

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

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Here's a lovely day dress in a novelty silk and wool crepe novelty for early fall wear.

Its lines are decidedly slimming. It's also neat and trim for the college girl in tweed or soft mono-tone diagonal woolen.

It's extremely easy to make. You'll be delighted with its small cost.

Style No. 782 is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material.

It can also be carried out in rough crepe silk. You'll like it immensely in the Gurgundy shade.

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

No. 782. Size
Name
Street Address
City State

A Morning Smile

At a singing competition, the local baritone sang "The Village Blacksmith" and was confident of being placed first. On the result being declared he was disappointed to find he was second and he asked for an explanation.

The adjudicator informed him that he had made a mistake in his lines "Instead of singing 'each morning sees some task begun; each evening sees it close,' you sang, 'each evening sees some task begun, each morning sees it close.'"

For The Cook

PLUM-AND-CRABAPPLE JELLY

Cook the plums with a little water until tender, then drain in a bag. Add water to the crabapples and cook until tender throughout, then drain; do not stir either fruit while cooking. Take one-third plum to two-thirds crabapple juice. Take three-fourths a cup of sugar to each cup of juice; boil the juice twenty minutes, add the sugar, heated in the oven, and let boil all over. Sometimes a little longer boiling is needed, but not often. Wild plums give good results.

Coffee, Cake, Cream

When coffee is being infused for flavoring purposes, it is usual to make it very strong; we like to use double the amount of coffee to the quantity of water, which we would use if brewing a beverage. Drip coffee, or boiled or percolated coffee? It does not matter—just have it fresh and strong, with all of its fine flavor you can get out into your dish.

Coffee Souffle

- 1-2 cups coffee (strong)
- 1-2 cup milk (or cream)
- 1 tablespoon gelatine
- 2-4 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Put together into a double boiler, coffee, milk, half the sugar and gelatine, which has been soaked in a little cold water. When hot add the yolks of eggs which have been beaten with balance of the sugar. Stir for a few minutes and remove from the fire. Let cool slightly. Beat the whites of eggs until very stiff, add vanilla, then fold into first mixture. Pour into a wet mould. When set serve with whipped cream.

Java Cream

- 2 tablespoons tapioca
- 1-8 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups milk, scalded
- 1 egg yolk slightly beaten
- 1-4 cup sugar
- 3-4 cup shredded cocoanut
- 1 egg white, stiffly beaten
- 1-2 teaspoon vanilla

Cook tapioca and salt in milk in double boiler 15 minutes or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Combine egg yolk and sugar. Pour small amount of tapioca mixture over egg and sugar, return to double boiler and cook until thickened. Remove from fire and add cocoanut. Cool. Fold in egg white and vanilla. Serve cold. Serves 6.

Coffee Cake

- 1 cup very strong coffee
 - 1 cup butter
 - 2 cups sugar
 - 3 eggs
 - 1-2 pint flour
 - 1-2 teaspoons baking powder
 - 1 cup stoned raisins, cut in two
 - 1-2 cup chopped citron
 - 10 drops each extract allspice and nutmeg
 - 1-2 cup milk
- Rub the butter and sugar to a white cream; add the eggs, 1 at a time, beating three or four minutes after each. Sift together flour and powder, which add to the butter, etc., with the coffee, raisins, citron milk and extracts. Mix into a smooth batter. Bake in paper lined cake tin in a hot oven, 50 minutes.

Coffee Cake No. 2

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 2 eggs
- 1-2 cup molasses
- 1 cup strong coffee
- 1-2 teaspoon soda dissolved in the molasses
- 2 teaspoons powdered cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon cloves
- 1-4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup chopped raisins
- 5 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder

Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder and spices. Dredge raisins with some of the flour. Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten yolks and molasses, then alternate the coffee and flour; lastly beat in whipped whites. Divide into 2 loaves and bake in moderate oven.

Coffee Cream

- 1-2 box gelatine
 - 1-2 cup sugar
 - 1-2 cups thin cream
 - 1-2 cup strong coffee (cold)
- Soak the gelatine in a little cold water. Put the sugar, coffee and cream and cook until dissolved, then add cream and pour into a mold. Serve with whipped cream.

GLASS PAINTING

Hand painted glass is enjoying a wave of popularity at the present time.

In some instances it is rather expensive to buy, but if you are one of those people who like to have some hobby in hand then here is one that should appeal.

Quite cheap glass trays, bottles, jars and bowls can be transformed at home into really interesting and artistic articles such as dressing-table sets, flower containers and numerous other things.

MAKING USE OF THE TREE WEED

The manufacture of excelsior and wood wool was responsible in 1931 for a factory output valued at \$186,846, which was a little below the 1930 figure, although some wood-working industries manufacture it as a side line and, therefore, the total in a report issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics does not include the whole.

Excelsior is used in packing fragile commodities of all kinds and in upholstery. It is also used in the manufacture of cheap mattresses. Poplar is the chief wood used, and so the industry provides a market for what is, in many places in Canada, a tree weed. As the supply of poplar is more than sufficient to provide for its present uses, the development of the excelsior industry depends entirely on market conditions.

Says Increase in Happiness for Oldsters
Dorothy Dix
Most Notable Achievement of This Age

Grandparents Were!—Now We Step Out How Much Better Off We Are Than Our Children Are Married and We Make a Cult of Optimism Instead of Holding Tearfests

The most notable achievement of this present age, and the one we have most cause to be grateful for, is the increase in happiness. We have made life so much pleasanter and more agreeable than it used to be.

Especially have we improved the latter decades of human existence, which men and women used to put in patiently and forlornly waiting for their latter end, and in which their liveliest amusement was making their wills and selecting their pallbearers, but in which they now have literally the time of their lives.

Possibly young people are no happier now than they were in what we erroneously call the "good old times." Doubtless it was just as much fun to ride behind old Dobbin with your best girl at four miles an hour as it is to speed with her in an automobile at sixty, and as romantic to hold hands at the church supper as it is at the cinema. Doubtless one got just as much kick out of singing to the accompaniment of the parlor organ as one does out of listening to the radio, and kisses were just as sweet when girls' lips were clean as they are now when flavored with lipstick.

Youth is the time of enjoyment and barring some tragic situation is always happy, but youth is short and after it had fled and men and women settled down, as the phrase goes, life used to be a dull and depressing affair. Perhaps that is why people used to think and talk so much more about going to heaven than they do now.

In our complacency we take whatever good befalls us as no more than our due and what we deserve, so we fail to note how much more enjoyable things are for us than they were for our forebears. Yet those of us who are middle-aged and over can well recall when there were virtually no amusements or diversions except for boys and girls.

A respectable middle-aged man was supposed to find all the relaxation and get all the thrills he craved out of his business and his family, and his credit would have actually been impaired if he had taken any time off to play. No golf, no tennis, no polo for him. Even a fishing or a hunting trip was looked upon askance, and what would have been thought of him if he went off on both a summer and a winter vacation, one trembles to think of.

As for a woman, she virtually abjured the world, the flesh and the devil when her first baby was born. She became All Mother and ceased to be a human being with any desires for pleasures and frivolities. She joined the Black Silk Brigade and got her excitement out of the baby's first tooth and Junior's going to college, and took her romance vicariously through her daughter's beaux.

When the Brownings clubs were first started women hesitated to join them because it was such a bold and adventurous thing to do. A wife and mother would never have outlived the scandal if she had left her family for any reason save to nurse a dying relative, and after the children were married she was supposed to be done with all real interest in life and to find her only pleasure in nursing her grandchildren and meditating upon death.

Consider the altered status of the middle-aged and old now. They are the play girls and boys of the modern world because they have more time and more money than the young. All the pleasure resorts are crowded with elderly people who are dressed to kill and as jolly as sandboys. The only post-mortems you hear from them is over their golf games and their bridge losses, and when their children get married parents don't climb up on the shelf. They buy themselves a ticket around the world and start out to do the things they couldn't do when they were young.

All real happiness, however, must come from within, and herein lies

WINDSOR SALT

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our greatest modern improvement. We are meeting life with more philosophy than our fathers and mothers did. We are making a cult of optimism instead of a religion of pessimism.

In the past the ability to mourn was developed into a positive talent. Maidens pined away with a green-and-yellow melancholy over the one who jilted them. Neglected wives spent their lives grieving over husbands who betrayed them. The women who never "got over" sorrow were, somehow, looked up to with a sort of awe. The streets were black with women who put on crepe in their youth and never took it off.

