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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

GOODNESS

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever;
One grand, sweet song.
—Charles Kingsley.

TRIALS

Trials teach us what we are, they dig up the soil and let us see what we are made of.—Spurgeon.

HINTS FOR DAILY CARE OF YOUR FOOTWEAR

Feet, carefully shod in neat, shapely shoes, are a foundation for beauty and grace—literally and figuratively.

We wouldn't think of appearing in a dingy, dusty hat. Yet our shoes which are just as important in the general scheme of fastidious grooming, are not always above reproach.

First of all consider the question of shoe trees. You should have a pair for each pair of shoes. And insert them just the minute you remove your shoes. They help shoes to retain their shape.

Then there are little satin sachet bags for the toes of your party slippers. Put in shoe trees, leave your shoes in the air (sunshine preferably) and when they are quite dry, remove the shoe trees and put in the sachet bags. You should have little shoe bags for party pumps and see that they close tightly enough to keep out all dust.

Of course you get a shine once or twice a week, but do you dust your shoes each time you take them off. You should. Suede shoes need to be brushed daily. There are little steel brushes for that purpose. If you don't like a steel brush, there are special suede cleaners.

Ribbon ties should be washed and pressed often. If they persist in looking limp and uninteresting, put a little starch in the rinsing water

A GLORIFIED CUP OF TEA

Tea in the afternoon is one of those delightfully quaint customs whether served elaborately to scores of guests or intimately to one or two. There are many ways to add extra touches to this pleasant ceremony.

If you are not familiar with a London teabob, you'll want to try this method of tea-making in one of the particularly attractive pots called by that name.

If you like to add sweets to an otherwise regular and perfect cup of tea, of course, you can do so. Here are some things I've heard of people adding: Rock candy used in colors or in clear crystal instead of sugar. Little round spice drops which may be bought in lovely colors—a bowl of mixed ones is most attractive on the table— add to the aroma and taste of a cup of tea. Some folks even find peppermint drops as delicious in hot tea as fresh mint leaves are in iced glasses. Candied fruits also do double duty as a sweetening and flavoring. Peppermint or cream patties are essential to the formal tea table, but for other occasions a bowl or compote of any not-too-sweet candies is a charming addition.

PLAN TODAY FOR TOMORROW

If you keep tomorrow in mind when you are cooking for today, you'll have a part of Tuesday's dinner prepared and part of Wednesday's or Thursday's, too. There are certain cooked staples that can always be cooked in quantities. Boil more potatoes, for instance, than are needed for the next meal. The following day they may be creamed, fried or scalloped. If there are not quite enough for the third day, eggs and meat may be combined with them.

Mashed potatoes may be made in double quantity and the second day they can be put into a baking dish, topped with grated cheese or butter. Plan to have some hamburger steak left over. It may be seasoned with tomato sauce and served on baking powder biscuits as a sort of mock patty. These biscuits can be made slightly richer than ordinary biscuit dough.

Many housekeepers make enough pastry for two or three pie bakings—do you? It will keep very nicely in the refrigerator for several days. The result is less work, shorter hours in the kitchen and time saved for other duties, pleasure and rest.

WORLD'S LARGEST PEARL ONCE PROPERTY OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

The world's largest pearl, which was once the property of Marie Antoinette, is now in Delhi, India. It came from the collection of Henry Philip Hope, the possessor of the famous Hope diamond, which brought tragedy to all its owners. How it reached Delhi is not known and all its present owner will say is that "it is a long story."

The pearl is two inches long, four and a half inches in circumference and weighs three ounces. It is surmounted by the royal crown of France in red enamel and gold, set with fine diamonds.

WEAR YOUR HAIR IN STYLE GRANDMA FAVORED

The Victoria coiffure is beauty news right now. Smart girls are cutting bangs and arranging the rest of their hair much as grandma did.

A good barber is necessary when you decide to cut those nice fringy bangs. They are quite different from the short, straight bangs which we wore when it was chic to have mannish haircut. In the first place these are much longer and they should be just a bit fluffy, curly if you wish.

Comb your hair straight back from the front and arrange it in a bun low on your neck. In contrast to the fluffiness of the bangs, the rest of your hair should be smooth, unwaved and flat.

Works Itself to Early Death to Keep YOU Alive

Each red corpuscle—of which there are millions of millions in your blood stream—literally works itself to pieces in 60 to 90 days. But its life, though so very brief, is most useful. For it maintains your life by doing three vital things.

It carries life-giving oxygen from the lungs to the body cells. It transports nutriment from the digestive organs to every part of the system. And it brings back to the lungs, for expulsion from the body, the poisonous gases constantly being generated. Without this unceasing service, your life would quickly end.

