Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Litera ture

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

GOOD DEEDS

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As soon as they are made, forgets as soon as done.
—Shakespeare.

DISTRESS

The power to relieve distress should ever be the associate of tenderness; or he who possesses it is far more wretched than the object which has exercised it.—E. Davies.

ADVICE

A person should only give advice about matters in which he will cooperate.—Goethe.

A BEAUTIFUL ROOM

For his new play, "Beyond," which was seen in Edinburgh last week, Sir John Martin Harvey has designed, surely, one of the most beautiful rooms ever seen on the stage. It is decorated in a scheme of white and delicate sea green, relieved with masses of lilies. The upholstery is of white brocade, with cushions of silver, while the beautiful pottery was lent by Lord Robert's Workshops.

The dresses worn by the ladies appearing in the various scenes blend most artistically with the setting, being of soft greens and whites. The note of contrast is struck by Edith, the erring daughter, who stood so far apart from the others She appears in a striking black and white checked dress, and again, in a daring scarlet evening gown.

WOMEN GOING GREY

Only facially and sartorially speaking! In the matter of:

1 Platinum grey face powder for the evening complexion.

2 Platinum grey flannel for sports and smart day wear.

3 Platinum grey satin lingerie on tailored lines.

4 Platinum grey accessories—belts, shoes, handbags, gloves and stockings.

Emphasis is given to the new grey by the clever use of colour touches, such as rich ruby red, scarlet, emerald green and violet velvets.

GREEN FLOWER PERFUME

The heavier winter scents are giving place to the flower scents, now that spring is on the wing.

Scents must match personality! For the "sophisticated young married woman" there is provided a one drop perfume made from green flowers, including mignonette and orchids. Another perfume is made from the flower which the Brahmins believed to bloom in Paradise, and for the gay and witty young woman there is a blend of amber and roses.

For "debs." and "open air" women a scent made from oranges and lemons has been compounded and another from red geranium blossoms. Night scented stock in a new and haunting blend is for the evening.

When wearing cotton frocks, muslin and linens, and washing silk dresses there is recommended scent such as rosemary water and the Caroline Testout rose.

SCONE MAKING

A Few General Hints

Home-made scones are always an attraction at tea time, so perhaps a few rules on scone-making may be helpful. The soda and cream of tartar should always be rubbed in the hand before mixing, to avoid any lumps. The liquid used for mixing purposes may be water, milk, milk and water mixed, sour milk (is excellent) or butter-milk. Sour milk and butter-milk are not used if baking powder is used. The consistency of the dough after mixing should not be too soft to handle easily on the board. Working the dough should be done quickly and lightly. A hot oven or a moderately hot gridle is required for the baking. Time for baking varies from seven to fifteen minutes.

AFTERNOON TEA SCONES

Half a pound of flour, one heaped teaspoonful baking powder, quarter teaspoonful salt, one egg, one ounce castor sugar, one ounce butter, one ounce sultanas. Milk for mixing.

Sieve the flour and salt, and rub in the butter, add the dry ingredients, add the egg and enough milk to make a soft dough; turn out on a floured board, knead lightly to a smooth round ball, roll out half an inch thick, cut in rounds, place on a hot baking tray, and bake in a hot oven for ten to fifteen minutes.

THE ROMANCE OF PERFUME

The romance of perfumes — it is often veiled and hidden from the scrutiny of the casually-minded! One has to do some patient research behind the scenes if one would find it, but it is surely worth the doing!

In Mayfair this season there is a popular scent, chosen for its light flower fragrance. Originally this scent was compounded in 1840 for the Empress Eugenie— a romantic figure indeed in her day.

With her perfume go the wreaths of flowers worn across the head—a pretty fashion which she set.

From a certain Paris scent salon there comes a new perfume only once every three years.

THE COOK'S CORNER

Spicy Toast Now Favored For Teatime

There is no greater favorite for the tea hour than hot spicy cinnamon toast. It will do credit to the tea you select thoughfully and brew with care—two things for which you will be rewarded in the delicately fragrant cup of this favorite beverage that you pour for honored guests or for fortunate family.

