

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

Listen to me on INDIGESTION



"Fruit-a-tives gave me lasting relief. Not only this, they helped me overcome constipation and severe headaches. I actually feel years younger."—Mrs. A. L. Cornwall, Ont.

Because it exerts a beneficial influence on the stomach and FOUR other vital organs, Fruit-a-tives gives results far beyond those obtainable from ordinary remedies. A brilliant doctor spent 15 years perfecting Fruit-a-tives. It will make you feel fine in a very short time. Thousands of people have learned this. 25c. & 50c. a box.

Fruit-a-tives MAKE AND KEEP YOU WELL

For The Cook

- 1 1/2 tablespoons gelatine. 1-3 cup cold water. 1/2 cup hot prune syrup. 1/2 cup sugar. 1/2 lb. prunes. Water to cover. 2 teaspoons lemon juice. 1 1/2 cups whipped cream. Soak the well-washed prunes, then simmer them gently in the same water until they are full and tender, adding the sugar when they are partly cooked; have one-half cup of the hot liquid to pour off the prunes. Cut the prunes in pieces removing the pits. Put the gelatine to soak in the cold water while the prunes are heating. When prunes are cooked, measure the half cup of hot juice and combine with the softened gelatine stirring until the latter is dissolved. Add the lemon juice and one cupful of the cooked prunes divided into small pieces. Set the container in ice water or in a very cold place until the mixture begins to set. Beat the cream until it is light and fluffy, but not stiff, as soon as the gelatine mixture is thick enough to hold its shape; fold into the cream and drop the mixture by spoonfuls into the molds, which have been previously decorated with long sections of the cooked prunes—and if you like, with quartered marshmallows. Unmold on crisp heart lettuce leaves and garnish with whipped cream dressing.

Building Lot For Sale

A large lot 50 x 75 in one of City's best residential districts. Apply to H. F. McPHEE, Solicitor, Riley Building.

AUCTION SALE

At West Royalty on Saturday, October 1st, 1932 at 2 P. M. Choice of twelve acre farm equipped with buildings and four-pen fox ranch, property of the late Alexander McDonald, situate 2 1/2 miles from Charlottetown opposite Upton Airport. Also all stock, crop and farming implements. For further particulars apply to the undersigned. RODERICK McDONALD, GEORGE J. TWEEDY, Executors, Estate Alexander McDonald. J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.

Public Auction

There will be sold by Public Auction on the premises at Kingston, ON WEDNESDAY THE 5th DAY OF OCT. NEXT At the Hour of Two O'clock P. M. The following: 2 Horses, 2 Milch Cows, 5 Young Cattle, 3 Young Pigs, 1 Brood Sow, 10 Hens, 3 Stacks Grain, 6 Tons Hay, 2 Acres Potatoes, 1/2 Acres Turnips, Truckwagon, Cart, Driving Wagon, Spring Tooth Harrows, Single Plough, Driving Sleigh, Wood Sleigh, Hay Mower, Hay Fork, and Rope. Also Household Furniture and many other articles. RICHARD CAHILL, Administrator Estate Thomas Cahill. J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.

A Morning Smile

Another Pullman Mystery

A perplexed porter was explaining an unprecedented situation to the Pullman conductor. "But, captain, the stepladders missing; who took it? And why? And how?" "But, who would want to steal a Pullman ladder?" expostulated the conductor. "I don't know, but she's gone," responded the porter. At this juncture a passenger occupying an upper berth for the first time overheard the conversation, parted the curtain and remarked genially: "Here, porter, you may use mine, I won't need it till morning!"

HUNTER RIVER NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Daniels have returned from a three weeks holiday to Pictou, N. S., where they visited the latter's parents.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Mrs. Wm. MacDougall and wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. Frank MacMillan, of the Royal Bank staff, is at present relieving in the branch at Mt. Stewart.

Rev. F. E. and Mrs. Boothroyd left Thursday on a motor trip to Montreal and other parts of Quebec.

Misses Florence Noye and Edna Dougherty motored to Pictou on Friday.

Miss Ruby MacDougall spent a short holiday with her parents in Hunter River.

Synthetic rubber is being made in Mexico from crude petroleum and ground sugarcane or other vegetable ingredients of high sugar content.

