



Only Canadian girl winner in a contest sponsored by an English newspaper, Patricia Tarbet, 18, Toronto high school student, chats with First Officer W. D. Finlay and Betty Munro, stewardess, on the boards of the airliner at Malton, Ont., on way to England.

# Living & Leisure

## THE WOMAN'S REALM

### MORNING BECOMES ECSTATIC

How eagerly this sparkling winter day I greet the morning with a ringing shout, And fling the bedclothes off me, hale and gay, And happily jump out.

My breath makes cloudlets in the tingling air As, at my wide-thrown window, I exhale. There is no enterprise I will not dare: Today I cannot fail!

I laugh with zestful gladness as I feel The ice-cold shower on my glowing skin, Each quivering muscle serving to reveal The wholesomeness within.

My mirror functions in its usual place, And every day I fail to grasp how it Can calmly, equably reflect the face Of such a hypocrite.

—P. J. Blackwell.

### HATS ENTIRELY FLOWER-TOPPED

Paris—Hats covered entirely with flower petals are peculiar to the Paulette collection.

Claude St. Cyr, favoring the smoother straws rather than paillasson types, chooses colorful fruit trimmings. A navy-blue cloche has cherries and miniature peaches dangling over the side of the closely rolled brim.

Irregular brims are not uncommon. Several houses show rather large hats drawn out in pleated fanlike effect on the right side.

Some of the most effective hat ornaments shown in Paris at the moment are being turned out by Marcel Norry. Most are of the long pin type, such as Rose Valois uses, and in this house one sees amusing ideas in the shape of little badgerbrushes mounted in gilded hands on the ends of long pins, as well as thistle shapes topped by tufts of bleached badger hairs.



RAYMOND FERNANDEZ



MRS. MARTHA BECK

### HAMPTON SCHOOL

Report for February.

Grade X—1, Richard Ferguson; 2, Muriel MacQuarrie; 3, Ansel Ferguson.

Grade IX—1, Ray MacQuarrie; 2, Victoria Ferguson; 3, Brent Cameron.

Grade VII—1, Ada Campbell; 2, Jackie Cannon; 3, Vernon Ferguson.

Grade VI—1, Sarah MacQuarrie; 2, Gladys Villett; 3, Beulah Ferguson.

Prize for most improvement this month—Kenneth Ferguson.

Highest Average 93%—Sarah MacQuarrie.

Perfect Attendance—Shirley, Kenneth and Vernon Ferguson, Everett MacLean, Raymond Sherran, Gladys Villett.

### JULIOR DEPARTMENT

Grade V—1, Joyce Ferguson; 2, Barbara Dunsford; 3, Marion MacLean.

Grade IV—1, Margaret Cannon; 2, Marjorie Ferguson; 3, Howard Morrison.

Grade III—1, Edith Campbell; 2, Ruthie Cannon; 3, Reld Villett.

Grade II A—1, Ralph Calbeck; 2, Gloria Myers; 3, Henry Ferguson.

Grade II B—1, Barbara Taylor; 2, Dale Sherran; 3, Lyman Ferguson.

Grade I—No one.

Highest Average—Edith Campbell 95%.

Perfect Attendance—Marian MacLean, Margaret, Ruthie Cannon, Reld Villett, Robert Cameron, Claire, Marjorie, Henry, Lyman, Stanley Ferguson.

Principal—Mrs. Eva Ince. Assistant—Mrs. A. Taylor.

### NORTH RIVER SCHOOL

Report for month of January and February:

Grade X—Jessie Murray and Elaine MacPhail, equal.

Grade IX—1, Leith MacKinley; 2, Kathryn Dockendorff; 3, Goldie MacKinley.

Grade VI—1, Mildred Dockendorff; 2, Harold Roberts.

Grade V—1, Miriam Horne; 2, Lobbie Roberts; 3, Howard MacPhail.

Grade III—Welle Dockendorff.

Grade II—Willard MacPhail.

Grade I (b)—Willma MacPhail.

Mrs. Jennie M. Cameron, teacher.

### HOBBLE SKIRTS, CAPES, PRINTS FOR SPRING

New York—Slim, almost hobble-like skirts, capes devoid of any pretension toward built-up shoulders, scalloped neckline and shoulder effects and more attention to fine detail such as stitching, exquisite French embroidery and hand-crocheting.

