

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

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

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

Delicious Soup May be a By-Product Of Cookery

Soup is such an excellent means of using left overs that it is rarely made from all fresh ingredients in our kitchen.

We sometimes prepare more than is required for the evening meal of one dinner vegetable so that some will be left for a tasty hot soup for the following day's lunch. To this leftover vegetable and the water in which it was cooked, is added a bit of sliced onion, the green leaves and outer stalks from a head of celery (these are never discarded) salt and pepper. The whole is heated and cooked together for about ten minutes in the bottom of a double boiler. Meanwhile milk has been heating in the top of the double boiler. The vegetable mixture is forced through a sieve into the milk. The bottom of the double boiler is rinsed out, dried and 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons flour are blended together in it, over the heat. The soup mixture is then stirred in and heated until it thickens. This smooth cream soup is the foundation for many a tasty lunch.

This type of soup preparation may be used for such vegetables as cauliflower, carrots, corn peas, beans potatoes (see note below about not thickening these last three) tomatoes, celery, onion, etc.

They are all nourishing, hot, savory and very easily and economically prepared and satisfying to the heartiest appetite in the house.

We serve a fresh vegetable or fruit salad with this and a simple dessert, such as blanc mange pudding a baked apple or just crackers and cheese.

We are not yet finished with soups as by product of other food preparation because only last week I saw a woman who prides herself on her efficient household management pour the water in which a ham had been boiled down the sink. I thought of a family of six people trying to eke out an existence on relief funds, and what a delicious supper it would have made for them. And because their problems are so near to my heart, I said in my gentlest but most deliberate tone, "You know, your drain pipe is better nourished than many a little kiddie in this city." She smiled ruefully and said "I hate to throw that away, too, but what good is it?" (The opportunity I was waiting for!) "Soup, Madam. Soup!"—and I proceeded to

tell her many ways of using it as fast as my tongue would wag: Use any water in which bacon roll, spare ribs, pork hocks, boiling beef etc., have been first boiled.

Variation No. 1

Add very finely grated fresh cabbage to the meat stock and a little grated onion boil for 5 minutes, flavor with salt, pepper and serve with the cabbage in it of course.

Variation No. 2: Add rice or barley and two finely sliced onions to left over meat stocks and boil until cereal is tender. Flavor with salt.

Variation No. 3: This is the pet dish of a girl friend of ours. The only thing she can cook, but it is "sure good." In Missouri the backbone of a hog when boiled is considered a rare delicacy. The water in which this was boiled was used for this soup. Since we would have to order this beforehand from a farmer that does his own butchering our version could more easily be made from the stock in which spare ribs have been partially cooked before stuffing them for roasting:

"One half cup of every vegetable in the garden, finely chopped." When I said "Not beets, surely," she replied: "Well no but everything else." The finer they are chopped, the better the soup. This includes finely chopped carrots, cabbage, turnip beans, corn; tomatoes; onions and a sprig of parsley. If the pot begins to get too full of vegetables for the amount of liquid, add a little boiling water and cook all together until the vegetables are tender.

Let each serving be thick with vegetables and plentiful. Don't forget that this should be tasted and tested for salt and pepper flavoring.

Now for soups that may be made from a "standing start." Probably the favorites are corn, potato, pea, bean, tomato.

When a quickly prepared soup is in demand the old standby is:

Potato Soup

To 2 cups chopped raw potatoes add 1 sliced onion and either fresh or dried celery leaves. Boil in 2 cups salted water until tender. When strain into 2 cups heated milk. Reheat all in top of double boiler, add at least 2 tablespoons butter and when poured into soup plates sprinkle with paprika or finely chopped parsley.

NOTE: It is unnecessary to thicken with flour potato, bean, corn or pea soup.

Pea or Bean Soup

One and one half cup dried split or marrowfat peas or black beans

(Continued on Page 5)

"GRAPE-NUTS" Flakes



What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

The waistline indicated in a draped movement is interesting and slimming new vogue. It rather suggests princess lines.

The draped arrangement is always flattering and slenderizing. It carries out the popular black and white theme in rough crepe silk.

Two surfaces of crinkly crepe satin would be stunning for this model.

For more dressy wear, a novelty ribbed velvet is exquisitely lovely.

Wool crepe and silk and wool crepe novelties are also suitable.

Style No. 945 is designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 26, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 35-inch with 1/2 yard 35-inch contrasting.

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

No. 945. Size

Name

Street Address

City

State

"It is difficult not to wish that the political machines were a little less ruthless in their drink."
—John Drinkwater.