Cut the bread thin enough to toast crisply. Cream the spread very thoroughly—always taking the precaution of pressing your brown sugar through a sieve before using it.

Cinnamon Toast

4 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons soft brown sugar
2 teaspoons cinnamon

Cream butter, sugar and cinnamon together. Toast slices of white bread to a golden brown. Spread generously with mixture and re-heat in oven. Serve at once.

Prune Pudding

1 cup cooked prunes
1 cup sweetend condensed milk
½ cup graham crumbs
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped nutmeats
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Remove prune stones and cut in quarters. Blend, prunes, milk, cracker crumbs, baking powder, salt, chopped nutmeats, melted butter and vanilla. Pour into buttered baking dish. Bake 36 minutes in a moderately slow oven, 325 degrees. The mixture should be firm when baked. Serve with whipped cream, is desired.

Brownies

Mix order given
½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
½ cup flour
2 squares chocolate, melted
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped nut meats

Bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.)

A Morning Smile

The Trouble

The tired-looking man sat facing the solicitor. "So you want a divorce from your wife," said the latter. "Aren't your relations pleasant?"

"Mine are," came the answer, "but hers are simply terrible."

A Bad Guess

A wife paid a surprise visit to her husband's office, and, creeping up behind him, put her hands over his eyes.

"Guess who it is?" she asked gleefully.

"Stop fooling," was the reply, "and get on with those letters!"

Must We Walk in Fear of What "They" Say? — Dorothy Dix — Would Tread Medium Path

Shall We Ignore Our Neighbor's Talk or Walk Chalkline Indicated by it?—Neither, Says Dorothy Dix, But Without Defying the Conventions, Let Us Live Our Own Life!

One of the most difficult problems in life that we have to solve is how much we should be influenced by the opinions of others. It is equally dangerous either to flaunt them or to be dominated by them, for if we totally disregard them we are ostracized, and if we cringe before them we become enslaved.

It is not too much to assert that "THEY SAY" is the most powerful influence in the world. It makes and breaks people. It is fame and disgrace. No individual can be so upright in character, so pure of heart, so innocent in intention as to safely ignore the tongues of the community in which he or she lives.

A man, for instance, may have only the most paternal instinct and a desire to nourish a worthy and hard-working little girl, but if he is seen out lunching with his pretty platinum blonde stenographer every day, and if he takes her home in his car every evening, nothing on earth can save him from getting the reputation of being a philanderer and knowing how to pick 'em. Nobody, least of all his wife, will believe that his middle name is Joseph and not Don Juan.

If a married woman steps out evenings with a handsome stranger while her husband stays at home and tends the baby, and if she is seen wining and dining and dancing at night clubs with other men, her character furnishes forth the funeral baked meats for the next gossip fest, and the women who know he begin to look at her slantwise and forget to ask her when they have their next party. It avails her nothing that the men she has been playing about with were childhood friends who regard her as a sister and that her husband urged her to go out with them because she needd a little recreation that he couldn't afford to give her.

And if a girl goes off on a week-end with a man, no matter if she is as chaste as ice and pure as snow and he a Galahad, nor how platonic their relationship was, not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can put her reputation together again.

The moral of which, of course, is that it is not enough to be good. We have to look good, and if we desire to be respected we have to have the O. K. of those who know us. None of us can afford to snap our fingers in the face of Mrs. Grundy, and as long as our happiness and our prosperity depends upon our neighbors' good opinion of us we must needs consider what "THEY SAY."

But if we are fools to think we can defy what other people say about us, we are still greater fools to let them rule us. Nothing is more disastrous. Nor are there any more cringing cowards than those men and women whose whole existence is dominated by the specter of gossip and who are driven into doing things that they do not wish to do and that they know to be a fatal thing to do by the abject fear of what people will say.

All of us know people who are living on a nerve-breaking strain of anxiety trying to keep up a pretense of prosperity who would gladly relax and give up attempting to ape rich people if they were not so afraid of what people would say. All of us know men who are failures in professions for which they have no talent who would like to give them up and be the carpenters nature intended them to be if it wasn't for what people would say.

