

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Already the Spirit of Christmas appears; If you listen real closely you'll hear...

"That beautiful picture or sampler or scarf We espied in the window today Will prove just the thing for poor Mary and Garf; We will hide them till Christmas Day."

The Ghost has appeared, we know by the smiles And dimples on rosy-cheek; They whisper and nod, and then stealthily go At the calendar early to peek.

They are counting the days till the Day of the Spirit of Christmas stalks; Right out in the open, and bringing good cheer, Broadly smiling on all as he talks.

This Ghost has invaded our pantry air; There are odors we cannot define— Suspicious of spices and sugar and fruit— A pervading aroma, divine.

This Spirit of Christmas, you surely do guess, Is uselessly thinking of those Who have not life's comforts or blessings of health, And walk not the pathway they choose.

—O. F. McP.

DO YOU KNOW?

The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, United States, is the largest known cave in the world; it has been explored for 14 miles, and contains several lakes and rivers.

In the older days they used an engine of war called a petard. It was designed to blow up bridges and gates, and was made of gun-metal and shaped like a bell. From nine to 20 pounds of gunpowder were packed inside. Henry, Quatre found it most effective at the siege of Cahors in 1580.

The Lollards was the name of the early German Reformers and followers of John Wycliffe. The word is probably derived from the Low German "lollen," meaning to sing in a subdued tone, it being likewise for the early Reformers to proclaim their beliefs very loudly.

Cocaine, a drug used in optical surgery and in dentistry, is extracted from the leaves of the coca plant which comes from South America. Fifty million pounds of leaves are gathered yearly.

FORESHORE FOOD

Visitors to the seaside are familiar with the sight of fishermen gathering seaweed. Although it looks unsavoury enough as it lies on the rocks, seaweed makes a surprising number of table delicacies. The commonest kind of edible seaweed is called dulse, a plant that is found growing on the rocks in most of the waters round our coasts.

The Highlanders of Scotland make it into a very appetizing dish, and so do the Irish peasants, who are noted for the skill with which they utilize nature's free vegetables. In the case of dulse, they stew it in water and serve it as "dillie."

Another favorite dish with the British is a seaweed called carageen or Irish moss, which is found in large quantities on the northwest coast of Donegal. The weed is a great delicacy on account of the ease with which it can be digested, and in the dried state it is often prescribed for invalids.

The tough leaves of the sea holly make a look rather a repulsive plant, but its roots have medicinal properties once recommended as a cure for consumption. So popular did it become that a regular industry sprang up on the Essex coast of England, where the plant flourishes. Before they were eaten the roots were candied.

Some dwellers by the sea make an attractive dish out of laver, which they serve up with oil. Its thin fronds can often be seen glistening in the sun when the tide is at the half-way mark. Most people, however, find the dish nauseating, for the taste for laver is an acquired one.

Sea-kale is not a seaweed but a perennial herb. Originally it grew by the sea, but it is now found in most kitchen gardens. The shoots are forced and blanched before being boiled and served like asparagus.

MUSCLES IN HEAD

The head has seventy-seven muscles.

THE COOK'S CORNER

CHRISTMAS CAKE

3 1/2 cups cake or pastry flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, 1 level teaspoon cinnamon, 1 level teaspoon Mace, a little grated nutmeg, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 cupful butter, 1 cup granulated sugar, 4 eggs, 1 lb. currants, 1 1/2 lb. raisins, 1/2 lb. blanched chopped almonds, 1/2 lb. glace cherries, 1/2 lb. canned pineapple, 1/2 lb. shredded coconut, 1/2 cup maple syrup, 1/4 cup grape juice or orange, 1 teaspoon lemon, vanilla and almond extract, 1/2 teaspoon soda, dissolved in a little warm water.

"STUFFED EGGS"

Remove a do duty on the luncheon or high-tea table, equally able to help out with a buffet supper or a carried picnic, stuffed eggs are worth enough consideration to al-day water which has just been taken off the boil. Use 2 cups of water for 1 or 2 eggs and 1/2 cup water for each additional egg.