A Morning Smile

Mrs. Greene (at her first football game)—"Oh, isn't it awful! Why they will kill that poor boy underneath!"

Daughter—"Don't be silly, mother! He doesn't mind it; he's unconscious by this time!"

PURITY FLOUR

STILL THE BEST FOR BREAD

Says Oldsters Deplore Crudeness Dorothy Dix

Lack of Taste, Rather Than Lack of Morals, is Great Fault of Younger Generation — Immodest Dress, Frankness and Rudeness Shock Oldsters Because They Are Crude, Not Because They Are Evil

What's the matter with the younger generation is not so much lack of morals as lack of taste.

At least that is the thing that shocks us oldsters most and over which we oftenest hold up our hands in horror and demand to know what this age is coming to. It isn't that what the boys and girls do is really wrong. It is just that it is in such execrably bad taste, and while we might forgive their smashing the Ten Commandments we can't forgive their outraging our sense of beauty and tearing down and trampling under foot the illusions and reserves with which we have cloaked so much of the ugliness of life.



You can take the way in which girls dress, or more accurately speaking, undress, as a good illustration of this point of view.

The way in which they exhibit their persons in public in a next-to-naked state and have themselves photographed for the Sunday paper so that every leering eye may comment on their points, brings a blush to every middle-aged cheek.

Yet the crime consists not in the nude in art, but in there being no art. Modesty, as we all know, is a matter of geography and custom. The South Sea belle, clad only in a hibiscus flower and a string of cowrie shells, is as conveniently dressed as our mid-Victorian grandmothers were in their seven starched petticoats. Legs are intrinsically no more indecent than arms and it is no more immoral to display them.

If every girl had the proportions of a Miss America, no voice would be raised in protest against what she left off. It is when we behold the anatomical blunders that Nature commits and that are forced on our attention that we criticize the dress of the modern flapper and feel like reminding her that clothes are like the mantle of charity. They cover up a multitude of sins.

Then there is the conversation of the younger generation, which causes us older ones to gasp and reach for our smelling salts. "Frankness," they call it when they delve into subjects that people formerly only discussed with their family physician. No topic is taboo. No revelation too personal to be publicized. No young lady's vocabulary is complete without she has a fluent command of swear words and curses that would turn a roustabout green with envy.

"Who is that little filly over there? She looks a high-stepper." "Where is that little hussy I met last night? She's a hot number," were comments made in my hearing by two young men at a fashionable party, and a friend of mine told me she almost passed out recently when she heard her 17-year-old daughter and a boy having a hot debate on birth control.

Other days. Other customs. Other standards. Perhaps these boys who call girls fillys and hussies really mean no more than their fathers who called the young women they admired angels. Perhaps it is even a good thing for young people to know where they stand before marriage on the baby proposition, but no one can deny that this breaking down of all the reserves between the sexes is a death blow to romance and sentiment. Nor can any one honestly contend that it adds to any girl's attractions to carry a line of profanity.

It is, of course, all right to call a spade a spade, but why drag spades into the parlor, as the younger generation do, and make them the topic of conversation in mixed company?

Perhaps nothing about the younger generation gets so on the nerves of the elder as the lack of manners. Generally speaking, politeness has become a lost art with the boys and girls of today, and with rare exceptions, they do not take the trouble to be civil to older people. Hostesses complain that their young guests do not even bother to signify whether they accept or refuse an invitation, so they never know how many are coming to a party, and after the guests do arrive they think nothing of departing almost in a body if there is a scarcity of drinks or somebody suggests that there is a livelier affair going on somewhere else.

In fact, rudeness may be said to be the fashion and brutality in speech and lack of consideration for the feelings of others is considered smart. Which may go a long way toward explaining why so many young people find life hard sledding, for the world is still run on soft soap instead of rocks and good manners open doors that are shut to boorishness.

But the thing that really shocks us oldsters more than anything else in the attitude of the modern young man takes to girls. To all outward seeming civility is dead. Girls make the dates. They give the parties. They do the telephoning. They write the letters. And men condescendingly accept their attentions. When they design to take a girl out they

Direct from England THE ORIGINAL Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER



A TOUCH of Mitcham Lavender breathes an inimitable delicacy of charm all its own. Countless beautiful women, for nearly 200 years, have sought its subtle fragrance.

Mitcham Lavender is the true lavender—the original and genuine—distilled by Potter & Moore since 1749. It is now available in many delightful toilettries at your druggist's—imported direct from London.

