

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

Palmolive MADE WITH OLIVE OIL helps your skin in 3 WAYS



...it cleanses, soothes, beautifies!

THERE'S a hidden natural beauty in your skin. And more than 20,000 beauty specialists join in recommending the one soap that has the power to bring this hidden beauty to the surface.

"Use Palmolive," they insist, "because it's made from a blend of olive and palm oils." Every night and morning rub its creamy lather into the skin of face, throat and shoulders. Then rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. Because it is made from a scientific blend of natural olive and palm oils, Palmolive's soft lather has a three-fold action on your skin—it soothes and beautifies... as it cleanses.

Palmolive is so pure that it can be used safely, even for the most sensitive skin. And, too, it's so economical that you can use it for your bath. Let it give your whole body a "Schoolgirl Complexion."

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PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE

A generous supply of olive oil goes into the making of every cake of Palmolive.



FASHIONS FOR SPRING :-

Besides being a smart vogue small brother and sister will enjoy wearing similar costumes. Mother will like them, too. They are the cutest things to make and the sleeves and yoke are so original.

Favored scheme in French blue and white linen—weave cotton print combined with plain blue in these dazzling models.

Warmer material like wool jersey can also be used and is so smart in brown and beige scheme.

And of course, there are numberless other lovely cottons to choose from.

Style No. 662 is designed for sizes 8, 4 and 6 years.

For requirements see pattern envelope.

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

Form for ordering pattern with fields for name, address, city, and state.

DONALDSTON SCHOOL

For month of February: Grade X—1 Eric Ellis, 3 Irene Court. Grade IX—4 Nora Bowlan, 2 Lenale Court. Grade VII—1 Olin Ellis, 2 Clifford Best, 3 Alden Ellis. Grade VI—1 Betty Court, 2 Kathleen Mullen, 3 Pat Dougan. Grade V—1 Dorothy McCabe. Grade IV—1 Bessie Ellis, 2 Edna Ellis, 3 Freddie Court. Grade III—1 Bessie MacDougall, 2 Jackie Dougan, 3 Leah McCabe. Grade II—1 Joe Dougan, 2 Karl MacDougall, 3 Vincent Dougan. Grade I—1 Eberette MacDougall, 2 Kenneth Ellis, 3 Greta McCabe, Betty MacKay—Teacher.

MAYFIELD SCHOOL

The following is the report of Mayfield School for the month of February: Grade X—1 Thelma Smith. Grade IX—1 Erwin Andrew, 2 Evelyn Houston. Grade VIII—1 Jennie Smith, 2 Olga Hill. Grade V—1 Murray Orr, 2 Leith Orr, 3 Ethel Hill. Grade IV—1 John Toombs. Grade III—1 Willie Nicholson, 2 Alan Smith, 3 Billie Andrew. Grade I—1 Heath Houston, 2 Robert Toombs, 3 Walter Stead and Stanley Orr. Perfect attendance: Heath Houston, Willie Nicholson, Leith Orr.



Jennie Smith, Thelma Smith. Prizes in Grade II for spelling awarded to Willie Nicholson and Billie Andrew. Percentage of attendance 83.7. Teacher—Thankful E. Bain. (Patriot please copy)

WHEATLEY RIVER SCHOOL

The following is the report for the month of February: Grade X—1 Albert Ling, 2 Robert Smith. Grade IX—1 Aulaine Smith. Grade VIII—1 Lois MacDonald, 2 Marjorie Bulman, 3 Wilfred Stead. Grade VII—1 Jack Cudmore. Grade V (a) 1 Eunice Rackham. Grade V (b) 1 Alder Ross. Grade IV—1 Glennis Cudmore, 2 Susie Ford. Grade III (a) 1 Elmer MacDonal, 2 Esther Stead, 3 Harold MacDonald. Grade III (b) Francis DeRoche. Grade II—1 Harold McLean, Ruby A. Stead—Teacher.

