

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

A Morning Smile

AFTER THE VERDICT
A young married woman was confiding in the vicar about a personal dilemma.
"But, my dear lady," protested the vicar, "why don't you ask your husband's advice in this matter?"

QUITE INTENTIONAL
Insurance man, putting questions to cowboy: "Ever had any accidents?"
"No," was the reply.
"Never had an accident in your life?"

"I'm kind o' worried about that boy o' mine," said Peter Cornstossel. "He's one of those young fellows that's too smart to take advice and not quite smart enough to think it up for themselves."

Gained Strength and Better Health

Glad Her Neighbor Told Her About Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



"I have been married for ten years. I had one child who would be seven years old now if it had lived. My husband and I are both very fond of children. A neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have been taking it for about two months. It took away the pain I used to suffer and I am getting strong."

MRS. KENNETH COOPER, 68 West St., Halifax, Nova Scotia

NOTICE
Any person found cutting or removing any lumber or wood off the property formerly owned by Patrick Cavanaugh at Springton, Lot 67 will be proceeded against by law.
DATED the sixteenth day of January, A. D., 1933.
MRS. PEARL MCKINNON, Owner.
7687-1-17-24

NOTICE
All claims against "The George E. Brown Fur Farming Co., Ltd., Kensington, P. E. I." with proof of claim must be in the hands of the Liquidators before February 1st, 1933.
Wanted, the address of Joseph E. Gallant, Mayfield, P. E. I., later of 9 Emerald St., Newton, Mass. Also address next of kin of the late Mrs. Clara McWilliams, Charlottetown, formerly of Cape Wolfe, P.E.I.
J. C. HOUSTON, M. D. MELVILLE BAKER, Liquidators.
7685-1-7-11.

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Sore throats
Quickly relieved by rubbing on VICKS VAPORUB
OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

For The Cook

Oatmeal Cookies
1/2 cup sugar.
1/2 cup molasses.
3/4 cup shortening.
2 eggs.
1 1/2 cup sweet milk.
2 teaspoons cinnamon.
1 teaspoon cloves.
1 teaspoon soda.
2 cups whole wheat flour.
1 cup chopped raisins.
2 cups oatmeal.
Mix ingredients in the order given. Melt shortening before adding, and sift the soda and spices with the flour. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased pans and bake in a moderate oven.

Rolls Oats Cookies
1 1/2 cups white flour.
2 cups rolled oats.
1 cup white sugar.
1 teaspoon soda.
4 tablespoons lard.
1 cup thick sour cream.
1/4 teaspoon salt.
Mix flour, sugar, oats, soda and salt together. Work in lard with fingers or knife. Stir in cream. Roll not too thick and bake in a moderate oven till nicely browned. Very nice for special occasions feed thinly with butter icing, placing half a walnut on each cookie, or with a date filling between two cookies.

Delicious Oat Cakes
3 cups rolled oats or oatmeal.
1 cup white sugar.
1/2 cup rich milk.
1 teaspoon soda.
2 cups flour.
1 cup butter or other shortening.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
Rub meal and sugar together until fine. Add flour, mix and work in butter. After the butter is well mixed in moisten with the milk, then add soda dissolved in 1 table-spoon boiling water, and lastly the vanilla. Knead like cookie dough. Roll out fairly thin, cut in squares and bake.

Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

Is Real Wife Justified in Her Resentment Against Office Wife? — Shall Systematic Bride Force Easy-Going Husband to Save? 51 and 65 Not too Old to Marry

Dear Miss Dix—It is not without reason that wives fear and distrust their husbands' pretty office girls. Why do not these girls see the wife's side of the question? In time they will marry themselves. How will they like it then to have all the disagreeable "missionary" work they have been forced to do at home set at naught by the soft words and flattery their stenographers hand them? Will they like it when their husbands drive their office wives around in the cars they have helped to save and pay for? Will they like it when Friend Husband repeatedly works late with his stenographer when every one else has gone home? A wife's morale breaks under years of joking about her husband's office wife.



