

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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

PRAYERS

We doubt the word that tells us: Ask And ye shall have your prayer; We turn our thoughts as to a task, With will constrained and rare. And yet we have; these scanty prayers Yield gold without alloy; O God, but he who trusts and dares Must have a boundless joy; G. MacDonald.

AN EPITAPH

Die when I may I want it said of me by those who knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a rose would grow.—Lincoln.

THOUGHTS

How easy is the thought in certain moods, of the loveliest, most unselfish devotion. How hard is the doing of the thought in the face of a thousand unlovely difficulties.—Macdonald.

A GREAT MAN

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorrest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unflinching. W. E. Channing.

ENDEAVOUR

Endeavour to be the first in thy calling, whatever it may be; neither let anyone get before thee in well doing.

TRUE HAPPINESS

Anything is good for us, however unpleasant it may be, which draws us from the only real misery which is sin and selfishness, to the only true happiness, which is the everlasting life of Christ, a pure loving, just, generous, useful life of goodness.—C. Kingsley.

EXPERIENCE

Experience does take dreadfully high school-wages, but he teaches like no other.—Carlyle.

SURETY

Beware of suretyship for thy best friend. He that payeth another man's debt seekth his own decay. But if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it; so shalt thou secure thyself, and please thy friend.—Buregh.

SELFISHNESS

Selfishness is the making a man's self his own centre, the beginning and end of all he doeth.—John Owen.

WHO ARE THE HAPPIEST?

Who are the happiest people on earth? This question was asked by an English newspaper, and prizes were offered for the best answers. There are four prize-winning answers: "A craftsman or artist whilst doing a job well done." "A little child building sand castles."

"A mother, after a busy day, bathing her baby." "A doctor who has finished a difficult and dangerous operation and saved a human life."

No millionaires among these, one notice. No kings or emperors. Riches and rank, no matter how the world strives for them, do not make happy lives. A sand castle does that far better than a palace. It would be a sad day on earth if only the great could be happy. But happiness is for everybody, not a few.—Sunshine Magazine.

It is not necessary to baste roasts if the meat is placed in the pan fat side up. As the fat melts and runs down, it will do the basting and save you the trouble. If the roast does not have fat on its own strips of bacon or salt pork will serve the purpose.

HOW WILL YOU LIKE YOUR NEW RELATIVES?

You are a bride whose days are filled with romance—and practical problems. You have foods to buy. The spare bedroom needs draperies and blankets. You must have a telephone installed. There is the medicine chest—to be filled with simple yet reliable supplies. . . . are you planning on a new car or a grand piano with that! When you make each unaccustomed purchase, you establish

for BRUISES There's nothing so equal Minard's. It "takes hold". Antiseptic, soothing, healing. Gives quick relief! MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" UNIMENT

new relations. Whether they will bring you joy depends on you; care and forethought in choosing the right relations. But inexperience need not turn you timid. Read the advertisements in this paper. They will tell you what to buy where to buy and how much to spend. They will bring you the knowledge you need. They will help you find "new relations" that will become ready helpers and faithful friends.

FLOWER TRIMMING A recent eastern fashion show demonstrated how fresh flow may be used with clothes. A pink and blue silk suit with stand-up collar had orchids tucked against the collar on the right shoulder. With an organdie evening gown a spray of pink roses formed a bandeau at the back of the head. You can attach a flower to your bracelet to wear a white dress, or gardenias organza flowers may be tucked under your chin for the garden party. Violets are lovely on gray, as the pansies. A brown tweed suit had nasturtiums pinned to the lapel, and you can attach anemones, corn flowers, yellow daisies and others of the commoner flowers to daytime clothes. You may also trim your hat with fresh flowers.

THE COOK'S CORNER

COTTAGE CHEESE CAKE 1 1/2 cottage cheese 1/2 cups sugar 1 1/2 cups zwieback crumbs 5 eggs 1 pint cream 1/2 teaspoon salt Drain cheese and press through fine sieve. Add cream slowly, and then sugar, salt and unbeatens eggs one at a time, beating vigorously all the while. Beat the mixture for 2 or 3 minutes after adding each egg. Grease a spring form pan 9 inches in diameter and 2 1/2 inches deep. Line bottom and sides of pan with crumbs. Pour in the mixture and bake in a slow oven (325) for 1 1/2 hours or until firm and well browned. To test when done—insert knife blade in centre of cake. If it comes out clean the cake is done. If milky it is not cooked enough. Cool. Serves ten.

