

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

"I'll be good"



if you make me comfortable"

THERE'S nothing you would not do, of course, to insure your baby's health. But in your attention to regular feedings and measured weight, don't overlook the simple little things that mean so much in comfort.

Just suppose you had to lie for hours at a time in a perambulator! Wouldn't you just love a gentle body massage after the bath? "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is best for this purpose. It keeps the new, tender skin in such splendid condition, prevents and heals chafing, "cradle cap," small scratches and bruises. And don't forget to rub a little on red, inflamed buttocks when you change his diaper.

"Vaseline" Jelly is splendid to relieve infantile smudges. Rub it gently over the bridge of the nose and apply a bit up the nostrils on a cotton swab. There should be a special tube of "Vaseline" Jelly in your medicine chest for the baby's private use.

And remember when you buy that the trade-mark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesbrough Manufacturing Co., Cons. 4, 6520 Chabot Ave., Montreal, Canada.

A Morning Smile

SUCH IS FAME

Signor Randegger, the well-known conductor and composer, once had a curious experience. He was engaged to perform at a concert, but the doorkeeper refused to admit him into the artists' room.

"But you must let me in," he persisted. "I am taking part in the concert." "What is your name?" "Randegger."

"It isn't on the programme." "Indeed it is; I am accompanying one of my songs," and he pointed to a number beneath which stood the words "Accompanied by the Composer."

"Oh," said the man, "in that case, I expect it's all right; but I thought all real composers were supposed to be dead."

Minard's Liniment removes dirt.

CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. IN CHANCERY BEFORE THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

No. D135 In the matter of the Estate of John Angus McKenzie, late of Scotchfort, in Queens County, Farmer, deceased, intestate.

Pursuant to a Decreeal Order made in the above matter on the 15th day of May, A. D., 1931, by His Honour the Master of the Rolls referring all accounts and claims against the Estate of John Angus McKenzie of Scotchfort in Queens County, Farmer, deceased, to me to report upon; I hereby do hereby certify that all persons claiming any interest in the estate of the said John Angus McKenzie, to come and prove their claims before me at my office in the Province of Prince Edward Island, at Charlottetown on Monday the 15th day of June, A. D., 1931, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon, otherwise to be excluded from the benefit of the said order, and to be barred from and against any claim against the said estate.

Dated this 16th day of May, A. D., 1931. D. EDGAR SHAW Master-in-Chancery

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED E. W. TAYLOR J. S. TAYLOR Optometrists 163 Richmond Street

FOR SALE 50 Thousand Bags Consisting of 25 thousand potato bags, 15 thousand Feed bags and 10 thousand sugar bags.

These bags have been used but have been assorted and are in excellent condition. For quick sale, at a bargain. Further particulars apply P. O. BOX 524, Halifax, N. S. 4876-5-29-31.

Etiquette

By Roberts Lee

Q. Are household linens a necessity for every bride's trousseau? A. Yes; every bride should have a complete supply of linens.

Q. Is it ever proper for a woman employee to accept an invitation to her employer's home, without being personally invited by his wife? A. Never.

Q. When is it correct to use a crest on one's stationery? A. Only when one's family actually has a crest.

For The Cook

PERFECTION SALAD

- 1 package gelatin. 1/2 cup cold water. 1/2 cup mild vinegar. 2 teaspoons lemon juice. 2 cups boiling water. 1/2 cup sugar. 1 teaspoon salt. 1/2 cup shredded cabbage. 1/2 cup cucumber, cut fine. 1/2 cup celery, cut fine. 1/2 cup green peppers, cut fine. 2 pimientos, cut fine, or 1 can pimientos, chopped fine.

Soak gelatin in cold water for five minutes. Add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt. Strain, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add remaining ingredients. Turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water. Remove to bed of lettuce or endive. Garnish with mayonnaise or cut in cubes and serve in cases made of red or green peppers. This makes a delicious accompaniment to cold sliced chicken or veal.

Economic Depression Hits Jugoslavia

BELGRADE, May 29. (U.P.)—The threats of radicalism and communism which have been disturbing her larger European neighbors, have failed to find a response in Jugoslavia.

Not even a movement toward republicanism can be traced in this little war-torn kingdom. The separatist movement which arose among the Serbs, Croats and former Austro-Hungarian provinces shortly after the war had long since died out.

Jugoslavia remains loyal to King Alexander. Since the beginning of 1929, the country has been on the road toward greater national unity, under the planning of the king. Alexander's decrees for unifying the country and bringing the separatist movement to an end date from that time.

