

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

GARDENING

"I LIVE HERE"
garden, a perfect mosaic, deep green 'gainst the blackest of loam
Spread out near a little log cabin—obscure but immaculate home!

The radish is one of the most valuable aids to gardeners, especially to beginners. The seed is cheap and can be grown by amateurs so that it is available to all.

When seed is sown too lavishly the plants come up in a continuous row. As they develop they touch shoulders, and soon start to weaken each other, become spindly and almost worthless.

Follow Instructions on the seed packet which usually tells how far apart the vegetables should grow, from row to row and plant to plant.

Some seeds are very fine and it is difficult to take individual seeds and place them where desired. Seeds of radish are large and easily seen. So when you have the row or drill made at the proper depth press a 2 by 4 board or similar board against the bottom of the row.

This makes the soil firm and the seed can be seen easily. Drop a radish seed at the required intervals, 4 up to 12 inches apart, according to instructions on catalogue or seed packet.

Then fold an ordinary sheet of writing paper in half, a sheet from

SHE OFTEN WISHED SHE COULD DIE

First Bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her Wonderfully



"My trouble is the Change. I was so weak I could hardly walk. I kept a girl to do my work. I would lie awake all night and I often wished I could die. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and tried that. The first bottle helped me. I am now on my fourth and am gaining strength and energy all the time."

MRS. M. W. LOCKHART, R. R. #1, Plaster Rock, New Brunswick

a school child's exercise book will do, and place a pinch of seed along the fold holding the two sides of the folded paper apart.

By gently tapping the paper, holding one end of the fold lower than the other, you get the seeds moving slowly toward the lower end so that one seed at a time can be dropped between the radish seed's proper distance.

Radish seeds should be soaked in water 24 hours before sowing. Dry them in a clean dish towel and they can be handled easily between thumb and finger.

The radish seeds germinate in a few days. The seedlings shoot up through the surface marking the rows and in a few weeks the radish is ready for table.

Meantime the other more valuable vegetable seedlings have come through and the row can be seen easily.

If two or more seeds did get into the row together, uproot all but one and fill in gaps, where seeds failed to germinate, with the thinnings.

In this way a very large area of garden can be seeded at little expense, the vegetables are superior to those that had to be thinned heavily and there was no waste of plant food from the soil.

The Husband—But, dear, why should you be so suspicious of me? The Wife—I don't know yet.

Give lovely NEW color to your dresses and blouses

Don't discard dresses, coats and blouses just because they're faded or you have tired of their color! Renew their color beauty and wearing service with Diamond Dyes—the successful way to give permanent dark colors by boiling.

Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

"Good-for-Nothing Brat" Wants Instructions on How to Reform — Wife Must Decide for Herself Whether or Not to Divorce Philanderer

Dear Dorothy Dix—What to do with a spoiled, good-for-nothing brat? No, I haven't got one, I'm it. I have been petted and spoiled until I am of no use whatever. I am selfish, lazy, impudent. I had two years at one of the best schools in the State, but I did nothing with my chance. I am not fitted to earn my own living and I can't cook or sew. I get up at noon every day and sit by the fire until bedtime. I am utterly miserable and make every one miserable around me. I am afraid to marry because I know I would ruin any man's life. I have three little brothers who are being brought up the same way. They are going to be messes just as I am. When I tell my mother and father that I am their fault and that they should have disciplined me, they say I am crazy, it is no one's fault but my own. They have no use for me. What to do?

Answer: A girl as intelligent as you are should see the answer to that question herself. It is to debunk herself, so to speak. Unspoil herself. Reform, and the way to reform is simply to face about and cure yourself of your faults.

Fortunately for you, you are still young enough to make over your life and to make what you will of it. Undoubtedly you have got off to a bad start, but you can make up for that, and the question now is, will you make the fifty or sixty or possibly seventy years that you still have to live a blessing to yourself and a benediction to all who come in contact with you, or will you let them be a curse on your head and on those of all about you, because you have not the strength and the courage to make a fight for the right? It is absolutely up to you to decide your future.

You say you are selfish. Well, then, why not teach yourself to prefer others to yourself? Adopt the Boy Scout motto of doing a good deed every day. If you are lazy, don't lie abed in the morning. Get up and go to work. Get you a job, if you can. If you can't help your mother. I dare say she would be glad to have some one help her lift part of her burden. If you are impudent, shut your teeth on the insolent speech that rises to your lips. Teach yourself to show consideration to your family. Brake yourself of the habit of quarrelling and fault-finding.

