

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

Satisfying Wrigley's Spearmint Gum The Perfect Gum After Every Meal

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

TO THOSE WHO TALK To those who talk and talk and talk This proverb should appeal: "The steam that blows the whistle Will never turn the wheel."

DARK HOSEIERY Stockings will become dark again for winter, including black besides dark smoke grey and brown, but the hoseiery must be sheer. These dark shades are partly a matter of practicability as rain and dust spots show too readily on light ones.

A medical man says: "Hot lemonade is one of the best remedies in the world for a cold." Drink hot when in bed and note the difference in the morning.

PRINCE OF KENT'S CLUB LIFE BEGINS EARLY WITH MEMBERSHIP IN LONDON BATH CLUB.

LONDON—The Bath Club, one of London's most exclusive social clubs has a new and very junior member. He is the baby Prince of Kent, son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

One of the telegrams of congratulation read: "Respectful congratulations on your son, who has been elected a junior member of the Bath club so that in swimming and squash he may, we hope, continue the family tradition."

The Duke of Kent is one of the best squash racket players and swimmers in the Bath club. His brother, the Prince of Wales, is also an expert squash player often seen at the club.

Special significance attaches to the little Prince of Kent, for he is the first royal prince to be born since the King changed the royal family name from Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to Windsor. This was done at a session of the privy council, held July 17, 1917.

This title of Prince of Kent follows the usual practice for the eldest son of royal peers. They do not as a rule adopt their father's second title. If exception had been made in this case, the new royal baby would have been known as the Earl of St. Andrews.

In contrast to the two sons of the Princess Royal, the King's only daughter, the baby will have the style of Royal Highness. This title is only given to descendants in male line from the King.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE GARIBALDI?

Many ladies must still remember wearing, in the '70s of last century, an article of dress known as a "garibaldi," writes George Eyre-Tood in the Glasgow Herald.

As a mere man can remember it, this was a sort of shirt blouse, buttoned down the front, and ending with a belt at the waist. It was not a garment merely named after the famous Italian guerilla chief, but was a reproduction of the garment actually worn by him, as shown in his portraits.

It was, therefore, the predecessor of the "blackshirts," "brownshirts," "redshirts" and the like, which distinguish the followers of various dictators in Europe at the present hour.

The vogue of the wearing of the garibaldi was a result of the furore of enthusiasm for the Italian patriot which swept over Scotland when he paid it a visit in 1863. Following a widely romantic career as sailor, filibuster, drover, shipbroker, teacher of mathematics and naval commander, he had freed Sicily from the tyranny of the Bourbons and set Victor Emmanuel on the throne of Italy.

LIGHTER PUMPKIN PIE

Any of the usual egg pies, including pumpkin, is improved if you beat the whites of the eggs

STRONG NERVES

Unless your blood is rich in iron-nutrient and red cells, your nerves will not be strong. If you suffer from irritability, tendency to undue worry, nervous indigestion, sleeplessness and nervous disorders, then nourish and strengthen your nerves by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Blood tests of over 100 people prove that this remedy definitely increases the iron-nutrient and red cells in the blood. And blood enriched in this way, not only strengthens your nerves but imparts new energy and vitality to your entire system. Nerves, health and resistance are all greatly improved by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The Tested Remedy 50¢

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

Home Guide Aids In Lifting Heavy Burden of Colds

Brings Better Control of Colds for the Family—Easy to Follow. A GREAT HELP TO MOTHERS

Much of the heavy burden that colds impose upon Canadian families can now be avoided—with the help of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. This practical home guide to fewer and shorter colds has just three simple steps:

1. To Help Build Resistance to Colds Live normally—avoid excesses. Eat simple food and keep, or eliminate regular. Drink plenty of water. Take some exercise daily—outdoors preferably. Get plenty of rest and sleep.

2. To Help Prevent Many Colds At the first warning nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze, use Vicks Vapo-Rub—just a few drops up each nostril. Vapo-Rub is especially designed for the nose and upper throat—where most colds start. Used in time, Vapo-Rub helps to prevent many colds—and to throw off head colds in the early stages.

3. To Help End a Cold Sooner Vicks Vapo-Rub is especially designed for the nose and upper throat—where most colds start. Used in time, Vapo-Rub helps to prevent many colds—and to throw off head colds in the early stages.

What this commonsense, medically sound Plan can do for you and your family can be proved only by trying it. You'll find full directions for following it in any package of Vicks Vapo-Rub or Vicks Vapo-Rub.

Prompt Relief

For sufferers from the itching, burning and irritation of eczema, pimples, rashes, red, rough skin, itching, burning feet, chafings, chapping, cuts, burns and disfiguring blotches, may be found by anointing with

Cuticura Ointment

THE COOK'S CORNER

ORANGE SANDWICHES 1/2 cup orange juice 1/2 teaspoon grated orange rind 2 tablespoons melted butter 1/2 cup sugar 2 bananas 6 slices bread Method: Mix orange juice, rind, butter and sugar. Toast bread lightly on one side and spread other side lightly with this mixture. Arrange slices of banana over the top and place under the broiler for a few minutes until bananas are warm.

SHRIMP SANDWICHES 1 cup shrimp, minced 1/2 cup mayonnaise 1/2 cup finely chopped cucumber 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper Lettuce Method: Mix shrimp, cucumber and green pepper. Moisten with mayonnaise and spread on thin slices of white bread. Cover with lettuce leaves. Remove crusts, cut in triangles and serve with green olives.

TOMATO CHEESE SANDWICHES 6 large slices tomato 6 slices cheese 3 large, round sandwich buns Method: Slice the buns and butter lightly. Place on each a large slice tomato, or two or more smaller ones. Cover with a thin slice of cheese. The slice should be large enough to cover the bun. Set under the broiler until the tomato is hot and cheese is melted. Serve with potato chips.

WHOLE MEAL SANDWICH 1 lb. bacon 1/2 lb. dried beef 1/2 cup chili sauce 1-3 cup grated cheese 1/2 cup chopped sweet pickle 6 large, round sandwich buns Butter Method: With scissors, cut the bacon into shreds. Cook in frying pan until light brown. Add dried beef, which has been shredded with scissors also. Cook for about 3 minutes. Add chili sauce and grated cheese and cook until cheese melts. Remove from fire, add chopped sweet pickle. Cut the buns in halves, toast lightly on cut side, butter, and spread with cooked filling. Serve with a slice of dill pickle. This is delicious for a picnic lunch, or may be used as the main dish for a lunch at home.

A Morning Smile

Motorist—"I've had it a whole year and I haven't paid a cent for repairs or upkeep on my car since I bought it."

Friend—"Yes, so the man at the service station tells me."

Hiram—"Waal, Si, I planted a mess o' turnips in th' garden, an' what d'ye think cum up?"

Cyrus—"Dunnit, what?"

Hiram—"A flock o' hogs, an' et 'em."

What's the Good of Having a Husband? Dorothy Dix Says They Are Useful And Needed By Women

A Woman With a Good Husband Has Drawn a Prize Package in the Lottery of Life

What's the good of a husband? A young woman says: "I am financially independent. I have a job that makes me not only a good living but gives me something interesting and exciting to do and think about. I have my own independent home and, like the traditional old maid, I have a chimney that smokes, a parrot that swears and a cat that goes out at nights, so what would I gain by marriage? What's the good of a husband, anyway?"

One might answer this question by replying that there is the cosmic urge of every normal woman for her mate and her children and that it takes these to round out her life. Also one might say that a good husband is God's best blessing to a woman. In him she has a strong arm to lean upon, a loving heart to comfort her in her troubles, a bulwark to stand between her and the world. She has a tenderness that never fails and an understanding and sympathy and comradeship that no one else could give her.

