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

NEW VALUES in RAINBOW CHIFFON STOCKINGS

75c

These lovely sheer chiffon stockings represent unusual values at this low price =

AND THEY LAUNDER BEAUTIFULLY!

Prowse Bros. Ltd. —Hosiery Dept.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

TAUGHT BY TIME.

"Yet, taught by time, my heart
has learned to glow
For other's goo,d and melt at
other's woe."

LINEN HAT CHIC.

Linen hats are to be very much in vogue this summer. One of the refreshing versions which is in accord with the popular fashion in costumes, is an entire hat made of polka-dotted lines, assembled with scarf and other accessories of like pattern.

• • •

You are scarcely conscious of wearing a wrap at all if you are the possessor of a full-length black tulle evening cape. Very effective worn with a black taffeta evening dress.

• • •

A simple instrument which anyone can make at home turns the task of pitting cherries for pies or preserves into an easy one. The materials necessary are a piece of wire and a large cork. Bend the wire into the shape of a hairpin; then force the two open ends into the cork, which is to serve as handle. Now just dig the loop into the stem end of each cherry and pull out the pit.

• • •

As a treat for the children, serve popcorn with the soup sometimes.

ONION EASILY GROWN IN VARIETY OF WAYS

The home gardener usually values the onion at its proper worth, and it may be he will be glad to know in how many forms he may grow it for his table. If he is an experienced hand he ought now to be harvesting the green sprouts of the perennial onions produce green onions for the table as the very first crop of the new season. The onion is a cool weather crop, perfectly hardy, and grows in a temperature which few other plants will endure.

Onion sets may be set out now for quickly providing green onions, or growing large ones. The onion needs a long season to be matured from seed. Sets are dwarfed onions grown last summr in crowded rows and stored over winter in the ground; now they start growing again and produce a crop long before seed can do it. Seed sown at the time sets are put out will produce young onions for the summer table.

SAVE GAS BY KEEPING YOUR STOVE CLEAN

One of the most important things to keep clean is the gas stove. A dirty stove not only spoils the cooking, but consumes much more gas than a clean one.

Milk boiling over or fat splashes, stop up burners so that they do not function properly, besides making an unpleasant smell.

Have ready a pan of hot, soapy soda water, and into this drop all the plates, rings and grids, and scrub each part well. If you have a large pan or boiler, boil the parts in strong soda water for twenty minutes, then rince, dry with a cloth, and finally wipe with a cloth dipped in hot water and sprinklered with olive oil.

Stopped-up burners may be cleaned with a piece of skewer. If there are any obstinate stains, rub with bathbrick on a moistened rag.

Then the oven. Take out all the moveable parts, scrub, boil and dry and smear over with a damp rag sprinkled with olive oil.

FLOWERS IN THE RAIN

Delicate flower colors are coming out in the rain this summer—pale pastels that are newer-looking for the hot month raincoats than the bright colors that have had such a vogue in patterned and plain raincoat materials. Baby blue dusty pink, yes, even a pale lilac, represent the daintiest aspects of this fashion. A light shrimp tone, aqua shade and maize are three others that are especially nice. And the clear green is paler than usual.

STARSH LOOSENS GRIME

In cleaning, especially dirty windows, starch in the first water will help take off the more stubborn grime.

Sprains, Muscle-Soreness Quickly Rubbed Away By Amber-Colored Liquid

TORONTO, May 18. — Miss B. Witherell, of 302 Bloor Street West, points the way to health for many a poor sufferer: "I want to tell you," states Miss Witherell, "how I have benefited by Nerviline. As I am an athlete, I suffer from sprains and muscular soreness of the limbs. I have found after an application of Nerviline upon retiring my limbs feel as good as new."—Miss B. Witherell.

Nerviline, by its penetrating power, by striking deeply into the tisuses, relieves congestion. It's fine for aches, pains, rheumatism, sciatica and lame back. You can get a 35c bottle of this trusty liniment in any drug store.

