

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

The eyes have "IT"



BECAUSE you ALWAYS want to look your best, you're mighty particular about your complexion, aren't you? Just the right cream, the most perfect shade of rouge and powder, flattering lipstick—what about your eyes?

To make your eyes attractive you want long thick lashes and smooth brows. To have them, try this simple addition to your regular beauty program:

At bedtime, apply a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly to the eyelids, close to the lashes. Leave it on. It encourages them to grow thick and long. Apply a little to the eyebrows, too, and train them in a graceful arch with a small brush. "Vaseline" Jelly is perfectly harmless to the eyes, even if it gets on the eyeball.

You can get "Vaseline" Jelly in jars or tubes everywhere. And remember when you buy that the trade-mark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chase-Bros. Manufacturing Company, Consolidated, 5520 Chabot Avenue, Montreal, Canada.

Biquette

By Robert Lee

Q. What are the usual hours for this "day at home"?

A. From four to six in the afternoon.

Q. By whom should an engagement be announced?

A. By the parents of the bride.

Q. Should one leave the table if there is a slight cause for doing so?

A. Yes, but never while still chewing.

FOR SALE

Shore Farm at North Rustico, consisting of 99 acres of land in high state of cultivation. 23 acres of good wood and lumber, balance under cultivation, abundance of sea measure, with water in house and barn. Apply to

MRS. ADA WILLIAMS, Oyster Bed Bridge, P. E. I. 1921-3-14-21.

NOTICE

The adjourned Annual Meeting of the Georgetown Silver Black Fox Co. will be held in the Council Chamber on Thursday, the 19th March at 2 o'clock P. M.

S. C. KNIGHT, Secretary.

EYES TESTED

AND GLASSES FITTED E. W. TAYLOR J. S. TAYLOR Optometrists 142 Richmond Street

Professional Cards

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Warning to Wives

Dorothy Dix

Urge Wives to Face Facts

The Recent Census Report, Which Shows That Twice as Many Husbands Die as Wives, Should Warn Women to Protect Themselves Against Losing Their Homes as Well as Their Helpmates

Of the deaths of the married in this country 69 per cent are husbands and 31 per cent are wives. These figures cannot be questioned. They are official from the United States Government Census. This means that the odds are worse than two to one that every married woman will become a widow. It means that there are more than two chances to one that she will not only be deprived of her mate but that the strong arm that she has leaned upon will be taken from her and that she will have to face the world alone and fight her own battle, with probably little hands clinging to her skirts to hinder her.

Women have a constitutional aversion to looking facts in the face. Like the traditional ostrich, they prefer to bury their heads in the sands when confronted with any unpleasantness and befool themselves into believing that they are hidden from the shafts of fate and that no misfortune can befall them. They know that other women's husbands die. They know that more than half of their women friends and acquaintances are widows.

They have seen a hundred tragedies in which a strong, healthy, young or middle-aged man has been suddenly smitten down by death and they have seen his broken-hearted, frightened, bewildered wife wringing helpless hands and asking futilely what was she to do, how was she to live, how was she to support herself and the children? They have seen women who were used to every luxury reduced to abject poverty by the death of the breadwinner of the family.

They know the pitiful women, trained to no trade, with no business experience whatever, who, after their husbands' death, try to go to work and vainly attempt to compete with keen young girls. And they know the forlorn and shabby sisterhood, who have seen better days, who eke out a miserable existence painting, daisy pictures and crocheting things and selling things to their friends they don't want and that they buy out of charity.

They know that under heaven there is no other creature so pathetic and so helpless as the middle-aged, domestic woman in her 40s or 50s, who has had a kind and tender and loving husband who was a good provider, as the phrase goes, who is widowed and faced with the necessity of earning her own and her children's bread.

All women know these things, but they never take their lesson home to themselves. They are sure their husbands will live on forever and that no such catastrophe can befall them. In insurance agents, incredible though it seems, assure us that women actually stand in the way of their husbands taking out insurance. "Oh, what's the use? you'll outlive me years and years," they say. "You will have two or three more wives after I am gone."

But surely all of this airy perisiflage must die on the lips of the woman who reads these cold, appalling Government statistics. Sixty-nine per cent

of the deaths of the married are husbands, 31 per cent are wives. Two chances to one that she will be a widow. Surely this is an imminent enough danger to make the most reckless and improvident woman feel that she must take some steps to prepare herself to meet a calamity that is so apt to befall her.

