

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

...chest COLDS

Best treated by stimulation and inhalation



ACTS TWO WAYS AT ONCE

For The Cook

MOCK PATEDE FOIE GRAS

Cook a calf's liver in salted water until very tender. Grind in a meat-cutter. Moisten with melted butter. Work into a paste with

- 1/2 teaspoon cayenne or 1/2 teaspoon black or white pepper
 - 1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg.
 - Speck cloves
 - 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 - 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
 - Salt to taste
 - 1 tablespoon of water in which a minced onion has been boiled.
- Pack into jars that have been buttered, cover with melted butter, and set aside to be used for sandwich filling, or to serve on biscuit or crackers for afternoon tea.

WALNUT CAKE

- Blend
- 1/2 cup shortening and 1 cup sugar until creamy. Add 1/2 cup water and beat well.
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon soda. Combine the mixtures. Add
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup slightly floured nut meats
- Fold in
- 4 beaten egg whites.
- Bake in a greased tube or loaf pan in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) about 45 minutes or until done. Serves eight.

How to Be Happy

Dorothy Dix

Says: Cultivate Enthusiasm for Job

It Isn't What You Have, it's the Way You Look at What You Have That Counts—The Job, the Marriage, the Family That is all Drab to One Person is of Overwhelming Interest to Another

Everything depends on the point of view. It doesn't matter what we have or have to do, it is the way we look at it that makes us rich or poor, happy or miserable. The wealthiest person I know is an old man with a tiny house and garden and a pension of \$50 a month who considers himself a plutocrat because he owns his own home and has a steady income. And the poorest man I know is a man who has seen his many millions sink to a few millions in a crashing stock market, and who looks upon himself as a pauper.



Not long ago I heard two young girls who worked at the same silk counter in a big department store discussing their jobs. One saw in herself nothing but a martyr and she railed at Fate because she had to earn her own living. She was bored to death by her work and found it dull and tiresome. She scorned her fellow employees and made no friends among them, and she hated with bitter envy her customers.

The other girl was simply thrilled with her job and got the biggest sort of a kick out of realizing that she was standing on her own feet, and she was as proud as punch over the fact that she was capable of doing the kind of work people were willing to pay for and that some what might, she could always earn her own living and be financially independent.

Every morning when she started down to work she felt that she was faring forth on a gay adventure that would bring her new experiences, new contacts, new situations to be met and triumphed over. Selling goods was a fascinating game in which she matched her wits, her personality, her knowledge of human nature, her skill and persuasiveness against the customers' sales resistance.

Hard for a young girl to have to stand behind a counter all day. Hard for a young girl to have to go out in the world and earn her living! Say, what are you talking about? It's the life, if you asked her.

Then there is marriage, which is a glory ticket or a life sentence at hard labor, just as you see it. Listen to Mrs. A., who says that goodness knows that if girls knew what they are getting into when they get married wild horses couldn't drag them to the altar. Slaving their lives away, cooking and scrubbing and pinching pennies for husbands who never notice what they do and who are never willing to do anything of an evening except to go to sleep over their pipes and papers.

And look at what you've got when the romance wears off! Not the Fairy Prince you thought you were marrying, but a tightwad who grumbles over the bills on the first of the month and is grouchy and cross if things go wrong at the store and who hasn't any more conversation than a graven image and who never thinks that a wife needs any amusement or entertainment.

Nothing duller than domestic life. Nothing more disappointing than husbands. Take it from one who knows.



GRAPE-NUTS Flakes

Then hustle yourself to the grocer's and get a package of this great, brand-new breakfast dish—curly, golden flakes, crinkly as popcorn—rich with the grand old "Grape-Nuts" flavor and, like "Grape-Nuts" Cereal, full of varied nourishment! GF-49-32

But Mrs. B. doesn't look at marriage from that angle. Her husband and her circumstances are not different from Mrs. A.'s, but she doesn't see home as a treadmill nor her husband as a slave-driver. She doesn't regard housework as nothing but a dull, hopeless, monotonous grind of doing the same tasks over and over again every day. To her making a home that is beautiful and artistic and a haven of peace and rest for her family is the finest achievement on earth. To her cooking is not drudgery. It is the practice of a fine art and she feels the same pride in composing a new dish that a poet would feel in writing a perfect sonnet.

And when she thinks about how hard and patiently her husband works to keep her soft and warm, and how lucky she is to have a man's strong arm to stand between her and the world, she goes down on her knees and thanks God for his blessings.

Then there are children, who are either brats or little angels, according to your attitude toward them. You are always hearing women complaining about being tied down at home by their children, and there are lots of mothers who never get any pleasure out of their children and whose children are never anything but a burden to them.

And there are other mothers whose children are nothing but a crown of joy to them and who realize that the most interesting and vital period of their whole lives is that in which they are watching the development of little minds and characters and trying to steer adolescent girls and boys into the straight paths.