THE COOK'S CORNER

DATE STICKS

Two eggs, 3-4 cup powdered sugar, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped dates, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat eggs very light, add sugar, nuts and dates and lastly flour mixed with baking powder. Spread in shallow oblong pans and bake in slow oven. Cut in strips before cold.

DATE MACAROONS

One lb. stoned dates, 1-2 lb. almonds, whites of 4 eggs well beaten, 1 cup granulated sugar. Stone dates, then weigh and chop them fine. Cut almonds lengthwise in 8ths, but do not blanch them. Beat whites of 4 eggs until foamy, add sugar and beat till stiff; add dates, then almonds and mix very thoroughly. Drop mixture with teaspoon in small piles on cookie tins, 1-2 inch apart. Bake 50 minutes in very slow oven, or until dry. They are done when they leave the pan readily.

DATE KISSES

Thirty stoned dates, 1 cup almonds, white 1 egg, 1 cup powdered sugar. Chop dates; blanch almonds and cut into long strips. Beat egg very stiff, add sugar, dates and almonds. Drop in buttered tins with teaspoon and bake in quick oven.

DATE PIE

Two cups milk, 1-2 lb. dates, 3 eggs, 1-4 teaspoon salt, nutmeg. Cook dates with milk 20 minutes in top of double boiler. Strain and rub through sieve, then add eggs and salt. Line pie plate with paste, pour in filling and bake in quick oven at first to set rim, decrease heat afterwards.

DATE BREAD

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-4 cup sugar, 3-4 cup milk, 1 egg, 1-2 lb. dates stoned and cut in pie size. Mix flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Add milk, egg slightly beaten and dates. Turn into greased pan and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Grandmother's Quilt Patterns

MIGNONETTE



Cut out applique pieces and sew as indicated on small block. Arrange applique and plain blocks as suggested on quilt diagram. Finish edge of quilt with 3 inch border to match plain blocks.

Allow for all seams when cutting pattern.

Block finishes 10 inches square. 30 applique blocks. 26 plain blocks. 3 inch border around quilt. Material required: 2 5-8 yards material for applique blocks. 2 1-2 yards material for plain blocks. 1 3-4 yards pink material. 1 3-4 yards green material. 9 yards, 3 inch binding around quilt.

When ordering give No. 48-7. Send 15c for a book of quilt patterns containing 7 beautiful Grandmother quilt designs—every pattern different.

Helping millions to END COLDS SOONER VICKS

A Morning Smile

SUCH A BOTHER

A Boston man has a son who has just entered school. He was supposed to be enjoying it, but one morning he walked into the dining-room, where his father was having breakfast, and remarked: "I'm tired of going to school, Pop."

"Why?" asked the father. "What is your objection to going to school?" "Oh," answered the boy, "it breaks up the day so."

"Hallo, I see you've got another dog," said Freeman, meeting his friend in the park one morning. "What's his name?" "Swindler," replied the friend. "What a strange name!" said the other. "What's the idea?" "Oh, I call him that just for fun," explained the dog owner. "When I call him in the street half the men nearly jump out of their skins."

White Python

By Mark Channing, Author of "King Cobra"

CHAPTER 32 GYNIA SPEAKS WITH MILASPA

Ever since she had sent Gray into the world of the half-men, Gynia had fought an intense longing to see him again. The strain had not been borne philosophically. It had made her more savagely cruel than ever. An attempt on the part of the gylla woman to placate her mistress by recounting how she had overheard the hunchback talking with the Big Lama's servant about carrying the message of recall to Samdad Chiamba, had been seized upon as a bone to be seized by a hungry tigress.

"What said that fool?" she demanded. The woman repeated the hunchback's instructions; and then she added:

"He bade the lepcha say to the rimpoché that he should return at once, as the big lama had consented to marry the girl."

"Said he sought else?" "He said that he was not to return without the holy one. He was to say also: 'See that he understands that important affairs in his service hold me here.'"

The news sent Gynia into a cold unreasoning fury. She reached for a hide whip with a gold banded handle.