You have no idea how much happier you will be when you begin giving instead of taking, when you sacrifice yourself for others, instead of sacrificing them to yourself, and when you put the good of others before yourself.

It is considered bromidic now to talk about the rewards of a good conscience, but, believe me, they are there, just the same. No selfish person is ever happy, because selfishness grows by what it feeds upon and it can never be satisfied. But the unselfish who seek the good of others reap a pure joy in seeing their works bear fruit.

You are right in saying that the blame for what you are rests on your parents' head rather than yours. I don't believe that there is a greater crime in the world than spoiling children, for it not only wrecks the life of the child itself but of all who are brought in intimate contact with it.

If you will look at the failures all about you, you will see that nearly every one of them was a spoiled brat. What is the drunkard but the boy who was never taught to control his appetite? Who are the women of the street but the girls who had to have whatever they craved, whether it was a man or a new dress? Who are the derelicts who can never make a living but the spoiled girls and boys who were never made to do anything hard? Who are the murderers but those who were allowed to give way to their passions? All, all the result of mother never being able to say "NO" to her precious darlings.

Parents seem to think that if they will not discipline their children they will somehow slide through the world doing exactly as they please. Never was there a greater mistake. The discipline that father and mother did not give them life gives them with a heavy hand, and when they have learned their lesson it is too late to do them any good.

Don't let this be your unhappy fate. Save yourself while there is yet time.

Dear Miss Dix—My husband and I are 39 years old. We have been married sixteen years and have two girls, one 14, one 10, and my husband's mother, who is an invalid, lives with us. We have always been happy, even though my husband has a mean, quick temper, until now, when I have discovered that he is unfaithful to me. I own our home, which is a very nice one, and he has enough income of my own to pay the taxes and insurance, which I have always done, but would not be able to support the home alone. I have told my husband that as he was not happy with me I would give him his freedom, but he doesn't want a divorce. He is proud of his home and of me, too, and wants some one to love and care for his mother. I realize the seriousness of breaking up the home, yet how can I have any self-respect and continue living with him? What would you do under the circumstances S. T. K.

Answer: (Continued on Page 8)

A Morning Smile
A crowd had collected on the beach. A sealed bottle was bobbing shoreward and visions of some romantic message, perhaps from a castaway on a desert island, filled their minds.

FOR THE WOMAN READER

I Resolve: To keep my health; To do my work; To live; To see to it I grow and gain and give; Never to look behind me for an hour; To wait in meekness and to walk in power; But always fronting onward to the light, Always and always facing toward the right. Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray— On, with what strength I have; Back to the way. —Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

Often you can rejuvenate a lamp shade considerably by re-golding the top and bottom line of it. Gold paint comes inexpensively and often a small brush comes with it. If your lampshade happens to be the kind that has gold or gaily colored binding top and bottom that is worn off in spots, you can purchase this binding at art departments. It is simple to put on and gives a finished look to your shade that is gratifying.

BRIGHTENING UP YOUR BREAKFAST TABLE
If you hate to use your best china when the family is home alone or if you're tired of your breakfast set, invest in some inexpensive, gay-colored, unbreakable dishes. They come in handsome colors and go far toward making a meal more cheery. They are also excellent for children since they do not crack when dropped on the floor.

TIGHT STOPPERS
If you have a bottle of perfumery

WORLD'S OLDEST TREE
A tree thirty-four feet in diameter, and estimated to be over 3800 years old, is believed to be the world's oldest. It is Yosemite National Park.

YOU MAY GROW A TREE INSIDE A LEMON RIND
You may grow a dwarf lemon tree in the rind of a lemon this way: Cut the rind in a circle away from the stalk end of a lemon. Then work out the fruit part, taking care not to penetrate the skin anywhere else. Fill the rind with dry soil or sand and put it in some warm place. In a week or so the rind will have become hard and dry and then the soil may be tipped out.

Place the lemon rind in a cup or anything similar to hold it upright and then fill with moist soil. Now push a nice plump pip down into the soil so that it is covered by about half an inch. Never let the soil get dry but do not keep it wet. Soon the young plant will appear and if it is kept in a warm room, it will grow rapidly. The tips of the roots will try to force their way through the rind, and these should be steadily pinched off. This will have a dwarfing effect on the lemon tree, which will soon begin to take on quite an old appearance.

Lemon trees grown in this way will produce their flowers, which are white and delightfully fragrant, at a very early date.

