

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

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

By Mari Moore. Specially contributed to the Guardian for Guardian Readers.

(Conducted by Mrs. Mary Moore) NOTE: Well the nut cake was a success wasn't it.

Now that we have set ourselves such a high standard it has been a little puzzling trying to decide whether Hungarian Coffee Cake would find such immediate favor. But I need not have had any doubts - for the tomato omelette that was to be the piece de resistance for Sunday morning breakfast fell flat - both in spirit and in truth, and there was not even a crumb of coffee cake left for any special callers to sample on Sunday afternoon.

The recipe for this perfectly delicious Hungarian Coffee Cake is yours for the asking. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope with your request, and it will be sent to you free of charge.

Have you household problems that Mrs. Moore could help you with? She has many sources of information at her disposal.

Letters may be addressed in care of this paper to Mary Moore, Cookery Editor. A pen name should be chosen for publication purposes, in addition to the writer's name and address, which, of course, will not be published. All correspondence should be written on one side of page only.

QUESTION: In an old recipe for sausage making, the word "cianda" appears, not coriander. I have been unable to locate such a spice and should be glad to know where I could purchase it. It is supposed to be a strong spice; perhaps the name is not spelled correctly. "Cianda."

ANSWER: I am afraid I will have to admit defeat on this one, Cianda. You will probably have noticed by this time our article on spices which appeared recently, and on further examination of all of our spice references we have been unable to find any spice with a name remotely resembling cianda. Here is a list of the spices with names beginning with "C":

Curry, coriander, cumin, cayenne, cinnamon, cardamom, cloves, cassia, capsicum, caraway and chili pepper. The spices that are used in sausage making, in the more commonly known formulas the world over are: Cayenne pepper, cumin, cassa, nutmeg, pimiento, black pepper, salt, onion salt, sage, capsicum, clove, fennel, anise.

Cianda may be the foreign equivalent of our word sage. I am sorry that I could not be of any more definite help to you, but hope that if any of our readers have any light to throw on this problem they will let us know.

QUESTION: I have found many valuable recipes from your columns and wonder if you can tell me how to make those delicious crystallized fruits one sees in the boxes on sale mostly at Christmas: Orange, lemon slices, pineapple and peaches, etc. Will tinned fruits do? I tried first dipping in beaten white of egg and then into ground loaf sugar, also dipping into syrup made of water and powdered sugar, but neither were successful. -Mrs. J. H., Ottawa.

General Directions for Crystallizing Fruits All fruits should be pre-cooked or made tender by steaming before crystallizing. To Crystallize Make a syrup from 1 pound of sugar and 1 cup water; stir until the sugar is dissolved, then boil until syrup will form a ball when tried in cold water. Place the fruit in the syrup, only enough to make one layer or in syrup and simmer for one half hour, then lift from syrup with skimmer and drain before laying on board covered with wax paper which has been sprinkled generously with berry sugar, sprinkle top of fruit with sugar too. Leave in warm place to dry for three or four days. When dry, place in syrup of same strength and allow to simmer until syrup begins to gran on sides of pan. Then lift out fruit with skimmer and place on sugared wax paper as before, and sprinkle fruit with sugar, and allow to dry again. When dry, place in boxes, in layers, between sheets of water paper. Keep in cool, dry place. I hope this information is what you desire.

QUESTION: I would be very grateful if you could publish or send me a recipe for light fruit cake also cherry cake.

I enjoy your cookery page very much, and admire how simple the recipes are made, and have always succeeded in making what I tried from your page. I thank you in advance. -Mrs. H. L.

ANSWER: Would you kindly see our special article on Christmas cakes appearing in December 3 issue of the paper for light fruit cake? If none of these is satisfactory write to me again and I shall send recipe direct to you.

Cherry Cake Cream one cup butter, add gradually one cup sugar, beating all the while. Add the beaten yolk of four eggs, one fourth cup of milk mixed with one-half teaspoon soda, then the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs, two cups of pastry flour mixed with one teaspoon of cream of tartar, one teaspoon vanilla, one and one half cups glace cherries cut finely, or left whole as desired. Put cake into buttered and lightly floured loaf pan and bake in moderate oven of 350 deg. Fahr. for at least one hour. This is a fine flavored cake with good texture. Citron, white raisins, almonds, etc. may be used in place of or with the cherries. This cake will keep very well.

