

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

Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

Must Engaged Couple Defer Marriage Until Times Pick Up?—Shall Wife Allow Husband to Spoil Her Life After Fifty Years of Marriage?

Dear Miss Dix—We are two young people who have known each other for a long time and we are desperately in love with each other. The man of us is fortunate enough to have a position. No big salary, but enough for us to get by on. We have waited so long to get married merely because everybody discouraged us and joined in a chorus of Wait Until Times Pick Up. Is there any reason why we shouldn't take the risk and marry now? Isn't all of life a chance? Isn't it better to go ahead while we are strong and young? Why should we keep looking around the corner for the old black crow to nip our happiness?



Answer: No reason in the world to wait, Betty, and if you will take my advice you will simply beat it down to the parson's. Of course, if your young man didn't have a job at all, it would be a fool-hardy thing to do, for, alas and alack, a marriage to be successful has to have bread and cheese in it as well as kisses.

But neither does it have to have cake and ale. To be happy though married you don't have to have a spurge wedding nor go to live in a palace nor have period furniture nor a limousine to ride in. Just the certainty of a simple living, enough income to make a club to beat off the wolf from the door, is sufficient capital for any strong healthy young couple to marry on.

That is all that most of our fathers and mothers had when they started out. That is more than our pioneer grandparents had. They didn't wait to be rich before they married. They didn't wait until they could live soft and easy. They got married on a shoestring and rented a couple of cheap rooms and bought a few sticks of furniture and they rolled up their sleeves and went to work and had babies and, somehow, somehow, by means of their own good right arms and the Providence that helps those who help themselves, they pulled through and raised up families that were a credit to them. And a lot of them are sitting pretty now in mahogany-furnished offices and living on the sunny side of Easy Street.

Money will buy a lot of the things that we all want, but the one thing that it doesn't buy is a happy marriage. On the contrary, a fortune is a greater menace to domestic happiness than poverty is. Especially when people are young. When we see a rich boy and girl get married and go off to Europe on a bridal tour and we read about their million dollars' worth of bridal presents, we think what a lucky young couple they are and how wonderfully they are starting out in life together.

But did you ever notice how often such marriages end in divorce in the course of two or three years? It happens oftener than not, because people who haven't anything to do but play are always looking out for new excitement, fresh thrills and pretty soon they find they get more kick out of being made love to by somebody else than they do by their husbands and wives. Also, every rich man is the predestined prey for every gold-digger and there are mighty few men who are Josephs and mighty few wives who can meet the competition of the vamps.

No. The poor girl and boy who get married are the ones who have the real chance at happiness because they have to work together, plan together, struggle together. Because having little money for amusements they are thrown on each other for society, and because nothing welds a man and woman together like having a common interest. And they are the ones who rear the fine families because their mothers bring them up by hand instead of turning them over to nursery governesses and servants.

One of the very worst features of the depression is the slump it has caused in the matrimonial market. Young people have got cold feet, just as bankers and merchants have, and have been afraid to make any commitments. Many who might have married haven't dared to take the risk and this, I think has been a mistake. "Nothing venture nothing have" is as good an axiom in matrimony as in business.

It doesn't do to wait too long. You can keep your heart on ice until you freeze out all the warmth that is in it, and wedding cake grows stale & kept on the shelf too long.

So don't put off your marriage any longer. Go to it and Heaven bless you, my children. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—When people have been married almost fifty years and the man loses his mind and wants a divorce so that he can marry a woman with a scarlet past, should the wife, who has been a good wife and worked hard and made many sacrifices to lay by a nest egg for old age, allow this foolish man to marry this gold-digger? For more than two years this vamp has pursued this silly old man who thinks she is in love with him and whom he wants to marry. The wife has it in her power to prevent this marriage, not only by refusing to give him a divorce, but she can prove that he is of unsound mind. What should she do? AN INTERESTED FRIEND.

Think of That, Now!

Morse's Standard Tea, "the good old family tea of the Maritimes"—famous for its fine flavour—specially approved for its thick-liquoring quality—the product of Canada's oldest tea firm—and,



Only 40 cents per pound package

At that rate one cent will provide six cups of most enjoyable tea

DELICIOUS—THICK LIQUORING—SATISFYING REMARKABLE VALUE!

Answer: This man sounds like a case for the insane asylum instead of the altar. His wife should by all means refuse him a divorce and save him from falling into the hands of the grafter. I should think she should also have a guardian appointed to take charge of his estate, which she helped earn and which belongs to her and her children.