FASHIONS FOR SPRING

Here's a dainty, yet very practical little dress. It's just as easy as A, B, C for mother to make it. The yoke cuts in one with closing at front above pointed extensions.

It is copen blue dimity with novelty dot print in white. The cunning collar and sleeve frills are in dainty contrasting crisp white organdie.

She'll look adorable in this dress too, made of blue and white checked gingham with white pique trim.

And for very best, make one of white dotted swiss with red dots, with white organdie trim edged with lace.

Style No. 570 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yards of 35-inch material with ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

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

No. 750. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City State .....

570

THE COOK'S CORNER

CUSTARD PIE

2¼ cups milk
3 eggs
1-3 cup sugar
1-3 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon flavoring extract
Unbaked pie shell

Line a pie pan with pastry; trim and crimp edges.

Scald milk over boiling water. Beat eggs slightly with salt; beat in sugar slowly, then gradually stir in scalded milk. Add flavoring extract. Strain into unbaked pie shell.

To bake the pie, place it in a hot oven, 425 to 450 degrees F., to set the shell. When the rim has browned slightly, lower the heat sharply by opening the oven door a few minutes and turning down heat, or oven control. Bake at 325 degrees F., a rather slow oven, until the filling is set so that a stainless knife inserted in the centre of the pie comes out clean. Remove from oven at once, cool and chill to serve.

NUT CUSTARD PIE

Prepare pies as above, using vanilla as flavoring; add ¾ cup finely chopped nutmeats to the custard mixture after straining. Bake as usual.

COFFEE CUSTARD PIE

Scald ¼ to 1-3 cup coffee grounds withthe milk. Increase sugar to ½ cup, if desired, and use just a few drops vanilla as flavoring. Or if preferred, omit coffee grounds and use coffee extract as flavoring.

BANANA MEAT LOAF

2 pounds ground beef
1 cup celery, diced
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1½ cups cracker or bread crumbs
Pulp of 3 bananas
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup apple sauce
Cayenne, salt and pepper
4 slices bacon.

Mix the ground meat, celery and 1 cup of the crumbs with the slightly beaten eggs, and season with salt, pepper and cayenne. Pack half of this mixture into a greased loaf pan. Above it, pack a layer of the banana pulp, mixed with a half cup of the cracker crumbs, apple sauce and lemon juice. The final layer is, of course, the rest of the meat mixture and, as a last word, the strips of bacon are laid atop the whole loaf Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for one hour.

Micmac Prayer Book Fortells a Dying Race

By Ralph Morton
Canadian Press Staff Writer

CHARLOTTETOWN, May 17—(CP)—A strange legendary story of Acadian and Micmac days in Prince Edward Island: "The Courtship and Marriage of La Belle Marie" is contained in an old Micmac prayer book placed in the Smithsonian Institute by Frank Deedmeyer, formerly American Counsul at Charlottetown.

Up on Lennox Island, one of Prince Edward Island's Indian Reservations, most of the old tribe have forgotten the tale which fortells that the Micmacs are doomed to become a dying race because their magic medicine stone was employed to save the life of a French girl. Glooscap, Micmac God, had decreed that the stone, lying at the bottom of La Grande Source had within it the spirit of his beloved Mineota and "her spirit would heal the sick of her race till the stream should become dried up."

Sosep, the old Indian Chief who brought the book to the American consul said it was prepared by patient priests in Micmac characters so that they could read prayers and study catechism. It is the only literary production in the Micmac language. Inside the cover, written in French was the story of La Belle Marie. It was composed by a missionary of the Brotherhood at Port LaJoie, at the entrance to Charlottetown harbor.

The manuscript is addressed to "my beloved Brother Ambrose, disciple of Saint Francis now a missionary among the Micmac Savages of the Isle of St. Jean in North America". Its original title is "a true relation of the condemnation and execution of the heretical sorceress called La Belle Marie".