Nervous, Dizzy Spells

Toronto, Ont. — "After childbirth I was in a weakened, rundown state, my whole system seemed to be upset, my stomach troubled me, I was very nervous and did not rest well at all. I also had headaches and dizzy spells," said Mrs. S. Williams of 47 St. Nicholas St. "I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and felt better from the very first. I took about three bottles in all and it built me up wonderfully. It made me stronger, rid me of the stomach complaint, and I felt like a new person." Sold by druggists. If you want free medical advice write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y.

Sage Advice to Bridegroom Dorothy Dix Charts Path to Marital Happiness

Don't Expect too Much of Your Wife, Dorothy Dix Warns Bridegroom, and Don't Expect too Little of Her — Begin on Your Honeymoon to Cultivate Companionship and Never Cease Making Love to Her

Son, train up your bride in the way she should go and when she is a settled-down wife she will not depart from it. Don't expect too much of her. Forget all of this pin-feathered angel hokum of courtship. Accept the fact that she is just an ordinary, human woman with nerves and temper and prejudices and funny, fussy little unreasonable ways, and overlook all of them that you can and forgive the balance. After all, you wouldn't find a Perfect Being comfortable and companionable to live with. She would be a standing reproach to all of your own weaknesses.

And don't expect your wife to be a miracle worker who can conjure butcher's meat and green vegetables out of the air and make a pass with her hands that will pay the rent. And don't expect her to be a mind-reader who will know that you still love her when you never make any sign of affection or admiration in her direction. It is dumb husbands that make nagging wives about nine times out of ten.

Don't expect too little of your wife. Don't begin by treating her as if she was a toy and her sole function was to doil herself up and be a parlor ornament. Make her understand from the very first that she is a working partner as well as a Lady Love and that the success of the firm is just as much dependent on her as it is on you. Throw responsibilities on her. It will strengthen her. See to it that she has plenty of work to do. It is the idle, pampered, useless women who get neurotic and erotic and who fill sanatoriums and the divorce courts.

Don't stand for any slack housekeeping and poisonous food nor any loying in bed while you get up and get your own breakfast. You can spoil a wife just as easily as you can a baby and the results are the same in both cases. You will have a whiner on your hands who will cry for what she wants until she gets it and then she will have a contempt for you for being such an easy mark and you will despise her for being a slacker.

Take an interest in your wife's interests. You are a business man and have had more experience in handling money than she has. Teach her how to budget her income so as to spend it to the best advantage. Teach her to be thrifty. Pass on some of the information you have got from efficiency experts to her an dshoy her how to apply it to her household.

Make her see that cooking is not only a fine art, but that on the way she feeds her family depends its health and happiness and prosperity. If wives knew they were going to get the glad-hand from their husbands they would willingly make burnt offerings of themselves on the kitchen stove for them. The reason there are so many poor cooks is because most men sit down and gobble up what is set before them without even giving a grunt of satisfaction when it is good. So wives say to themselves: "Oh, what's the use," and slap down any sort of meal on the table.

Begin on your honeymoon deliberately to cultivate companionship with your wife and to make her into the sort of chum you want in your old age. It isn't as easy for a husband and wife to keep in step as you think, because when they settle down to the real business of living one of them will go one way and the other will take another path. If they don't watch out. The man gets absorbed in his business. The woman in her house and children and clubs. Very often a middle-aged couple know absolutely nothing of the things that are most vital to each other. They do not even know each other's friends. That is why they bore each other so unmercifully and can't even keep up a conversation when

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



She can't have too many! Isn't this a cute dress? The French yoke provides excellent theme for contrast. The skirt flukes falling from the yoke, makes it swish about so prettily in motion. It can be made with tiny puffed sleeves as in miniature view. So many materials would be suitable for to fashion it. It takes the minimum amount.

The one sketched is French blue with white dots in batiste. The yoke is plain blue with plain white ruffling. Style No. 854 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 3/4 yards 35-inch with 1/2 yard 35-inch contrasting. Pique, cotton broadcloth prints, linen, rayon novelties and wool crepe are sturdy and smart suggestions.

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

No. 854. Size ..... Name ..... Street Address ..... City ..... State .....

they are thrown upon each other for society.

Don't let this happen to you, because it means a lonely old age if you do. A man has to keep on his toes in order to hold his own with other men and succeed, but after marriage a woman is only too apt to slump. She has her man. She has achieved her objective and she feels that she can sit down on the do-nothing stool and take it easy for the balance of her life. Don't let your wife do this. Make her read the books that you read. Discuss with her world events. See to it that she keeps up her music or drawing or whatever accomplishment she possessed as a girl. Talk to her about your ambitions and your hopes and make her feel that she is a part of them.