They are slowly achieving their purpose, hampered somewhat by the economic crisis. Under these decrees, the country

was divided into entirely new "counties" in conformity with economic and geographic needs of the various communities. The old historical boundaries have entirely disappeared.

All companies and business houses have been reorganized under new charters in conformity with the new Jugoslavia.

Under these same decrees, political parties were dissolved. For that reason, the administration announces that radicalism has been stamped out.

Shortly after the war, communism sprang up out of the general confusion of reorganization. But the movement is always linked in the public mind with the hardships accompanying that period, and so never gained an important foothold.

At that time the Communists had 60 representatives in the Constitutional Congress, however.

One reason for the loyalty to Alexander is the fact that the dynasty traces its lineage direct from the people. The agricultural reforms and revision of land holdings after the war did much to increase the king's popularity.

Jugoslavia is now passing through a critical economic period due to a surplus of farm products. The country is 85 per cent agricultural, and so has been particularly hard hit in this respect by over production in Europe.

The present policy of the king and the administration is toward alleviation of this crisis through domestic reforms and negotiations with her neighbors.

But it is safe to say that most married couples will read of this feat with awe and wonder, but with no desire to emulate it. For experience has taught husbands and wives that the old proverb, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," is never so true as it is in matrimony, and that a few judicious separations do more to keep the home fires burning than the highest moral principles and the most conscientious effort to do one's duty in the holy estate.

We all know that the thing that chiefly ails marriage is that there is too much of it, and if men and women could only be married five days a week instead of seven, virtually every marriage would be a grand success and we could abolish divorce.

For the five-day matrimonial week would keep husbands and wives perpetually interesting to each other and give the galled place where the matrimonial yoke rubs too heavily a chance to heal instead of keeping it a perpetual sore.

Any man could stand a certain amount of nagging if there was a let-up in it now and then. Any woman could endure grouchiness and knocking if there was a respite at times. It is when the nagging and the fault-finding are a continuous performance that husbands and wives get to the breaking point.

Moreover, such is human nature, most of us get fed up on the society of our best beloved if we get it in unbroken doses. We demand a change in our conversation just as we do in our daily diet and just as we too often relish for even our favorite dish if we have it served to us morning, noon and night, day after day, so do we lose our taste for the society of even the most intelligent and witty individual if we have to listen to him or her too long or too often.

In that it is to be found the real reason why middle-aged husbands and wives so frequently kick over the traces and upset the cart after having pulled contentedly together in double harness for twenty-five or thirty years.

They have been together too much. They have lost the charm of novelty for each other. They know each other's every expression and trick and ways of doing things. They have heard each other's every story and opinion a thousand times. And they crave change. Hence the sheik or the sheba. And divorce. And alimony. And a general messing up of things.

It is a common experience that when we are with people too much we lose our perspective on their virtues and see only their faults. Their little ways get upon our nerves. The way they crunch toast at breakfast. Dropping cigar ashes on the floor. Not hanging up a towel. Some little word that

time by a man she has once distrusted. Christie was just enough afraid of the man to treat him civilly, but she threw into her talk with him little carping bits that kept Starbuck irritated though they did not cool his ardor. Indeed, they rather inflamed it with a resentful resolve to bring the girl, in some wise, to time.

"There's a hussy that's got 'em all beat," declared Doctor Carpy to Selwood. "She is an antelope and as trim on her feet. We never had no women like that down in my country. She asked me this morning what had become of you."

Less than that much of a firebrand would have sent Selwood's good resolutions to keep away from Christie Fyler up in smoke. What he ought to do, and what he wanted to do, were as far apart as the North pole and the South—and in the clash of opinions the South pole won.

Leaving Carpy, Selwood walked up to the hall on the Hill. The only sign of life about the place was Bull Page, who was filling and shining up the lamps. Selwood spoke kindly to him—Bull was a devotee. Walking to the back of the hall, Selwood went behind his desk. He lifted the glass case, doubled the shoe up, and put it into one of his capacious pockets. He had resolved mentally to ask Christie today whether this was her shoe; if she claimed it, he meant to make her prove her claim by trying it on for him.

It was useless to pretend he could visit her without careful preparation. The least vain man would have tried to look his best for a call on the only pretty girl in Sleepy Cat—Bill Pardaloe "claimed" she was the only pretty girl on the Mountain divide.

And Selwood was vain. He probably did not think so, but his careful dress among careless men condemned him. This afternoon that he went to call on Christie he was in that dangerous state of preparedness that had given him his unwelcome nickname.