CRUSTLESS CHEESE CAKE Cream 1/2 cup shortening with 1/2 cups sugar, add 5 egg yolks, well beaten, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon lemon rind and 1 pound cottage cheese (put through sieve several times and combined with 1/2 cup cream, mixed with 2 tablespoons cornstarch). Mix well and fold in 5 egg whites beaten stiffly. Pour into pan greased and sprinkled thickly with cornflakes. Put shredded almonds on top of batter and sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake at 350 for 45 minutes. Use spring form pan.

Snip Your Raisins With the Kitchen Scissors Haven't you often wished you knew of an easier way to chop raisins, dates and cherries, which always want to stick together? We have found that a pair of scissors does the trick. Snip each raisin or date into as many pieces as you like, and you will be saved the annoyance of separating the compact mass that so often comes out of the chopping bowl. This is one of many uses for kitchen scissors.

Love is the Strongest Thing in the World—And the Most Fragile—It Will Endure Starvation, Neglect, Poverty—And Die for as Little a Thing as Bad Table Manners—None Knows How it Comes or Whence it Goes—It is an Ungessed Riddle

What is love? It is the unsolvable riddle of life. It is everybody's guess, and most people guess wrong.



It is that which, put into a man's heart, steals away his reason, and makes him commit follies of which he believed himself incapable. It causes hard, suspicious old millionaires to believe that blonde flappers love them for themselves alone, and that it is because they are such innocent little kids that they ask a Sugar Daddy for 'emerald bracelets. It also causes senile grandpas to leap like sportive goats and to write love letters that they buy back at a great price.

Love makes fools of wise men and wise men of fools. It turns lazy men into go-getters and go-getters into laggards. It makes heroes of some men and worms of the dust of others. It changes men into saints or makes them devils. And nobody can foretell what its effect will be upon an individual.

Love has inspired almost every great and noble deed in the world and been at the bottom of most of the crimes. Men and women die for love and murder for it.

Love is the one thing about which neither age nor experience teaches any wisdom. The hard-boiled business man, the learned scholar, the old philosopher is one with the nitwit boy in a common foolishness when he is in love.

We do not know why we love. We cannot tell why suddenly some perfectly ordinary man or woman, not nearly so good-looking or intelligent or charming or virtuous as dozens of others we know, thrills us to the marrow of our bones and becomes the very center of life for us.

Nor do we know why we cease to love. We do not know why our fancies flicker out, our tastes change; why the one who has enthralled us comes to bore us, why the kisses that were fire on our lips turn into dust and ashes.

Love is the one thing human will cannot control. We cannot make ourselves love the good catch, the highly desirable man or woman that it would be so advantageous to us to fall in love with and marry, no matter how determinedly we keep reciting to ourselves the litany of his or her good qualities. Nor can we automatically cease from loving some wastrel upon whom we have set our affections when we find that he or she has betrayed us and is unworthy of even a passing regret.

Neither can we love because it is our duty to do so. Else there would be no divorce, no broken-up homes. All married couples desire to keep in love with each other, but the matter is not of their own volition, and if they cease to care for each other they have ceased to care, and there is nothing they can do about it. The magic they held for each other is gone, the spell of enchantment broken, and they cannot love because it is their obligation to love each other.

Love is the strongest thing in the world and the most fragile. It will endure starvation, neglect, ill treatment, poverty, want, degradation—and it will be killed by as little a thing as an onion-scented breath, a bad-day stubble of beard on a face, cold cream and soiled kimonos, 'bree-day manners, or reading aloud.

Love is the most exalted altruism and the most supreme selfishness. It protects the beloved one against everything but itself. A mother will sacrifice herself for her children. She will toll like a slave to support them. She will go hungry that they may feast. She will wear rags that they may have fine clothes. Then she will wreck their lives by refusing to let them go where fortune calls them because she cannot bear to be parted from them, and by keeping them from marrying because she wants to monopolize them.

Love makes women nag their husbands and children to death, because they are so anxious about them. It makes husbands work so hard to give their families luxuries that they have no time to give them a little affection. Love makes husbands and wives destroy each other with jealousy. It is the cause of nearly every divorce.

Love blesses and it curses us. It makes and it breaks us. And yet it is the thing we most desire.

Love is the unguessed riddle of life. The great mystery. DOROTHY DIX.

ONE WAY STREET By JOSEPH McCORD

CHAPTER 18

"Making a play for your boss?" Don asked the question of Jean with a mischievous grin when he found himself alone with her. The ed with bribes of candy and a promise of more in the morning. John Junior had disappeared and Sawyer was reading by the table in the kitchen, awaiting the return of his wife.

