

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



Rough crepe silk prints that resemble a monotone are tremendously smart! And now that a great deal of black and white rough crepe silk prints are being shown for immediate wear as well as for spring, matrons should have their fittings. White starched lace is used for the tricky surplice vestes with soft jabot that narrows the effect through the bust. Bias seamings give a slender look to the waistline, while the skirt seamings, create graceful height.

In plain black crinkly crepe with white crepe trim, this model is also fascinating. Lightweight woollens are also suitable for this simple to make dress.

Style No. 724 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48-inch bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 30-inch material with 1/4 yard of 35-inch contrasting.

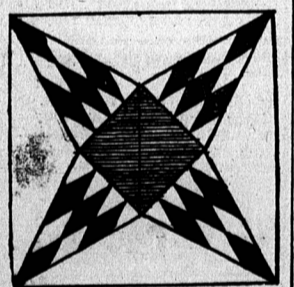
Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

Form for ordering pattern: No. 724, Size, Name, Street Address, City, State.

Help Kidneys

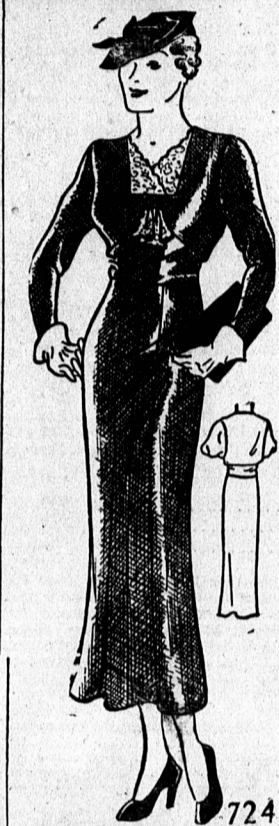
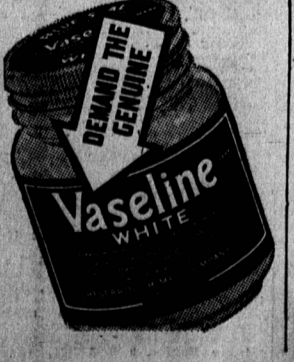
If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity try this Doctor's prescription. Cures (Instantly). Must send your troubles in 8 days or money back. Only 75c at drugists.

Grandmother's Quilt Patterns



Out cut piece blocks and sew together as indicated on small block. Set piece blocks together to form a continuous pattern. Finish edge of quilt with 1 inch binding. Allow for all seams when cutting pattern. Block finishes 15 inches square. 1 inch binding. Material required: 3 1/2 yards wide material, 1/4 yard gold or lavender material, 3/4 yard red material, 1-3 yards yellow material, 8 1/2 yards 1 inch binding for border.

Don't trust to LUCK



THE COOK'S CORNER

A Tempting Pudding

Half a pound of breadcrumbs, two eggs, well beaten, a quarter of a pound of butter, or good dripping may be used, two ounces of brown sugar, four teaspoonfuls of syrup warmed. Rub the butter and crumbs together, add the sugar, eggs, and syrup, butter a mould or basin and put in the mixture, fasten down, steam for five hours, serve syrup up in a sauce boat; plenty of breadcrumbs will prevent the treacle from coming out.

Treacle Meringue Have two ounces of flour, two ounces of rice flour, half an ounce of caster sugar, two ounces of butter. Make a short crust with this, using the yolk of eggs for mixing. Roll out, and line a tin with it. Now fill this with syrup and sprinkle thickly with raisins; bake in a moderate oven. When the tart is cooked take it out and using two whites of eggs to four ounces of caster sugar make a meringue mixture. Spread three parts of this over the tart and use the rest for decorative piping. Dredge thickly with caster sugar and place in a very low oven to dry off.

Treacle and Coconut Tartlets If you have any short crust left over you will find that if you make it into tartlets filled with syrup and coconut they will prove very popular. Mix up some desiccated coconut with some treacle and having lined some paper pastry cases fill these three parts full with the mixture, adding a few drops of lemon juice to each. Bake in a moderate oven and then when delicately browned take out and serve, either hot or cold as preferred.

