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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

RESOLVE

To keep my health:
To do my work!
To live!
To see to it I grow gain and give!
Never to look behind me for an hour!
To wait in weakness, and to walk in power:
But always fronting onward to the light,
Always and always facing towards the right.
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray
On, with what strength I have
Back to the way!

C. P. Gilman.

STYLE WHIMSIES

It's exceedingly smart to wear a bird in your hair with formal evening dress.

• ••

New clip earnings in enamel in natural colors and composed of two tiny pansies, are being made by Worth. They are mounted on silver.

•• •

Worth has new evening slippers with low, but exceedingly bright heels. They come up high over the instep in front.

• • •

White formal gowns with black velvet accessories are very fashionable.

• • •

And now there are "air conditioning" shoes. Which means that the shank is open, cutout like the sandal.

THE BEAUTY BOX

There is a new facial composed of milk of magnesia that should interest all women. For it is said to bring about an improvement in the skin in all three respects.

The milk of magnesia has the same effect on the skin as it has on our insides. When you take milk of magnesia internally, it purges and sweetens your entire system. And in the same way, when used externally on the fact, it cleanses and sweetens the skin. And it's particularly beneficial for an acid skin condition.

Before administering this facial the skin should first be thoroughly cleaned with a good, liquifying cleansing cream, and then with a bland soap and tepid water. Next, a generous amount of milk of magnesia should be patted on to the face and allowed to dry. When thoroughly dry, another quantity of the milk of magnesia should be patted over the first amount. This mask should be permitted to remain on the skin for at least an hour. And as the final step, it should be removed with tepid water and a soft cloth.

FIRE-ENGINE NAILS

Fashion's new "beauty aids" are somewhat startling.

Finger-nails painted a vivid fire-engine red are promised us.

Brunettes with too high colour are advised to use cyclamen powder over pale cyclamen face cream. The blondes are to use green—pale green powder on a light lily leaf-green foundation is the last word for fair beauties.

For the red-haired—an orange make-up is prepared.

FLOWER EARRINGS

Real flowers have been worn as earrings by a youthful guest at a London dance—real orchids dangling from invisible earrings almost to the wearer's neck.

The flowers looked cool and pretty on a very hot evening. Necklets of real flowers were worn by other guests.

ON GIVING ADVICE

"Because human nature is such a curious thing, it is always extremely difficult to know whether to give advice to anybody; for as likely as not the advice will have exactly the opposite effect from what was intended. And the other funny thing about human nature, in relation to advice, is that advice is all the more likely to do harm if the one to whom it is given is already conscious of wrong-doing." So writes Allan Govan, who has from time to time contributed short stories to our columns, in his first novel, "Children of the Hills," published by John Murray.

NO MORE MANTILLAS? MEXICAN WOMEN TURNING TO AMERICAN FASHIONS

No more mantillas! No more striped serapes and multitudinous petticoats in old Mexico!

For Mexican senoritas, according to a report sent to the Commerce Department by Assistant Trade Commissioner R. Horton Henry stationed in Mexico City, are going in for ready-made silk dresses from the Estados Unidos.

In spite of the high duties on the dresses it is said that a rapid and marked increases has been noted in the shops handling exclusively American imported dresses. These shops report an encouraging volume of business which is believed to reflect the more prosperous condition of Mexicans of the better class. Of course, consumers in this category represent but a small percentage of the total population and a consequently limited demand. But it is also interesting to note that the large French department stores of Mexico, which formerly sold only dresses of French and domestic manufacture have recently begun to stock American dresses.

TOPPER CANNOT BE WORN

As late as the middle of the last century, both in England and on the Continent and frequently in New England and the cities of the South, Physicians visited their patients arrayed in top hats and claw-hammer coats, and, although the latter was finally replaced by the 'Prince Albert" in England, it continued to be worn for some years in Paris and Rome, and the top hat until the World War. Lawyears were invariably clad in the same way.

Now the "topper" is reserved for ceremonial occasions and the claw-hammer exclusively for evening wear, and the other day a barrister attempted to appear in Old Bailey arrayed in plus-fours.

"There is, indeed, a strange dress laxity among the professional classes of the day," Sir Francis Joseph recently told the National Federation of Merchant Tailors' Conference at its annual Banquet in London. He added, however:

"The workaday world is better clothed than it has ever been before England is now the best-dressed nation in the world, and both American and Continental people are coming here in large numbers to replenish their wardrobes. As a result of the prevalence of small cars it was impossible for a doctor to wear a tall hat, and with the passing of the tall hat the doctor also discarded his frock coat."