She should do this for her husband's sake as well as for her own because he will be perfectly miserable if he marries this woman who only wants his money and who will be sure to neglect and mistreat him.

Every old man who imagines that he has fallen in love with a young woman and who wants to swap a faithful old wife off for a flapper should be put in some nice padded cell until he recovers his sanity. For he does recover from the hallucination that he is a boy again and a devil among the women who can inspire a deathless passion in the heart of a girl young enough to be his granddaughter, and that he wants to be a play-boy and frequent night clubs.

While he is still suffering from this delusion he is easy money for any woman who will flatter him and call him "laddie boy," but marriage to one of these gentle graters works a complete cure. He finds out then that it was his checkbook not himself that the woman was in love with, and that his only function is to sit on the sidelines and pay the check while she dances with slick-haired gigolos. He realizes that he isn't young any more and he feels about a million years old and that all he wants in the world is to go back to his old wife and have her sympathize with him and fuss over him and rub liniment on his rheumatism.

We pity the poor old wife whose husband swaps her off for a young one, but if we have any tears to shed we should bleed the shoulder of the silly old man who makes such a fool trade. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I have been married for six years to a man I have to support and who is so jealous of me that he won't let me have any girl friends or go anywhere. He says a wife's place is in the home and that I should have a hot meal prepared for him whenever he comes home from loafing around a poolroom, no matter what hour it is. What do you think I should do? DISCOURAGED.

Answer: Evidently your husband doesn't think that a woman's place is in the home during business hours when he is earning the money to support him. It seems to me that if you are the one who earns the bacon he should be the one to fry it, and that he should have a good hot meal for you when you come home. If you stand him you certainly are a glutton for punishment. DOROTHY DIX.

For The Cook

Lemon Tea Bread

- One egg
One and one-half cups sugar
Juice of half lemon
Three cups of flour
One cup milk
Three teaspoons baking powder
One-half teaspoon salt
One-fourth teaspoon nutmeg
Chopped rind of two large lemons
Put together in order given, beating well after each addition. The simplest way to prepare the lemon

is to shave off only the yellow part of the rind before the juice has been squeezed out; the inner thick white skin gives a bitter taste. Put the yellow rind through the food chopper twice and fold in last of all. When mixed the dough should be a trifle heavier than for cakes, as it gives a finer texture. Bake in a well-greased loaf pan in a slow oven for one hour. This is easily put together as there is no shortening to bother with, and it is inexpensive. Nuts may be used as a variation, with or without the lemon; orange peel is not as successful. And if, by any chance, there is any left over, try it toasted.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington



And won't she love this cunning dress? The fulness hangs from the brief French yoke. The skirt may join the yoke with pin tucks or with soft gathering as in the back view.

It is very dainty—and yet very practical in yellow batiste with tiny white dots and plain white trim. Blue g.—and dimity with wee white posies and white contrast is another delicious scheme.

Pique, linen, gingham and seersucker are other sturdy smart suggestions.

Style No. 465 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years.

Size 4 requires 1 3/4 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.

Form with fields for Name, Street Address, City, State.

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

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

- Mushroom Sandwiches
Mignon Cakes
Tea
Ripe Olives

Mushroom Sandwiches: Sauté mushrooms in butter until almost tender, then add 2 table-spoons cream (to one-half pound mushrooms), and simmer gently for 5 minutes. Then put through food chopper and season with salt and pepper and spread on thin slices of crustless bread and roll up and fasten with tooth picks while they are chilling. Remove tooth picks before serving.

Mignon Cakes: Using any good light butter cake batter, bake it in fluted paper cups, only filling the cups half full of batter as they very readily overflow. When baked scoop out the centre and fill with either lemon filling or raspberry jam or apple jelly replace tops and frost with any preferred frosting. They may then be sprinkled with desiccated coconut or finely chopped nuts, or chocolate shot to vary them. These are very simple to make for their comparative effectiveness.

Fish Recipes to Make You Welcome: We intend publishing "substitute-for-meat" recipes every week of the Lenten season. Start off right by serving "different" fish dishes.

Sautéed Sardines: Select good sized sardines and sauté them gently in a little butter after they have been very lightly sprinkled with flour. Fry until a golden brown and lay each sardine on a narrow strip of buttered crisp toast, allowing five for each service. Season with a little lemon juice.

Spanish Codfish: Pick over salt codfish and separate in small pieces; there should be 1 cup. Cover with lukewarm water, soak until soft, and drain. Cut 4 medium sized cold boiled

A Morning Smile

An uplift worker, visiting a prison, was much impressed by the melancholy attitude of one man she found.