Every wife has more than two chances to one of being a widow. Surely this bitter knowledge should make every married woman urge her husband to take out as much insurance as he can afford and should make her willing to make sacrifices to help pay the premiums so that she and the children might not be left destitute if he should die.

Every wife has more than two chances to one of being left a widow. Surely this should make every extravagant woman, who is living up to every cent of her husband's income, pause and consider what would become of her children if there was no one to bring in any more money, no one to pay the bills, nothing with which to buy even clothes and food and shelter. Only the poor house for her and her children, or the horror of dependence if anything happens to her husband, if they have laid up nothing for the future.

More than two chances to one of being left a widow. This knowledge should make every wife live as if that misfortune might one day befall her. It should make every woman prepare herself to be self-supporting, unless her husband has a fortune to leave her when he dies.

It should make every woman who has a profession or a trade keep it up so that she could turn her hand to her old job if she needed to do so. And it should cause the domestic woman to make a profession, instead of a job, of housewifery and the care of children so that she could earn a living by them. She should learn to cook and to market so scientifically that she could feed people profitably and make a success of it or she should develop her talent for sewing into a fine art or she should make herself an expert in child culture or she should learn to do any one of the things by which a woman can make a living because they minister to the practical, everyday needs of humanity.

Against the sorrow of losing the husband she loves no woman can, alas, protect herself, but she can protect herself against the added heartbreak of being left both widowed and penniless, of losing at one fell blow both husband and home.

DOROTHY DIX.

RUN-DOWN IN HEALTH AFTER A DIFFICULT WINTER

Mrs. Elizabeth Fenton, Pickering, Ont., Needed a Spring Tonic—Says Dr. Williams' Pink Pills (Tonic) Did Wonders For Her

"It's fifteen years now," writes Mrs. Elizabeth Fenton, "since my first trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am thirty now, but I never will forget what those pills did for me when I was just a girl, so run down and weak from sickness. When I feel tired out and nervous and need a good tonic I always go back to the old standby, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am never a victim of ill-health. I enjoy all sorts of sports and especially hiking. Health is next to happiness and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the key to health. Think of the people you know who are happiest—who get the most fun out of life. Strong and

Always Goes Back to the Old Stand-by

well, aren't they? Able to enjoy a day's work—and have strength to spare for social pleasures. They look well, too, and people like them. That's what health does for you! If your blood is thin and poor, as is often the case in the spring, you can't be happy. The iron and other elements in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills (Tonic) increase the red corpuscles in the blood, giving color to the face and lips. At all Drug-gists—50 cents a box. Or write to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Be sure to say "Dr. Williams' so that the druggist will know exactly what you want."

Advertisement for Modess clothing. Text: "It is to La Jeunesse Dorée that MODESS owes its remarkable success—the insistent demand of smart, modern youth for something better. And now comes MODESS COMPACT—thin—inconspicuous—for today's closely conforming dress lines. MODESS regular and MODESS COMPACT—keep a box of each. A perfect combination for physical and mental comfort." Includes an illustration of a woman in a dress.

Modess So Infinitely Softer A Johnson & Johnson Product

Advertisement for 'For The Cook' COCONUT MACAROONS. Text: "Beat egg-whites and add sugar. Put in a double boiler and stir until thick. Take off stove and add cornstarch and coconut. Drop on a buttered pan, and bake in moderate oven until brown." Includes a small illustration of a woman.

The DOOM TRAIL by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC.

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(Continued) "I believe," said the governor. "But I pray you to tell me why you feel for us this friendship? When I came to New York to govern the province my predecessors told me that the experiment of having you educated by the missionaries had failed, that you had returned to the forest, closer wedded than ever to the Indian ways." The Indian's face lighted up again with the grave smile which showed itself with scarcely a contraction of the muscles. "Yes, Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, it failed to win Ta-wan-ne-ars from the ways of his people. These ways are best for the Indian. But Ta-wan-ne-ars learned that of the two white races the English were the kindest to the Ho-de-no-sau-nee (the People of the Long House—Indian name for Iroquois). The French always have fought with us. The English have aided us. The French pay little for our furs; the English pay much. "Ga-en-gwa-ra-go, I think the white man can never be an honest