Answer:
If all women would practice the Golden Rule and give other women's husbands the frigidaire treatment, they would like to have every woman bestow on their own, it would add enormously to the sum of human happiness. But, alas and alack, I fear we are far from having reached such a state of grace as that, and it is perhaps too much to expect that stenographers should lead in this altruistic crusade of hands off married men.

Especially when their jobs depend upon their standing in with their bosses and lending a listening ear while they tell all about their wives not understanding them, and how they crave real companionship, and so on and on.

As a matter of fact, office women do appreciate the situation and do realize that they won't enjoy their husbands philandering with a good-looking secretary any more than their present employer's wife does. I get many letters on this subject. Many of them from women who are so disillusioned that they believe that no man is to be trusted, and who declare that they are so disgusted with men two-timing their wives that they have decided to be old maids.

Of course, every woman must realize that her most dangerous rival is her husband's stenographer, and that the hardest competition she has to meet is that of the pretty, well-dressed, gay young girls with whom he is thrown in daily association in business.

These girls are generally younger than his wife. They are better looking. They frequently have more money to spend on clothes than she has. They are full of fun. They are actually thrown more in association with their bosses and have more to talk about in which they are both interested than have the wives, because they have the vital interest of the business.

They haven't been up all night walking a baby with the colic, as perhaps the wife has. They haven't had to ask for money and thrash out problems on which they disagree, as the wife has. They have no responsibility for their bosses and don't feel called upon to try to reform them, as wives do. All they have to do to the boss is to yes-yes him and pour the oil of their flattery over his hurt vanity and to make him feel he is about seven feet high and as wise as Solomon, and that any woman who doesn't realize this fails to appreciate him.

AN OXO
A DAY KEEPS ILLNESS AT BAY
OF INTEREST TO WOMEN—We are repeating, for a limited time only, the offer of a British-made, 13" aluminum cooking spoon for the return of only 30 Oxo Cube Red Wrappers. OXO Limited, St. Peter Street, Montreal

And that is why the office wife is dangerous to the real wife, but the one to reform isn't she. It is the man himself. No doubt the stenographer should take a high moral attitude toward her employer and keep their relationship on a purely pot-hook basis. No doubt she doesn't need to jolly him quite so much, or be quite so sympathetic when he tells how lonely he is. No doubt she should refuse invitations to lunch, and go home in the street cars instead of joyriding with him, and certainly a petting party is not denominated in her bond.

But when all is said and done, the man is really the one to blame, though it is perhaps a good thing that wives are able to transfer the responsibility to the stenographers' shoulders and regard their husbands as the innocent victims of designing vamps. However, it is obvious that if the man felt he self-endangered he could always fire the girl, nor would it be possible for her to go out on parties with him against his will.

So in the end it is the man who is at fault, but how this is to be remedied and the real wife kept from being green-eyed over the office wife, I do not know, unless the wives unite and get a law passed barring all women under 40 and with good looks from practicing the profession of stenography in business offices. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I expect to be married in the near future to a big-hearted boy who has no system whatever about anything. I feel that we should handle our income on a budget basis and start a systematic savings account. We contemplate putting down a little payment on a home. Do you think drifting and haphazard saving would be best, since it would suit his easy-going nature and he may balk and tire of the tight reins of budgeting? Or do you think I should stick to my point, which he agrees is right and probably would be best, but he dislikes putting our marriage on a business proposition basis? SYSTEMATIC.

Answer:
I am a thrifty soul myself and I am strong, always and everywhere, for systematic saving. Because I have seen so much of the misery that comes with wasting and the despair that comes with old age that has spent as it went along and laid up nothing for the rainy day that is sure to come to every one of us sooner or later.