HOW TO APPLY LIQUID ROUGE SUCCESSFULLY

Famous cosmeticians insist that once you have mastered the art of applying liquid rouge, you never will be happy wearing any other kind.

It's quite a lot harder to put on than either cream or dry rouge but once you get it on, it stays a long, long time and looks very natural.

Applying it with a small piece of cotton which has first been soaked in either cold water or a cold skin tonic often makes the trick more simple. However, many people do blend it in with their finger tips.

Clean your face in the usual manner and smooth on a foundation lotion. Dip a small cotton pad in skin tonic and then put a few drops of liquid rouge on the pad. Begin in toward your nose and rub the pad along your cheek bone out toward your ear. Then go back to the starting point and make one streak downward. In other words, make a triangle. Then begin to fill in the triangle by working the pad around and around and no uneven splotches. Powder when you have finished.

For heart steam (Scots style) simmer the lamb or mutton hearts until tender. Remove and cut in two-inch squares. Slice onions and fry in cooking fat for five minutes add hearts, and potatoes cut the same size as the hearts. Cover with boiling water and cook until the potatoes are done. Thicken liquid and serve hot.—Dominion Department of Agriculture.

98 OUT OF 100 WOMEN REPORT BENEFIT

Feels well... Always happy

PALE AND WEAK until she took Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound

"I was weak and pale," says Mrs. Louis Fortin, 361 Boulevard du Havre, Valleyfield, Quebec. "I could hardly do my work until I started taking your medicine. I am now on my fourth bottle. I feel perfectly well and always happy, thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Take this medicine for periodic pain, before and after childbirth, at Change of Life and whenever you are nervous and rundown.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Used by women for over 60 years

Can Women Hold Their Tongues? **Dorothy Dix** Finds They Hug Unimportant Secrets

It Isn't True That Women Can't Keep a Secret: Try to Get One to Tell You Her Age or How She Caught Her Husband!— The Only Secrets a Woman Tells Are Those She Should Die Rather Than Reveal

It is the general belief that women cannot keep a secret. This is an error. There are, at least, two secrets that wild horses couldn't drag out of the greatest feminine babbler, and these are her age and how she caught her husband.

There are points at which even the most garrulous of the conversational sex stop short, and so far as her friends and acquaintances know from her, every woman stays a perpetual 39 or 40, and her husband used cave-men stuff in dragging her to the altar. If she has a few extra birthdays thrown in she doesn't mention them, nor does she reveal the arts and wiles by which she convinced some unsuspecting man that she was the ideal for which he had been seeking all his life and that it would break his heart if he didn't get her.

Oh, yes, women can keep a secret. No doubt about that. The trouble with them is not that they tell too much, but that they tell the wrong things. They tell the thing that make their tongues double-edged swords that slay them.

No wife, for instance, should ever tell how she manages her husband. That is a secret that the rack and thumb screws should not force from her unwilling lips. To tell it is to reveal her technique and make it worthless. Every woman knows that whether her marriage is a perpetual scrap or a peace conference, and whether she gets what she wants or not, depends not upon her husband's virtues but upon the skill with which she handles his faults and weaknesses.

So if a wife finds out that the way to be boss is to make a parade of husband being the head of the house: if she discovers that the safe time to tell bad news and ask for money is after husband is replete with a good meal and at peace with the world, and that the painless way of extracting a new gown is by telling him that people expect HIS wife to be well dressed, why, that is her own trade secret and she is a fool to give it away. For, naturally, you can't work a man who suspects he is being worked.

The only person a wife should ever tell about her husband's faults is her divorce lawyer. As long as she lives with a man and eats his bread she is bound by every consideration of decency and good taste and common sense to keep silent about his weaknesses. Yet for innumerable women their chief indoor sport is tearing their husbands' characters to ribbons for the delectation of their friends.

They reveal all of their husbands' little peculiarities, their prejudices, their ignorances, their stupidities. They turn the spotlight on all of their husbands' blunders and mistakes and strip from them all the garments of respect in which they were clothed in their neighbors' eyes.

Many a wife who bewails her husband's lack of success in his business or profession has only herself to blame for it. She has talked about his taking an occasional glass of beer until she has made people think he was a drunkard. Or she has told about his being gruff and surly at home and hard to get along with until she has given him the reputation of being a boor. Or she has complained of his lack of energy and business sense until she has effectually blocked his chance of getting a job.