Women have just as much to weep over now as they did, but if they shed tears they do it in private and turn a brave and smiling face up to the world. Nobody can imagine a modern girl dying of a broken heart because some drug-store sheik threw her over. If her cheeks are wet she covers up their paleness with rouge and laughs it off. The wives philanthropists don't fret themselves into the grave over their infidelity. They either get divorces and try their luck again or else decide that man may be a poor husband and a good provider and let it go at that. Even the women who have great sorrows to bear take them with the Stevenson called "that brave attitude toward life."

Nor do women tell their troubles as they used to do. No blarneyed women come to spend the day with us and have a tearfest over their grandmothers. It is considered bad form to talk about your operations and poor sportsmanship to tell the faults of the husband who supports you, and so when women gather together they do not eat on funeral-baked meats, but feast on spicy stories.

So altogether this is a happier if not a better world. Especially the middle-aged and old.

DOROTHY DIX.

WANTED

Prince County Hospital, Summerside, will receive up to Oct. 1st, 1932, applications for the position of Night Supervisor. Apply by mail stating qualifications, experience, and salary required. JAS. H. PRICHARD, Secretary.

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Send all information regarding infractions of PROHIBITION ACT to the above or to Inspector J. Frins. R. C. M. P.

The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
(Copyright, 1929, by Doubleday, Doran, and Co. Inc.)

Its effect on Claire was not what Paul had anticipated. To his amazement it was she who suggested they spread their luncheon on the edge of a great slab of rock which projected into the stream, and from where they could look upon the wonderful play of water below them. This rock, several acres in extent, was covered with soil which was continually absorbing moisture from the river, so that it had clothed itself with a carpet of flowers and grass until it was an oasis of beauty in the heart of a rock-visited landscape which otherwise would have possessed little to offset its more forbidding aspects. It was Claire who also selected the spot for their table-cloth and who arranged their places afterward so that all might sit looking toward the mouth of the overhanging chasm, several hundred yards downstream from the rock, which held its tenure like an indomitable guardian before it. Between their position and the abyss of the gorge was a black and irresistible sweep of water which had the appearance of a flood of boiling oil on its way to the mouth of a huge tunnel. Halfway to the office a rock slowly wearing away with the centuries reared its grim and battered head out of the stream, cutting it like a knife in two equal parts. Even about this jagged booth of stone was no glint of sunlit whiteness of froth or foam, and no sound came from this part of the channel except a sullen murmur and hiss, lending still greater reality to the caprice of thought that water must metamorphose itself to oil before the throat of the gorge would receive it. It was from the other side of the table rock that the chief tumult came, where for half a

mile or more the huge churns of the river bed were at work, slashing and twisting the down-rushing floods until, Paul thought, they were an inspiring and beautiful thing to look upon.

Yet it was the darker and more sinister side that Claire chose, with a scene under their eyes that was colorfully awesome but equally unbecomingly beautiful.

As she ate her luncheon, she let him know for the first time, something of the strange fear which possessed her whenever she was near the fury of rushing water. He was surprised she should speak of it now and not at some time when they had been alone. Derwent roused the confusion in her by saying, in answer to a question asked by Carla, that no living creature whose habitant was land could exist for more than a few seconds in the oily Charybdis below them.

Claire shrugged her slim shoulders and looked with unafraid eyes upon what Derwent had accredited with the omnipotence of super-structure.

"Were you ever haunted by a dream?" she asked. "I have been since childhood. Most children dream of falling from ladders and house-tops, of seeing ghosts, of running away from dangers—but mine was always of water. It has remained with me. I am terribly afraid of water, but only when it is angry. The ocean terrifies me when it lashes itself white. I found a lovely place to paint in Cornwall, but the surf was always beating against the cliffs and drove me away. Water like this below us does not disturb me at all. It is so smooth and unbroken, like the ripples in Carla's hair when it is down—so soft and velvety look-

ing as it turns over and over that I can scarcely believe what you have said, Doctor Derwent. I would jump in it without fear, while back there—where it is breaking itself into spray and foam—I would never have the courage to start!"

"There you might live—here there



To His Amusement it Was She Who Suggested They Spread Their Luncheon on the Edge of a Great Slab of Rock.

could be no possibility of it," said Derwent.

"I can almost fancy walking on it without wetting my shoes, it looks so firm and substantial looking," persisted Claire.

