

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

Will Glamour Make Happy Marriages? Dorothy Dix Finds More Durable Bond Needed.

A Real Marriage is Not Built Upon Romantic Illusions Held Over From the Days of Courtship, But Upon the Shared Trials That Test the Metal of Which Two People Are Made

A famous movie star thinks she has solved the problem of how to be happy though married. It consists in the husband and wife living in separate establishments and only meeting upon occasions when both are mentally and morally and sentimentally all dolled up for a party, so to speak.

She says the things that kill love between husbands and wives are cold cream and hairdressers and lack of shaves and keeping dinner waiting, and so on, and she thinks that if these sordid details of living are kept behind the curtain and a married couple only saw each other at their best that they would preserve their illusions and remain figures of romance to each other.

Fine theory. Only that wouldn't be marriage. It would be merely a legalized liaison. And, anyway, the love that is so weak a thing that it cannot stand the strain of everyday living isn't worth having. Nor are fair-weather husbands and wives possessions to be craved. Neither is that the accepted ideal of marriage.

We all know that when we are on the high tide of prosperity, when we have favors to confer, gifts to give, money to throw about, lavish hospitality to extend, we never lack for so-called friends who eat and drink and make merry with us, but who would fall away from us in a day if misfortune should overtake us. They eat our cake, but would not offer to share their crust with us, and we take these hangers-on at their face value, getting whatever cynical amusement we can out of their society.

But when we marry it is not to get a companion who will dance with us in the sunshine. It is to get one who will ride out the storm with us. It is to get one who will stick with us through thick and thin, and who will fight the battle of life with us shoulder to shoulder to the last ditch. It is to get one whose love will endure through sickness and sorrow and age and struggle and poverty. Not only whose love is so fragile it cannot stand the shock of seeing an unpowdered nose, or even hearing the domestic machinery creak.

That is the kind of husband and wife that every real man and woman of us hope we are getting when we march to the altar. Sometimes we do. Sometimes we don't. But many a man has looked at a disheveled, hollow-eyed woman, who has been up all night nursing a sick baby and thought her more beautiful than Dolores Costello. And many a woman has looked at

RUN-DOWN IN HEALTH AFTER A DIFFICULT WINTER

Mrs. Elizabeth Fenton, Pickering, Ont., Needed a Spring Tonic - Says Dr. Williams' Pink Pills (Tonic) Did Wonders For Her

"It's fifteen years now," writes Mrs. Elizabeth Fenton, "since my first trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am thirty now, but I never will forget what those pills did for me when I was just a girl, so run down and weak from sickness. When I feel tired out and nervous and need a good tonic I always go back to the old standby, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am never a victim of ill-health. I enjoy all sorts of sports and especially hiking. Health is next to happiness and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the key to health." Mrs. Fenton is right! Think of the people you know who are happiest—who get the most fun out of life. Strong and

"Always Goes Back to the Old Stand-by"

a hump-shouldered man, going uncomplainingly to work day after day in a dull office so that she and the children might be safe, and thought how far more gallant and brave he was than the Fairy Prince of her girlish dreams.

But no sane human being ever looked forward to getting a husband or wife whose love depended upon his or her keeping young and slim and lithe and beautiful, and never acquiring a lumpy waistline or losing a hair, and who never expected to be anything but a play fellow and to share good times. Never bad.

Nor is there any foundation on which to base the theory that if husbands and wives only saw each other when they were prettied up, and that if they could eliminate all care from matrimony, it would preserve their love and make marriage a perpetual honeymoon. Indeed, quite the reverse seems the case. For it is indisputable that divorce is commoner among the rich than it is among the poor.

Wealthy women who are able to employ all the arts of the beauty culturists to preserve their good looks and all of the skill of French dress-makers to enhance their charms do not seem able to hold their husbands' affection any longer than poor women. Nor do these couples whose establishments are run by trained servants and who spend much of their time apart, appear to have as stable and happy homes as do these poor husbands and wives who live in cheap cottages where the wife does the cooking and the husband cuts the grass and tends the flowers and where they have no life apart from each other.

The truth is that the ties that bind us together are forged in suffering and not in joy. It is only in the blackness of midnight that we really see another's soul. In the sunshine when everything is gay and lovely we see only the outside of people, but when trouble and despair comes we find out of what mettle they are made.

The love of the bride and the bridegroom is the love of the flesh, and marriage is the furnace in which it is tried out. If it can stand the fire of disillusionments, of adjustments, of the irritations of daily communal life, it comes forth purified, fine gold, and makes its possessor rich. Otherwise it is dross.

The things that really bind husbands and wives together are the struggles, the anxieties, the cares that they share. The work that they do to make a home. The sacrifices they make for each other. The sicknesses they watch over together. The little coffins they weep over. The heartbreaks that they endure together. It is the hammering of life on two hearts that beats them into one.

That is what real marriage is, not the peacocking of a vain man and woman before each other, each trying to keep the other allured by a display of gaudy plumage. DOROTHY DIX.