"What thinkest thou about this message, ape-like one?" "My heart is glad that it was carried by the lepcha," answered the gorilla woman; and sighed.

"Why so?" The whip swished viciously. "Because, deformed though he be, the hunchback is the better man! It is well to have the pick of the men about one, mistress!"

The slave giggled unthoughtfully. Gynia's eyes closed for a moment.

"Before I lash thy back to red meat, answer me; is there aught between thee and that twisted lump of sinfulness?"

"I love him," said the gorilla woman defiantly. Gynia laughed. "Summon the whippers!"

Silently the gorilla woman made herself ready. A few minutes later a slave entered, and knelt.

"A half-man is come with a message for thee, lady!" She glanced fearfully at the prone figure of the gorilla woman who was lying in a corner of the room, weeping loudly.

"By the serpent god! Am I to have nothing but half-men to think about?" hissed Gynia. "Bid him enter! If his news please me as little as hers, his back shall wear the same red livery!"

The terrified half-men fell upon his face before her. "Well, thou white worm, what message bringest thou? Art thou sent for me to kill?"

"Nay, goddess! The message the Gyal-po gave me was from the big lama, saying that he wished to see thee before the night on which thou and he are to wed!"

The angry, astute mind thought quickly. The meant grave danger for the big lama. Assuredly they were plotting to kill him.

"Thou hast done well. Take these for thy reward!" She took two handfuls of the small plum-like fresh fruits that Gray had tasted and dropped them into the eagerly outstretched hands.

"What she ordered. 'Bring hither at once, my spouse-to-be! Two of my guards will accompany thee!'"

With a lithe suppleness she swept into the temple followed by six of her bodyguard whom she summoned by a sign.

The high priest designate was raising Milaspa's senseless form. Four of the watchers were dragging away the body of the slaughtered Gyal-po on a golden sled.

She glanced at the wet stone of the altar. "Who has been given to the Holy Knife?"

"One whose death served a greater purpose than his life!" said Milaspa faintly. Slowly he rose.

Like a narrow flame rising from the ground, Gynia straightened her slim height.

"I know what thou hast done! Evil will come of it! Be warned! If thou lovest a finger on the big lama or the white girl, high priest, I will make thee scream for mercy, louder, even than another screamed in this temple a short while since!"

With the departure of the Gyal-po from their prison-cave, hope once more died in Gray's heart. They could expect nothing from a fear-ridden, apathetic being such as this king of the half-men.

Quite clearly, they would have to make a breakthrough on their own. As the gate clanged-to, he turned to Piers.

"I don't think he's out to do a thing for us, Piers! We've got to make a breakthrough!"

Gray was trying to account for the Gyal-po and the jailer, not remarking that he had been freed from his bonds. It seemed incredible that a woman as astute as Gynia should trust her prisoners to the care of two weakly creatures like the keepers of the keys.

"There must be guards outside!" "What's puzzling you, Colin? Thinking what to start?"

"I'm wondering whether we'll have to tackle half a dozen of your tom-cat friends! Nasty things to run against in the dark, those claw-knives!"

Piers felt her shoulder reminiscently. "Let's risk everything, Colin, no matter what is in anything's bow-

Will Your Old Age Be Happy? Dorothy Dix Tells How To Ensure Peace and Comfort

How to Avoid Those Three Common Ills of Old Age Dependence, Loneliness and Boredom, is Something for us all to Ponder, for Only in Youth can we Store up Satisfactions to Draw on Later

What are you laying up for your old age? All of us above the grade of morons recognize the importance of laying up some money, so that when we are old and feeble and no longer able to work we may not know how steep are another man's stairs and how bitter the bread of dependence.



Old age is drab enough at best but it is a thousand times more dreary for those who have no home of their own to shelter them, on table of their own to sit at and who are forced to take the grudging charity even of their own children. For between father and mother or Uncle John and Aunt Susan with money in their pockets, and penniless father and mother and Uncle John and Aunt Susan, is the difference between welcome and unwelcome guests. So if we wish to be pampered and coddled and given the best seat at the fireside and have people listen with respect to our oft-told tales when we are old, we must be able to pay our way.

