly then add orange peel and nuts

cut in slices and small pieces. When well mixed cover and stand in warm place and let rise until double in bulk; cut it down and fill small greased baking powder tins three-eighths full; let rise to double its bulk again in a dished bake 15 minutes in oven of 425 deg. Fahr. then reduce heat to 375 deg. and bake for 15 or 20 more minutes. Remove from tins and when cool wrap snugly in wax paper and return to the tins for delivery.

Spiced Nuts

One and one half cups icing sugar, 3-8 cup cornstarch, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon each of ground ginger, cloves, nutmeg and allspice, 1 egg white, 2 tablespoons cold water, one half to two thirds pound of pecan meats or walnuts or other nuts. Measure and sift together the sugar, cornstarch, salt spices twice. Sprinkle on flat baking dish. Dip the nuts into the egg white and water which have been combined, drain them slightly, then drop them separately into the spiced sugar and roll them over once. Now place the pan in a slow oven of never more than 250 deg. Fahr. and bake for 2 hours. Never let one nut touch the next one. Remove from oven and sift sugar from the nuts before packing.

Chocolate Coated Ginger

Supplies necessary for dipping ginger: dipping chocolate (procured from confectioner) candied ginger, board covered with heavy waxed paper, double boiler. Cut ginger in irregular pieces and knock off excessive sugar. Break or shave the dipping chocolate and put into top of double boiler. Place over cold water (too low to touch the pan) and heat slowly. The water should never become hotter than 125 deg. Fahr. which feels hot, but not too uncomfortable to the hand. When the chocolate begins to melt it should be stirred almost constantly so that it is evenly heated throughout. One hundred and ten deg. Fahr. not very much hotter than blood heat, is the highest temperature the chocolate should ever reach. Reduce temperature of chocolate and water in bottom to 85 deg. Fahr. allowing not the slightest drop of water to get into the chocolate and dip the centres in one by one, being sure they are completely coated, then lift out with two tined fork onto waxed paper, chilling them as quickly as possible. If this is done in ice box, remove them as soon as cool as damp air is fatal to their appearance, causing an unsightly grayness. Store in cool place.

TIME TO TAKE Buckley's BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE. Any time is a good time to take Buckley's, Canada's national cough remedy—and cold preventative. Don't take chances—Take Buckley's. For Quick Relief demand. Acts like a flash! A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT.

Banana Butterscotch Pudding. 4 bananas. 1/2 cup brown sugar. 1 tablespoon cream or top milk. 1 1/2 tablespoons butter. Allow one banana for each person. Peel and scrape the bananas with a silver knife and cut into thin slices. Make a sauce of brown sugar, milk or cream and butter, and cook this slowly, stirring constantly about four minutes or until the sugar is melted and bubbling. Pour this sauce over the sliced bananas. Serve with a large spoonful of whipped cream on each dish. A few chopped nuts may be sprinkled over the bananas before the sauce is poured over them. This should be served hot.

"Your husband is sulking again. What's wrong this time?" "Oh, it's just because I used his silly old tennis-racket to strain the potatoes."

PURITY FLOUR. Best For All Your Baking. Includes an image of a flour bag.

Mothers Can Destroy Daughters' Happiness. Dorothy Dix. Tells of Danger of Criticizing New Son-in-Law.

Why do Mothers Who Want to see Their Daughters Happy Spend Their Time Picking Flaws in Their Daughters' Husbands? Many a Girl has Reached the Divorce Court as a Result of Mother's Influence

"Why do our mothers want to make us dissatisfied with our husbands?" asks a young wife. Then she goes on to say: "Goodness knows, after you are married to a man it is hard enough to keep yourself



sold to the idea that you've got a Prince Charming and the hero of your girlish dreams. But if we can still do it and believe that we drew the big prize in matrimonial lottery, why can't our mothers let us alone and permit us to cherish our illusions?"

"But they can't do it. They are just compelled to pick flaws in our mates and to point out to us all the little defects and blemishes in them that we have missed, and the result is just the same as it is when you buy a new hat or gown and take it home and everybody begins disparaging it and telling you what a poor bargain you have made and how you have been stung."

"You know how it is. You run across a new frock that you fall for at sight. It is just the particular shade that you never can resist, and it is your lines and style, and there is something about it you don't quite know what, that just makes you crazy about it."