If the countless millions of red corpuscles in your blood stream are normal, your blood-health will be up to par. You will feel strong, energetic, vigorous and confident. But if your red corpuscles are lacking in numbers and in strength, you are bound to feel weak, "tired out," nervous.

There is one sure, safe way to regain normal health and vigor. That way is to enrich and build up your blood. And for that purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a guaranteed remedy of proven efficiency.

This is not just a claim—it is an established, scientifically proven fact. Forty patients were recently blood-tested at a leading hospital, before and after taking a treatment of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In every case where the blood count was below normal at the start of the treatment, it showed a splendid improvement at the finish—and with it a return of health, energy and vigor.*

This "test proven" guaranteed preparation will benefit YOU—or that growing child or "teen age" girl of yours. Try it for a month. 50 cents a package at Drug Stores.

*Individual reports on these 40 patients, certified by the hospital pathologist, are on file.

DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
In the Surrogate Court, 24th George V, A. D. 1934

In re estate of Angus A. McDonald late of Pisquid in Queen's County in the said Province, farmer deceased testate.

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

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

Greeting:

Whereas upon reading the petition on file of Roderick A. McDonald of Charlottetown in Queen's County aforesaid, retired railway man, the administrator 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 Surrogate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Monday the ninth day of April next, coming at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of H. Francis MacPhee, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner. And I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at the Post Office in Mount Stewart in said County and in front of the School-house in Pisquid aforesaid 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 16th day of February, A. D. 1934 and in the 24th year of His Majesty's reign.

(L. S.)

(Sgd) H. L. PALMER
Surrogate

MORTGAGE SALE

There will be sold by Public Auction at the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on Thursday the 5th day of April A. D. 1934 at twelve o'clock noon ALL THAT parcel of land situate lying and being at Mount Stewart in Township Number Thirty-seven and bounded and described as follows, that is to say: On the north by the continuation of the Main Street or road leading eastwardly from Mount Stewart Bridge and the English Church grounds on the east by a back road leading to Mount Stewart and on the southwest by the lands of Alexander McEachern the division line of which and the lands now described turns from the said back road north thirty nine degrees west a distance of forty one chains and seventy links to the Pisquid Road and being bounded on the west by the said last mentioned road and containing seventy and one third acres of land a little more or less agreeable to a plan of the said property made by Thomas W. May, L. P. in June 1904 and which plan is duly recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for Queens County at Charlottetown.

This sale is made in pursuance of a power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage dated the 13th day of November A. D. 1930 and made between Annie C. Jay of Mount Stewart in Queens County in Prince Edward Island widow of the one part and Sarah J. Keacey of Charlottetown in Queens County aforesaid and Caroline H. Haslam of Charlottetown aforesaid, both single women of the other part, Default having been made in payment of the principal and interest secured thereby.

DATED the second day of March A. D. 1934.

CAROLINE H. HASLAM,
Surviving Mortgagee.
L 915

Dorothy Dix

Let Dictators Beware! | Finds Women Need Frills

Can Hitler Force Women Into Uniforms?—Woe Betide Him if He Does, for the Love of Clothes is as Old as Eve, and a Woman's Looks, Morals and Disposition All Depend on State of Her Wardrobe

According to newspaper dispatches, evening gowns, finery and individuality in dress are henceforth barred to Nazi women workers, who will be required to wear a uniform garb, even when they go to the theatre and step out with the boy friend of an evening.

Ha! It doesn't require a prophet to forecast that Mr. Hitler is riding for a fall when he starts to tell women what they shall wear. They may submit to having their religion and politics prescribed for them, but not their clothes. The only men they will permit to dictate to them on that sacred matter are Patou and Lelong, and any old King or potentate, whatever, who takes away their frills and attempts to put them in a nondescript garment that is exactly like every woman's, does so at his peril.

Why, even the Soviet Government with its iron hand hasn't been able to do it! For the Russian women have rebelled against being compelled to wear a drab costume that reduced them all to a common denominator of hideousness and are demanding fashion designers and chiffons and silk stockings and lipsticks and rouge and all the other aids and abetters of feminine pulchritude.

The first thing the first woman did when she received enlightenment was to rush out and get her a new frock, and all of her daughters ever since have been following her example. For to woman clothes are not merely a covering. They are her chief means of self-expression, a certificate of character, a weapon of offense and defense, a barometer of moods, the one subject of eternal interest and the one consolation that never fails.