BLOUSES FOR SPRING
The blouses that go with your new spring suit can make the entire outfit serve many occasions. Have a blouse of lame or other formal material and when the coat is removed the dressy blouse and skirt may well go to tea or even dinner. Pullover sweaters and cotton blouses make the suit excellent for country wear. Silk blouses of less formal varieties make it an ideal street costume.

THE COOK'S CORNER
Almond Wafers
Of another kind, are very dress-up affairs: 1/2 cup butter

Here's a New Recipe for Creamed Rice Pudding
4 tablespoons rice 1/2 cup sugar 1/4 teaspoon salt 2 1/2 cups St. Charles Milk 1 1/2 cups water Nutmeg

Wash rice, add with the sugar and salt to the milk diluted with water. Pour into buttered baking dish and add a sprinkling of nutmeg. Set the dish in a pan of hot water and simmer three hours in a slow oven and (DO NOT) stir several times first hour to prevent rice from settling to bottom.

There is a great difference in evaporated milk. Be sure you use Borden's St. Charles, not only for this recipe but whenever a recipe calls for milk.

THE BORDEN COMPANY LIMITED, Toronto, Ont., CANADA

Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK UNSWEETENED EVAPORATED

BE NORMAL BE CHARMING

KEEP your weight normal—enjoy perfect health, and the charm that it gives. N B YEAST FLAKES provides the system with vitamins necessary to health, aids the elimination of wastes from the body, clears the complexion, and promotes energy and all-round fitness.

Take NB YEAST FLAKES every day. It is absolutely pure yeast—brewers' yeast dried and flaked—nothing added, nothing taken away.

RICH BREWERS YEAST At grocers' and druggists' everywhere N B YEAST FLAKES SPECIAL PURE CULTURE (Saccharomyces cerevisiae) CONCENTRATED BREWERS' YEAST THE NATIONAL BREWERIES LIMITED, MONTREAL Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Ltd., 10-18 McCaul St., Toronto

That the Fashionables are Wearing By Annabelle Worthington

Here's a darling red and white crepe silk print with a plain red sleeveless jacket to complete it. The jacket has a capped shoulder now so voguish.

The dress is the simple slim-line type. Inverted plaits at the front, provide an interesting swing to the hem without disturbing the slender line of the skirt.

You can copy it exactly at just the cost of the material. Style No. 631 is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 38, 38 and 40 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch for dress, with 1/2 yard 39-inch for jacket.

For cruise wear, it's effective with the sleeves omitted from the dress. Carry it out in white, pale blue or maize tubular crepe silk.

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

No. 631. Size Name Street Address City State

1 cup sugar 1 egg 2 tablespoons milk 2 cups pastry flour 2 teaspoons baking powder 1 egg white to brush surface of dough 1 tablespoon sugar 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon and some finely chopped almonds.

Cream the butter, gradually work in sugar and add the well-beaten egg and milk. Mix the baking powder well with the flour and sift them together into mixture. Chill thoroughly and cut in thin slices. Brush the top with white of egg (using a little pastry brush such as you grease your pans with) and sprinkle with a mixture of the sugar, spice and almonds.

We give you now a good little general-use cookie, not quite so rich as the first one. It calls for 1/2 cup butter

1 cup granulated sugar 1 unbeat egg 1/4 cup orange juice 1 teaspoon grated orange rind 1 1/2 cups pastry flour 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder Few grains salt If liked—a few gratings nutmeg To vary the flavor, use milk as the liquid, instead of orange juice, and flavor with a little grated lemon rind and the nutmeg. Cream the butter and sugar, add the egg and orange juice to which rind has been added, and beat well. Add the well-mixed and sifted dry ingredients and mould and chill the dough, then slice and bake at about 400 degrees F. a fairly hot oven.

Rundown, Nervous

MANY women in Canada are troubled with monthly bearing-down pains, weakening drains, backache or sideache and nervousness. They should take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Read what Mrs. F. Ebel of 244 Douro St., Stratford, Ont., says: "I was all rundown in health—had hardly any strength. I felt awfully nervous, melancholy and depressed. I used to get such side-headaches, too, and would have a heavy ache across my kidneys. My skin became quite sallow and yellow. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it built me right up, drove away that nervous condition and gave me strength and energy."

FARM FOR SALE BY TENDER
I offer my farm at Mt. Herbert, 130 acres, Formerly old Orphanage property, Tender to close April 15th. I do not bind myself to accept the highest or any tender.

EDDIE FARQUHARSON, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 8724-4-5-6

SWEET VANITY

RICHARD GOYNE
"Oh, Miss Cynthia, Miss Cynthia, something terrible has happened. Something terrible!" She stopped, bewildered, and he was trembling as he pulled up before her, seeming to seek to catch some of the remnants of his self-control.