"From the manuscript", said the American consul, "we learn that the mother of La Belle Marie, the victim of the tragedy, was a Basque from Bienville and one of the first white women to settle, in 1702, in one of the West India islands. Madame Grandville was a woman of commanding, almost masculine appearance, of great courage and she personally aided her husband in many a dangerous enterprise. Most of their treasures were buried along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico between Bienville and Pensacola.

"When Marie was about 15 years old, Captain Grandville sailed for South America. He never returned, By some it was claimed that he lost his life in an attack upon a Portuguese vessel at the mouth of the Orinoco, by others, that he was captured by the English taken to London and there hanged for piracy.

"Early in 1721 Madame Grandville appeared with Marie at Port Royal in Acadia, in search of her Basque kin. On learning that they had removed to the Isle St. Jean, she set sail and arrived at Port LaJoie in the late spring of the same year. Madame Grandville, despised the settled life of industry. She wandered, with her daughter, from place to place ,seemingly feeling most at home in the wigwams of the Micmacs. Marie fell in love with the son of the chief, Kaktookwasee."

Superstituous Basques and Bretons said her mother was a witch who fortold to the sailors and fishermen, favorable winds. They shunned her in fear. Kaktoogwasee asked Marie to become his wife. Mother and daughter left by canoe for Port LaJoie where they were to set sail for the Gulf of Mexico to procure Marie's trosseau.

Their upset canoe was found later by the young Indian. Madame Grandville had been scalped, her daughter was near death. Members of his own tribe had turned against those he loved.

Magic Stone Destroyed

Kaktoogwasee ordered the medicine stone be used to save the life of Marie although he knew that if it cured the white girl it would never again cure alling members of his tribe.

"Although the waters were quite chilly and the depth of the awesome spring, La Grande Source, great, the young chief plunged into the bubbling fountain and shortly re-appeared with the sacred relic, the stone of Mineota."

Marie recovered, the story continues, "but the patient in whose cure, the stone of Mineota had been used was not of the Micmac race. As Kakatoogwasee undertook to lift the relic off the ground to carry it back to the fountain, it crumbled into dust and since that fateful day the members of the Micmac tribe have become smaller and smaller and soon the last of their race will join the great Manitou in the land of the setting sun."

On their wedding night, tragedy struck again. An Indian arrow lodged in the heart of Kaktoogwasee—a missile hurled by one of his own kin who though the young chief had betrayed his race. La Belle Marie wandered through the land and with supernatural powers like her mother she practised sorcery amongst sailors and fishermen. French and Indians feared her.

A close translation of the manuscript states: "Assured that the welfare of the infant settlement and the faith of the savages were endangered, the wicked sorceress was brought to trial for witchcraft in the early days of November, found guilty and sentenced by the Intendent to suffer death at the stake on the morning of the 17th of the same month, between Point de la Flamme and the Black Cross."

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Has This Man Proved His Contention That Women Are Spiritually, Mentally, Morally and Physically Inferior to Men?— Straight Talk to Wife Who Resents Husband's Criticism of Her Slovenliness

Dear Miss Dix—I will prove to you beyond a doubt that women are spiritually, mentally, morally and physically inferior to men. No one will deny that woman has less physical strength than man, so I will pass on to the question of her mental inferiority. This is easily proved by listening to a group of women talking. They are gossiping about their neighbors, backbiting their friends, talking scandal, clothes, bragging about their children. If women wish to be considered intelligent, why don't they show intelligence when they are together?

Women are certainly inferior spiritually to men. They have been the cause of all the evil and trouble since the world began. The Bible tells how the first woman forced the apple on to a poor trusting man, just as the modern bride forces her cast-iron biscuit, leather pancakes and other gastronomic atrocities on to her goofy victim

Men are superior to women in being fair and honest. When a woman gets married she expects her husband to be good-looking, a good worker and intelligent. No man can possibly be three men in one, and that shows how unreasonable a woman is.