Hence we must lay up money if we wish to be well treated in our old age, but money alone is not enough. Most of the things that really make for happiness are not sold over the counter, and so it happens that many a man or woman who count their wealth by millions are spiritual paupers when they are old because they neglected to lay up any love. They are as hungry for affection as any beggar is for bread, but they didn't store up any for their rainy day, and so they are left to starve for the tenderness they crave when they are old.

Love isn't something that you can order in when you need it as you do a sack of sugar. It is something that you have to accumulate, precious grain by precious grain, in the hearts of those about you through half a lifetime. So if you want to be one of those blessed old couples who have grown together so that they are really one and who walk hand in hand down the last lap of the journey of life, you must have begun storing up comradeship and devotion when you were young.

A husband can't have gone his way obsessed by his business, a wife can't have gone her way absorbed in her children, for forty or fifty years, and then have anything in common when they are old. No people are sadder than the old people who, with their fortunes made, their children gone, find that they have each other because they have not laid up any companionship with each other for their old age.

If when you are old you want your children to love and honor you and to enjoy being with you, you have to begin in the cradle to bind them to you with a thousand silken cords of kindness and sympathy and understanding and palship. You must be part of all the happy recollection of childhood and adolescence. You can't be harsh and tyrannical or indifferent and neglectful to them when they are young and expect them to love you when you are old. If you want to draw money out of a bank, you must first put money into it.

We should lay up friendships for our old age. They are the consolation for the lean years in which our activities are curtailed and our interests narrowed. Then we can be little for strangers. We want those about us with the same background that we have and to whom we can say "don't you remember." But if we are to have the joy of friendship when we are old we must have begun cultivating it long before. We must have done little kindnesses to people. We must have held out a helping hand to those in need. We must have wept with those who mourned and rejoiced with those who were glad.

So many old people complain that they are lonely, that nobody comes to see them or pays them attention, and invariably you will find that these have been self-centered, selfish individuals who never invested a single thought or sacrifice in any one else. So it is no wonder that they do not draw dividends on friendship in their age.

We must lay up interests for our old age. The man who never thinks of anything except his business and the woman who never has a thought for anything except her children are bound to be bankrupt in age, when the man can no longer spend his days in his office or store and the woman's children have married and left her. Then they must have something to fall back upon. Some vital interest that they have cultivated for years, some hobby, some sport, some occupation that will fill in their time. The best of these is reading, and if there were no other argument for learning a love of reading when you are young, it would be enough that it is a never-failing solace to the old and carries the glamour of life for them to the grave.

We need to store up memories for our old age. Happy those who sit in the twilight and look back upon a life well spent and whose hearts are warmed by the recollection of kindly deeds. Miserable those who see in retrospect a wasted life, devastated by their passions, and who laid up for themselves only a harvest of regrets.

And we should lay up for ourselves a philosophy that will be a staff to lean on in our old age and that will enable us to go cheerfully, bravely, tolerantly, companionably to the journey's end.

DOROTHY DIX

ter than lying in this foul hole!" "Piers!" he blurted, suddenly. "I've got it! Why on earth I didn't think of it long ago, Lord knows! All you'll have to do is to lie down and pretend to be asleep!"

Rapidly he explained his plan: "The keeper of the outside key has a gammy leg, tied up in bandages, and all that 'You happen to be the world's greatest witch-doctor, with a special line in curing gammy legs. See! That'll bring 'em both in to see the curing done!"

Piers chuckled. Gray placed his hands each side of his mouth, trumpet-fashion. "Prepared for a noise, Piers? Tally-ho, tally-ho! Gons aw-a-ay!" he howled.

The jailer came hurrying to the gate, lamp in hand. "Ye cannot have food, prisoner!" he shrieked. "It is not yet the hour of the stars!"

"I am not calling for food. I am calling for help," protested Gray, simulating pain. "Take us to a lighter and cooler prison at once! We are people who cannot live without light. Here, we shall die! And if we do, you, will die. Milaspa has said he will hold you responsible for our deaths. I heard him say so."