"So you grab it up before another girl can get her hands on it and you simply go dancing home, you are so proud and satisfied and triumphant, and you call on the family to come and see the treasure you've got, and father looks it over with an appraising sneer and says: "Uh, uh, you paid \$50 for that? It would be high at \$5. It is showy, but there is no wear to it, and why didn't you pick out something that was strong and durable and would stand wear and tear and not fade in the wash instead of this flimsy thing is beyond me. But you never did have any judgment, anyway!"

"Sister says that that particular shade of green always makes you look sa'low, and it looks to her like a last year's model and it lacks style, but, of course, if you are satisfied with something that shows that it didn't come from the smartest shop, it's your affair."

"And mother puts on her glasses and begins turning it this way and that, and shows you where it is sloppily made, and where it doesn't fit around the neck, and where the hem isn't straight, and there is a defect in the weave and a tiny spot under a fold, and so on and so forth, until by the time they are all through pulling your dress to pieces all of your pleasure in it has gone and you can't see anything in it but the defects, and you wonder what on earth made you pick it out, and wish that you could return it to the bargain counter."

"And that is the way our families do us about the men and women we marry. They won't let us stay satisfied with our husbands and wives. They won't let us stay blind to their faults. They just can't be happy until they open our eyes and make us see every little disillusioning thing about those with whom we have got to live until death or the divorce court does us part."

"Now I am married to a fine man, who is good and kind and generous and tender to me and whom I love dearly. But, of course, he has his faults and his prejudices and his funny little ways of doing things, none of which bother me, for he suits me all the better just because he isn't perfect any more than I am."

"And I've got a darling mother who is devoted to me and I am sure wants me to be happy and make a success of my married life, yet her favorite indoor sport is picking on my husband. She keeps a perpetual spotlight turned on every weakness in his character. She harps on every mistake he makes. She makes little disparaging remarks about his taste in clothes and his manners. She criticizes the way he sits and walks and talks. She sneers at his opinions."

"She pities me because he drops cigarette ashes on the rugs and spreads the Sunday newspaper over the whole house. She finds fault from the headland at four o'clock and had hurried over tea, they would have had time to go back by the cliff path, which was quicker than walking along the shore, and to reach the car park by half-past-five. But up on the headland he had forgotten time. He had not looked at his wrist-watch until Fay had reminded him, and then it had already been half-past-four. That did not leave them any time for tea. Geoffrey had not told Fay what the time was. He had said, "All right, I'm keeping my eye on it." For more than he had ever wanted anything he wanted to play with her in the inn garden that afternoon; and he told himself that if she missed the char-a-bancs it would be all the better, because then they would drive back to London in the two-seater, he and she together, along the evening roads. All the same, he could not help feeling a little mean about it, and that was an extremely unpleasant feeling and was quite spoiling his appetite for tea. So as soon as it was really too late to make any attempt to reach the car park in time he turned his arm round and showed her his wrist-watch.

"I'm afraid it's got rather late," he said uncomfortably. "But it doesn't matter, because I can drive you back in my car if I miss the char-a-bancs."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," said Fay, very firmly. "We mustn't miss your How late is it? Good gracious, your watch says five minutes to five. Is that the right time?"

"I'm afraid it is," said Geoffrey. "I'm not worrying much though, because I shall love to drive you home, and we'll get back as anything sooner than the char-a-bancs."

"Yes, but that isn't the point," said Fay, distractedly. "Don't you see, they'll all wonder where I am? They may go round looking for me?"

"No one is in the least likely to miss you," said Geoffrey. "The people in one char-a-banc will think you're in another and so on. The only person who might go round looking for you is Miss Evers and she knows you're with me and she won't let us down. You'll be able to go and tell her what happened when you get home."

"Yes, that's all right, but think how she'll worry. She may think we've got drowned. Anyway, it'll spoil her drive home."

For COLDS

"I always use BABY'S OWN TABLETS to break up my baby's colds," writes Mrs. Wilbert Colquhoun, Sturgeon Falls, Ont. "When I see a cold coming on, it is to BABY'S OWN TABLETS that I turn," writes Mrs. Robert Greenhorn, Phillipsville, Ont. Mothers everywhere report in like vein of the safe, sure results that follow the use of BABY'S OWN TABLETS in treating children's colds, teething troubles, simple fevers, disordered stomach, colic, constipation. 25 cents.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Dr. Williams' 246

A Morning Smile

Father—"Troubled with dyspepsia in school to-day? Why, that's a strange thing for a boy to have. Johnny—I didn't have it; I had to spell it."