Hard-cooked the desired number of eggs by washing them, then slipping them carefully into a pot of water which has just been taken off the boil. Use 2 cups of water for 1 or 2 eggs and 1/2 cup water for each additional egg. Place the pot with the eggs where the water will remain hot but will not boil and let stand for 40 minutes.

Remove from heat and chill quickly by running cold water over the eggs. Shell and allow to cool. Cut in halves lengthwise and carefully remove the yolks, leaving the white unbroken.

Mash yolks finely with a fork or press through a coarse sieve. Season with salt, pepper and a little dry mustard, and add finely chopped celery, cooked ham or bacon, flaked cooked fish, chopped nutmeats, chopped pickles, grated cheese, scraped onion, chopped green pepper or pimento, anchovy or meat paste, or any desired combination of the ingredients.

Moisten slightly with catsup, chill sauce, sweet relish, thick salad dressing or cream. Pipe yolk mixture lightly back into the whites.

Serve two half of stuffed egg in each individual lettuce cup, with thick salad dressing, as main course for luncheon or supper. Or put two halves together in waxed paper for picnic use.

of top ham slice. Add water, cover closely and bake in rather slow oven, 325 degrees F., until ham is very tender (about 1-1/2 to 2 hours). Baste often with liquid in pan, and add a little more water, if necessary.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith had a talk about the children. Mrs. Smith started it because that day, looking over old snapshots she had unearthed a lot of old memories with them.

There she stood in that washbasin hat with a half yard of ribbon swinging out like sails behind it. The dress was funny, too, with the white, somewhat about the knees and the skirt below it was a mere scrap. Calves were certainly more public in those days. Here were thick and shapeless, and Mrs. Smith had shuddered as she gazed.

SELF CONFIDENCE SHATTERED

But it was not the legs, or the hat or the dress she looked for first in that picture. It was the hands and feet. How the family had teased her about her size-eight gloves and size-eight-and-a-half shoe when she was fourteen!

She had borne such agony of mind as nobody guessed when she was a girl, but she was afraid to say so. "You'll have to have a size eight, but I'm—just—afraid they are all out."

Of course but her figure had matured and improved though most of her compliments were about her hands. They were so well-shaped. It was too late. She never believed anybody. To her those hands were still awkward and ugly and swollen—a psychosis almost, she realized.

"I'm growing faster than the other girls," John began. If either you or I have a single soul say to her, "My what. Fine Big girl you are," we are going to finish him off with neatness and dispatch. He may as well say, "What a remarkably homely swollen, awkward child!" It wouldn't hurt her any more. She hates being a head taller than the rest."

"That's right," agreed John. "I don't know much about girls, but boys are sensitive and suffer like the dickens. I went through all that torment when my voice was changing. Dad loved to squeak and boom a sentence after me, but particularly Tom, my brother. I think that's when I learned to hate Tom so. Actually there is no reason for my hating him. I just can't like him."

"And then there were the pimples. I can still hear Aunt Martha say through her nose, 'Jane, can't you do anything for John's face? That stuff I told you about might take the worst off.' And I liked Aunt Martha after that about as much as Latin or mumps, but I guess she was a fine woman, too."

Mary and John Smith shook hands. "The children are beautiful and will always be beautiful," declared Mary emphatically. "You bet," said John, "and from now on we are going to tell them so."

Too Many Beaus

By ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

"I give you dum good sock in de nose, you beag stuff," Skeeter boasted, doubling his fists.

"Dick Locker Le Masters, where did you ever hear that?" Sugar said him down.

"Dat what Uncle Cart say to de fess. De fess try to get away."

Sugar kept her face straight with an effort. She decided it was best to drop the matter, and was afraid she had made a mistake in having given it any notice in the first place.

But she would have to tell Uncle Cart to watch his language hereafter when fish tried to get off his hook. It had served one good purpose, however. It cleared the air, Johnny was grinning appreciatively.

"Cute little punk, isn't he?" "And you be careful what you say too," Sugar frowned. "He learns too fast as it is."

"Okay, grandma. Did you say you wrote me a letter?" "I was sorry I was mean to you, and promising never to do it again."