These were the highlights of a custom-made collection of Jay Thorpe originals for Spring and Summer.

A four-piece imported tweed ensemble, consisting of jersey blouse, panel scarf, slim skirt and long loose coat was a perfect costume for boat, plane, train or every-day wear.

A Paris-decreed two-piece suit dress with box jacket in natural shantung was belted in the same navy wool as the straight skirt.

An interesting innovation was the curved belt, girde-like in the back and tapering to a slimmness in the front, featured in many suits and dresses.

### Hand-Knit Models

Among the appealing hand-knit personalities was a two-piece costume in a new shade of hyacinth with a narrow pleated-effect skirt and classic jacket with collar in hand-crochet. Another model in all-white ribbed hand-knit had a hand-pleated skirt and short sweater top belted in navy, set off with a navy-and-white box jacket, patterned in large navy-and-white checkerboard squares.

Leg o'mutton sleeves seem to be on the uptrend again. They were especially prominent in afternoon and cocktail dresses of black and navy, cut along simple lines, depending on strands and ropes of pearls for versatility.

### Gay Daytime Dresses

The shorter-skirt dress—about 14 inches from the floor—was introduced in gay versions, as in a Dresden rose print taffeta with a simple shirtdraw top, full skirt and wide belt or in the more glamorous hyacinth taffeta model with full bare décolletage, supported by straps and winged panel front panels on a straighter, shorter skirt.

Longer, more formal dinner and

### "I think we may regard that as a technical dismissal," acknowledged the big man with his slow grin.

"Go back to your patient. I'll be right over."

Judge Purvis tried to sit up as Gibson entered. "I reckon I've been a fool, Doc!" he said thickly.

"I'm diagnosing this case, not you. Lie back."

The diagnosis was only too plainly indicated in the flushed face and staring eyes. Within the abdominal cavity the flame of infection was raging like a forest fire. There was not a moment to lose. "We're going to open you up and wash out that poison," he said. "You'll have to give the anesthetic, Miss Cullen."

"I've done it before, Doctor." "Am I going to die, Doc?" "Not if we can help it. Breathe deep, now."

Washing out that poisoned area was a long and difficult task. At best, the operator could hope to get it only partly clean. Whether the vitality of the body could withstand the forces of infection remaining, would determine the issue. After it was over the temperature dropped, due to relief from the pressure of the engorged gasses. The nurse was encouraged. Not so the physician. Long experience had immunized him to false optimism. Nurse Cullen was instructed to answer all queries evasively. Gibson himself took refuge in the convent, accurate and falsely reassuring formula, that the patient was "doing as well as could be expected."

To Clay, when he came in, the bald truth was told. What did he propose to do? He frowned. "I'll have to think it over."

"Think quick. There may not be much time."

"He isn't going to die tonight, is he?" asked Clay, startled.

"Tell you better in the morning."

Tired out by the night's vigil, Clay slept until ten o'clock next morning. Office hours had not yet started for Dr. Gibson. Nevertheless, the visitor saw dimly through the glazed door that he was not first. "Hello, darling," said Cricket's voice.

"Cricket! You're not sick, are you?"

"Oh, no! Doc asked me to come in."

(To be continued)

### Now Many Wear FALSE TEETH

With Little Worry Eat, talk, laugh or sneeze without fear of insecure false teeth dropping, slipping or wobbling. PASTEBETH holds plates firmer and more comfortably. This pleasant powder has no gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Doesn't cause rashes. It's alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get PASTEBETH at any drug store.

eyes of blue and hair of brown, and with an expression which told of a happy heart, was a vase of roses, love's last tribute from Angus to the lass of his own heart.

Today gray skies, and a mild meandering wind carried the blue-jays' call to us from the old orchard.

Until tomorrow . . . Diary x x x Good-night. . .

Legends (Continued from Page 2)

the terrible grind, and whose bodies lay they knew not where.

One morning Slim Jim awakened to find his companion fast in death. Close beside the corpse stood the spirits of his wife and two boys. It was a frightening scene, but somehow Slim did not seem to mind their presence. Nor did the death of Webster trouble him. The partition which divided the dead from the living was so thin he could not be sure on which side he stood. He did not even bury his friend, but plodded along, hoping and praying for he knew not what.