Orange and Banana Make Delicious Shortcake (Makes six large individual short-cakes) Fruit shortcake, that favorite summer dessert, need not be foregone just because the colder months are here and strawberries and peaches are off the market. Among the most delicious of short-cakes is the orange and banana combination that follows. This is a substantial dish and may form the piece de resistance of a supper or luncheon menu, with a soup or salad for an opening course. Or it may serve for a dinner dessert. It is an old-fashioned recipe and the cook who passes it on to us says her mother served it for a special Sunday dinner dessert.

For the cook 1 1/2 cups flour 3 teaspoons baking powder 1/2 teaspoon salt 3 tablepoons shortening 1/2 cup milk or water Mix and sift ingredients, cut in fat, add enough liquid (about 1/2 cup) to moisten all the dry mixture. Pat out on a floured board. Cut into biscuits and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) until golden brown. Take from oven and split short-cakes. Butter and cover between layers and on top with filling: Three cups sliced bananas, which have been allowed to stand for 15 minutes or more in 1 cup orange juice and 1/2 cup sugar. The orange juice brings out the flavor of the bananas and prevents them from discoloring. No other sauce is needed with this shortcake than the orange juice and sugar.

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A Morning Smile An elderly married couple, each of weighty proportions, were about to take a ride in a motor-car. As the husband made no attempt to assist his wife into the car she turned to him and said, "My dear, you're not nearly so gallant as you were when you were a boy!" "My dear, you're not nearly so buoyant as you were when you were a girl!" the husband replied.

Heavy Oil Tanks Place of Petrol For Aeroplanes LONDON, Dec. 10.—Developments that will radically affect every branch of aviation are implied in the official announcement that a British "compression ignition" aero engine, burning heavy oil instead of petrol has successfully passed the Air Ministry's type test of 50 hours' running. Fuel economy, increased range, simplicity and elimination of fire risks are the rewards sought by the British experts who for years past have worked steadily to overcome difficulties involved in building a practical heavy oil power unit. Weight for weight, the oil-burning motor consumes less fuel than the petrol engine. The charge is fired in each cylinder by simple compression of a mixture of oil spray and air, there is no complicated system of electrical leads, and the absence of electrical leads, together with the fact that heavy oil does not give off inflammable vapor till a high temperature is reached, go far to ensure freedom from fire dangers. The lesser weight of fuel consumed means that economical range of any flying machine may be considerably increased by installation of a compression-ignition unit. Probably, in fact, within a few years the majority of aeroplanes in the larger categories will be fitted exclusively with oil-burning motors.

Twins Dead Before Operation MALDEN, Mass., Dec. 10.—(A.P.)—Priscilla Ann and Barbara Joyce, "Siamese twins" of triplets born three days ago to Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Reed, died today as surgeons were considering the feasibility of separating them. Their triplet brother, a normal boy, continued to thrive. X-Ray photographs had been made to determine the advisability of an operation to separate the girls and physicians had expressed their opinion they could grow to womanhood either as Siamese twins or separately. With the consent of the parents, Dr. J. Stewart Rooney, instructor in pathology in the Harvard Medical School, performed a post-mortem examination, which revealed the children's hearts and livers were joined but that other vital organs were separate. The bodies were later taken to the medical school in Boston for further study.

"Saved My Life" Mrs. Younger Explains Why She So Gladly Recommends Dr. Williams' Pink Pills For Run-Down Women "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills proved to be of such great benefit to me, for anaemia, that I feel it my duty to recommend them to every run-down woman. I am quite sure that at one time the Pills saved my life," writes Mrs. G. Younger, Medicine Hat, Alberta. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills helped me keep the health that I now enjoy and made me feel that life is worth living. If the Pills could not be bought for less than \$5 a box, I would not be without them." The effectiveness of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due to their rebuilding character. They create an abundant supply of red blood cells and these reach and restore exhausted nerves and run-down tissues. A new vigor results, and life takes on a different outlook. Give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. At your druggists, 50c a package.