To them no sport is so fascinating as observing a little child's mind unfold. To them no conversation is more diverting than that of a little child with its quaint observations on a world that is new to it. They would rather have the cling of a baby's arms around their necks than a string of matched pearls. They would rather tuck a sleepy little head in bed than go to any night club in the world.

Motherhood is not a martyrdom to them. It is a gorgeous career. They don't regard their children as an affliction. They are a wellspring of joy.

And so there you are, and whether we get happiness or misery out of the hand that Fate deals us in life depends altogether on our point of view. DOROTHY DIX.

A Morning Smile

Auntie had turkey soup for dinner with spaghetti in it. Noticing her little nephew reluctant to eat it, she said, "Don't you like turkey soup, dear?" "I like it the way mother makes it," he answered. "She doesn't put windpipes in it like you do."

The class in English was reciting. "What is the opposite of sorrow?" asked the teacher. "Joy," answered the lad. "And the opposite of misery?" pursued the teacher. "Happiness," said the pupil. "And what is the opposite of woe?" was the next question. "Giddap!" was the quick response.

Finger Nails 'Moons' As 'Health Index'

Are the finger nails an index to the state of a person's health? The theory has been put forward from time to time through the centuries, but recently the Paris Journal 'Je sais tout' has published the result of a systematic investigation by Doctors Zoeller, Noyer and Boide, who state: "The investigation embraced fully twelve hundred individuals, either ill, convalescent, or healthy. "Healthy subjects carefully selected and endowed with vitality have as a rule eight to ten crescent-shaped whitish little 'moons' at the base of their finger nails—one each on the majority of the nails. "Individuals succumbing to an infectious malady have the whitish crescents at the base of the thumb nails only. Often such individuals have no 'moons' at all on even the thumb-nail. "An individual suffering from an infectious disease may during convalescence find that these little 'moons' reappear at the base of the finger nails, and expand and increase in number. "Among individuals usually enjoying good health, these little 'moons' vary according to the rise or fall of the vitality. Seasonal variations occur: the little crescents in-

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

Today's model is stunning carried out in a dark and light grey crinkly crepe silk. The soft neckline is extremely becoming and youthful. There is the important snugness about the hips but not carried too low to make strain across the thighs. The front of the skirt cuts in one with the hip yoke, creating a panel which tends to give the figure height. The rest of the skirt is slightly shaped for ease of movement. Why not have it? You can copy it exactly for a very small sum. It's a dress you can wear now and all through the spring. Style No. 480 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 3 requires 3 1/4 yards 39-inch, with 1 1/2 yards 39-inch contrasting. Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.



No. 480. Size

Name

Street Address

City

State

increase in size during the spring and show a tendency to decrease in the autumn. "It may indeed happen that a person with ten little 'moons'—one on each nail—will succumb to an infectious malady. Nevertheless, people usually in good health who lose their finger nail crescents might find it well to look into the cause of such a variation."

Nurse Tells How To Sleep Sound, Stop Gas

Nurse V. Fletcher says: "Stomach gas bloated me so bad I could not sleep. One spoonful Aderika brought out all the gas and now I sleep well and feel fine." Hughes Drug Co., Ltd.

Woman Gets "Lucky Break"

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25—(Associated Press)—Mrs. Sophie Thor got a break—a lucky one—in falling from a second floor window while hanging out her wash. She plunged 18 feet, crashed through a skylight and landed on a bed. Her only injury was a cut on one arm.

DISTRESS SALE

In pursuance of a Warrant of distress, dated the 18th day of February A. D. 1933, signed by Joseph K. Stanley, Delbert R. H. Shaw and William Peardon, and authorizing me to distrain the goods and chattels in and upon the lands and premises of Venetian Gardens Limited for the sum of \$3435.00 rent, I have distrained on the lands and premises of the said Venetian Gardens Limited the following goods and chattels, namely:—

- Two wall sections in dining-room.
- One counter in dining-room.
- Two fern stands.
- A play golf cabinet.
- Two flower stands
- Two tapestry's.
- Three hat racks.
- Fourteen chairs.
- Quantity of can goods.
- One Dayton confectionary scale.
- One brass curtain rod with two plush curtains.
- One restaurant table.
- Seventeen wall sections in dining-room with mirrors.
- Eleven settee units with dining tables.
- One Deforest Crosley radio.
- One Jardineer.
- Three pots, artificial plants.
- Four ceiling lights, ornamental.
- Eleven electric wall brackets two ornamental pedestal lights.