"That makes us even," Johnny grinned again. "That's just what I was uptown for. I mailed you a letter."

"Oh, I'm glad." The dimple came out in Sugar's cheek. "It was terribly silly of us, really. We mustn't let it happen again."

"I guess I was kind of rough," Johnny said penitently. "I didn't know I could talk to you like that. Do you love me, honey?"

Sugar nodded shyly. "Uh huh. Do you ought to know. Are we still engaged?" "As far as I'm concerned, we are. If you jilt me, Mr. De Ville, I'll sue you for every cent you have in the world."

Johnny put his hand in his pocket and drew out a quarter. "Take it now, and save your breath."

"Eggs!" Sugar grinned affectionately. "How do you like your new job?" "Great! Wait till you see some of the signs I've painted. They'll knock your eye out. Going to do some posing for me."

"Next Thursday," Sugar promised. "I'll get off about two in the afternoon. Is it a date?" "It better be," Johnny frowned severely, but his eyes were gay. "Gosh, it'll be nice to see you! I get paid Thursday and I'll brow you to dinner. How about it?"

"Thank you so much, kind sir." Sugar made a little curtsy. They were at the Le Masters gate. Johnny gave a low whistle. "Boy, is this a cute little shack you live in! How many rooms?"

"Only twenty," Sugar apologized. "It's our town house. We're thinking of building on. Wait till you see our country place."

Johnny suddenly waxed serious. "Are they good to you, Sugar? Are you happy there?" "Don't I look as though I'm getting along all right?" she evaded, picking up a book to hide her confusion. "Haven't I got my Skeeter lamb?"

"You won't always be working for somebody else," Johnny's boyish face took on a look of determination. "It won't be long till I'll make enough money so I can take you out of and give you your own place. That's what a girl like you needs. You're too darn good looking to be running around by yourself."

"Thank you, so much," Sugar tried to be facetious. "I shall file your proposal and take it up along with my many others. But meanwhile, don't worry about me. I am fine and hope you are the same."

If she didn't tease Johnny she was sure she would break down and cry. Seeing him again was such a comfort. And knowing their quarrel was all settled made her want to weep with relief.

Long after Sugar was asleep that night Scoop lay thinking of her. Several times he put on the light and tried to read. But it was no use. He smoked innumerable cigarettes, and fumed at his insomnia.

It was breaking daylight and he got up to sit at the window. Suddenly he saw a girl like you in love with Sugar Friddle!

The revelation was like a dash of cold water in his face. After all the women he had known, the most beautiful and the most talented women in the world, it was the little red-headed orphan who had struck the first mortal blow to his heart.

And why shouldn't he be in love with her? He faced the problem squarely. He was still not quite thirty. He was earning a good salary. She needed him. But could she love him?

He remembered the first night he had seen her, and wondered if sugar could ever put it out of her mind. She had apparently forgiven him. But had it frightened her so that she would be afraid of his love?

Who was Sugar Friddle? Suddenly Scoop came to a decision. He must try to find out. Not because it mattered to him. But because he believed that would be the most priceless gift he could lay at the feet of the girl he loved. The solution of the enigma of her birth.

It was his business to solve mysteries. If he did find out, and the knowledge might hurt her, she need never know.

There must be some clue! Then he thought of Mother Friddle. Did she know? There was only one way to find out. Go to see her. One method had seldom failed him, and perhaps it would work again. When he went out on a story he always tried to give the impression he knew practically all the details—that he was just trying to confirm them.

It usually made people want to give him the true story, lest his version should have been a garbled one. Perhaps if he made the old lady think he was near the solution of the identity of Sugar Friddle she might accidentally give him some much desired information.

At ten o'clock in the morning, a spottedly groomed Mr. O'Reilly presented himself at the Lorient Orphanage and asked for the superintendent.

CHAPTER 15 Mother Friddle received Scoop in her sitting room.

As the newspaper man looked around he thought it was the last room in the orphanage he would expect to find in an orphanage. Gay hand woven rugs dotted the floor. Old-fashioned ruffled curtains waved at windows brilliantly lined with flower boxes.

