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

Pestiferous Women Are Malignant

Dorothy Dix

They Seek Others' Help to Kill Time

The Column Indicts Idle Women When Suffering Humanity Needs Nursing, Feeding and Clothing, and Would Like to Sentence Them Heavily. Especially Those Who Bore Working Women

One of the greatest pests in the world are the women who have nothing to do, and there should be a pound in every community in which these idle, purposeless creatures could be corralled, as there is for straying cattle.

For they eat up our time worse than grasshoppers devour the crops. They consume our substance worse than mice. They irritate us more than the bite of a mosquito, and, alas, we have no protection against them. We can't screen ourselves against them as we can against the stinging insects that drive us wild. We can't swat them as we would a fly, nor can we hand them a lethal dose of rough on rats as much as we would like to.

For the trouble with the women who have nothing to do is that, nine times out of ten, they are our best friends and the dearest, sweetest, kindest, most generous people in the world and we adore them. They have every virtue under the sun except understanding and appreciation of the position in life of others. Or perhaps it is unselfishness they lack or perhaps just plain ordinary gumption. Or maybe they haven't got that fine sixth sense that enables us to know when we are getting on other peoples' nerves. Or perchance it is just because they are so hell-bent on amusing themselves, that they don't care whom they sacrifice to make themselves a holiday.

Anyway, there she is, and we have all got one of her. A charming woman, a good woman, with nothing on God's earth to do but to kill time and, unfortunately, she has to have somebody to assist her in committing the crime, so she wishes the job off on us, and she does it blithely, debonairly, with apparently no thought but that we will also have the time of our lives participating in the ghastly rite.

Sometimes she even does it with a self-righteous air of conferring a favor on us. For nothing is commoner than for the woman with nothing to do to say to us busy ones: "I'm so glad I dragged you out of that dreadful kitchen or took you away from that old desk, because you work far too hard. It is so silly of you to always be grinding away the way you do." Whereat we smile a sickly smile and curse her in our souls, because well we know that the work has to be done and that by interrupting us she has only made our task ten times harder.

The woman who has nothing to do has all times and seasons for her own, but her favorite hour for making a nuisance of herself and victimizing us is in that breathless period in the morning when we are trying to get the day's work planned out and started. It is just when the woman who has all of her own housework to do and her husband and two or three children to get fed and brushed up and started off to business and school and she is trying to get the baby bathed and the toddler dressed and the breakfsat dishes washed and the grocery order telephoned and the house straightened up and about a million other chores attended to that the woman who has nothing to do drops in for a nice, long visit.

And she stays, and stays, and stays, and stays and talks endlessly about nothing, while the busy woman writhes in her chair, and dashes up to make stabs at her accumulated work and wishes she had a bomb that she could throw under her caller's chair that would blow her to Kingdom Come.

Or perhaps it is a woman who writes or paints or designs or does some other sort of professional work that the woman who has nothing to do decides upon as her victim, and upon whom she descends for a morning's entertainment. Here, too, she sits and sits and sits and gossips and gossips or maunders on and on and on about herself, her symptoms, her clothes, her car, what she said to this one and what he said to her. Apparently it does not cross her mind that a working woman's time is money and that she is costing her unwilling hostess far more than the price of a seat at the grand opera and that not many women are spellbinders enough for their conversation to be worth that much.

Nor does she seem to realize that the labor of the business and professional woman has to be done and that if she wastes their time in working hours it merely means that they must work that much later at night. An hour's call in the morning must be paid for by a couple of hours overtime and generally a missed dinner in the evening.

But much the woman who has nothing to do cares. I once remonstrated with one of these idle himes a bout the actual cruelty she was committing in dropping in almost every day on an exceedingly busy woman whose work she interrupted and whose position she endangered by taking up so much of her time, and the gilded butterfly's only reply was:

"Oh, nonsense, I do her good taking her mind off her work for an hour or so. Besides, it amuses me to go to se her and I have to be entertained. Time hangs so heavily on my hands."