BLONDES NEED EXTRA CARE Blonde skin is particularly liable to become lined and wrinkled, as well as heightened or patchy in colour, which means that a blonde skin needs extra care. The best treatment for this type of dry and delicate skin is to feed it with the natural fat in which it is deficient, while at the same time encouraging the action of the pores. Night massage with a specially prepared cream, and using the lightest touch, also leaving a slight film of cream over the face at night, will soon work wonders. Ordinary vanishing and day creams are particularly unsuitable to this type of skin, being too drying in effect and about, therefore, be avoided. Cream specially prepared for this purpose makes a perfect powder base for blonde skins, after which a little powder skin food dusted over the face lightly, will complete the process and afford adequate protection to the most delicate skin.

White Python

By Mark Channing, Author of "King Cobra"

Chapter 31 SACRIFICE

The gruesome speech brought home to Gray an agonizingly intense, realization of their plight. Piers had twenty-four hours to live! It was unthinkable. It took all his self-control to keep him from tearing to pieces the monstrous being before him, in a frenzied rebellion against the hideousness and mad injustice of this incredibly evil underworld. Feeling for Piers' hand, he held it tightly. "What's the old thing say, Colin?" She gave a quick pat to her hair curls.

"Piers," said Gray, huskily. "It was better that he should tell her... 'she's got some crazy ideas that these devils want you for—' for sacrifice." He stopped, unable to go on. Piers' eyes widened till their pupils were two round black islands set in a narrow rim of deep blue seas. Holding her to him closely, Gray told her—lightening by a painfully forced jocularity and an assumed scepticism, the hideousness of what he was saying. She clung to him, the round, black islands submerged in a glistening tidal-wave of tears.

"Colin, I'll kill myself! Or you must kill me!" too horrible—too, too horrible! The pallor of her small face frightened him. "It is a ghastly story; but I don't think there's any truth in it, Piers! This poor devil has got the mind of a child of eight," he comforted. "We aren't cornered, yet—not by a long chalk! Up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee, and all that!" The hump in his throat was almost choking him. "What are we going to do, Colin?" she questioned faintly. He had thought of a way out—one that he would not yet reveal to her. He intended to send a message to Gynia, saying he was ready to become the husband of the consort of the serpent. Surely, in the next few hours, something would happen, and they would be saved!

He decided to risk everything and trust the Gyal-po. "Gyal-po," he said, looking deep into the pink, leashed eyes of the serpent. "I want you to give me freedom from the priest. You shall be the supreme ruler of your kingdom—not one of your subjects shall ever again be sacrificed to the White Python. You shall have great honor and happiness. My country—which is the greatest country in the world—will be your friend. But you must set us free at once!" "It dare not," the fear in the pasty face was that of an animal which knows it is about to be killed. Greater than all is she whom they call Gynia, the consort of the serpent! Her word is death! Even the White Python obeys her! I fear her. I am afraid of her! I fear the evil, the mad, the manikin. An abbered the abdominal muscles. A sense of utter hopelessness descended upon Gray. "A servant came with me into this velvet world. I beg you give orders that he may be brought to me! I must speak with him!" And Colin described the Lepcha's appearance.

"The thing I can perhaps do, mountain-man," said the Gyal-po watching Piers' eyes. He hoped she would cry again. They were prettier, he thought, when she cried. Then, rising, he left them, saying he would return shortly. To Colin Gray had come two disconcerting reflections. Samdad Chimbaba seemed to have lost all touch with him. And there was Chorjief. The heliograph message he had read, standing on that table-land, had told him volumes. K. B. was at work checkingmat Chorbjief while he, Colin Gray, was going to fall in his mission. "What was the rule Daldell said?" In that moment a flood-tide of despondency rolled over him. He seemed to feel it sweeping his bewildered, utterly tired soul to the white feet of Gynia. To Gynia, in whose caressing hands lay power, freedom, comfort and happiness.

"Colin," said Piers' clear voice. "Wake up! Don't dream nightmares! We've got a real one to tackle!" She had seen his face and the look in it horrified her. Laying her strong young hands on his shoulders, she shook him gently. With a terrific effort he threw off the overwhelming sense of depression. As she had said, he was a man and everything did depend on him! Like a flash of forked lightning rending a dark night sky, there tore across the gloom of Colin Gray's mind, the thought of his mission. India, Piers, his honor—everything depended on his succeeding!