One end of the room was banked with house plants against its tall French windows. The other was all most altogether taken up by an old fireplace, hand-made of rough hewn stone. The furniture was all in what even he knew, was priceless antique. Early American.

He took it in at a glance when Miss Friddle held out her hand. "Sit down, young man." Mother Friddle planted herself in her favorite arm chair, her knitting in her lap. "Miss James announced you as Mr. O'Reilly from New York. What are you doing so far from home?"

Scoop wriggled a little uncomfortably. He was there to deceive the good Miss Friddle. And there was something about her that made him think the job might be a little difficult.

The long, large featured face of the old lady had kindness and grace in every line. But by no means did she look stupid. "Mr. O'Reilly crossed his legs. "I'm here on rather a personal mission," he began in a crisp businesslike tone. "In the interest of some one else."

"Very good. Mother inclined her head. "You may speak freely. Does it concern one of my boys or girls?" (To Be Continued)

A Morning Smile

Our janitor, a grouchy but kind hearted old chap, lives all alone. The children in the neighborhood tease him a bit, and so on Halloween he'll ring up with the usual door bell ringing and that sort of thing.

At midnight he went to bed—soon slept—and then he was rudely awakened by his bed being jerked around the room. Up he jumped—grabbed a broom, and swung it viciously under the bed. "Come out you young rascals!" he cried. "I hear you!"

He didn't discover until the next morning that there had been an earthquake.

A friend once complained to the late Will Rogers about the narrow escape he had in being run down by a reckless automobile driver.

"Isn't there some way to make the streets safer for the pedestrian?" the friend asked.

"The only way I know," said Rogers, "is to keep off the streets all the automobiles that aren't paid for."

End Bad Cough Quickly, at One Fourth the Cost

Thousands of housewives have found that, by mixing their own cough medicine, they get a much more effective remedy. They use a recipe at only one-fourth the usual cost of cough medicine, but which really breaks up distressing coughs in a hurry.

From any drugist get 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a 16 ounce bottle and add granulated sugar syrup to fill the bottle. The syrup is easily made with 2 cups sugar and 1 cup water, stirred a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed. It's no trouble at all and makes a really effective remedy. Keeps perfectly and children love its taste.

Its quick action in loosening the phlegm, helping to clear the air passages and soothing away irritation, has caused it to be used universally throughout Canada.

Pinex is a compound containing Norway Pine, concentrated form, well known for its effect on throat and lungs. Money refunded if it does not please you in every way.

CHRISTMAS CAKE 4 cups brown sugar, 1 cup crushed red raspberries (cooked), 1 cup butter, 1 cup lard, 1 cup sour cream, 10 eggs, 2 lbs. seeded raisins, 2 lbs. seedless raisins or currants, 1 lb. cut mixed peel, 2 lbs. dates, 1/2 lb. walnuts, 1/2 cup molasses, 2 teaspoons soda dissolved in a little hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon cassia, 1/2 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon mace, 4 cups flour, mix in usual way.

CENTRAL ROYALTY W.I. The annual meeting of the Central Royalty Women's Institute was held at the home of Miss Laura Cullen.

The President, Mrs. Jennie Ferguson being absent, the vice president, Mrs. Cecil Wood occupied the chair. Meeting opened by singing the Ode followed by roll call which was answered by members paying their fees. One new member was welcomed. The President's report was read by Mr. Cecil Wood. The Secretary, Mrs. Diamond read minutes of last regular and last annual meetings, also financial statement, which showed a nice balance on hand.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Cecil Wood, Cen. Royalty; vice-pres., Mrs. Alex Agnew, Cen. Royalty. Sec.-treas., Mrs. F. MacRae, Directors, Mrs. Frank McKay, Mrs. Wendal Wood and Mrs. Russell Roper, Auditors, Mrs. H. Gillespie and Miss Laura Cullen.

The following conveners were also appointed: Child Welfare, Mrs. A. Agnew, Education and Better Schools—Mrs. W. Wood, Reports of sick and school committees were given. Mrs. W. P. McLeod invited the members to her home for next meeting. The roll call to be "Romance in the Pantry," December sick committee, Mrs. Diamond and Mrs. Gillespie, School, Mrs. C. Wood and Mrs. M. McAuland.