But a man is fair. He well knows that no woman can be perfect and he doesn't expect perfection in his wife. He takes her as she is and makes the best of it.

Don't you think I have proved my point? A MAN.

Answer:

Well, no, Mr. Man, not conclusively. I agree with you that in the higher brackets, so to speak, men are superior to women. No woman, for instance, is as strong as Jack Dempsey. There has been no woman Shakespeare, no woman Edison, no woman Raphael, no female Chopin. About the only really notable creative work woman has done has been to produce man and, taking men by and large, that's nothing for her to be chesty about.

But when you get down to the common, or garden variety, of human beings it seems to me that women average up physically, mentally and morally pretty well with their husbands. True, we have no women prize-fighters, but we have millions of women who have the strength to get away with eighteen-hour-a-day jobs, while their husbands and brothers consider themselves overworked if they labor for six hours a day.

True, when women gather together over their tea the conversation is pretty piffling and mostly runs to personalities and diets and reducing and what little Johnny did and little Mary said. But over their highballs don't men discuss their golf scores and the stock market and tell the stories they heard in the sleeper, rather than discourse about weighty policies of state or the last trend in literature?

And as for men playing the matrimonial game fairer than women and being just enough to stand by their bargains, oh, brother, brother, how can you? Isn't it the men who expect their wives to be both parlor ornaments and kitchen utensils; who expect their wives to keep perpetually young and beautiful; who expect their wives to cook and baby-tend and pinch pennies and still be able to dance the rhumba and look like a million dollars and be gay and glamorous, while a wife is satisfied if her husband is just a good provider and reasonably domestic? Isn't it middle-aged men who get divorces from their wives because they have got fat and grizzle-headed, but did you ever hear of a woman divorcing her husband because he developed a bay window and had got bald-headed?

Be fair, Mr. Man. Women have plenty of faults, but so have men. Both men and women were cut off the same bolt of cloth.

DOROTHY DIX.

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Dear Miss Dix—I have been married eight years. Have two children, a girl of 6 and a boy of 2. My husband is sensible. Makes a fair living. Doesn't drink, gamble or flirt. Is devoted to the children. We have a nice home and he stays home most of the time. So far so good.

The trouble is I am careless by nature and my husband is very exact and punctual. He has tried to teach me to be careful, but no matter how hard I try I simply can't do it. At my first sign of carelessness my husband starts picking on me. He scolds me, insults me, calls me names and has got me so miserable that I am seriously thinking of leaving him. The only thing that keeps me with him is the children. If not for these arguments we would have been as happy a couple as could be found, but when he begins insulting me I actually go crazy. Would you advise me to leave him? THIRTY-ONE.

Answer:

I would advise you to meet the situation with intelligence instead of hysterics. Why don't you use a little sense in solving your problem?

Why don't you say to yourself: "I have a fault, a serious defect in my character, one that is about to ruin not only my life but the lives of my husband and children, and I am going to correct it. I am going to overcome it. I am not going to let the peace and happiness of my home be wrecked by my propensity for procrastination and my habit of strewing things about and never doing anything accurately."

You say you have tried to cure yourself of your carelessness, but you haven't tried hard enough. You haven't put your whole determination into it. You haven't brought every bit of will power you have to bear on it. You haven't used your brains in figuring out ways to outwit your personal devil and get the better of him.

You are like the drunkard who swears off drinking and then takes a glass to celebrate his good resolution. Or you are like the drug addict who indulges in a few shots on the sly when he is trying to break himself off the morphia habit. The only way to reform is to reform. Just to shut your teeth and say to yourself you will overcome a fault or die in the attempt.

You will commit a crime against your children if you deprive them of a good home and a good father because you resented his scolding you for your sloppiness. When they ask you: "Mother, why haven't we any father like other children? Mother, why did you leave Father?" it will seem a mighty poor excuse when you have to tell them that it was because you wouldn't have dinner on time or sweep under the beds or put the top on the toothpaste tube.