There is no such thing as haphazard saving. If you save at all, you have to do it in accordance with a settled plan. You have to do it in accordance with some iron-bound rule of life that you make and that you have to do it in accordance with some iron-bound rule of life that you make and that you have the strength not to break. Otherwise you will never save anything, for there is always something that you want, some pleasure that you would like to indulge yourself in, and you put off saving to the day when all your desires will be satisfied, and, of course, that time never comes.

for the reputation for generosity, kindness and charity which he so pleasantly enjoyed. In this mood he would subscribe substantial sums to hospitals, secure promising openings for the children of his servant, pay the school fees of deserving widows' sons. In other moods he would grudge to those with a real claim on him a five pound note. He leaned back in the car now, smoking a cigar and feeling unbelievably generous. Another day, and Geoffrey and Patricia would be married—and married was married, to John Gilmour. Everything was for the best in the most prosperous of all possible worlds. He began to tell Geoffrey how, a day or two before his own wedding, he had gone to dine with his future parents-in-law just like this, only he had not travelled in a big car, but in a tram.

Geoffrey listened politely. He was neither bored nor interested. Inevitable, ineluctable as his marriage, were such reminiscences. He supposed that one day he himself would drive out to dinner with a sullen son beside him, and lean back smoking a cigar, and relate the expurgated story of to-night.

Sir Hugh Lysarde received his guests formally in the Long Parlour. He presented them to Adelaide, Lady Chylfete, a gentleman of the old school, courteous, accomplished, ignorant, intolerant and kind. Then he said, "Pat's not back from town yet. I can only suppose she's coming by the 6.45. If so, she'll be here any minute. But we won't wait."

"She said something on Sunday about coming down before lunch," said John Gilmour.

"I know. She meant to. I expect she changed her plans. I can't think why she didn't telephone."

"Modern manners, my dear Hugh," said Lady Chylfete with a sniff.

"Oh, well," said Sir Hugh, "you can't expect a youngster to bother much about a lot of old fogies and their dinner. Especially when she's in love. Eh, Geoffrey?"

"Perhaps the frock wasn't right," suggested Geoffrey, "and she had to go back to her dressmaker again."

"There you are, you see," said Sir Hugh. "He knows all about it already. He'll make an excellent husband, won't he, Adelaide?"

Lady Chylfete stared hard at Geoffrey. Until to-night she had openly deplored her favourite niece's alliance with the son of a parvenu. Probably in her copious family correspondence, she would feel obliged to deplore it still. But, looking at

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington



It has the smart high neckline and puffed sleeves, so exceedingly voguish. It has slimmest too, with a smooth fitting neckline. You can make it with long or with short sleeves. It is white crinkly crepe silk, so smart with a black skirt. Orange-red is another delightful choice in crinkly crepe. Wool crepe in rich rust shade is snappy. And it's so entirely easy to fashion it. Think of the enormous saving in cost. Choose now! It's an opportunity to have a stunning blouse that you can wear all through the spring. Style No. 441 is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 4 inches bust. Price of Pattern 15 cents. Stamps or coin (coin is preferred) Wrap coin carefully.

When you are getting married and beginning a new life is the best time you will ever have to start your husband to saving. He will be entering into a new world in which he will have to change most of his habits, anyway, and learn a new sense of values, and living on a budget will be no stranger to him than living the domestic life and having to look out for a wife and adapt himself to her ways, and having to consider the cost of butcher's meat and potatoes and carrots and onions.

Start in then with your budget. Make him realize what things cost, and that if you deny yourself one thing you may have something else, and by all means start paying for a home. To keep in debt for the right things is one of the best ways of getting rich. For if you are paying for a home, or for a good bond or a gilt-edge stock you have a definite incentive to save for. And you will make many a sacrifice rather than lose it.

As for the young man's fear of putting marriage on a business basis, why, marriage is a business proposition, and the only way you can make a success of it is by properly financing it. The young couples who are saving and paying for their home, who are comfortable and free from the anxiety of want, have a thousand times better chance of being happy than have those who spend everything they make as they go along, and who live always with the fear of what would happen to them if the breadwinner should lose his job or get sick. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a woman of 51, with a tidy little property that I have accumulated by hard work and economy. I am in love with a widower, a man of 65, who is a splendid man in every respect. Are we too old to marry? WORRIED.

Answer:
Not a bit of it. A man of 65 is only in his prime in these days. There is no reason why you two should not marry and have many years of happy and congenial life together. DOROTHY DIX.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT
Bright eyes, lustrous hair, a clear complexion—come only from inner cleanliness. Take ENO every morning. CA 14-33

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
IN THE SUPREMACY COURT
23rd GEORGE V. A. D. 1932

In Re Estate of Catherine Macdonald late of St. Georges in King's County in the said Province deceased testatrix.