ICE CREAM PARLOR

Five Tapestry's
One National cash register. No. 113344, No. 2842.
One cashier booth.
Seven settee units, standing with dining tables.
Six panel wall units, fixed to wall.
Seven wall panels, separate from wall with mirrors.
Two electric wall brackets attached in panels.
One carbonic (liquid) sixteen foot complete refrigerator with Venetian tile counter, soda water pumps and appliances.
Two swiveling doors.
Three electric fans.
Six small tables.
Quantity of tray and bottled candy, and nuts.
One dozen assorted boxes of chocolates.
Quantity of syrup.
Ice cream spoons, dishes and other utensils.
One fruit juice extractor.
Two electric drink mixers.
Griv-in waffle iron, electric.
One toast master.
One confectionary scale.
One copper drip tray.
Cabinet of dishes, glassware and assorted fruit.
Quantity of bottles.
200 of Junket in 1" tins.
Quantity of Hiloenum.
Candy with artificial flowers.

KITCHEN

One kitchen range.

One electric ice box.
One kitchen table.
Quantity of knives, forks and spoons, dishes and glassware and kitchen utensils.
One meat grinder.

IN BASEMENT

One baking oven.
Two candy tables, marble.
One food stand.
One liquid superior carbonator.
One refrigerator machine, electric.
One switch board.
Quantity of paper bags, and groceries.
Ten soda fountain stools.
Two long mirrors.

Also all other goods, chattels and other personal property not above mentioned and situated upon and above said premises as VENETIAN GARDENS.

And I hereby give notice that I will on Tuesday the twenty eighth day of February A. D. 1933, at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon sell on the premises of said Venetian Gardens Limited on Great George Street in Charlottetown the said goods and chattels so much thereof as will satisfy the said rent together with the costs of distraining for the same. Dated this 23rd day of February A. D. 1933.

KENNETH B. WEBSTER.
Bailiff to Joseph K. Stanley, Delbert R. H. Shaw and William Peardon.

Small Boy (at very respectable seaside resort): "Daddy, does the tide come in here on Sundays?"

FARM FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

Farm property at Fairview, within 2 1/2 miles of Charlottetown, contains 56 acres of land in good state of cultivation. Medium size house and good outbuildings. Reason for selling; present owner has another larger farm several miles distant and finds it inconvenient to operate both farms to advantage, for this reason property is offered at an exceptionally low price.

For further particulars apply THE EASTERN TRUST COMPANY
151 Richmond Street, Charlottetown

1136-2-25-41.

The Double Act

A Romance of the Theatre
BY MARION TOMLINSON

She drew a long breath and tried to laugh to keep her courage up. "Alice in Wonderland!" she murmured, snatching as always at dreams to keep her from despair. "But it's a very deep rabbit hole you've gone down, Rosemary my dear. I wonder, will you ever climb out again?"

The dark haired boy smiled adventurously back at her from the mirror.

"Better have a little sleep now," she said to him, "and then we will go forth and rediscover the East End."

"I'm feeling at home already," boasted the small boy to her.

"You should," nodded Rosemary, "since only ten years ago you lived in this very street."

"Ten years!" said the small boy reminiscently, and glanced at the photograph in the open lid of the make-up box. "We were happy then, weren't we, Dad, though we were so poor? You made me study people old and young about us, and learn to reproduce their gestures and their speech. This isn't the first time I've made up as a Cockney boy, though in those days you used to supervise every detail."

The eyes in the photograph seemed to look at her with approval.

"You don't mind then, Dad, that I've cut it off? You always told me that if the Fairy Prince. . ."

Rosemary stopped abruptly and shook off a feeling of weakness that was coming over her. "We won't talk now about the Fairy Prince. We have to prove to him that we are not simply a pampered brainless show girl."

Rosemary shut down the lid of the make-up box, and turned toward the cot bed that even looked inviting, since it was a place to sleep. She wrapped up the discarded clothing in the wrappings in which she had carried her boy's clothes, and locked them, with the empty bottles in a drawer. She looked at the remainder of her money and was surprised to find how little she had left.

"I'm entirely on my own, now," she thought, considering the precious notes in her hand. "I must keep the most of these for an emergency, since there is no telling what might happen. If I carry them about with me my pockets might be picked. Where to hide them?"

A hole in the ragged carpet beside the chest of drawers seemed a likely hiding place. Rosemary pushed her notes well under, then dropped on the bed and went almost instantly to sleep. By a strong effort of will, however, she kept herself awake for the ritual she always observed when she had a character part to play.

She had found it useful before going to sleep to visualise strongly the character she was to assume, speech, gesture and appearance.

So Rosemary, dropping off to sleep in the dingy room in Bethnal Green, murmured to herself, "When I wake again I must be a little Cockney boy, a keen alert youngster, used to fighting his own battles."

me. She's gone away." Mrs. Hicks remembered the strange demand of her lodger. But the more she had thought about it since, the less she liked it. She determined now to have a try at freeing herself, especially since the strange lodger's advance rent was in her possession.