friend to the Indian, for he wants what the Indian has; but Ta-wan-ne-ars prefers the Englishman to the Frenchman, whatever may be the issue. "Na-ho!" ("I have finished.") I can give no adequate conception of the impressiveness with which this speech was delivered by a savage speaking in a tongue strange to him. Every word rang in my ears. "Who is this man? I whispered to Colden as he finished. "He is one of the two war chiefs of the Iroquois league, both of whom are Senecas. His name, which signifies 'Needle-Breaker,' is actually a form of title which goes with the office. Moreover, he is a nephew of the Roy-an-eh Do-ne-ho-ga-weh, who is the Guardian of the Western Door of the Long House. He was taken as a youth and given to the missionaries—with the result that you see." He broke off, for the governor was addressing me. "Have you any objection, Master Ormerod, to my acquainting the chief and Corlaer with what we have been discussing?" I shook my head. He turned to the Indian. "The letter which you hold in your hand, Ta-wan-ne-ars, is from Master Robert Juggins of London,

who was some time in the province when you were a lad. "I remember Master Juggins," interrupted Ta-wan-ne-ars. "He sent me my first musket. Is this Englishman his friend?" "Yes," said the governor. "He comes direct from Master Juggins, recommended to me for use in the plight I find myself in." "I will help the Englishman," agreed Ta-wan-ne-ars eagerly. "But you know nothing of the cause I am enlisting you in," protested the governor. "That matters little," said Ta-wan-ne-ars composedly. "If you and this Englishman and Colden are in it, it is as an honest cause. What say you, Corlaer?" "It will be good enough for me," declared the Dutchman solemnly. The governor laughed. "My friends and I do thank you for the compliment you do us, Ta-wan-ne-ars. But I must lay our

case before you, for we seek your counsel. Do you know that Andrew Murray hath secured the consent of the lords of trade in London to the suspension of the law against exporting trade goods to Canada? Murray landed this morning, together with a French officer, the Chevalier de Veulle, who—

He stopped at sight of the passion in the Seneca's face. But 'twas Corlaer who spoke first. "That is very strange news, governor, for on der frontier there is talk that an envoy is coming to deliver a message to der tribes at Jagara from der king of France. Jonaere is calling a grand council to meet in der summer. All der Indians from beyond der lakes and der West will come."

"Strange news!" repeated the governor. "You may well say so! Murray overrides our law. Jonaere sets out to build a stone fort upon our soil at Jagara; the French king sends an officer, experienced on the frontier, with a special message for a grand council of the tribes. "All these three events come simultaneously. 'Tis impossible that we have the first indication of the culmination of the plot. Aye, 'tis graver than I had supposed."

Ta-wan-ne-ars laid down the unopened letter from Juggins upon the table. "Let some other read this," he said. "But it serves no purpose. This Englishman and Ta-wan-ne-ars are brothers. Corlaer, too, will take the Englishman into his friendship—not because he carried this writing across the sea, but because he is a

Ends Piles Quick

No Salves—No Cutting

Your itching, bleeding, protruding piles will go when you actually remove the cause—bad blood circulation in the cause—flabby parts—and not one minute before. Salves or cutting can't be used. HEM-ROID, prescription of Dr. J. S. Leonard, succeeds because it stimulates the circulation, drives out congested blood, heals and restores the almost dead parts. HEM-ROID has such a wonderful record right in this City, that Geo. E. Hughes says one bottle of HEM-ROID Tablets must end your Pile agony or money back.

BRINGING UP FATHER

Comic strip 'Bringing Up Father' by George McManus. Panels show a man talking to a dog and a cat. Text: "FOR THE LIFE OF ME—I CAN'T THINK OF A THING THAT DOG IS GOOD FOR!" "I'VE GOT TO WATCH OUT FER CATS—THEY MIGHT TAKE HIM FER A MOUSE." "NOW LOOK AT THAT—WILL YEZ? I BELIEVE HE MIGHT GET VICIOUS." "HEY! COME BACK HERE! HE'S AFRAID OF A SPARROW!"

Advertisement for 'Be Hoodwinked'. Text: "Miss E. Thomson, of Clapham, writes: 'I find that Carter's Little Liver Pills will do more to keep the complexion clear, and the skin free from blemishes, than all the face creams I have used. I found the real cause of face blemishes was usually due to liver and stomach troubles. My druggist recommended them as a specific for stimulating the liver and expelling the constipation poisons from the system.' Take Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache and indigestion. All druggists 25¢ and 75¢ and 10¢." Includes an illustration of a woman's face.

Advertisement for NERVILNE. Text: "NERVILNE Drives Out Pain". Includes an illustration of a person in pain.

By George McManus