

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

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Curtain Pins

When the curtain pins have become rusted allow them to lie for a few minutes in a bowl of water to which ammonia has been added. Then take them out and rub with a dry cloth and they will be as good as new.

Pocket Mirror

Fasten a small hook to the back of the small mirror carried in the purse so that it may be hung on a nail or hook in the rest room, and leave both hands free. It is just a little convenience worth the trouble.

Cold Roast Meat

The flavor of roast meat, that is to be served cold, will be preserved if it is wrapped in a damp cheese-cloth while the meat is still hot.

Morning Smile

Two fighting Irishmen were brought before a judge who said: "Why don't you two settle this case out of court?"

"Sure that's exactly what we were doing," said one, "and the police came along and interfered."

AMMONIA FROM HORNS

Ammonia once was distilled from the horns and hoofs of animals and known as spirit of hartshorn.

BABY'S COLDS

Help Nature To Fight Them Off

Medical Science denies there is any such thing as a cure for colds—only Nature herself can do it. So when baby's sniffles, or stuffy breathing warn you of a cold's presence—cooperate at once with Nature. See that baby is kept warm, gets plenty of sleep and take extra care that the bowels are thoroughly cleared of harmful wastes. To do this without upsetting baby's whole system and further weakening it, try Baby's Own Tablets. Mild, yet act promptly in getting rid of the irritating material that makes baby restless and feverish. Mrs. George McBride of Scarborough says: "My baby of 26 months caught a nasty cold so I tried Baby's Own Tablets and she threw this cold off quicker than ever before. I certainly am for Baby's Own Tablets from now on." Effective also in teething troubles, constipation and other simple baby ailments. 25¢.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

It is indeed strange the things that crowd to mind when one pursues a line of thought, as last night when we considered some of our current problems, as seen from the old kitchen on a wintry night, common ones affecting all farm dwellers. And it came to me that the old notion that the farm-folks' standard of living is below that of village or town or city dwellers should be dispensed. The idea in itself is a contradiction when one considers that we live in the midst of an abundance of those things which stand for good living. We have certainly more than our share of fresh air and sunshine. If it is true that "cleanliness" rates next to "godliness", then the rural minister need not stress the text in the presence of farmwives, be the main source of the supply come by path from a common pump in the yard or from a more imposing system now fast replacing more primitive methods in country homes.

As to foods farm-folk live well and graciously, this only in natural sequence to our surroundings and the necessity of being fortified for our work, though not without effort or outlay do we come by our basic foods. Socially, we have our congenial friends and neighbors, their interests akin to ours. Schools at cross-roads enter our children, fairly comfortably and well, considering Jamie our next link with one, on the road to an education; telephones summon our doctor or veterinary surgeon; Churches and radios offer us the nice things of life for inspiration and enjoyment, the best in sermons, music from master minds and fingers, plays and readings from the old classics (though I confess, not nearly enough!) and we have cars and busses, if we wish, to whisk us to a spell of visiting or shopping or a show in the city.

"You do make farm-life sound very attractive, Ellen!" a professional woman observed to me not long ago. "Well, isn't it?" I replied. "Just wait until every last island farm-home is hitched to a power-line, and then!" I laughed happily at the very thought of it, and repeated Aunt Kitty Mahoney's words when expressing complete satisfaction, "we won't own a king for our uncle!" Yes, notwithstanding, some thorns of existence, farm-

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Now—She Laughs at age



Springtime is in her heart again! Along with the new-found feeling of gay, peppy energy, her very appearance, too, has changed. Sparkling eyes, better color, the tired look replaced with fresh, rested youthfulness—no wonder life has taken on new interests. Yes, thousands of women vigor associated with insufficient blood-flow have bloomed anew with the help of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Just try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for 30 days. See if they don't bring you new pep and energy.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. How should a girl treat a young man who had failed to keep an appointment?
A. She should not be too impulsive until she knows the reason. If an exceptionally good reason is not forthcoming, she should let the young man know that he will never be given another opportunity.
Q. When a woman is entertaining both men and women by giving a dinner in a hotel or restaurant what is the best way for her to pay the bill?
A. The very best way is to order the dinner and pay for it in advance.
Q. What is the best way to acknowledge the announcement of a birth?
A. By a warm sincere note—and sometimes a little gift for the baby.

Legends Of P. E. Island

By Uncle Joe

THE STORY OF POKATOMAS

There once lived at Lennox Island a chieftain who had three sons, the youngest of whom bore the odd name of Pokatomas. The youth was fleet of foot, a skilled hunter, and on that account was hated by his elder brothers. Every time Pokatomas went hunting, his father trusted the boy with his own bow and arrow, the best to be seen in the Island of the Micmacs. Too, he knew his son would not kill more than one deer for the family larder.

One day while his oldest brother was hunting, Gloopsoop appeared in the form of an old man and said: "Give me your bow and arrow, young brave, that I may kill a deer for my own use."