"Well, I didn't see 'er go," she declared. "This 'ere's a funny business, if you ask me. She never said nothin' ter me abah't 'aving a son wiv 'er. I let that room to a lady. If she's gone away, then the room's vacant. I don't keep no boys 'ere."

"Listen, lydy," said Rosemary, "me muvver give yer extra fer lettin' 'er 'ave the room in a 'urry an' no questions asked, didn't she? Well, when she comes back, she'll give yer more like 'er for keepin' yer mouf shut, see?"

Mrs. Hicks began to believe she understood the situation. Here was an excellent chance for blackmail. An obvious "toff" from Mayfair. A youngster who called himself her son, but who spoke, looked and dressed like the East End. How the guilty woman had got away without her knowing it puzzled Mrs. Hicks, but the son was evidently worth keeping—at Mrs. Hicks' own risk. If you had the son you had the mother—and the mother's money.

"Well," she said, relinquishing her grasp of Rosemary's shoulder, "See that yer keep a civil tongue in yer head, and don't try none of yer tricks on me, and I'll let yer stay. I don't like the looks of it though, me that's alwis kept a respectable 'ouse and yer can tell yer muvver that from me."

Rosemary went down the stairs without replying. Once at the door she loitered there, feeling rather timid about trusting herself to the street. Yet she was feeling very hungry. Suddenly she realized that she had brought no money with her. The luxurious times just past, when everything had been supplied her, had made her forget the necessity that the average person feels to have some money in his pocket. With the thought came further an uneasiness about her landlady. She had searched her pockets. Might she not search her room. True, Rosemary had the key in her pocket. But a pass key?

Rosemary flew upstairs to reach her room just as the woman came out of the open door, broom and duster in hand.

"Were you in my room?" cried Rosemary indelicately and, indeed, unnecessarily.

(To be Continued.)

Declared Value Of Pound Sterling

(Canadian Press)
OTTAWA, Feb. 25—The average value of the pound sterling declared by the Department of National Revenue for special duty purposes is \$4.13 effective for entries during the period from March 1 to 15. As the special duty to offset exchange is the difference between the fixed value of the pound, namely \$4.40 and the average value, this duty for the first half of March will be 27 cents on the pound. It applies to goods from Great Britain which come in competition with Canadian produced goods. Goods not produced in Canada are not affected.

A quotation from the Wall Street Journal of Feb. 2 was read by Mr. Coote. It referred to Montreal funds moving up and added: "It was rumored throughout the market that one of the large Canadian banks was giving support to the exchange, but whether it was operating for the account of the Canadian Government could not be ascertained."

"I should like to ask," said Mr. Coote, "if this bank was operating on behalf of the Canadian Government or whether the Government has conducted any such operations in support of our exchange in New York?"

"I have not seen the article in question," the Minister replied, "but I have no hesitation in assuring my Hon. friend and the House that a transaction of that character will be solely a banking transaction. It would have no reference to the government at all."

TRURO, N. S., Feb. 25—(By the Canadian Press)—Miss Selina Elliott, 63-year-old defendant in an arson case, was released on bail today, pending her appearance at the next session of the Supreme Court.

The aged prisoner elected this week to be tried before a judge and jury on the charge of setting a fire with intent to defraud an insurance company. Her younger sister, Mrs. Rilla McLennan, 54, pleaded guilty to arson, and is to be sentenced on Thursday.

Mrs. McLennan is charged with having set fire to a house at Belmont, owned by Miss Elliott. The prosecution alleged that the older sister fired a barn.

Chicago Mayor Grows Weaker

(Associated Press)
MIAMI, Fla., Feb. 25—Stimulants were administered tonight to Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago, to sustain the action of his flagging heart, weakened by an assassin's bullet and the strain of a colitis attack. Despite the necessity of stimulants and the fact nourishment is taken only by injections through the veins, attending physicians said he "held his own and some features offer encouragement."

DENOUNCE LEGAL SALE OF BEERS

HALIFAX, N. S., Feb. 24—(By The Canadian Press)—The move-

for legal sale of beer and wine. Nova Scotia hotels met today to determine opposition from the provincial executive of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, in session here.

Some weeks ago, the Nova Scotia Hotel Association asked the government that sale of light beverages be permitted their members. The W. C. T. U. executive denounced this move in a resolution to be forwarded to the Provincial Government.

They opposed also the "frequent display of alcoholic drinking scenes" in moving pictures, declaring that these produce harmful effects.

It appears that a Hollywood film star recently arrived at a London railway station quite unrecognized by the people on the platform. And very unreasonably, the engineer-driver refused to back out and do it all over again.

Out On Bail

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(To be Continued.)

Now you won't mind washing dishes!

PLUNGE greasy plates into rich, Rinso suds—and see how clean they come! Pots and pans come spotless, easily. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps even in hardest water. Marvelous on washday; gets clothes snowy without scrubbing or boiling. Get the BIG package.



Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan