

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

## What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



390

frock's frequent visit to the wash tub.

A printed cotton broadcloth in French blue and white with plain white plique trim made the original. Linen, pique, batiste, prints, ginghams, percale and dimity prints are sturdy and smart.

Style No. 39 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years.

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

Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern.

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

No. 39. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City .....

State .....

### A Morning Smile

It has accompanying bloomers too. And isn't the double-breasted effect smart? The tiny puffed sleeves are such a cute idea.

The skirt laid in generous plaits and attached to a brief yoke, allows plenty of freedom for the activities of wee maids. These wide plaits are easily pressed into place after the

She—"You got fooled on this diamond ring."

He—"I guess not. I know my onions."

She—"Maybe—but not your carats."

## Hard, Large Pimples Lasted a Long Time. Healed by Cuticura.

"I had pimples all over my face. They were hard, large and red and festered and scaled over. The pimples also itched a great deal. The trouble lasted a long time, and I lost sleep at night on account of the irritation."

"A friend told me about Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some and after using six cakes of Cuticura Soap and about four boxes of Cuticura Ointment the pimples disappeared. I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Almeda Smith, R. R. 2, Kelley's Cove, N. S.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address Canadian Depot: J. T. Watt Company Limited, Montreal.

**For Breakfast**  
SERVE  
**KING COLE COFFEE**  
And start the day right

### AUTHOR AWAITS READERS VERDICT

New York, N. Y., April 28—Professor Walter B. Pitkin is sitting back, chuckling and waiting to hear what kind of a thud his "short introduction to the history of human stupidity" will make when it hits homo stultus.

There have been other bad boys of literature, but this onetime newspaper editor and later professor of psychology hopes and confidently expects to be dodging cabbages hurled by kings as well as taxi-drivers.

The book has gone out to the unsuspecting United States public and Mr. Pitkin calculates it will take a few days for filtration through skull bone, so he hasn't closed the storm doors yet.

In speaking of man, meaning you and you and you, Mr. Pitkin uses such charming terms as "folly blunder," "rational frenzy," "vagary," "quackery," "delusion," "obstession," "hysteria," "purity," "paranoia," "supercor," "hallucination" and just goes on in your own dictionary.

But is there no hope? Oh, yes! "Ten years ago," said Mr. Pitkin, "I know I should never have been able to get such a book published. Wherever it appeared there would have been public bonfires; Boston would have barred it."

"We in the United States have changed a lot. Since 1918 there

## For The Cook

MARYLAND BEATEN BISCUITS

With the tips of the fingers work a teaspoon of butter into a pint of flour, then mix with milk or water to a very firm dough. Beat the dough with a mallet about twenty minutes or run it through a biscuit brake until it is beautifully smooth and velvety. Cut into rounds, prick with a fork (some cutters prick the dough as it is cut into rounds); bake about half an hour in a moderate oven. These biscuits will sometimes split evenly, and the texture is similar to that of crackers. Some cooks prefer to mix the biscuit with buttermilk into which one-fourth teaspoon of soda has been stirred.

have been three great waves of progressive disillusionment. First, we were disillusioned about our war leaders, our generals and statesmen and profiteers, such as the 31-a-year patriots.

"Second, we lost our illusions about our business and industrial leaders. That was in the boom and depression of 1920, the jazz age with the war excitement worn off.

"Then, third—the big crash. We lost our faith in fundamental human ability, and that is the historical justification for my book."

Betty: "Mumple, do you know the name of the station we stopped at just now?"

Mother: "Oh, I don't know. Don't bother me now, I'm busy reading."

Betty: "Oh, but Mumple. I'm sorry you don't know, 'cause little Jimmie got out of the train there."

**DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS**  
STOP  
HEADACHE  
INDIGESTION  
BILIOUSNESS  
CONSTIPATION

## Dorothy Dix

### Why is it That Women Who Would Not Stoop to Stealing Another Woman's Pocket Handkerchief Will Rob Her of Her Husband and Derive Only Amusement From the Spectacle of Her Agony?

