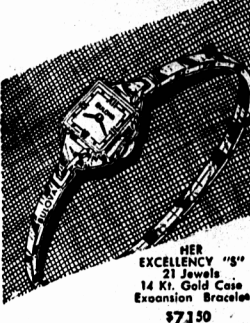


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Cook's Corner

PRUNE CONSERVE

4 pounds prunes
4 pounds sugar
Juice of 4 oranges
1 pound raisins
Meats of 1 pound walnuts broken in small pieces
If dried prunes are used, soak them in cold water five hours, then drain and remove the pits. Boil all the ingredients except the nut meats together till thick. Stir in the nut meats five minutes before removing from the fire. Pour into hot jars and seal.

ORANGE MONEY

6 oranges
1 lemon
1 cup hot water
6 cups sugar
Remove peel from oranges, cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Drain, remove white membrane, dry rind and put through food chopper. Grate yellow part of lemon and add orange rind. Cut pulp or oranges and lemons into small pieces, discarding all seeds. Bring 1 cup hot water and sugar to boiling point. Add orange and lemon pulp and rind and cook 25 minutes after boiling point is reached. Pour into sterilized glasses and cover.

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No, Mr. Brown

By Gertrude Kaevels

"Do you, Mr. Brown? Then why look at me?" Bill had walked without ceremony into the kitchen where April was preening voluminous folds of renovated pink curtains. It was an anxious business, for the iron stuck, the ruffles seemed miles long, and upstairs Miss Zora was waiting impatiently to oversee the processes of hanging and adjusting. April was warm and weary, her cheeks too pink, her hair a disordered fume of curls. Not too well pleased at being interrupted in the middle of her task she was also conscious of her all-enveloping blue apron.

Bill walked round the table and leaned across the ironing board. He thought only of April's sweetness, her utter desirability. He put out his arms and found himself embracing the laundry basket. "I'm ashamed to see these lingering traces of frivolity," his hostess jeered. "What would your boss think of you wasting time in my kitchen? I bet Jay supposes you're out on the road this minute pumping some poor luckless innocent tramp—excuse me—you call it 'Transient Investigation,' don't you?"

"How did you know I'd be switched to that job?" April asked. "Not supposed to be talked about." "Oh, no, of course not. Entirely 'confidential,'" April grinned. "It happens one of my last days on the job was spent in doing letters and reports on the grand 'Transient Problems.' Jay is nuts on it. But don't worry. I won't chatter. Bill I want you to meet my old girls."

"I'd be charmed to meet 'em. Is Mrs. Bundy responsible for the heavenly smells that haunt this kitchen? I'm not above begging an invitation to lunch." "Chocolate cake. She's having it with baked apples and cream." April sniffed wistfully. "You can't stay today though, Bill, and neither can I. I have an invitation to lunch at the Van Eldens—a command, rather. Something about a temporary job, Miss Penfield, the secretary, has gone away for a rest. People have to rest after they work for Mrs. Van Elden. I'll have to go there's no getting out of it. Probably it will be only a few hours each day and it won't be so bad after Ten comes 'Young Parker?' Bill's face darkened. "So he's coming to town to rope in the shekels, is he, and you along with them? Now look here, April, that's what I want to talk to you about. I've counted on your being the kind of girl who's straight with a fellow."

"And what kind of a girl am I?" "The kind that isn't. Why did you tell me that rubbish about Parker caring for Gwenn Harding? She told me—" "She told you you might cut Ten out if you liked? That she was free, white, and twenty-one and waiting for a new adorer?" "Stop ragging, please," Bill scowled. "I'm serious. I remember very well what you told me the first day I came here, the day we had the fight about the grocer. You told me about Parker and the Harding girl when all the time—" "When all the time it's Gwenn and you instead, you mean?" April broke in. "Can I help it if she's switched to you?" "Nonsense!" Bill reddened, remembering the three invitations, the daily telephone calls he had from Gwenn that week. "What I'm getting at is this," he continued, "you said here was nothing between you and Parker."

"There isn't. I haven't seen anything of Ten for months." "No?" Bill pounced on her. "You meet a chap at a place like the Blue Devil and you let him sit and kiss you behind screens—" "Oh, I forgot that." "You forgot you let him kiss you and call you his angel and—" It was April's turn to explode. She pulled away from Bill and retreated behind the ironing board, a sizzling iron held as a shield against his advance. "Whatever I did that night is my affair, not yours. I think you're a hateful impossible person, Bill Brown, and you can just get out of my kitchen and not come to this house again." "Look here, April. If it was only gossip—" "Did I say it was gossip? It was not. It was perfectly true. I did meet Ten at the Blue Devil and he did kiss me. He kissed me a lot." "So, you're engaged?" "No, Mr. Brown, I'm not. Not that it's any of your business." She dashed past him out of the room the pink curtains streaming behind her like a rosy bridal veil.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS.