Fyler sat in a chair near the door.

her interest in Selwood. Indeed, she found herself sensitive after a few days because Selwood did not call often. Yet some remembrance of their last talk was pleasant in her heart—some thought of a confidence in her worth expressed by the only man in her new and strange surroundings whom she felt sure she might trust.

Starbuck came in one day especially to tell her that he had learned all the circumstances of the row between her father and his partners, and thought if her father would figure out his damages, when he was well enough to do so, he, Starbuck, would see that Atkins paid. "And, Christie," he added, in earnest of his intentions, "tell your father not to be modest about fixing the amount. Atkins is a bad egg—that's the truth of it. I get along with him. I have to keep the peace here and I get along with everybody. But your father ought never to have had anything to do with a man like that."

He made no reference whatever to the unpleasant alternative he had offered before and seemed to wish it lost sight of; for he showed now only an interest in seeing what appeared clearly a wrong properly righted.

Fyler accepted the olive branch. Christie received Starbuck's overtures coldly. A man may be fooled more than once; but a woman provided her affections are not involved, is not easily deceived the second

Fifty Year's Unbroken Companionship Dorothy Dix Considers Crowning Record of Achievement

The Thing That Chiefly Ails Marriage is That There is too Much of it—If Men and Women Could Only be Married Five Days a Week Instead of Seven, Practically Every Marriage Would be a Grand Success, Declares Dorothy Dix

A husband and wife who have just celebrated their golden wedding have never once during all of that time been separated an entire day. This may be variously regarded as the crowning illustration of conjugal devotion or as breaking the world's long-endurance record.

Just think of it! Fifty years of unbroken companionship. Looking across the breakfast table at the same face for 18,250 times. The same man and the same woman saying over and over again the same things for 18,250 consecutive days. About how they slept. About how they feel. About the weather. About leaving the money for the grocery bill. About being careful not to get run over by an automobile in crossing the street. Knowing each other so well that each knows what the other will say or she says it. Never a new thought nor a new idea between them. Never a day's break in the monotony of domesticity. What love it took to choose it! Or what heroism to stand it!

But it is safe to say that most married couples will read of this feat with awe and wonder, but with no desire to emulate it. For experience has taught husbands and wives that the old proverb, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," is never so true as it is in matrimony, and that a few judicious separations do more to keep the home fires burning than the highest moral principles and the most conscientious effort to do one's duty in the holy estate.

We all know that the thing that chiefly ails marriage is that there is too much of it, and if men and women could only be married five days a week instead of seven, virtually every marriage would be a grand success and we could abolish divorce.

For the five-day matrimonial week would keep husbands and wives perpetually interesting to each other and give the galled place where the matrimonial yoke rubs too heavily a chance to heal instead of keeping it a perpetual sore.

Any man could stand a certain amount of nagging if there was a let-up in it now and then. Any woman could endure grouchiness and knocking if there was a respite at times. It is when the nagging and the fault-finding are a continuous performance that husbands and wives get to the breaking point.

Moreover, such is human nature, most of us get fed up on the society of our best beloved if we get it in unbroken doses. We demand a change in our conversation just as we do in our daily diet and just as we too often relish for even our favorite dish if we have it served to us morning, noon and night, day after day, so do we lose our taste for the society of even the most intelligent and witty individual if we have to listen to him or her too long or too often.

In that it is to be found the real reason why middle-aged husbands and wives so frequently kick over the traces and upset the cart after having pulled contentedly together in double harness for twenty-five or thirty years.

They have been together too much. They have lost the charm of novelty for each other. They know each other's every expression and trick and ways of doing things. They have heard each other's every story and opinion a thousand times. And they crave change. Hence the sheik or the sheba. And divorce. And alimony. And a general messing up of things.

It is a common experience that when we are with people too much we lose our perspective on their virtues and see only their faults. Their little ways get upon our nerves. The way they crunch toast at breakfast. Dropping cigar ashes on the floor. Not hanging up a towel. Some little word that

time by a man she has once distrusted. Christie was just enough afraid of the man to treat him civilly, but she threw into her talk with him little carping bits that kept Starbuck irritated though they did not cool his ardor. Indeed, they rather inflamed it with a resentful resolve to bring the girl, in some wise, to time.

"There's a hussy that's got 'em all beat," declared Doctor Carpy to Selwood. "She is an antelope and as trim on her feet. We never had no women like that down in my country. She asked me this morning what had become of you."

