

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

Suggests Kindly Aspects Of Aging Dorothy Dix Is Time Our Enemy?

Blessed Be Time That Heals Us! When We Are Ugly and Awkward it Gives us the Beauty of Experience; When we are Worried it Solves Our Problems; it Makes Peace With Our Enemies, and When we Lose Our Loved Ones Only Time Can Help Us

We all think of Time as our enemy. Especially do women regard it as their most malevolent foe, for does not Time rob them of their beauty? Does it not steal the roses from their cheeks and dull the luster of their hair and fade the color from their eyes and take from their forms their lissom grace?



Even to women Time is kinder than they think. It offers itself to them as an ally instead of an adversary if they will meet it in the right spirit, and of youth, it will give them in place of it a charm that will never fade.

And age gives beauty to many women who never had it in their youth. Time is a sculptor that chisels the rough features of many a girl into symmetry. It hardens many a flabby girl's figure into flowing lines of grace.

Time is the greatest solver of all our problems, if we only had intelligence enough to trust it and leave them to it. All of us have difficulties that we cannot settle, and that we lie awake at night and worry over, wondering if this or that contingency happened what would be the best way to act.

How much anxiety, how much sleeplessness we might spare ourselves if we would only lay our problems on the knees of Time, for when the hour comes we find that Time has solved it all and our course is perfectly obvious.

Time is the strengthener. Sometimes our lines are cast in un congenial places. Sometimes we are confronted with conditions that turn our very souls sick with loathing.

Then Time begins somehow mysteriously to blur the harsh outlines of the background against which we must live, to strengthen our backs to bear the burdens that have been laid upon them, and to breathe into us new hope and spirit that enables us to carry on.

Time brings with it the blessedness of forgetfulness, which is not the least of the benefactions it bestows upon us. It turns the memory of hardships we have endured into piquant reminiscences. It washes the scarlet from our sins. It makes our mistakes and blunders something to laugh over instead of cry over, and makes our fellow creatures condone our faults because our transgressions were omitted so long ago.

And it is Time that is the great peacemaker. Time that robs old feuds of their enmity and old hatreds of their bitterness and makes us forgive those who have wronged us; those who have cheated us and mistreated us, the Judases who have betrayed us; those who had stored up anger against and had thought to be revenged upon. But Time taught us how just gradually faded out of the picture.

Best of all, Time is the great consolator. When we lose those we love, we feel that the sun has set for us and that forevermore the earth will be shrouded in blackness. We find no cheer in anything. No interest in anything. Our horizon ends in a grave.

No words, no sympathy, no philosophy can lighten our sorrow. Nothing can help us but Time. For it has been mercifully ordained that the wound must heal and the ache and the pain grow less poignant. So slowly and insidiously that we do not realize it, Time brings us fresh interests, other joys; it thrusts our duties to other people upon us, it gives us work that absorbs us, and so by degrees it turns the grief that rendered us into the sorrow that can be borne.

Blessed be Time that heals us. DOROTHY DIX.

AS HE SAID "GOOD-NIGHT"



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Signed by ORDER OF DIRECTORS. 4802-8-5-41

The Vogue

Requests an immediate settlement of bills just rendered. All overdue accounts will be placed for collection after August tenth.

Minard's Liniment for Sore Feet.

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

And so simple to make is this darling wearable frock. The bodice is quite plain with becoming V neckline, scarf tie and interesting puffed sleeves, fitted with pin tucks. Again you have the snug hipline and smartly cut circular skirt with graceful hem fullness.



This white voile was patterned in splashy red and black. Washington silks, chiffon prints, batiste prints and sheer linen prints are also suitable. Style No. 607 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

Form for dress pattern No. 607, including fields for Name, Street Address, City, and State.

A Morning Smile

A KINDLY CAUTION The verger ushered the old lady to her seat, but being somewhat suspicious of her ear trumpet decided to stay at the end of the row. The service started, but no sooner had the old lady picked up the ear trumpet than she felt a heavy hand on her shoulder, and heard the verger saying loudly: "One hoot on that horn, mum, and out you go!"

For The Cook

POTATO SALAD, SUMMER STYLE

Put into a pot twelve medium-sized potatoes and three fresh eggs. Cover with water and cook till the potatoes are just tender. Drain and allow to cool. When ready to make the salad, remove the skins from the potatoes and free the eggs from shells. Dice the potatoes and pare two fairly large cucumbers, and slice thin; blanch one cup of almonds and cut into thirds. Have the white heart stalks of celery in ice water for half an hour, wipe dry and cut into thin strips, and then into fourths lengthwise, and then into fourths lengthwise, and then into slices. Mix all together, and coat all pieces nicely with salad dressing. It is a good idea to add the celery and cucumbers the last thing before serving in order to keep them crisp.