Do women regard other women's sweethearts and husbands as fair booty if they can get them? Do they feel that they have an inalienable right to steal any heart on which they can lay their hands, no matter what other woman has a prior claim upon it?

Sometimes it seems as if "never a law of God or man rules North" of the heart line with them, and that they have very little honor in the matter, for every day we see the woman who wouldn't flinch pins from her sister woman stealing from her the love that is the very jewel of her existence. And half the time the lady burglar is simply a-burgling for the mere excitement of the thing, and doesn't even want the man whom she has purloined.

It is a common thing for a beautiful, gay, alluring girl, who has all the technique of the vamp at her finger's ends, to go into a village or a country community for a few months in the summer and turn all the rural swains' heads and break up half-a-dozen engagements.

It is a still commoner affair for a clever woman of the world, skilled in all the subtleties and cajoleries, to take away from some plain, dull woman, whose only talent is a talent for loving, the fiance on whom her heart is set.

Nor does the woman who thus tortures another woman suffer agonies of remorse and repentance for her evil deeds. Nor does her conscience keep her awake at night whispering in a still, small voice that she has done a fellow woman a deadly wrong.

On the contrary, the woman who would weep at the sight of a cat in pain, and who shudders with horror at the thought of vivisection, is highly entertained and amused at the spectacle of the other woman's anguish at losing the dearest thing in life to her and she watches with a smile her frantic and futile efforts to hold on to a love that is slipping from her feeble grasp. Yet compared to stealing her sweetheart from some hapless young girl, robbing a bank is a virtuous employment and a bullfight a humane sport.

But we see the thing continually done by young women who believe themselves to be leading the higher life and who are charter members of a society for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals.

Worse still is the case of a woman who deliberately robs another woman of her husband. As long as a man is unmarried he is, to a certain extent, wild game at which any woman may aim a gun without doing too much damage to the law that governs mine and thine. But when a man is married, he becomes private property. His wife has bought and paid for him with everything she owns. He belongs to her exclusively. Under no possible circumstances is any other woman justified in breaking into her house and trying either to steal or lure him out.

There is not a debutante in the world so young and fluffy-headed that she does not know what it means to a wife to lose her husband's love. It does not require any power of imagination for her to visualize

## THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE

### In Powder fine as Mist

It is not hard to understand the ever-growing vogue of the Yardley Lavender when you first experience the touch of Yardley Complexion Powder. Gossamer like—fine as dawn-touched mist, this sweet Lavender Powder blends with the tone of your skin. For hours on end it clings and sustains its charm. Among the four subtle tints is your powder. At all good drug and department stores—\$1.00.

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Complexion Powder

The only cream of England's loveliest ladies is Yardley's All-Purpose Complexion Cream—in a beautiful container at \$1.00.

every throeb of anguish that tears a wife's heart as she sees herself neglected for a younger and fairer woman; when she realizes that her husband is wearying of her; when she sits lonely during long evenings while the man who is all the world to her is paying court to some other woman, perhaps lavishing on that other woman in flowers and jewels and amusements the money that is needed to buy common comforts for his own home and shoes and clothes for his little children.

Every woman who beckons a married man to her side, or who lets him stay there, even if he comes of his own volition, knows that she is inflicting upon his wife a torture as terrible as was ever devised by the Inquisition. Yet we are always hearing innocent-looking little girls and angel-faced ladies boasting of their fascination for married men. They commit the most horrible of all crimes with an air of perfect virtue that speaks of utter peace within their own souls.

If you should tell one of these women that when she engages in a flirtation with a married man that breaks his wife's heart, that wrecks his home and sends little children out into the world fatherless, she has done a worse thing than if she had murdered the wife and stabbed the children and set fire to the house, she would be righteously indignant. But it is the truth. Every woman who flirts with married men has her hands crimson with a sister woman's life blood.

There is no more inexplicable illustration of how curiously the feminine conscience works its wonders to perform than the fact that the woman who would not steal another woman's pocket handkerchief will rob her of her husband and the man who is so tender-hearted he could not swat a fly will enjoy contemplating the agonies of jealousy that she is causing some poor, unattractive wife to suffer.