And, of course, when you lock your door against the woman who has nothing to do she creeps in over the telephone, and there you are. Helpless. Defenseless. A martyr crucified on one end of a wire, while she gabbles and gabbles and gabbles and you call on your patron saint to give you patience and wonder why on earth the telephone company isn't humanitarian enough to charge a hundred dollars a word for every conversation over three minutes.

In a world that is full of opportunities for constructive labor; in a world of poor, overworked mothers, of ragged children, of helpless old people, of things that need to be done in every city and town and hamlet, there is no excuse for any woman not finding something useful to do, something to occupy her heart and mind and hands.

But if she is too lazy to do that, I beg and implore her to have a heart and not make a pest of herself by being a perpetual visitor and interrupting the work of those who are trying to do something. Enjoy their leisure with them, but don't monopolize their working hours.

DOROTHY DIX.

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By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen

Your Yardley dealer has a gift for you this month of June—a gift of Yardley Orchis, sweet distillation of the blended fragrances of an English floral garden. He is authorized to give you this fascinating perfume with your purchase at the regular price of $1.00 of Orchis Complexion Powder. You'll love the Powder. It is so exquisitely fine ... the odor so alluringly *different*—$1.00 at all good drug and department stores.

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20S

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By Annabelle Worthington

No. 371—For the Matron. This style is designed in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch plain and 1¾ yards of 39-inch figured material.

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No. 475—Sports Frock. This style is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 490—For Wee Maids. This style is designed in sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 943—Smart Home Frock. This style is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards of 39-inch material with 1⅛ yards of 35-inch contrasting and 6¼ yards of binding.

Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern.

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

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Farewell to that long, old cornstarch method, in a double boiler! Here's a lemon pie filling that thickens up—without cooking—right in the mixing bowl! And it's delicious! A custardy-rich filling that will make your lemon pie famous!

Try it—and try that same lemon mixture (minus the eggs, if you like) in a Lemon Sauce, or an Ice Box Cake, or a Pudding. It's a short-cut to all sorts of good things!

MAGIC LEMON CREAM PIE

1-1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*
1/2 cup lemon juice
Grated rind 1 lemon or 1/4 teaspoon lemon extract
2 egg yolks
Baked pie shell

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind (or extract) and egg yolks. Pour into baked pie shell.

Cover with meringue made by beating 2 egg whites until stiff and adding 2 tablespoons granulated sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350°). Chill before serving.

*MAKE NO MISTAKE—Be sure you use the right kind of milk in this recipe—Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Although evaporated milk is fine for many uses, it simply won't work in this magic recipe.

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For The Cook

STRAWBERRY SWEET SAUCE

Here is another form of the fresh berry sauce, which calls for no cooking of the fruit. It requires:

1 cup berries.
2 egg whites.
Sugar.

Crush the berries and sugar them lightly.

Beat the egg whites stiff (with a pinch of salt added), then beat in 1-3 cup white sugar. (We prefer fruit sugar). Fold in the crushed berries and, if necessary, add more sugar to taste.

This sauce is delicious to heap on hot cottage pudding or cold light cake, on ice cream, on a plain blanc mange or other simple pudding, or on a lemon jelly or a simple sponge. In fact, it will lend a delicious transforming touch to many dishes.

A Morning Smile

It was after the welfare lecture, and the lecturer was speaking to a burly navy. "So you envy Diogenes, do you?" he inquired. "Sure," said the navvy. "But you don't mean to say that you envy a man who lived in a tub?" reasoned the speaker. "A tub! Blimey! I thought you said 'pub'!"