All of us know half-starved women who could make good livings for themselves taking in boarders or sewing and who would enjoy doing so, but who would rather perish with cold and hunger than face what people would say. We know husbands and wives who quarrel who would part and live in peace if it wasn't for what people would say. We know thousands of useless tragedies of sacrifice that could be saved if only the poor victims wouldn't rather be burnt at the stake than be pricked by a few tongues.

So the part of wisdom seems to be to find the golden mean between defying public opinion and groveling before it, and this can best be done by adopting David Crockett's motto: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

For of one thing we may all be utterly sure: We and our affairs are going to be discussed by those who know us. We are going to be gossiped about, even as we gossip about others. We are going to be criticised, just as we criticize our friends and acquaintances.

There is no possibility of escaping that, not even by death. For there is no corpse but that is dragged forth from its grave for a thousand autopsies. And this being the case, and we furnishing their favorite topic to our neighbors and foraging their most enjoyable indoor sport, and we retaliating in kind, it behooves us to take it in a sporting spirit. Being neither unduly uplifted nor cast down by it.

In a word, we should walk circumspectly so as to furnish others with as little cause as possible for their criticisms, but conscious of treading the straight and narrow path we should march boldly on our way without giving ear to what "THEY SAY."

We should be like the old Dutch sea captain, suspected of piracy, who carved above the lintel of his fine front door: "THEY SAY. THEY WILL SAY. LET THEM BE SAYING."

DOROTHY DIX.

What Every Widow Knows!

By LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

CHAPTER 46

A RECKLESS SPENDER

As nearly as Clarence Collins had been able to find out—and he flattered himself he had done some rather intensive detective work on the subject—the actual amount that the widow of the late Kerrigan Benedict Rogers would be able to claim from his grandfather's estate would amount, in round figures, to something over a half million dollars.

Which seemed an alluring sum to the dapper youth who had never earned more than forty dollars a week in his most affluent jobs.

The reason he knew so exactly was that being temporarily jobless he had volunteerd to act as substitute filing clerk in the law offices of Slocum. Kendrick and Slocum executors of the senior Roger's estate. Freddy had a chance to act as pursuer on a summer excursion boat, and Freddy had jumped at Clarence's seemingly noble offer.

The legal phraseology of the papers concerning the Roger's case, Clarence wisely made no attempt to understand—but the main fact were firmly fixed in his acquisitive mind. He went about in a joyous daze thinking!

"This young bucko was burning up Broadway and when soused up got himself married to the second girl from the end,which made grandpa cut off the mazuma after handing the second from the end her alimony. And when the kid learned there was nothing doing he got mad at his whole tribe and clipped the Rogers off his name and called himself Kerry Benedict and married this other sweetie without saying who he was. And went off to get himself killed in France without finding out the first cutie was dead and that grandpa was getting a softened heart and put him back in his will to the tune of 'one eighth of the estate when thirty'—and he'd be thirty this year, if he'd lived. And the one eighth is a cool half million and a half million looks awful good to me!"

The half million would tumble straight into his pockets, he felt, very shortly after he married Molly Benedict. He could just "sit pretty" after tipping off the lawyers to the important fact that Mrs. Molly Benedict Collins had very lately been Mrs. Kerrigan Benedict Rogers.

Marrying Molly had looked both lucrative and easy when he first planned it. He had unlimited faith in his ability to put up what he called "a classy front" and he felt that all he had to do was await a favorable opportunity to give her a chance to murmur "yes."

Yet somehow half the summer had slipped by and he was beginning to suspect that the seemingly demure Molly was not so innocent as she looked.

"Pretty cold little proposition," he told himself. "I guess this Kerry fellow kinda soured her on matrimony. She's got a frozen heart, that kid has, but I'm the boy that knows how to melt 'em."

When the propitious moment actually arrived to lay his heart at her feet Clarence's eloquence surely ought to have melted even so frigid a widow as the fair Molly. She was forced to listen because she was literally awed by the amazing flood of words that were slipping from his eager lips.

She had moved away from him and was standing against her desk, one hand on Pard's collar. The room was only dimly lighted at first, from the reflection of the vestibule light, but she snatched her hand away from his to switch on the drop light over her desk. Pard, drowsy yawned and blinked in the sudden flare but showed no especial interest in the proceedings.

Clarence's eyes were glowing strangely, he was letting himself loose on perfect floods of oratory.

"I repeat" he continued dramatically "I stand before you, on my merits, admitting that right now I am what might be called poor. But you certainly would be astonished if you knew in what comparatively short time I would be in a position to deny you nothing! Your slightest or most extravagant wish could be—er—gratified. If you want a yacht, you've only got to say so. I'll get you one. And it won't be just one automobile of your own that you're riding around in. We'll have two or three classy looking cars. You'll be dressed the way a girl like you ought to be dressed—in a big fur coat and—and everything! And we'll live at the Plazo some of the time and go to Palm Beach winters and Newport summers and——"

"Oh please!" Molly managed to get in a word at last, "do stop spending your money so recklessly." Her brown eyes danced with fun. "It's much too hot for the fur coat and I—well, I'm sure I wouldn't like to live at the Plaso and I hate Florida and I hear that Newport isn't nearly so smart as it used to be!"

"Oh well," Clarence was a trifle dazed at her indifference to the glories he was spreading before her. "We can live anywhere you say—"

Suddenly Molly's cheeks grew crimson. The situation was no longer droll. Fastidious little body that she was his casual "We'll live anywhere" sounded utterly loathsome to her.

"Will you go now?" she asked in curiously quiet tones.

"Go?" he echoed stupidly.

"Quickly. Oh, how dare you?" she gasped suddenly.

His come back was magnificent.

"I dared because I love you—so!" the "so" seemd to make it lyric somehow. But the gesture with which he said it, eloquently reminiscent of the Messrs. Valentino, La Roque and Tearle, was utterly wasted on the hard-hearted little woman who stood beyond him.

"I'm not fooling," she added with the piquantly childish phraseology that Jim Gordon had found so endearing," I'm trying to make you see how angry with you and make you—go. I can't understand how—"

Light came back to his frightened eyes.

"I get you, sweetie, you think I'm kidding you, don't you? Why, little lady," he dropped his grand language," what I was trying to get across was that I'm just nuts about you and I—well you—well, both of us, has got one grand bunch of money coming to us to blow on anything we please, I don't wonder you can't believe it. But, it's all so. You can't take it from me, I wouldn't be telling you if it wasn't so! We're going to cash in on this thing before the end of the year and be sitting pretty—"

She stamped her foot.

"I said go——" she spoke desperately." I can't make you—but Pard can——Pard!" she gave an abrupt command.

Pard's head lifted. Heat sick as he was, his eyes gleamed and his lips curled back as he gave a menacing growl.

"Hi there!" Clarence scrambled back, his arm before his face. "You look out what you say!—Lilla was telling me one time that you sicked that brute on old Gordon but I thought she was lying—you look out—don't let go of that leash. That dog is going crazy—"

From the top of the hallway behind them Lilla Allerton's long drawn scream sounded.

"Oh Clare! Clare! What is it? I'm coming——" she was almost falling down the darkened stair. "You fiendish woman!" she shrilled at Molly, "Don't you dare let go of that beast."

Molly pulled the excited Pard back with all her tiny might.

"Lilla," she said quietly, "go back up to your room, you're not dressed—Mr. Collins is just going——"

(To Be Continued.)

Had Your THRILLS Today?

Here's a THRILL for Breakfast

One thrill you *shouldn't* miss is the taste-thrill of "Grape-Nuts" Flakes! These crisp, crinkly, golden flakes are *filled* with the grandest of all breakfast flavours—the glorious nut-like taste that has made "Grape-Nuts" Cereal such a world-favourite! Why not phone your grocer *now* and get a package for tomorrow. *Brighter* in taste, "Grape-Nuts" Flakes is *bigger* in nourishment—thanks to healthful grains specially baked. Made in Canada.

the Smile-Tempting Breakfast Thrill

"GRAPE-NUTS" FLAKES

GF13-34

GOLDEN-FLAKE COMPANION TO "GRAPE-NUTS" CEREAL

New Spring Smartness

Illustrated Dressmaking Lessons Furnished With Each Pattern

By Ruth Rogers

The little sub-deb, debutantes and youthful women types will welcome this smart new model.

It is so very becoming and girlish. Belted only at the back with tricky bias seams at the front, it emphasizes a slim waistline.

It carries a feeling for spring in a gay crepe silk print in coral-red and white. The collar can be lingerie (see wee sketchlet). White crisp organdie is very dainty for it.

White or pastel tub silks, handkerchief linen prints, dimity and batiste prints, striped seersucker, etc., are lovely schemes for summer, made with short sleeves.

Style No. 693 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years.

Size 15 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch material.

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

No. 693. Size .....

Name .....

Street Address .....

City State .....

693

AMBIGUOUS

The clerk had just completed a quarter century of faithful service. At the end of the day the boss handed him an envelope inscribed, "In token of this memorable date."

The clerk opened the envelope, and inside it he found a portrait of his employer.

"Well, what do you think of my gift to you in recognition of your devoted service?" the proprietor asked.

"Its just like you," was the reply.

Canada supplies Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the West Indies with practically all their imports of hay, totalling 13,000 tons annually.

Help Kidneys

- If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity try the Doctor's prescription Cystex (Sistex. Must end your troubles in 8 days or money back. Only 75c at druggists.

Notice to Creditors

ESTATE OF MARGARET COYLE

In pursuance of an Order of the Vice-Chancellor dated the 24th day of March, A. D., 1934, I hereby notify all persons having any claim against the Estate of Margaret Coyle late of Charlottetown in Queen's County in Prince Edward Island, Married Woman, deceased, to come before the Vice-Chancellor at his Chambers in the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on Thursday the 19th day of April A. D. 1934 at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and prove their claims 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 7th day of April A. D. 1934.

LEITH E. BRECKEN, Registrar.

L-1766.

AUCTION SALE

LEWIS' POINT FARM

We have been authorized to sell by public auction on the premises on Friday, April 20th, at 2 P.M. that desirable shore farm known as Lewis' Point, situated two and a half miles from Charlottetown, consisting of seventy acres of excellent land, fifty-five of which are cleared. Situation, approach and outlook are usually fine. Has eleven room house and usual outbuildings, approached through beautiful avenue of lime. Extensive shore front readily rentable for summer cottages.

Terms made known at sale.

E. J. & K. M. MARTIN

J. A. McDONALD, Auctioneer.

L-1742.

SALE

Sale of Stock, Crop, Implements and household effects of the late Hugh Nicholson, at Elliott's, on Tuesday April 17th. If stormy first fine day following.

L-1919.

FOR SALE

Valuable residential property, 252 Grafton St. Apply to McLean & Bentley. L-18

There was a carry-over in Canada of 42 millions bushels of oats on July 31, 1933, of which 38 millions were held by farmers.

This TESTED Remedy Will Restore Your Energy

A girl who works in an office, who got very little fresh air and sunshine, lost color, became enervated, and, on November 14, 1932, went to a physician's office in a Canadian city and had her blood tested. The result was alarming. The haemoglobin showed only 60 per cent., the red corpuscles count only 3,700,000. She was surprised to learn that she was anaemic, but was relieved when told that the condition could be corrected.

The physician knew the formula of a popular blood builder, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and told her to take two of the pills after each meal for a month and then return for another test. The second test was made on December 16, and showed an increase to 84 per cent. of haemoglobin (which surprised even the doctor) and a red blood corpuscle count of 5,408,000.

When it is explained that haemoglobin is the oxygen-bearing, life-supporting elemnt of the blood and that red corpuscles are the carriers of haemoglobin it will be understood why the young lady felt renewed energy and ambition, or, as she put it, "felt like working again."

If you lack "pep," tire easily, are weak, pale, have palpitation of the heart and dizzy spells, get a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at your own druggist's and begin the treatmem after your next meal. You take no chances for Williams' Pink Pills are