At Drug Stores and Beauty Counters OTHER MITCHAM LAVENDER PRODUCTS BY POTTER & MOORE, LIMITED
Powder-Cream Sachets Talcum and Dusting Powders Face Creams and Powders Completion Soaps Bath Soaps Bath Crystals Liquid Bath Salts Shaving Bowls Shaving Sticks POTTER & MOORE, LIMITED - LAVENDER HOUSE, LONDON Distillers of Mitcham Lavender since 1749

for Christmas MITCHAM LAVENDER GIFT SET ATTRACTIVELY BOXED 60¢ to \$5

drive up to her house and honk the horn until she comes out and climbs unassisted into the car. Observe any automobile that has in it an amorous couple and the girl will have her arms around the man's neck and her head on his shoulder while he is sitting up as stiff as a ramrod with a bored expression on his face.
Woman has become the pursuer and man the pursued, and this is not only bad taste, but bad psychology on the woman's part. And it is this bad taste that we oldsters deplore.
DOROTHY DIX.

For The Cook

Pineapple Upside Down Cake

1 1/2 cups sifted pastry or cake flour.

- 2 teaspoons baking powder.
- 1/4 teaspoon salt.
- 4 tablespoons shortening.
- 1/2 cup sugar.
- 1 egg, well beaten.
- 1/2 cup milk.
- 1 teaspoon vanilla.
- 1 tablespoon butter.
- 1 cup brown sugar.
- 4 slices pineapple.
- 1 cup pecan meats.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and curvy. Add egg; then flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition till smooth. Add vanilla. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in 8-inch frying pan. Add brown sugar. Stir until melted. On this arrange pineapple and nuts. On this batter cover contents of frying pan. Bake in moderate oven (325 deg. F.) 40 minutes. Loosen cake from sides and bot-

PERIOD WEAKNESS

London, Ont.—"When developing into womanhood, I became in a terribly run-down condition, lost weight and energy, suffered from periodical weakness and felt miserable all over," said Mrs. John Goode of 248 Ottawa Ave. "But after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a short time I was relieved of this misery. A few months ago I had pains in the center of my back, I also had nervous headaches and poor appetite. I took two bottles of the 'Prescription' and have had no trouble since."
Sold by druggists everywhere.

until smooth. Add vanilla. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in 8-inch frying pan. Add brown sugar. Stir until melted. On this arrange pineapple and nuts. On this batter cover contents of frying pan. Bake in moderate oven (325 deg. F.) 40 minutes. Loosen cake from sides and bot-

Baby's Colds

Best treated without dosing—Just rub on VICKS VAPORUM FOR COLDS OF ALL THE FAMILY

Allan L. MacKay

UNDERTAKER and EMBALMER BRADALBANE 6698-11-23-wfm

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED

J. S. TAYLOR E. W. TAYLOR Optometrists 142 Richmond Street

Professional Cards

Stewart & Lowther J. D. STEWART, K. C. N. W. LOWTHER BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. 84 Great George Street MONEY TO LOAN

McLEOD & BENTLEY

J. A. BENTLEY W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law MONEY TO LOAN Office: 180 Richmond Street

Prohibition Commission

Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown. Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peters John Simpson, Hamilton. Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to Inspector J. Phipps, R. C. M. P.

ZORA The Invisible

By J. R. WILMOT CHAPTER XXVIII The Betrayal

For the moment both men stared at each other unflinchingly. Then Blayne smiled. He had met cases like this before. Hallucinations were frequent among patients in Hooker's condition. It was as though the thought uppermost in the patient's mind at the time of an abnormal

FOR SALE

FISHERMEN ATTENTION! For quick sale, good lobster boat and 6 Acadia Engine complete. Ready for water at a sacrifice price one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Also lobster bows and rings for sale. For information apply

B. TRENHOLM, Cape Tormentine, N. B. No. 24-11.

Notice to the Public

The general public are hereby notified that Oysters taken from the rivers flowing into Charlottetown Harbor are suspected of being contaminated with typhoid bacillus and, pending an investigation to determine whether or not this condition exists, raw Oysters from these areas should not be eaten.

B. C. KEEPING, M. D. Chief Health Officer. 6709-11-24-31.

occurrence still persisted long afterwards until normality was restored.

Hooker seemed quick to interpret the thoughts that were passing through his master's mind.

"Please don't think I'm mad, sir. I'm not. I'm perfectly sane. What I said was the truth. I am Zora. That is why it is so difficult to begin, sir. There is so much to tell you."

"Tell me this," Blayne spoke kindly, yet firmly. "Where did this—accident, happen, and when?"

"Last night, sir, at 'Red Gables,' during a meeting of the Brotherhood of the Sons of Zora of whom I am the acknowledged European head."

Blayne gasped. This was not the ravings of dementia. Hooker must, indeed be speaking the truth.