She has a sense of the oneness with her husband that she could never have with any other human being. Oh, a woman with a good husband has drawn the prize package in the lottery, but even when she misses that and gets only a sort of Grade-B husband he is a consolation prize that is worth taking home. For husbands, just as husbands and without regard to merit, have a definite intrinsic value, and even when a woman can't get along with one she finds life dust and ashes in her teeth without one.

A woman, for instance, must have a husband, no matter what a poor stick of a creature he may be, to ever really be a member in good standing in the lodge of womanhood. It is only married women who know the grip and the password to the inner circles of that esoteric organization. The old maid is always a rank outsider and is looked down upon with pity and contempt by ladies who wear the mystic golden band on their third fingers. Every married woman just naturally patronizes a single one.

A husband also seems as necessary to making a home as a vacuum cleaner or an electric icebox. This is the case even when he doesn't support it. Somehow he supplies atmosphere—like a piece of genuine antique furniture or a good Persian rug. And he puts pep into the household. It never seems worthwhile to a woman to get up a good meal unless there is going to be a man to eat it. Widows and old maids notoriously run to a tea-and-toast diet and those abominations of nothingness that are euphemistically known as "dainty" dishes.

Then a husband is simply invaluable as an alibi. The unmarried woman has to stand on her own feet and take the consequences of her own acts, but the married woman simply hides behind her husband and saves her face. When she doesn't want to join a cause or take tickets for some boring lecture series or give the money to charity that she wants to spend on a new hat, all she has to say is: "My husband just simply forbids it" or "My husband doesn't approve of it" and that's that.

A husband is also worth his weight in gold as a topic of conversation. If you will listen in on any group of married women, you will find that what they are talking about, nine times out of ten, is their husbands. Their peculiarities, their faults, their virtues. What they like to eat and drink and wear furnish an inexhaustible theme upon which they play as upon a harp of a thousand strings.

A husband is also valuable as a justification for self-pity, and the worse he is the better he is. There are a large number of women who find their greatest happiness in being martyrs, and there is nothing they enjoy so much as weeping upon a sympathetic breast and telling their troubles. If they are single it cramps their style, but if they have husbands they can just let themselves go and wallow in woe while they tell of how John won't work and support the family, or how Tom came home drunk last night, or how Percy is running around with some blonde hussy. But if you have ever tried to separate a poor abused wife from her brute of a husband you have found that it can't be done. She has no idea of parting from a husband she can complain about.

And husbands are useful as sparring partners. Thousands of women are scrappy by nature and love nothing so much as a good fight. A peaceful home would bore them to death. They have to have somebody to argue with, somebody to contradict, somebody to find fault with, and who but a husband would knock the chip off their shoulders and jump into the scrimmage at the first word?

So taking all of these things together, my dear, you will see that a husband is a pretty handy thing to have around the house. If he is a good one he makes you a paradise on earth for you, and if he isn't a good one he takes your mind off of your other troubles.

Too Many Beaus

By ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

"What's a kid like you doing picking up New York licenses along country roads and chasing around like this if a little kiss is going to scare you to death? It don't make sense. Why a your mother's even Sugar broke into such hysterical sobs that all Scoop's doubts left him. "Here, Lollypop, I'm sorry." He reached over and took her hands from her eyes. "I apologize! You've nothing to be afraid of. I've got a kid sister, Margie, just your age. Why, honey, you wouldn't harm a hair of your little head."

"It—was my fault," Sugar made a brave effort to control herself. "B—but I—I'm going to tell you the truth about me. Then you'll understand."

"Never mind," Scoop said soothingly. "You don't have to tell me a thing. Pull yourself together and we'll go back and get a drink of something at the drug store. Then I'll take you home to your folks."

"I haven't any mother or father," she told him brokenly. "You poor kid."

"Why, I'm just a nursemaid at the Masters' house. I want there last week. These clothes aren't even mine. They belong to Zanle Lou who lives there. She loaned them to me."

Scoop's face softened. "Why are you telling me all these things?"

"B—because I don't want you to think I'm a bad girl." Sugar choked again. "I—I'd never had high heel shoes on till this afternoon. I couldn't walk when you came along in your car. My feet were killing me. You looked kind, and I liked you. So I got in."