GREETING
WHEREAS upon reading the Petition on file of Joseph Charles Macdonald of St. Georges aforesaid, Clerk of the said County of King's County in Queen's County aforesaid, Barrister, the Executors of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose herein after 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 Twenty-third day of January next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any the can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and a true copy thereof be issued as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Norman W. Lowther, Esq., Solicitor for said Petitioner, and I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places, respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown in King's County aforesaid, in front of the Hall in St. Georges aforesaid and at the Post Office in Cardigan in King's County 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 my hand and Seal of the said Court this 19th day of December (1932) A. D. 1932 and in the presence of His Majesty's Judges of the said Province, J. L. B. BAKER, J. C. HOUSTON, M. D., Judge of Probate.

ASHES OF ROSES
A Romance of Today
By Joanna Cannan

Patricia left Castle Erle a day or two later; and John Gilmour forthwith appointed a new manager to the Glasgow branch, so that, as soon as the man arrived, Geoffrey travelled south. He travelled this time by day, and arrived at Hemshot to find his father in a genial mood and his wedding fixed for a Thursday only three weeks ahead. "I don't see any good in starting you on a new job in the office and then having you away on your honeymoon," announced John Gilmour. "Besides, I'm going to take my holiday at Hemshot this year, and I've arranged to take it now. So you can have this fortnight—three weeks, is it?—off too, Geoffrey. You didn't get much of a holiday last year."

Geoffrey said, "Thank you, sir, very gratefully. It was summer weather; and every day, while Patricia shopped in London, he played two rounds of golf with his father and beat him, high up on the hills of Oxfordshire.

"Yes, I believe we are," said Geoffrey. "I'll bring the rest of the presents up then. I understand they're to be on show at Long Petworth by way of enlivening the reception. I say, Pat, this rain's going on. Let's adjourn to the billiard room and have a knock. We shall have to get a billiard table for Long Petworth," he added as he led the way across the hall. "Or what on earth shall we do when it rains?"

"I hope it won't be wet on Thursday," said Patricia. "Damp bridges do look so bedraggled. A deluge like this would soak through any awning."

"Oh, Thursday's a long way off still," said Geoffrey; and only after he had spoken did he realize how relief had sounded in his voice.

"That wet Sunday evening, it was true, passed slowly, but Monday was a fine day, and Geoffrey played golf with his father, and after dinner they were both so sleepy that they fell asleep in their armchairs, Tuesday was fine too, but remembering that they were dining out at Long Petworth that evening to meet Patricia's most important aunt, the Dowager Countess of Chylfete, and would be expected to remain awake after dinner, John Gilmour refused to play more than one round. They came back to Hemshot for lunch, and Geoffrey spent the afternoon expressing thanks for three shooting sticks, six cigarette boxes, and eleven clocks. Towards dinner time these were packed in the car, and the prospective bridegroom and his father set off for Long Petworth. John Gilmour's mood was one of serenity and relaxation, the mood which the successful issue of a business problem would always induce in him, and which was responsible

A deeper silence fell. Geoffrey supposed that when they were married they would find more to talk about—the things he used to hear his father and mother talking about . . . what had happened yesterday at lunch and what would happen tomorrow at tea; how the dogs were, and now the coal was lasting, and what the gardener had said about the petunias. Well, there were only three days now . . .

"I'm going up to town to-morrow, Geoff," said Patricia. "A final trying on of the wedding frock. The Olliphants are at Rutland Gate, they've come down this week specially for the wedding, and they want to see me, so I thought I'd spend the night with them and come down on Tuesday afternoon. You and your father are dining with us that night, aren't you? It's the one before the last. How awful it sounds!"

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"People are very decent," said Geoffrey.

"They are, aren't they?" said Patricia. "I think the Girl Guides were awfully decent to send me that table cloth. Don't you?"

"Yes, rather."