"Why not?" Jean countered lightly. "Don't you think he's nice?" "Fair enough," Mr. Browne was careful not to appear too much enthused. "Had you seen him before?" "Sure. I know all the celebrities by sight. I have several good looks at this bird the other day."

"Nah. It was the horse fair. I was all set for a quiet Saturday afternoon when Parker tells me I've got to pinch hit. My job was the wingers and such junk. . . . covering the running story. Your boy friend drove in with that Cannon gal and her trick chuffer."

"The store takes quite an interest in the show," Jean observed. "Yeah? Well, Edythe was taking quite plenty interest in your boss, if you ask me. Went around hanging on his arm like she was afraid he'd get away. You can't blame him, at that."

Jean's first impulse was to remind Don that Mr. Sturges worked for Mr. Cannon, but she restrained it in time. There was no reason why Mr. Sturges shouldn't go places with Edythe Cannon. No need for her rushing to his defense. And yet . . . Don's picture was vaguely distasteful.

"I was hoping you'd notice," Don admitted. He crossed to the couch where Jean sat and lounged comfortably at her side. "Did I ever come here before before being gifts?" he demanded. "You had a narrow escape from an orchid woman."

"Tell me!" she begged excitedly. "It's like this. . . . Still think there's a catch to it. There's an old copy by name of O'Brien over at headquarters. He acts as a sort of doorkeeper in the Chief's office. . . . Too much of a cripple to be good for anything else. I got him to talking one day and wormed what I thought was a good story out of him. It happened long before the days of gangsters, but a couple of their ancestors plunged Jerry full of holes when he tried to run 'em in. He got both of 'em with his gun before he went under. I tried my hand at writing it up in spare time, putting in a lot of color. . . ."

"And the paper printed it!" Jean broke in excitedly. "No. They didn't. I sent it over with a copy boy and never heard a word for two days. Then Parker called me in. I thought maybe the opposition had beat me to something and had my alibis all polished up. . . . until I saw my story on his desk."

"What did he say about it?" "Something that must have hurt. That I was a fair leg man, but I'd never get anywhere. Why didn't I break into a better job and big money? I didn't know the answer. But you can bet I was open to suggestions. Then he told me the

O'Brien yarn was a good feature story. . . . the kind he liked. Color and breeze whatever that means. And would I like a crack at the rewrite desk?" "Don! That's wonderful! What did you say?" "Just what you think. So, the next morning, there was your old Uncle Don parked behind a typewriter. Old Parker was very decent, fed me a lot of shorts and gave me some pointers on style. That was last week. I was afraid to say anything for fear it would be just another flop. But last Saturday there were five strange bucks in the weekly insul. So. . . ."

"I'm so glad." "You know Jean," Don resumed in a puzzled fashion, "it's made everything seem different. That story, for instance, Parker wants me to file up a series on the cops now. Of course that's a move to get us in solid with the department. But I'll get my by-line. Makes me wonder if I might make good. Never thought much about it before. Sort of took it for granted I'd found my rut."

"Please," Jean begged. "Don't spoil things. You know I. . . . I'm ever so fond of you, Don. But I have too many things to work out. . . . before I can go romancing." Jean tried to smile at her last words. "And I do need you for a friend. . . . as you've always been. Promise me you will. . . ."

"Sure, Jean. Didn't mean to miff things. Forget it." Jean was more touched by his words than she might let him know. "Don," she explained gently. "I've made just a small start. I want to get ahead, save money, go to art school. . . . Oh, there's a thousand things I have to plan on. Don't you see?"

"Right. I don't blame you. You're set for big times. I won't say anything more. But I can't help thinking things." ""

Poor old Don. His attempts at love making always had been funny. Even in his serious moments, he would mind Jean of a small boy. She smiled a little sadly to herself before she turned out the living room lamp. After tonight, it would be a little different. . . . the old carefree companionship. Everything changing these days. "Has Don gone?" "Sawyer laid down his book and removed his spectacles as Jean came

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into the kitchen. "Yes." "Then I can have you a few minutes." "She allowed her father to draw her to a seat on his knee and rested her red-brown head contentedly against his shoulder. "I like your friend Mr. Sturges, Bunkie."

"Do you?" "He is a very fine chap. A gentleman in every sense of the word. "I think he's. . . . nice." "Nice?" John Sawyer's hand reached for his daughter's ear. He pinched it gently. "You'd better trot up to bed now. I told Mother I would wait until twelve. . . . provided she would come home in a taxi." Jean made no reply. She sat motionless, staring at the lampshade in front of her.