"God, Piers dear," he gasped shaking himself like a great dog that had been swimming. "It was a nightmare: Thank God you've wakened me from it!" Clearly, the Gyal-po was their only hope.

"Is there no exit from the Outer Valley, Gyal-po?" His voice shook in spite of his efforts to steady it. The Gyal-po who had just returned, looked around him fearfully.

"There is an opening, mountain-man! But I know not where," he said in a husky whisper. "Only Milaspa knows. He, and the priest, who will succeed him. None other!" The inside jailer now returned. Halting in front of the Gyal-po he bowed profoundly. "A messenger has come from the high priest, Majestic One! You are to go to him at once!" The occupant white form—

QUIVERING NERVES

When you are just on edge... when you can't stand the children's noise... when everything you do is a nervous wreck... try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, 98 out of 100 women report benefit. It will give you just the extra energy you need. Life will seem worth living again. Don't endure another day without the help this medicine can give. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

pathetically childlike in its instant abandonment to blubbering but tearless fright—rose uncertainly to its small and almost useless feet. "I have said too much, Rimpooche!" he quivered, staring at Gray with mingled fear and dislike. "He has heard me!"

While Colin Gray was talking with the Gyal-po, Milaspa and the hunchback were walking in the Outer Valley. Overhead, was the dark blue night sky ablaze with the iridescent watch-fires of the glorious stars.

"Care thou not use the Magics to compel him to return?" queried the hunchback, referring to their plot to murder Samdad Chimbaba. "His Magics are greater than mine—all, save one."

"Then use that one! If there be no true news to send, we must invent news! Let a messenger say that this hulking lama is willing to marry the consort of the serpent!" "Wilt thou carry it to Samdad Chimbaba, hunchback?" "Not I!" was the hasty response. "Let some of the lama's servants carry it! I will go and tell him. Have I thy leave?"

Yes—and go quickly for he who will one day succeed me, is coming towards us. The hunchback needed no spurting. He ran as the madman's servant. The high priest's deputy was well-built with small black eyes which twitched and sifted ceaselessly. "Greeting to thee Holy Brother!" said Milaspa as he came up. "Thou sawest the twisted thing that has just left me?"

"I saw him!" "He is dangerous," hissed Milaspa. "He must die!" "It is good," responded Shifty-eyes. "When and how?" "He shall die on the 'Night of the Feast.' When the madness comes upon me in the Temple, I will slay him. Come closer," whispered Milaspa, laying a claw-like hand on his shoulder. "It concerns the consort of the serpent! It is time to replace her!"

"May the wrath of the White Python not fall upon us for thy words!" protested his assistant. "Nay it will not! It is twenty-two years since I fetched her—killing her mother in that taking. But my power has got into her, despite all my teaching. I go out from the Valley by the secret way after the Feast," said Milaspa, hoarsely, "to get another and more beautiful child. That child shall replace her!"

"What whist thou that I should do here?" "The killing of her must be done by thee! At the moment when she intones the Hymn of Praise to the Serpent." "Most Mighty One," suggested Shifty-eyes, now openly croaking with fright, "I go out from the Valley with the power of this about, Samdad Chimbaba, who came according to the prophecy? Surely he will know of these things, and frustrate thee?"

"I will do a Gyal-po Magic," hissed Milaspa, which involved the sacrificing of a King. "Whom wilt thou offer up?" queried Shifty-eyes. "Behold him!"

"Up the center of the Outer Valley lies the ungodly form of the Gyal-po. The two priests went towards him. Without a word they each seized a clammy white arm, and ignoring his terrified questionings, conducted him into the temple. Save for the watch-ers, squatting as motionless as bronze statues, it was empty.

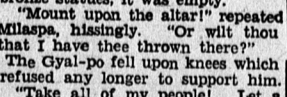
"Mount upon the altar!" repeated Milaspa, hissing. "Or wilt thou that I have thee thrown there?" The Gyal-po fell upon knees which refused any longer to support him. "Take all of my people. Let a thousand of them be offered up. Take not my life! I am a Gyal-po. A Gyal-po gives sacrifices! He is not made one!"