Administrators Notice The undersigned administrators of the personal estate and effects of Eunice Heath Haviland late of Charlottetown in Queens County in Prince Edward Island, Barrister-at-Law, deceased, intestate, hereby notify all persons indebted to the said estate to make immediate payment to them at the office of Palmer & Farmer, Solicitors, Charlottetown, and all persons having any claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same, duly attested, at the office aforesaid, within twelve months from this date. Dated this 15th day of November, A. D. 1932. GEORGE D. DEBLOIS, H. JAMES PALMER, Administrators. 6745-11-25-1mw-1 month.

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For The Cook

ORANGE AND BANANA MAKE DELICIOUS SHORTCAKE

(Makes six large individual short-cakes)

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Is Marriage Career?

Dorothy Dix

Calls It Greatest Job of All

Marriage is the Greatest and Most Exacting Career Upon Which Any Woman Can Enter, and the Fact That it is Open to Morons as Well as College Graduates Makes Success in it no Less An Achievement

When we speak of a woman having a "career," we mean that she follows some avocation outside of the home, such as business or writing or one of the arts or professions. Also, it is upon the heads of those ladies who have achieved success as buyers or stylists or actresses or lawyers or doctors or what-not that we place the laurel crown of fame.

We never speak of marriage as a career for a woman nor do we get out the brass band and celebrate the achievements of a wife and mother, no matter how notable they may be. Parents are as proud as Punch over a daughter who writes a best seller or gets her name in electric lights above a theatre door or who holds down an executive job in an office, but you never hear fathers and mothers bragging about Sally having made such a comfortable home for her family and kept her husband eating out of her hand for thirty years.

It is strange that we rate marriage so low in the scale of feminine endeavor that we do not even dignify it by calling it a career, for it is not only the hereditary occupation that virtually all women follow at some time in their lives, but it is the calling for which they were created and for which they were predestined. More than that, it is the pursuit in which they find their greatest success and happiness and the scope for the greatest range of talents.

Perhaps one of the reasons why women look upon marriage as a sort of makeshift job instead of as a career is that the preferred candidates for it are chosen for their looks instead of their brains and principles. Any little moron with a peaches-and-cream complexion and naturally wavy hair has the pick of the husbands in her community and can marry three times to a college graduate's once, and this automatically puts marriage into the unskilled-labor class and keeps a woman from having the proper pride in her occupation because all the Dumb Doras are doing it.

Likewise, perhaps another reason why women do not consider that they are embracing a career when they get married is because marriage is the only vocation that a woman can follow for which she does not consider it necessary to prepare herself. If she is going to be a stenographer or she fits herself by learning typing and shorthand. If she expects to be a lawyer or a doctor she spends long, hard years of study preparing herself for a calling. If she expects to be a singer she spends a fortune on having her voice cultivated and so on down the line.

She wouldn't dream of barging into any trade without undergoing some sort of apprenticeship, but the only preparation she makes for entering upon the holy estate of matrimony is to buy her trousseau and embroider a few monograms on some guest towels for her hope chest. For the general idea prevails among both men and women that a knowledge of how to be a good wife comes by nature and inspiration and requires no previous education or natural aptitude.

All of which is, of course, stark idiocy. For marriage deserves to rank first among the learned professions and calls for more intelligence and a greater and more varied assortment of gifts than any other occupation on earth. This is why so many pretty little sillies who get away in it to such a glorious start break down before they have run a tenth of the course and end in the divorce courts.

Because for a woman to make a success of the career of marriage requires that she shall have both head and heart, that she shall have swiftness and strength and staying powers. Also, that she shall be able to function in a dozen diametrically opposite ways. For it is literally true that a successful wife must be both a parlor ornament and a kitchen utensil. She must be her husband's backbone as well as his

and the latest shows. He also gave the impression of listening attentively to the speeches which followed what had seemed to him an endless meal.

It was only when all the speeches were finished, when the factory manager had proposed the health of the chairman, and the chairman had complimented the factory staff and the office staff, and the office staff had complimented the factory staff that Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, followed by the factory manager, led the way from the dining-room, and Geoffrey was able to rise, look round, and locate Fay, who had been sitting further down the T-shaped table on the same side as himself. Against the streams of people converging towards the door, he made his way to her. "I don't want to get hung up with my father's party," he told her in a low voice. "Let's wait till the rest of the people have gone past and then vanish silently through that other door." "It leads out into the yard, doesn't it?" murmured Fay, but she made no protest, and Geoffrey realized gratefully that Connie Evers had kept her word.