"Thank you, Lollypop," Scoop took her tear-stained face between his big brown hands. "I won't ever disappoint you again."

"This evening when you asked me to go to dinner and the movies, I just couldn't say no. It—it's the first time I was ever to a movie, or a restaurant, or car riding in my life."

"Well, I'll be darned!" Scoop exclaimed incredulously. "It's the truth." Sugar wiped her eyes and sat up straight. "Now, I feel better."

"Goeh, I'm sorry, kid," Scoop put his hat back on his head and looked at her unhappily. "If there is any way in the world I can square my boner, command me, I've never been so ashamed of myself in my life."

"Forget it," Sugar summoned a little smile of forgiveness. "I'm sorry I got so scared. But I remembered all the things I'd read about girls who got into strange cars, and it just about frightened me to death."

"No use talking, my dear, when it comes to quality, give me MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE everytime"



Maxwell House Coffee ROASTED AND PACKED IN CANADA

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Here is a cunning little dress. The fullness in skirt, falls from brief French yoke, which allows ample leg space. It has darling puffed sleeves. Or it can be made with the ruffled sleeve, as is small back view.

The cutest idea ever is Dolly's dress—exactly like it—included in the pattern. Cotton broadcloth prints, percale prints, dimities, cotton challis prints, gingham plaids, linen, velveteen, etc., are nice mediums for ordinary wear. For parties, crepe de chine or taffeta is precious.

Style No. 1622 is designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 39-inch material with 1 1/2 yards of 1-inch ribbon for girls' dress; 3/4 yard of 35-inch material with 3/4 yard of 1/2-inch ribbon for doll's dress.

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

Form for ordering pattern: No. 1622, Size, Name, Street Address, City, State

But, being true, it certainly should be incentive enough to make any female start sprucing up and attempting to make the most of herself. Some women, however, fail to develop their potentialities for beauty to the fullest extent. And redheads are distinctly in this class.

Why any redhead should consider the color of her hair a handicap, I can't for the life of me imagine. Red hair can be radiantly beautiful if it is properly cared for. But proper care, according to Fay Wray, of cinema fame, is not the only beauty problem that faces the titian-haired lass.

Fay, herself a redhead, claims that the brick-topped dame! must not only give her hair special care, but must also be extremely watchful of the colors that she wears. Color can be either your slave or your master, Fay says. It can enhance your personality, can furnish an attractive and flattering background for your loveliness—or it can do just the opposite.

Fay herself looks best in bronze, oooo brown, green—as near emerald as possible—and a medium grey. These, of course, are her favorite colors, although she also thinks black, enlivened by a touch of white at the throat, is very becoming.

"I never heard of such a thing—lending clothes to a servant! Surely, Zanle Lou wouldn't do that."

"You'd be surprised," Cart lit a cigarette. "Zanle Lou's not a bit snobbish. She's quite human."

The others at the tables listened with delight to the three-cornered squabble between Jane Lee, Nancy Sue and Cart.

"Finally Nancy Sue gave in with a pretty little shake of her aristocratic head. "Let's not talk any more about it. One would think she was important."

"Maybe she is—to some people," Cart smiled at her maddeningly. Jane Lee kicked his foot under the table. Cart realized he wasn't being very polite and changed the subject. Dick Le Masters watched his brother with amusement and saw that it was almost impossible for him to keep his eyes off the little nursemaid.

(To Be Continued.) REDHEADS MUST WATCH COLORS

Some wise once remarked that the woman who makes herself a feast for the eyes can usually help herself to anything in the banquet of life. It's an odd bit of philosophy.

BEMA BARBADOS MOLASSES advertisement with logo and text.

FOR SALE One of the most attractive places on Prince Edward Island, looking over that beautiful St. Peter's Bay. It attracts the eye of tourists and the passer-by—a dwelling house, including store and a warehouse. Ideal location for business. Will sell with a good title at a bargain. Apply to J. A. MACDONALD, Auctioneer