Howlers, 1932 Crop. "A connoisseur is a person who stands outside a picture palace."

"A polygon is a dead parrot." "The 'Compliment Angler' is another name for Euclid, because he wrote all about angles."

"All Baba means being away when the crime was committed."

A woman entered a shop and said: "Have you any cream for restoring the complexion?"

"Restoring, miss? You mean preserving!" said the clerk heartily. P. S.—He sold her \$17 worth of complexion creams.

with his taste in food and is afraid he is not domestic-minded because he likes to step out and have a good time now and then. And she is suspicious of the blonde stenographer in his office and thinks I should make him dismiss her and get an elderly lady with spectacles and no hair to speak of.

"Now what I can't understand is why my mother, who is an intelligent woman and a good one, does this. Why does she belittle my husband to me? Why does she want me to think badly of him? Why does she focus my attentions on his shortcomings instead of his virtues. Why not let me stay content instead of trying to make me dissatisfied? If I think I've got the greatest husband in the world, why not let me go on enjoying my blissful delusion?"

"I am sure that my mother isn't deliberately trying to kill my affection for my husband. She doesn't want to see me one of those bitter, disillusioned women whose marriages are nothing but grim endurance tests. She isn't consciously trying to break up my home, for she would consider a divorce more or less of a disgrace. And she certainly doesn't want me to give up a luxurious home and a husband who, whatever his other faults, is a good provider to become one of those lean, half-starved alimony hounds that we see all about us, and who eke out a meager income by going back home to live on their parents."

"Yet my mother, and dozens of other mothers I know, are working to this end when they are always criticizing their daughters' husbands to them and making them feel that they are married to poor, miserable makeshifts who are not worth any consideration and upon whom they have thrown themselves away. Worse than that, I know many mothers who implant suspicions of their husbands in their daughters' minds and sow the seeds of distrust that ripen into divorces."

"It is a pity mothers feel it their privilege to throw cold water on our marriages, for they cool down the warmth of many a wife's affection for her husband. What our mothers should do is to boost our husbands to us, not cry them down."

DOROTHY DIX.

"Perhaps," said Fay. "And perhaps not. Still that's no business of ours. Come along, we've said good-night. Let's go on."

"You've said good-night," said Geoffrey, "but I haven't. I was trying to think of a nice way. The nicest way would be like those people."

"Which people?" "The ones who . . . who kiss." There was silence. "I don't think so at all," said Fay briskly. "I think that would be a very silly way. I don't go in for that sort of thing."

"Nor do I," said Geoffrey. "Well, then, let's go home," said Fay. Geoffrey sat still and did nothing. Fay opened the door.

"I've walked twenty miles before, so I suppose I can do it again," she remarked as she rose. Geoffrey leaned forward and switched on the engine. "No, don't get out, Fay!" he cried. "Please don't! I'm sorry. I was a brute to bother you. I won't say another word about it. Honest-ly, I'll drive straight home. Look! I'm starting now!"

He let in the clutch. Fay sat down and closed the door. They sped away from the scent and the shadows of the pines. When they got out into the moonlight, he ventured to look at her. Her charming profile was inscrutable.

There was a short pause. "When people say good-night, generally shake hands," said Geoffrey in a voice which he tried hard to control.

"Not if they're sitting in a car and going on again together afterwards," Fay objected. "It would seem so peculiar to sit here and shake hands."

"Well, if they don't shake hands," said Geoffrey, "sometimes they . . . they kiss."

What the Fashionables are Wearing

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By Annabelle Worthington



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Style No. 962 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

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Form for ordering: No. 962. Size, Name, Street Address, City, State.

For The Cook

Prune Charlotte

Cover twenty large prunes with cold water and let stand overnight, then cook slowly until perfectly tender. When cold remove the stones and chop the fruit finely.

Whip one cup of cream until stiff, sweeten it with three tablespoons sugar, fold in the chopped prunes and flavor with a few drops of vanilla.

Line a glass dish with thin strips of sponge or delicate cake; fill the centre with the cream and chill on ice before serving. This will serve five to six persons.