Milaspa signed to the watchers, who crossed the temple and seized the king of the life-men. The sixth strode over to the great bell and took up the gold hammer lying by it. "Meryl! O Meryl!" screamed the unfortunate victim.

As the knife sank into that quivering mountain of fat, the mellow reverberations of the great bell mingled with the roar of the spouting column of greenish-blue fire wherein stood a blood-red streak of flame.

With a gasping groan Milaspa pitched forward on to his face, twitching convulsively. (To Be Continued)

for SPRAINS Put you on your feet!



Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

How Can a Man Stop His Wife From Retailing Family Affairs to Neighbors?—Better Move Fast if you Would Beat Widow Who is Angling for Affections of Eligible Man

Dear Dorothy Dix—All of my married life, which has been a good many years, my wife has discussed all of our private family affairs with the neighbors or any one who will listen. I have implored her time and again not to do this, but it does no good. Every fault of the children and myself, every mistake we make, every wrong thing we do she broadcasts to the world. What can I do, or what should I do with a wife who is so indiscreet? H. E. B.

Answer: Short of cutting her tongue off, there is no way in which you can stop such a woman from telling the things that she should be choked for telling. The love of talking is an obsession with her. It is a passion stronger than any sense of duty or obligation, stronger even than her love for those nearest and dearest to her.

It is stronger even than any care for herself, for I have had many a woman with whom I was hardly acquainted tell me of follies she had committed, of dark episodes in her past life that I had never even suspected and would never have known had she not revealed her secrets. Indeed, this is such a common thing for women to do that I often think that practically all the scandals about women are started by themselves.

I doubt if the women who go about publicizing all of their private affairs and rattling the family skeleton for the diversion of the neighbors are mentally responsible and if they can help doing as they do. Carefully they are not to know what to tell and what not to tell about one's family, and so little taste as to be willing to make the faults and foibles of one's husband and children a subject for the criticism or the ridicule of all their acquaintances. Such a woman is truly the ill-bird that fouls its own nest of the proverb.

Certainly no normal woman would want to injure her husband financially, seek her own prosperity depends upon his, yet it is a common thing to hear a wife complain to any one who will listen about how she has to economize because her husband is such a poor business man, or telling all and sundry that her husband is lacking in energy and enterprise and initiative, or that he is indolent, or that he gambles or drinks or is interested only in golf or whatnot. Very often not a word of these charges is true, but the wife's irresponsible chatter as it passes from lip to lip hoodwinks the man and effectually blocks his chances of getting a better job or a raise in salary.

Worse still, if possible, these women who tell all of their secret sorrows to the neighbors blacken the characters of their own children. They confide in the woman who keeps the corner grocery that they don't know what in the world they are going to do with Sally, who does get home until 4 o'clock and who is running with a wild crowd. And they will tell their own children that Mamma is so lazy and trifling she won't pick up her own clothes, and that Janey was jilted by the Smith boy and is terribly out about it, even if she does pretend she doesn't care. And that Tom is drinking too much and Freddy won't stick at a job and Sammy is hanging around the poolrooms instead of trying to get work.

And they never seem to realize that they have done their children a deadlier injury than malice itself could invent, because they have established them in everybody's mind as a lot of young wretches who are no good and not to be trusted.

What makes women talk too much, goodness only knows. Some just seem to be hypnotized by the sound of their own voices and when they once get started can't stop. Others are so unjustly accused by others. They want to cry and to get him on the rebound. They need help in raising their children and he will be nothing but a slave to them. He will be a very miserable man if he marries her, for his life as well as that of the young lady will be ruined. What can I do toward keeping this man from making a fatal mistake? RELATIVE.

You see, there is nothing like opposition to fan the flame of love, because it immediately makes the lover the champion of the poor, abused, persecuted woman or man who is so unjustly accused by others. In this case probably the man has secret doubts about the wisdom of marrying a woman with a ready-made family and of letting himself in for a lifetime of slavery supporting another man's children. He must have lucid moments in which he reflects that a man needs to be either a hero or a martyr, or both, to enjoy denying himself the pleasures and luxuries he has been accustomed to in order to send a lot of boys and girls through college and launch them in business and society, and to be able to endure with fortitude the vagaries of a pack of adolescents.