Etiquette By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it proper for the host or hostess to specify the length of time covered by an invitation for a visit? A. Yes; it often avoids misunderstandings and embarrassment. Q. What are the only "circumstances" under which a woman is presented to a man? A. When the man is a royal personage, the President of the United States, or a Cardinal. Otherwise, the man is presented to the woman. Q. Who heads the procession into

A Morning Smile

"I called on Mabel last night, and I wasn't any more than inside the door before her mother asked me my intentions." "That must have been embarrassing." "Yes, but that's not the worst of it. Mabel called from up-stairs and said, 'That isn't the one, mother.'" the dining room when a dinner is given in honor of a couple? A. The host or hostess with wife or husband of the honored couple.

Every one of the Others has a Maid



At Edith's first "bridge" in her new home she makes a thrilling discovery : : :

"I do all my own work yet my hands are as nice looking as theirs"

"DICK and I just moved to this charming suburb, but already we've met such an attractive 'young married' group."

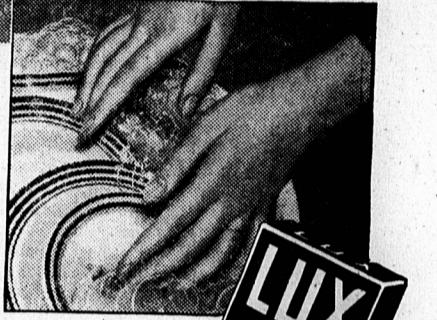
"They're all more prosperous than we are—yet! Every one of the other women has a maid, while I do all my own work." "So I was a little nervous about my first bridge. But it went off beautifully! They couldn't believe I did everything

myself. Especially—they said—because my HANDS looked as if I had SEVERAL maids!

"Truly, my hands do look as lovely as theirs, and it's all due to my precious LUX. I use it not only for fine things, but also for dishes and cleaning. And my hands NEVER have that DISHPAN look!"

Beauty Experts

Experts in 305 famous BEAUTY SHOPS, who know all about the care of hands, say: "Pure, gentle Lux keeps a homemaker's hands as soft and white as those of a woman with maids." Yet it costs so little to give your hands beauty treatment with Lux; LESS THAN 1c A DAY!



A teaspoon of Lux to a dishpan makes plenty of the lovely suds that leave dishes sparkling and hands exquisite!

LOVELY WHITE HANDS for less than 1c a day.. LUX FOR DISHES

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, 9078

For The Cook

APPLE SAUCE CAKE

2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon allspice, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon cloves, 1 cup raisins, 1 1/2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking soda, 1 cup apple sauce, 1/2 cup boiling water. Cream butter, mix sugar with well, add the raisins and spices. Add the boiling water to the apple sauce, and add to the mixture alternately with the sifted flour and baking soda; beat to mix well and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

TRYON AND VICINITY

Most of the teachers in this vicinity were in attendance at the Teachers' Convention held in Charlottetown last week. School which was closed all last week as a consequence is opened again however, and all the

pupils and teachers ready to begin their work again benefited by the week's holiday.

The Misses Olga Toombs and Florence Maby, Principal and assistant, teachers in Tryon consolidated School were in attendance at the Teacher's Convention last week.

Miss Gertrude Macleafe of Victoria has been spending a few days in Tryon recently, where she visited friends.

It was with sincere regret that the Baptist Congregation at Tryon, Westmoreland and Albany learned that their beloved pastor, Rev. M. O. Brinton had decided to leave his pastorate here in a very short time. Mr. Brinton who had been here two years had endeared himself to everyone, and it is felt that his place can not easily be filled by anyone else. We will have to quote to ourselves very often now "what is our loss, is some one else's gain."

Miss Bertha Lord of Kensington, P. E. I., spent the Easter Season at her home in North Tryon. Her many friends here are always pleased to see Bertha on her visits home.

Mrs. John Thomas of Tryon has returned after spending a pleasant week with relatives in Summerside.

Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon Clark of Tryon accompanied by Mrs. Chas. Pooleey were recent visitors to Summerside.

Miss Susie McLennan of the Truro Girls' Home arrived in Tryon on April 7th, where she is employed in domestic duties.

Roads are in very poor condition here at present, there being neither sleighing nor wagoning, and hauling is well nigh impossible. At present however, there is indications of an early Spring, and some of our optimistic citizens prophesy that cars will run by May 1st.

We are glad to know that Mrs. Hartford Woodside of Tryon is much improved in health after being indisposed for some time.

Blackbirds, Crows and a few robins have made their appearance, also the wild geese, which we frequently hear, and sometimes notice pass

over with their familiar "Honk-honk" We welcome these harbingers of Spring-tide, and hope that they have not led us to be too optimistic.

Several litters of fox-pups are reported in this vicinity, but I think the outstanding example of good-luck is Mr. George Canfield of Tryon who reports twenty-five fine pups from five females. Mr. Canfield is certainly an expert in the rearing of foxes.—D.