But the boy refused. Soon after Gloopsoop had disappeared, the youth sighted a large bear and decided to kill it. But when he went to release the arrow it broke in two, part of the shaft gouging out his right eye. Then the second eldest brother set out, but soon returned to his sire's wigwam with his right eye pierced by a broken arrow. Pokatomas begged his father to let him go and bring home the family meal, but the chief said: "No; your brothers have come to harm and you are not likely to escape, either." Still the boy begged and pleaded until Chief Feather Head said, "Go, my son, and may the Great Spirit protect you from all harm." Soon after entering the forest, Gloopsoop again appeared in the form of an old man and said to the young hunter: "Give me your bow and arrow that I may slay a deer to satisfy my great hunger." "I dare not," said the boy, "because this bow and arrow belongs to my father, and if you should happen to break it my sire would never permit me to use it again. Let me slay the deer and the half of it shall be yours." Gloopsoop agreed. Before the day came to an end the prey had been slain and each took his share. "Because you have a kinder heart

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DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

It's The Attitude That Counts Couple Can Always Get Along If They Really Want To

DEAR MISS DIX: I have been married for about seven months and am trying my best to make a go of it, but my husband constantly tells me that he does not believe we will ever get together. What do you think of a man who takes this attitude? WORRIED WIFE

ANSWER: I should think that the wish is father to the thought and that he is prophetic. You will never get along because he will never try to get along with you. He will make no effort to conciliate you, or to adapt himself to you, or to handle any domestic situation with diplomacy.

We always speak of a married couple getting along together as if it were a matter of pure chance or of some special dispensation of Providence in their favor. As a matter of fact, there is no miracle about it, or rather it is a miracle that every husband and wife who are above the grade of a moron have a fair working knowledge of each other and could chart out with mathematical precision each other's little peculiarities of temper and temperament. They could stake out each other's dispositions and know precisely where each has erected his or her "Keep Off The Grass" signs, and each could make a weather map of the other's moods and know at a glance what the domestic temperature is going to be. This being true, it is passing strange how many needless quarrels husbands and wives indulge in.

RIGHT APPROACH VITAL

Also, husbands and wives know that the way a thing is put riles them oftener than the thing itself. They know the value of making the right approach. They know the wisdom of waiting for the psychological moment. They know that the soft answer literally turns away wrath, and that they could deflect nine-tenths of the matrimonial storms if they wanted to.

In a word, they know that they could get along together if they would make a real, honest effort. And when they don't, it is because they don't want to.

DEAR MISS DIX: Do all girls like to listen to mushy talk? Mush is definitely not my dish. DISGUSTED BOY

ANSWER: Well, of course, no girl is really adverse to hearing a boy tell her how beautiful and wonderful she is and what glorious eyes she has and that, somehow, there is something different about her from all other girls, and that the first time he saw her he knew that she was the one girl he had been looking for, and so on and so forth, ad infinitum. Flattery always listens good, and any girl is willing to lend her ears so long as you are just loads of girls who like to talk about sports and books and what's in the newspapers and all the other topics in which an intelligent human being is interested. Try them out along these lines.

DEAR MISS DIX: Do you consider it fair for a woman to collect alimony from a man when she is working and perfectly able to support herself? A DIVORCED MAN

ANSWER: No. I think that a man should support his children wholly, or in part, as long as they are unable to care for themselves, but that an able-bodied, self-supporting woman should not demand alimony from her former husband. But when a woman is old, or middle-aged, and has given 20 or 30 years of service to her husband, then I think she is entitled to a fair division of the property because she has earned her share of it.

The Harvey Girls

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

"Those rides won't do anybody else any good," was Doc Gibson's cynical opinion. So, also, believed Ned Trent, who had gone into partnership with a bewhiskered oldtimer named Marcus Browne, and spent an occasional night with him at their place in the hills. Awakened at a still dark hour one morning by the whinny of a horse, the two turned out and discovered a dim figure moving toward the shelter of an arroyo. Trent fired a shot in the general direction of the trespasser. A day or so later, Judge Purvis and the gambler met on the street, withdrew to a secluded spot and there held a low-voiced but angry confabulation. The only portion of it to reach outside ears intelligently had the general effect of a threat by the Judge to run his ex-employee out of the territory.

Chris Maule had taken a job with Clay. His duty was to look after the railroad shipments of cattle, and handle incoming consignments for the ranch. This suited his book perfectly, since it enabled him to see much of his inamorata. Conversely, it would have released Clay from most of his Sandrock duties and allowed him to devote practically all of his time to supervision of the ranch. This did not suit his book so well. There was Cricket to be considered. He was contrived to put in at least three evenings a week at the Harvey place, sometimes sharing Chris's lodgings for the night, more often riding back the seven miles to his own place.

To Cricket's keen observation, it appeared that her roommate was more restless than happy. Chris Maule, on the other hand, was generally light of heart. Occasionally he was in funds, but as he deluged the lady of his admiration with expensively imported floral offerings, books and other gifts, this favorable financial condition never lasted long.