Gingersnap Delight

1 package of gingersnaps. 1 package cream cheese. 12 chopped maraschino cherries. 1/2 cup chopped walnut meats.

Cream nuts and cherries with the cheese then spread the snaps and place three layers like a cake, i. e. a snap spread thickly with the mixture, another snap, etc., until there are four used for each serving.

Cover the whipped cream, slightly sweetened and flavored with lemon. This recipe requires no cooking.

able. She looked straight ahead. "You're not angry with me, Fay?"

"No, not angry with you," said Fay from an immemorial pedestal. "Only sorry that you were so stupid, that's all."

CRAPAUD SCHOOL

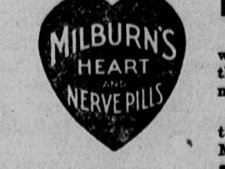
Following is the report of Crapaud School for the month of November.

- Grade X-1 Robert Dawson, 1 Robert Norton, 3 Edward Norton, 1 Lyman Sturdy. Grade IX-1 Jean MacDonald, 3 Lloyd Harvey. Grade VIII-1 Douglas Sherren, 2 Elmer Fall, 3 Myrtle Callbeck. Grade VII-1 John Luque. Grade VII-1 Jeanette Dawson, 1 Ethel Dawson, 3 Eleanor Trowdale, 4 Keith Sturdy. Grade VI-1 Annilee MacDonald, 2 Muriel Cobb, 3 Gladys Trowdale, 4 Elsie Sturdy. Grade V-1 John Sturdy, 2 Kenneth Cobb, 3 Leah Martin, 4 Clayton Simmons. Grade IV-1 Ernest Norton, 1 Eleanor Wood. Grade III-1 Norman MacDonald, 2 Willard Fall, 3 Allison Sturdy. Grade II-1 Audrey Harvey, 1 Jessie Martin. Grade I-1 Frederick Norton, 1 Earl Fall, 3 Noreen Simmons, 1 Mildred Dawson, Lillian Fall, 1 Gordon Harding, Edith Wilk, Teachers.

Palpitation of the Heart Nerves Bad - Could Not Sleep

Mrs. Fred Bingham, Swift Current, Sask., writes: "I was bothered with palpitation of the heart, and my nerves were so bad I could not sleep."

I was getting desperate and confided my trouble to a friend who recommended me to use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I purchased a box and got such relief I would gladly recommend them to all who are troubled as I was."



For sale at all drug and general stores; put up only by The T. Milburn Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

MORTGAGE SALE

TO BE SOLD by public auction in front of the Law Court Building in Charlottetown, Queens County on Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of December, A. D. 1932 at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, ALL THAT TRACT PIECE and parcel of land situate lying and being on Township number 41 in Kings County in Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: commencing on the south side of the Sturgeon Road in the eastern boundary of Mahar's land and thence south along Mahar's land and along land now or formerly in possession of Philip Steele 64 chains to the rear boundary of farms fronting on St. Mary's Road thence east along the boundary of John Kearney's farm to the east boundary line of a plot of land granted by the said John Kearney to Charles Herbert Poole thence north 12 chains to the Sturgeon Road, thence west along said Sturgeon Road to the place of commencement containing two hundred (200) acres of land a little more or less reserving thereout and therefrom a right-of-way 20 feet wide commencing at the Sturgeon Line Road at the north-western boundary of land of William Mahar, formerly of Nicholas Mouton, thence following the courses of the way now and heretofore in use southwardly to the Milldam located on the said described property and continuing the said right-of-way southwardly across the said dam and southwardly and easterly along the said way as has been known as the Old Pond Road to the eastern boundary of the said described lands for the use of Daniel Collins in common with the said mortgages their heirs and assigns.

Administrators Notice

The undersigned administrators of the personal estate and effects of Eustace Heath Haviland late of Charlottetown in Queens County in Prince Edward Island, Barrister-at-Law, deceased, intestate, hereby notify all persons indebted to the said estate to make immediate payment to them at the office of Palmer & Farmer, Solicitors, Charlottetown, and all persons having any claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same, duly attested, at the office aforesaid, within twelve months from this date.

Dated this 15th day of November, A. D. 1932.

GEORGE D. DEBLOIS, H. JAMES PALMER, Administrators. 6745-11-25-fmw-1 month.

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