A mile away, high in a hotel room, Mark Sturges was engaged in the same occupation. The litter of papers on his writing table was forgotten. For some reason, he found himself picturing Jean Sawyer's face as she stood by the piano looking down into his eyes.

Who the devil was this Browne? He somehow didn't fit into the scene. (To Be Continued.)

"The increase in the national debt has been accompanied by a rise in the nation's capacity to pay." —Henry A. Wallace.

A Morning Smile

Insurance Agent—But you surely agree to take out an insurance policy to cover your burial expenses? Willy Scott—Na, na, na, I might be lost at sea! Bright Spot "We are going to the dogs," said the talkative man in the railway coach. "The country is bankrupt and the outlook is blacker than ever. Is there, I ask, one bright spot anywhere?" "There is," replied the victim emphatically. "And pray, what, is it?" asked the pessimist. "That I'm getting out at the next station."

Immediate Action To Probe Conditions

(Canadian Press) WINNIPEG, Aug. 3.—Laws of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange today were amended by a central meeting of members to permit immediate action on the part of the council to probe conditions surrounding recent mild fluctuations of the July oats future. Just what form the investigation will take, should it materialize, was not known but it was believed the exchange members were anxious to determine whether or not there was any manipulation of the market. Near the end of the July contract, that oats future bounded by 6-1-2 cents on one trading session. There were reports on the exchange that "shorts" had been run in. Bearing out these reports were shipments of oats from Georgian Bay ports to Fort William to meet commitments in the future market.

SMART CLOTHES FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

Here's a simple to sew swag coat that finds an important place in every smart summer wardrobe. Today's pattern also provides for seven-eighths length as seen in the small back view. Lightweight wool in vivid colouring as emerald green, red, purple, etc., is very smart over dark sheer frocks. White, navy, or pastel lines are enchantingly lovely for town or resort wear. It's made at a very moderate cost.

Style No. 312 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material with 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch lining. Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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NOTICE

Practice necessitates my remaining in Summerside afternoons as well as morning of Tuesdays and Saturdays. City office open evenings of these days. DR. W. E. CARSON Chiropractor L-8803-8-2-41.

Cavendish Tea

Come to the Cavendish Tea Wednesday, Aug. 7 at Cavendish Beach (Cawnpore) a good time expected. High Class Tea Service Ice Cream, Temperate Drinks, Bathing etc. Come and bring your friends. Visitors to the Island cordially welcomed. L-8841-8-5-21

FOR SALE

Farm of 21 acres of land. Estate of the late James Waddell, Victoria. Apply to the Post Office, Victoria. L-8850-7-29-121

FAMOUS PICTURE FOR CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION



Change in Educational System

(Canadian Press) FREDERICTON, N. B., Aug. 3.—A change in the educational system of New Brunswick high schools to bring about fewer subjects and more time for each, was advocated by Prof. R. E. D. Cathey, President of the Classical Association of the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland, in an address before the Association's two-day annual meeting which began here today. Prof. Cathey stressed the cultural value of Latin in the arts course at universities.

school, Jersey City, N. J., spoke of the place of Latin in high schools. Smaller classes and "more human" methods in teaching the subject were needed, she said. Prof. R. E. K. Pemberton, University of Western Ontario, London, delivered an address on "Ancient oratory," making a vivid comparison of the oratory of today and that of early times. He declared ancient oratory was probably more interesting because in order to avoid distraction the speaker had to enter into personalities. In honor of the 2,000 anniversary of Horace, who was born on Dec. 8, 65 B.C., Prof. A. K. Griffin, King's University, Halifax, secretary of the association, lectured on "The Life of Horace," illustrating his talk with lantern slides.

Miss Edna White, Dickinson high

Loaned for the first time. . . in their history of leading art galleries of Great Britain and the continent. Fred Haines, art commissioner of the C. N. E. has received 27 cases of paintings to be shown in the Art building of the C. N. E. They include several original masterpieces, including (1) Sir J. E. Millais' "The Boyhood of Raleigh." Others are Holman Hunt's famous "The Light of the World" and Griffenhagen's "An Idyll." There are some fine modern works as well, notable amongst them being (2) Howard Somerville's portrait of Miss Nora Baring and (3) Sir John Lavery's picture of Ramsay. MacDonald and members of his family at their home in Lossiemouth. In the painting Mr. MacDonald's daughter, Isabel, is shown sitting knitting.

Ability To See Comfortably

The object of a modern eye service is to enable patients to see comfortably. That means seeing without strain on the eyes. And also the avoidance of many bodily results of eye strain. That thought deserves the consideration of all who are not certain of the condition of their eyes. G. F. Hutcheson