When everyone had gone past, he opened the door behind him, which was locked on the inside, and the two fugitives stepped out into the yard. They threaded their way between the cars which were standing there and found the entrance which gave on a narrow, shabby street. At the end of the street shone the sea. They walked quickly towards it and came out on the promenade, a hundred yards seaward of the front entrance to the hotel. Geoffrey looked back and saw that people were only just beginning to trickle out in peaceful twos and threes on the promenade. He heaved a sigh of relief, slackened his pace and looked down at the girl beside him. His heart leaped. Now, and at late last, he was alone with her.

"This is splendid," he said. "Fay laughed. She had a very pretty laugh: (To be continued)

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern By Annabelle Worthington

It's all puffed up about its sleeves to create a broadened shoulder line. And isn't the buttoned wrapped bodice smart? It is give an Empire effect through the pointed section above the normal waistline.

It's lovely for afternoons and informal evenings.

Less formal but equally attractive is bee-red wool crepe, made with the longer sleeves.

Velvet rough crepe silk and silk and wool novelties are fascinating fabrics.

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funnybone. She must be a financier who can make one dollar do the work of five. She must be a diplomat and an opportunist, and she must be able to turn out a satisfactory performance of judge, school teacher, doctor, nurse, purchasing agent, cook and scrub lady and social secretary.

And if that isn't a fairly full career for any woman, I don't know what is. Certainly the woman who keeps her husband happy and contented and thinking his home far more interesting than a night club, who is playmate and friend and guide to her children, who belongs to clubs and is interested in causes and who helps make her community a better place to live in—and all of that is part of the game of marriage in these days—has no need to weep for other worlds to conquer.

Taking it by and large, marriage is even financially the best career for women to follow. For where there is one woman who has made a fortune or even a comfortable living for herself, there are thousands of women whose husbands support them in luxury. It takes the average woman who is pursuing a career a long time to make enough money to set up even a modest apartment and have a cheap car for herself, but multitudes of girls achieve these at the altar without having to go through the long ordeal of toil and struggle and scrambling to earn them for themselves.

Certainly marriage is the greatest career upon which any woman can enter, and to make a success of it requires every faculty of her heart and mind and body. Perhaps if women would look upon it as a career and not as a part-time job that they could pull off when they were not devoting their thoughts and energies to clubs or bridge or trying to run tea shops or whatnot we should have happier homes and fewer matrimonial failures. DOROTHY DIX.



IN BANKRUPTCY

In the matter of the authorized assignor of Charles R. Proffitt, Alberton, P. E. I.

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon on Thursday the 15th day of December A. D. 1932, for all or any of the following parcels which comprise all the assets of the said authorized assignor, namely:

- Parcel No. 1 Store and Lot on Main Street, Alberton. Parcel No. 2 House and Lot facing on Poplar Street, Alberton. Parcel No. 3 Household Furniture. Parcel No. 4 Stock of Harness. Parcel No. 5 Stock of Automobile Accessories and General Hardware. Parcel No. 6 Undertaking supplies. Parcel No. 7 Electric Fittings. Parcel No. 8 Sporting Goods. Parcel No. 9 Automobile. Parcel No. 10 Pictures and equipment. Parcel No. 11 Adding machine and Cash Register (McCaskey). Parcel No. 12 Larder Safe. Parcel No. 13 Book Debts. Tenders may be made for the whole or any of the parcels. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Inventories may be seen at the Office of S. L. Hardy, Corner Queen and Kent Streets, Charlottetown, Messrs. J. H. Myrick and Co., Alberton, or at the Office of the undersigned in the Court House, Summerside.

Inspection of the stock may be made at any time by applying to Mr. F. C. Bell at J. H. Myrick and Co's Store, Alberton.

