

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

Do You Buy Your Wife Furniture?

Dorothy Dix

Discusses Its Spiritual Significance to Women

Most Men Are Niggardly About Buying Furniture for Their Wives - They do not Know That in Time Each Piece Ceases to be a Stick of Furniture and Becomes a Memory of the Joys, Sorrows of Her Life

There are few subjects in the world over which there are so many domestic rows as there are over furniture. In almost every household the husband and wife metaphorically throw plates at each other and break chairs over each other's head, and even so small a matter as a teaspoon has been known to precipitate a forty years' civil war between a couple with quarter neither given nor asked.

Of course, there are exceptions to all rules. There are a few men who are born antiquers, and now and then a lucky woman gets a husband who takes a real heart interest in mahogany and draperies, but for the most part Sheraton or Adam or Heppelwhite or even modernistic is a fighting word in the family circle, and just to mention an Oriental rug is like waving a red flag at a mad bull.

To a man a chair is something to sit in and a table is something to eat on, and the older and the more worn and the more comfortable, the better. He doesn't see any sense in changing nor why his wife is always wanting to substitute something new.

Many men who are generous about everything else are niggardly about furniture. They are perfectly willing to buy their wives new cars with all the latest gadgets, but when it comes to buying period furniture they snap shut the Yale locks on their pocketbooks.

They do not know that to a woman a beautiful piece of furniture is a never-ending joy that gives her a thrill every time she looks at it, and that in time her chairs and tables cease to be chairs and tables and become memories.

Love and marriage, birth and death, joy and sorrow, they have all centered around her furniture. This little rocker is not only a chair. It is where she sat when she held her first baby in her arms and rocked it to sleep. This is not just a table. It is the place around which gathered for laughter and feasting the boys and girls who have scattered and gone out into the world. This is not just a bed. It is the altar on which the laid her dead and which is sanctified by her tears.

This is what a woman's furniture means to her and why women are so often slaves to their "things." Their things are part of their lives. They are old friends that speak to them a thousand tongues of the adventures they have lived through together.

I often think that we do not sufficiently realize the influence that man-made things have upon us. Dickens perceived this, and you remember that in one of his stories he had two light-minded young men set up a kitchen in which nothing was ever cooked just for the restraining moral effect it would have upon their characters. These youths were wise in their day and generation, for while the sight of a cocktail shaker incites to levity and frivolity, pots and pans and baking dishes are set-tlers-down that remind one of the sober responsibilities of life.

Who can doubt that it was not merely a coincidence but cause and effect that made the Early American furniture and the Early American character virtually duplicates of each other—solid, upright, honest, stiff, angular and unbending. Any one who had to sleep in a Colonial bed and eat off a Colonial table and sit in a straight Colonial chair was bound to develop a backbone and unyielding principles.

Equally obvious is it that divorce and the two-by-four flat walk hand

Barbours MUSTARD 10 cents. ALWAYS MY CHOICE. PREPARED Barbours MUSTARD 'ONE OF A FAMOUS FAMILY'

THE COOK'S CORNER

Raspberry Catsup

4 quarts ripe raspberries, 1 quart cider vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon mustard seed, 2 inches broken cinnamon stick, 1 small piece ginger root, 1 lb. (2 cups) sugar. Pick raspberries and simmer them in the vinegar for 1/2 of an hour, in the vinegar for 1/2 of an hour, cinnamon and ginger. Boil slowly for 30 minutes, then strain and measure and to each quart add 1 pound sugar. Boil slowly until thick, then bottle and seal.

BROWN-HOLDER BISCUITS Maritime Maid A New CREAM SODA AT PREWAR PRICES Heat Before Serving. CREAM SODAS BROWN-HOLDER LIMITED MONCTON - N. B.

FOR THE WOMAN READER

HINTS FOR THE HOME LAUNDRESS

When pressing white silk goods, use an iron of medium heat. An over-hot iron turns the silk yellow, makes it stiff and may cause it crack. Some housewives experience difficulty in ironing men's soft collars. They should be ironed first on the right side, then on the wrong. To obviate wrinkles in the corners, begin on the outside edge and work towards the band. Add a little gum arabic to the water used for damping pleated dresses before ironing. It will then be found that the pleats will stay in better after ironing. If ironing a garment with buttons on it, place first on a thickly-folded towel. The buttons will sink into this soft surface and the spaces between them can be ironed more easily and smoothly.

KEEP YOUR NAILS SHORT IF SUMMERING AT CAMP OR BEACH

If you want your fingernails to look fresh and dainty to complement your light summer clothes, you'll have to give them a little added attention. Nails become more brittle in the summer time. This is due, of course, to the fact that you are apt to go without gloves more often. But

wear gloves as much as you can. Cotton, washable ones, aren't really so uncomfortable once you get into the habit of wearing them. Cuticle which has a tendency to get hard and rough should be rubbed with olive oil or cocoa butter each night before you go to bed. Leave it on all night. You'll be surprised at the results of this simple treatment.