At last he reached the accursed gold fields—a human wreck with no more thoughts of riches. All he wanted now was a grave of his own.

The group of miners who saw the human skeleton moving towards them thought it was a ghost and fled from their digging.

Presently, mustering up courage, the miners came back—to find, not a ghost as they had expected, but a dead man, a wasted wreck who had found the rainbow's end only to lose the pot of gold.

In Slim's pocket was found a note on which were written the names: "Slim Jim; his partner, John Webster; Mrs. Webster and their two sons, Fred and John, Jr."

In another pocket they found a tiny picture of Slim himself, together with a brief diary record of their journey and misfortunes right up to the day of Webster's death, including the story of the three spirits.

Tradition says that on the same morning that Slim Jim saw the apparition, there also appeared to relatives of John Webster, back in Prince Edward Island, the same three forms: a mother and her two sons.

The next story: The Legend of Princess Abegata.

### Ellen's Diary

(Continued from Page 2)

could one with a mother like that? It took a gleam of death's sickle and a call to a frail but still strong-willed, but well-meaning mother before that circumstance could be effected. Then it was that a new and deep happiness enfolded that white house on the hill. Perhaps like a rest or a respite from usual when well-earned and hard-earned. In any event the two lived happily and most content, not "ever after" but for many a year together—and prospered. Sleek horses and cattle pastured in their meadows, and the wheat-folks came there from miles away to beg of it for their seeding.

There is really little more to the story of Angus and Nancy, revived in memory to us by the finding of a yellowed newspaper clipping among James' papers on a recent evening. No, no children came to bless them, none to cherish or plan for, as parents do for their small ones, no sturdy merry-hearted lads or winsome lassies to interest their later years. And it was she who went first from the white home on the hill, leaving Angus a bit more quiet, and doubtless very lonely. But still the seasons came and went, and again time could be reckoned in years, until there was a day when no smoke issued from the chimney against the horizon.

Angus too had heard and obeyed the quiet summons. . . . Then it was that those who had known the two knew how undying had been love's bond. It had lasted even beyond the grave. In the room, on a table below a picture of a girl with

### St. Patrick's Day

Irish eyes are smiling And Irish hearts are gay, When old friends get together On St. Patrick's Day.

They'll wear a bit of shamrock And joyous tribute pay, To the patron Saint of Ireland On this his natal day.

They'll tell you how St. Patrick Came to Ireland long ago, How he taught and loved and blest them Soothing every care and woe.

You'll hear their laughing voices And the sound of dancing feet, Hear stories of old Erin Full of charm and blarney sweet.

And Irish eyes are smiling And Irish hearts are gay, When old friends get together On St. Patrick's Day.

—Constance I. Heckbert.

Quick as a wink!

a teaspoonful of NESCAFÉ

add piping hot water...

the grandest cup of coffee you ever tasted

More people drink NESCAFÉ than any other instant coffee!

Today's Bargain in CANNED SALMON

RED ROSE

HIGH IN FOOD VALUE ECONOMICALLY PRICED

SALMON PLATTER

1 lb. butter  
2 lbs. flour  
2 cups tomato soup  
1 cup chopped green pepper  
Salt and pepper  
1 lb. can "Red Rose" Keta Salmon  
2 cups cooked macaroni  
2 cups grated cheese  
2 hard-boiled eggs  
Parley.

Add flour to melted butter; then tomato sauce, peppers, onion and cook for five minutes. Add fish, season to taste; cook for five minutes. Arrange macaroni around the platter; pour fish mixture in center; sprinkle with spring parsley and sliced, hard-boiled eggs. Bake 30 min. Cost per person, 16c-19c.

L-RR-8

### The Harvey Girls

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

"Not to speak of." The Judge gave the answer which, he theorized, would most promptly bring about his release.

"Just so. As I thought. Our first concern must be to relieve this drain, already too long continued, upon your vitality. A little whiff of chloroform, a few stitches, and we shall be up and about in a week."

As Dr. Gibson was later to verify, the noted surgeon who, to do him justice, was a thoroughly competent workman, performed an efficient cluture. Lying back happily that evening, with a satisfying slug of the long-forbidden "red-eye" comforting his stomach, Judge Purvis felt excellent.

A plink and flustered nurse came down the hallway from Judge Purvis's room, to intercept Dr. Gibson on his regular noon visit next day. "What's this?" he demanded.