Perhaps the secret that the serpent whispered in Eve's ear was that even if her apple-eating got her into trouble she would have the compensation of clothes. She would have the means whereby the homeliest woman can camouflage her ugliness. She would have an artifice by which she could attract the attention of the balance of the Adams boys, and she would have a perpetual topic of conversation. And the lady fell for the argument and so fashion came into the world, and it is ridiculous even to suggest that any edict can banish it and force women to give up the blessing that their first mother sacrificed Paradise to gain for them.

What clothes will do for the outer woman is a matter so well known that it need not be insisted upon here. Nine-tenths of most women's good looks depends entirely upon what they have on. A pretty gay frock, just the right shade and cut, on just the right lines makes any girl easy on the eyes, whereas Venus herself would be a grief to behold if clad in a dingy, dull, clumsy uniform. Nor, would even a bathing beauty attract any man's attention if she was just one of thousands of other girls thus disguised amid a multitude of plain Janes.

A woman has to run up her colors to attract a lad's roving attention, and many a marriage knot has been fashioned out of a blue silk scarf that brought out the violet of a girl's eyes.

Clothes also do as much for a woman's spiritual adornment as they do for her physical. Doctors have long been aware that there is more tonic in a new frock than there is in any of their pills and potions. I know one man who claims that he pulled his wife back from the very gates of death, when she had got to such a low ebb of life that she had ceased to take interest in anything, by bringing her a lot of the flossiest silk and lace lingerie he could buy.

Long ago a moralist asserted that there was more support in a dress that fitted in the back than there was in the strongest religious principles. There probably isn't a she-woman alive who doesn't know this from her own experience, and that the consciousness of being well dressed not only fills her with the peace that passes all understanding, but gives her poise and makes her brighter, wittier and more entertaining. It takes more character than the average woman possesses to put her best foot foremost when she has on shabby shoes.

The effect that clothes have on a woman's disposition is nothing short of marvelous. It is one of those mysteries of feminine psychology that no one can explain, but a woman seems to be metamorphosed by what she has on, and to live up to it. Observe and you will see that all of the really competent, high-priced business women are invariably dressed in trim, taut, tailor-mades, while the women who do sloppy work, the stenographers who never learn to spell, the bookkeepers whose accounts are always out of balance, the clerks who never acquire salesmanship, are all dolled up in fluffy ruffles as if they were going to a party.

Furthermore, a woman in a soiled kimono will get into a rage and say things that she would be perfectly incapable of saying if she had on a pink crepe de chine negligee. If husbands realized the restraining influence of clothes on their wives, there would be no protest over the dress bill.

What drink is to a man, shopping is to a woman. When good luck comes to a man he celebrates it by taking a drink. A woman goes out and buys herself a new hat. When a man is sunk in a fit of depression he cheers himself up by taking a drink. When a woman is sunk she buys herself something real extravagant.

Furthermore, clothes are always woman's final consolation. No matter what happens to her there is, as the French say, "toujours la toilette."

Hence it is my opinion that no dictator can legislate women out of their clothes. They may be willing to lay down their lives for their country, but to give up their finery, no. Never. DOROTHY DIX.

THIS TELLS THE STORY—

A HIGH GRADE BAKING POWDER

MARITIME MADE BY SCHWARTZ

TESTED APPROVED CERTIFIED

Unexcelled for purity and all-round baking qualities. **29c lb.**

THE COOK'S CORNER

Peanut Drop-Cookies

2 tablespoons shortening.
¼ cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup flour
2 tablespoons milk
½ cup chopped peanuts
½ teaspoon lemon juice

Cream the shortening in the mixing bowl. Add sugar slowly, stirring constantly until all sugar is in and the mixture is smooth. Add beaten egg and flavoring, beat vigorously 2 minutes. Put dry ingredients in sifter and sift about 1-3 into mixture, stirring constantly until well blended. Add about 1-3 liquid, stirring in the same way. Add the next 1-3 of each, and then the last 1-3, stirring each time until mixture is smooth. Add chopped peanuts. Drop from teaspoon on a buttered cookie sheet and bake in a moderate oven 10-12 minutes.

Pineapple Waffles

Mix and sift 1¾ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add gradually 1 cup milk, 2 beaten egg yolks and 3 tablespoons melted butter. Add ½ cup thoroughly drained crushed pineapple. Fold in 2 well-beaten egg whites. Bake on waffle iron. To the syrup drained from the pineapple add 1½ cups sugar and 1 cup water. Boil to a syrup. Serve this with the waffles.