So it would seem that it would be easy enough to convince him of the fact that he was taking a long shot at happiness in marrying the widow and her brood: But the minute you begin pointing out the disadvantages of the situation you make him the widow's advocate, and he will shut his eyes to the danger and think only of what a help he can be to the poor, helpless, weak little angel who needs a strong man to lean on and to help her rear her darling children.

Your best play is to go after the old sweetheart and induce her to come to the rescue. Tell her this is no time for hurt pride or wounded vanity. It is time for the life-saving crew to get into action, and if she still loves the man she should hold out her hand with her heart in it to him.

But tell her that she will have to be quick about it. Widows are fast workers. DOROTHY DIX.

SIXTY PER CENT PRODUCTION. Nova Scotia Egg Laying Contest Experimental Farm, Nappan, N. S.

The birds of the Nova Scotia Contest at the Experimental Farm, Nappan, closed the fourth four-weekly period with a lay of 60 per cent. This gave a grand total of 8,956 eggs, scoring 8,571.6 points.

The leading pen to date is Mr. H. Bedford's Barred Rocks in pen No. 12 from St. Stephen, N. B., with 985 eggs and 887.0 points. Mrs. Geo. Waterston's Barred Rocks in pen No. 9, from Sussex, are second, with 671 eggs and 686.3 points, while third pen is Mr. Fred Toft's Barred Rocks in pen No. 11 from Moor's Mills, N. B., with 598 eggs and 584.9 points.

The leading individual is Mrs. Waterston's Barred Rock, No. 94, with 91 eggs and 96.0 points. Second bird is Mr. A. T. Reed's Barred Rock No. 161, with 93 eggs and 96.6 points, while third individual is Mr. J. M. Scott's Barred Rock No. 55, with 91 eggs and 94.7 points.

They Did A Chicago man, who is a great believer in efficiency, hung up a sign in his office one day, saying "Do It Now." Within 24 hours the cashier bolted with the contents of the safe, his stenographer eloped with his eldest son, the office boy threw the ink bottle into the electric fan, and the remainder of his staff struck for a six-hour day. Now he is looking for a new motto.

He Understood Scene—Music store. Proprietor (who is going out to branch shop, to boy)—Now, my boy, if a customer comes and wants to look at a piano, flute, banjo or mandolin, you know what to show him? Boy—Yes, sir. Proprietor—And if a customer should want to see a lyre? Now, my boy (interrupting)—I'll send at once for you, sir.

A Morning Smile

MRS. MARIETTE BURROWS In a sworn statement, Mrs. Burrows, 129 Vauxhall Street, London, Ont., tells how Fruit-A-Tives gave her health and happiness after she had suffered for years from such poor health that she was nervous, high-strung—cross with her children. Mrs. Burrows wants others to benefit from her experience, and tells of it in a statement sworn before a notary so that everyone can be sure of its truth. She says:—"For some years I was miserable with a 'tired-nervous' feeling... cranky and cross with the children. Then a friend suggested Fruit-A-Tives. I tried them and now I am never irritable. My nerves are good and I feel strong and healthy all the time."

Copy of Mrs. Burrows' complete sworn statement will be sent on request. Write Fruit-A-Tives, Ottawa, Ontario. FRUIT-A-TIVES—24c and 50c EVERYWHERE

Use Minard's for Sprains

EMMA McNEVIN, Executrix and NEIL RODERICK McNEVIN, Executor. J. A. McDONALD, ESQ., Auctioneer. Feb. 26-Mar-2-4-7-9-19.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

WHEN I SMELL HORSES By W. Clark Sanderoock.

The smell of horses, tang of frost, the wall And creek of runners on the gripping snow— And I am back full forty years ago At daybreak, ready for the woodman's trail. Twelve northward miles I plough the drifted ruts, Unhitch and feed among the shivering trees; Then, plunging through light snow above the knees, Smile the dark poplar stems with gleaming cuts.

The shadows fall reversed. The patient team, With steaming flanks and frosted front and mane, Climb the long hill and cross the dreary plain To where afar the homestead wind-owens gleam. How swift the dear delights of days long lost Revive, when I smell horses in the frost.