Take her out and give her a good time. Make her play games with you. Don't let her degenerate into being just a mother or a clothes horse or a narrow little domestic with no interests outside the four walls of her home. Of course, if you married a fool, the case is hopeless. You are bound to leave her behind, but if you married a woman of any intelligence whatever she will break her neck to keep up with you if you hold her hand and guide her.

Use as much intelligence in running your home as you do your business. Check up on it now and then to see what sort of percentage you are getting. Avoid trouble by not letting any in-laws on either side come to live with you. When your wife gets peevish and fretful and unreasonable send her off on a vacation and nine times out of ten she will come home with her nerves all ironed out, thinking you are handsomer than you were when a boy and that home is the grandest spot on earth. A railroad or steamship ticket would save many and many a divorce.

And, finally, never cease making love to your wife. Make it part of your daily dozen to tell her how beautiful and wonderful she is and how you bless heaven for having bestowed her upon you as a wife. A woman can no more live without love than she can live without food and when her husband ceases to feed her on angel's food she either starves to death for affection or goes out and steals it from some other man. Being a good husband isn't the easiest job in the world, son, but it pays for all you put in it. DOROTHY DIX.

Advertisement for FELLOWS Syrup FOR ANEMIA. Includes image of the product and text: "means lack in quantity or quality of the fluid or corpuscles of the blood. Its symptoms are pallor, lassitude, and weakness. Unchecked, it results in general debility and invites serious diseases. Fellows' Syrup promptly checks Anemia, because it contains ingredients which enable the body to utilize food to greater advantage, so that more blood is formed. Other constituents of Fellows' Syrup purify and enrich the blood, tending to correct any deficiency in quantity or quality of the red corpuscles. This well-known, trusted preparation is made in Canada and sold at all drug stores."

Feather Boa Back In Style After Eclipse

It is interesting to note how the erstwhile completely discarded feather is slowly but surely making its way back into the fashion limelight. In fact, nothing short of brilliant is the way this trimming has gradually made its come back. Had the designers suddenly befuddled their connections the way they are appearing this season, they would most probably have been a complete "flop" but as it is we have been broken in so very gently that it is quite as a matter of course that women are again taking to the feather boa, just for all the world as though it had never been dropped. First of all in hat trimmings a mere touch of a feather made its appearance some seasons back, gradually developing into something more definite, so that recently they have been nothing short of elaborate for the more dressy hat, whilst the more sporty everyday styles are frequently finished with a jaunty quill.

Feather necklaces of tiny curled feathers are also popular and feather heads are delightfully light and downy. Afternoon gloves have themselves to the broad shouldered silhouette of the moment. Co feathers appear in the most unexpected places on evening gowns for example, what looks like brightly colored epaulettes from the front continues as trimming down the deep décolletage at the back.

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The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD (Copyright, 1928, by Doubleday, Doran, and Co. Inc.)

CHAPTER VIII shadowy, a nebulous blotch which changed under his eyes to substance a floating mass of hair. The sun was shining, the water was almost black, but there was no glint of gold in what he saw. The hair was dark. Carla's face became a part of it in a moment. It seemed to him that the monsters who lived about the rock held her up for him, with a smile on her lips and in her eyes, her face toward him and her arms reaching out. He was half in a daze, and might have fancied some of the things he saw. But Carla was there. She, not his wife, had come to join him in death. The quiet, terrible drama of it held him from calling her name as he waited for her to come within his reach. But the undertow brought her nearer. For a second, two of them, three or four, it held her away from him and each of these seconds was a lifetime in passing. Then he saw the distance between them widening, and as it widened the things below began to drag Carla down. She made no struggle, did not cry out to him, but only raised her hands so that he might see they were waiting for him, and wanting him, as she went to her k'ngdom of Micomicon, her land of dreams. He swung himself out, thrusting against the rock, and when the ogres of the water pit dragged at their victims Carla was in his arms. His brain was keenly alive again, and he knew that teams of oxen could have pulled but futilely against the undercurrents, which, one after another, were transporting them irresistibly and yet without great haste through watery space. Thought of physical salvation scarcely filtered in a ray of hope through his mind, and his senses were untried by the suffocating presence of