"My poor man," she sympathized "what is the length of your term?" "Depends on politics, lady," replied the melancholy one, "I'm the warden."

The Double Act

A Romance of the Theatre BY MARION TOMLINSON

Suddenly she caught sight of a familiar figure coming toward her. It was Nell Forrest, who walked slowly, searching the faces of those she passed. Nell, indeed, had been restlessly searching for her lost charge ever since Rosemary had disappeared. Rosemary's heart smote her, the loyal anxiety in her old friend's face was evident. But Rosemary could not resist trying her new disguise on this friend who knew her so well.

"Pyper, Lydy?" she shouted, swooping down on the startled Nell. The woman refused with a movement of her head.

"Aw, please, tyke a pyper from a poor boy," wheedled Rosemary.

Something in the newsboy's voice recalled a memory to Nell. She stopped and looked at him keenly, then smiled as she saw it was only a brown-facedurchin who confronted her with a newspaper in his hand. Nell fumbled for a penny.

"Finding it hard to sell your papers, sonny?" she asked.

"Oh, no; I sell 'em by the ton for the blind," said Rosemary, audaciously, purposely circling round so that Nell would get a good light on her face.

"But all Nell saw was the discoloured eye and swollen lip of the apparent newsboy.

"Been fighting, haven't you?" she remarked.

"Oh, I fight 'em the time," said Rosemary, carelessly. "Is that all you can see ter look at?"

"My eyesight is perfectly good,"

said Nell, with some asperity, as she offered a sixpence in return for the paper. "No. I don't want your pennies," she added, as Rosemary dug into her pockets. "Be off with you."

But Rosemary, hopping round and round her in delight at the success of her disguise, insisted on dropping pennies into the pockets of Nell's coat.

"Give the old blind lady a penny!" she taunted gaily. "A penny, a penny, a penny to the blind!"

"Impudent youngster!" said Nell, as she got free and watched Rosemary at last skimming up the street with her bundle of papers. "It was strange, though, there was certainly a quality in his voice that reminded me—I must be becoming obsessed. If Rosemary would only let me have some news to set my mind at ease."

For Nell, in spite of the care Rosemary had taken to re-assure her in her farewell letter, had lately taken to reading the notices of suicides and unknown dead. She was on her way now to the Bethnal Green police station to look at the placards that might be found on its gruesome notice board.

Rosemary, her elation at having

been unrecognized by the woman who knew her best, having passed, had paused to think seriously. She felt she had been distinctly inconsiderate at not having taken Nell into her secret, for she knew Nell was very fond of her.

Should she go back and declare her identity? She decided against this, for her friend, she knew, would in her anxiety ask questions, and remonstrate against the hard life Rosemary had set herself in the perfecting of her character part. Nell had been a good actress in her day, but she had never been over-imaginative, and in her opinion, a make-up that passed muster across the footlights was good enough for anyone.

So Rosemary stopped at a stall on which were penny packets of note paper, and bought one. With the stub of a pencil she then composed a note to her friend.

"Darling Nell," she wrote, "do you wonder the newsboy who sold you a paper to-night called you blind? I'm well, and working hard, and hope to see you soon, clothed and in my right mind. Bless you, "R."

A little while later a newsboy, who had been racing from street to street in search of her, found a woman in front of a police station reading the notices of those found among the lost and unfortunate. The newsboy went close to her, and his face softened as he saw tears in her eyes.

A deft movement, and the little note was in Nell's unguarded coat pocket, and the newsboy who put this she permitted herself a fleeting caress on the woman's shoulder. Nell started and looked after the youngster.

"Look in your pocket!" he called, and disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIII

"GOOD-BYE FOR A WHILE"

A few days later Rosemary approached Mr. Flynn with her pen-pals and took from him her customary theatrical sheet.

"Blessed if I ever saw a boy as gone on the stage as you are," remarked Mr. Flynn, familiarly. Not a day passed now when he and his wife did not think of some new kindness to do the two newsboys.

"Tell me honestly, have ye got ambitions that way yerself?"

"To tell yer honestly," returned Rosemary, who was racing absorbed through the announcements of new plays. "To tell yer honestly, Mr. Flynn, I have."

Her friend chuckled. "Well, I wish ye luck, I'm sure. I suppose . . ."

But Rosemary interrupted him suddenly. A paragraph had leaped to her eye, and having glanced through it she stiffened and put her hand across the counter to shake that of the man.

"Goodbye, Mr. Flynn," she said in

an unnatural voice. "I'm not going to be here anymore. Give my love to Mrs. Flynn and the kids. (To be Continued.)"