"Anything wrong?"

The bewhiskered face of Dr. McVay, the Capitol City physician, appeared at the stairhead. He addressed his colleague with some evidence of nervousness. "Miss Cullen has explained to you, I suppose."

"What have you been doing, to my patient?"

"I ain't accountable to you for my handling of the case."

Incautiously he placed himself between his questioner and the sick room door. Dr. Gibson's hand on his shoulder spun him like a nippin, and like a nippin he toppled and rolled. The other pushed open the door. Judge Purvis and Sheriff Whately were about to have a friendly drink. The sheriff, after a quick look at the intruder's face, slipped his right hand under his armpit. But Gibson's voice was quiet a she said, "What's this all about?"

"You're out. That's all," answered the patient with a surly grin. "Did they close the wounds?"

"Sure they closed 'em. Oughta've been done long ago."

Dr. Gibson drew a deep breath. There was something suspiciously like pity in his expression when he slowly spoke. "Why, you poor, half-baked fool."

"Now, now, Doc!" protested the sheriff. "Be a gentleman, cancheh?"

The physician paid no heed to him, but concentrated on the patient. "Fire that bearded nincompoop and I'll open you up while there's time. I'm giving you your chance."

For the briefest of moments, dread flickered in the patient's pale pig's eyes. It died away. "Get out of here," he growled. "I'm sick through with you."

"Good-bye," said Gibson solemnly.

Before noon the next day Nurse Cullen was at the office again. Her heavy, perspiring face showed signs of perturbation. "I'm worried about my patient, Dr. Gibson," she began. "I think he would like to see you, but he's too pigheaded to admit it."

Dr. Gibson could understand and respect the feeling of a conscientious and intelligent nurse for her patient. "I'd like to help you, Miss Cullen," he said. "But there's nothing I can do while another doctor is in charge."

It was no surprise to the doctor to see the anxious face of Miss Cullen before office hours. In spite of his annoyance he admired her persistence.

"You've got to come, Doctor," she said.

"The other doctor."

"He's gone. Judge Purvis threw a whisky bottle at his head."

### CENTRAL ROYALTY SCHOOL

Report for February:

Grade X—1, Marlene Roper; 2, Ardell MacAusland.

Grade IX—1, Joyce Stewart; 2, Murray Camody; 3, Doreen Smith.

Grade VIII—1, Wilma Wood; 2, Alex MacDonald; 3, Oliver Dolron.

Grade VII—1, Velma Wood, George Kells (equal); 2, Frances Clark; 3, Harold Younker.

Grade VI—1, Janet Wood; 2, Bertha Morrison; 3, James MacAusland.

Grade V—1, Maureen MacDonald; 2, Joyce Trainor; 3, Ralph Wright.

Grade IV—1, Marlon Nichol; 2, Diane Buchanan; 3, Anna MacMillan.

D. J. MacArthur, Principal.

Grade III—1, Annie Laurie MacMillan; 2, Margaret Perry; 3, Wayne Power.

Grade II—1, Patricia Anderson; 2, Gail Stewart; 3, Carol Anne Farquharson.

Grade I—1, Phyllis MacMillan; 2, Eva Perry; 3, Marilyn Carr.

Highest average: Phyllis MacMillan, 93.3%.

Perfect attendance: Phyllis MacMillan, Annie Laurie MacMillan, Gail Stewart, Ian MacLennan, Helen S. Agnew, teacher.

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TESTED RECIPES ON THE PACKAGE

RED DEVIL'S FOOD

4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate  
1/2 cup hot water  
1/2 cup sugar  
2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour  
1 teaspoon baking soda  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup butter or margarine  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
3 eggs  
2/3 cup milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Place chocolate and water in double boiler. Stir over boiling water until chocolate melts and mixture thickens. Add 1/2 cup sugar; stir and cook 2 minutes. Cool to lukewarm. Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt; sift three times. Cream shortening, add 1 1/2 cups sugar gradually; cream until light. Add eggs, one at a time; beat well after each. Add half of flour, beat until smooth. Add milk and remaining flour alternately, in small amounts; beat milk and remaining flour once. Add vanilla and chocolate mixture; blend. Bake in 2 deep 9-inch layer pans that have been lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Use moderate oven (350°F.) about 30 minutes.