"Why don't you take off some of your clothes?" suggested the jailer, practically enough. "Are the people of your country subject to this sickness?"

"Yes!" answered Gray, dejectedly. "I think she will probably die tonight!" He nodded his head significantly towards Piers. "I wonder whether Milaspa will torture you before he kills you?"

Have you much sickness among your people?" he continued in lugubrious tones, edging up to his objective. "We know no sickness but the leg-sickness."

"Such as the keeper of the outer key has?" suggested Gray, inwardly triumphant. "We are so grateful to you, that my com-

panion—who is the greatest witch doctor in our country will cure the leg of the keeper of the outer key!"

"Will she send out a magic to him?" asked the jailer in awestruck tones. "Nay," retorted Gray, "you must bring him here! I have asked her that."

The jailer seemed struck with the idea. "She will fetch him! Is she awake?" "She is in preparatory meditation—though very sick."

"The keeper went out." "The plan's working!" said Gray happily. "The outside keybearer is here in a minute. I'll grab both the keys. When I've got 'em, be ready to bolt!"

In a couple of minutes the two keepers appeared. "What does the witch-woman wish that I should do?" questioned the half-man with the bandaged leg, saluting a now-kneeling Piers with profound respect. "I'm going to grab the keys. Ready!" asked Gray. Gray snatched simultaneously at the two keys. The chain attached to the inner one snapped at once the unfortunate jailer, his neck half-dislocated, pitching forward on to his face.

Advertisement for Bisurated Magnesia, featuring a diagram of the digestive system and text: "HERE'S TO 'SWEET' DIGESTION AND SWEET TEMPER. When certain food in the stomach gives rise to indigestion... neutralizes the over-acid condition with Bisurated Magnesia."

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

A WASTED DAY

All the morn with fiendish glee Dire disaster followed me— I cut my thumb, I broke a crock, I spilled the flour, I tore my frock, I burned the cake, I dropped the clock, People phoned incessantly, Agents came with pins and tea, Calling I had planned to do Went undone, the mending too.

But at evening, little hands Come to me with love's demands—

A book to show, A strife to quell, A life to live, A word to spell, A bump to cure, A tale to tell. Thankfulness my heart expands. Wasted time! Who understands What of meed each hour may hold Wheat or chaff, or dross or gold?

This truth I know (be this life's stay)— That morn's disasters fade away When love and service crown the day.

SUSIE E. OHL.

FASHION HINTS

A narrow black suede belt is buttoned with a large brass button. Backless blouses in flowered silks are to be worn with spring suits. Wide square revers often start at the shoulder seams on collarless coats.

White thronging is put round the edge of the soft-cowl collar, the waistband and the turned-back cuffs of a navy blue dress. White plume flowers are used to trim the neck and the three-quarter sleeves of a navy spring suit.

An all-over pattern of white broderie anglaise is shown on an evening gown. At the décolleté, round the edge of the shoulder frills, and at the waist narrow black velvet is threaded into the pattern.

White plume is employed frequently for collars, neck bows, blouses and waistcoats for morning wear. A three-tier petal collar in fine linen is worn with a navy blue suit, the bodice of which buttons across a finely pleated linen vest by means of five narrow straps.

A red tulle taffeta evening dress is patterned with tiny silver stars. Buttons close the back décolleté. These are covered with the same fine tulle and in such a way as to have a star in the centre of each.

CAPEES AND JACKETS

Capees and swaggar jackets worn over frocks are prominent in more formal daytime wear for spring and summer. These are distinguished by slightly shorter skirts. Pretty sleeve and neckline details and interesting belts add to the personality of these fashions.

A BAD HABIT

So many women when sitting in an upholstered chair while sewing will use the arm of the chair as a pin cushion for pins and needles. This is not only a dangerous habit, but also very wearing to the furniture. Try to break yourself of it.