Your hands need washing often in summer. And do use a nail brush. It will go far towards removing grime and dirt which doesn't come off easily with soap and water. Be sure and push back the cuticle when you dry your hands. If you are an ardent beach bather remember that salt water and beach sands will raise havoc with your nails if you don't take a few precautions. It is an excellent idea to carry a small orange stick in the pocket of your beach pajamas. Use it often to keep your hands looking neat.

Keep your nails shorter if you are vacationing in a camp or near a beach. The chances are ten to one that you'll break long ones. Anyway, shorter nails are easier to keep clean. Neutral or colorless polish is best with delicate summer clothes. Leave the harsh pinks and reds until winter when your gowns are more sophisticated.

Daintiness With Chic Styles

ILLUSTRATED DRESSMAKING LESSON FURNISHED WITH EVERY PATTERN BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON



neck and arms with attached yoke. Red and white dimity with plaid white is fetching, as pictured. Light navy blue plique with tiny white dots and plain white trim is typically French. Dimities, batiste prints and dotted swiss are dainty as can be and sturdy too. Style No. 984 is designed in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with 1/2 yard of 35-inch contrasting. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred) Wrap coin carefully. No. 984. Size Name Street Address City State

A Morning Smile

Happy! Well I guess in such a comfy dress for playtime. The dropped banded shoulders form the brief sleeves. It's so simple, it could almost be run up on the sewing machine and finished before breakfast. Just a few seams to join and finish the neck and arms with attached yoke. Red and white dimity with plaid white is fetching, as pictured. "That's the fertilizer," answered the farmer. "For the land's sake!" exclaimed the lady. "Yes, ma'am," assented the farmer.

PENMANS Surf Suits. Illustration of a person in a wetsuit.

Rowena Rides The Rumble By Ethel Hueston

"Oh, that'll fix us up just fine," said Peter gratefully. "Thanks very much. Here you are, Rowena, a la Biltmore."

"It will do for you both with a little squeezing," said the farmer's wife pleasantly. "Jim and I camp on one the same size."

"S-so it will," said Rowena. "Lots of room."

"Make your bed close to the fire," said Farmer Jim. "Turns cold up here nights."

"And don't get nervous if you hear things wriggling around," called some one else. "Sometimes the rattlers go crawling around nights like this."

"Peter," whispered Rowena, "perhaps—perhaps after all—you had better—sleep on the edge of the mattress—the farthest edge. After all, I suppose we're as good as married. And—I shouldn't like to have you bitten by a rattler."

Peter laughed at her. When all the others had said good night and gone away to their beds, he spread one of the blankets on the mattress, and rolled up his coat to make a pillow for her.

"I'll just lie here on the grass beside you," he whispered, "and they'll never know the difference."

"Good thing it's dark!" "Are you comfortable, Rowena?" "Oh, it's perfectly wonderful—"

"You take your coat, Peter. You will be cold on the ground with just that one thin rug."

"Nonsense. Why, I'm snug as a bug. Snuggler, for that matter, isn't this great? Isn't it just corking?"

THAT "LIKE THE DICKENS" FEELING IS LIVER

Wake Up Your Liver Bile. Feel Fit. You Needn't use Calomel To Do It.

It's your liver, failing to pour out the vital two pounds of bile daily into your bowels, that makes you feel so off-colour. Lack of bile means poor digestion. Food stays too long in your bowels and decays. Your system is poisoned. You go through the misery of gas, bloating, pain, heartburn. You have a dark brown, abominable taste in your mouth often your head aches. Your whole system seizes out of kilter.

How can you reasonably expect to clear up a condition like this by merely taking salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum, or roughage? These only move the bowels, and that's not enough. You must wake up your liver bile.

Avoid calomel (mercury). Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They're purely vegetable, gentle, sure and safe. They'll make you feel a hundred per cent better in a very short time. Don't waste your money on substitutes. Be definite. Ask for Carter's by name—and get the label. Look for the name, Carter's, on the red label. 25c. at all druggists.

"B-better than last night, isn't it?"

"Well, rather—Better than almost any night I ever saw."

Slowly the full night settled over the mesa and a crescent moon rode high. Little night sounds echoed loudly in the great silence. Owls hooted. A coyote whined. Now and then a wolf barked in the distance. Little footed creatures scurried past them in the grass. Suddenly Peter felt a little shiver in the blanket roll on the mattress beside him. He touched it gently with his hand. Rowena was noiselessly sobbing in the darkness. He put out his arm over her and pulled himself up until his lips were close to her ear—so close that a little bronze perfumed curl touched his face.

"Don't be afraid," he whispered softly.

"I'm not afraid."

"Please don't cry."

"I'm not crying. I just feel sorry."

"Because I smashed the car?" "No. Because you are so nice, Peter, and it is so awful to hate a nice person so very, very much."

Peter laughed. "If that's all, cheer up. It should comfort you to know that at least there's no love lost between us." He patted the blanket kindly.

"And I really do admire you, Peter, for ever so many things. Nobody else in the world could ever make me half as mad as you do."

Really, you're just wonderful." One slender hand wriggled out from under the blanket and felt about until it found his, which closed over it warmly. It was hours later when she fell asleep.

Although Peter awakened very early the next morning, almost before the dawn of pale gray light, he found the big farmer standing near and looking down upon them with a quizzical, friendly grin.

Peter got up rather shamefacedly, dropping his blanket on Rowena's mattress, and the two men strolled down for a look at the river.

"Don't begin wrong, youngster," said the farmer kindly. "Don't make life too easy for 'em right at first. Let 'em have their share of the hard knocks. Does 'em good."

"Sh-she's not very well," said Peter floundering desperately for a suitable excuse. "I—want her to be—careful."

"Oh, is that the lay of the land, eh?" The man was cordially interested. "Golly, I hope that wetting didn't hurt her. She's got spunk, that one. You should 'a told my wife. She'd 'a give you a hot-water bottle and a nip of whiskey."

"I think she'll be all right," said Peter uncomfortably.

"You better take these rough roads a bit easier, youngster. You passed us yesterday like a streak o' greased lightning. Bumps is the worst thing for 'em. We lost one that way."

"Uh—that so? Too bad," stammered Peter awkwardly.

The floor had subsided over night and barely a foot of water now trickled over the rocks where the torrential flood had rushed. Camp on the mesa was quickly broken. Breakfast was hurriedly prepared and hurriedly eaten. Cars were loaded, children and dogs collected, for all were anxious to take to the road at the earliest possible moment. But the big farmer, although himself as eager as the next to be off, put a preemptory veto on the suggestion that it would be sufficient for them to send a trouble car back for Peter and Rowena, leaving them a supply of food for emergency.

"We can't leave them kids up here alone in the fix they're in," said the farmer firmly. "It's his wife,—with a broad wink—"Wouldn't be fair no ways."

(To be Continued.)



Their Lives Despaired of, These Twins are Now the Picture of Health!

"I AM the proud mother of two babies (twin girls)," writes Mrs. J. C. Abbott, 7766 Bloomfield Ave., Montreal, Que. "They were seven months old on November 24th. It is really a miracle that both of them are living now. One baby, Florence, weighed 3 lbs. 13 1/2 ounces at birth. The doctor said there was no hope for her. "After she had lived for a month and actually lost weight, there seemed less chance than ever of saving her. At this period I started her on Eagle Brand Milk and now she is the picture of health. Florence showed few signs of life at all for the first month—she was too weak even to cry, but since she has been on Eagle Brand, it is a different story. "At 6 months, both Florence and Jacqueline had two teeth and they were plump and firm with strong bones. At 7 months, Florence weighed 14 lbs. 14 oz. and Jacqueline 15 lbs. 5 oz."

If you cannot nurse your baby, try Eagle Brand Milk. You will find the directions on every label. We would like to send you the new 84 page edition of "Baby's Welfare." It gives directions for feeding and children's care and has pictures and life stories of many Eagle Brand babies.

Eagle Brand Milk. CONDENSED Milk. The Borden Co. Limited, Toronto, N.S. Please send me new edition of "Baby's Welfare," containing feeding schedule, pictures and histories of Eagle Brand babies. Name Address Phone

AUCTION SALE CEDAR SHINGLES AND POSTS. I am instructed by Mrs. Angus McRae, Wheatley River, to sell by public auction on Monday, July 17, at 2 P. M. Farm consisting of 60 acres with good buildings, under good state of cultivation with stream of water at back. Also will sell 40 acres of standing hay. A. MacRAE, Auctioneer. R. A. McPHAIL, New Haven. 1642-7-8-91

Grey Hound Bus Line. From Fortune, Little Pond, Annapolis, Red House, Dundas, Bridgetown, Cardigan to Charlottetown via 48 Road. Starting July 17th, Daily except Wednesday and Sunday. Leaves Fortune Bridge 7.45 A. M. Leaves Charlottetown return 4 P. M. Stand Reverse Hotel. 1729-7-12-31.

BABY'S OWN SOAP. Sealed Tenders will be received by the undersigned for the building of a school at Cherry Valley up until July 20, 1933. Plans can be seen at the Department of Education, Charlottetown, and at the home of the Secretary. GEORGE DOCHERTY, Cherry Valley, P. E. I. 1729-7-12-31.