Mortgage Sale

There will be sold by Public Auction at the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown in Queen's County on Saturday the 16th day of July at the hour of twelve o'clock noon all that tract piece or parcel of land situate lying and being on Lot or Township Number Sixty Seven in Queen's County aforesaid bounded and described as follows that is to say: On the northwest by land occupied by the heirs of the late Donald McDonald on the northeast by land owned by James Mane on the southeast by the Biggar Mill Road and on the southwest by land in the occupation of Joseph D. Biggar and containing an area of twenty (20) acres of land, a little more or less the said land having a frontage of thirteen chains and thirty three links on the Biggar Mill Road and extending in a northwesterly direction by parallel lines from the said Biggar Mill Road a distance of fifteen (15) chains or to the southwest boundary of land occupied by the heirs of the late Donald McDonald.

The above sale is made by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the first of September A. D. 1914 and made between James Warren of Bradalbane in Queens County aforesaid hotelkeeper and Margaret Warren, his wife of the one part and Samuel Kennedy of the other part and assigned to the undersigned by Indenture of Assignment dated the 7th day of August A. D. 1929 default having been made in payment of principal and interest.

For further particulars apply to McLean and McKinnon, Solicitors, Royal Bank Building Charlottetown, A. D. 1932.

WALLACE McKINNON
Assignee of Mortgage

3758-6-17-Fri-4t.

FOX FEED PRICES

Cash Prices

Beef Cheeks	4½c lb.
Beef Hearts	4½c lb.
Beef Tripe	3¾c lb.
Beef Trimmings	5c lb.
Beef Liver	8c lb.
Horse Meat	4¾c lb.
Tongue Trimmings	3¾c lb.
Pork Liver	3¼c lb.
Weasand Meat	4c lb.

Credit ½c additional per lb. with the exception of Horse Meat which is ¼c.

Prices f. o. b. Charlottetown, effective June 22.

Island Cold Storage Company, Limited

3683-6-23-tf.

The Plains Of Abraham

By James Oliver Curwood

Illustrations By Irwin Myers

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(Continued)

Thought which had been wrecked and beaten until now possessed him with a flame behind it that began to burn fiercely but which seemed to give no heat or excitement to his flesh" Only his eyes changed, until they were those of a savage, flinty in their hardness and without depth in which one might read his emotions. His face was white and passionless, with lines caught and etched upon it as if in bloodless stone. He looked at the hatchet again, and Odd heard the gasp which came from his lips. The hatchet was a voice telling him things and gloating in the story it had to tell. It made him think more clearly and pressed on him an urge for caution" As he drew nearer to Tonteur manor, the instincts of self-preservation awoke in him. They did not make him leave the open trail or travel less swiftly, but his senses became keener, and unconsciously he began to prepare himself for the physical act of vengeance.

To reach Tonteur was the first obligation in the performance of his act. Tonteur still had a few men who had not gone with Dieskau, and as Jeems recalled the firing of guns, a picture painted itself before his eyes. The murderers of h's father and mother, had swung eastward from Forbidden valley, and the seigneur, warned by Hepsibah's fire, had met them with loaded muskets" He had faith [illegible] not questions what had happened [illegible] lands. Before this no doubt had crossed his mind as to Hepsibah's fate. The English hatchets had caught him, somewhere, or he would have come during the long night when he and Odd had watched alone with death. But now a forlorn and scarcely living hope began to rise in his breast as he came to Tonteur's hill—an unreasoning thought that something might have driven his Uncle Hepsibah to the Richelieu, a hope that, after lighting his signal fire, he had hurried to the manor with the expectation of finding his people there. His father must have seen Hepsibah's warning across Forbidden valley, and had waited, disbelieving, while death travelled with the shades of night through the lowlands.

He might see Hepsibah, in a moment, coming over the hill. . . .

Hepsibah, and the baron, and men with guns. . . .

Even Odd seemed to be expecting this as they sped through the last oak open and climbed the chestnut ridge. Beyond were the thick edging of crimson sumac, a path breaking through it, and the knob of the hill where they had always paused to gaze over the wonderland which had been given by the king of France to the stalwart vassal Tonteur.

Jeems emerged at this point, and the spark which had grown in his breast was engulfed by sudden blackness.