A dainty lunch was served by the hostess.

Canadians Win In Wheat Growing when Walter Nagel of Fisherville, Ont., showed the blue ribbon sample.

The hard red spring variety was a sweep for Canada. W. Freland, Wilford of Stavely, Alta., was named champion of the class and behind him Canadian exhibitors took the next 20 prizes for this type grain.

L. E. Pearson, Victor, Mont., exhibitor, showed the best sample of hard red winter wheat and also the winning sample of white spring wheat. In the latter division, Australian farmers, showing here for the first time, took four of the first eight awards.

The winning Australians were R. E. Parslow, of Balladoran, W. E. Tonkin, Pa'mallaw, W. G. Law, Gilbranda, and A. U. Jones, Con-dobolin.

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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

It is Better to Make an Honest Living Than to Try to Get by the "Easiest Way"

Dear Miss Dix—A few years ago my husband died and left me several thousand dollars, most of which I have spent for clothes and entertainment. During this time I have been employed as secretary to a very wealthy man of prominence, and I had hoped to marry him. To cover up my affair with this man I have been going with another man for some time, but he does not seem anxious to marry me either. Unless I marry one of them, I do not know what to do, as I have a daughter who wants many things. Will you please advise? S. B.



Answer: You will not take my advice because it is bitter medicine that you will not relish. For my advice to you is to face about while there is yet time and begin a new life. Give up your job, which is merely a cloak for a liaison, and get one in which you will give honest work for honest pay. And cut down your and your daughter's expenses so that you can live within your income. Surely no girl wants luxuries that are the price of her mother's shame.

You have taken what is euphemously called "the easiest way" for a woman to make money, but believe me, it is the hardest because money earned that way has a curse upon it. The cakes and ale of immorality are bought dearly by a woman and they leave a frightful indigestion and headache after she has eaten them. They lie heavy on her conscience. And, no matter how rich and warm the furs in which she clothes herself, she shivers under them at the cold and appraising glance which respectable people turn upon her.

The wages of sin are popularity supposed to be top-notch and the ladies who indulge in illicit affairs are believed to be housed in silk-lined padded lovestons and to have jewels and Paris finery and limousines lavished upon them, and to be supplied with inexhaustible pocketbooks. Nothing is further from the truth. Vice is the poorest paid of all occupations, especially for women. Three-fourths of the girls who lead the double life have not only to support themselves but also their parents. Even the luckiest of them have but a brief and insecure period of luxury. For the men who are known as spenders are hard beset by the gold-diggers, and in the end virtually every lad/love gets out and comes to dire poverty and want.

So, leaving aside the question of morality and decency and self-respect and the respect of others, being a play girl cannot be recommended as a job for women. It lacks permanency, for one thing. Men have fickle fancies and they soon grow tired of their toys, particularly when the paint begins to wear off and they are no longer fresh and beautiful.

Furthermore, the job seldom has a future. Particularly is this the case when the man is a married man, for, however much he may talk of his wife being unsympathetic and not understanding him or of their not being companionable, it is observable that he bears his blighted life with great fortitude and cheerfulness and very seldom does anything about it. So the girl who depends upon her married lover divorcing his wife to marry her breaks her heart in endless waiting, and finds at last that she has invested her all in a dream that blows up in the end.

So my advice to you, S. B., is to go to work and make an honest living for yourself and your daughter instead of trying to graft it off of man. It will pay you better even financially in the end. And believe this, for it is true: To get any real pleasure out of money we have to be able to look every dollar of it in the face, just as we have to be able to look ourselves in the face in order to be happy.

Dear Miss Dix—I have a daughter 19 years old who is a cripple and whom I am very anxious to help to start in life. I am a poor man, but I am willing to go in debt to give her a business course and provide her with the proper clothes, and when she has finished the course I could get her a good position with friends of mine so that she would be self-supporting. But the trouble is that her mother and I have been separated for ten years and the mother will not permit the girl to come and stay with me or with her older sister, who is married, until she can finish the business course, or to go to any place where I am providing for her. The mother has no way in the world of providing for the girl. But here we are deadlocked—I wanting to provide for the girl, and the mother refusing to let me, and the girl so completely under her mother's influence that she won't do what she wants to do. Can you tell me what to do? J. H.