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE PROBATE COURT

23rd George V. A. D. 1933.

In Re Estate of John W. MacPhee late of Georgetown in King's County in the said Province, Manager of Eastern Canneries Limited, deceased testate.

By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of King's County or any Constable or litigate person within said County

GREETING

WHEREAS upon reading the Petition on file of Edward B. McLean and Bartlett Starr, both of Georgetown aforesaid, the Executors of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth; You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Monday the Thirtieth day of March next, coming, at the hour of Eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the same should not be granted.

Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed until the said Probate Court has been satisfied by the order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy thereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively: in the hall of the Court House in Georgetown aforesaid, at the Town Hall and at the Post Office both in Georgetown aforesaid. And I do hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney General of this Province so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

Given under hand and the Seal of said Court this 28th day of February (L.S.) A. D. 1933 and in the 23rd year of His Majesty's reign. (Sgd.) H. L. PALMER, Judge of Probate.

K. Waldron of 99 No. Ferguson St., Hamilton, says: "I am glad to say a word in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I had occasion to use it, it helped me wonderfully. I was awfully nervous and irritable, tired out and had headaches, but the Favorite Prescription soon had me feeling all right again. This tonic strengthened me greatly."

Write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y. for free medical advice.

The 7 uses for FRY'S

- Hot Cocoa Drink
Children's Drink
Cakes and Puddings
Cake Icing
Chocolate Fudge
Iced Cocoa Drink
Chocolate Sauce



The Perfect FOOD-DRINK for growing children

The nourishment of milk, plus the strengthening, body-building value of purest cocoa make Fry's the finest food-drink for children you can possibly provide. Children drink milk with zest when it is combined with Fry's.

Give each child at least one big cup of Fry's Cocoa a day. See how your child reacts to this perfect food stimulus—see how the young face glows with health!

To Make One Cup of Cocoa with Fry's: Mix one half to a teaspoonful of Fry's Cocoa with sugar to taste. Add three teaspoonfuls of cold milk and mix into a smooth paste. Pour on boiling water or water and milk brought to the boil. Stir briskly while pouring.

To Make "Hot Chocolate" with Fry's: Take one heaped teaspoonful of Fry's Cocoa with an equal quantity of sugar to each cup. Mix into a paste with 3 teaspoonfuls of milk. Pour on hot milk stirring all the time. Put mixture thus obtained into a pan and bring to boiling point.

FRY'S COCOA

Other FRY Products: Fry's Premium Chocolate (unsweetened) and Fry's Chocolate Syrup

Send for free Recipe Book to J. S. Fry and Sons (Canada) Limited, Montreal, Can. 222

potatoes in slices. Arrange alternate layers of potatoes and fish in buttered baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with one and one half canned pimientos cut in pieces. Repeat until dish is full. Pour over all 1 cup (Continued on page 3)

THIS HOT BREAKFAST

helps you fight winter's cold!



AND HAVE YOU TRIED SHREDDED WHEAT as a PORRIDGE?

Easy to make... Economical too

1 Break up two or more Shredded Wheat Biscuits in a saucepan.

2 Add 1 cup of water for each Shredded Wheat Biscuit and salt to suit your taste.

3 Stir occasionally, boil for 5 minutes and serve steaming hot with milk or cream.

Nature packs whole wheat with just the vital food elements your body needs to fight the cold. Shredded Wheat brings you 100% whole-wheat in a form extra-easy to digest. And Mothers like to serve, children like to eat that good, hot breakfast—oven-crisped Shredded Wheat—with warm

milk. You can make an easy porridge with Shredded Wheat, too—read the three quick steps! Don't forget this breakfast cereal made of all-Canadian wheat. Buy money-saving Shredded Wheat—and serve it HOT!

SHREDDED WHEAT

MADE IN CANADA BY CANADIANS OF CANADIAN WHEAT

TENDERS

Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned up till Saturday, March 18, 1933 for a Cheese and Butter Maker for the Stanley Bridge Dairy Co. Tenders to state price per 100 lbs. finding own help or price per month. H. S. MacEWEN, Secretary. 8068-2-22-23-28-3-1-9-10-61.

MEETING

The quarterly meeting of the Prince Edward Island Fish and Game Association will be held in the Board of Trade Rooms, Charlottetown, on Friday, March 3rd, at 8.00 P. M. J. M. MacFADYEN, SECRETAR. 8196-3-1-31.

Professional Cards

Stewart & Lowther J. D. STEWART, K. C. N. W. LOWTHER BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC 81 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: 120 Richmond Street