(Continued from Page 2)
of his Angelina's pulchritude is due to art and not Nature, for few women are as pretty as they are painted. But to expect her to keep up his delusion of grandeur for 30 or 40 years is asking the impossible. Before marriage a girl has time for beauty shops. After marriage she has to hustle to get the family's breakfast, instead of dilly-dallying over putting on her complexion and painting her toe nails. Then there is the matter of always being sweet and amiable and yes-yesing a man, no matter what he says or does. It is a trick as simple as a bobby-socker could pull it off, but it is one thing to jolly a man along before marriage, when he is taking you out on a swell date and you are having a good time, and something else again when you have to keep a husband buttered up with flattery to keep the peace. Before marriage all girls are optimists who believe that they are going to come up to their husbands' ideals and be the perfect wives that every man thinks it his due, no matter what sort of a husband he is himself. It is only after wives realize that their husbands expect them to be parlor ornaments and kitchen slaves; to make one dollar do the work of five; to look like a million dollars in a hand-me-down suit; to conjure good meals out of the air instead of the grocery; to rear children and pinch pennies and never lose their looks or their temper or get nerves, that they give up the effort to be the kind of wives that their husbands feel they deserve. So the advice to brides about retaining their girlish figures and keeping young and beautiful, no matter how old they get, and continuing to practice their fascinations upon their husbands, really gets them nowhere, and they had better be as well scrap it to start with. Every wife's best bet is to be easy to live with. If she doesn't nag, if she laughs at her husband's jokes; if she feeds him well and babies him a little, she can be happy though married. And so can he.

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KING COLE TEA

CHAPTER XI
Plans of a benevolent schemer concerning two old friends seemed all too slow in maturing. April realized the necessity of walking delicately among matchmaking projects, and yet she tired of caution. One point in favor of this tiresome secretarial job at the Van Eldens was the thought of being on hand to keep an eye on Bill and influence her in the right direction. So far she seemed headed the wrong way—into the hands of Lucius Adams. They were engaged, report said, and the fact would soon be announced. April was planning to be very careful, tactful and discreet. In a mood if not chastened, at least not quite as audacious as usual, April approached the Van Elden mansion and her new job.

This, Alice admitted with a sigh wasn't "one of Mother's good days." April nodded, promised caution, mounted the stairs with catlike tread. She walked demurely down a velvet-sheathed corridor, made sure that the sign "RESTING" framed and embroidered in red cross-stitch, was not in place upon the invalid's door. She remembered to use the silver knocker indicating the approach of secretary or servant, and being admitted and told—by the exquisite old tyrant in lavender wool wrap and gray silk house gown—to sit, April had sat.

"I hear," said Mrs. Van Elden with Christian fortitude "that you have actually reopened your grandmothers house. How can you afford that, April?"

"I have some friends who will share expenses—old friends of Granny's. No, I don't think you know them, Mrs. Van Elden. Oh, how perfectly gorgeous your garden looks for this time of year!"

It was a safe topic and one frequently resorted to by guests at the Manor when their hostess needed to be diverted. No visitor, from bishop to assman, was allowed to leave the Van Elden premises without conscientious investigation of shrubberies and lily pools, and was rated according to his appreciation of the privilege afforded him. Nowadays the garden's owner could not personally oversee these inspections, so Ada, her maid, was stationed at a window to check up on idlers and report the unappreciative.

Mrs. Van Elden hesitated as before a matter of importance. "I think you may have ten minutes in the garden before luncheon," she decreed. "There is not time enough to begin work before we should be interrupted."

"I was late—almost five minutes. I'm hardly ever prompt." April looked up hopefully. "Do you really think I'm fit to take Penny's place even for a short time, Mrs. Van Elden?"

"You will be able to make yourself useful under my guidance," Mrs. Van Elden said firmly. She added in kinder tones. "It will be pleasant to have my dear old friend's granddaughter near me for a while. Now you may go, April, but do not delay, Ten minutes remember."

he interlude over April returned to the house. Luncheon that day was served in Mrs. Van Elden's sitting room, at a small table decorated with the choicest flowers. It was carefully planned, exquisitely served and so fragrant that April's girlish appetite regretted Bundy's hearty fare. As they ate, Mrs. Van Elden explained that while no necessary vitamin had been omitted from the menu, sweets were absent for a particular reason. One of April's first tasks would be to write the Red Cross stating the sum that Mrs. Van Elden had calculated might be added to the district quota if each contributing family would sacrifice dessert for at least a month.

Slowly the afternoon wore away with its duties and instructions, its reproofs and corrections. The day was followed by days equally wearisome—days when April had

Living & Leisure
THE WOMAN'S REALM

CHEER UP

At the close of the day an orchestra Appears in the shrubs and trees. Notes that float from feathered throats Have a charm that is sure to please. The snow is gone; at last the lawn is showing the green of spring. Music and words, sung by the birds, An orchestra fit for a king!

A feathered musician has a mission To build in the trees a nest. A hedge to let it be hard to get. So me figures to build his best. Bits of string and everything. With mortar of clay he's daubing. The song he'll sing pays everything. So the robin isn't robbing.

It's easy to tell he knows quite well He's safe from hawks and crows. Likes to build where once you killed. Near a human friend he knows. But he likes to play at close f day And chirp at the barking pup. And a message send his human friend, As he tells the world, "Cheer up!"

—By L. Van Vlack in Toronto Star.

THINGS TO KNOW

When skimming fish rub a little salt over your hands and the fish will not slip.

FRESHENING RUGS

To restore a bright, fresh look to old rugs and carpets, add a package of dye the color of the rug to a gallon of hot, soapy water and scrub the rug. Of course this is advised for rugs of one color.

SIZE UP MOTHER OF YOUR FIANCE

A girl can just about figure out what kind of a mother-in-law a young man's mother will make, if she would ask herself these ques-

and so to BED

*** certain your pyjamas were washed in gentle soaps that left no scratchy residue to mar your rest. Tell your wife to send them—and all wash—to us for best results. Be smart, it's reasonable!

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