Dated at Summerside, this 5th day of December A. D. 1932. F. J. E. WRIGHT, Trustee

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J. A. BENTLEY W. E. BENTLEY, K. C. Barrister and Attorney-at-Law MONEY TO LOAN Office: 180 Richmond Street

ASHES of ROSES

A Romance of Today By Joanna Cannan

(Continued)

"Well, there's no reason we shouldn't," she said at last. "Only I always go about with Connie. It seems rather mean to go off like that, especially to-day. I don't think I could. Look, here they are."

"This is much the best bathing station," called out Miss Evers as she came trudging towards them over the shingle. "There's a raft and a springboard, to say nothing of a shute! I and some perfectly dinky little canoes! We'll come back here."

"And in the meantime I think we ought to make for the hotel," said Mr. Turner, consulting his wrist-watch. "By the time we've had a brush-up, we shall be none too soon."

Geoffrey walked beside Connie Evers. "I hear you're an expert swimmer," he said, pleasantly.

"Now I wonder who told you that?" replied Miss Evers. "Someone who doesn't know me, I'll be bound."

"Miss Bennett told me." An approaching car gave Geoffrey a thin excuse for seizing Miss Evers' arm and restraining her from crossing the road, so that they fell behind the others. "By the way, Miss Evers,

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS. For sale at all drug and general stores; manufactured for the past 53 years, only by The T. Millburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

I... I've got something I want to ask you."

Connie Evers looked up at him. The corners of her large, generous mouth twitched quizzically, but the kindness in her eyes encouraged him.

"When you were down the beach, I asked Miss Bennett to come for a walk with me after lunch," he went on, more easily. "Just along the beach to Dereham cove. But she thought she ought to stop and bathe you wouldn't mind, would you? She's been quite all right. I'd look after her."

"Of course I wouldn't mind! I like having Fay with me, but then, so does everybody else. I realise that. I wouldn't stop her for anything, and she ought to know it, but there, that's Fay all over. If I'd never Novello asked her out, she wouldn't go back on a date with a girl friend! You leave it to me, Mr. Geoffrey. I'll send her along."

"You're a sportsman," said Geoffrey, gratefully. "Well, here we are. I suppose I'd better go and see if my people have arrived."

He went straight into the hall. "Ah, here's Geoffrey!" Mrs. Gilmour, very elegant in a smart peltum-colored dress, was standing beside her husband and chatting with Mr. Bowen, the factory manager. On catching sight of her son, she broke off the conversation and came towards him. "Dear Geoffrey," she murmured and gave him a cool kiss on his cheek.

"Hullo, Geoff," said Patricia Ly-sarde.

Boils So Bad Could Not Work Mr. Wm. Davydne, Smeaton, Sask., writes:—"Three years ago I was troubled with boils which were so bad I could not work. A friend told me my blood must be bad and advised me to take Burdock Blood Bitters. I didn't know any medicine could put such a sudden stop to such misery, as one bottle put the boils to an end."

At luncheon Geoffrey sat between staid Miss Harrison and a forewoman from the factory, cheerful, rotund Mrs. Miles. From his mother he had inherited considerable social sense, and with a mind far away he was able to converse quite sensibly on such subjects as the weather, seaside resorts, holidays

PURITY FLOUR STILL THE BEST FOR BREAD

"Hullo, Pat," said Geoffrey shaking hands. "How decent of you to come down."

He looked at her with affection, and a feeling of almost brotherly pride. She was looking her best. She wore white, a crepe-de-chine jumper and a pleated skirt, both plainly, even severely cut. Her plain, white felt hat just showed a little of her glossy, light brown hair, and was turned up in front so that it did not cast the least shadow or make the least mystery of her honest brown eyes. In her hat she wore a small diamond ornament, and round her neck was a modest string of pearls. Both diamonds and pearls were real. She wore no other jewelry but a small gold signet ring on the fourth finger of her right hand.

"You look jolly decent," said Geoffrey. "I like that rig-out, Pat."

Mrs. Gilmour beamed. She did not know that, while Pat looked jolly decent, outside on the promenade another girl had looked like a Dresden china shepherdess, like Summer Incarnate, like Romance and Mystery, like the sudden and sweet and unbelievable answer of life to a dream. She did not look that while Pat was good to look at, it was Heaven and the quest's end to look at Fay. She did not know that though Pat's hand felt firm and friendly, to think of Fay's touch made the senses reel.

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