DOROTHY DIX.

## Sale By Tender

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up to Tuesday, May 3rd next from persons wishing to purchase the following assets of the O'Leary Produce Company Limited.

Parcel No. 1—Frost-proof potato warehouse situated along the line of Railway at O'Leary, and equipment.

Parcel No. 2—Office equipment.

Parcel No. 3—A quantity of bags and baskets.

Parcel No. 4—Books debts and promissory notes.

Parcels Nos. 1, 2 and 3, open to inspection at any time. Parcel No. 1, list may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

Further particulars may be had by applying to the undersigned.

Tenders may be for any of the said parcels singly or en bloc.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

GEORGE M. MATTHEWS,  
Liquidator,  
O'Leary, P. E. Island  
1937-4-20-wfm-61

## TENDERS

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned until Tuesday, May 10th, 1932, from persons wishing to purchase that valuable farm at Elmsdale, Lot 4, consisting of 75 acres of good land, a comfortable house, good orchard, good barn 80 x 35, granary, hen house, an up-to-date Fox Ranch with 10 pens complete, a guard fence of boards and room within for 10 more. 1/2 mile from Churches, School, Farmers Institute, Egg Circle, Poultry Killing Station and Railway Station. I do not bind myself to accept the lowest or any tender.

MRS. ELLA MANSON,  
Box 7, Alberton,  
P. E. Island,  
Or No. 6 Echo Avenue,  
Beverly, Mass., U. S.  
Apr. 15-fri-31

## The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Pedler

(Continued)

She picked up the menu and assumed an absorption in its contents which she was far from feeling.

"What are we all going to eat?" she asked. "I think we must hurry a little or we shall be late for the play. Then I shall lose the exquisite thrill of seeing the curtain go up."

Tormarin looked entertained. "Does it still thrill you, you absurdly youthful person?"

"Of course it does. I always consider that the quality of the thrill produced by the rise of the curtain is the measure of one's capacity of enjoyment. When it no longer thrills me, I shall know that I am getting old and bored, and that I only go to the theatre to kill time and because everyone else goes."

Dinner proceeded leisurely in spite of Lady Anne's admonition that they should hurry, and presently Nick, who had glanced across the room once or twice as though secretly amused, remarked confidentially:

"My Lucretia Borgia lady is

taking a quite uncommon interest in someone of our party. I'm afraid I can't flatter myself that she's lost her heart to me, as I've only observed this development since Jean and Blaise joined us. Blaise, I believe it's you who have won her devoted—if, probably, somewhat violent—affections."

"Your Lucretia Borgia lady? Which is she?" enquired Jean.

"You can't see her because you are sitting with your back to her," replied Nick importantly. "And it isn't manners to screw your head round in a public restaurant—even although the modern reincarnation of an unpleasantly vengeful lady may be sitting just behind you. But if you'll look into that glass opposite you, a little to the right side of it—you'll see who I mean. She's quite unmistakable."

Jean tilted her head a little and peered slantwise into the mirror which faced her. It was precisely at the same moment that Nick's "Lucretia Borgia lady" looked up for the second time from her peche Melba, and Jean found herself gazing straight into the dense darkness of the eyes of Madame Varigny.

"Why—why—" she stammered in astonishment. It is the Comtesse de Varigny! She turned to Lady Anne, adding explanatorily: "You remember, madonna, I told you about her? She chaperoned me at Montavan, after Glyn had departed."

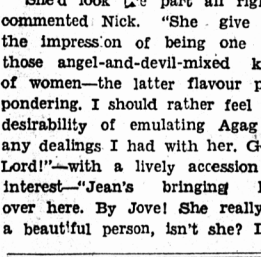
The recognition had been mutual. Madame de Varigny had half-risen from her seat and was poised in an attitude of expectancy, smiling and gesturing with expressive hands an invitation to Jean to join her.