FINGERMARKS ON MAHOGANY

Before trying to remove the fingermarks by polishing, go over the woodwork with a cloth dampened in a hot solution of vinegar and water. Then immediately follow with the polish and rub until dry. You will find all marks will disappear.

selves in a thunderous, sprayfilled blackness. For more than ten precious minutes they felt blindly round the walls, never daring to separate. No opening was to be found. In despair, they stood. Down the passage they had just traversed was coming a dull yellow glow. "They've tracked us!" Gray swore. Then a sudden thought struck him.

"Piers, We'll bolt through the waterfall!" "That'll put 'em off the scent. Take my hand!" To be continued

CLEAR JELLY COMES WHEN JUICE DRIPS EASILY FROM BAG

If you are still putting some of the late fruit-jalings through a bag for the making of jellies that you want clear and sparkling—consider the bag! Consider also the manner of dripping the juices through it.

Canton flannel is considered the best material for the jelly bag. Cheesecloth is apt to be a little too open; two thicknesses of cheesecloth, however, will make a fairly good bag.

Arrange the bag so that the juice may drip through undisturbed until it stops coming. At that point, do not be tempted to squeeze the bag for perhaps more juice—at least not for four "first run" jelly. You might make up a second quality from squeezed juice, if you like—perhaps use the pulp with a little added water and sugar to make a bit of jam or conserve for immediate use, when it is suitable.

TO SOFTEN SKIN RUG

If you have washed a skin rug and the back is hard, rub over the skin side with a flannel wrung out of warm water. Then rub with dry flannel so that the surface is now merely damp. Work in with the finger tips and the palms of the hands a very little warm castor-oil. Knead this well into the leather and work between the hands till it becomes supple.

THEY STAY PUT

Castors that are always falling out of a piece of furniture when it is moved are a nuisance, but they can be put in to stay by first removing the castor, then pouring plastic wood into place and forcing the castor into its place. Allow to harden well before placing furniture back on its feet.

A GOOD HABIT

Get into the habit of always bubbling casseroles and baking dishes before putting in their contents. It not only makes the dish easier to serve but serves a lot of work in washing the utensils afterward.

WHEN YOU LEAVE YOUR KNITTING

Put little corks at the end of each knitting needle. This will keep you from snatching yourself as you go hunting through your sewing basket, and it will also prevent any stitches from being dropped in your knitting.

CITRIC ACID

Many people think that citric acid (as contained in limes, lemons, etc.) increases the acidity of the food. This belief is absolutely incorrect. Actually, citric acid is the most valuable of the group of organic acids, and plays a most important part in nutrition and assimilation.

Phosphoric acid, which renders it of great value in cases of anemia and general debility, and it is also rich in vitamins A, B and C—the latter being a potent influence in the prevention of pyorrhea and teeth decay.

People who have gouty or rheumatic tendencies will also find it invaluable in assisting the excretion of the factors responsible for the condition.

HAMILTON, Ont.—Local concern manufacturing rubber products took back 25 more old employees a few days ago and anticipate several months of activity.

Are You Weak?

IMPROVE the stomach and blood with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a vegetable tonic of roots and barks that has been helping both men and women for the past sixty years.

What Gusho, Ont. said: "I had lost weight through poor diet, my nerves were bad, I had backache, I was nervous, I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and soon enjoying splendid health."

40c drugists. New size, tablets 50c liquid \$1.00. Large size, tabs. or liquid, \$2.00. Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N.Y. for free medical advice.



Downing of 10 Wheatley Ave. Mrs. W. said: "I had lost weight through poor diet, my nerves were bad, I had backache, I was nervous, I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and soon enjoying splendid health."

Advertisement for Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills, featuring a heart-shaped logo and text: "Are Your Nerves on Edge? Does the least bit of noise bother you? Do you often feel that you simply can't do another tap of work? Do you have dizziness, faintness and weakness? Don't get the idea you can't get relief. Of course you can! Let Milburn's Health and Nerve Pills soothe your nerves, renew your health and vigor and make life worth living again. By all means, try this time-proven remedy now. The E. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."