And remember that when you try to support your children you will find that employers are not more tolerant of carelessness than your husband is, and that it will be just as much a bar to your success in business as it is to your success in matrimony.

Of course, nobody likes to be scolded, but if you will try to correct your carelessness your husband will be so pleased he will meet your halfway and try to encourage you, and you will get pats on the back instead of the hammer. DOROTHY DIX.

BOOKS / ART / MUSIC

(By F. R. H.)

The New York publishing firm of Simon and Schuster began from a friendship which had its nucleus in a mutual regard for a book—"Jean Christophe" by Romain Rolland.

Richard Simon and M. Lincoln Schuster, erstwhile advertising agent and piano seller, had but $4,000 between them when they decided to become publishers in January 1924.

They rented a one-room office, and instead of waiting for books and manuscripts to come to them, they installed an idea file,—index drawers with cards upon which the partners noted "hunches" for the future—and then went looking for people to carry out their ideas.

The first materialized hunch of Simon and Schuster was a Cross Word Puzzle Book which they published on April 10, 1924, and then waited in fear and trembling for the seemingly inevitable disaster. But, when the firm was only ten months old it was represented by four books among the five best sellers in non-fiction. All were Cross Word Puzzle Books.

1925 was an off-year but through its dark melancholy Simon and Schuster thought that they detected the pale gleam of an idea, and the result, their next publication, "The Story of Philosophy" by Will Durant, a formerly obscure professor and writer of five cent pamphlets on philosophy, forced the older publishing firms to admit that Simon and Schuster existed.

Years of spectacular successes have been marred by only one incident which exposed the inexperience of the firm. It was the "Cradle of the Deep" hoax, a fictionized account of Joan Lowell's life which they published in good faith as an authentic biography.

The list of Simon and Schuster's publications is small, in ten years of business they have published only two hundred and fifty one books, but excluding the puzzle books they have had eight best sellers of over one hundred thousand copies—"The Story of Philosophy," "The Art of Thinking," "Trader Horn," "The Cradle of the Deep," "Bambi," "Believe It or Not," "Van Loons Geography," and "Caught Short."

Simon and Schuster have succeeded in making their advertising very interesting and exciting chiefly through their columnist type of advertising, headed "From the Inner Sanctum of Simon and Schuster." In this column they talk in a breezy, informal fashion about that side of their business which most people keep to themselves. They take their reading public backstage, give them news, not only of their successes but of their failures —often publishing a list of their worst sellers.

Because Simon and Schuster have no great backlogs to keep the firm going—no text books, religious and children's book departments, or no particularly staple sellers, they simply must continue to have hunches. So far they have been remarkably successful. By the close of 1933 they were reported to have made in the vicinity of $800,000, having started a decade before with $4,000 in a business to which they were almost total strangers.

Some of their more recent successes are, "The Life of Our Lord," Charles Dickens; "Little Man, What Now" Hons Fallada; "Now in November," Josephine Johnson; "Bernard Shaw," Frank Harris; "Hard Lines," Ogden Nash; "Wolf Solent and Other Novels," John Cowper Powys; "Nijinsky," Romola Nijinsky; and "Balletomania" by Arnold L. Haskell.

"Balletomania" the story of an obsession, will be of interest to readers of "Nijinsky," "Anna Pavlova," and other books on the subject of great dancers and dancing.

The book is not a history of modern ballet but more of a personal criticism and a record of the true line of succession from the Maryinsky ballerinas through their successors in the Diaghileff Ballet to the reigning stars of today, their pupils." It is written by a man madly but not blindly in love with a certain conception of ballet and is constructed with the intention of forming a framework which will make possible a better understanding of the "endless varieties of shades and subtleties" of ballet.

The actual criticism consists largely of those performances of recent years, "still alive in repertoire and memory."

Mr. Haskell has found in Irina Baronova, the ideal dancer of today. One who has not reached perfection as yet, but one who has given him pleasure, "of a quality that I thought I should never feel again since the death of Pavlova."