"Did you ever stand on a mountain top and look down into the clouds and think how nice it would be to jump off into one of the cozy little nests they make?" asked Lucy Belle. "I have. Once I think I might have done it if Colin hadn't held me. He says I would have had an-

other mile to go after I hit the cloud. But this down here doesn't appeal to me like a nice, white cloud all filled with feathers. It makes me think of a—a big hole! I wouldn't try to walk on it, or jump into it, unless Colin fell in first and I had to help him."

"Would you—then?" asked Paul.

"Of course, I would," she said. "Do you suppose I would let him go into that tunnel alone?"

"I wonder. Life is a precious thing. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is more precious than the person we live with. We don't idealize the women who burn themselves on their husbands' funeral pyres in India. Do we?"

"I don't think so. Their sacrifice was inspired by duty and a religious faith. Neither takes the place of love. But if Colin were down there, going to a death like that, I would want to go with him. I would go. I cannot explain. Isn't there a difference?"

"Yes—A difference that is infinite," said Claire. "In this instance a woman would be joining the man she loved in a final hour of life, that they might be together in the supreme moment. It would be choosing between a few more minutes with him or a few more years without him, and minutes measured by love are precious to a woman than years without it."

"Also to a man," said Derwent, holding his wife's hand closely for a moment. "I don't think we would hesitate to take the leap. Do you, Paul?"

He was looking at Carla, who was gazing meditatively upon the viscous sweep of water below them. She looked up almost in the moment his glance went to her. Her lips moved, as if for an instant she were on the point of speaking to him, and to him alone. Then she caught herself, and turned her gaze to the river again.

"A woman's love for a man isn't always like that," she said, and

something in her voice strangely thrilled Paul. "I think there is a love so great that it is cowardly for it to deliberately die, a love so complete that when its other half goes there is still heaven left in memories of it. It is wicked to take the breath of human life from such a love because of a selfish desire not to live alone. I think, Lucy Belle, if it came to the real test, God would give you strength to hold yourself back. You would not die. You would live, and cherish the memories of your love like a garden of beautiful flowers."

It was as if a cathedral bell had tolled softly among them, so wonderfully gentle and strange was Carla's voice. Carla knew. That was the thought which gripped Paul, and it held the others. She had passed through the fire at which his wife and Lucy-Belle were only guessing, and it was from her soul, not her lips, that evidence had come. Claire gave a little start at his side, and her face and eyes grew suddenly and vividly filled with light as she looked at Carla, as if all in a second and a half a great and half-expected truth had come to possess her. Stranger even than the change in her face was the way in which she found Paul's hand and held it tenderly and warmly between her own. Never had the thrill of her entered into him as during these moments. He closed his hands tightly about hers. But he was looking at Carla!

(To Be Continued)

FINDS WOMEN'S FEET GROWING LARGER

WICHITA, Kan., Sept. 23—Nature often ignores the esthetic for the practical; hence women's feet are getting larger.

That's the theory of Dr. C. F. Wadsworth, chiropodist. He backs up his assertion by pointing to the

15 years of practise, in which he has administered to more than 150,000 toes, 30,000 feet—or 15,000 patients.

"The vanity of women has hurt their feet for so long it is painful to contemplate," Dr. Wadsworth says. "They have wanted to make their feet dainty and small, since daintiness and smallness conform to their ideas of beauty."

"So they bought shoes to fit their vanity and not their feet. Hence the arches of their feet humped up like camel's backs, bunions and corns flourished, and the bones of their toes more often than not resembled a jumbled pile of sticks."

"But after all these centuries, the women have decided all the attractiveness they might acquire is not worth one iota of the pain it costs. So they buy shoes to fit

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.

TENDERS FOR COAL

Tenders will be received at the office of the City Clerk up to and including Wednesday September 28th from Coal Dealers for supplying the City with 125 tons of good screened coal for the City Building, and 150 tons for Market Building.

All coal to be weighed on City Weigh Scales and tried in basement of each building, weighing to be paid for by Contractor. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

G. P. NICHOLSON, City Clerk

5365-9-21-22-23-24-26-51.

Periodic—

Eye Examinations

Don't wear your glasses for five or ten years, as some do, without re-examination, for in that time serious changes are vitally important, whether one's eyes are good or otherwise.

may take place, which if not discovered, may work permanent injury to the most precious sense you possess.

Guard your eyes.

G. F. HUTCHESON

OPTOMETRIST