Worse still, women will tell any stranger of the faults of their children. Half of the scandals that blight young people are started by their mothers, whose chief topic of conversation is the trouble they are having with Mary, who is running with a wild crowd and doesn't come home until Heaven knows when and won't tell where she has been, and who confide to all of their friends that John is drinking too much and has lost his job. Many a mother who adores her children blasts their characters by talking about them.

Another mistake, and a fatal one, that many a wife makes is in telling her husband the history of all of her own family skeletons, for in every time of strife he is certain to drag the bones out of the closet and belabor her with them. She is simply putting a weapon in his hand when she tells him all about grandpa's peccadilloes, and that Aunt Sally was no better than she should have been, and that brother had to be paid out of trouble.

Nor should any wife tell her husband about her family's criticisms of him and that Mother says he should do this and Father says he should do that. The reason that most husbands hate their in-laws is because their wives are always relaying all the unpleasant things their families say about them.

Nor should any woman ever tell her husband of her mistakes. If she makes a bad bargain, let her forever hold her peace about it. If she bakes a cake that is heavy, let her chuck it in the garbage can and say nothing about it. Thereby shall she save a family row over the waste of money and sugar and eggs. Husbands take their wives at their own valuation and, if a woman only blows her trumpet loudly enough, her husband will be convinced that he has married a paragon of her sex.

All of which boils down into saying that the secret that every woman should keep is the thing she should not tell.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Lemon Pudding

1 lemon
1 cup sugar
1 cup boiling water
3 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
4 tablespoons shortening
1½ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2-3 cup milk

Meringue

3 egg whites
6 tablespoons sugar
Vanilla

Peel the lemon, slice very thin, removing the seeds. Put in a baking dish, add the sugar and water and cook slowly while preparing the batter. Beat the egg yolks, add the sugar and melted shortening. Sift salt, baking powder and flour into the mixture, alternately with milk. Pour into the pan containing the lemon syrup but do not stir. Bake at 370 degrees F. for about 35 minutes. When done, spread meringue over the top and brown under the broiler oven for a few minutes. Serve at once. A hot lemon sauce may be served with this pudding if desired.

Marshmallow-Nut Delight

½ cup walnuts
½ pound marshmallows
¼ cup maraschino cherries
1 cup heavy cream
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons powdered sugar
Few grains salt

Break or cut walnuts, and with scissors which have been plunged in cold water, cut the marshmallows and cherries in pieces. Whip cream until stiff, and add vanilla, powdered sugar and salt. Fold in nutmeats, marshmallows and cherries. Pile into serving glasses. Place in refrigerator to chill.

Fried Chicken

Get a broiling chicken and cut up for frying. Heat an iron or heavy aluminum skillet and put in it sufficient lard or cooking oil to be three-quarters of an inch deep when melted. Roll each piece of chicken in flour, coating it liberally and rub with salt and pepper. Have the fat sizzling and turn the chicken frequently until it is beautifully browned; then lower the heat, cover the skillet and cook slowly until very tender—about half an hour. Remove the chicken and pour off all the fat but two tablespoons, taking care to keep the brown drippings in the bottom. Add two tablespoons flour, and brown, then add one and one-half cups rich, hot milk, slowly to prevent lumping. Stir until smooth and return the chicken to the gravy and simmer a few minutes. Serve very hot.

THAT DEPRESSED FEELING IS LARGELY LIVER

Wake Up Your Liver Bile... Without Calomel, And Feel Like a Million Dollars.

Nothing can put your system out of kilter more quickly than your liver. All it has to do is stop pouring its daily two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels—and life certainly gets grey. That sluggish flow of bile slows up digestion and elimination and makes you "feel punk". Your stomach acts up—gas, bloating, sourness, pain. Your breath is bad and the taste in your mouth is nasty. Your head aches. Skin is blotchy. All, of course, because your system is full of poisons.

Mere bowel movers like salts, oil, mineral water, roughage, laxative candy or chewing gum are not good enough to correct this condition entirely. You're livery and you must wake up your liver bile to be happy again.

Avoid calomel (mercury). The thing for you is a box of Carter's Little Liver Pills. They never upset you because they're purely vegetable, gentle and safe; but how they do change your view on life!

Don't waste your money on substitutes. Be definite. Ask for Carter's by name—and get them! Look for the name, Carter's, on the red label. 25c. at all druggists. 50

Enjoy this DAILY LUXURY

The Yardley Lavender in its many forms is Fashion's chosen fragrance—yet it costs little—surprisingly little—to enjoy its charm every day. You see, Yardley Old English Lavender Soap lasts much longer than ordinary less finely milled soap... the one Yardley All-Purpose Complexion Cream is all you need... no other powder spreads so filmily nor clings so well as Yardley's... and the one fragrance which is deemed correct for every occasion is the wistful, lovable Yardley Lavender.