"He's got no sense," Hazel mourned to her friend. "I think he's sweet," said Cricket. "So do I. That's the trouble. We have such fun laughing at each other. Though I'm sure I don't know what there is funny about me to laugh at." "What are you going to do about him?" "Not fair, Hazel," said downright Cricket. "Haven't you let him think that you're going to marry him?" "No. I've told him I'm not." "What does he say?" "Oh, he says he can't blame me for not wanting to marry a blighty who isn't worth marryin', and that if I ever change my mind, there he is and he'll put it in writin', and then he laughs and kisses me, and I might just as well not have said anything at all. Gosh, Cricket, Chris Maule isn't what I came

Cook's Corner

LEMON MALLOBET

20 marshmallows
1 cup water
Juice 2 lemons
2 teaspoons sugar
Dash of salt
2 egg whites
METHOD: Cut the marshmallows in halves or quarters and combine with the water in the top part of a double boiler. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until the marshmallows are melted.
Remove from the heat and add the lemon juice, salt, and 1 teaspoon of the sugar. Cool until it begins to thicken, then fold in the egg whites that have been beaten until stiff with the remaining teaspoon sugar.
Pour into the tray of your automatic refrigerator and place in the freezing unit, with the cold control turned to quick freezing. Freeze until firm, then turn the cold control half way back to normal and hold like this until ready to serve the dessert.

out west for. You know that." "I know. You came to find a man with lots of money." "And what do I do?" Open a "right car" and find a prize package with nothing in it that I could use. Well, I'm going to follow the canal mule's example." "What canal mule?" "Grandpop's. He was the smartest mule on the Erie towpath. His rule was, when things get too thick, stick your nose in the air and walk out." "Hazel! Where would you walk to?" Her friend began making nervous pleats in the apron that covered her knees. "There's a man from California goes through here twice a month, and he always takes a train that we feed. He wants me to try for a transfer to San Berdo. He's a nice man. He grows oranges and olives." "Poor Chris!" said Cricket softly. "Now you're trying to make me cry, darn you!" Hazel accused, and founced out.

For herself, Cricket discovered that it is quite possible to be very happy and very worried at one and the same time. She tried to figure

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EXTRA! Last-Minute Baking Turns "Leftover" Lunch into Triumph! Thanks to FAST-ACTING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!



A spur-of-the-moment baking idea—and soon piping-hot Parker House luncheon rolls are out of the oven calling for butter or jam! You can turn the trick often—with luscious dessert breads, spicy hot buns—when you use dependable fast-acting Fleischmann's Yeast. If you bake at home, insist on Fleischmann's Yeast for best results every time!



How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make use of old bath towels?
A. When the towels begin to wear out, use the parts which are still good for children's bibs. They are easily washed out after each meal and need not be ironed.
Q. How can I make fruit salads look more attractive?
A. Individual fruit salads are most attractive and delicious when served with a ball of cream cheese sprinkled with cinnamon.
Q. How can I remove rain spots from velvet?
A. By sponging with gasoline, being sure to rub always in the one direction.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "He, you and I are invited to the wedding."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "colliery"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Awkward, awfully, awfully, autocracy.
4. What does the word "incipiency" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with "fl" that means "grossly wicked"?

ANSWERS
1. Say, "You, he, and I." 2. Pronounce kol-yer-ee, o as in of, e as in her, accent first syllable. 3. Awful. 4. Beginning; commencement. "The disease was in its incipiency." 5. Flagitious.

The Stars Say--

By Genevieve Kemble

For Saturday, March 5
A PARTICULARLY lively, enterprising and constructive state of affairs, in which major interests should be attacked with zeal and the promise of hearty support from influential sources is forecast. Superiors, elders and large institutions may be found ready with capital for promotion, and with favors and tokens of good will. It might be well to defer to the judgment and larger vision of such, since, the personal perspective may not be so clear and workable.

If It Is Your Birthday

Those whose birthday it is, may find they can benefit, on larger issues and objectives, by deferring to the wiser heads and riper judgment of superiors, friends or public officials, whose experience and enterprise have been fully tested. Their vision may have larger scope and their financial aid worth the important issues.
A child born on this day may be endowed with versatility and adaptability, but its need of cooperation justifies a yielding to wiser heads and more enlarged experience.

GREEN FINGERS

MONTREAL (CP)—A geranium slip started last summer has grown to the height of 46 inches under the "green thumb" of Mrs. M. England of nearby Dorval. Growing plants has been her hobby ever since moving from a "stuffy" apartment in the city.



What was My husband Doing in Her Kitchen?!

Actually, as I later discovered, he was only enjoying a cup of tea. But so much better tea than mine, tea with a real "Flavor Lift". And that means Lipton Tea, of course. Deeper in color, richer in flavor, Lipton Tea is so good you can actually use less tea per cup. LIPTON TEA is Canada's only Bonded Tea—and it's bonded because it's better. Buy some today!

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In tub or washing machine, Surf works wonders. Rich, long-lasting suds that stand up—white clothes whiter and colored clothes brighter in any kind of water. Kind to hands! In the big, blue package. Get a box today.

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Scum-free Surf suds give the CLEANEST WASH!