This Easy Exercise Stops Gas Bloating

Drink a glass of water. Stand erect and push out belly as far as you can. Pull it back way in. Do it 10 times. This washes stomach. To reach upper bowel add a little Adierika to water. Adierika washes out BOTH upper and lower bowel, removing poison which caused gas bloatings, nervousness, bad sleep. It is harmless. Get Adierika today; by tomorrow you feel the wonderful effect. Hughes Drug Co. Ltd. For free sample send 2c stamp to ADIERIKA CO., Dept. JJ, St. Paul, Minn.

Department of Public Works and Highways PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

SEALED TENDERS will be received at this office until noon of Saturday, April 18th, for the supplying of 1,800 tons of red sand to be delivered at the Charlottetown asphalt plant, Pownal Wharf, sand to be approved of by the Government Engineer.

ALSO for the supplying of 400 tons of Souris or Belle River sand, price to be f.o.b. shipping point or at Charlottetown.

L. B. MACMILAN Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways Charlottetown, P. E. Island, April 8, 1931.

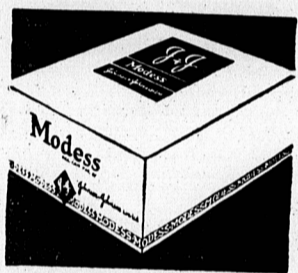
4647-4-10-13-15-31 per wk. if

Auction Sale

AT ALEXANDRA MONDAY, APRIL 13th AT 2 P. M. SHARP

Of 18 head of choice grade Holstein and Guernsey cattle, all young and in excellent condition, three freshened and nine to freshen in a few days. Five very fat cattle. This is one of the finest herds of grade cattle offered for sale for some time.

Terms: Eight months credit. J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer. 4633-4-9-Thur-Sat-Mon-31.



Modess So Infinitely Softer

Regular or in Compact size. A box of each serves every need.

Product of Johnson & Johnson

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, absorbent cottons, etc.

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED E. W. TAYLOR J. S. TAYLOR Optometrists 142 Richmond Street

FARM FOR SALE

Farm of the late Edward McEwen, situated at Stanley Bridge, on the Campbellton Road, in Queens County, containing 115 acres practically all clear and in a high state of cultivation with good dwelling house and out buildings. Not far from school, churches, etc. For further particulars apply to MRS. PENZIE McEWEN, Administratrix. 4694-4-8-31.

FOR SALE

Choice Pure Bred Holstein Bull calf, Dam and Sire, both Champions at Charlottetown Exhibition. His Dam also won first in Dairy test. The first check for \$30.00 takes him Phone R-23. ALEX. R. McKAY, Lawndale Farm, Charlottetown. 4672-4-11-31.

NOTICE

The Department of Agriculture is in a position to supply a few farmers needing help with experienced Farm Laborers. Apply to Provincial Dept. of Agriculture. 4691-4-11-31. Sold by all druggists.

The DOOM TRAIL by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH AUTHOR OF PORTO BELLO GOLD ETC. COPYRIGHT BY BRENTANO

(Continued) Our meeting place was a grove on a bank of a creek, one of the tributaries of the Mohawk. We reached it without observation, and lay in concealment most of the day, starting again in the late afternoon and moving warily through the forest, following no particular course, but addressing ourselves rather to the effectment of all evidence of our passage. We discovered nothing, and the next day and many others went by with no better luck. Our provisions were exhausted, and we were com-

Every Woman Wants To Look Beautiful

In this modern age, looks are everything. It isn't fashionable not to look your best. Modern women don't tolerate headache, dizziness, depression. Only continued health keeps women young, keeps them full of pep. When you are feeling blue, off-color, tired, when your head aches—you should look for constipation which is easily overcome by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. These little pills are not harsh—they don't cause any disturbance, but they regulate and aid every woman to maintain a well organized life in which good health is the key-note. To overcome that worn-out feeling use Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly.

gave a heave with his bull-like shoulders and a whole section of growth, which had been laced together with vines on a backing of boughs, lifted gate-fashion. Beyond stretched a narrow alley, whose carpet of grass showed it to seldom traveled.

"If this be not the Doom Trail, 'tis worth a look none the less," I whispered.

Peter nodded and slipped through the opening. I followed him, and Ta-wan-ne-ars brought up the rear.

Here in his hidden path the forest noises became remote. Even the birds ceased to twitter over-head, and the slightest stirring of the treetops made us drop to earth in expectancy of attack. Yet when the attack came we were taken completely by surprise. We were all of us alert, but the first warning that we were under observation was a green-feathered arrow which sang between Peter and me and buried its head in the ground.

"Don't fire, whatever you do," muttered Peter as he threw himself behind the nearest trunk.

Ta-wan-ne-ars and I copied his example. I found myself on the right of the three. The others had selected standing trunks. I had chosen, perforce, a fallen giant which some forest wind over-thrown I crawled along the trunk into the tangled roots, and from there gained a clump of bushes growing about the hole from which it had been torn.

The green-feathered arrow had ceased quivering and I idly followed the angle of its inclination. My