Less than that much of a firebrand would have sent Selwood's good resolutions to keep away from Christie Fyler up in smoke. What he ought to do, and what he wanted to do, were as far apart as the North pole and the South—and in the clash of opinions the South pole won.

Leaving Carpy, Selwood walked up to the hall on the Hill. The only sign of life about the place was Bull Page, who was filling and shining up the lamps. Selwood spoke kindly to him—Bull was a devotee. Walking to the back of the hall, Selwood went behind his desk. He lifted the glass case, doubled the shoe up, and put it into one of his capacious pockets. He had resolved mentally to ask Christie today whether this was her shoe; if she claimed it, he meant to make her prove her claim by trying it on for him.

It was useless to pretend he could visit her without careful preparation. The least vain man would have tried to look his best for a call on the only pretty girl in Sleepy Cat—Bill Pardaloe "claimed" she was the only pretty girl on the Mountain divide.

And Selwood was vain. He probably did not think so, but his careful dress among careless men condemned him. This afternoon that he went to call on Christie he was in that dangerous state of preparedness that had given him his unwelcome nickname.

Fyler sat in a chair near the door.

her interest in Selwood. Indeed, she found herself sensitive after a few days because Selwood did not call often. Yet some remembrance of their last talk was pleasant in her heart—some thought of a confidence in her worth expressed by the only man in her new and strange surroundings whom she felt sure she might trust.

Starbuck came in one day especially to tell her that he had learned all the circumstances of the row between her father and his partners, and thought if her father would figure out his damages, when he was well enough to do so, he, Starbuck, would see that Atkins paid. "And, Christie," he added, in earnest of his intentions, "tell your father not to be modest about fixing the amount. Atkins is a bad egg—that's the truth of it. I get along with him. I have to keep the peace here and I get along with everybody. But your father ought never to have had anything to do with a man like that."

He made no reference whatever to the unpleasant alternative he had offered before and seemed to wish it lost sight of; for he showed now only an interest in seeing what appeared clearly a wrong properly righted.

Fyler accepted the olive branch. Christie received Starbuck's overtures coldly. A man may be fooled more than once; but a woman provided her affections are not involved, is not easily deceived the second

"I can't tell the Difference"



Healthy men with husky appetites were never satisfied with the boiled beans put up in cans. So women went on slaving every Saturday.

No need of that now: open a can of Ben's Beans and see for yourself: the rich brown appearance, the tantalizing odor, and the full round flavour of real home baked beans.

Each can complete: nothing to add, just heat and eat.

Ben's Beans Home Sweet Home Style With Plenty of Pork

they use incorrectly. Any little silly thing that rasps us the wrong way until we almost hate them. But let them go away for a month, for a week even, and we forget all about their shortcomings and remember only how dear they are and how we miss them.

The real mission of the summer vacation or the business trip is not to give change of climate or rest or to make money, but to save marriage and promote its prosperity, and that is why husbands and wives should take their vacations separately if they can.

Every woman knows that the time comes when she considers herself a poor, downtrodden slave because she has to keep house and take care of her children and that when she looks at her husband she sees only a stout, bald, commonplace man who is getting bay-windowed, and she wonders what kind of brainstorm she had when she married him and let herself in for a life of domestic drudgery. But let her go away for a month by herself and her home looks a palace to her and her children angels from on high and her husband is once more the hero of her girlish dreams.

And men have exactly the same reaction toward their wives. Three weeks' absence is all that is needed to work the miracle of making a fat, grizzle-haired wife look better than any flapper to her husband, and it is a solemn truth that the real cure for divorce half of the time would be a railroad or steamship ticket.

So the way to be happy though married is not to eternally tag the party of the other part, but to give him or her a rest now and then from your companionship. And when you see Friend Wife or Friend Husband begin to yawn in your face and to pick on you for little faults, don't argue about it. Grad your hat and go off on a business trip or a visit to mother or to a summer resort, and when you return you will be received with cheers of welcome and he or she will hang upon your words. DOROTHY DIX.

HAD TO KEEP FROM SCHOOL

Now Well and Strong—Can't Praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills (Tonic) Too Highly—Helpful in Spring

"Not Sick a Day Since" "When my daughter was eleven years old," writes Mrs. James Remond, R.R. 1, Martintown, Ontario, "she became nervous and weak. So bad I had to keep her from school. I read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so I bought a couple of boxes. She took them and felt better. So she continued taking them and got well and strong—goes to school every day. This was two years ago, and she has not been sick a day since."