"What on earth is the matter, Simmons?" she asked, sharply and the perturbed servant took quite a time to stammer out the length and breadth of his news.

An accident had happened, Mr. Marland was very ill. When, tormented by fear, she reached up and shook the powerful shoulders, pleading for him to be concise, he could hide the truth no longer.

They carried Cynthia into the

house—the old butler and a maid who came running out of the drawing room—and laid her upon the bed in her room. The news of her father's death had been too much for a nervous system already sorely tried. She had collapsed unconsciously.

The doctor came within an hour. They had almost telephoned Dr. Jenkins before they broke the news to Cynthia.

He came down the hall baffled and like a swimmer out of his depth. "No, it's not an ordinary faint, he told the butler, who inquired on behalf of the staff who were attached to their young mistress, despite her escapades and her thoughtlessness in some matters. The doctor's grey eyes were lost in the furrowed brows. "We'll have a nurse. Telephone for a nurse. I can't leave yet," he said.

They telephoned for a nurse. A woman came from the town, and by sunset Cynthia had come back to the world only through the mists and fever of delirium. She tossed on her bed like a frail craft unused to the cruel waters into which it is

It was not delirium entirely. In its causes were elements beyond the range of medicine. It was not "hly physical. While she tossed, and fought, and grew more feverish, she cried out the name of her father, of Peter, of Dicky and rambled on about the previous night at the inn. Of love and hate. It was worse than delirium; worse bodily and mentally. It was worse than any pain she had known. It was more terrible than any awakening Cynthia had had.

Days passed before Cynthia realised just what life had done to her in a night and a day. Cynthia had been soaring for longer than she could remember. She had been toying deliriously with delicate threads, and she had made a tangle. Life was like that. It had let her play. She had done this and that and this. She had skipped over the billows of mighty

things, caring nothing for life and nothing for herself. Life had let her play until a time, but life had rebounded upon her with cruel force. It hadn't turned like a tide. It had come back like a boomerang.

They who sat like spectres by her bedside through the bitter days pitying—she hated them for that. And for not understanding. She could have gone mad about that. They thought she was ill, bodily; and she was. Like a flower suddenly plucked and left to die. But that was nothing. She didn't want a doctor. If only they would let her alone! To realise how alone she was!

Daddy gone, Peter gone, and thinking that she hated him, yet whispered piteous pleadings to him in her sleep. She could not believe at once that this was true what they told her about her father, a serious motoring accident, sudden death.

Everyone shrinks at the word "Pyorrhoea"

Midley—his mind shaken and shocked out of the worst memories of her impulsive offences against its respectability—received her with a sort of distant pity most difficult to accept. Cynthia ignored it viciously. She had not much pity left in her heart for herself.

Midley had still to get over the astonishing things that had happened. Cynthia learned the full truth very gradually. The capable general manager of the stores had taken charge. Peter Cavendish had gone off as suddenly as Mr. Marland had met his death. He had left behind a carefully drawn document committing his share in the business to his aunts, in trust until such time as he might return. They were to use of his income what they desired, even to its entirety. Peter had brought new energy into the joint business. He had introduced into it men capable of running it up into greater prosperity, and keeping it there. He would probably never return, and he had explained to no one why or where he had gone

large extent, was of her own making. Strong men show fear at the thought of pyorrhoea. Women flinch at the sound of the word. And no wonder. Everybody knows someone who has suffered from this terrible disease, someone who has lost seemingly sound teeth.

Four out of five people past the age of forty have pyorrhoea. It is a silent disease. It steals on you. It may be sapping the structure of your gums and teeth for years—and you may not know. Eventually you will know. Half of the adult teeth lost are due to pyorrhoea. Of course your dentist will repair the damage skillfully. You are not paying him any compliment, though, if you go to him only for dental repairs. He would much prefer to prevent the loss of teeth. Visit your dentist twice a year. That is prevention—and sensible prevention too. Then there is the question of home treatment and care. There is no use in making believe that white, shining, "clean" teeth are either safe or sound. Nobody believes that any more. The gums must be considered as well. Forhan's Toothpaste is the double-duty toothpaste that does both halves of the job. Originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, for 25 years a pyorrhoea specialist. Save pain, expense and humiliation. Start the whole family today with the big brown tube of Forhan's. All druggists.

CROUP Spasmodic Croup is frequently relieved by one application of VICK'S VAPORUB Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly