

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

Unhappy Miss Croesus

Dorothy Dix

Finds Riches Spoil Romance

Pity the Poor Rich Girl Whose Money Will Buy Her Anything She Wants Except a Contented Husband - For a Man's Pride Will Enable Him to Accept Anything From His Wife but Money

She is the nicest sort of girl and he is the finest sort of young man, and they are desperately in love with each other and want to get married, and the girl's parents are the nicest sort of people and are ready to say: "Bless you, my children," at any moment. It would seem as if the match that is made in heaven, with nothing to prevent the young couple from getting married and living happily ever afterward. But not so. The lovers have come to an impasse that they do not seem able to negotiate and that threatens to wreck their romance.

For the girl is rich and the boy is poor. In addition to having a wealthy father, she has an independent fortune, left her by her grandparents. The boy has only his job, and although he is making good in that, it will be a long time before he has a salary that equals the girl's income. Nevertheless, he insists that if they get married they live upon what he makes and in the style in which he can afford to support a wife. And, naturally enough, the girl thinks this attitude is noble but foolish.

"Of course, if Jack holds out, I have got to give in at the last," she says, "because I care more for him than I do for ease and comfort and I would rather live on bread and water with him than feast on cakes and ale without him. Also, if I thought that my money would kill his ambition and turn him into one of the lap-dog husbands who do nothing but fetch and carry for rich wives, I would chuck it into the sewer rather than let it ruin him. But have a better opinion of him than that. I don't believe he works just because he is driven on by the scourge of poverty. I believe he tries to achieve things because he is a real man and wants to be of some use in the world and that a little money would help him instead of hinder him.

"What bewilders me is why he should be so unwilling to take a few dollars from me. When a woman gives herself to a man she gives him something so much more precious to herself than money that the money doesn't count at all in her mind. Yet he takes the one freely and feels that the other would be a crushing obligation. Funny how men's minds work about women. Even when they love us they love their own pride better and are willing to sacrifice us to it.

"Jack thinks that if I loved him enough I would be willing to endure poverty with him. So I would if it were necessary. If I hadn't a second dress to my back I would gladly marry him and cook and wash and scrub to make him comfortable and walk to save carfare. But what's the sense in wearing myself out at housework when I can afford servants? What's the merit in eating coarse food when there is pie on the pantry shelf? Why look up a beautiful house and go and live in a hovel? Martyrdom must have some good reason behind it. Else it is silliness.

"That is my side of the case. Jack's is that he is going to be free and independent and succeed on his own and that he isn't going to let anybody say that he is living on a rich wife and that if I love him enough I will be willing to chuck all of the luxuries to which I have been accustomed all my life and put on a burlap apron and come into his kitchen.

"And I think he is selfish to want to sacrifice me to his pride, and he thinks I am selfish to want to sacrifice him to my comfort and there we are and I don't see any way out unless Jack strikes oil or we lose our money."

Personally, I think that the girl in this case—and this is an absolutely true story—is right in not being willing to sacrifice all of the luxuries to which she has been accustomed for the sake of saving her fiancée's pride and I think that they will have a thousand times better chance of happiness if the man accepts her standard of living instead of forcing her down to his. For it is much easier to adapt ourselves to lolling on a soft cushion than it is to sitting on a hard bench.

Romance that has walked in silk attire wears pretty thin when it is clothed in hand-me-downs. Love that is capable of one noble gesture of renunciation can't stand the continual pin prick of changing every habit and having every taste crucified. So Miss Croesus, who says all for love and money well lost, is apt to regret her bargain. And, furthermore, the poor out proud youth, when he comes to paying the bills of a wife who has never had to count the cost of anything and eating the efforts of an amateur chef,



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ROYALTY SCHOOL CONCERT

On Friday evening, December 19th, one of the most successful Christmas concerts of the season was held in West Royalty School. The well filled schoolroom was decorated artistically for the occasion, with evergreens and other Christmas decorations. Mr. Vernon Burke capably acted as chairman.

The following well balanced program was rendered by the pupils who reflect much credit on the teacher, Mr. Hollis Jenkins also the accompanists, Mrs. Cyrus Pickard, and Mr. Robert Weeks.

- Chorus—"Merry, Merry Christmas."
Recitation—"Georgia Trahner."
Dialogue—"A Minister's Mistake."
Recitation—"Lloyd Gates."
Exercise—"Clady Curley."
Recitation—"Bertha Hurry."
Dialogue—"Getting Even with Sister's Beau."
Motion Song—"Good Santa Claus."
Recitation—"Helen MacKinnon."
Monologue—"Lauri Hurry."
Dialogue—"Cor's Callers."
Recitation—"Bobby Gates."

is bound to reflect that it is just as well, after all, for a woman to have her own pin money and be able to hire a cook.

But for all of that this problem of the rich young woman and the poor young man is a very real one and explains why little Miss Croesus, who is everything that a girl should be in the way of charms and attractions and virtues, so often has fewer beaux than any shop girl or stenographer and has not half the chance to marry a worthwhile man that they have.

For most men are not only not fortune-hunters; they have a morbid fear of being thought to have an eye on a girl's money, and so they fight shy of rich damsels. And when a poor man does marry a rich woman he is seldom happy. He feels that he is in a false position and he resents the fact that her hand holds the pocketbook and not his. It takes the grace of God to enable a man to accept any favor from a woman's hand without biting it.

So pity the poor rich girl whose money will buy her anything she wants except a contented husband. DOROTHY DIX.

Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. At what time is it correct to make a formal call?
A. Between 3:30 and 5:30 P. M.
Q. What is the one phrase which best society uses in acknowledgment of an introduction?
A. "How do you do?"
Q. Is it permissible to place the bread and butter plates on the table when setting it for a course dinner?
A. Yes.

Quartette—"Christmas Candles."
Recitation—"Mildred Hurry."
Duet—"Laura Stetson and Katherine Dixon."
Dialogue—"Painting a Chair."
Monologue—"Henry Hurry."
Recitation—"Keith Pickard."
Intermission and Sale of Candy.
Chorus—"When the Bells of Christmas Ring."
Recitation—"Elwin Burke."
Duet—"Eileen and Maurice Curley."
Dialogue—"Uncle Hiram's Cold."
Recitation—"Sydney MacNevin."
Solo—"Betty Curley."
Recitation—"George Moore."
Dance—"Bernard Trainor."
Monologue—"Ivan Roberts."
Recitation—"Lois Hurry."
Xmas Drill—"Eight senior girls."
Dialogue—"A Capable Servant."
Song—"Star of the East."
Recitation—"Athol Roberts."
Dialogue—"Social Difficulties."
Chorus—"Christmas Bells."
Santa Claus then appeared and distributed, from a heavy laden Christmas tree, presents, candy and fruit to both teacher and pupils.

A hearty vote of thanks was extended to the teacher and complimentary remarks made on the successful work being carried on. The pleasant evening was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

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Her remains were laid to rest in

For The Cook

FRUNE WHIP

Cook 20 large meaty prunes until tender, stone, shred, and beat to a pulp. Add to them a teaspoon of lemon juice. Beat the whites of 2 eggs until stiff. Add 2 tablespoons granulated sugar. Fold in the prunes a little at a time, beating constantly. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. PATRICK P. MACKINNON
On December 15th, 1933, there passed from this earthly sphere to her Heavenly home, Mary relict of the late Patrick P. MacKinnon, of McAskill River in St. Peter's Parish aged 74 after an illness of three weeks which she bore with perfect resignation to the Divine will of God. She was the eldest daughter of the late Donald Charles MacKinnon and his wife Catherine MacDonald, of that place.

Deceased was active as usual with her household duties until she was stricken with pneumonia which, although broken up in three days, left her heart in such a weakened condition that she was unable to rally and on the above named date fortified by the Sacraments of Holy Church, administered by her faithful pastor, Rev. Alexander McAuley, her gentle spirit winged its way back to Him who gave it.

She had good medical skill, a faithful and efficient nurse, and loving children to minister unto her wants, in fact everything possible was done for her comfort but she had reached the evening of life and our Heavenly Father in His wisdom saw fit to remove her from the scene of her earthly labors and taken her unto Himself there to give her rest.

We cannot find words adequate to describe the beautiful life of this truly noble woman, her devotion to God and home, her works of charity, her hours of toil to make it possible to give her children the higher education that would fit them for their battle of life, her wise counsel that meant so much in the moulding of her character, her tender care of her aged mother and of others aged and infirm who came into her home. She was an ideal citizen whose example must have had a far reaching influence for good.

Her husband predeceased her over a year ago and a beloved daughter, Alberta, twelve years ago. She leaves to mourn their loss the following sons and daughters, John Joseph at home, Almas of the Boston Police Dept., Ralph Captain of the S. S. Harry Lirkenback, San Francisco, Anne, Mrs. M. Linnhan, Brighton, Mass., Mary E. Mrs. F. P. Morean, Prince Albert, Sask., Clara Mrs. L. W. Burke Hyde Park, Mass., Rev. Sister Philomena Holdfast, Sask., and Lona Mrs. Sylvester McInnis of St. Peter's to all of whom the deepest sympathy of the Community goes out.

Her funeral which despite the inclement weather was largely attended took place to St. Peter's Church on the 17th. A requiem High Mass was celebrated by Father McAuley who also read the committal prayers at the grave.

point of saying that on the whole he had acquitted himself very well. Instead, she looked into his eyes very steadily and gravely as he answered: "And I am nearly twenty-seven, and no man has come into my life either."

She coloured at that, however, for the memory of Canon Severne's face rose up as she had seen it one uccday on the Forder meads.

"Then we have a clean sheet," he said with a smile, "and there will be no spectres stalking us from out of the past. But you haven't told me yet when you will marry me."

"I don't intend to. Can't you see," she added with a little wistful uplift of her chin, "that I want a little time to realize this wonderful thing that has come to me. I've never had a lover. Perhaps I want him just a little while before—before—"

Before he merges into the husband, supplied Manning quickly. "You've no expectation then that it might be possible to combine lover and husband?"

"For a wee while possibly," Mary admitted. "But there is the wear and tear of life, as Granny calls it. Oh, does Granny know?"

"No, but she shall know from me by to-night's post if I have your permission. You haven't said my name yet, Mary. Let me hear you say it."

"Not yet. I will some day," she said with a queer, shy glance. "Isn't it a wonderful thing, a miracle altogether? I was counting how many times we had actually met. This is only the sixth."

"On this side of the water; but, of course, we've met before somewhere. We've belonged since the beginning of things. Don't you feel that?"

She dropped her hand light as

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Royal Scholars Yet Do Elizabeth's Will

LONDON, Jan. 17.—Close on four centuries have passed since Queen Elizabeth endowed the old Westminster School on condition that its 40 scholars should perform a Latin play each year, and a Latin play has been acted annually ever since by the Royal Scholars. The origin of the school, however, is obscure.

"Some of the performances at the Westminster School have been remarkable for nothing but the tradition that made them possible," says the drama critic of the News Chronicle, who admits that the latest one in December last, was far otherwise. This was "Rudens," one of the plays of Titus Maccius Plautus, the great comic dramatist of ancient Rome, whose death occurred in 184 B. C.

"The 'Rudens' of Plautus was remarkable, not only for individual acting," the News Chronicle critic says, "but also for the vigor, freedom and expressiveness of the whole company. The new master of the King's Scholars, Rev. A. G. G. Pentreath, or someone assisting him has quite lived up to the tradition."

King's scholars, J. R. C. Engleheart, is a comedian of singular talent has

old St. Peter's cemetery beside those of her husband and daughter there to await the glorious resurrection

CHAPTER XVII

Never in the whole course of her well ordered life had the Honourable Mrs. Manning passed through so many swift phases of thought, such agonizing periods. She had had no preparation for handling the kind of man Geoffrey was, the type had not come within her immediate ken.

He was, first and foremost, alien to England—"hostile" was the word she used when some new whim or point of view was ruthlessly presented. Yet in her heart of hearts she knew that "hostile" was not the proper word, nor yet "alien." For, under the panoply of his strange reserve, which she secretly admired, there were wells of feeling, a passion of love and loyalty to great ideals, both of country—and of conduct, which profoundly impressed her. She was no fool, but a very astute, clever woman, deeply read in her country's history, encased in armour handed down through the ages, unwilling, rather than unable, to discern that the need for armour had passed.

(To be Continued)

There are politicians who persist in the illusion that they are alive.—Benito Mussolini.

I believe that a woman who is busy in her home, making it a real one, has no time for what you call a career.—Mrs. Albert Einstein.

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A Morning Smile

Son in college was applying pressure for more money from home. "I can not understand why you call yourself a kind father," he wrote his dad, "when you haven't sent me a check for three weeks. What kind of kindness do you call that?"

"That's unremitting kindness," wrote the father in his next letter.

There has been a greater improvement in the administration of justice in the last ten years than in any decade within my memory.—Charles Evans Hughes.

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The Old Order Changes

By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

She seemed to shrink again. "Oh, but I'm afraid! It was all right when I was just school teacher, of whom nobody, not even the naughtiest of the children, was afraid. If I were to go back in another capacity, perhaps I should find a barrier."

"You would demolish it," he assured her. "The first thing we shall do is to find houses for the people who can't get them, and let the young people who want to marry set up their homes. Do you know what I have in my mind?"

Mary said "No," her eyes glowing like twin stars in her head. "I'm thinking of dividing up the house into suits suitable for married couples. It could be done at very little expense. Disney and I have talked it over."

Mary almost gasped. "And Mrs. Manning! what did she say? It would certainly kill her. It

"Oh, the Disneys have always been too kind to me," said Mary confusedly. "Then there are my people—"

"Your father wished me God-speed yesterday."

Then you have told him! cried Mary, astounded once more by the thoroughness with which this im-

petuous lover had settled the whole affair. "Why, of course. He is my very good friend. We see eye to eye on nearly everything. I consider myself very fortunate. I assure you, in having come across the Freclands on my arrival in England."

"Did you see mother too?" He shook his head. "Not yet. I called on your father at the mill. He was in a hurry and so was I, but we had just long enough to get to understand one another about this. You are very dear to him, Mary."

Mary nodded, her sweet mouth trembling. Life had suddenly become a wonderful, gracious and desirable thing, lovely beyond compare. Suddenly her eyes fell on her wrist-watch. "Ten minutes to five and tea is at five. Come along, we must go back to the camp. I'm under orders. Do you feel equal to facing a whole regiment of women?"

"Oh yes. I shall hide behind your skirts."

"They are not volunuous enough," she said as she sprang up and shook the heather shoots from them. "I wonder whether it would not have been better for you after all if we had gone to Gorham Lacy."

"What can it matter? It's a woman I want to marry, not a house. Don't let us quibble, my darling. I want to tell you before we go from this headland, which we shall revisit I hope often in the days to come, that, though I am thirty-five, you are the first woman that has ever come into my life. That's why I've

A little tremor curved Mary's mobile mouth, and she was on the

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