The conversation petered out. Geoffrey sat down on the window seat and looked out at the heavy thunder rain which had driven them indoors. Patricia sat on the arm of a chair and tapped the toe of her shoe with a tennis racket and hummed.

"For the love of Mike, shut up," said Geoffrey.

for the reputation for generosity, kindness and charity which he so pleasantly enjoyed. In this mood he would subscribe substantial sums to hospitals, secure promising openings for the children of his servant, pay the school fees of deserving widows' sons. In other moods he would grudge to those with a real claim on him a five pound note. He leaned back in the car now, smoking a cigar and feeling unbelievably generous. Another day, and Geoffrey and Patricia would be married—and married was married, to John Gilmour. Everything was for the best in the most prosperous of all possible worlds. He began to tell Geoffrey how, a day or two before his own wedding, he had gone to dine with his future parents-in-law just like this, only he had not travelled in a big car, but in a tram.

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from dessert to answer it. He came back saying that Patricia had left Rutland Gate at noon in a taxi bound for Paddington.

Lady Chylfete's prominent blue eyes bulged. "Good heavens, Hugh! What can have become of her? Sir Hugh sat down and began to peel a peach. He said that now he came to think of it, Pat had a school friend living at Maidenhead. Probably she had gone to tea there and stayed on, chatting.

Geoffrey said, "Yes, that's the famous Bridget. I know Pat wanted to see her before Thursday. She's an artist, and it was something about the colours of the flowers."

"Sir Hugh Lysarde winked at him. "That's it," he said. He turned to his sister: "D'you know Maidenhead, Adelaide?" and launched her on one of her favourite subjects, the vulgarization of the river by the week-end crowd. Patricia was forgotten.

Two women were chatting over tea. "Yes," said one reminiscently, "I fell desperately in love with my husband at first sight. I remember it just as though it were yesterday. I was walking along the front at Brighton with my father, and he suddenly pointed to him and said, 'There, my dear, goes a man worth a million.'"

Stop Using Soda! Bad For Stomach

Much soda disturbs digestion. For sour stomach and gas, Adierika is far better. One dose will rid you of bowel poisons which cause gas and bad sleep. Hughes Drug Co., Ltd.

This intimation by the County Court Justice surprised Commissioner Mr. Justice Frank Ford who expected the hearing into the charges would be concluded before the return from Ottawa in 10 days of Mr. Major, on whose behalf a brief session of the enquiry was held Saturday.

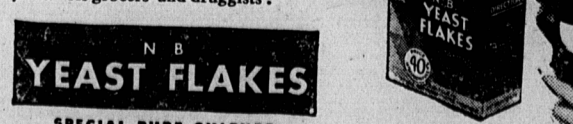
An entire week's evidence will be given by the Judge against the attorney-general's accusations, the Judge said, while another week would be required by him for final argument.

In all probability further evidence will be given on his return by Mr. Major, who for almost three days has undergone severe cross-examination by Defense Counsel, E. J. McMurray. To him the attorney-general denied personal animosity was the reason for attempting to remove the judge from the bench. The accused had become "obsessed with the opinion that the administration of justice was all wrong and had attempted to secure changes by methods not consistent with "judicial temperament."

The Stubbs Inquiry (Canadian Press) WINNIPEG, Jan. 15.—Judge Lewis St. George Stubbs has a lot to say regarding charges of judicial misconduct brought against him by

FOR A CLEAR COMPLEXION

Internal cleanliness and a healthy system are the foundations of a clear complexion. N.B YEAST FLAKES helps clear up skin troubles and sallow complexions, because it is a natural laxative that helps rid the body of wastes, and because it supplies the system with vitamins necessary to health. Its regular use will help you feel well and look well. Rich in vitamins, because it is pure brewers' yeast, dried and flaked—the richest form of yeast. At grocers' and druggists'.



N.B. YEAST FLAKES
SPECIAL PURE CULTURE (Saccharomyces cerevisiae)
CONCENTRATED BREWERS' YEAST
THE NATIONAL BREWERIES LIMITED, MONTREAL
Sole Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & COMPANY, LIMITED, Toronto.