In his chapter on Anna Pavlova Mr. Haskell says, "The word genius is one that I fear to use, with Pavlova there can be no other word . . . she has always been the great exception to every carefully laid down artistic principle, the individual who triumphed over the theory."

On hearing of the death of Anna Pavlova, Mr. Haskell was the first to make the suggestion that the music of "The Swan" should be played with the curtain raised on an empty stage, at the ballet being performed that night.

This memory of perfection—

". . . The dying flutter of an unseen swan,
"The weeping music and the empty stage . . ."

proved to be the most vivid item on the program, "a drama, a life's experience in two minutes."

Tchaikovsky was one of the greatest composers of ballet music. Stravinsky, also a composer of successful ballets wrote of him . . . "Tchaikovsky possessed the power of melody, centre of gravity in every symphony, opera or ballet, composed by him. . . . He was a creator of melody, which is an extremely rare and precious gift.

". . . The convincing example of Tchaikovsky's great power is, beyond all doubt, the ballet of "The Sleeping Princess."

Happenings of the Week

The King in kilts, wearing the uniform of colonel-in-chief of the Black Watch, tapped his toe to "Stars Fell on Alabama" Wednesday night but failed to join the dance as a glittering host of 2,000 bejewelled ladies and their brilliantly-uniformed escorts paraded in a court ball at Buckingham Palace. The orchestra struck to a conventional program of fox-trots, old time polkas and dreamy waltzes. A rather awkward pause developed when the band opened the dance program with "The Merry Widow Waltz." For some time no one moved. Nervous whispers arose. Everybody seemed to wonder who was supposed to lead off in the dance. The band played on. Finally the Duke and Duchess of York, followed by the Duke and Duchess of Kent and the Prince of Wales, with Queen Maud of Norway as a partner, took the floor and broke the tenson. The dance was on. Eight Canadians attended the ball with Hon. G. Howard Ferguson, Canadian high commissioner in London, and Mrs. Ferguson leading the list. The others were: Miss Nancy Almon, Halifax; Miss Elizabeth Cranshaw, Vancouver; Miss Elinore Morrice, Montreal; Miss Jane Nisbet, Nelson, B.C.; Miss Jean Stetson, Rothesay, N.B., and Miss Elinor Vale, Toronto.

• • •

Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett, who is returning to Canada by the Duchess of York, is expected to arrive in Montreal today.

• • •

Mrs. Benjamin Rogers who has been visiting in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa returned home on Thursday evening. While in Toronto Mrs. Rogers motored to Niagara with friends and was charmed with the beauty of the scenery, the peach trees and magnolia blossoms being beyond description for their loveliness.

• • •

Mrs. John McVicar, Model City, Montreal, is being cordially welcomed during her visit here the guest of Miss Jennie Turner.

• • •

Mrs. J. P. Gordon was hostess at two prettily arranged Bridge parties at her home Thursday and Friday afternoons of this week.

• • •

Miss Blanche McKinnon left Wednesday morning on a visit to her sister in Boston.

• • •

The "Queen Mary coiffure" has made its fashion debut with the jubilee year. With stately evening gowns and rustling afternoon frocks back in the mode, coiffeurs have evolved a new hair dress for bobbed heads which suggests the smoothly waved coiffure of the Queen. The copies vary from the original, but there is still enough similiarity between the two to suggest the name. The new Queen Mary coiffure sweeps back in soft waves from the ears, up from the nape of the neck and ends in a cluster of soft curls on the top and back of the head. It sometimes falls softly over the forehead, however, in a manner suggesting fringe or bangs.

• • •

Dr. John E. Andrew, Charlottetown Royalty, who has been on the interne staff of the Ottawa Civic Hospital for the past year has been appointed to the position of senior resident housesurgeon at that hospital.

Miss Janet Horne of Summerside returned home Thursday from McGill for the summer holidays.