"I'll go across and speak to her," said Jean. "I can't imagine what she is doing London."

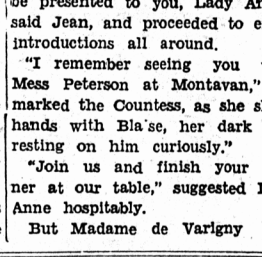
"I suppose you, too, met this rather splendid-looking personage at Montavan?" enquired Nick of his brother, as Jean quitted the table.

Tormarin spoke his head. "I never shook her. I saw her once, on the night of a fancy-

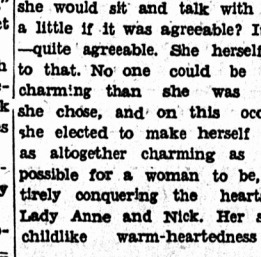
## My, what pretty dishes



## You wouldn't think they were pretty



## I do wash dishes three times a day



## AUCTION SALE AT MIL. VALLEY

AT EDWARDS & COMPANY LIMITED WAREHOUSE

(1 Mile from FreeTown Station)

Having been appointed Liquidator for Edwards & Company Limited, I will sell by Public Auction on Saturday, May 7th, beginning at 12 o'clock noon, the following Land, high class Stock, Implements and Feed, consisting of:—

- 125 acres, (known as the John Stafford Farm)
- 160 acres, (McDonald Farm)
- 165 acres, (James Lawless Farm)
- 150 acres (Mayne Stewart Farm)
- 1 Pure Breed Percheron Stallion
- 14 Choice Work Horses (Heavy)
- 2 Two-Year Old Colts
- 1 One-Year Old Colt
- 4 Milch Cows
- 1 Two-year Old Heifer
- 1 Two-Row Planters (Hoover)
- 1 Fertilizer Broadcaster (Van Brunt)
- 2 Two-Row Hillers
- 2 One-Row Hillers
- 2 Two-Row Scaffolds (John Deere)
- 5 One-Row Scaffolds
- 2 Traction Sprayers (Watson)
- 1 Power Sprayer (Bean)
- 3 Engine Diggers (Hoover)
- 2 1/2 H. P. Engines (John Deere)
- 1 6 H. P. Engine (International)
- 1 5 H. P. Engine (Cushman)
- 1 Delco Light Plant
- 2500 bushels Mixed Feed and a large quantity of Hay.
- A quantity of Household Furniture, consisting of Beds, Springs, Mattresses, 2 Range Stoves, 1 Furnace and other articles.
- A quantity of Farm Tools, consisting of shovels, hoes, forks, carpenter tools, and other articles too numerous to mention.
- Also Warehouse and Lot, and all Warehouse Equipment, consisting of Motors, Bogg Graders and Elevators.

TERMS CASH  
If day is unfit, sale following Monday at same hour.

HUGH F. MORRISON,  
Auctioneer,  
2109-4-20-wfm-81

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Farm of 75 acres at Burnt Point about one mile from Georgetown, on shore front. Practically all clear and in good state of cultivation. Dwelling-house and farm buildings in good repair. Farm well fenced and fully cultivated for Spring crop. Apply to Joseph Bouchard, Georgetown, or H. F. MacPhee, Solicitor, Riley Building, Charlottetown.

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A new house with Sun Porch and Garage. Hot water heat, hardwood floors—everything most convenient. If interested inspection is invited.

Millions use it in tub, washer and dishpan

**Rinso**  
THE GRANULATED SOAP

"It's so economical!" says Mrs. Viola Meyers

"Maybe I wasn't pleased when my neighbour asked me the secret of my snow-white wash! I told her I never scrubbed—never boiled. Then I told her how Rinso soaks out dirt like magic. Rinso is safe. And so economical, I use it for dishes and all cleaning."

MRS. VIOLA MEYERS

Like magic in washers, too

Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water. Rich suds that soak out dirt—save the clothes. White clothes come whiter, without boiling. Coloured clothes come brighter. The makers of 39 famous washers recommend Rinso. Get the BIG package.

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