"I see," Blayne acknowledged, "and now before you talk any more, I'm going to get you something."

He arose and crossed over the ward to where Dr. Ridley and the matron were still standing and sent the nurse to the ward medicine cupboard for a stimulant.

Hooker appeared grateful for it, and Blayne placed an extra pillow under his shoulders, raising the head slightly.

"I must take you back a good

many years, sir," Hooker began. "When I was in India I was doing a stretch with the Middlesex at Calcutta—quite a youngster at the time, sir. We were there for seven years, and it was then that I heard that there was a shortage of domestic servants in the establishments of the white colony. I had a sister—Gertrude—a fine, strong girl, sir, at that time in service in London. We had grown up together, and when I was ordered out to India, she was nearly broken-hearted. So I had a word with our colonel, sir, about her coming out, seeing that positions were going begging, and some of the people not liking the ayahs. He fixed it all up for her, sir, with a Major Anderson's wife, who wanted a girl to look after her two children.

"Gertrude had her passage paid out, and she was wonderfully glad to see me and to be near me. We spent a good deal of our time together, for we had more leisure in the army in those days, sir, and we were both young enough to enjoy life as we found it. Then I began to hear things about her in connection with a young fellow named Montgomery Gaynor. I didn't take too much notice of it at the time, sir, for you know how scandal does go about in British quarters abroad but when it didn't stop, I challenged her with it, and she told me that she was deeply in love with him. I told her it must stop. He was not in the same set as she was, sir. 'Gertie,' I said 'forget him.' He don't do you any good. But it was no good, sir. She told me she couldn't give him up. Why should she? She was doing better for herself than marrying a private soldier. So what could I do?

"Then Gaynor disappeared. Went back to England, quietly, and left her broken-hearted and expecting a

child. That was a scandal, if you like, sir. Hard words were said about Gertrude, but I was only a private soldier, and you know what that means, sir. But I knew that Gaynor, and not my sister, was the one at fault. The child was born—Mrs. Anderson was a white woman, and looked after her—but it was no use. . . . Gertrude died. I think I went mad, then. I openly said that I'd get even with the swine, but I had to wait—wait for all these years before vengeance came. I'm satisfied now, sir. I'm convinced that I've done the right thing.

"But that's not all, sir. While I was out in India I got to know a good deal about the Sons of Zora. I was fascinated by their creed. God knows, why, but I was. One of the fellows I met in an outpost told me about them—a religious body with political leanings towards the old, old cry 'India for the Indians.' I was a rebel myself, sir, a rebel against the injustice of life that permits a man to get away scot free while the woman pays the penalty. I didn't take it so seriously at first. It was just something to keep my mind from wandering to Gaynor. It was the only thing that kept me sane all those seven years. It may

have seemed strange, but I was always among those who volunteered for outpost duty just because I knew it would bring me in touch with the Sons of Zora.

"Gradually I got into a way of thinking as they did. I know it was disloyal of me, but I was only disloyal in mind. I did my duty as a British soldier faithfully and well, as my records will show, sir. As far as I know I was the only fellow in our crowd who showed any sympathies with Zora, and they didn't suspect me. I looked upon it as a private matter, and I still had four years to go before relief. I sent word to my mother about the child and Major Anderson's wife looked after the hair until someone who could be trusted was going home, and took Natalie with her."

"Natalie!" exclaimed Blayne. "Did you say Natalie?"

"Yes, sir, that's what they christened her. I didn't altogether like it—too Indian-sounding for me. I wanted to call her Gertrude, after her mother. Well, my mother looked after her and when Ann—she's my older sister—got married, she took the girl and brought her up until I got back. She took Ann's name—Morrison."

Hooker paused in his narrative, exhausted, and appealed for a drink, which Blayne gave him willingly. He was beginning to see light at last. Natalie Morrison—that innocent, beautiful child of a girl—had been the cornerstone of the mystery, and he had never suspected it. She had never suspected it, either, which was just as well.

Before Blayne could speak, Hooker began again, his voice still remarkably strong in spite of the spark of life within him that must be now little more than the merest flicker.

(To be Continued.)

for STIFFNESS

Plenty of Minard's well rubbed in soon sets you right. Rubs the sore part with warm water before you start.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

You need Carter's Little Liver Pills. Purely vegetable. Safe. Quick and sure results. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. 25c. at all druggists.

It's better and You can Prove it

Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK

UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED

The Borden Co. Limited 115 George Street Toronto, Ontario
Gentlemen: Please send me copy of your free cook book 'The Good Provider.'
Name.....
Address.....