Pineapple Pie

Heat 2 cups crushed pineapple in a double boiler. Mix ½ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon of cornstarch and add this to the hot mixture. Cook 15 minutes; stirring frequently. Add 1 tablespoon of butter and when melted pour the hot mixture over 4 well-beaten egg yolks. Cool and pour into a baked pastry shell. Make a meringue by beating 4 egg whites and adding 4 tablespoons of sugar. Spread on top of pie and brown in a slow oven 15 minutes.

A Morning Smile

A Frenchman came to London to learn the language, and soon got into difficulties with his pronunciation, especially with the group comprising "though," "plough," and "rough."

When the film of "Cavalcade" began its run and one newspaper review was headed, "'Cavalcade' Pronounced Success," the Frenchman went back home.

Mildred H—— was the guest at a very smart party, and was pleased to find that an old flame of hers, Kenny F——, was there. She decided to pique him by treating him with lofty contempt, and upon being introduced to him by her hostess, looked at him with stupid indifference, and murmured, "Sorry, I didn't get the name."

"No," was the reply, "I know you didn't. But that wasn't your fault. You tried hard enough."

SELF

Be master of yourself, first of all and afterwards you will be master of others.

CHILDREN'S COLDS

Daintiness With Chic Styles

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

A navy blue mossy crepe silk dress makes a point of combining two tones of the same color. It used powder blue crepe for its sleeves and yoke that approves an easy drape.

Carried out in one colour, this model is also lovely. It adapts itself particularly well to the new crepe silk prints.

Another ultra-smart scheme is black crepe silk with the yoke and upper part of the sleeves of white embroidered organdie.

Style No. 445 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards of 39-inch material with 1¼ yards of 39-inch contrasting and ¼ yard of 36-inch lining.

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

No. 445. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City State .....

445

LONG RIVER WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The February meeting of Long River Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Elmer Paynter with twelve members and one visitor present. Meeting opened with Institute ode and creed. The several committees gave their reports and the following new ones were appointed: School, Mrs. Allen Brown, Mrs. Ernest Dunning. Sick, Mrs. Oscar Johnstone, Miss Carrie Woodside. Program, Mrs. Andrew C. Johnstone, Mrs. Alan A. Campbell, Mrs. Joseph Dunning. Lunch, Mrs. Murdock MacLeod, Mrs. Everette Paynter, Mrs. Elmer Paynter. It was moved and seconded that the Institute purchase a drinking fountain for the school. It was moved and seconded that the Institute have the school scrubbed and Mrs. Elmer Paynter was appointed to see about getting the work done. The secretary reported that the proceeds from the Valentine party amounted to $11.92. The subjects legislation and public health were then discussed and questionaires filled in. Two new members were welcomed. The game Crambo was then enjoyed by all. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Ernest Dunning. Subjects for discussion will be: Home Economics and Better Schools and Education. Roll call to be answered with an Irish joke. Meeting closed by singing God Save the King.

FOR SALE

A good 50 acre farm 5 miles from Charlottetown. Equipped with electric lights and telephone. Good house and outbuildings. Apply "R." care of Guardian.

L-1075.

FARM FOR SALE

AT FAIRVIEW

Three miles from Rocky Point, 70 acres all wire fencing, well watered, reason for selling, ill health. Apply to McLean & McKinnon, or

J. A. McFADYEN,
On Premises.

FARM FOR SALE

A farm at Alberry Plains, containing 160 acres, 100 with good buildings, 60 on back with wood and lumber, centrally located, 2¼ miles from Vernon River Station. Creek running through centre of farm. Will sell separate or all together reasonable. Apply to

MRS. THOMAS HYNES,
Emyvale
(North Wiltshire) Station
P. E. Island

L-1015.

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Phone 253-2

Prohibition Commission
Chas. H. Black, Chairman, Charlottetown.
Jas. B. McDonald, West St. Peters
John Simpson, Hamilton.
Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to Inspector J. Fripps, R. C. M. P., Charlottetown.

CHAPTER 19

DEXTER TAKES HIS PEN IN HAND

Molly Benedict sat bolt upright in her narrow bed, blushing like a school girl as she tore open the letter that Lilla had brought to her. It was the first letter that Dexter Hatch had ever written to her, but it was not only the "Return to D. Hatch" in the left hand corner of the envelope that told her that this blunt handwriting belonged to the stalwart young commission merchant.

Exercising the usual clairvoyance of woman, her mind was travelling far ahead of her eager eyes.

Perhaps he had written a further apology for the unpleasant contretemps of last week? Or it might be that he was going to ask her to dine with him again—for he had shown real disappointment that their first attempt had not been a tete-a-tete affair. But by the time her brown eyes had actually scanned the epistle, they were wet with tears of stifled laughter because what Dexter had actually written seemed so unexpectedly funny—and dear.