Lavender Perfume 40c to $13.20
Lavender Powder $1.10
Lavender Complexion Cream - $1.10
Lavender Soap 35c cake (Three for $1.00)

YARDLEY LAVENDER
LONDON·TORONTO·NEW YORK·PARIS

137

SMART FROCKS FOR FASHIONABLE PEOPLE

A dress like this is a happy model to help stretch your budget. It will answer so many "dates" for you carried out as the original in black pebbly crepe silk with white starched lace frill. Rhinestone buttons decorate the attractively cut belt.

It's also fascinatingly lovely in satin-back moire with self frill and in bright shade as ruby red, Kelly green, purple, etc., so smart 'neath your fur coat.

Wool crepe or velvet is still another choice.

Style No. 710 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard 35-inch contrasting for jabot and ½ yard 35-inch contrasting for vestee and trimming.

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

No. 710. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

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

BANISH COMMON CONSTIPATION WITH DELICIOUS CEREAL

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN Brings Relief

Look out for headaches, loss of appetite and energy, sallow complexions, sleeplessness. Frequently, these are warning signs of common constipation. If neglected, your health may be impaired.

Today, you can rid yourself of common constipation by eating a tempting cereal. Laboratory tests show that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN furnishes "bulk" and vitamin B to aid regular habits. ALL-BRAN is also rich in iron for the blood.

The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that found in leafy vegetables. Within the body, it forms a soft mass. Gently, this clears out the intestinal wastes. How much better this is than taking patent medicines!

Two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN daily will usually overcome most types of common constipation. Chronic cases, with each meal. If seriously ill, see your doctor. ALL-BRAN makes no claim to be a "cure-all."

Serve ALL-BRAN as a cereal, or use in cooking. At all grocers. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

A Morning Smile

Old Scottish Householder: Maggie, ye ha'e served us faithfully for 23 years, an' frae now on we will regard ye as a member of the family. As such, ye will receive na salary.

She was a dear, old-fashioned, modest, simple maiden lady. And when she announced the fact that she thought of paying a chiropodist a visit, her dearest friend was astonished.

"I didn't know you suffered from corns," remarked the friend.

"I don't," replied the old lady, mildly. "Neither am I afflicted with bunions, chilblains, nor any other pains in the feet."

Her friend gazed at her with growing consternation.

"Then, my dear," she remonstrated gently, "What on earth do you want to visit a chiropodist for?"

The little old lady's cheeks blushed a delicate pink as she leaned forward, laid one mittened hand on her interrogator's arm, and whispered:

"It's this way, my dear. I do so want to be able to boast that at least once in my life I had a man at my feet!"

Pushing a Good Product

SALES of Silverwood's Evaporated Milk are boosted continually by users.

As one woman tells another of its outstanding quality, an endless chain of goodwill is created.

There are logical reasons why Silverwood's Evaporated Milk is so *GOOD*. It is produced in the heart of the finest dairying section of the Dominion.

It is scientifically processed to retain all its richness, purity and fresh flavor.

TWO SIZES:
6 oz. (BABY) 16 oz. (TALL)

Sold by all leading Grocers

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An all-Canadian Dairy Products Organization, owned and operated by more than Five Thousand investors, including Employees, Producers and Customers.

Silverwood's EVAPORATED MILK

That Royle Girl

By Edwin Balmer

"Come along," he bid, refusing to argue, and was leading her further away, when he was stopped by a swelling outcry and sudden disorder in the crowd; he spun about, releasing her, and ran a few steps, when the uproar ceased as quickly as it had begun. "They smashed 'nother camera," he conjectured. "The photographers sure are makin' 'em mad this mornin'."

"Why?"

"Suppose you was wanted say in Cincinnati or St. Paul, would you hand the papers your pictures? . . . You see how they get excited. Now you get away."

"You're police," said Joan. "Are the State's people here, too?"

"Some."

"Is Mr. Clarke?"

"He's one."

"Where is he?"

With this her escort discerned a solution of his problem of remaining at his post and being rid of her; he signaled a passerby, whom she did not suspect to be of the police. "Tell Mr. Clarke of the State's Office—he was up by Baretta's house a minute ago—I've got the Royle girl here."

Calvin had breakfasted alone at his rooms without turning to the column, upon the second page of the newspaper beside his plate, which would have informed him that Joan Royle had not become Ketlar's wife.