• • •

Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Bessborough entertained at tea Monday the delegates to the National annual meeting of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

• • •

Mrs. James A. MacMillan is in Ottawa at present as the delegate from the Royal Edward Chapter I.O.D.E. of this city.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Morris, accompanied by Miss Marion Morris of Charlottetown are guests at the Dodge Hotel in Washington, D.C.

• • •

Mrs. Theodore Lantz has returned from a most enjoyable holiday visit to her sister, Mrs. McLeod in New York.

• • •

Mr. W. C. Lawson, Mrs. Lawson and family, left this week for Alberton after a short residence in this city and their departure is regretted by their numerous friends.

• • •

Mrs. Harland T. Pound of New London, arrived in Amherst last Saturday to spend the week-end with her brother, Mr. A. I. MacLean and Mrs. MacLean. Mrs. Pound and Mrs. MacLean left Monday for Halifax to attend the closing exercises of Dalhousie University from which the former's son, Eric Pound, will receive his M.D. degree.

• • •

Mrs. A. E. Duff and daughter Miss Elizabeth Duff are being welcomed home after spending the winter in Boston.

• • •

Sincerest sympathy will go out to Mr. T. C. James and family on the death of Mrs. James which occurred in Schomberg, Ont., last week. His many friend will regret that Mr. James continues seriously ill at the home of his daughter, Mrs. MacKay.

• • •

Finishing touches to the new home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent in Belgrave Square are being superintended by the Duchess herself. Taken on a furnished lease from Lady Juliet Duff the interior and exterior of the residence has been redecorated while the Duke and Duchess were on their honeymoon in the West Indies. The Duchess supervised the arrangement of her personal belongings and those of her husband including wedding presents. Several wardrobes, bookcases and other articles that the Duke used in his bachelor days at York House furnish his bedroom. The decoration schema of the Duchess's bedroom takes its theme from the "off-white" shade of the quilted velvet bedspread and pillow cases that were among her wedding presents.

A Morning Smile

THEIR PROBLEM

The first grade was having a lesson on birds.

After some discussion, the fact was established that birds eat fruit.

One little girl, however, was unconvinced.

"But, teacher," she asked, raising her hand, "how can the birds open cans?"

THE BRUTE

Once upon a time there was a nice woman who had a perfectly adorable husband. He was tall and handsome, neat, considerate, and cheerful.

He never made faces at her when they played bridge, and never brought comical-looking people home to dinner.

He was never detained late at the office, and never walked on his heels when he danced with her, or did anything that a nice woman's perfectly adorable husband wouldn't do.

But one evening, when he came home, he failed to notice she had had a new permanent wave — the big brute.

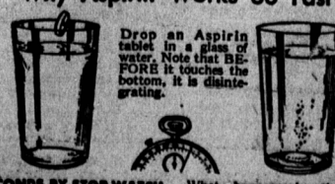
Here's Way Science Now Relieves Pain in Minutes

BAD HEADACHES, NEURITIS AND RHEUMATIC PAINS EASED ALMOST AT ONCE

Remember the pictures below when you want *fast* relief from pain. *Aspirin* eases even a bad headache or neuralgia often in a few minutes! An *Aspirin* tablet begins "taking hold" of your pain practically as soon as you swallow it. And *Aspirin is safe*. For *Aspirin does not harm the heart*.

Remember these two points: *Aspirin Speed* and *Aspirin Safety*. And, see that you get *ASPIRIN, the method doctors prescribe*. It is made in Canada, and all druggists have it. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every *Aspirin* tablet. Get tin of 12 tablets or economical bottle of 24 or 100 tablets.

Why Aspirin Works So Fast



Drop an Aspirin tablet in a glass of water. Note that BEFORE it touches the bottom, it is disintegrating.

IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

An Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach—ASPIRIN tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

When in Pain Remember These Pictures

Aspirin is the Trade Mark of the Bayer Company Limited