Dexter had used no "complete letter writer" that was sure!

"Dear Madam," he began "Finding business will not take me to N. Y. City as usual this week, I am taking the liberty of writing to say that I have on hand a dog that might be a good thing for you to have around with you, since you said that you were moving to live on the floor above your tea room, and that there were no other tenants who stayed in the building at night. If you do not want same wire me at Riverdale Farm, Elmsford where I will be for about three days. Otherwise I will ship same to you as I do not think you should be in that building unprotected. Am hoping you have a gun and know how to use it. The dog is a Belgian police dog, two years old about, has been called Pard—you will probably think of some better name. Should like you to know how sorry I am that you felt as you did about what happened the other night. I didn't want any words with your friend Gordon but that other fellow sure did make me see red. He is no good. Hoping Pard will please you, I remain

Respectfully yours, D. Hatch."

Admittedly there was nothing really funny about this letter, yet . . . yet the utter boyishness of it was so incongruous as she thought about the forceful, and masterful Dexter that she could not help laughing.

Then too the idea of housing a Belgian police dog in her wee quarters or keeping him in the tea room seemed to her deliciously droll. But even while she was laughing, the chivalry that had inspired the gift made her sigh.

A puzzling person, she was beginning to find this bluff new acquaintance.

"One minute he is gentlemanly and—well, anyhow rather thoughtful—and the next minute he starts an awful row like a scrapping school boy—yet I think he's not so awfully young. Oh, dear, oh dear—" she reached to snap out her light for the second time, "what difference does it make to me how old he is? He probably isn't very old—its just those awful clothes of his—he dresses like some middleaged farmer all cleaned up for a funeral or a wedding—" she ruminated.

She snuggled into her pillows trying to get to sleep. But her mind went shopping for Dexter.

"If he were only smartly groomed——" she thought dreamily. "He'd really look wonderful in gray tweed—he ought to buy bigger hats—or a cap and some soft collars instead of those terrible stiff old winged things—and I never saw such a hideous tie as he wears—"

She wondered if she accepted the dog—of course she didn't intend to but if she did — wouldn't it be rather clever to buy him a good looking tie as a swanky shop and send it to him with the dog's compliments?

She finally drifted to sleep inventing a new name for the unseen pet. Pard. She didn't just like but she knew it ought to be something that sounded similar or the doggie himself would be bewildered.

Pal—she decided she would like that—and suddenly she was asleep—for the first time in years she had forgotten to think melancholy thoughts about her long lost Kerry!

Morning found her, her alert, unsentimental self again, racing off to market early, looking the very embodiment of youthful business woman. She wore a trig little hat pulled far over her sleekly coiffed head, she wanted to be sure that the wind swept market didn't make her look untidy. And fastidious girl that she was, she donned clean wash gloves so that she could handle the fruits and vegetables she meant to buy. She felt delightfully efficient what she started out with her cook's list in her hand. She had previously arranged for a delivery man to be ready to take her purchase uptown. Never had she felt more sure of her own ability than the moment when she arrived in the market.

But suddenly everything began to go wrong. Prices were far too high for her slender purse, she was too timid to try to bargain she was so self effacing that she let bolder—and older—women, long hardened by shopping for their boarding houses, shove her aside. The produce looked decidedly inferior in quality, the shop-keepers were either inefficient or downright insolent. And the cook's list seemed to be crammed with expensive necessities.

She hurried from booth to booth trying to find some cheaper substitutes. Especially did she want crisp salad things, but only limp and wilted lettuces and tomatoes were offered her.

By the time she had reached the last possible stall, she was so weary and discouraged that she wanted to weep. She sat down to rest on an upturned crate, closing her tired eyes until the busy stall keeper should be ready to serve her.

Why ever had she thought running a tea room would be fun?

From a barracade of boxes behind her she caught grim fragments of conversation.

"——so Jake warns him that if he tries such a funny business another week, why he might get a surprise. But Hatch, the big stiff, says the farmers need a fair price and a lot of that kind of bunk—Jake tells him he don't need to worry about the hicks—but Hatch don't get the idea—he was paying seven and three quarters—the boob! Maybe he hasn't found out yet it wasn't an accident—that carload getting sidetracked——"

Molly's eyes were wide open now, she was listening carefully. "—— next time things will be more than sidetracked——"the speaker was growling. "——and some dark night something might happen to Mister Smartie Hatch——"

(To Be Continued.)

Minard's Liniment removes stains.