CARE OF A BRUNETTE'S SKIN The brunette's skin, being usually thicker than either the normal or blonde skin, is not so easily affected by the weather; even so, it needs quite a lot of care to appear at its best. The brunette's skin, as a rule, is not deficient in the natural oils, and the biggest danger to guard against with this type of skin is enlarged pores. To avoid these it is particularly necessary to give the skin a very thorough cleansing and then apply an astringent lotion to tone it up. Particularly suited to the brunette skin is a paste made from a well-known herbal powder. This is allowed to dry on the skin, and is then rubbed off lightly with the tips of the fingers. The tonic effect of this treatment is especially good for sagging muscles.

THE PERFUME BAR Have you heard of the perfume bar yet? Life is becoming more and more complicated. Perhaps, however, it is only that it may be simplified, so that, as far as the use of scent is concerned, we may "always do right and never do wrong."

It is to a woman that we owe the idea of selling personality perfumes. She sells them at a reproduction of a cocktail bar, and she blends them to match her customer's individuality, having first interviewed them and noted their outstanding characteristics. That done, immediately she goes behind her counter, makes the perfumes together, and calls the result "Mrs. Smith," or whatever the name may be.

"CHOCOLATE-CREAM" HATS These are among the novelties which are to make their appearance in the early spring. They are described as "tiny non-descript shapes, looking exactly like chocolate creams." Hats are to be exposed.

PICTORIAL JEWELLERY Pictorial jewellery is the latest fashion. One of the jewel pictures, entitled "Rain," takes the form of a platinum brooch. The rain is shown made with baton diamonds falling from massed diamond clouds upon umbrellas of coloured precious stones. Another of those very modern pieces of jewellery takes the form of a necklace of tiny plaques each painted with a pretty floral scene.

CARING FOR THE SKIN And Why It Needs Attention It is difficult to lay down hard and fast rules where skins are concerned, one fact stands out vividly and that is that each and every kind of skin needs adequate protection from the effects of the weather or climate if it is to retain its smoothness, freshness, and beauty. I am now going to give you an outline of the ordinary care required to keep what we may call a normal skin (this means one which is neither too dry nor too greasy) in good condition. The face should first be cleansed with a good lemon cleanser, after which a really good skin food should be massaged gently into the skin every night; this massage consists of gentle movements which I will describe later.

The action of the skin food is nourishing and stimulating, while it also contains a sufficient amount

of Double tenement house at Corner of Dorchester and Cumberland Streets in Charlottetown. NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to Deed of Order of the Court of Chancery made by the Honourable the Vice-Chancellor, in a cause therein wherein Margaret McNevin is Complainant and Thomas Murray and others are defendants, No. D. 198, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, ALL the interest of land being part of Town Lot No. 92 in the first hundred of Town lots in Charlottetown, as described as follows: Commencing on the north side of Dorchester Street, 39 feet east from the division line between Town lots 91 and 92, thence north at right angles 42 feet, thence east parallel with Dorchester Street 46 feet to Cumberland Street, thence south along Cumberland Street 4 feet, in the west to the place of commencement, free from all encumbrances.

SUCH SALE to be made under the direction and subject to the approval of the said Court of Chancery. Conditions as to the undersigned. FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS apply to Messrs MacKinnon and McNeill, Complainant's Solicitors, Charlottetown, or to the undersigned. D. EDGAR SHAW, Master in Chancery, 1-474-5-18-19.

Keep on the Sunny Side of Life

Chancery Sale

Valuable Farm and Household Furniture FOR SALE

100 acres of land at New Argyle Lot 65 property of the late Neil D. McNevin will be sold at Public Auction on Wednesday 13th of March 1935 at 1 o'clock P. M. on the premises—75 acres clear, balance hard and soft wood. Good dwelling house, two large barns, double wood house, grain house, etc. Well and springs on premises. Will also sell all household furniture same time and place. EMMA McNEVIN, Executrix and NEIL RODERICK McNEVIN, Executor. J. A. McDONALD, ESQ., Auctioneer. Feb. 26-Mar-2-4-7-9-19.

Declares to Truth

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