Dressing for Potato Salad: Mix together one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of mustard; beat four eggs till thick, add the salt and mustard and two cups of vinegar. Cook over water until it becomes a smooth custard. When cold, add one cup of whipped cream.

Relief For That Exhausted Feeling

There is a relief for the drain on your vitality caused by Summer heat. Read how tired-out women and growing girls have been benefited. "Since taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, my daughter has lost that tired, sluggish feeling," says Mrs. Asa Dow, Fort Daniel, West, Que. "Before taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was always tired. Now I am full of pep," states Doris Andrews, London, Ont. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills built me up and put me in fine condition," asserts Mrs. James Doughty, Brantford. Men, women and growing girls by the score write in similar high praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The Pills rebuild health by actually creating an abundance of new blood and increasing the blood cells, thereby restoring wasted tissues and revitalizing the exhausted system. Try them. At your druggist's—50c a package.

THE HANDSOME MAN

by MARGARET TURNBULL Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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(Continued) "To me, too," Robert MacBeth said, smilingly watching his daughter, "and a very welcome surprise to both of us, Aggy." "We'll talk about that later," declared his sister, regarding her niece with great friendliness. "If you'll step into the kitchen with me, my dear, we'll maybe can get some kind of meal together, and tomorrow there'll be a cook and maids here. Your father said you expected them tomorrow." "I'd rather help the secretary find his way about the garage," said Roberta airily, and turned to go. The plump capable hand of Lady Sandison fell lightly, but compellingly on her niece's shoulder. "No need. Sir George can always find his way about." "Sir George? Sir George who?" "Sir George Alan Edward Sandison," said her aunt smoothly, as she blocked her niece's way of escape, and gently steered her kitchenward. "Is it not wonderful that your father should draw into his service such a grand young man?"

Roberta looked at her warily. "What's your last name?" she asked. "Sandison." "He doesn't look a bit like you, Aunt— Aunt Aggy." "Indeed, no! How could he! I'm only his stepmother. He's the living image of my late husband, Sir Stephen Sandison of Sandisbrae." The title lost nothing from Lady Sandison's announcement.

Her niece stood spellbound in the doorway looking at her. This dumpy little woman, whom she had thought must be cook-housekeeper, who was indeed the housekeeper now by her father's authority, what did she mean by reeling off titles like that? "Who are you?" "Your father's sister," said Aggy with quiet composure, "and also Lady Sandison." Roberta looked from her aunt to her father. Her father nodded. Without a word Roberta took the tray and went out of the room. "I've taken the first trick," declared Robert MacBeth, sinking back among the pillows. Aggy looked at him, closed her lips, nodded, and went towards the kitchen.

As the door between the kitchen and the hall closed, Roberta turned questioning to her aunt. Lady Sandison smiled at her. "Rob's my brother and your father so we'll no quarrel, but we'll not be tyrannized over neither." "Let's get this straight," Roberta said. "Are you on my side or father's?" "Are you on my side or father's?" "Are you on my side or father's?"

"Both, and if you'll follow my advice you'll give in to him. Humor him and he's yours, and surely Rob's very easy to humor. You made a mistake in managing him today. You told him what you were going to do before you did it." Roberta turned on her angrily. She was not to be so easily managed. "If you take my place here, you take my place without any aid of mine."

Her aunt surveyed her calmly. "It's war is it?" Roberta nodded. "Well the sooner that's understood the better. We'll just get the supper. Show me where the potatoes are, Roberta, and keep a civil tongue in your head. You're playing right into Rob's hands and mine." Roberta considered herself a match for any woman. She fired her first shot. "Did you bring the braw lad over to marry American dollars, Auntie? She asked it in her most honeyed tone. "And did you have me in your mind at the time?" Slowly her aunt counted potatoes and began to wash them at the sink.

"I thought I was taking a risk, bringing my bonnie lad over here, but I said to myself, at least Roberta would have her head screwed on, and would know enough to stand aside and give him his chance at some fine, rich girl. I gave you credit for the wit to see that American dollars might be handy for Sandisbrae, almost any other girl would have a better

chance than the daughter of Rob's MacBeth. Your father was a joiner and builder on the estate, and his father before him." Roberta looked at her speechless so angry that she dared not open her mouth. "So far from it," her aunt declared vigorously, "that I'm just fair

and a stranger in Sandisbrae estate than they would Rob's daughter." "Leave me out of it," Roberta noted with surprise the professional manner in which Lady Sandison pared the potatoes. "What's that?" snapped Roberta, noting with surprise the professional manner in which Lady Sandison pared the potatoes. "What's that?" snapped Roberta, noting with surprise the professional manner in which Lady Sandison pared the potatoes.

"Heavens, these aren't new, it's just the way I take care of them. Here's my secret!"



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