There was no longer a Tonteur manor. There were no buildings but one. The great manor house was gone. The loopholed church was gone. The farmers' cottages beyond the meadows and fields were gone. All that remained was the stone gristmill, with the big wind wheel turning slowly at the top of it and making a whining sound that came to him faintly through the distance.

Jeems, looking down, saw in the drifting veil of smoke a shroud that covered death. For the first time he forgot his father and mother. He thought of some one he had known and loved a long time ago. Toinette.

As he had stood at the edge of the Big forest seeking for a figure that might have been his mother's, he now quested for one that might be Toinette's. But the same hope was not in his breast, nor the same fear. Certainty had taken their place. Toinette was dead, despoiled of her beauty and her life as his mother had been. A fury triumphed over him that was as possessive in its effect as the color which blazed about him in the crimson bush. It had been growing in him since the moment he knelt at his father's side; it had strained at the bounds of his grief when he found his mother; it had filled him with madness, still unformed in his brain, when he covered their faces in the early dawn. Now he knew why he gripped the English hatchet so tightly. He wanted to kill. His eyes turned from the smoke-filled valley where Champlain lay gleaming in the sun miles away, and the hand which held the hatchet trembled in its new-born yearning for the life blood of a people whom he hated from this day and hour.

IT MADE HIM THINK MORE CLEARLY, AND PRESSED ON HIM AN URGE FOR CAUTION

He was vaguely conscious of the whin of the mill wheel as he went down into the valley. He did not feel fear or the necessity for concealing his movement, for death would not trouble itself to return to a desolation so complete. But the wheel, as he drew nearer, touched the stillness with a note which seemed to ride with strange insistence over the solitude, as if calling to some one. It became less a thing of iron and wood that was crying in its hunger for oil, and more a voice which demanded his attention. It seemed to him that suddenly he caught what it was saying: "the English beast—the little English beast"—repeating those words until they became a rhythm without a break in their monotony except when a capful of wind set the wheel going faster. It was as if a thought in his brain had been stolen from him. And what it expressed was true. He was the English beast, coming as Madame Tonteur had predicted. Toinette had been right. Fiends with white skins, who were of his blood, had sent their hatchet killers to prove it. And like a lone ghost he was left to see it all. The mill wheel knew and, even in moments of quiet, seemed to possess the power to tell him so.

With stubborn fortitude he faced the ghenna through which he knew he must pass before he could turn south to find his vegeance with Dieskau. Toinette belonged to him now as much as his mother, and it was for her he began to search.

In a ditch which had run almost under the eaves of the loopholed church, he stumbled on a body. It had fallen among tall grass and weeds and had remained hidden there. It wore a Mohawk war tuft, and in one of its stiffened hands was another English hatchet like the one Jeems had. A scalp was at the warrior's belt, and for a moment Jeems turned sick. It was a young girl's scalp, days old.

As he advanced, he could see there had been an alarm and a little fighting. There was old Jean de Lauzon, the cure, doubled up like a jackknife, half dressed and with a battered old flintlock under him. He had fired the gun and was running when a bullet caught him between his thin shoulder blades. Jeems stood over him long enough to make notes of these things. He saw several more dark blotches on the ground quite near to where the thick oaken door to the church had been. There were Juchereau and Louis Herbert, both well along in years, and not far from them were their wives. Raudot was a fifth. He had been a slow-witted lad, and now he looked like a clown who had died with a grin on his face. These people had lived nearest to the church. The others had been too far away to answer the alarm quickly, but the result had been the same. Some had come to meet their death. Others had waited for it.

(To Be Continued

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Tenders will be received by the undersigned until noon 27th, for the completion of a wing to the Summerside High School, Summerside, P. E. I. A certified cheque for 5% of the amount must be enclosed with bid. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the Secretary of the School Board, Summerside, and the office of J. M. Hunter, architect, Charlottetown. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Secretary School Board, Summerside. 3815-6-20-1 wk.

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