death. In Carla were his strength and courage. He locked his arms about her closely. He could feel her clinging to him with the same desire to remain inseparable when the end came. Strange. A Kingdom of Micomicon—a land of Alnaschar—a place of fairies—a world of dreams—They were going to it all. Between the walls where no man had ever looked. Death! A magnificent adventure, with Carla in his arms! A roaring filled his ears. They were travelling swiftly now. His senses grew less distinct, like colors merging one into another in a sunset sky. Queer, yet it should end like this, after years of life—he—and Carla—together—as it must have been intended from the beginning. A glorious graciousness of Fate, an immortal sympathy of fulfillment—to pass on like this with Carla, no matter how many hundred centuries had gone before! And some one—his wife—had said—that seconds meant more than years—when—like this— The roaring was an enormity of sound. Its walling was like the wind in the cave of Aeolus, its thunder like Stentor's blasts rumbling through the empty bowels of the earth. They numbed and anesthetized, yet left him with a shred of living, thinking cells which told him they were tearing through the gullet of the gorge and which, at the same time, held his arms unyielding as bands of steel about Carla's body. Although close to the edge of an abyss of utter darkness, consciousness did not quite leave him. Vaguely he experienced the thrill of being transported out of a hell of tumultuous sound into a soft and gently drifting sea which was without noise or violence. For an interval he fancied his arms were wings and that he was trying to fly, making rather a bad mess of it because one side of him refused to co-ordinate with the other. This was the arm, only one arm now, which held Carla. With the other, after a little,

he found himself clawing and digging into something. A man may live a hundred years, but when he is ready to die and looks back over the path he has traveled, it seems very short, and the hundred years no more than a few hours. Paul had reflected upon the ill-husory and baseless fabric of time, its inadequacy and the hollowness of its human measurement. "One who is happy has but a fleeting vision of life," Carla had said to him once. "To live long and terribly, one must be unhappy—in prison." It was odd why he should be thinking of this as he continued to claw and dig. But time had fastened itself upon him like a leech, and if each second of his wide-awake life had been as long as these few seconds he would have lived a thousand years. During this cycle of his existence he slowly and tediously progressed, until, with air filling his lungs again, and the smothering folds of near-insensibility breaking away from him, he knew that he was no longer in water, that his fingers were clutching at soft sand, and that the burden which he had dragged with him was Carla. There was scarcely a breath between this knowledge and the full and poignant possession of every faculty with which his brain was capable of being inspired. But drew closer about Paul. He belonged to darkness, mystery, the defeat of death, and the fact of his own physical salvation, were submerged all at once in an agonized appeal to the limp, dead form which he clasped in his arms. The spirits of the sable blackness about him listened to his voice calling Carla's name as he struggled to bring life back into her body. Once he had worked over a little girl who had been taken from the water, and now memory came to him vividly of the first gentle beating of the heart again, the slow returning of the soul into the tender body, until the child lived and breathed once more. But Carla's soft breast gave no response. Her lips were cold and lifeless, and

Big Recovery Seen In Saskatchewan

WINNIPEG, Sept. 27.—That Saskatchewan has staged a 90 per cent comeback in one short year and the big crop areas of the province represent substantial buying power this year is the finding of W. L. MacTavish, editor of the Winnipeg Tribune who has been making a survey of conditions. The Tribune article from Regina, reads in part: "Last year the Government had to find \$18,000,000 for relief. This year \$1,000,000 will be ample. "This Spring 8,000,000 acres were seeded with wheat supplied by the Government. Next Spring requirements will not exceed 100,000 bushels. "Last year 57,000 families required relief. This year there will be 9,000 families. "Ninety per cent of the farmers of the province will be able this year to pay current year's taxes, repay the Government for seed, binder twine and binder repairs; pay all expense of the year's work, and have enough money left to live until next harvest and do next Spring's seeding without assistance. "Three eighths of the province yielded 90 bushels to the acre or over; one fourth 15 to 19 bushels; one fourth 10 to 24 bushels; only one eighth averaged less than 10 bushels. "Saskatchewan Government will balance its budget this year. Rural municipalities will be able to operate in normal fashion. There are no unemployed in Saskatchewan cities; they are in harvest, fields together with many hundreds of transients."

for active people

Advertisement for Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes. Includes image of a woman and text: "Your grocer has these better bran flakes! Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. BETTER BRAN FLAKES. Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes are a real food for active people. All the nourishment of whole wheat. Enough bran to help you keep fit and regular. GARNISH FOR EGGS. If you want to garnish poached eggs, or hash that is covered with