Answer: The mother evidently thinks she is revenging herself on you by keeping you from carrying out your plan for the girl, and she is so blinded by her own fury that she does not see that she is working her daughter's life. It is as terrible an example of stupidity as I have ever known.

It is pitiful to think that this girl, who has already been dealt one cruel blow by Fate, should be given an even heavier one by her own mother. For the only thing that could take the curse of her affliction off her life, some chance to do something worth while in the world and the ability to make herself financially independent.

Her mother must know that a girl who is crippled is cut off from many of the pleasures of youth and that she has a far less chance to marry than one who is not so handicapped. But her affliction will be minimized if she can have the compensation of a good job, of doing good work, getting good pay and doing all the pleasant things and having all the nice things that money would enable her to do and have.

The poor crippled girl without any business training must take any kind of hard mental labor that offers. The crippled girl with a good business training can aspire to any sort of executive position and a big envelope to which her mental abilities entitle her.

To a crippled girl a business training is a pair of crutches on which she can lean anywhere, and it is inconceivable that a mother would be willing to deprive her of such an aid.

The only practical advice that I can give you, poor, perturbed father, trying your best to do your duty under hard circumstances, is to get your married daughter to go and talk to her sister. Perhaps she can brace her up enough to defy her mother and take the course that will mean her salvation.

Dear Miss Dix—I have been secretly married a year this month. My husband keeps putting off our living together, telling me that he wants to get in a better position, although we have been together for six months. I am afraid that our marriage will go blue, like all the other marriages seem to do. I have noticed that after six months that couples get tired of each other and that's the end of the beautiful thing. I don't want ours to peter out that way, so what must I do? MRS. A. O. C.

Answer: Tell him that you are tired of a hole-and-corner marriage and that he owes it to you to acknowledge you before the world as his wife. If he has got tired of you and lost his enthusiasm for marriage, it is far better for you to know it now than later. DOROTHY DIX.

Grade V—1. Kenneth McLaren; 2. Athol Dewar; 2. Lena Stewart.

Grade IV—1. Olive Shaw; 2. Mac Nicholson; 3. Doris Nicholson.

Grade II—1. Stewart Dewar; 2. Jean McIntyre.

Grade I—1. Jennie McLaren; 2. Stanley Ferguson.

Perfect Attendance—Alexandra Ferguson, Stewart Dewar.

L. George Dewar, Teacher.

BRUDENELL SCHOOL. Report of Brudenell School, No. 58 King's County for the month of October and November.

Grade IX—1. Athol Robertson.

Grade VII—1. Alexandra Ferguson; 2. Blair McLaren; 3. Catherine Robertson.

CHAPPED SKIN. To quickly relieve chapping and roughness, apply soothing, cooling Mentholatum. Gives COMFORT Daily.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Santa Claus will soon be here! Have him leave several little pajamas of warm flannel for your little son or daughter. They will be just delighted with a pajama like this of soft warm flannel. There are so many bright and pretty colors to choose from in plain flannels. Then, too, there are patterned flannels in nursery themes that are especially amusing.

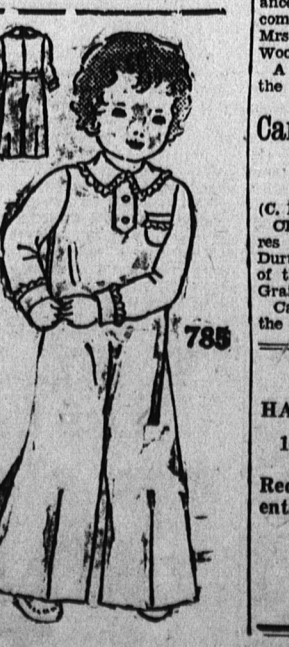
By way of another suggestion, give this pajama pattern to your niece or nephew. It will be a most acceptable gift.

Style No. 785 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1/2 yard of 36-inch material with 2 yards of ruffles.

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

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