At the last minute before leaving his rooms, Calvin determined to learn of the manner in which Joan Royle and Ketlar had married; and, after he read, he stood with pent breath and eyes closed, boxing his head in gratitude at being able to think of her—not Ketlar's wife. Incredulity alarmed him; he opened his eyes; and there it was, as before She had parted from Ketlar, who thereupon had married Lola Nesson.

She had parted from Ketlar, under what circumstances? Why?

The newspaper was enigmatic upon this point. Was it that Ketlar had turned from her? Was she still, in heart, his? Calvin recollected, wretchedly, her dream of Ket, as she always named him, and how she had formed her new plan for the conservatory, when she was with Calvin in the cab.

His bell rang and Ellison's voice reminded, "No need of you to come, Clarke; but if you are———"

"Coming," replied Calvin and tore out the strip which told of the marriage, and put it into his pocket, feeling a satisfaction, which his mind discerned to be childish, at carrying with him the printed fact.

Ellison had a car and Calvin got in beside him for the drive to the street of the cortege.

At half a mile from Baretta's house the traffic was congested, and the newspaper prophecy proved no adequate forecast of the spectacle of the street. Ellison parked his car far from the focal square and Calvin and he proceedd on foot, escorted by police, to a point from which they could observe not only the multitude in the street and in the surrounding windows and upon the roofs, but whence they had view of the endless lines of favored individuals filing in and out of the house.

Calvin thought to himself and soon said aloud to Ellison: "It might be the funeral of the first citizen of the city."

"It is," retorted Ellison. "Ask the man on the street—or on a roof, if you prefer. It's his idea exactly."

"It can't be!"

"Then what's the attraction? Why're they here? We're on business, but they're not."

"Curiosity," argued Calvin against himself as well as against Ellison, who agreed; "there's some of that; but curiosity doesn't fill two houses with flowers for the sake of seeing them; and only some of them came here. Twenty trucks, the boys say, went to the cemetery. Ever see a street crowd in tears from curiosity?"

ALONE AGAIN

By thousands, they bared their heads; and the police, who circulated through the crowd searching the most suspicious characters for pistols and slung shots, desisted momentarily as the coffin was bore to the hearst. Behind the actual bearers marched, in double file, a selected party of men.

"The honorary pall-bearers," whispered Ellison.

"Honorary!"

"Certainly he had them, like all great men. They're listed in the papers ;look and see—the real names without aliases."

"That's a joke, Ellison."

"Then this crowd's a joke; the music and flowers aren't there. You haven't got it yet, Calvin. They're burying a big, successful man . . . Ask the man on the street or on a roof, I say. Get him to tell you why he's here. He'll tell you it's because George Baretta made himself somebody, got power and influence for himself and a mint of money. Now that's the fact; didn't he?"

"But——"

"What is the fact?" insisted Ellison. "Didn't he? So you see exactly what you see."

In the street, the cortege took form, integrating itself from the crowd and drawing away, trailing a procession of motor-cars endless to the limits of sight and sucking in supporting streams from other streets.

Ellison grasped Calvin's left arm with a firm and totally serious pressure as they turned away. "It's not only you and I that have a job before us in this country, Clarke; so have our children's children."

Calvin walked silently with his mind, for the moment, following old, habitual channels extending to the dwindled ranks of Clarkes and Websters and Barlows beside the Marrimac to muster trustworthy recruits to the task; and he considered his mother and himself.

It was Ellison who looked about and so caught sight of Joan Royle.

She was standing near Ellison's car, where the plain clothes man had brought her after failing to locate Mr. Clarke in the dispersing crowd. She might have returned by herself to the elevated station, since her escort did not actually detain her, but she wanted to wait for Mr. Clarke, and see how he was affected by the amazing demonstation of this morning.

She saw Mr. Ellison and, at the next second, Calvin Clarke's face, and her doubt, dissolved. She took a step and stood on tiptoes for a glimpse of his shoulder.

Mr. Ellison spoke to her and glanced quickly around Mr. Clarke merely hastened to her, looking at her.

"You've seen it?" she asked him, senselessly. She knew of course that he had seen it.

"How long have you been here?" he asked her.

"I don't know. I guess half an hour."

"Who came with you?"

"Nobody."

"We'll take you back; get into the car."

"I'm going back by the elevated," she opposed him by an instinct which suddenly governed her; and she realized that, suddenly, she was white and he was very white, as he asked, "Why?"

"I want to," she replied, whereupon he turned from her to Ellison and said, "I'm going back with her."

(Continued on Page 6)

EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

A pure, wholesome, and economical table Syrup. Children love its delicious flavor.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL