

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

Swedish Princess Brings Harmony to Belgium



The little princess from Sweden who became queen of the Belgians... (1) in profile, (2) with her children, (3) in a formal setting as the crown princess.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

DEEDS
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on the dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.—Pestus.

PRIDE
Your pride has been hurt—your vanity bruised—because someone has said something about you that you do not like to hear. But why think and think about the statement, making yourself and everyone else miserable about it? A lot of mean things are said about all sorts and kinds of people every day, some true and some untrue. Don't get the idea that people must say only the complimentary "things so far as you are concerned; and don't worry, whatever they say so long as your conscience is clear.

PRINCESS'S PROMISE
Before she left for Tangier and Palestine, the Princess Royal made a promise to her younger son, Master Gerald Lascelles (observes the "Star"). She told him that she would bring back with her, a companion to the Egyptian white donkey which has been a special pet at "Harewood House for five years. The Princess brought the donkey back from Larou after her visit in 1928, perhaps with memories of the stories she heard when a girl of the famous white donkey that was a pet of her great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, in her childhood.

SMOOTH SHOULDER TO BE CONSPICUOUS
The sharp edge has been taken off our silhouette. In the future—the immediate future that is, which is as far as we are allowed to see—are going in for rounded effects. This is most conspicuously realized where shoulders are con-

THE COOK'S CORNER

Walnut Cake
Four ounces flour, 3 ounces butter, 1 1/2 ounces castor sugar, 3 ounces finely chopped walnuts, 2 eggs, a little milk and water mixed (is required). Grease and flour two sandwich tins well. Cream the butter and sugar, then add one egg and a teaspoonful of flour, beat well, then add other egg and more flour and continue beating well. Now add the walnuts with the exception of five for decoration. Beat well, then put in all the rest of the flour and fold in carefully; if rather stiff, add a little milk and water. Place half the cake mixture in each sandwich tin. Smooth over evenly with a palette knife. Place in a moderate oven and cook for thirty minutes. When done, place the cake on a rack to cool. Make the butter icing, using:—Two ounces fresh butter, 3 ounces sieved icing sugar, flavoring. Cream the butter and sugar till quite white and smooth. Add the flavoring. Smooth over one half of the cake with a palette knife, then place the other half on top and press down evenly.

American Icing
This icing is for the top of the cake. One lb. loaf sugar, 1 1/2 whites of egg, 1/2 pint water. Put the water in a white-lined pan. Add the sugar and allow to dissolve without boiling. Bring to the boil, skim, and see that there are no sugar crystals undissolved. Boil rapidly up to 240 F. Whisk the whites of egg very stiffly. Hold the pan containing the syrup high up with the left hand while you beat the syrup into the whisked eggs. When all the syrup is in, continue whisking until icing becomes of a good coating consistency. Place the icing in the center of the top of the cake, and smooth it gently over and round the sides, using once again your palette knife. Arrange the walnuts prettily on top, and leave the cake to set for a while. hues. And almost invariably there are gold or silver threads—sometimes colored metal strands—woven in with the wool. This was started last summer.

A Good Complexion is the sign of a Good Soap

I believe in signs. When I see a woman with a clear, fresh, healthy complexion, I feel in my heart that she uses Palmolive—the Soap of Youth. For the secret blend of olive and palm oils in Palmolive gives just that satin smoothness to the cheek... that fine texture to the skin... that clean, natural look.

Palmolive, you know, is a most unusual soap. Cleansing very gently, it floats accumulations away... leaving the skin refreshed and cool.

Try Palmolive. Every night and morning caress Palmolive's creamy lather into the skin of face, throat and shoulders. Rinse with warm water, then wash cold. After only a month, see for yourself that the new youthfulness of your complexion is a sign of the soap you are using.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion 7¢ PER CAKE

A Morning Smile

I've just got rid of my saxophone in part exchange for a new car. "I didn't think they accepted things like that for a car." "Well, this case was an exception. The dealer happened to be our next-door neighbor."

A man was a witness in a shop-stealing case. He seemed to be stretching a point or two in favor of the accused, and the prosecuting attorney roared: "Do you know the nature of an oath?" "Sure." "Do you know you are not to bear false witness against your neighbor?" "I'm not bearin' false witness agin him, I'm bearin' false witness for him."

Along the street the other day a lad in a smart uniform of some sort walked along. Two young boys regarded him solemnly for a while. The lad in uniform obviously did not like this, for he burst out with this—"What yer looking at?" The smaller of the other two boys looked back at him a little longer and then said to his pal—"I dunno what it is, it's chewed its label, mate."

Dorothy Dix

"I Thought Father Was Stupid, Like All Old People," Confessed Youngster Whose Parent Had Just Received High Public Honor!—Thus Do We in Our Wisdom Look to Our Adolescent Children

"Probably the greatest blow to our vanity that any of us ever get is when we find out what our adolescent children really think of us," said a woman the other day, "and it is the stab of our self-complacency that goes deepest and hurts most of any. For, somehow, we desire more to shine in our children's eyes and get the glad hand from them than we do from anybody else on earth. Of course, when our children are little they admire us and revere us and look up to us as the Fountain of Wisdom, and when they become mature men and women and are making their own fight with life they not infrequently regard us as heroes and they respect us and ask our advice and depend upon our judgment. But in the between-time, when our boys and girls are in their teens, they regard us as dotards who mean well, but whose opinions are senile and are not to be seriously considered" when they come in contact with Johnny's and Susie's or the other wisecracks of the prep school.

"If they are nice, well-brought-up children, who have been taught to be kind to the aged, they try to be tactful about it, but they can't control the fact that they think that any one who is 40 or 50 years old is simply doddering and has lost all touch with the modern world, poor thing.

"I'll never forget the shock I received when I first found out my 14-year-old daughter's opinion of me. I have never been the same since. He lifted his hat, and when our children are little they admire us and revere us and look up to us as the Fountain of Wisdom, and when they become mature men and women and are making their own fight with life they not infrequently regard us as heroes and they respect us and ask our advice and depend upon our judgment. But in the between-time, when our boys and girls are in their teens, they regard us as dotards who mean well, but whose opinions are senile and are not to be seriously considered" when they come in contact with Johnny's and Susie's or the other wisecracks of the prep school.

"Judge, then, my surprise when I accidentally heard Maud and her chum discussing me. And Maud said: "Of course, mother is a dear and she can't be at her age." To which the chum assented, adding: "My mother is sweet, too, but she is terribly old. She is 40, and I do wish she wouldn't dance and wear such gay clothes. I think old ladies look so sweet in black."

"Naturally we parents don't enjoy finding out that our children regard us as relics of some prehistoric age, but that doesn't stab us to the soul as it does to discover that they don't regard us as oracles. If there ever was a time when the slogan, "Mother knows best," went with child-

Lilla did not look nearly so pretty in her rather sloppy street clothes as she had in the yellow uniform. She paused beside the desk belonging to the very glance which she bent on Molly.

"Giving up the job?" Molly asked, thinking of course that was what the girl meant to do.

"Not unless I have to," Lilla shrugged. "I don't mind it so much as I thought I would. I—well, what I stopped for was this. We girls heard you were renting the floor above and would have some rooms to let. Sarah and I thought maybe we could afford the little one at the back if you'd let us have it. I'm paying too much where I am and my father has cut off my allowance—and if I lived here maybe I could work two shifts some days and still have plenty of time for my drawing lessons."

Looking up at her determined little face Molly felt a pang of pity. She didn't like the girl and it was patent that the girl didn't like her but she did admire her pluck.

"I couldn't say right now, Lilla," she temporized. "I don't get possession until next week anyhow—you might not like the room any way—suppose we leave that to decide later."

"You mean you're going to fire me?" Lilla murmured sullenly. Molly lifted her frank gaze to the girl's perturbed eyes.

"No, I don't," she said gently. "I mean just what I said—that you'd better wait until you are sure you like the job and that the room is suitable for your purposes."

"Silly of me," thought Molly, smiling at the door after the girl was gone. "I just have a 'Do-not-like-thee-Doctor-Fell' feeling about her. Poor under-nourished little thing, really probably hasn't a scrap of talent and is just wasting time and money studying!" She sighed as she unlocked the door.

And glanced apprehensively up and down the street before she

What Every Widow Knows!

By LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

CHAPTER 15
CLARENCE BEGINS WORK

The tea shop's first day was over with—all but turning out the lights and locking up.

Molly Benedict, sitting at the dignified desk near the doorway, has given the last belated patron a pleasant goodnight, spoken her gratitude to the new cook—who she already felt was to be her "hold on life"—given the art students who were her waitresses final instructions for the morrow, and was leaning back, ruefully discontented with her day.

She was so tired and discouraged that she had a desperate feeling about the whole venture. She hadn't exactly expected the first day to be a paying one but she had ardently hoped for more customers and more enthusiastic ones than those who had put in appearance. She had been so thrilled herself that she had a native childish feeling that every passerby would be equally enthusiastic!

She waited for the girls to doff their pretty yellow chamber uniforms. The homeliest one of all had a beau waiting for her. She fluttered out, giggling and Molly almost envied her her youthful palsy. The second girl went slowly, lowering until Lilla Alerton called crossly.

"Don't wait, Grace, I want to speak to the boss."

Molly bent over her check lists to hide her smile. She didn't like Lilla but she was amused by her. It was perfectly evident that the last girl

How to Stop a Cold Quick as You Caught It



Tablet 3 Aspirin Tablets. Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

If throat is sore, crush and dissolve 3 Aspirin Tablets in a half glass of water and gargle according to directions in box.

Almost Instant Relief in This Way

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds.

It is recognized as the QUICK-EST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. For it will check an ordinary cold almost as fast as you caught it.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get Aspirin Tablets. Aspirin Does Not Harm the Heart

What Every Widow Knows!

was much enamoured of Clarence Collins. To Lilla the sleek dark hair and foppish little moustache and exaggerated manners seemed the very epitome of masculine charms.

Clarence himself was immensely pleased with the conquest of the pretty little blonde, but he treated her with feigned indifference for he was taking no chances. His goal was the pretty dark haired proprietor of the tea shop, and he had too much sense to endanger his game with any affairs on the side. He had lingered at Molly's desk when he was leaving, smiling ingratiatingly and prattling about "this bully little place."

Molly had thanked him with a smile. Superb in his conceit it didn't occur to him that Molly thought him quite the funniest person she'd met in a long time.

He added a little pathos to his final speech.

"I tell you this means more than you realize to a lonely chap like me—"It's so homelike—" she sighed dramatically, "more like home than anything I've seen since I came to this big heartless city."

"Come again," said Molly, professionally cordial.

After he was gone Molly had become aware that Lilla, her eyes narrowed, had been watching them.

"The gentleman at the side table is ready for his coffee," Molly had curtly informed the girl.

"You certainly take good care of the men folks, don't you?" Lilla had retorted with mocking deference.

Remembering this, Molly was a little surprised that the girl had lingered after the others.

Daintiness With Chic Styles

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

If you want little daughter to look just as dainty as possible, here is an exquisite little dress. It is printed floured batiste with the little apron of white lawn. The collar or flimsy dress reveals the lawn. Both you and she will love it. It is dainty enough for parties, yet it is so practical for everyday wear. Pale blue crepe de chine with the apron of sheer white organdie is another delicious scheme.

Tartan plaided gingham and percale prints with white lawn apron are fetching schemes for playtime.

Style No. 493 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years.

Size 4 requires for dress 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material with 3/4 yard of 35-inch contrasting. For apron requires 1/2 yard of 35-inch material with 2 3/4 yards of ruffling.

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

No. 493. Size
Name
Street Address
City State

SEALED TENDERS

Will be received by the undersigned till March 12, 1934, at 7 P.M. for Milk hauling on the different routes same as last year.

KINKORA DAIRYING ASSN.
J. W. FARMER.
L-785.

NOTICE!

The undersigned Executors of the Estate of H. F. Peckham late of Mount Stewart, Merchant, request all persons indebted to this Estate to make immediate settlement of their accounts at the store of the late Mr. Peckham at Mount Stewart or at the office of Palmer & Farmer, Solicitors, Charlottetown.

ADRIAN D. FEHMAN,
M. ALBAN FARMER,
Executors.



FARM FOR SALE

Farm containing 45 acres, near Charlottetown, in high state of cultivation, buildings in good repair.

DEAN NORWEN,
North Street.

Pair of Eyeglasses

When you need them is one of the best investments you could make.

Many who procure satisfactory glasses from us will back up this statement.

E. W. TAYLOR
J. S. TAYLOR
Optometrists
Charlottetown and Alberton