Look back over your life. How you suffered! Don't let your daughter make the same mistakes. Look at her. Is she pale? Languid? The iron and other elements in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills (tonic) increase the number of red corpuscles in the blood—improving the complexion, increasing body vitality. Any druggist will provide you with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Or write to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Price 50 cents a box.

Auction Sale Household Furniture

Sale of furniture at 84 Fitzroy Street at 10 o'clock sharp on Monday, June 1st., consisting of parlor, living-room, dining room, bedrooms and kitchen. One 3-piece mahogany parlour suite (old), Heintzman piano (new), one 8-piece oak dining suite, Chesterfield, Wilton and other rugs, linoleum and other articles not mentioned.

Terms cash. J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer. PERCY L. SMALLWOOD, 84 Fitzroy Street. 4824-5-28

Auction Sale

The Maritime Antique Store at 93 Queen Street, Charlottetown, is selling by Public Auction a large and selected stock of finest Antiques, Tables, Chairs, Sideboards, Desks, Sofas, Card Tables, Chairs, sets, Chests, Sewing Tables, Arm Chairs, Dining Tables, Etc.

This is the last sale of Antiques that Maritime Antique Co. will ever have in Charlottetown. So would advise any one interested in Antique furniture not to miss same, as there is a fine assortment to choose from of rare and quaint old pieces.

Sale starts Tuesday, June 2nd, at 1.30 sharp. Store now open for inspection. J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer. 4845-5-28-31.

Spruce Laths & Cedar Shingles

on hand 500,000 Spruce Laths Prices \$2.50—\$3.50 and \$4.00 per 1,000 —Also— One Million Cedar Shingles in Air-Dried British Columbia and Campbellton, N. B. Cedar Shingles in all Grades —Prices low— L. M. POOLE & CO. Paoli's Wharf

CONNOLLY ESTATE SCHOLARSHIPS

Applications will be received by the undersigned until the eighth day of June, 1931, from students desirous of competing in a written examination to be held in July next in Charlottetown and Kinkora, for a Connolly Estate Scholarship. Candidates should have a knowledge of Grade X work in the public schools, and must be eligible to compete under the provisions of the will of the late Owen Connolly.

Applicants should state (1) full name; (2) names of both parents; (3) Post Office address; (4) age; (5) nature and extent of the past year's studies.

M. J. SMITH, Secretary Kinkora, P. E. I., May 26, 1931. 4805-5-27-29-30-June 1-3-4-6.

Trustees Estate of Owen Connolly, Kinkora, P. E. I., May 26, 1931. 4805-5-27-29-30-June 1-3-4-6.

OUR SERVICE 1931

Don Dix 2.15 1/4 by Peter O'Donna 2.04, will stand at owner's stables, Montague. Don Dix has sired some splendid colts, large robust and intelligent. He is bred in the purple being a grandson of Peter the Great the world's greatest speed sire.

For further particulars apply to DR. G. H. MEERS, V. S., Owner in Charge, Montague, P. E. I. 4850-5-17-19-21-31.

FURNISH RED CROSS LINE S. S. "SILVIA"

Freight and Passengers. Leave Montreal 19 a. m. Arrive Ch'town and Leave for St. John's. Arrive Ch'town and Leave for Montreal.

May 29 June 1 June 8 June 13 June 15 June 22

Fortnightly thereafter, Charlottetown Agents. CARVELL BROS. LTD. 6810-4-17-19-21-31.

SELWOOD of SLEEPY CAT

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES SCRIBNERS SONS. W.N.U. SERVICE

(Continued)

"I know, he's got a girl—" "Don't drag her name into it," exclaimed Selwood savagely.

"Suppose they are robbing people," Tracy went on, shifting ground instantly, "or shooting people—they ain't robbed you—"

"They've robbed my company," interrupted Selwood sharply; "that's robbing me; they shot you, didn't they? That's shooting me! What are you talking about?" he blurted out in a rage. "I—"

Tracy feebly put him off. "That's the trouble; you get mad—I you was just a gambler and wasn't a gentleman, you wouldn't get mad."

Selwood in a heat, flung out of the tent.

CHAPTER VIII

Bad News for Christie No further attempt was made on the store, and while her father was getting well Christie acted as manager. Haynes, having partly acquitted himself of evil intent, started his auction sales again, and business went on. But one day Haynes called on Selwood to say his own stock of goods would not last over a week longer, and begged Selwood to reinstate him at the hall. And, on promise of good behavior, Selwood told him when his goods were sold he would give him another chance.

Christie, meantime, walked on air. To herself she scarcely concealed

(To be Continued)